



FU

By Mia Watts

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This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and occurrences are a product of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, places or occurrences, is purely coincidental.

To Regina Carlisle, Cindy Spencer-Pape, and Anny Cook.

*Fantastic authorasauruses and friends. Thank you. Also, to Joss Whedon for his
awesome dialogue prowess in Dollhouse.*

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Chapter One

Parker Galloway rubbed soapy hands over her breasts, cupped them and fondled the peaks into tight points. The warm spray shot fingers of water straight to her scalp. Parker hummed with pleasure as shampoo bubbles slid over her body. She closed her eyes, tilting her head back to catch the spray higher on her hairline while she soaped up the rest of her body and rinsed off.

She listened for a minute, head tipped away from the fall of water to see if one of her roommates had come back from class. A computer booted up with a jingle. Whoever it was had entered alone.

Otherwise clean, she eased her fingers down between her legs, thinking that if she weren't so sleep deprived, she might enjoy a little self-play but jet-lag numbness had claimed most of her senses. Instead, she cleaned up and turned off the spigot. It would make for an awkward first meeting if she'd moaned her way through a shower as a first introduction.

A smile tugged inevitably at her lips.

Parker wrapped a towel around her body.

Her roommate approached and she plastered a friendly smile on her face.

"Dan! You broke my disc. I told you—*what* the fuck!" He blinked owlishly at her from the room. A blush heated his cheeks and his mouth dropped open. "Sorry!" The man spun, abruptly. "I didn't see anything. I swear. I think you have the wrong room. Leo's room is down the hall."

Her smile faded. She clutched the towel tighter. "I think *you* have the wrong room. Get the fuck out of here!"

"This is *my* room," he countered.

“I know you probably sleep here enough to think so. I heard you bumping around this morning. My roommates and I are going to have a little talk about the number of overnight male guests. Don’t get too comfortable.” Parker stormed by him, bumping him out of the way as she went for the dresser.

“Hey!”

She pulled open the top drawer and retrieved a pair of underwear. Finding room to unpack her clothes had been a challenge coming into the semester a week late. Parker saw him watching her in the mirror, dumbfounded. “Turn, the fuck, around! Better yet, leave.”

“Sorry!” he said again, doing another juvenile spin. “This is my room. I’m not leaving.”

Parker gave a long-suffering sigh. She wiggled into her panties. Then realizing her shirts were in the closet, she walked that way, shooting him a glare when he peeked at her.

He blushed, looked away. “Your clothes are here,” he said, sounding confused.

“Yeah. Did you miss the part where I said I live here?”

“You *can’t* live here. It’s a male only dorm.”

“That’s not possible. I signed the paperwork and faxed it in,” she argued, suddenly feeling a little uneasy. Her unusual first name had confused things before. It wouldn’t be the first time. But she’d already signed the agreement and the notice that changes after the school year would be on a first-come, first-served, basis.

Her t-shirt in place, Parker loosened her towel and trekked to the bathroom to hang it. For the first time, she noticed her red towel seemed out of place with the darker *guy* tones. She stepped into the room with new eyes. Suddenly, the chaos and lack of homey decorations made sense.

University Housing had royally fucked up.

Her roommate ogled her bare legs. He still blushed, and as his gaze traveled upward, it snagged on the hem of her shirt, which barely covered her panties. With dawning horror, something else hit her—he wasn’t the only one. She had three other roommates, and given this one’s reaction, none of *them* were female, either.

“Oh, shit,” she said. *Four* male roommates in an all male dorm. “Oh, holy mother of God, this isn’t good. This *so* isn’t good.”

Her roommate stared. He’d acted as if he’d never been this close to a half-naked woman before. He jerked his gaze to hers and quickly pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose.

“Are you okay?” she asked, taking a concerned step toward him.

He hurriedly stepped back. “Fine.”

“You don’t look fine,” she said.

“You do,” a man affirmed from behind her.

She turned to find a blond man assessing her, his lips pursed as he nodded his head with frank appreciation.

“Very fine,” another man echoed. His appreciative smile flashed white against dark skin.

Parker groaned. She returned to the closet and pulled down a pair of jeans. As she reached up, the hemline of her shirt rose and she heard a strangled gargle from the first guy.

The blond was grinning with evident amusement when she turned around.

She looked at her first roommate curiously as she pulled on her jeans, realizing too late that they were big. They sagged at her hips.

“Hey look, Henry, a girl is actually trying to get *in* your pants. Your virgin days are numbered!” the blond said.

The cute geek ducked his head. *Henry* looked like he wanted to crawl into a hole.

Instinctively, she wanted to protect him from the sharp-edged teasing. “You’re Henry?” she asked him, smiling.

Henry nodded.

Still smiling, she re-hung his pants and took her own pair. Her shirt hitched upward. She tugged her hem and sent Henry another smile. His eyes widened and he grabbed his cock as he raced for the bathroom, kicking the door shut on the way.

“O-kay,” she said, trying to fill the awkward silence. “Who are you two?”

“Dan,” the blond said, his gaze slowly sweeping her from top to bottom.

Henry came back, nervously adjusting the front of his pants.

The third man’s cocoa skin glowed with good humor. “Jaxon. Who are you?”

“Looks like I’m your fifth roommate. My name’s Parker.”

“*You’re* Parker?” Henry asked. His Adam’s apple bobbed nervously when his voice squeaked.

“Yep. Housing must have screwed up and forgot to check the gender box.” She shrugged. “It’s going to be an interesting semester if I can’t get this fixed.”

Dan’s lascivious look was accompanied by a deep chuckle.

Parker's didn't like the frank sexual appraisal. She wasn't simply a piece of ass, and Housing mix up or no, she wouldn't be ogled like one.

"What?" Dan asked, seeming to sense her growing ire.

"If you keep staring at my boobs, you're going to need a special padded box to keep your balls in."

"They're great tits," he said, holding his hands out in front of him as though he was squeezing her breasts.

"You're assuming they're great, and that's the last time you get to call them tits."

Jaxon swatted the back of Dan's head. "Moron, have some respect."

"What are we respecting?" a fourth roommate asked, shutting the dorm room door with a perfunctory thud.

They all looked at her. Parker tried to keep her nerves in check. So far, she'd figured out that she had a geeky virgin, a jock womanizer, a really hot bald African-American dude, and one hell of a sexy Asian man as roomies.

When the last one joined the group, she'd nearly creamed her panties. Her brain went soft and she wanted nothing more than to grab fistfuls of his long black hair, climb his stocky, chiseled body and beg him to fuck her Fuji-style. If that position existed. Hell, she'd invent it if it didn't.

"Hi," she said, instantly hating the breathiness in her greeting.

Roommate four barely looked at her. "For fuck's sake, Dan, you let her shower here? I'll be pulling blonde hair out of the drain for a week."

"She lives here," Jaxon corrected.

"The fuck she does. You can bring them home, Dan, but make 'em leave the next morning. We talked about that."

"She's not mine," Dan said. A wicked smile curved his lips as his gaze slowly studied her body. "Yet."

Oddly, she kind of liked the husky way Dan thought he could lay claim to her. It also kind of pissed her off for liking it.

"Whatever. Just don't feed her. She might stay," the fourth guy snapped.

Okay, hot he might be, but roomie four was starting to piss her off. Though admittedly, he had reason to think she didn't belong. She had every intention of telling the housing

department to fix their fuck up. The last thing she wanted was to finish her undergrad degree with four sexually charged men sleeping a foot from her in every direction. Or for that matter, for her to get horny and decide bed hopping sounded like a sane idea.

“That’s Parker. Our fifth,” Henry said. He shoved his glasses up with the side of his forefinger.

Henry was pretty cute in a geeky, wire-rimmed glasses, hair uncombed kind of way. He had pretty hazel eyes and a mess of shaggy light brown hair. He also blushed at the drop of a hat. Between the way he couldn’t seem to maintain eye contact and his nearly permanent stiffy, she’d bet he’d be a lot of fun to mess with on a roommate basis. He’d probably stutter the first time she stumbled sleepily to the bathroom in her underwear.

He must have felt her watching because his cheeks darkened.

“Parker’s a guy’s name. She,” the fourth said, pointedly eyeing her rack, “isn’t a guy.”

“Can we keep her, anyway?” Dan asked hopefully.

“She’s not a puppy,” Jaxon said.

“I’m not living with a woman who goes through PMS every month when I’m trying to keep my scholarship GPA minimum,” the fourth argued.

“Kei, lighten up. I’m sure it was just a mistake,” Henry said, his voice shaking slightly.

“I want to keep her.” She couldn’t see his face, but it sounded like Dan pouted.

“I’m right here, assholes. I can hear you talking,” she said.

“And she talks,” Kei added, as though that made his point a winning one.

“Fuck you, very much,” Parker snarled.

“Yeah, but she talks like a guy,” Dan reasoned.

The four of them faced each other, leaving her out of the circle. Kei’s glance took her in before dismissing.

“We can’t hide her here. The other guys will see her.” Jaxon shifted his weight. He rested his hands on his hips.

Opposite him, Kei kept his wide-legged stance and folded arms. He was a brooder, apparently. *A sexy brooder*, she thought.

“She can wear a hoodie or sweatshirt or something. C’mon! *We* didn’t know she was a ‘she’ until now, and *we* live with her.” Dan’s voice rose, plaintively.

“We don’t live with her,” Kei argued. “You want to get us all kicked out? Dan, you’re

here on a scholarship, too. We all are. You don't think the Fullerton University scholarship board will snatch it back the minute you break the rules?"

Huh. She had the same distinction: scholarship enrollee. Interesting.

"Technically, it wasn't our fault. It's the university's error." They stared at Henry. "Well, it *is*."

"Yeah, it is," Dan said cheerfully.

"Guys? Hello?" she called. She hated being talked about like she wasn't there. Four men deciding her fate like she didn't have a say in the matter wasn't her idea of fun. If they thought they could bully her around and tell her what to do—that she'd do it submissively—was a laugh.

They'd learn that about her. Maybe. If she couldn't get out of this situation.

They kept talking as though she hadn't said anything.

"Guys!"

Nothing.

Dan argued with Kei who seemed to be the leader. Dan's shock of blond hair stuck artistically in every direction, perfectly molded with gel. He looked good and he knew it. His body screamed of heavy workouts in the gym. With his back to her, his firm, bubbled rear was on display in jeans. He probably waxed. Everywhere.

"It's a bad idea," Kei argued.

"No one's saying she has to go right now. Let her get her things together, talk to Housing and find another place," Jaxon reasoned.

She decided she liked Jaxon. She had the strangest desire to lick his bald head, nibble on his full lips—which spurred thoughts of what those lips would feel like on her pussy... When was her last period? She had to be ovulating. There was no other reason for her to be thinking sexy thoughts about all these guys when two of them wanted her gone and the other two just wanted to get laid.

"Guys!" she yelled, again.

"Let the men talk, doll. We'll take care of this," Dan said, over his shoulder.

Excuse me? Doll? Let the men talk? Did he think this was the fifties? Oh, fuck, no!

Having three brothers, she knew one absolute truth about men. When they saw boob, they got stupid. Parker grabbed the hem of her shirt and hauled it over her head. Wadding it in a fist, she propped her hands on her hips and waited.

Kei looked first, did a double take. His gorgeous black eyes stroked every curve of her breasts with slow interest. She felt each visual caress like a physical one; the thrill knotted her nipples and shot an electric jolt straight to her pussy.

Henry was next, following Kei's sudden silence with curiosity. His Adam's apple bobbed and his eyes bugged. The woody in his pants had come back to life.

Jaxon turned, surprise lifting his brows and a sexy grin flashing those beautiful pearly whites her direction.

Dan was the last. Turning because no one was listening to him, then crying to the heavens for mercy, he sank to his knees and began thanking every deity known to man.

"Now that I have your attention, boys, let's get one thing straight. You don't get to tell me what to do or make my decisions for me. I already planned on a visit with the Housing office as soon as you jokers shut up. If I can leave, I will. Last I heard it was first-come, first-served, so even if it *is* a while, you're stuck with me. Like it or not, I've nowhere else to go. So. Are we clear?"

There were a variety of nods and grunts of affirmation.

"Good." Parker put her shirt on.

"No," Dan moaned. "Bring 'em *back*."

"Shut up, Dan," Jaxon said, sounding flatteringly husky.

"*Dang* it!" Henry grabbed his cock and ran to the bathroom.

That boy's going to go blind, she decided.

Kei walked up to her. He wasn't tall, only another five inches on her five three, but he was stocky and muscular. His smooth skin and angular face looked even better up close. So did his perfect lips and obsidian eyes. Kei's straight black brows pulled together slightly in the middle and she could read the tension on him.

"Parker," he said quietly, calmly.

"Kei."

"We're all fairly decent guys. Even Dan is cool, once you get to know him."

"I'm sure you're all angels," she agreed sarcastically.

"I suggest that, unless you want one or all of us to warm those very cold looking breasts, you keep them well hidden in the future."

Her mouth went dry. All of them? God, the images that conjured! Parker licked her lips.

"I'll keep that in mind," she answered. She'd *definitely* keep that in mind.

She was insane, Kei decided. Any other woman hearing that she'd have four men coming after her at once would have been rightly afraid. Parker looked...aroused. Damn if that didn't turn him on, too.

"Say the word, Parker."

"Which one?" she asked. He heard the catch in her voice, the dry sound of her words as they were spoken.

He smiled, watched the way she watched his lips as though she couldn't tear her eyes away. "You'll know when the time is right."

"What does that mean?" she asked, regaining her defensive spark.

He slid his hand behind her neck. Her blue eyes widened and he was intrigued to find a tan starburst around her expanded pupils. He leaned in closer, to get a better look, he told himself, but when her lips softened and parted, he couldn't think of anything but her.

Parker smelled like vanilla shampoo and crisp cleanliness. He'd been about to say something important. What was it, again? It slipped his mind completely when she lifted her face and pressed those sweet, pink lips to his. Her quiet moan kept him entranced as her mouth moved.

He broke away, sharply, dropping his hand and feeling his lip curl in horror. God, he'd been ready to throw away his entire future with a single kiss from this woman. This *stranger*.

"Don't do that again. If you want to fuck, we'll fuck. But never kiss me."

Parker blinked, the dazed look clearing from her eyes replaced with shock.

"I thought you said we couldn't keep her," Dan whined.

"Bad move, Kei. What the fuck were you thinking?" Jaxon shook his head, delivering the admonishment with solemn concern.

"Unbelievable," Henry was saying. "Unbelievable. I go my whole life without a kiss anywhere in there, but all he has to do is walk over and insult her and she gives him one. Why can't I do that?" He stomped to his desk, flopped into the computer chair, and punched at the keyboard keys with jabbing fingers. "I've been going at it wrong the whole time."

She laughed, stonily. It sounded forced and thick, but she'd looked away and Kei could no longer read the emotion in her eyes. She rubbed her mouth with the palm of her hand and

pushed away from the wall.

Parker made a beeline for Henry, straddled him in his chair, threaded her hands through his shaggy hair and pulled his head back. Henry's Adam's apple bobbed comically. With a smirk sent to Kei, she lowered her head and kissed him.

Moisture from her wet hair, their combined heated breath, or maybe she'd just overloaded his circuits, but by the time she pulled off, had steamed over his glasses. Henry's hands shook with indecision at his sides.

"Oh, God," Henry groaned. His hips jerked up hard and Kei's gut twisted with jealousy at the obvious indications that Henry had just spent a load.

Parker dragged stiff fingers down his chest. "Don't worry, Henry. If there's time, we'll sort out that little problem, too."

She got up as though nothing had happened. "I'm going to Housing. Don't worry. You'll all be rid of me soon." She stormed out, leaving stunned silence in her wake.

* * * *

"I'm sorry, but the dorms are over capacity," Lillian, the Housing clerk, told the girl in front of Parker.

Parker's confirmation papers rattled as she dropped her hand to her side. This didn't sound good at all. She tried for a bright smile when she took her turn and moved to the counter across from Lillian of the horned rimmed glasses and white bun society. A small hair pick decorated the mass of wiry strands, embellished with a small beaded dangler.

"Cute frog," she said brightly, hoping to win the woman over by complementing the ornament.

"Thanks, sweetie, how can I help you?"

"I think I was put in the wrong room."

"Did you sign the agreement paperwork?" Lillian asked, bored. She leaned on the counter, blinking at Parker behind magnified lenses.

"Yes, ma'am."

"You've had a week to report any mix ups in your assignment."

"I'm a scholarship transfer student from—"

"We have two suites in each dorm for scholarship students. Being a transfer, I suspect you're an upperclassman?"

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Then you’ll be given seniority over someone else if a scholarship student either loses their grant or transfers out. Until then, honey, there’s no room in the inn.”

“But I’m in a room with—”

“You can be in a room with flesh eating gerbils, and I still wouldn’t have a place to put you. Have you considered moving off campus?” Lillian asked. Her eyes flicked to the line behind Parker, probably prepared to give this same speech to someone else.

“I can’t afford housing. I’m on scholarship for a reason.”

Lillian frowned at her.

“I’m sorry, that sounded bad. I have to keep up the requirements to maintain the right to be here. It’s one of the reasons I transferred.”

Lillian’s frown softened. “It can’t be that bad, sweetie. We room the scholarship students together because you all have the same goal and study requirements. Surely you can stick it out until something frees up.”

“But,” Parker leaned forward to whisper. “I’m in Eckland Hall.”

Lillian’s eyes widened sharply. “That can’t be right.”

Parker handed her the paperwork. Lillian looked it over, her scowl deepening by the moment.

“Why did you approve this?” she asked.

“I got it via fax while I was studying abroad. I just flew in early this morning. I didn’t know until one of my roommates came back about three hours ago and I’ve been in this line ever since.”

Lillian looked up, apologetically.

“The approval form doesn’t say Eckland is a *male* dorm,” Parker pressed.

“Housing expects you to be fully informed. They won’t accept this as an error if you’ve approved it.” Lillian dropped a hand over Parker’s. “Honey, you seem like a sweet girl, but I really don’t have anything to move you into. All the female dorms are bursting at the seams.”

“My scholarship—”

“Will be revoked if you don’t find other arrangements,” Lillian finished for her. It was an annoying trait, but Parker could hardly feel irritated when Lillian clearly seemed to understand and sympathize with her dilemma.

“What do I do?”

“I’ll bump your priority to the top of the list. I think this qualifies as an emergency. I’ll warn you though, it was a full semester last year before scholarship housing opened up.”

“Until then?” Parker asked. Her palms had grown clammy. She couldn’t afford off campus housing. She already worked part time as an Internet personal assistant since it paid better than campus employment. Fullerton prided itself on its small college community. Sadly, that made what little available employment there was difficult to obtain. Especially since most positions were already filled this late into the year.

“Find a way to move off campus.” Lillian chuckled. “Or keep your head down until something comes along.”

“If I keep my head down and stay where I am, won’t I get kicked out of my program?”

“Oh, honey, I was only joking. Not only would you be kicked out of your program, but so would your roommates.” Lillian pursed her lips. “No, sweetie. You need to leave before it becomes an issue. Just keep your phone number and campus post office box current with Housing. We’ll let you know the minute something opens.”

Parker blew out a breath as she stood. “Thank you, Lillian.”

Lillian was already documenting Parker’s information in the computer. “You’re welcome. I’ve got you all set in our system. Hopefully, something will turn up soon.”

Parker trudged the short distance back to her dorm. “Room 109 or bust,” she murmured. Then glancing up at the two-story building, she absently flipped the room key between her fingers. Eckland Hall, in block letters, crossed the top of two widely spaced columns. Sweeping steps and French doors lent the building a regal, old world look.

She wasn’t looking forward to the conversation she needed to have with the boys. Kei would kick her to the curb. She could sweet talk Henry and maybe Jaxon. Dan was easy, but he’d want her to be *easy* in return.

But Kei...God, he made her wet just thinking about him. *Bastard.*

What she needed was leverage. Not willing to be their housekeeper or sex slave, that left a lot of study work. Well, she had a job. She also had the same credit load they did.

Parker flipped the key, staring at the flashing metal between her fingers without really seeing it. Actually, she liked sex. On *her* terms. The idea of having sex with Kei knotted her stomach pleasantly. She even liked the idea of showing Henry a few things. Jaxon was hot, and

so was Dan, but Dan's attitude turned her off.

She shook her head, clearing the image of having her own personal male harem. God, wouldn't that be a stitch? It would make her degree in Business Organization and Personnel Management an interesting play on words.

For the thousandth time, she searched the Housing papers for any word that said Eckland was an all male dorm. She hadn't missed it, it just wasn't there. Like it or not, she had to go in and face them and plead with them to let her stay. There had to be a way to convince them to take the risk until Housing found an alternative solution. But what? She didn't have to call for her bank account balance to hear the chirping crickets.

She shivered, hunched her shoulders and stuffed the paper in her pocket before drawing the hoodie over her head. She tucked her chin against the autumn chill and climbed to the top of the steps, then wearily opened the door to the residence hall and went inside.

Someone banged around in the kitchen at the other end of a large sitting area to her right. The communal bathrooms, used by the students who hadn't been assigned to one of the suites, were located around the corner from the first floor receiving area. Two guys, towels wrapped loosely around their narrow hips, laughed as heavy doors swung closed through escaping steam. The guys came toward her and Parker lowered her head and kept walking, sure they would stop her, relieved when they didn't seem to notice.

Practically running the last steps to her shared room, her fingers shook with the key in the lock until she stepped through. Even if her roommates let her stay, it would be like running the booty call gauntlet every time she had to come back. A daily walk of shame. A daily risk for five people to keep the secret. How long would it be? A semester? Holy hell, she might as well invest in some Depends for every anxiety-laden moment *that* would entail.

"Hey! It's Parker!" Dan said, spinning around in his desk chair. The chair continued to turn another two full circles before he put his feet down and blasted her with a boyish grin. "So? What'd they say?"

Kei, propped up on his bed, the only non-bunked bed, she noticed. He barely flicked her a glance before he resumed reading his textbook. Jaxon sauntered out of the bathroom with a towel around his waist. Parker's gaze dipped low. *God!* Was there a rule against stealing towels? With the expanse of chocolate flesh moistly glistening and barely concealed, it was an effort not to whimper.

Henry kept face forward to his computer monitor.

“They can’t get me out of here.”

This time Kei put his book down. “What do you mean they can’t get you out of here?”

“Lillian, at Housing, was really nice, but she said they over loaded all the dorms this year with the housing shortage, and there’s no room left. Not even for misapplied scholarship students like me,” she answered crisply.

“Sucks to be you, I guess,” Kei answered.

“No, not really. I’m the only girl on campus with her own posse.”

“Posse,” Dan snickered.

Jaxon rolled his eyes. “Do you even *own* a dictionary, meathead?”

“Don’t have to as long as my football stats are high. They provide me with a tutor to help me with all those tough words.”

“And do your papers for you,” Henry muttered.

“I do papers,” Dan protested. He whipped a football at Henry, pegging him in the side.

Henry grunted and shot him a glare. “When will you grow up?”

“When will your balls drop?” Dan countered.

“Sure you won’t reconsider staying with us?” Jaxon asked her.

Parker sighed, flopped down on the bottom bunk she’d claimed, and noticed that her sheets had already been folded and packed up for her. So had her clothes. “Nice, guys.”

“Don’t worry. We made sure your clean clothes weren’t put in with the dirty stuff,” Jaxon said.

“Yeah,” Dan snorted. “I did a sniff test. I haven’t decided if the panties in your laundry bag were dirty or not. I’ll hang on to them until I’m sure.”

Kei stifled a laugh, seeming to enjoy himself at her expense.

If she didn’t already know what guys could be like—didn’t already have brothers to lead the way—*this* might have broken her. “Keep ’em,” she told Dan nonchalantly.

She flopped, stomach first, onto her mattress. Jet lag caught up with her. Parker yawned, tugged her hoodie tighter against her head and face, trying to block out the light spilling across her eyes.

She needed sleep. Even more important than dealing with the wise-crackery going on, panty theft, slick chocolate abs, and brooding Asian eyes, she needed a clear mind. She could

deal with all of it when she woke up. Until then, they'd have to put up with her being there for a few more hours. Then they could talk. She could unpack. Then she could think about how she'd catch up on all the class work she'd missed by getting here a week into the semester, and where on God's green earth she'd find a place to lay her head the next time.

Later.

Chapter Two

Kei looked over at her, his eyes traveling the rumpled contour of her oversized sweatshirt to where it lifted to reveal the small of her back. Pale skin dipped low and rose toward her buttocks. She had two small depressions just above her jean line, and nothing but sculpted ass, trim thighs slightly parted and long legs.

She still wore her shoes, white Ked things that pointed downward against the mattress. One flattened, the other propped over her packed duffels. He felt a little guilty about that, but he'd been sure Housing would move her. They *should* have moved her.

Kei had been roommates with Jaxon, Dan and Henry for the past two years. Last year, their fifth, Luke, had graduated. Maybe that's why he wasn't taking to having a new fifth so soon. They'd been like family, each with their faults and foibles, and all of them requiring the continuity of their scholarships to keep them in school.

Losing Luke had been hard. Kei had been especially close to him, and Kei admitted that he'd predetermined to be rough on the new guy. Except there wasn't a new guy. There was a new *girl*.

After skimming the line on his GPAs last year, Kei couldn't afford to risk his college career on a Housing screw up. Not even a cute one.

"Poor kid," Jaxon said. He dropped his towel where he stood and sauntered to his dresser in the buff. "We'll have to make room for her."

"We don't have to do anything for her," Kei said.

Jaxon snorted. "You have guilt written all over you. Face it. You feel bad for her like the rest of us."

"C'mon, Kei, you can tell us," Dan taunted. He got up, retrieved his football and tossed it

in the air a few times as he came back to his bunk. He swung easily up to the top bunk and propped himself against the corner of the wall. Dan resumed tossing the ball up and catching it. "It's kinda cool having a chick in here. She's a lot easier to look at than the rest of you."

"Do us all a favor, Dan. Lay off on the macho talk," Henry said.

"Chicks love bad boys," he argued.

"They hate chauvinists," Jaxon countered.

"I'm not a chauvinist," Dan said.

"No, but you're doing a great imitation of one." Kei picked up his notebook and pen. He looked at Parker's sleeping form. She snuffled softly in her sleep, lips parted, hair falling from the hoodie like a blonde waterfall over her cheek, across her nose, and fluttering with each deep breath. Fucking adorable.

"So. Henry. How was your first kiss?" Dan teased.

Kei could only see the side of his head, but Henry's ears turned beet-red. Kei chuckled. He could sympathize. Impossibly soft lips and sweet sighs filled that girl's arsenal of talents. It was enough to liquefy a man's senses into one primal thought that had nothing to do with studying and everything to do with seeing that mouth on other body parts.

"Wouldn't stop her if she wanted to kiss me," Jaxon said. "So far, she's batting fifty percent. You think she'll go seventy-five?"

"Or a hundred?" Dan asked hopefully.

"Damn!" Henry said, whipping his glasses off and staring wide-eyed at Dan.

"What?" Dan said.

"You do *math*?" Henry shook his head wonderingly. "That's it. She has to stay. She's made Dan more intelligent in the span of half a day."

"Fuck you, nerd."

"Geek."

"Same difference." Dan shrugged.

"What the fuck does that mean, anyway?"

Kei tuned them out, listening to the quiet, satisfied sighs of restfulness. He liked the way she sounded, but could he sleep two feet from her every night without wanting her in his bed? Who was he kidding? He already wanted her in his bed.

If she stayed, he'd be visiting the library a whole lot more.

“Seriously, man,” Jaxon said, coming to sit on Kei’s bed. He still only wore boxers, but he was watching Parker. “We all know there aren’t any options out there for her. We’re in the same place. If it were your sister, would you make her leave without a backup plan?”

“If it were my sister, I’d haul her ass home and make her do distance studies. Then I’d superglue her roommates’ dicks to their balls for looking at her the way we are.”

Jaxon laughed, hit Kei’s knee good-naturedly. “So you gonna make her go?”

“Why are you all asking me?”

“Because the rest of us like her,” Henry said.

“Yeah. You’re the whiny fuck who wants to kick a girl out and make her homeless,” Dan chimed in.

“You, too?” Kei asked Jaxon.

“We all got the same stakes in this. We also all know what it’s like to be at the mercy of our scholarships. She can’t help this, and they won’t help her. If she were my girl, I’d want to know someone had her back.”

Kei closed his eyes and let his head fall back against the wall. “Think about what you’re saying. Our futures at this university—or any other university for that matter—are at risk because of this one decision.” He sat up again, hoping to convey the seriousness of the situation with his eyes. “Forget about what would happen if the university figured out she never left Eckland, what happens when Leo figures it out?”

The former Resident Assistant had taken an immediate dislike to their foursome when Leo lost his scholarship and had to take out new federal loans to pick up the balance. But he hadn’t just lost the scholarship, he’d lost the RA position because someone had ratted him out about paying an underclassman to take notes for his classes while he’d fucked everything that moved. It hadn’t been enough to suspend him, but he’d lost his privileges and the scholarship grant had been awarded to Henry in Leo’s place.

It was the perfect setup for payback. Leo had dropped most of his class load to coast out two years what should have taken him one. Now in his last two semesters, he had nothing but time and bitterness built up.

“Are we really going to set ourselves up for that kind of bullshit?” Kei asked.

“Selfishness aside, what choice do we have in the matter?” Jaxon returned.

He was right, of course. None of them could turn her out without knowing she’d be all

right. None of them were heartless like that. Parker slept peacefully on, knowing nothing of the ethical battle that had just been fought and decided for her. He hoped to God she appreciated it.

* * * *

Mattress ticking and buttons roughened her cheek and she licked the drool that moistened the corner of her lip.

“I think she’s alive. I heard her moan.” Sounded like Dan. The guy with a perpetual laugh in his words.

If her eyes were open, she’d have rolled them. Had he been watching her sleep the whole time? What time was it, anyway? And what if she’d gone to bed in her underwear instead of her sweats, which she’d have done if she’d already had sheets on her bed. But she hadn’t, so fully dressed had been the fastest line between barely standing and full on zees.

“We should tell her that we left some pizza for her.” *Ah, Henry, the sweetheart.*

“Let her sleep. She’s had a rough day, then had to deal with the four of us acting like chauvinistic assholes.” She really did like Jaxon. Bless him.

“She moaned. Do girls have wet dreams?” Dan asked. “Oh fuck! Do you think girls rub themselves down first thing in the morning like guys do when they have wood? Fuck, I hope she lets me watch.”

“*Dan*, shut up. Try behaving like you normally do instead of like a sex-starved idiot this time,” Kei admonished.

She harrumphed again, trying to get across the point that she’d heard them without actually saying, *dude, I can hear you.*

The door slammed and silence descended.

Parker sat up. A note was taped to one of the bedposts. *You can stay. Unpack your shit and we’ll talk later. Pizza on the mini fridge.*

She swung her legs over the side of the bed, and sighed as she looked at her packed bags. “Unpacking my shit. *Again*,” she said to the empty room.

Someone had left half of the drawers in one dresser open and empty for her. Parker smiled. He’d also cleared half the top, although it looked like he’d put an arm on the surface and shoved. Judging from the things, it was Jaxon.

The only thing on the other dresser was a delicately carved box of weathered wood. It was beautiful in its simplicity. Rough carvings of people doing everyday things like fishing and

talking in groups encircled the small piece. Definitely something she'd attribute to Kei.

The open closet door revealed a huge chunk of space someone cleared for her things. Out of curiosity, she poked her head in the bathroom. Someone had put her toothbrush in the holder. The medicine cabinet hung open where she found one empty shelf. Condom boxes, razors, deodorant, shaving cream, and pills had all been double stacked on other shelves.

A note had been stuck there, also. *For your girl shit and tampons.* Sounded like Dan. She giggled, surprised that she felt pretty confident about knowing that.

On the inside of the medicine cabinet door was a chore sheet. Her name was penciled in at the bottom in precise block lettering with a slight right-handed slant. *That has to be Kei.*

Wearing a smile now, she wondered if Henry had left her a note of indirect welcome. She caught her bottom lip in her teeth and turned toward the computer. A sticky note centered on the monitor provided her with her own username and password: Honeylips and Parker5.

Aw. They do love me!

Humming, she made her bed and unpacked her *shit*. Then settling down with the box of cold pizza and flat coke from an opened two-liter bottle, Parker pulled out her schedule. She checked her watch. The bookstore closed in less than an hour. She scarfed down the rest of her slice, grabbed her class sheet and ran out of the room, nearly knocking down a tall blond guy in the process.

"Sorry," she yelled, as she ran down the hall and out of the building.

Chapter Three

“Aw, *guys*, quit playing target practice with the toilet bowl!” Parker whined loudly.
“How would you feel if every time I had to pee, I got up and dribbled my way to the bathroom?”

A couple of sleepy mumbles sounded from the other room.

“Sorry,” Henry said, the only one of the boys who was awake with her at o’*godawful*-thirty in the morning.

Dan rolled out of bed, hit the floor. She knew it was Dan because he did that a lot when he had been up late to party after a game.

Parker brandished the toilet bowl cleaner. “Here goes nothing,” she muttered.

“Hold that thought,” Dan said, walking in bleary eyed and scratching his bare ass.

Dan had a great package, and she’d been right. He didn’t have an extra hair on his torso anywhere. Nothing but lovely smooth muscle and thickly hanging cock. She protested, but really, this was the sight that greeted her every morning, and as cocks went, Dan’s was spectacular.

He had perfectly round ass cheeks, too. The kind where when you looked at him from behind with his orb-tacular ass and thickly corded thighs, you could see his balls even with his legs closed. God, that was hot. She’d even come to like his slightly flakey, but surprisingly sharp wit.

“Nice,” Parker snarked. “Classy, even.”

“Do you want me to wait until after you clean the bowl?” he asked.

She pointed at his half-mast cock with the brush. “I meant *that*.”

“No one’s making you look.”

It was hard *not* to.

Dan snorted, positioned and pressed his cock down.

Parker dropped the brush and ran. *Fucking hell. That's it.* She'd been in the dorm with these guys for two weeks and they'd relaxed around her. Maybe she ought to do the same.

The doorknob to the bedroom twisted. Parker's eyes widened and she dove for the closet, hiding beneath a pile of partially clean and partially dirty jeans the boys had dropped on the floor.

Which scholarship genius left the bloody door unlocked! Parker bit back a swear word. *Thought they wanted to keep my presence hush-hush.*

"Hey, asswipes, there's a dorm meeting in ten. Did you ever tell your new roomie I stopped by?"

Parker hooked her finger around a jockstrap. *Thank you,* Dan. Nudging it off her eye, she peered out of her smelly hiding place to see what was going on.

"I'm takin' a piss, Leo, and you're not the dorm mommy anymore," Dan called.

"Didn't you hear? I'm off probation this quarter and I'm up for House Resident at the end of the year. Find your fucking roommate and make sure his ass is in the common room in ten."

Leo. Shit. She'd been dodging him since she discovered who he was and how flipped out the guys got when they realized she'd run into him one morning.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. We got it." Dan said, coming back out of the bathroom.

"Hey, who's that chick I keep seeing over here?"

"Which chick?" Dan asked carefully.

"The hot blonde one with the great ass."

"Henry's girl," Dan replied, grinning.

"No way would a cunt like that suck the geek's cock."

She hated him already. Intensely.

"Fuck off, dickwad," Dan snapped.

Leo laughed. "Just tell that bitch that when she's done with Henry and wants a real man, I'll think about letting her lick my balls. And you bitches had better be at the meeting today. We're nominating for Student Council and reps in the dorm. We're catching everyone before morning classes start."

Leo opened the door wider, then slammed it closed with everything he had. Kei swung his legs over the side of the bed sleepily. Jaxon buried his head under his pillow and grumbled.

Henry jabbed at his keyboard and Parker slowly crawled from beneath the pile of jeans in the closet.

“I hate him,” she said softly.

“We all do,” Dan muttered.

Parker looked over at Henry. He was so mad his face had gone scarlet and his hands were shaking. She had an idea and it brought a smile to her lips. “Want to get him back?”

“How?” Jaxon asked.

“He thinks I’m hot, right?”

Jaxon snorted. “We all do.”

“I’m gonna sex it up a little and join you boys in the common room. Then I’m going to hang all over Henry.”

“What?” Henry’s voice squeaked an octave. “He hates me *already*.”

Kei grinned. “I like how you think.”

Jaxon nodded and Dan fell into a fit of laughter. Parker’s smile broadened. It had taken a little while, but she finally felt like one of the guys.

Kei stood, his navy knit boxers clung to his lean hips and swelled over the bulge at his crotch. She tried not to stare, but she’d been dying to see him naked. She’d have thought that with this many guys around her full time, she was bound to see some random dick action. All she got was daily Dan. Which, all things considered, looked fantastic.

But Kei. His body kind of glowed with health and the golden tones of his heritage. Also hairless across his chest, she couldn’t help but fantasize about his sleek body and wonder if that beauty carried below the waist.

“Fucking A, Dan, put some pants on. No one needs to see that first thing in the morning.”

Dan, seeming to know her thoughts, winked at her and pulled on a pair of tighty-whities. She darted her gaze away, then thought, what the fuck. It’s not like she had anything to be ashamed of.

Still in a pair of borrowed boxers and undershirt, Parker shimmied out of the loose shorts. She ambled over to the closet and took down her lowest riding jeans and thick black belt. The buckle would hit just above her pubis—right where she wanted Leo’s attention when he ate his heart out over the way she hung on Henry. He was going to pay for the comment. No one messed with one of her boys.

“Henry,” she said, her back to the room.

“Yeah?” he answered, his voice catching.

“Wear a couple of pairs of extra tight undies today. We have something to prove.”

Dan laughed. Even Kei chuckled as he made his way to the bathroom. From Henry’s muttering, she assumed he did as she’d asked, even though she kept her back to him for privacy.

“Don’t turn around,” Henry demanded.

“You’re safe,” she soothed.

“You’re one wicked, wicked girl, Parker.” Jaxon came up behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist for a quick reverse hug.

Parker reached back, caught him behind the neck and drew him forward. She rested her head on his shoulder and finally tasted his pillowy firm mouth. Jaxon’s fingers pressed her abdomen in a reactionary clutch.

Giving over to the sensation, she tugged his bottom lip with her teeth, suckling it gently before letting go and stepping away to find an adequately inappropriate shirt.

“Let me know if you have any more of those to pass out,” Jaxon said huskily.

“Dude. Next time it’s my turn,” Dan groused. “That was fucking hot.”

“Maybe it’s not your lips I’m angling to taste,” she replied flippantly.

“You could wear that red shirt,” Jaxon murmured. “It looks sexy on you.”

“A bikini top,” Dan suggested. “A tiny one that barely hangs on to her nipples and has one of those tie things in the back so that if you pull the cord just right, it pulls off at just the right moment.”

“Gave this some thought, did you?” Kei asked.

“Maybe a little,” Dan said.

“I have a small black Star Wars t-shirt,” Henry offered.

“Henry! That’s perfect,” Parker said.

“It is?” four male voices asked in unison.

Parker went to Henry’s dresser and pulled her shirt off, not caring when her breasts touched air. She dug through his shirt drawer until she found the faded black tee with equally faded script and a shadowed figure of Darth Vader.

Her nipples tightened, and she felt the familiar thrill of knowing all four men watched her. She took her time stepping into the well-worn jeans that hugged her ass. The snap, zip and

low riding belt cupped her hips well below her belly button, almost to the top edge of her low riding boy shorts. Then she raised her arms, listening to the collective groans of her roommates when her full pert breasts lifted, tips pinched, ceiling-ward.

Men are so easy. She pulled the shirt over them. Twisting the hemline so the fabric pulled snugly across the front of her body, she tucked the extra fabric behind her back. It stopped at her waist, flashing several inches of flat, toned belly. She drew on dark eyeliner and mascara, slicked on baby pink gloss, and brushed her hair out until it shone.

“What do you think?” she asked, turning.

“I think I’m in love,” Dan said.

“Me too,” Jaxon agreed.

“Whumlphmnsnnuuuhhh,” Henry said.

She dared to meet Kei’s eyes, most anxious to know that her daring display had pleased him. Kei watched her with hooded eyes, thick arms folded across his chest and his lips firmly pressed together. Her pussy tingled at his dark unreadability. What she’d give to know his thoughts right now.

He probably thinks I’m a slut. Great move, genius. Flash the boys some boob. Indulge in your curiosity about how they taste. Be the sexual tease. Her smile faded and she dropped her gaze. She liked all the guys, but she liked Kei best, and she had no idea why. He hadn’t given her any direct signals.

Well, that wasn’t true. He’d told her flat out never to kiss him again. She wanted to. One taste of him wasn’t enough. She wanted to get her fingers on him, feel his smooth golden skin and explore every inch of his perfect body. She wanted him to want her the same way. She wanted him to think she was worth knowing and worth sharing himself.

“Henry, you’ll have to pretend like me hanging all over you is completely normal. Do you think you can do that?” she asked him, trying to ignore the nervousness that shifted her stomach to uneasy depths.

She hated that Kei could do that to her with a single look. His opinion of her shouldn’t matter so much. She could still feel his eyes on her and her cheeks heated with embarrassment. She felt like a silly child who knew she’d done wrong, and as a result, had been silently scolded by someone worthy of her respect. Well, fuck Kei.

“Uh huh.” Despite his affirmative, Henry didn’t look confident.

Parker put on a bright smile. “That’s right. Just pretend like I’m always hanging on you and this is old hat.”

“Maybe you should practice a little so it doesn’t make him stupid when he’s out there in front of everyone,” Jaxon suggested.

Kei flipped his wrist. “You got a minute and a half.”

Parker hurried over to Henry and straddled him in his desk chair like she had two weeks ago. “Put your arms around me,” she instructed.

He did. Awkwardly.

“Really? Can you try that with enthusiasm?”

He let her go and hugged her again, this time pulling her tight. His face paled.

“You’re not going to come again are you? That would ruin the effect,” Dan said.

Parker didn’t dignify Dan’s snipe. Instead, she looked steadily into Henry’s eyes. “Put your hand on my ass like you own it, and kiss me.”

“Sloppy seconds!” Dan cheered.

“Shut up, Dan,” Jaxon and Parker chimed in jointly.

“We gotta go,” Kei interrupted.

“Kiss me, Henry. Make it believable.”

Henry’s lips screwed up and he leaned forward.

Parker giggled. He really was adorably dorky. She cupped his face and alternately smoothed her thumbs over his lips. “Relax these. Good. Now pretend I’m about to feed you a tiny spoon with ice cream on it. Perfect,” she crooned when his lips parted.

She leaned to him this time, matching his lips with hers and lightly stroking the tip of her tongue to his, just inside his mouth. Henry was a quick study, picking up her moves and taking the kiss deeper. He remembered to grab her ass, his fingers kneading both cheeks, one hand diving lower between her legs where they were splayed over his thighs.

Parker yelped and stood abruptly. “Yeah, yep, you got it. Okay, boys. I’d say we’re ready. Some of us more than others,” she said, laughing nervously.

“Let’s go show Leo a little humility,” Dan said.

Chapter Four

Kei thought maybe this wasn't such a great idea after all. Getting one over on Leo had its appeal, but pissing him off and putting them back on Leo's radar didn't have a good payoff. He frowned, watching Henry and Parker stroll down the hallway together, arm in arm.

Henry looked nervous, continually wiping his free hand on his thigh as though his palms were sweating. They probably were. Parker's hips swung with careless seduction. She didn't even have to *try* to turn men on. She just oozed sex appeal.

Kei walked behind, eyes locked on those delicate depressions on either side of her spine just south of her waist and north of her jeans. Henry's thumb looped in her belt and she slipped her fingers into his back pocket, which made him trip on his feet. Parker slowed automatically, giving him time to collect himself before all five of them wandered into the loaded common room.

Guys still milled about, horsing around and generally being guys at the dull base roar of most college men. A few hooted when Henry walked in with Parker. Parker kept her eyes glued to Henry like a lovesick freshman. Damn, she was good.

Kei went on alert, his gaze scanning the room, ready to intercept any asshole who might try to hit on her. Parker directed Henry to one of the couches already taken and subtly pushed him onto the armrest. When he sat, she took his lap and wrapped both arms around his shoulders.

Parker giggled and buried her face in Henry's neck. Kei thought the poor kid might need blood pressure meds after this.

He sure as hell did.

"God. I might come just watching those two," Dan muttered.

"Join the crowd. I think most of the guys here feel that way." Jaxon nodded to the room

at large.

Kei's eyes narrowed as he tried to keep his temper in check. There was something about watching Parker drape herself all over Henry that got his back up.

Parker suckled Henry's ear. Henry made a choking sound. Deftly, Parker moved until her hip pressed his fly, firmly. *He must have come in his pants again*, Kei thought. Henry really needed some self-control in that department. No doubt, it was because the kid had never gotten laid. Hell, his first introduction to kissing had been from Parker.

"Well, what do we have here?" Leo asked loudly.

Kei's ears perked up when he heard Leo's voice. Jaxon flashed Kei a speaking glance. Henry stiffened. Kei saw the moment Parker noticed.

"Hi," she said brightly. "Are you one of my Henry's friends?"

Leo snorted. "Yeah, we're tight."

Jaxon, Dan and Kei closed in beside Parker and Henry. At the center end of the room, the current RA and the House Resident went over their notes. Kei wished they'd get it over with so Leo had to shut up and sit down. Henry pulling off the Casanova bit was farfetched in the best of circumstances.

"I'm Penny." She held out her hand and gave him a wide-eyed, vapid smile.

Leo took her hand. "I saw you running in the hall one day. Can't have that. I might have to spank you if I catch you breaking dorm rules again." His toothy grin looked way too promising of that threat.

This situation made Kei uneasy. Not only was their fivesome back in Leo's sights, but if Leo got hung up on Parker, he'd become a nuisance.

Yeah, that was a bad idea. Parker having to deal with the uninvited attention of someone like Leo had been a stupid move. *Whose idea had that been again? Right. Parker's.*

"Where's your roommate, *Jackoff*?" Leo asked Jaxon.

"Which roommate would that be, *Cleo*?" he answered.

Leo's lip curled. "Parker. He skulks off and no one's seen him. Does he even exist or are you taking advantage of the scholarship housing and not reporting another space?"

"Parker's here," Jaxon answered, vaguely. "Wears a hoodie most of the time."

"Where?" Leo turned, searched the room.

"Dude, what's your hard-on for the guy?" Dan asked.

“I don’t think he exists. I think you’re shittin’ me, and I think Housing ought to know.” Leo said, shrugging.

Fuck. The last thing we need is a report to Housing. If they had her at the top of the list for a change and were aware of her former assignment, they might fill the fifth bed. The fact that they hadn’t yet was something of a miracle. Or a testament to the fuckwittedness of Fullerton University’s political red tape.

“Parker?” Parker asked in a giggly high-pitched voice. “Oh my gawd! I saw Parker like ten minutes ago. Remember, Henry? We were making out and Parker was there when you grabbed my ass? I love when you grab my ass.”

Leo’s lip curled. Parker played oblivious and batted her lashes up at Henry who wore a goofy grin.

“Henry,” Parker breathed. “I wanna fuck you real bad. Can we go soon?”

The guys on the couch hooted. One of them offered to fuck her for Henry. Another promised to show him how to fuck her.

Parker waved her hand at them. “Oh, you guys, Henry doesn’t need help. He’s a—” she broke off breathily for emphasis. “A *god!*”

Kei’s dick was half-hard at the needy, worshipful sound in her voice. Uneasiness spread from his gut outward. He didn’t like the way the other guys in the room looked at her. When the joke was over, she’d have half the university thinking she’d stop, drop, and fuck at the slightest provocation.

That shit was dangerous.

Parker clung to Henry. She suckled his earlobe, demanded and received wet hungry kisses. Henry got more and more into it, one hand cupping her ass, the other sliding up her side to stop just under her left breast.

Kei had the strongest urge to break every finger on Henry’s body. He bit back a cuss word when Parker gave an elaborate shiver and squirmed on Henry’s lap. The near-breast hand slipped down over her exposed belly and Henry boldly dipped his fingertips into the top front of her jeans.

To Kei’s relief, she didn’t open her legs. At least the girl had *some* sense. Admittedly, part of him really wanted to see the expression of pleasure on her face if Henry did dip two inches lower. Kei didn’t know if that made him sick, horny or masochistic.

He didn't understand how the fuck it could simultaneously turn him on and piss him off to see Parker bestow kisses and flashes of breasts to his roommates. It made his cock painfully stiff, and his adrenaline spiked between wanting to rip her pants off to turn her over his knee for a good spanking, and wishing his roommates would hold her legs open as far as they would go so he could fuck her into orgasmic oblivion.

That's how he spent the damn dorm meeting—edged between fury and lust. Neither benefited him, and neither promised great things for his scholarship if he acted on them. Yet, longing to see her sweet pink pussy—and he was sure it was pink given the delicate petal color of her nipples—open and the tiny clitoris exposed to his insatiable lips and the lashing of his tongue kept him hard throughout the half hour meeting.

Parker seemed to know their little act was having an effect on him. Of course, it was no more challenging than looking at the front placket of his jeans to discern that bit of intel. She sent Kei smoking looks. She probably didn't know the darted glances and soft breaths got to him. At least, not by conscious effort. Parker just had a way of flipping his throttle into overdrive. It was the reason he'd demanded she never kiss him again. She'd intoxicated him in one gesture, and now his brain and his dick needed another hit while she seemed to attach herself to every one of his protective instincts deep in his soul.

Finally, it was over. With a sense of relief, Kei pushed away from the wall he'd been lounging against, and strode undeterred to their room. They'd follow. He knew they would. Hopefully, Kei would get a few minutes alone in the bathroom to take care of his loaded cock. If she heard him grunting, it would only play to his fantasies of her getting off by watching him get off.

Okay, so that's a little bit sick and twisted, he admitted. *She makes me crazy. Makes my skin itch from the inside to feel her naked body under mine.*

The sound of running interrupted his thoughts as Parker caught up to him and kept stride. “Hey. How'd I do?” she asked.

What did he say to that? You were great. I'd like to get my hands down there next. You played the part of a bitch, and that pisses me off so bad that I want to take you from behind and punish you?

“Speechless?” she asked, raising a brow.

Kei paused, his eyes scanning her face. Was she playing him or serious? He couldn't tell

from the shuttered and steady gaze. Her lips twisted in a mockery of a playful smile. He turned the knob and stepped into the privacy of their room.

She followed him, grabbed his hips from behind. “C’mon, Kei, I did okay, right?”

He stopped in his tracks. She bumped into him from behind, and he didn’t think, he just acted. The next thing he knew, he had her pressed between his body and the wall. The door opened and his three other roommates hurried in and shut the door after seeing her pinned.

“Kei, put her down,” Dan urged.

“What happened?” Henry asked simultaneously.

“Kei.” Jaxon’s single word spoke softly brought Kei to his senses.

He let her go and backed off. Parker didn’t seem to be done with him though. She pushed his chest.

“What, Kei? *What?* What did I do wrong this time?” she baited. She shoved him again.

“Don’t,” he warned her.

“Don’t what? Don’t breathe? Don’t share a room? Don’t take up space? Don’t help? You’ll have to be a little more specific.”

“Kei, lay off, man. She did good,” Dan said.

“Parker,” Jaxon said. “Leave him alone. Let him cool down.”

“Fuck cool down. I want to know what I did to put Kei’s man-panties in a permanent wedgie,” she snarled. She followed it with another light shove to his arm.

Kei turned on her, pushed her up against the wall a second time. “It’s you, Parker. You.” He grabbed her wrists and held them over her head. With both their arms up, it blocked out the others and he stared straight into the surprised depths of her crystal blue eyes.

“What about me?” she whispered, eyes snapping. “Do females intimidate you, Kei? Afraid Freud was right and I’ll steal your precious penis in the middle of the night?”

Close, he thought. He’d lost count of the number of nights he’d lain awake to watch her sleep, hear her deep breaths, hungered for a glimpse of one pale leg caught outside the sheets to glow in the remnant of moonlight.

He hated that if she’d opened her eyes at any time when just the two of them were awake, if she’d smiled just a little bit or held the sheets open, he’d have climbed in with her and lost his soul by pounding every ounce of himself into her body—just to hear her sigh his name in sleepy wonder.

Even now, she dared him with her eyes. Challenged him. God, he wanted to take up that challenge and see if she'd carry through to the end. Her little looks drove him insane with the need to touch her. Like the one she gave him now, where her gaze skipped over his lips and lifted, leaving him a hint of something in the depths—a shadow of vulnerability he wished to chase down, hold close for examination to see if it grew under his tender care. Or was it more fleeting than that? A butterfly of a desire that would burn out or drift away if he took the time to pursue it.

I want you. The words filled his thoughts. Did she know? Did she have any idea what being so close to her everyday did to him?

He thought he saw an echo of longing in her. She wanted to kiss him. He could see that. There was no mistaking the way her lips parted invitingly. His roommates spoke, but their voices were as muffled background noise.

Parker made a soft sound. A plea he felt to his soul. Kei held her wrists in one hand, knowing that if she wanted to free herself, she could. He reached between them, flipped her belt tab through her buckle and eased open her jeans, dragging the short zipper through an excruciatingly long rasp.

The others behind him grew silent. There was no one in the world but Parker and Kei; his breath moved her stray blonde hairs against her porcelain cheek. A lock of Kei's black hair had fallen, partially obscuring one of his eyes. Intimacy existed in the details. Here, it was just the two of them trapped in the moment, outside of consequences, staring deep into each other's souls through iris-curtained windows.

He stroked her belly with the back of his fingers, pressing more firmly with his thumb as he went lower and lower, past the top of her jeans, tucking into her panties. She gasped. His middle two fingers skimmed the down of her hidden trail and descended further still.

Parker's lips parted, her brows drew together at a lift so slight, yet so telling of her need. He halted his downward progression, taking a moment to lightly tickle the trim margin with near strokes, brushing the back of his fingers over the softness, light enough that he never met skin.

Her breath puffed sharply, and her chest rose as though she were straining for more while holding herself back from asking. Her eyes darkened. Not the mysterious thing of romances where a magical change occurred. He was man enough to know those things didn't exist. Darken they did, though, by expanded pupils and the beginning glaze that told him she was losing her

awareness of everything but what his hand did, what his nearness did.

He felt it too.

His pores ached with it, screaming to draw her closer, to feel her against him, flesh to trembling flesh, and still he held himself steady. Still he tasted her gasps. Still he worshipped her face with his eyes, taking in every moment of each evolving expression.

Did he look the same to her?

His cock ached to claim her. His lips to assign ownership to her. He wanted more. He wanted all. He wanted this moment for all time. He wanted her pleasure first above his own. He had to see it, be there for it, live cognizant for it so he was ready to capture the precise instant her body and spirit separated, died and cried out for rebirth at his fingertips.

A gift to her, as much as to him, for letting him witness it.

He felt her heat, and as he dragged lower, he stroked her pussy with light caresses. Already moisture traced the seam of her labia, and he followed its path with his fingertips. Parker bit down on her lip. Her chin lifted unconsciously, opening everything to him for his taking. He expected her to close her eyes, but she didn't, and he praised her with murmured nonsense only they could hear.

Kei pushed one fingertip inside, teasing her outer labia with minute thrusts.

Parker whispered, "Oh, God." This close to her, he could believe he was one. Making and bringing pleasure.

He parted her wider, moving all four fingers through her open pussy as she cried out. His roughened fingers slowly rubbed her swollen flesh, then lower, lower to the flexing opening of her body. Kei eased two fingers in, then a third. Parker shuddered, tried to tilt her hips.

"Shh," he whispered. "Take what you like. It's yours."

His thumb settled over her clitoris, her nub distended and hot to the touch. His cock flexed, leaked, but his attention stayed firmly on her. On every grasping muscle and slick movement of his thick fingers in her channel.

God, she was beautiful. Her face flushed with the fever of sex, her chest rose and sank in deep breaths. Her gaze remained locked on his, and each hungry gasp carried the faintest of cries. Her bottom lip was swollen from biting it, and as he watched, her pink tongue moistened the abused flesh.

Kei worked gently, thoroughly, avoiding speed in favor of finding the exact places her

body responded and giving her all the pleasure that place afforded. He rolled her clit with the tip of his thumb. Her brows rose, her eyes slid almost completely closed, and her little sounds seemed to catch in her throat.

Almost.

“Tell me,” he murmured.

Kei widened his fingers inside her. The muscles around them trembled, and with a few more sharp rolls to her clit, he saw it. Her face glowed with pleasure. Her eyes closed. Her breath stalled, and her hips tipped in time to the clenching on his fingers.

“Kei,” she breathed softly.

“I’m here,” he whispered. “Come back to me.”

Chapter Five

Kei cupped her, caressed her outer flesh with barely moving strokes as her inner muscles continued to tremble with the aftershocks of release. It showed her more than anything his consideration for her intimate privacy while waiting, ready for anything she might need from him.

His murmurs weren't words, but they soothed her, made her feel cherished. God, his eyes! His black, bottomless eyes pulled her in, heated her from the inside out, yet she found comfort there. She'd expected roughness from him. She'd have taken Kei however he came to her. Parker hadn't been prepared for *this*.

Already she could feel his emotional retreat. He petted, soothed, hadn't left her, still held her wrists, but his face had begun closing in increments, and she felt the desperate need to draw him back.

"No," she whispered. "Stay."

"I haven't left."

"Yes, you have," she said on a choked murmur.

He started to withdraw his fingers. Parker pulled from his loose grasp and wrapped both hands on his wrist holding him in place. The spell broke. The outside world their raised arms had sealed off lurked in her peripheral vision.

Kei looked to the side, acknowledging their roommates with that one gesture.

"Damn, I wish I'd gotten that on film," Dan said.

That they had watched her rise, crest, and fall beneath Kei's deft fingers sent another rush of heat and moisture between her legs. Kei inhaled softly, jerked his head to search her eyes. Something dark and wicked heated his look and caused him to smile.

“Are you thinking what I’m thinking?” he challenged.

Her face flushed hotly.

“You are, aren’t you?”

Parker licked her lips anxiously. She wasn’t sure she trusted herself to say it out loud. What if she was wrong and he wasn’t thinking about inviting the other boys to join? Didn’t Kei come from a traditional Asian background? Wouldn’t he view her as a whore if she told him how hot that made her? What would he do if she told him she wanted him to be the first of the guys to take her?

She decided it was too big a risk. What if he rejected her request that he be first? It would sting like a bitch if he turned her down after what they’d shared. And maybe it didn’t mean as much to him. He’d been mad when he’d thrown her against the wall.

He hadn’t been so wrapped up in taking her that he’d lost a moment of control either. Would he have held off from touching her, breaking his own rule that they not kiss, fucked her if he *did* want her to himself? She didn’t think so. More likely, he was shutting her up to prove the point that she was at *his* disposal while he enjoyed control of the reins.

And that hurt.

A lot.

She kind of wanted to lash out at him in return and make it sting just as badly. Would it hurt him to watch her come with the others? Watch her teach Henry how she wanted to be taken? Watch Jaxon power into her, or see Dan take her from behind?

“Yes, I think I’m thinking what you’re thinking,” she confessed finally.

“Are you okay with that?” he asked.

She released his wrist. Nodded. “As long as one of those boys will lower himself enough to risk kissing me, I’m all for sexual liberation.”

Jaxon swore to someone holy.

Dan grabbed Henry’s arm. “What does that mean? What did she just say? C’mon man, tell me what the fuck that means.”

Henry yanked his arm away. “How the heck am I supposed to know? You’re the horndog,” he told Dan.

Kei’s hand circled her hips inside her loosened jeans and pushed them down her legs.

“I don’t know what this is, but I like where it’s going,” Dan announced.

“Condoms. Fucking condoms. Where did we put the box of condoms?” Jaxon muttered.

“Medicine cabinet,” Parker answered, watching arousal cloud Kei’s eyes. So he liked this, did he? He liked sharing her? She didn’t know if that was a compliment or an insult. Since she was more turned on than angry at the moment, she decided to work it out later. College was a time for exploration, even if they were through their undergraduate studies and nearly out as graduated members of adulthood. It would be like a semester of last hurrahs.

Kei pulled her off the wall, bringing her lacy hips to his jeans. She cocked her brows at him in a silent dare. His answer was to turn her in his arms so that she faced the recently returned Jaxon and the dumbfounded Dan and Henry.

Dan grabbed his shirt and threw it off his body.

“Stop. She gets naked first,” Kei said.

The words at her ear gave her body a needy shiver. Her nipples ached, they pinched so tightly. Her breathing sounded rough to her ears. As naughty as she felt facing down her roommates, about to be completely stripped for them, Kei’s control of her held her in thrall. God, she ached for him to fuck her body the way he was fucking her mind without even trying.

Kei tugged her arms behind her back by linking one of his heavily muscled arms inside her elbows. Her breasts pushed forward sharply. She cried out as he displayed her, and the soft cotton t-shirt felt like sandpaper on her sensitized nipples.

Henry looked like he’d faint. She smiled at him the moment before she rested her head on Kei’s shoulder and gave herself over to anything he wanted to do with her.

Kei’s hand dove between her panties and her pussy. He squeezed and Parker moaned, wanting more. Cold metal touched her belly. She looked to see Jaxon about to cut away Henry’s beloved t-shirt. At the moment, Henry didn’t seem to mind, but she suspected he’d have regrets later.

“Wait,” she said. “Don’t cut it.”

Henry’s glance flashed gratitude.

Kei released her to sweep the shirt off her body before returning her to her trapped arm position. “Good call,” he murmured for her ears only.

Jaxon’s dark hands on her pale belly raised goose bumps on her flesh. Dan dragged Henry over. Positioned in the middle of her four guys, she felt like a goddess—adored and revered.

Dan sank to his knees, kissing her abdomen as Jaxon's hand lifted to test the weight of her breasts.

"Henry, cut off her panties," Kei commanded.

She whimpered, the sound strangling when the cold metal blades of the scissors touched her pelvis.

"Maybe she wants to keep them," Henry reasoned dully.

"Cut them for me," she said.

He snipped first one side then the other. Dan tossed the lace out of sight, and reaching around to knead her ass, he kept his front row seat to watch Kei's fingers play over her swollen labia, thread through her strip of hair. "Move your fingers, man. I gotta taste that."

Kei's fingers speared and parted her folds. Cool air touched her weeping flesh, and Parker almost came on the spot.

He had yet to touch her clit and Jaxon only stroked the full underside of her breasts. None of them had focused on the parts of her that wanted attention most. She loved it and hated it at the same time. All the hands, the eyes on her body, her private flesh and now—oh, God, now Dan's tongue rimming her cunt.

Her hips arched sharply. Dan snickered. He shifted positions and lifted her off her feet. Held up by her legs draped over Dan's wide, naked shoulders and Kei's arm behind her, her heels swung free.

Dan's thumbs parted her ass. She had never felt more exposed in her life.

She heard Henry swear and run away. Dan dedicated himself to fucking her cunt with his tongue. Jaxon mouth closed on her nipple and she lost her mind when Kei flicked her clit irregularly, building her orgasm inconsistently until suddenly he pinched it. Parker screamed, bucked against Dan's face as Jaxon clamped down on her nipple, sucking for all he was worth.

On arms of air, they carried her limp body to Kei's bed. Instead of hitting soft mattress, she rested against Dan's hard, fully naked body. She had no recollection of him taking off his clothes, but when her eyes opened, she saw that Jaxon stood naked too.

Henry had returned and with a sardonic grin, Kei handed him two condoms. "Are you hard again?"

Henry nodded.

"Double wrap," Kei told him. "You won't feel as much, come slower."

“Dude, put one on me. I forgot,” Dan said.

Kei frowned and opened a package. Parker held out her hand and he gladly handed it off to her. Squirming a little, she managed to roll it over Dan’s cock beneath her by reaching through her legs.

“Good girl,” Kei praised.

His words should have pissed her off. Instead, they turned her on.

Dan rolled his hips, sliding his cock through her moisture. Parker whimpered. On either side of her, Jaxon and Kei took her legs and draped them over the edges of the twin mattress. Dan reached between them spreading her moisture over her anus. She trembled nervously. She’d never let anyone backdoor her before.

“Wait,” Kei said. “She needs help.” He leaned over her, his hair falling around their faces.

“I’m not ready,” she whispered.

“For this or for Dan?”

“I’m scared,” she confessed with a shaky smile.

Kei’s face softened. “We can stop this.”

“No. I want to. I’m just...”

“Scared,” he finished.

She nodded, surprised to feel tears threaten. His tenderness caught her off guard. She lay spread and arched, had come twice, was preparing to have men filling her every space, but these seconds with Kei left her more raw than any of the others.

“Will you touch me?” she asked.

The weight of his hand rested on her ribs. She sighed. Covering his hand with hers, she moved it up to take her breast.

A smile quirked his lips. “Temptress.”

“Only if it’s working,” she answered.

His hand moved of its own accord, hers still on top. He thumbed her nipple in slow circles that reminded her of the patient hand in her pussy when it was just the two of them.

“That suggests you had a goal in mind,” he rationalized.

“I do.”

“And what goal is that?” he asked.

“Kiss me.”

He gave his head a slight shake.

“Why?” she asked.

He seemed to consider her question carefully. Then giving her breast a gentle clasp, he said, “Kissing you would eclipse my soul, *Sakura*.”

She’d have asked him what he meant, she was sure she’d have, if he hadn’t caught her nipple with two fingers and if whoever the hell had just started stretching her anus hadn’t added a hot little twist as his knuckled tugged through. Parker nearly swallowed her tongue.

Kei smiled, his eyes crinkling at the outside edges and causing his exotic eyes to lengthen. She loved looking at him. Smooth, flawless skin glowed with health and intensity. Every angle, at this distance, stood out in silken perfection. His lips didn’t just suddenly become face; they were deliberate, chiseled additions to his beauty, edged perfectly and soft tan in color. She could imagine his cock would be the same. The same golden smooth perfection of his shaft and delineated cockhead given importance by its artistry and lines.

She wanted to taste him. His lips, his shoulders, his fine light brown nipples lying flat and oblong on his equally perfect chest, his dipped bellybutton, his cock. He needed to be worshipped—did he know? Is it why he held himself from her knowing she couldn’t possibly live up to what he deserved to have? Kei was deity, not mere man.

He elevated his principles and his mind. He spoke in poetic imagery for fuck’s sake. Eclipse his soul? Did that mean she’d darken his perfection or steal his light? What did it mean?

Her thoughts scattered as another finger added to the first, scissored open on the withdrawal. She gasped.

“Relax and breathe through it. I won’t let anyone hurt you,” Kei promised. “Jaxon, take her other breast,” he murmured.

Instantly, the hot envelope of Jaxon’s mouth closed on her. He took more than her nipple, bathing her flesh, blowing on the wet peak, then covering it again.

“She’s ready for me,” Dan grunted.

Dan’s dick slid through her cream, and then with his hand steady his cock, he pushed into her ass.

Parker whimpered.

“Breathe, *Sakura*.” Kei removed his shirt, and she glimpsed more skin she wanted to

explore with her mouth. He moved away, or twisted. They were eye to eye and he climbed onto the bed over her head, still shielding her with his hair, but now upside down. Kei lifted her, easing Dan's entry with the changed elevation of her upper body and she squirmed in need to have Dan move.

Dan shuddered as he finally sank balls deep. She panted softly.

"How do you feel?" Kei asked her.

"It stings a little."

"That will pass," he assured her. Kei pressed the flat of his hand down the center of her body.

She arched.

He chuckled. "Patience."

His reach put his arm along her cheek and she turned her face into his biceps, breathing him in, pressing her lips to the warm, resilient skin without technically kissing him. She rubbed his arm with her lips, heard her own breath quicken. Heard Jaxon's muffled grumble about the interference with his nipple play.

"Hold her open Jaxon," Kei said, his voice falling low and deep.

"Open?" he asked.

"Part her folds. Show Henry where he's going," Kei clarified.

"I don't know if I should—" Henry started.

"Do you want to fuck her?" Kei asked, lifting his head.

She could barely see beyond Kei's hair, but she saw Henry's Adam's apple bob. Saw the shadow of his jaw follow suit.

"Then fuck her before one of us decides we can't wait any longer."

"Like me, dumbass," Jaxon growled uncharacteristically.

Kei lowered his face for her. "You're making out with my arm."

There was a smile in his voice, but she knew he disapproved.

"Parker, Jaxon is hard for you. What are you going to do about it?" Kei asked her.

"Kei, how do I put it in there?" Henry asked.

Kei groaned.

Jaxon swore. "Seriously?"

Henry had to be feeling self-conscious. Jaxon needed relief, too. "Jaxon," she said.

“Switch places with Henry. I want you to fuck me. Henry, take off the rubbers. When you come, come on my breasts.”

“Fucking hurry up. I can’t stay still forever,” Dan complained.

Parker bit her bottom lip and giggled. Kei winked at her.

Henry’s knee bumped her elbow, and she reached for his hips. Her hand found his cock, but...that couldn’t be right. Kei was watching her confusion. Parker’s mouth went dry. They’d wanted to stick *that* in her first?

“Fuck!” she gasped.

“Gonna fuck. Soon,” Jaxon promised.

“You wanted a man hung like an ogre to stretch me apart first?” she asked.

Now it was Kei who looked confused. He glanced up and a startled laugh escaped him. “Holy mother of God, Henry. Is that thing on steroids?”

Henry was indeed enormous. He shifted his weight from foot to foot. Parker stroked his cock. Jaxon’s knees sandwiched between her spread thighs and Dan’s legs. He pressed forward and Parker saw stars. Automatically, she opened her mouth wide, as though that would give them more room.

Kei brushed his perfect lips on her forehead. “Breathe, remember?”

“I can’t,” she said. “If I breathe, Jaxon’s cock will tickle my tonsils.”

“Okay, guys, don’t move yet. She needs to adjust,” Kei said.

Parker squirmed, gripping Henry tighter. He made a strange guttural sound and hot, thick cum spurted over her breasts. Parker’s body contracted and clamped down on the two men inside her as orgasm spiraled tightly through her body.

Dan and Jaxon groaned in unison, trying to hang on to their loads. Sweat broke out on Jaxon’s chest. Dan twitched under her.

“Fuck this waiting shit,” Dan said with annoyance.

In retrospect, she heard the zipper. She even heard Kei’s mild protest. But it was the widening of Kei’s eyes, the shock written on his face and the pink tint to his cheekbones that gave her the first clue. Then Dan was moaning and Kei’s eyes sealed into thin black lines with pleasure.

“Dan. *Fuck*. Dan!” Kei ground out sharply.

“Can’t talk with his mouth full,” Jaxon said, laughing.

Jaxon moved in her. Like Kei, she had trouble remembering which things to feel. Dan must have felt Jaxon start. He moved in opposite tandem of flexing hips.

Henry had yet to grow flaccid, and Parker was glad. She wanted to touch something. Hold on to something, so she held on to Henry's cock, rolled his balls. With her other hand, she found Jaxon's torso and explored everything she could.

Kei's palm, flattened on her belly, pushed down. Parker screamed with pleasure as the limited space her body had for both cocks suddenly condensed. The pressure also elevated her spread mound, forcing her tender, engorged clit to rub brutally along Jaxon's cock. It nestled in his ticklish short curls then vibrated back up his cock.

Over and over, sensations robbed her of thought and speech. She touched, felt, exploded, kept coming as the boys held out their releases and grunted through her clenching body. Kei's palm grew slick and his exhalations rasped harshly. The deep groan hitched faster and faster until suddenly Kei shouted, and she felt the trembling of his arms as his cock emptied.

Dan came almost immediately after, and Jaxon two beats after him. She'd been on what felt like a continual orgasm, and now Kei stretched, pinched her clit rhythmically and demanded Henry come again.

He did. Parker cried out, convulsed. The others groaned in watchful appreciation. She fell limply backward. Dan's arms circled around her, tenderly. Kei backed off the bed and tucked himself away before she could think to look. Jaxon sat back on his heels, his hand soothingly stroked her thighs as Henry shyly disappeared to the bathroom, returning with wet washcloths and a dry towel.

"Here," Henry said.

"Thank you," she murmured.

"You're welcome," they all said at once, making her giggle sleepily.

Dan cupped her breasts, tweaked her nipples. "When can we do this again?"

Parker groaned.

Chapter Six

Parker tapped the end of her pen on her lip. “Monopolies, monopolies, monopolies. Jesus, where did I see that bit?” She flipped through the pages of a library text, abandoned it and picked up one of the other five she had laid within reach of her on the bunk.

Henry coughed.

She flipped to a fresh sheet in her notebook. Business Principles as a class made her snooze, but there had been that one part about breaking a paradigm of organization that had really spoken to her. “Think outside the box,” she muttered to herself.

Henry cleared his throat. She vaguely noted his glances in her direction. She made a concentrated effort to keep her thoughts to herself so as not to disturb him.

There it is! Making a non-monopolized business venture feel like a monopoly by organizing your company or creating a demand that’s singular in the services you provide. And that would be her dissertation. The how, the why, the unspoken need for the creation of...

Henry sighed loudly and coughed with enthusiasm.

Parker blinked, looked up and focused beyond her racing thoughts to the shaggy-headed roommate by the opposite wall. “You should get some water.”

“Yeah,” he said, twisting his chair eagerly. His pink cheeks and averted gaze had her watching him speculatively. Henry wiped his palms on his jeans several times. Top of the thigh, over the knee. Top of the thigh, over the knee.

“What is it?” she asked.

Fidgeting fingers and sweaty palms jointly ran through his hair, making his straggly layers slightly less straggly. He had to be the only person for which messing up his hair was an improvement. She grinned at his nervous energy.

“Uh...” he started.

Was he sweating? Must be sex related the way he hedged. “Yes?” she prompted.

“Could you... Would you... I was wondering if... you could maybe teach me how to have sex,” he rushed.

Parker pulled the end of the pen out of her mouth on a slow draw. “Didn’t we cover that yesterday?”

He shrugged, scuffed his shoe heel on the carpet.

“I think he means a little one on one time,” Kei said, dropping his book satchel by the door and swinging it shut behind him.

Parker glanced at him, taking in the crisp white polo shirt stretched across his muscled physique and the wide brown belt through faded jean loops, emphasizing lean hips. Her body sang just looking at him.

What does it take to get in that man’s pants, anyway? Then she thought about Dan and decided it took ingenuity, surprise, and apparently a bottom position between his legs. Or maybe she wasn’t being clever enough in getting her point across.

Parker unfolded her pretzeled legs and dropped her pen on her bed. Then walking over to Henry, she snatched Kei’s hand and pulled him with her. “I don’t have all the right parts, but Kei does and maybe he can show you what you need to know.”

Kei took his hand back. “I have to study.” Turning, he retrieved his satchel and, like Parker, took a seat at the head of his own bed.

She frowned. *Well, fine. He doesn’t want to play? The he can watch and eat his heart out,* she decided.

Henry looked crestfallen.

“Don’t worry, Henry. We can work this out,” she said brightly.

His wide-eyed look and bobbing Adam’s apple expressed his hopefulness perfectly. Parker grinned. When he made to stand, she pushed her hands down on his shoulders.

“We’ll start easy.” She sat astride his legs, wrapping her arms around his shoulders. “Kiss me.”

“Uh, okay.” Henry pressed slightly puckered lips to hers.

“Relax,” she murmured. “Close your eyes, and go for the feeling.”

He tried again, pressing, and she smoothed her mouth against his, then sealing, then

kissing him again and again. Henry's enthusiasm escalated. Parker tasted his lip with the tip of her tongue. He followed suit.

Gently coaxing him into a smoother, sexier rhythm, she taught Henry how she wanted to be kissed through trial and error. His arms wrapped tightly around her, pulling her against his erection. She let him, helped him get the pressure he sought by rocking her hips forward. He groaned.

Kei hadn't uttered a word. Time to up the ante and hope he came to play.

Parker sat back. "Take off my shirt."

Henry gulped several times, but did as she asked. The neck caught awkwardly on her ears and nose making her laugh. She kept her arms up until he'd worked it out. Then she dropped her hands on his hips. "Now take off my bra."

She thought she heard Kei grumble. He definitely changed positions.

Henry blindly tugged at her back, gave up and started to lift it off as he had the shirt.

"Nuh-uh. You'll give away your inexperience like that and completely piss off the woman you're trying to seduce. Breasts are tender, and they ache when they're treated badly. If you do that, I'm going to feel it for another day."

Henry sighed with exasperation. "Jaxon bit your nipple. I didn't hear you complain."

She kissed him softly. "That's because," she murmured against his lips, "nipples are different. Like lips," she said, nipping his, "are different from cheeks." She rubbed her cheek against his. Breathing next to his ear, she said, "I'm hoping you'll play rough with my nipples, Henry. I'd really like that."

Kei swore, roughly dug through his satchel. From the corner of her eye, she could tell he was trying to keep busy, trying not to pay attention to their antics.

"There are three hooks in the back. Look over my shoulder to find them."

Henry did, and with his exclamation of success, the tension on her breasts released. He slid the straps off her shoulders and stared in wonder at her chest.

Parker tossed her bra. "You look nervous."

"Yeah," he said, laughing a little.

She changed positions, putting her hands on his knees behind her and leaning back.

"What do you like?"

"Everything."

“Talk dirty if you want. Some girls like it.”

“Can I touch them?” he asked.

“God, yes.”

“Is there a special way?” he asked.

“Put your goddamn hands on her,” Kei barked.

Henry snapped to attention and palms out, cupped her breasts. “Like this?”

“Um. Well, that’s one way,” she said. She put her hands over his, turning them, using his hands to stroke her. “Mm. Like this, is nice.”

“Oh. I like the...uh...” Henry swallowed hard. “Your, um, nipples are...”

“Hard?” she teased. “Because what you’re doing feels good. Breast play turns me on.”

“It does?” he asked, his voice squeaking. “I’m turning you on?”

“Oh, for fuck’s sake,” Kei snapped.

“Ignore him,” Parker said. “Start off—ow!”

“I’m sorry! I’m sorry! You said you wanted rough.”

“It’s all right. Work into pinching them. You have to get me ready for something like that.”

“Sorry.”

“It’s fine. Keep touching. Try using your thumbs to rub the nipples. The way Kei did yesterday. Oh, yeah, like that,” she praised. “That feels so good.”

“Like this?”

“Uh huh. Keep doing that. Mm. A little harder now. Yes,” she hissed. Her head dropped back and she arched into his hands.

“Cool.”

“Cool?” Kei asked, echoing Henry’s comment. “You want cool? Suck ’em.”

Henry’s lips closed on her turgid peak. Parker shuddered and gasped. His tongue swirled on her like his thumb had. Moisture tickled her pussy and she squirmed on Henry’s lap. When his teeth grazed her, Parker cried out, clasped his head to her.

“Now, *that’s* cool,” Kei murmured, getting up and walking over to them.

Kei knocked Henry’s hand away and took her other breast in his mouth. He tugged her nipple hard with his lips, rolling and releasing it. Henry copied.

“Oh. My. *God*.” Need swirled in her belly. Different, yet the same in suction and heat, the

men tormented her breasts until she was sure there'd be a spot of moisture on the apex of her jeans. Her clit strained. Parker rubbed her covered pussy on the evidence of Henry's arousal.

Kei popped off, quickly got behind her and lifted her off Henry's lap. Parker protested the loss of their mouths, but her complaint died on her lips.

"Take off her pants. I promise you, you've made her wet," Kei said darkly.

Henry was quick to obey, dropping her pants and panties. Parker stepped out of them and leaned against Kei's solid chest.

"Strip," he told Henry next.

Henry stripped. The box of condoms from last night was still on the desk where they'd been dumped. Kei nodded to them. Catching his meaning, Henry picked them up.

"Do you remember what I told you to do last night?" Kei asked. He cupped her breasts, kneading them gently with her nipples caught firmly between his fingers.

"Double wrap?" he asked.

"So you don't shoot the minute she sits on your cock." Kei nuzzled behind her ear.

Goosebumps rose up on her flesh. She watched Henry's hands shake as he prepared the first condom. "Slower. Please. Roll it down slowly." Watching Henry's surprising length disappear behind yellow latex brought on another shiver. The second one, blue, went down a little easier than the first. That his cock had become neon green from the combination of the two colors tickled her sensibilities.

He's so damn adorably dorky, she thought.

Kei slid a hand between her legs, and valiantly, she didn't hump it. Then he lifted her, and she thought she come on the spot. She pressed against him with her nipple trapped and smashed in his other hand, and the weight of her body held up between her throbbing pussy and his hot, strong fingers.

"Put a foot on his armrest. Let him see your pussy," Kei told her as he lifted her over Henry.

She obeyed, feeling decadent and naughty. Taking the hint, Henry knelt on the floor in front of the chair.

Kei's hand drifted off her, letting one finger sneak inside her to strum her clit. Parker moaned, tilting her hips to follow his wicked fingers, but he didn't come back.

"Touch her pussy. Explore it. Taste it," Kei commanded, his voice gravelly and harsh

against her neck. His moist fingers touched her ass from behind and Parker gasped.

Henry petted her like a kitten, stroked the back of one finger over first one side, then the other. He leaned in, studying her pussy with interest. "I like it," he said softly.

Those sweet words shivered through her, bringing her to a dull ache of need. She'd be his first. It would be an initiation honor for her, and she'd have Kei's hands on her where she wanted them. Well, not completely where, but she'd take it. Especially if his fingers dancing on her rosette were a foreshadowing of his intentions.

Henry opened her pussy. "Does this hurt?"

"No, Henry. It feels pretty great."

"I don't know if I want to taste it," he said dubiously.

She giggled. "You don't have to."

"You should try it. You might like it," Kei said. His lips closed on her earlobe.

Parker tilted her head to allow him easier access. His fingers took up rolling her nipple with light periodic pinches in concert with exploratory forays of his finger into her ass.

"Henry," Kei said. "I'm going to need a condom."

Oh, thank God!

"One or two?"

"Just one," Kei said around her earlobe.

Henry handed off the condom. Kei's zipper shushed behind her and suddenly his hot, hard length coasted between her ass cheeks with a couple of gentle pumps. He pressed his moist tip to her ass then pulled away. Parker's thighs quivered. She needed him so bad. Both of them.

Henry's thumb rubbed through her wet folds, and Parker keened softly. A new rush of moisture cooled on her labia. He sank a finger deep inside her. Her pussy tightened on him eagerly.

"Oh! Wow!" Henry said.

"You gettin' it now? Imagine that squeezing your cock," Kei told him.

Henry pumped his finger a few times then pushed a finger on her clit.

"Yes," she encouraged.

"Is that your clit?" Henry asked.

"Yes."

"So if I decide to taste her, where do I start?" Henry asked.

Kei chuckled low. “Anywhere. Keep coming back to that sweet button. Treat it like you did her nipple.”

“Oh, okay.”

Henry went straight for her clit, sucking long and deep. Parker bucked. Sound faded as though coming from a distance. The Henry hungrily lapped, sucked, rolled, nipped her clit. He seemed to enjoy her channel, pumping into it and rubbing the tip of his finger into the tight muscles.

Parker’s cries surprised her. Kei braced her with an arm around her hips, plunged his finger into her ass and stretched the rosette.

“Don’t buck him off, *Sakura*. Let him suckle through his thirst for you.” Then nudging his cock at her portal, he penetrated the tight ring of muscles. “Henry makes you so wet, he’s eased my entry.”

Parker wrapped her arms behind his head, needing to hold something steadier than she. Her pussy quivered, her ass stretched pleasantly. Kei held still within her. He brought his hands to her breasts and twisted her nipples sharply.

Parker screamed, the wave of orgasm now within reach and impossibly bigger than the lapping intense pleasure she already endured.

“Don’t come,” he told her.

“Please,” she begged.

“No.” He twisted them again, pulling on them in the process. “Henry, add a finger. Take her clit hard.”

Henry complied. Parker sobbed, tossed her head.

Cupping her breasts, Kei pinched her tips fiercely. Pulled out and slammed into her ass. His balls touched her pussy.

“Now,” he murmured huskily.

Parker stiffened, her voice stilled, her breath caught, and orgasm pounded over her like a thousand pricks of electricity. Kei stroked rapidly into her, fucking her from behind, prolonging the ride until he emptied into her.

Kei left her then, slipping from her ass and directing Henry back into his chair. Then he settled her firmly onto Henry’s engorged cock. The shock of one to the other had her trembling deep inside. His cock bumped her cervix, and Parker forgot to breathe.

“Holy Mother of God!” Henry squeaked.

“Don’t!” Kei said sharply.

“I gotta,” Henry pled.

“Don’t. You’ll miss the experience. Don’t lead her up to it only to come selfishly,” Kei warned. “It’s disrespectful.” He stroked his hand down her spine. “She’s sharing a special gift, hidden in her body. You don’t steal it. You accept it with careful coaxing.”

Oh, fuck, the way he talked made her want to weep that he wasn’t the one coaxing her hidden gift—or whatever the fuck he’d said. She wouldn’t have complained if Henry *had* shot off, considering the awesome orgasm they’d just given *her*. *But who am I to complain. Coax on!*

Henry held himself in check, admirably. He clawed at the underside of the chair and kept his eyes tightly closed.

“Don’t move, *Sakura*,” Kei warned.

Like she could.

While they waited for Henry to find his tether, Kei’s hands smoothed over her shoulders, arms, back, belly, breasts. He stepped closer, pressing his undressed cock between her shoulder blades. Already he began to thicken. He’d removed the condom and she expected stickiness, but felt none. She wondered at that briefly, until his soothing hands began a renewed task of wakening her desire.

Kei lifted her hair off the back of her neck. He kissed the formerly hidden spots, drugging her with tender seduction. “Fuck him,” he whispered into her shoulder. “Fuck him like you’re fucking me.”

Her breath caught as she imagined what fucking Kei would be like. It would rough and tender, gentle and hard. Could she move on Henry like that without scaring him?

Parker lifted, rolling her hips as she climbed his shaft, then sank to take him all. Henry moaned, grabbed for her breasts, mouthed her shoulder and jaw as sense lost to erotic insanity.

Having just come, Parker watched his fervor with regret, knowing he’d climax before she did.

Kei seemed to suspect the same, as he sank his fingers to the top of her mound and pressed, forcing her clit in direct contact with Henry’s shaft. He’d done the same the night before. She didn’t know which turned her on more—Kei’s hands on her or the fact that his touch implicitly demanded that she come.

With his other hand, he twisted her long hair around in his fist and yanked her head backward. She rode Henry, reveling in the knowledge that Kei's cock had firmed on her back. She stared up into his slitted gaze, watched his lips part when his body craved more air than he could draw normally. Unchecked emotion flitted across his face before he closed his eyes to her.

"Whoa! Who-oa! I'm—I'm gonna—" Henry yelped.

Parker fucked them both, enjoying the softer tremor of pleasure that shimmered through her pussy, milking Henry as he came in loud sputtering puffs. She rode him out, disappointed when Kei stepped back without coming, too. He tucked it away.

For the first time, she saw that he'd removed his shirt and it lay wadded on the floor. Well, that explained the lack of wet on her back. "Wait. Kei," she said, breathless from exertion.

Kei shook his head. "This was for Henry. And for you."

"What about you?" she asked.

"Later," he promised.

Parker looked to Henry. His head lay back on the chair and he was still breathing hard, his chest heaving and damp.

"Wow. That was—wow." He looked at her with wide eyes. "Amazing."

She smiled, lifted to her knees for a final kiss.

"Oh, look, an orgy!" Dan hooted from the door. "Nothing like seeing ass after a tough day at the office." Dan ran across the room and planted his face in her bottom. "These are a few of my favorite things!" he sang into her crack.

"Jesus, man, I do not need to see you rimming her asshole," Jaxon grouched. "But damn, is naked pussy a sight for sore eyes. Thank you Fullerton University for screwing up the housing."

"I knew it was called FU for a reason," Dan mumbled.

Parker wiggled away from Dan's questing tongue. "Your living blowup doll, I'm not." Her swat landed with a pop on the side of Dan's head.

Kei had retreated, she noticed. Parker felt like crying. She wanted her *later* now.

"I need a shower," she said, climbing off Henry and heading for the bathroom.

"Oh! I'll come with," Dan volunteered.

"I can do this on my own," she said.

"By why when you have helping hands?" Dan asked, holding up both of his and wiggling his digits.

“Dan. Space,” Kei said.

“Shit!”

Parker shut herself in the tiled room on Dan’s exclamation. She was so glad Kei had discouraged Dan. She liked the guys, appreciated the way they’d enjoyed each other’s bodies, but she hoped they didn’t think her pussy was their playground of *O*.

“Hey, Dildo. Ever had your hole punched?” Dan asked.

Dildo? Was he referring to Henry with his impressive size? Parker stifled a laugh. A couple of references like that around the right group of women and Henry would never have a lonely bed again.

* * * *

“Holy shit,” Henry said.

“About fucking time you had your rite of passage,” Dan remarked.

“She didn’t taste like I thought she’d taste. I heard rumors it was fishy. Like old tuna sandwiches. That wasn’t true. At least, it wasn’t true for Parker. She tasted slightly floral. Her soap smells like lavender. Maybe that’s why,” Henry gushed.

“Uh, Junior, that’s just too much information,” Jaxon said.

“Why?” Dan asked. “We all either have or want to lap that pussy. Let the boy crow. He’s not a freak-of-nature virgin anymore.”

“I’ve never seen a woman flip out like that. Do they all squirm when you play with their nipples and sucked on their clits?” Henry, still on his high, babbled on, not waiting for an answer from the others. “That was pretty cool. Kei you were right about that. She was wet. For *me*. She could have anyone. She had sex with me, and she liked it. Boy howdy, she liked it. She actually made sex noises and moved around like she almost couldn’t stand how great it was.”

Dan and Jaxon exchanged looks.

“Sounds like you were doing everything right,” Jaxon offered.

Henry grinned and bobbed his head.

Dan threw jeans at Henry’s head.

“I’m a stud,” Henry said, grinning like a fool.

“Easy, cowboy. You’ve had one ride,” Dan reminded him.

“I know. I’m still a stud.”

Jaxon laughed.

Kei took a black sweater from his drawer and pulled the soft, loose cotton down over his head. Then securing his satchel across his chest, he stuffed his keys and his bus pass into his back pocket.

He had to get out. Be out of there when she finished her shower and strutted back through the room in her naked perfection. Perhaps strut wasn't the correct word. She moved more gently than that, with more grace.

Kei ignored the sexual banter between his three roommates, choosing not to participate least it belittle the joining of their spirits to Parker's. He knew his cultural beliefs were different. To them, it was sex. To him, it was linking of souls not to be taken lightly.

Picking an elastic band from his dresser top, Kei pulled his hair into a short braid and left the dorm suite, unnoticed. The latch clicked into place and he found himself looking into the piercing blue-eyed gaze of their resident nosy body, Leo.

"So, you're all fucking her?" he asked.

Kei lifted a brow, but kept his silence.

"It's like a ménage thing. I heard about those. Don't know why she'd hook up with a bunch of losers like you. Unless she's vegetarian and doesn't eat meat," Leo said, framing his cock between his hands.

Kei gave him a disapproving once over, letting Leo see the disgust in his eyes before he left Leo behind, too. Once clear of the building, Kei called the suite. "Hey, Jaxon," he said when Jaxon picked up the line. "Parker needs to pretend like she's leaving for awhile. Leo's staking out the hallway for her. Tell her she'll have to sneak in for the next few days."

Once Jaxon agreed, Kei dropped his cell into his satchel, ducked his head against the blustering October wind and trudged toward the bus stop. The room had become chaotic, and more than anything, he needed some peace to think. That used to be the library, but the library was too close to Eckland and Parker.

Bus breaks hissed compressed air, and he climbed the ridged steps. Gears squeaked as the bus moved on, and Kei took lurching steps to the nearest available seat. The greenery rolled with the hills, tight on either side of the road as mile stretched into mile then broke for the short trip through town. The bus was nearly empty when it stopped at the Botanical Gardens.

Kei flashed his student identification for the clerk and headed for the enclosed atrium he sought. Perfectly sculpted, a Japanese garden opened up beyond. His soul sighed, finding

comfort in the trickling of water and organized paths through the grounds.

His grandfather had told him that even if you knew where you were ultimately headed, it was the journey that centered the spirit. Planned specifically for meditation, the paths wound around, then over a small decorative bridge and took him further into the beauty of Asian horticulture.

Finally, he reached the modest stone bench in the center of the cherry blossoms. They were in full bloom. Kei put his satchel on the ground and lay back on the stone bench. *Sakura*. It's what he'd called Parker. There were no coincidences in life, and that this endearment had come naturally to him, made him wonder which meaning his subconscious had meant to convey.

His mother's Japanese heritage and his father's Chinese heritage used the cherry blossom as a symbol for different things. They diverged drastically. So was it the Chinese interpretation of feminine beauty, sexuality, and power he saw, or the Japanese idea of mortality and great beauty followed by quick death?

There was truth in both. Parker touched intense passion in him, made him long to possess her in ways he didn't understand. She certainly had beauty and sexuality. Given his innate response to her, he also recognized her power over him.

She touched his heart with sadness. That his time with her held flashes of perfection with the promise of an abrupt end. Was her heart transient? Would he fall in love with her, giving himself to her completely, then be left with nothing more than a shadow of her love when her interest burned out?

A blossom drifted peacefully to his stomach. He picked it up, held it carefully in his hand, brought it to his face and inhaled. What would Grandfather say about his irresistible need to be with her?

The timing couldn't be worse. The distraction could affect his future, his family's honor. Oh, it wasn't the same as it had been generations ago, but he did owe his ancestors at least the recognition of his place in the family.

Parker was neither Japanese nor Chinese. Parker had the power to draw him from his roots and his studies with equal abandon. And though he'd kept himself from consummation with her in an accepted fashion, he'd taken her from behind as a balm to his need. He wanted so much more.

Did *she*?

Perhaps he concerned himself in vain because she enjoyed the freedom of several sexual partners. She *had* allowed herself to be taken. Like a siren, she was one who could collect men if she wished. Hadn't Leo been interested as well? Would she let *him* sample her? Did she care so little for herself that she'd take anyone to her bed?

Even as he thought it, he rejected it. She had taken the others at his urging. She had followed his direction and trusted him with her body, and *he* had given her to the others. He ached in his stupidity of sharing her. She challenged him; it's why he'd done it. He'd known from the moment he'd come to the dorm and seen her with his roommates that she had something important.

It was the surrender in her steady gaze when she'd taken his mouth that had begun his fall into the unknown. He knew then that she was either his to claim or his to cast off.

Was her heart as marked as his? Was he merely a challenge she'd conquer and then discard? Was her power, beauty, sexuality lasting or surviving only a short time before it died like the cherry blossom?

"How do I know, Grandfather?" Kei asked the trees.

Chapter Seven

Parker took the hoodie out of her backpack and kept her bright hair hidden as she tugged a baseball cap then the obscuring hood over her head. Putting on a pair of sunglasses and jamming her hands into the front pocket pouch, she slouch-walked to the dorm.

She made it through the side door without incident. Two doors and she'd be home free. Kei hadn't been kidding. Leo had their room in his sights constantly. It had taken a lot of creative effort to get in and out of the building during the past several days. Once, she'd had to hop out of the first floor window to avoid him. Between the five of them, though, they had the dorm pretty well scoped out.

Unfortunately, Leo had also decided that Parker *aka* Penny was easy. Almost without fail, he'd find her in the student commons at lunch to suggest they hook up for hot sex. The few times she'd had other people with her from classes, she'd had to explain that she'd turned him down for a date and he couldn't take no for an answer. Generally, she just hoped they ignored him.

She reached for the knob when she heard Leo's bright greeting.

"Parker! Hey, Parker, can we talk?"

She barely glanced to the side. He needed to know she heard him, before she blew Leo off without an answer. Let him think *Parker the guy* was an asshole, so long as he left her the hell alone.

Parker pushed through the door easily. Jaxon must have whipped it open from the other side, because he stood there with an anxious smile on his face.

"Fuck," Leo muttered. "Parker, damn it!"

Jaxon slammed the door behind her. She bolted it, puffing an exhale at the close timing.

“Jesus, he’s persistent,” he said.

“No shit. He won’t even leave *Penny* alone,” Parker added.

“You think he suspects?”

“No. His ego is too big to believe Penny won’t go for him, and he’s too stupid to believe *guy* Parker won’t talk to him,” Parker said.

The door vibrated beneath Leo’s fist. “Parker! Open this damn door.”

Parker and Jaxon exchanged a look of concern. Jaxon cleared his throat and disguised his voice. “Fuck off, Leo.”

A resounding thump coming from what would be on level with Leo’s foot had her jumping away.

“Kei!” she said, suddenly seeing him.

He’d sprawled out on his bed with a book on his lap. “Yeah, hi.”

“Where’ve you been? I haven’t seen you in days,” she said.

“What do you mean? I sleep here.”

“You’d hardly know it,” she said.

“Are you keeping track?” he asked, looking at her seriously.

Parker shrugged. She’d missed him. He’d been avoiding the room. She didn’t think it was a disagreement with the other guys. She thought it related to her. Since they’d all had sex, he’d been distant. Since she and Henry had had sex, he’d all but disappeared.

Dan threw a pillow at her from his perch on the top bunk. “Shut up! I’m trying to sleep.” Then sitting suddenly, he said, “Unless you want to have sex again?”

She did. If Kei participated. The guys made her feel hot and eager, but Kei just *did* it for her. Dan’s gaze encompassed all three of his roommates. Parker looked to Kei who’d resumed studying. She shrugged, not willing to commit if he wouldn’t.

Jaxon came up behind her and settled his hands on her waist. “I’d like to,” he said.

Dan swung off the top bunk. “I’m always ready.”

No shit.

“Kei?” she asked, hoping to God he said yes.

“I’ve got a mid-term paper due next week,” he said. “I don’t have time for sex.”

“Don’t have— Don’t have *time* for *sex*?” Dan asked in disbelief. “How do you not have time for sex? That’s inhuman!”

Kei sighed. "I like to think outside the cock."

Jaxon snorted. "A whole new business paradigm."

"I'll remember to put that in my dissertation. I bet the professor never thought of sex as a monopolized venture," Parker teased.

She left Jaxon. As she approached Kei, she unzipped her hoodie, letting it fall to the floor. After knocking off the hat, she wiggled out of her white cotton shirt, and stood at his left knee. "Come play, Kei," she murmured.

Kei's heated look traveled over her, lingering on her lace covered breasts. "I'll watch this time."

She unsnapped the front closure and shrugged off her bra. Then lowering a knee between his thighs, she rested her hands on his shoulders.

He tilted his head back, meeting her gaze.

"What does *sakura* mean?" she whispered, wrapping his hair in her hand the way he had wrapped hers once.

"Cherry blossom." Kei extended a finger and lightly tapped her nipple twice. "The center of the flower is the same color as this."

The taps felt like sharp jolts, and her nipple responded by puckering for more. "Cherry blossom," she repeated softly. "I like that."

Jaxon pressed his hips into her ass. She couldn't miss the hard ridge in his pants, and Kei didn't miss the slow slide of his hands on her belly. Kei's expression flickered.

"Will you play?" she asked Kei.

Jaxon continued his petting upward, cupping her breasts. He groaned into the crown of her head when he found her tightly pinched peaks. He rolled them and Parker couldn't deny that it sent a pleasant tingle to ready her pussy.

"Looks like you're doing fine without me," Kei murmured.

"I want you...to join," she said, stalling when Jaxon caught the outer rim of her ear with his teeth.

Jaxon inhaled sharply and jerked his head around. "Dan, get your hand off my hole. I don't let dudes back there."

"How do you know if you've never tried it?" Dan countered.

"I'm not interested in finding out," he answered.

“How do you feel about blow jobs?” Dan asked.

“Like I want my dick implanted in Parker’s pussy. So, not likely.”

“Kei?” Dan asked, hopefully.

“Hell, no.”

“Didn’t stop you last time,” Dan pointed out.

“Last time, I wasn’t given a choice.”

“You still came.”

Kei’s eyes met Parker’s. “Last time my mind was on Parker, not you.”

“So think about Parker again, if that gets your rocks off. Fuck, let her suck you off, just leave your backdoor unlocked and I’ll take care of the clean up,” Dan said.

“Still no,” Kei murmured.

“No to letting me taste you?” Parker asked.

Jaxon undid her pants, pushed them down her legs. His dark fingers slid inside her matching lace panties, one thick finger penetrating her cunt and hooking inside. Parker caught her bottom lip, trying to stifle the cry that lodged in her throat.

Kei’s heavy lidded gaze watched Jaxon finger fuck her, seemed fascinated by the barely obscured digit appearing and disappearing deep into her pussy. It made her hot and achy when Kei’s nostrils flared as though catching the scent of her arousal, and he licked his lips.

Jaxon extracted his finger, dragged it wetly up her body to tease her nipples. “I’m going to fuck you so hard that you scream when you come,” he murmured against her ear.

Her eyes were on Kei, watching his expressions as Jaxon spoke. Dan undressed, slowly as though she were paying attention to him. She wasn’t. Her eyes were for Kei only.

Kei reached for her pussy, pressed the side of his hand forcefully between her legs. Lace scratched erotically on her distended clit and she swallowed an unintelligible cry.

He smiled then, seeing what his touch did to her. “Ride it, *Sakura*.”

Tentatively, Parker flexed her hips. Lace applied with the pressure of his hand abraded her clit. With a whimper, her head fell back on Jaxon as she thrust her hips forward over and over, taking her pleasure on Kei’s hand.

“That’s it, *Sakura*. Find it. Take it. Wet me with your sweet cream.” Kei’s voice rumbled over her senses.

“Fuck, that’s hot,” Jaxon breathed.

He bit her at the curve of her neck and shoulder, rolling and twisting her nipples as Parker's cries escalated beyond her caring. She bucked hard and fast. Her body seeped, moistening her inner thighs and, she was sure, Kei's hand. She would have been embarrassed, but she was so close.

Her mind closed on a solid focal point of black. It committed her to no-exit path to ecstasy with Kei's praise at the end destination. She fucked his hand for him, for her, for the pure and simple reason that reason was neither pure nor simple, it just was. She fucked him, rasping her clit to pleasure, unable to stop because it was his hand, his voice murmuring for her to continue. Her channel pulled rhythmically, emptily, and her scream, when it came, was as much for the lack of his raging cock as it was for the crisp, searing flush that broke and shook her pussy.

"Goddamn, that was fucktastic," Dan crowed.

When she was able to open her eyes again, she searched out Kei's face. He took his hand from her, held it up to show how wet she'd made him. With a sly smile, he leaned back, flicked open his jean button and fly. He reached inside and began stroking the hidden bulge with firm tugs.

"Fuck!" Dan whined. "I want to see that shit." Dan, already naked, leaked pre-cum. He swiftly yanked Kei's pants and underwear down to his thighs.

Parker could have kissed Dan for that.

Kei didn't miss a moment of his rhythm. He fucked his creamed fist. Dan swore, fixated on Kei's thick, golden cock and frantically tugged his dick in time with Kei.

Behind her, she heard wrapper tearing and the jangle of Jaxon's belt. Parker stripped her panties and propped her foot on the edge of the bed. When Jaxon nudged her pussy, she tipped her hips back to receive him.

She, like Dan, couldn't tear her eyes off Kei. Jaxon pounded into her, on a mission of his own. Kei's eyes slitted opened, found hers, and the thick shuddering moan that he gave nearly had her coming again.

Jaxon pressed his hand on her back, forcing her to bend at the waist. He grabbed her hips and fucked her hard from behind. The new position brought his cock into perfect contact with her swollen inner flesh.

Her body bounced with each thrust. Jaxon's balls hit her labia with soft pats on wet flesh.

Parker clasped Kei's thighs for support. Her body contracted tightly, ready to release, but she held herself off, imagining Kei's voice when he told her she couldn't come.

Suddenly, Kei moaned, thick spurts erupting from his cock and Parker couldn't hold back any longer. Thinking of Kei spurting inside her pussy, she keened through the answering spasms, clenching on Jaxon's cock so tightly that Jaxon shouted, stiffened and came, too.

"Oh, yeah! Oh, yeah!" Dan said, jerking his cock and rolling his balls. He hobbled to Kei's side, spurting over Kei's cock and hand.

"Dan! Jesus Christ!" Kei swore.

"Oh, yeah! I needed that. Fuck, man, we gotta jerk off together more often," Dan said.

"Dan?" Jaxon asked, a chuckle in his voice.

"Yeah?"

"Have you ever considered you might be gay?"

"Fuck you. I'm not gay. I dig chicks. Can't get enough pussy. C'mere, Parker, I'll eat your pussy clean for you," Dan protested.

"I don't think that proves your case. My pussy still has cock in it," she said.

Jaxon, Kei and Parker laughed. Dan blushed.

"I just like sex, is all," Dan muttered.

"No questions there, pal," Jaxon said. He slipped free of Parker. He pulled up his pants, hanging onto them with one hand while he drifted to the bathroom. Dan followed, continuing his protest about his orientation. "Dude, no one cares. Just don't pretend to like pussy when you can't get enough cock."

Dan sputtered.

Parker sat down beside Kei. He took off his shirt and wiped his belly and penis. Tossing his soiled shirt onto a pile of dirty clothes, he laid back against his pillows. He hadn't closed up his pants, but his beautiful penis had been tucked into his boxer briefs. They were red.

Red suits him, she thought.

She laid a hand on his stomach. When he didn't move, she leaned down and kissed a spot below his sternum. The muscles flexed. Kei sank his fingers into the back of her hair, massaged the scalp as though he wasn't sure he should pull her away or press her closer. She hoped the fact that she was still naked made his mind up for him.

She scraped the edge of her teeth on a ridge of muscle. Kei inhaled sharply. His fingers

tightened in her hair. Parker watched him to see what he'd do when she leaned her bare breast into his side.

Kei's hand drifted from the middle of her back to her shoulder. Gently tugging, he moved her up his body, her face hovering above his. Kei loosed her hair, cupped her face in his hands. She tried to close the distance, but his hold was rigid. He shook his head, barely moving.

Her chest ached with the need to kiss him, have the right to hold him. *Kissing you would eclipse my soul.* He'd said that to her. Did he still feel that way?

"I'll give it back," she promised quietly.

"Give what back?"

"Your soul," she answered. His eyes narrowed thoughtfully. *Yes, he remembers.*

"It's what I fear." He stroked her cheekbone with the edge of his thumb. "Souls are meant to be lost, *Sakura*. But the freedom is in the willful giving of one's spirit, not in the eclipsing of the soul with the fruits of the body."

"You talk in riddles," Parker said.

"Yet you understand," he said, quiet confidence in his voice.

Parker ran her hands up his body. "Not if it means I can't have you."

"Would you have me if you couldn't be sure I wished to be had?" he asked.

"More riddles."

"*Listen*," he said. "You must listen. You know the answers already, but I'm just discovering them for myself. You have the confidence of several women. You weave the sensual spell of many sirens. Stop hearing the outward noise, and listen to what should be."

"You make it sound like I'm nothing but a sexual vessel. I have a mind, and I know my mind. Why can't you take a chance that maybe I'm worth getting to know?"

"Parker, I've never been in doubt that you're worth knowing. I'm in doubt about whether I'm worthy of *you*."

Her throat felt tight from the tenderness in his words. Kei tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear.

"I want you," he said, his voice smoky. "I want you more than I've wanted anyone, and it's important that I separate my physical desire for you from my emotional interest. Checking my motives, making sure I know the consequences is far more important than the satisfaction of my libido."

“So until you work it out, you want me to keep fucking these guys?” she asked desperately.

“God, I love the way you say that word.”

“Which?”

“Fuck,” he murmured, sharpening the *k* sound on the end.

“Fuck,” she repeated as quietly. “Fuck, fuck, fuck.” She nipped the heel of his hand. “*Fuck* me, Kei.”

“*God*.” Kei caught her legs and straddled her over his body, then pulled her down against his chest, nestling her head under his chin.

He smoothed his hand down her back. He didn’t stop at her ass, but slid lower between her legs. Parker squirmed higher, wanting to encourage his touch on her pussy. He obliged, pushed his fingers into her swollen cunt. She whimpered into his neck.

She lifted her hips when he tried to reach the front of her body. His nimble fingers circled her clit from the front and held steady in her channel from the back. Parker tried to turn his face to hers. He kissed her temple, instead.

Parker found his nipples and rubbed them with increasing enthusiasm as fire built in her from the tips of his fingers.

“I feel you. Your body is nearing.” His fingers twitched inside her so she couldn’t miss which part of her was giving away her secret.

“Again?” Jaxon asked.

“Yeah, they’ve been talking poetic shit for a while. I was gonna go to the gym until he stuck his fingers in her pussy. Fucking fine asshole, she has. Wait. Did that sound gay?” Dan asked suddenly.

Kei’s hands left her. Parker groaned and shot Dan a glare.

“Yeah, kinda did, jerkface. Can you keep the play by play down next time? At least until I get off?” she asked.

“Woman, we just got you off. *Twice*. Get over it,” Dan snarked.

“I think she’s looking for a little Asian flavor.” Jaxon and Dan hooted, bumped fists.

“You’re both morons,” she said, climbing off Kei.

Parker needed a shower after the lust fest anyway, so she found a pair of clean underwear and took her clothes into the bathroom with her. Her jeans’ pocket buzzed. Retrieving it, she

noticed it was a campus number and put the phone to her ear.

“Hello?”

“Parker? This is Lillian from Housing.”

“Oh, hi.” A rush of mixed feelings swirled in her gut. “What can I do for you?”

“Did you find alternate housing all right?” Lillian asked.

“Uh,” she glanced toward the other room. “Yes, ma’am.”

“Oh, that’s wonderful! Well, then, you may not need to know that there’s an opening for you in Lygate Hall next week.”

Her mind raced with thoughts of leaving her boys behind. Of seeing only Kei after she left. Of the risk she and the guys took by keeping her at Eckland. Of Leo making waves and getting them all kicked out of the program.

“Actually, my situation is temporary. When can I move in?” Parker answered. Maybe if she didn’t have all four guys around, Kei would come see her, and they could figure out where they stood with each other.

“Perfect timing! Isn’t that funny how things work out?” Lillian gushed.

“Yes, yes it is.” *Funny, erotic, crazy.* Any of those would work.

“The current student will be clearing out next Wednesday. Can you be ready to move in Thursday morning?”

“I’ll be ready.”

“Come by my office and sign the new paperwork. I’ll get you all set up, then it’s over! Easy peasy.”

“Easy peasy,” she repeated. *All over.* God, why did that scare her to death?

Chapter Eight

“We’ve never done a study session in your dorm. Let’s meet there tomorrow,” Abby said.

“Yeah!” Jana chimed in.

“That’s not a good idea,” Parker advised. “My roommates don’t appreciate visitors.”

“You’re roommates sound like control freaks.” Abby rolled her eyes. “They probably never let you have guys over, either.”

“Ah, no. That’s not one of their hang-ups. Guys are always around,” Parker said, grinning.

“Weird. Let’s just meet back in the library or stay in the lecture hall after class. I don’t think there’s anyone in there when ours is over,” Jana commented.

“Penny!”

Parker glanced to see Leo loping down the library steps toward them. “Shit.”

“You got that right,” Abby said. “Why can’t he take a hint that you’re not interested?”

“Why can’t he get your name right?” Jana said.

Parker’s eyes widened. “Shh. Don’t correct him. The last thing I need is for him to know who I am and do something like look me up,” Parker admonished.

“Oh, right.” Abby nodded and made a zipping motion across her lips.

“Hey, Penny, how they hangin’?”

“Really, genius? You’re going to open with *that*?” Jana asked sarcastically.

He shrugged. “Just an expression.”

“What did you think she was going to answer? Low and wide?” Jana asked.

“Leo, I’m busy,” Parker said, hopping in to keep Leo’s scowl from becoming nasty words directed at her friend.

“You’re always busy.” Leo sidled closer.

“She’s busy for the rest of time,” Abby said.

“She *gets* busy and I want in on it,” Leo snapped.

“Excuse me?” Parker asked.

Despite the protest, her face heated. She didn’t know Abby and Jana well, but she knew them well enough to care what they thought. Before moving into Eckland, Parker would have been shocked to hear about someone having sex with four men. She’d have assumed the girl was a slut.

Maybe she was a slut. She didn’t feel like one, but then she was looking at her situation from the inside out, with all the tangled up emotions that went with caring about each of them.

Did Kei think she was a slut?

She shook the thought. It had been creeping up on her since the day she’d first accepted sex with anyone other than him. He seemed to enjoy it. She *knew* she did. But she wanted him inside her more than the others. She wanted his lips on hers and his arms around her. Every day that passed without him made her question whether or not she had thrown away the chance at happiness with Kei for the experience of a ménage.

“C’mon, Penny. I know your little secret. You might say you’re dating Henry, but I’ve heard the orgy sounds going on in that room and they don’t all sound like Henry. I just want in on that action. Invite your friends,” he said, sending a wink to Abby and Jana.

“Bastard!” Jana growled. “Piss off before I call campus security.” She whipped out her cell phone and started dialing.

Leo put up his hands in surrender. “No need to get all threatening.” He took a few steps back. “Penny, think about it and call me. You know where I live.” He grinned knowingly as he backed away.

“Oh my God! What a prick! I’m so sorry you have to deal with this guy. You really need to report him for harassment,” Abby said.

“Believe me, I will.” It might be a report to the guys, but she really didn’t have a leg to stand on. If anyone looked into his claims, they’d only find out they were true and that she lived with the guys, not visited. All five of them would be out of the program. If she could just hold out a little longer, just put up with him for a few more days until she moved into the female dorm, she could pursue a complaint.

“I can’t believe you didn’t take a swing at him,” Jana said, shaking her head. “Seriously, I almost did it for you.”

Parker put her hand on Jana’s arm. “Thanks. I’m glad you two were here. He’s been aggressive with me, and I shudder to think what he’d have tried if I’d been alone.”

“Hey, if you want an escort to and from your dorm, just say the word. In fact, don’t say it. One of us will walk with you until the University takes action against him,” Abby decided.

Panic tightened Parker’s chest. Walk her from her dorm? And where exactly would she find the time to run around campus to her fictional dorm between every class? It was part miracle that she’d managed to put them off this long, but the more they got to know each other, the harder it became to dodge the question about where she lived.

In the most recent conversation, she’d said Lygate Hall, and then hedged about the room when Abby mentioned a mutual friend of theirs in the same building.

“I refuse to live my life protected. Thank you for the offer,” Parker said, hoping they dropped the subject.

They walked toward the housing area of campus as they talked. No sign of Leo even after they crossed the street dividing the two areas. Parker relaxed, enjoying the unseasonably warm weather. She thought about digging out the hoodie and decided to put it off a little while longer. The walking path diverged and Abby and Jana headed away from her.

“Remember, we’ll meet in the lecture hall tomorrow,” Abby said.

Parker nodded and waved.

“Hey, Parker,” Jana yelled back.

“Yeah?”

“Bring your laptop this time,” Jana said, grinning with an inside joke.

Parker laughed and headed toward Eckland. She turned the corner of the nearest building and pulled her hoodie from her backpack, preparing to put it on. Leo popped into view and fell into step beside her.

“Get lost, Leo,” Parker said, stopping so as not to go any farther toward her destination and his.

Leo grabbed her arm. “I think we should keep going, *Parker*.”

Oh, shit! “Parker?” she asked. Her mouth went dry.

“If your bitch friend hadn’t given it away, I’d still know from that stupid hoodie.”

“My hoodie? Get real. Everyone has a hoodie,” Parker reasoned.

“Not everyone has a hoodie with red-lined pockets and a frayed orange drawstring.”

“I borrowed it. I’ll tell Henry you’re looking for it, though.” Parker shrugged, hoping he believed the misdirection.

She thought she caught a flash of indecision. Leo frowned. She windmilled her arm to break his hold.

“Just what do you think is going on here?” she asked.

“You’ve been shacking up at Eckland and fucking everything you come in contact with,” he accused.

“Really? Because first, ow. And second, since when would Housing allow me to live in an all male dorm?” Parker found her verbal footing and stuck.

He rolled his shoulders uncertainly. “I dunno, but you are.”

“Is that the college genius equivalent of I’m rubber and you’re glue? Because that kind of logic is *astounding*. They give you a degree in Compulsive Stupidity?”

Pain radiated from her right cheek, numbed her eye socket and exploded in her brain as her head jerked roughly to the side and her hair flew across her vision. Her ears rang. “What the fuck?” she asked, automatically holding her head in her hands. The throbbing started and she distantly realized he’d hit her. Hard. “*Asshole!*”

“I’m *not* stupid. I was in the scholarship program until your boy toys fucked it up for me.”

“Until *you* fucked it up for you,” she snapped, watching his body language to make sure he didn’t surprise her with another slap. Parker stepped away. Leo closed in. “Fuck off, or I start screaming.”

“I’ve heard you scream. I’ve heard you whimper,” Leo said smugly. “When Henry wasn’t even in the dorm room. I already know you like to fuck. I also know you like to fuck loudly.”

A branch scratched Parker’s arm, snagged the hoodie she held. Distractedly, she tugged at it. Looking down was preferable to looking at the crazy in Leo’s eyes.

“So how does it work, *Parker*? Do they pay you?”

“Fuck you.”

Leo pushed her shoulder surprisingly hard and Parker stumbled backward into the bush.

He followed, loosening his belt as he did. "It's my turn for some candy. You won't complain. Most chicks see my cock and they weep for joy."

"Because it's invisible?" she sparred. Her head still rang causing her to squint against the low, late day sunlight. The guys would be expecting her soon, wouldn't they? They'd taken to looking out for her, but she'd told them she'd be studying. Still, if she could dial the room and tell them Leo had her trapped in the unmanicured area of trees beside Eckland, they'd come looking for her.

"See, here's the thing. You can bitch and moan all you want, but I know the truth. You've been living with those assholes. The best I can figure, things got messed up with your name being all generic. What you don't know is that you and your boys are in a shit load of trouble if I tell Housing and report you."

Leo finished undoing his belt, knocked her down and pinned her to the underbrush. Her bag with her phone dropped out of reach.

"Fucking get off me," she said, her voice shaking.

"Or what?"

She squirmed, finding renewed panic when she felt the ridge of his erection hard on her belly. Parker slapped at him ineffectually. *Calm down. Think*, she told herself. *You have three brothers. You know what to do.*

Parker relaxed abruptly. She lay back against the ground and smiled, hoping it looked sincere.

"I thought so. You're nothing but a whore, aren't you?"

Parker bit her bottom lip suggestively. "I've always kind of thought you were hot. And you're right," she said forcing the words past the bile in her throat. "I like sex. No more hitting. I'll give it to you however you want, okay baby?"

Leo smiled, settled his hips on her and sank against her body. "I knew it."

She raised her arms.

Leo grabbed her wrists and squeezed.

"I want to touch you," she purred.

Letting her go, he shoved his hand to his cock, freeing it, and began tugging on her pants. Parker stroked his cheeks as she kissed him, trying hard to maintain her presence of mind from fracturing into a thousand panicked thoughts. He kissed her back, enthusiastically, and Parker

made her move.

She slid her thumbs forward into his eye sockets and pressed. Leo screamed. He clawed at his face and rolled away, behaving purely on instinct. Parker grabbed her hoodie and backpack as she ran from the treed area.

Blood roared in her ears. Her breath sounded loud and unnatural, but she raced for the front doors and tore through the lobby, straight for room one-oh-nine. Parker slammed the room door behind her, closed her eyes, dropped her head back and tried to listen through the pounding of her pulse, the rage of breathing which seemed to overshadow every other instinct to keep fleeing.

She heard him. His clumsy stomping feet and his roar could have been the roar of an angry bear. It preceded his quickened steps, and she half expected him to pound and kick on the door as he did last time. What she didn't expect was the oil slick intensity of oozing false sincerity he managed to project through the old dormitory door.

"Parker," he cooed.

She shivered, almost more fearful of this Leo.

"Parker, open up. You seem to have forgotten the kind of influence I have around here."

Her panting had dried her lips, and she licked them. She knew her voice wouldn't yet be stable so she didn't bother to talk.

Not that she knew what to say, anyway. *Get lost?* That hadn't worked the first time.

Please don't tell?

God, had she made a mistake? She had two days before she could pack her things for the dorm transfer.

"Open the door, darlin'. We aren't done yet."

She barely stifled the whimper. With five of them living in a single room, how had she managed to end up being the only one to have returned from class at this hour?

"Please, please, please," she pleaded to the room on a whisper. "C'mon, guys. Come back and get rid of him." Or would they be mad that she'd blown their cover?

Would they have expected her to offer him the same roomie benefits the others had when Leo had threatened? God, she had to quit thinking that way. She knew it wasn't true. It was only her self-consciousness talking. The guys weren't using her. If anything, she was using them. Still, she felt privileged to connect with her amazing guys. Leo didn't factor in any way as being

of the same quality.

No. This guy *took* from people. He manipulated. The guys had been right about him. She couldn't help but feel it was her fault. She shouldn't have taunted him at the meeting. She shouldn't have antagonized him when she'd run into him, either. If she hadn't, she wouldn't be in the position she was in now. The guys would be safe from exposure. Boy, she'd really fucked things up good.

She heard a sound like metal running down the center of the door. It picked up, returned to the top, then dragged down the same central line. "I'll keep your secret. Both of them. No one needs to know what I know, and no one needs to know about us."

The drag, lift, drop continued. Finally, it hit her. Leo was stroking the door. It had to be his class ring striking the wood and somehow that realization made her feel bone-cold. *Jesus*. He expected her to cave. He was confident of it. He planned to touch her with that same seedy hand, cool ring and grabby fingers.

Parker's stomach lurched. Shoving her hand into her backpack, she pulled out her cell and dialed Kei.

"You can't avoid me forever. I know you're in there," Leo said, his voice taking on a silken tone.

Kei's familiar ring sounded nearby.

"What the fuck are you doing outside my room?" Kei asked Leo. He answered the phone. "Hello?"

Parker held the phone to the door so he'd hear his own voice and Leo's. Hopefully, he'd understand her predicament and get him lost.

"Hello?" Kei said again.

"Let me in," Leo said.

"Hello?" Kei must have hit the end call button because she heard a dial tone.

She quickly punched it off and waited. Hoped.

"I'm not letting you in," Kei said matter-of-factly.

"She's in there. You know it. I know it. Soon, Housing will know it," Leo said, smugly.

"She who?" Kei answered.

"Parker."

"Parker's a *dude*," Kei said, sounding as though he thought Leo was an idiot.

“Parker’s a chick, and she’s in there. I also know she lives with you. I don’t know how you’re working it out, but unless you share the goods, you can kiss those fringe benefits good-bye.”

“What the fuck are you talking about? She *who*?” Kei repeated.

“Parker. The chick I’ve been calling *Penny*.”

The key grated in the lock. Parker moved away, hid on the wall side of her dresser where the open door would block her from sight.

“Penny’s dating Henry. You’re not exactly her type.”

She nearly laughed at the calm way Kei handled Leo.

“Penny is Parker,” Leo insisted.

Kei laughed.

“Stop laughing. I *know*.”

“Dude, I don’t know what you think you know, but I’ve seen Parker naked. You can’t fake that.”

“Bullshit! You’re rooming a chick in there, and you’re all fucking her. I’ve heard you all fucking her.”

“Goddamnit. Whatever drugs you’re on, I need some. Living your fantasy would be a helluva lot better than living mine,” Kei said, still laughing.

Leo swore. “Just open the fucking door. She’s in there.”

“Penny’s in here a lot. What does that prove?”

“I chased her in there. She’s in there. She’s Parker.”

“Who’s Parker?” Dan asked.

Parker breathed a sigh of relief. The cavalry had arrived.

“Penny,” Leo said.

“Penny’s Parker?” Dan asked.

“He’s high,” Kei noted calmly.

“No shit. Have you seen the tits on that chick? I’d do her and her tits, then I’d flip her over and take her from behind, and, well, shit. Now I’m all hard. You think Penny would let me do her?” Dan asked.

“Fuck, no. You aren’t her type, either. She likes those geeks,” Kei said.

“What are you talking about?” Leo asked, sounding exasperated.

“Penny.”

“Mostly Penny’s tits,” Dan clarified.

“Right. Sorry,” Kei said.

“So what about her tits?” Dan asked.

“Leo wants to see,” Kei said.

“Penny’s tits?” Dan asked.

“Parker’s,” Kei answered.

“Parker’s a dude,” Dan asked. “I don’t get it.”

“Parker is not a dude. I just saw Parker and Parker is Penny. Penny is in there,” Leo insisted. “You guys are fucking insane. Open. The. Damn. *Door!*”

“Penny’s tits belong to Henry,” Dan said soberly. “Parker’s are flat and guy-like. Do you like guys, Leo? Turn around and let me see your ass.”

“What?”

“Who?” Jaxon asked.

Parker clapped a hand over her mouth to keep from laughing.

“Parker,” Kei said.

“Wasn’t it Penny?” Dan asked.

“Are they in there?” Jaxon asked. “Henry wouldn’t appreciate Parker scamming his girl.”

“He says Penny is in there,” Kei explained.

“And Parker,” Dan added.

“He wants to see Penny,” Kei said.

“Hell, that woman is fine. Who doesn’t want to see her?” Jaxon remarked.

“I want to see her. She’s in there,” Leo said.

“So what? She’s in there a lot,” Jaxon commented.

“Because she lives there,” Leo nearly shouted.

“I think we would all know if Penny lived here,” Jaxon said.

“I’d hang out in the bathroom every time she showered,” Dan said, snorting.

“I think Leo’s concerned that Parker will get in the shower with Penny,” Kei said.

“Hey guys, what’s up?” Henry’s voice carried to Parker.

Oh, God. Parker’s eyes watered.

“Uh, oh, now you’ve done it,” Dan drawled.

“We’ll solve this once and for all,” Kei said. “Henry, does Penny have a dick?”

“Wh-what?”

“The man wants to know if your girlfriend has a big-assed cock that you suck on a regular basis,” Dan said.

“Penny’s a girl,” Henry said slowly.

“I know she’s a girl. She’s Parker,” Leo reiterated. “Oh, fuck you. You’re all insane.” He made a sound of disgust, his steps retreating the way they’d come.

Parker leaped to her feet and did a silent happy-dance. The door opened and she squealed, launching herself at Dan. “Ohmygod, that was brilliant.”

“Hey, baby. Thanks,” Dan purred.

She squeezed him tight then grabbed Jaxon in a hug, too. “I love you guys.”

Letting go of Jaxon, she grabbed Henry’s face in her hands and pressed a loud kiss to his lips. “Amazing. I thought I’d never get rid of that guy.”

Finally, she reached for Kei.

He stiffly took her hug. “What did you do?” he asked.

“Nothing.”

“That was nothing. That was Investigation 101,” he said.

“Give her a break. Leo’s had a hard-on for her. He’s like a bloodhound except for Parker. That’s a whole new breed of animal. That’s like a Parkerhound or a Pussyhound,” Dan said, getting caught up in his visual description.

“Yeah, you can’t blame her for his ego,” Henry added, moving to boot up his computer.

“He followed me from the library,” she said, ignoring the others. It was Kei’s opinion that mattered to her and he didn’t look pleased at the moment.

“Leo’s driving principle is laziness, closely followed by self-service. He’s pretty damn sure you please him, and somehow he has information about who you are and that appeals to his pride. If he gets all those things and revenge, you’re the perfect storm. So, I’ll ask you again,” Kei leveled her with a severe look. “What did you do?”

Parker’s face heated with anger. Why did it have to be her fault? Why did men always think a woman did something to get treated like crap? “I left the library, that’s what I did. As usual, Leo was waiting for me. I got rid of him, I thought, but when I split off from my friends, he was waiting for me.”

“Like usual? He waits for you often?” Jaxon asked.

“Daily,” Parker acknowledged, feeling strangely relieved to look away from Kei’s intense stare. What Kei thought of her mattered more than she cared to admit. She certainly didn’t need him realizing it.

“But you’re dating me,” Henry interjected.

“Dude, you’re such a weenie about shit. He doesn’t care who she’s dating so long as he can be the one doing her,” Dan said. He took clean clothes from his drawer and threw a towel over his shoulder.

“What else?” Kei asked quietly.

Why did that question, so softly worded, make her want to cry and beg Kei to hold her? She’d held off advances before, even aggressive ones. This one had gone outside the scope of those. She’d handled it, barely.

She thought she read concern in his eyes. If he knew Leo had more than come on to her, would he care? He’d said a lot of really beautiful things about his feelings, or potential feelings for her. But would that translate to actually caring about her in the face of the threat to his scholarship? He’d resisted sleeping with her to avoid entanglement. Her situation with Leo practically guaranteed entanglement, dragged him into it at the expense of his continued education if she didn’t follow through.

What would he say about that? She couldn’t keep the truth from him. It wasn’t right. She also didn’t want to tell him and make it his problem if she could extract herself.

Two days, she thought. If I can just hold Leo off for two more days, this won’t be a problem. Kei won’t feel obligated to save me and he won’t know how close he came to losing his scholarship.

Was it wiser to allow him to keep his distance from her by unknotting the personal ties, or was it selfish of her to take the two-day risk, which had five scholarships teetering on the tip of Leo’s whims?

Parker thought she knew the answer, but telling Kei and the guys what they could lose and why felt like she’d be taking a pair of scissors to the threads of their relationships.

It would give Kei the perfect excuse to stay far away from her. God help her, she didn’t want to give him that excuse.

“He’s just an ass,” Parker told Kei with finality.

“Did you sleep with him?” Kei asked her in a deadly calm voice. He raised his hand, cupping her jaw.

Kei had evidently noticed the signs of Leo’s anger. Still, his question hurt more than the physical assault. She jerked her chin away. Unfortunately, Jaxon saw her face. Caught up in the excitement when they’d walked through the door, the atmosphere had finally calmed down enough for the guys to really look at her. Judging from the tightness of the skin around her cheek, she must have already started swelling.

“Holy shit, girl. Did Leo do that?” Jaxon asked.

Dan pushed his way through, reaching for the knob. Kei grabbed his wrist and shook his head.

“Why not?” Dan snapped. “You can’t fuck with Parker and not fuck with all of us.”

“Because going hot-headed will only result in trouble. Calm down and let’s think it through,” Kei told him.

“I’m fine,” Parker said, shrugging it off. “There’s nothing to think through.”

“He hit you?” Henry came to her side, crowding around her with the others and stroked her cheek tenderly. “I’m sending him a computer virus. Something nasty and Trojan-y.”

“That’s sweet, but really, I’m fine. Besides,” she said sunnily, “I have some great news.”

“Leo has ball rash?” Dan asked.

“Probably, but I can’t confirm the reports,” she answered. “No, I think you guys will like this. Lillian at Housing has a room for me in two days.” She flashed a huge, excited smile as she looked from one face to the next.

After a moment of silence, Kei shrugged. “It’s about time.”

Dan shot him a horrified look. “How can you say that? They’re taking away Parker. *Our* Parker.”

“They had to eventually. We all knew it was coming,” Jaxon said uncomfortably.

“But I’m not done with the, ah...” Henry suddenly turned red and flustered. “Learning stuff.”

“Yeah, we gonna have good-bye sex?” Dan asked bluntly.

Parker’s smile felt twisted. “Is that all you think about?”

“No,” Dan defended. “Well, yeah, pretty much.”

“I feel special,” she said.

“You’re special. Dan’s an ass,” Jaxon clarified.

Dan wasn’t exactly the great-expresser-of-tender-emotion, but she could see the drop in his shoulders and the shallow attempt at humor. Kei walked away from them and started pulling books out for study. Jaxon’s gaze followed him briefly before focusing on her again and wrapping his arm around her. She leaned against him, taking his offer of comfort.

“I sounded like a jerk just now,” Henry said, frowning.

“I have brothers. You all hide behind the cock. I get it,” she said.

“When are they moving you?” Henry asked.

“I’m in on Thursday,” she answered.

“So soon?” Jaxon asked. “Can you delay a day? You know, let us take you out and have one last hurrah?”

Parker rose up and kissed his cheek. “The sooner I get out of here and away from Leo, the safer we’ll all be. I’ll go Thursday, but if you want to take me somewhere, make it a picnic. None of us have money to throw on meals we can’t afford.”

“I make a killer peanut butter and jelly,” Dan offered. He sullenly stuffed his hands in his front pockets.

These were her boys. God, she was going to miss seeing them every day. She’d even miss Kei with his hot and cold affections. Half the time, she didn’t know if he was pissed off at her, disdainful, or interested. She had yet to feel the masterful slide of his cock moving inside her where she wanted him most. He seemed immune, unmoved by her despite the sincerity of his words about souls and eclipsing.

She’d turned in Jaxon’s embrace, her cheek resting on his shoulder as she watched Kei settle in and flip to an open page in his notebook. Something cool touched her temple. Henry held a washcloth to the spot where Leo had struck her.

“Thank you,” she murmured. Her hand covered his and she held the cloth for him.

Henry moved closer, pressing kisses to her neck. “I’m going to miss you.”

She sighed softly and arched her neck to give him room. “Me too.”

Dan’s hands circled her hips. “Wanna play a little? It would take your mind off the move.”

Parker giggled. “You’re such a transparent giver.”

Dan took the cloth. He placed a kiss on her temple, her cheekbone, her jaw. When she

finally opened her eyes after the soft pecks, she was surprised to see him cup Jaxon behind the head and pull him into a deep, questing kiss.

Jaxon broke away, chuckling. “Dude, seriously, you need to think about that closet you’re in.”

“Closets are for sissies too scared to figure out what they like and don’t like.” Dan shrugged. “I like kissing. You have pretty lips. She’s got great tits. Henry’s nipples look tasty. There isn’t anything about Kei I wouldn’t try. Speaking of which, get your ass over here and join the Parker going away party.”

Chapter Nine

Kei looked up when Dan addressed him. The three guys huddled around Parker who leaned languidly against Jaxon. They looked like a protective barrier, and he appreciated the sensation that they'd all stand together against anyone who'd harm her. Especially Leo. Sitting among his books, he did feel left out of the building tension the other four seemed to stoke with each soft kiss and tender look.

It was a though he could see the invisible ripples in the air around them. Sexual energy, always banked like an ember with Parker at its center, had begun licking around each of his roommates. They all waited for his answer, seeming to hope he'd be the billows they needed.

He wanted Parker. Every part of his body begged, and somehow sharing made it acceptable for him to partake with them. He craved having her to himself, but wouldn't allow the weakness. Being one of four others, taking, loving, enjoying each other's bodies for the sake of unified pleasure felt—safe.

His balls ached with the heaviness of sex. He pushed his notebook off his lap. Leo had tried to hurt her. He knew Parker didn't go for his sort and wouldn't debase herself with a fool like him. He'd said the words to strike out at her when fear for her safety had scared him into admitting he cared to keep her treasures close to home.

"I think he's gonna play," Dan murmured.

Dan's look wasn't lost on Kei. Kei played to it, enjoying the fact that not only did Kei's woman want him, but so did his roommate. Kei stripped his shirt from his body, feeling the loose silver chain he wore slither through the neck hole onto his bare chest. He liked the heavy feel of it and the tinkling sound of links on flesh.

He wondered if he'd feel the same way about gold links on Parker's chest, and the

necklace housed in the artistic box on his dresser. Kei pushed the thought away. She probably wouldn't have any interest in being the wearer of that chain.

Parker reached for him, her eyes uncertain. Guilt prickled at his chest because he knew he'd put that there. She'd been up front with him about wanting him. She wanted all of them, but he didn't think he'd been reading her wrong when he sensed that her primary attraction was for him.

Kei took her outstretched fingers and brought them to his lips. His gaze searched hers, hoping to tell her with his soul the words he couldn't say aloud. *I want you. I need you. You fill my eyes and wash my heart with peace. I'm yours for all time, Sakura.*

But American women and modern ways allowed for many lovers and inconstant futures. Kei wanted her as his own. The five of them played at sex while his heart took the sensual assault of having her without having her. It would have to be enough since Parker seemed unwilling to do without the others. Perhaps her love wasn't as true as his. Or perhaps he was a coward, unable to discover the truth of what she felt.

Parker sighed. It soothed him like a balm. Did she see? Could she understand his silent message?

Parker raised her arms. Jaxon obligingly removed her shirt and Henry fussed with the hooks on her bra. Immediately, Dan loosened her jeans and eased them down her legs. She turned and the men followed. She leaned back against Jaxon, tilting her hips when he pushed off her underwear, leaving her naked to Kei's hungry gaze.

Henry hurried away only to come back with condoms which he started to hand out.

"No," Kei said. "Only I'll take her pussy."

Parker's lips parted. Her pupils darkened the clear blue of her gaze and he knew his words had aroused her.

Kei took the condom and quickly dispensed of his pants, the rest of his clothing. Then he handed the condom to Parker. "If you allow it," he said gently.

"I didn't have sex with Leo," she said. He thought he saw hurt pucker her brow.

"I know, *Sakura*. I'm a fool to have said otherwise."

"Yeah, you are," she agreed.

Jaxon swiped her hair off her neck and shoulder, taking gentle nips and soft sucking kisses on the exposed column. Dan cupped her breast, teased her nipple to a peak. His was a

demonstration that the pupil, Henry, imitated.

Parker inhaled sharply and with trembling fingers, she tore the wrapper and dressed Kei's cock.

"Thank you for the honor," he whispered, placing a chaste kiss on her lips. Then he bent and kissed each nipple before sinking to his knees.

Kei buried his face in her belly, breathing her scent as she whimpered softly. It was the closest he'd allow himself to tasting her precious petals. He'd conquer her body, but sampling her gathered nectar would surely poison him from all others in the future. He had no hope of forgetting this woman, but damning himself to a lifetime without her taste was unthinkable.

He could feel her body around his cock and survive the pain, he rationalized. Yet he wasn't so naïve to believe that he argued a weak debate with himself. Reaching to one of the discarded packets of condoms, Kei removed the thin latex circle.

"Jaxon," Kei said.

Jaxon understood him correctly, undoing his pants, kicking off his shoes, and stepping out of the khaki colored slacks. "Only this once, man. I don't like dudes touching my cock."

"Your cock doesn't interest me in the least," Kei said. "It's what your cock does to *her* that I like."

Kei held the condom in his lips as he reached between Parker's legs to help Jaxon with his socks. Then taking the condom, he rolled it on Jaxon's cock while Jaxon unbuttoned and shrugged off his shirt.

Dan and Henry also undressed, but Kei's attention hung on the sweetly scented woman a tongue flick away. He took care with Jaxon's condom, thinking of ancient ceremonies, rites of womanhood and wanting this moment to close all the other encounters behind the doors of formality.

Parker would move on from them. She deserved perfect reverence.

The others seemed to sense the change. Dan stood behind Jaxon, nudged his cock against Jaxon's ass.

"Fuck no, you aren't going in," Jaxon said.

"Don't have to. I just want to get my rocks off," Dan said.

Jaxon swore, stiffened.

Kei waited to see if they'd work it out. Finally, Jaxon relented with a tight-jawed nod and

Dan presumably nestled his cock against his ass.

Henry stared with fascination. He appeared lost.

“Remember what you did for Parker last time?” Kei asked him.

Henry nodded.

“Do that again while I prepare her. Make Jaxon’s entry easy.”

They changed places, Henry on his naked ass, Kei awkwardly positioned above him to reach Parker. Kei watched, making sure Henry understood. When he plied her ass gently and was greeted with a startled gasp from Parker, Kei focused on her shifting expressions instead.

Kei had to kiss her, no, touch her. He couldn’t allow a kiss much as he couldn’t allow himself to imprint her flavor on his memory.

He cupped her face, careful not to touch the places Leo had marked. Kei would deal with that bastard one on one for those.

“I cherish you,” Kei whispered. His forehead touched hers. Releasing her face, he skimmed his hands down the side of her neck to her shoulders. She gasped sharply a second time, and Kei knew he’d employed Henry well.

Kei stroked her breasts, barely brushing over the firm swells, teasing her turgid points with hardly a whisper of his thumb. Parker moaned. He glanced down her body. Henry eagerly lapped her pussy, his fingers out of sight still worked diligently, judging from the rhythmic movements of his hand.

Kei reached for Jaxon’s head, pulling him to her shoulder. “Hold your cock. I’m going to help her.”

Jaxon murmured assent. Kei held her waist and lifted her. A nearly imperceptible nod told him Jaxon had found his target and Kei lowered her. Parker shuddered on a thick moan. Jaxon’s lips clamped on her shoulder. He moaned too as Dan thrust against Jaxon’s ass.

She took Jaxon, and now well embedded, he could thrust into her while she held Kei for support.

Dan’s eyes met Kei’s. He nodded that he was ready.

Kei dragged over the desk chair and lifted Parker’s foot to it, spreading her body wide.

Parker grabbed Kei’s shoulders. “No more waiting,” she pled.

“No more waiting,” Kei agreed. “Parker, take care of Henry. Henry, go stand beside Parker.”

Henry hurried to his feet. Parker held his cock as quickly as he presented it. With her other hand, she coasted her fingers down Kei's body and wrapped around his shaft. Kei forgot to breathe. His covered tip touched her softer hidden flesh and he needed no other encouragement. Kei pushed in, sinking as deep as her body permitted, then pushing deeper when she cried out in pleasure.

Henry pumped into her hand as Kei took her silken cunt.

Parker wrapped her fingers around Kei's chain. "Fuck me," she commanded, her words harsh and hazed with lust.

Kei felt every lingering internal hug from Parker's sweet pussy as he pulled out. Unable to stay away, too eager for what he'd been denying himself, he pushed back in. As though the friction of their bodies were binding threads between them, Kei felt increasingly tangled up in the beauty of passion.

In and out he moved, bound, linked, tied to her heat and essence. She was a power draw, pulling him deeper, taking pieces of permanence from him he didn't know if he could part with, didn't know if he could resist leaving behind. He was unable to deny either of their bodily needs. He didn't want to, though, he knew he should try with some token resistance.

Yet Kei couldn't hide from her. He retreated, and she found him still. He returned to her, and she embraced him as though she wouldn't let him depart again. The dance continued. He left, her body mourned with urgent clasps—he came home, her body rejoiced in longing pulls that shivered over his cock.

His skin felt alive, zinging with electric-like impulses where cold and hot joined with kinetic and extrasensory. Behind his lids, passion had color and sharp edges. It slashed yet calmed, spiked yet pulsed with unending increase.

Jaxon's hands cupped her breasts, his dark fingers capturing her pale pink nipples hard between his fingers while holding her still for Kei's fucking. He felt Jaxon move inside her, his cock stroking in opposition to his, adding to the build of heat.

Dan's grunts joined the impassioned cries they made, and Henry's inquisitive fingers wiggling between his cock and her pussy to pinch her clit, rub her labia roughly, took him teetering to the edge of their joined abyss. It reminded him what he didn't want to know—he shared her with many. Her desperate channel clung to his length, seemed intent on driving him to the brink. She allowed the others to join, but he couldn't ignore the way her body felt linked with

his alone.

Kei mouthed her ear.

“Kei,” she said through panted cries.

“Here, *Sakura*.”

She broke around him, clamping on his cock so tightly he could barely move. Jaxon shouted into her shoulder. Dan didn’t silence himself, but pistoned harder, rocking their bodies as he bellowed his arrival.

Kei pushed deep inside her, wanting her body to claim its due from him. She milked him. Sweat broke out on his spine as he tried to stay still for her, then moved when he sensed she was nearly done, and he wished to wring out her pleasure longer.

Parker clung to him.

“Only me, *Sakura*. Have only me,” he whispered, brokenly beside her ear. He’d regret them later, prayed she hadn’t heard his weak confession. Words had power. Meaning gave control. Parker had both, and with them, she possessed his soul for all eternity.

Cum streaked up his cock as Kei emptied himself into his precious vessel. Kei wrapped his arms around her and for a moment, it was only the two of them holding each other.

He shook with his love for her. *How can she not know my heart?*

He was a weak man, enslaved by sentiment that would leave him devastated when she moved on. A fool entrapped by the power of his emotions for a woman who hadn’t confessed the same.

Abruptly, he let her go, stumbled back from her. The others hadn’t left her and Henry filled the space Kei had left, lapping her pussy and jerking his dick. Her gaze locked on Kei’s and he saw the moment confusion turned to passion as Henry’s talent plucked at her flesh and returned her to the high plateau they’d just visited together.

Kei gripped the bunk footboard, forcing himself to watch Henry’s mouth take her pussy, his fingers rising and twisting in the recently filled channel. Parker writhed. Dan and Jaxon stepped around her, their endowed flaccid cocks swinging against her hips as each took a breast in their mouths, and lifted her with parted legs for Henry to take his fill of her.

The eroticism wasn’t lost on Kei. Already he felt the surge of renewed interest tingle the length of his cock.

See? he told himself. *She’s a slave to passion. You’re nothing special, Kei. Watch and see*

her find ecstasy without you.

Chapter Ten

It was the morning of the move. Her stuff sat in her suitcases and one trunk—everything she'd brought with her plus the *Star Wars* tee Henry had let her keep. Only one suitcase remained open, waiting for her after her shower. Henry's black shirt sat folded on top. She'd never look at *Darth Vader* the same way again. Just a glimpse of that shiny phallic helmet and her pussy slicked with need.

Parker tightened Kei's bath towel around herself as she dug through her suitcase for clothing. Kei and Dan had promised to come right after class and practice to help her move to the new dorm. With Henry filling in for a lab Teaching Assistant, and Jaxon tutoring at the local middle school, she depended on the other two to come through for her.

Things had been strained with Kei. Dan had a big game this weekend. She really hoped Dan wasn't caught up in after practice team building. As selfish as she felt for thinking it, she didn't want to be alone with Kei.

She didn't know what had happened between his heartbreaking plea that she have only him, to the post-coital distance he'd exhibited, but something had changed. She'd been floating on pleasure with him, feeling him crest inside her, hearing his words and nearly crying with joy when she realized he didn't want to share her heart.

Then suddenly, his expression had turned cold. Her body had betrayed her by riding from one beautiful wave to the next with her other three roommates. Kei's gaze locked on her naked body had excited her. She'd seen the proof that it excited him too, so she'd allowed it to continue.

Somewhere, it had gone wrong.

A quick double knock made her smile. Dan. He always forgot his keys. After today, he'd

need to find a new way to get inside the room.

Parker swung the door open. At least with Dan here, she didn't have to face Kei alone. Except Dan wasn't standing there, and it wasn't Dan who pushed his way into the room and locked the door behind him.

Parker's heart kicked with adrenaline. *Oh, God.* There was no hiding her suitcases and trunk or the fact that the fifth bed had clearly been stripped to the ticking. Parker licked her lips nervously. "Leo," she said, searching for a believable stall.

"Parker."

"Penny," she said brightly.

"Parker," Leo insisted, dropping his hands on his hips and staring at her with a level glare.

"Ah, Henry's not here right now," she said, trying to deflect.

"I know. I also know that Jaxon's busy. I saw to it that Dan and Kei are detained by Housing. Seems there's some question about their fifth roommate."

Parker's stomach lurched, and a cool sweat touched the back of her neck. Her fingers tightened on the towel. There was nothing between her naked body and that one piece of cotton armor.

"You wouldn't open the door to me last time. I used to room with those guys before Henry came along. Did you know that?" he asked, taking an ominous step toward her.

"No," she rasped.

"Yeah, Dan has a distinct knock. Kei never leaves his keys behind, and Jaxon calls out if he needs to get in. It's lucky for me that I know how to knock like Dan, don't you think?"

Was a whimper out of order here? If Leo had involved Housing, not only had he effectively locked up their time, he'd pretty much guaranteed her rejection from the program. The guys would be removed, too. Her fault. It always came back to that, didn't it?

"Please leave," she said, finally finding her voice.

"I don't think so."

"At least turn your back while I get dressed."

"Again. Nuh-uh. I want to see the goods I'll be fucking in a few minutes," Leo returned.

Parker had never been self-conscious, but the idea of getting naked for him made her stomach whirl unhappily. Seeing her body wasn't a right he had, it was decision she either

allowed or didn't. Fuck Leo for thinking he could command it, and she'd do it. She owed him nothing. Less than nothing, actually. The fucker had tried to take sex from her the first time around; she certainly wasn't going to encourage him to try again. Strip her towel? Hell, no.

"Piss off." She clasped the towel confidently against her body. "I can wait." *Especially, if I can get past him to the bathroom and lock the door.* But she couldn't. He blocked her path, and she realized more than a little too late that his advantage was compounded by having backed her into the side of the room with all five beds.

I have more leverage on my feet than my back. Better to stand my ground now.

Leo's eyes glittered. Parker clamped her jaw, annoyed that he'd managed to catch her alone, not discounting the added complication of being barely concealed by a thin strip of white terry cloth.

Her hands felt clammy with anxiety, but she locked eyes on Leo trying to anticipate his next move against her.

"Don't be shy, Parker. I know you give it up for the others. What's one more cock to that over-worn pussy of yours?"

"One too many, asshole," she said.

Leo darted forward. She toppled backward over the foot of Kei's bed, wood scraping her upper thighs and pinching the nerves behind her knees as his weight joined hers. All one hundred and eighty pounds of him squashed her legs to hard wood, and crying out she scrambled backward trying to free herself from his weight and the pinching pain.

She no longer cared about losing her towel. That seemed to be the only thing Leo cared to notice as he clawed at her bared breasts, hurried to keep his position over her until he once again pinned her down, this time on Kei's bed.

"This is rape, you sonofabitch!" she spat.

"Not yet, it isn't. I can make you feel so good you'll have nothing but *yes* and *oh, baby*, *more* to say to me."

Parker pushed against his chest. Now that he had her down, he seemed to want to draw out the suspense a bit. She made a move to gouge his eyes, but he anticipated it this time, grabbing her hands and holding them over her head. His fingers bit her wrists. Her hands throbbed with trapped blood and began to ache. She'd have bruises there tomorrow.

"You're leaving evidence," she gasped through the pain.

“You’ll have trouble proving it was me and not one of those other four guys you’re fucking. Girls that are free and loose have a hard time proving their innocence.”

“Our relationship isn’t like that,” Parker said.

She tried to maneuver her knee between his legs. Again, he anticipated the move, jammed his knee into her thigh. She gritted her teeth on a yelp and squeezed her eyes to hold back the sudden rise of tears. She wouldn’t let him see her cry.

“Sneaky bitch. You aren’t weaseling away this time.”

Parker tried to lever her body, bowing her back and jerking him upward with her hips. It almost worked. Would have worked if she weren’t spread out and her legs unable to give her enough purchase to roll him off. Leo laughed, thrusting his jean-clad hips hard against her spread pussy, grating the tender flesh.

Parker screamed. Leo freed a hand and struck Parker under her chin. Her teeth nipped the tip of her tongue and she tasted the coppery flavor of blood as her ears rang and her vision grew dim.

Stay awake. Stay awake, she pleaded with herself.

Pulling on her arms only made Leo squeeze her wrists tighter. Electrical jolts of pain radiated outward from his hold and weakened them from further use. He grabbed her breast with his free hand, roughly working it as tears slipped down the outside corners of her eyes.

This can’t be happening.

Leo’s mouth crashed down on hers with bruising force. He loosened his pants and she felt the warm touch of his cock on her belly. It set her into motion, bucking and twisting her hips regardless of how much it hurt. It would hurt a lot more to take what Leo wanted to force.

She bit his lip, drawing blood.

Leo turned and spat, spraying small droplets. “Fuck! Do you have AIDS? Bitch, do you have fucking AIDS?”

“Yes,” she screamed, trying to think of anything to stop him.

He stilled, stared down at her as she mutinously glared back and hoped he saw all the hatred he inspired.

Suddenly, a smile replaced the horror. “Liar,” he rasped. “You might be a whore, but you’re clean, aren’t you?”

Parker forced herself to calm. It went against every instinct she had, but she remembered

self-defense training. To get him to relax, he had to believe she was no longer a threat. She willed herself to lay still, take deeper breaths. She even managed a smile, however unsteady it felt. Her arms and legs went limp. Her back lost its rigidity.

“You’re hurting me,” she told him matter-of-factly.

Confusion disintegrated the determination on his face.

Parker sighed elaborately and rolled her eyes for dramatic effect. “For fuck’s sake, Leo, the forced rape scenario works better if you don’t completely abuse your partner.”

“Whuh?”

“I can’t feel my hands. How am I supposed to capitulate and grab your ass when you fuck me if I can’t feel my hands?” she asked. She took another shaky breath.

Leo’s confusion seemed to grow. Parker mentally cheered, waiting for an opening to run, even if it meant streaking down the hall of an all male dorm wearing nothing but her birthday suit.

The tip of her tongue stung, yet she arched to reach Leo, presenting herself for his kiss. He did, and she winced through her disgust.

He didn’t trust her to release her arms, but his grip loosened. Her fingers tingled with renewed feeling.

Good, one step closer, she thought. Kiss him a little longer, stay pliant, until he lets go.

Several moments passed. She ignored the dick on her belly, putting all her attention on kissing him senseless. If he let go of her arms for a fraction of a second, she’d take it.

“I see it didn’t take you long, *Sakura*.”

Leo’s hands tightened on her wrists as he lifted his head.

Parker felt the tears spill. “Kei!” she said with relief.

“I thought you had better taste than to take Leo. I thought you had better sense than to fuck him on my bed.” Kei spun around.

“No, Kei! Come back.”

“I’ll share you with the others, but not him, Parker. Never Leo.” His hand clasped the doorknob. “I’ll come back in a little while to help you move.”

“Kei! No!” Parker yelled after him.

Oh, God! Her heart slammed in her chest, breaking into a thousand pieces. First, that he’d believed she’d move on from loving him. Second and tumbling into third, fourth, fifth were all

the reasons he'd left her alone with Leo, that he'd left her alone and pinned, that he'd found her on his bed like this, believing what he did about her intentions. And oh, God, all the way back to thinking so little of her that he thought she'd sleep with anyone at all. It all crashed together in her gut with pain so intense she could have sworn she'd been physically stabbed.

She didn't care anymore how much Leo hurt her. Kei had struck far deeper, wounded her far more than anything remotely physical. Leo was still distracted. With a sharp scream, Parker failed her arms, freeing them as she wrenched from his grip. His nails scored the skin, but her full effort surprised him and gave her the advantage.

Parker bucked, kicked and clawed her way from beneath him, throwing him on his ass in the process. Scrambling to her feet, she wielded a desk chair at him. "Get out! Get out! Get out!"

Leo leaped to his feet and tore out of the room.

She held the chair up for a few more moments, shaking, fearful he'd come back. Then edging to the phone, a wary eye on the door, she lowered the chair and dialed nine-one-one.

"Hello? I've been assaulted," she began, keeping her gaze locked on the only way into the room. Parker slid down the wall, keeping her knees tight against her chest and the chair within reach.

Someone on the other end asked questions. They must have because her mouth moved, sound came out, and she kept making sounds until a policewoman came and draped a blanket around her.

But all she could think was that she'd fucked up. Messed things up for everyone and lost Kei. God help her, she'd lost Kei.

Chapter Eleven

Kei walked in, five minutes late. He'd planned it that way so there wouldn't be any time to talk to Parker. Or for her to talk to him. He felt like a fool. He'd honestly believed she was different, but the truth had struck him square between the eyes. Wouldn't his father be proud of the legacy Kei left behind? He'd always warned Kei against falling for an American woman.

Parker, Jaxon, Henry and Dan were already seated in front of the desk where the Housing Director waited.

"Have a seat, Kei," she said.

He did, glad that the only open chair wasn't next to Parker's. He knew it was childish, but he needed space. He didn't trust himself not to touch her. Touching her would lead to holding, and holding would only strengthen the tie she had to his heart.

She still bore the marks and scratches of her lovemaking with Leo. It was clear she didn't want Kei's hands on her. That she liked rough sex felt wrong to him. He couldn't imagine bringing himself to hurting her, marking her, the way Leo had. It sickened him almost as much for the affront to her body as to his pride. She wasn't his. Isn't that what having multiple partners meant? She didn't belong to one, but to many?

It didn't matter. He wouldn't have believed it, but she hadn't denied it. She'd deny it if Leo had forced her, wouldn't she? Kei shot her a sideways look. Parker lifted her chin as though sensing he searched her face for answers. His gaze dropped to the scratches on her wrists, the bruises. She didn't even try to hide them.

"Now that you're all here, we can get started." The director looked pointedly at Kei. "My name is Margery Baxter. I already know Parker's situation from my discussion with Lillian, and I've pulled the files on the rest of you boys. Your academics speak well for your scholastic

standing, and it's the only reason we're giving any leniency to the decision we've made on behalf of Fullerton University."

No one else said anything.

Margery continued. "Parker came straight away to clear up the housing mix up, although the university stands behind its position that there was no initial contest in the housing arrangements when time would have allowed a replacement to a female dorm. Since that didn't occur, and the spot was filled after that time period, the onus still falls on you, dear." Margery directly addressed Parker.

Parker nodded, though she didn't look up.

"You and I have been over the details, the communication difficulties while you were overseas. Coming to us as soon as you were on campus and realized the mix up puts you in a favorable light. What doesn't is staying on at the male dormitory after you'd been told to vacate and had informed Housing that you had until new arrangements could be made."

From the corner of his eye, he did see her look up this time. "I had nowhere to go."

She sounded...broken. Kei watched her closely, noted the uncharacteristic downturn of her lips.

"I know. I spoke on your behalf and the board is choosing to overlook the deception, for the most part." Margery turned her attention to the men then. "None of you came forward to object to Parker's residence with you, and you should have. It doesn't help your case."

"If we had, are you saying we wouldn't have been kicked out of the scholarship program?" Jaxon asked.

"Not for telling Housing," Margery answered.

"But after telling you then continuing to house a fellow scholarship earner would have," Kei said, completing the unspoken thought.

"Well, yes, and that's why we're here isn't it?" Margery said.

She folded her hands and leaned her forearms on the desktop. Her earnest eyes and lifted brows seemed more kind than admonishing.

Margery continued, "I've located students in town who are looking for roommates. If you all move out of the dorm immediately, there's room for negotiation with the University."

"What kind of negotiation?" Kei asked.

"The university will provide you a stipend for housing off campus. On record, it'll appear

that you've lost your scholarships," Margery said.

"I don't like the way this is going," Henry mumbled.

"Your names will be kept anonymous, but your dorm already knows who you are, and we can't keep you in the scholarship suite without answering to the board. The suite will free up some needed space for our students. If you agree to the terms, the university will not only provide you a stipend, but you'll continue to study here throughout the term of your scholarship. The university will divert funds to reopen the scholarship so that it appears free, taking the expense of sponsoring you upon itself because of the housing difficulties you've faced."

"Can I still play ball?" Dan asked.

"Yes. You'll maintain your grade point average and your expected behaviors of a sponsored student. All the rules and requirements apply. Fullerton must uphold the standards specified in the scholarship contract, yet it recognizes a slip in the system. So long as you take responsibility for not coming forward, you may finish your term as planned. Fight this, and you'll be expelled."

"Can we room together off campus?" Jaxon asked.

"What you do off campus is of no concern to the university. Technically, the scholarship is revoked, and that's how it'll appear to the board and the other students," Margery answered.

"We just have to maintain our grades and behave according to the scholarship contract while on campus?" Parker asked.

"That's correct."

"Hot damn," Dan said enthusiastically.

"I have another year after these guys. What about my term?" Henry asked.

"Your scholarship was a full ride. As long as you follow the requirements, you'll retain that privilege," Margery clarified.

"I sense a *but*," Jaxon noted.

Margery nodded, her eyes dropping. "Yes, well, it has to be formalized."

"What does that mean?" Dan asked.

"It means we have to sign something," Parker said. "In any corporation where an employee holds an executive position, you sign a non-compete clause when you're terminated. My guess is, they want us to say they aren't at fault, and we agree that they can revoke the scholarship at any time if we don't abide by their rules."

“Very good, Ms. Galloway.”

“I’m a good student,” she said.

“We want you to sign a waiver of liability. You’ll need to sign confirmation that you’ve violated the terms of your scholarship and are willfully releasing Fullerton from further sponsorship through the trust. Then you’ll sign the informal contract stating that you accept the university terms in exchange for anonymity on the official report and continued support throughout the duration of your term here.”

“My hand is cramping just thinking about it,” Dan said, sinking in his chair.

“It’s the only option you’re being given. You all have to accept it or none of you will continue here. Do you accept the terms?” Margery asked.

They looked at each other. To Kei’s mind, their eyes all looked resigned. Parker’s gaze skipped away from his.

“I accept,” Kei said first. What choice did they have? None of them had the funds to pay for their courses or living expenses without the offer.

“Me too,” Jaxon seconded.

“Yeah,” Dan said, then sighed.

“What about cafeteria meals and books?” Henry asked.

“The same as you have now—a limited amount placed on your card,” Margery said. She leaned further forward. “I did the best I could for you.”

“Bus fare?” Henry asked.

Margery shook her head. “Sorry.”

“I’m in,” Parker answered.

“I guess I am, too,” Henry said, finally.

“Good!” Margery pulled opened a folder from her desk and made five stacks. “Let’s go through them then, shall we?”

* * * *

Parker had no doubt that if Kei could have afforded living alone, he would have. Taking the rental as a five-some had saved them all money. Kei hadn’t specifically asked her to leave, he’d just chosen to avoid her at every turn. She’d done some avoiding, too. His suspicions about her had hurt.

After the meeting with Margery, the news had come out on campus about Leo’s assault

against an unnamed coed. She knew Kei must've put together the pieces because of the shadow of guilt he wore, and the way he tried to disappear, had been evident. His reaction was the only reason she wanted to talk to him. Because he'd believed what he'd seen and it had hurt him. And to hurt him, he had to care about her first.

None of her roommates seemed to have time anymore. The bus ride in and staying on campus between classes or for study groups didn't leave a lot of time to hang out in the rental unit. When they did all come back, they still had to work around the other tenant who'd been in the property when they'd arrived.

Maya was nice enough, but she hadn't been with them through the past several weeks of school, didn't know about the ménage sex the five of them had begun. Parker was relieved to see Maya flirting with Jaxon. It took some of the pressure off when Parker didn't initiate sex with the roommates any longer.

She only wanted Kei. She'd known it all along. Losing him to the emotional distance he'd taken up made wanting him throb like a dull ache in her chest. If he'd even look at her, she thought she could hang on. If he'd give her some sign that he knew she hadn't fucked Leo or wanted Leo to fuck her, but he didn't.

"You look down," Henry said, breaking the silence.

Parker started. She hadn't realized she wasn't alone. "I'm okay. Mostly, thinking about the dissertation. The second deadline is due at the end of the week."

"Right before break," Henry said, nodding sagely.

"Yeah."

"I was wondering if you—do you think you could—man, I'm such a dork," he finished on a sputter.

Why did she think this had something to do with sex? "Spit it out, sweetie."

He blushed to the roots. "I'd like to try a blow job, with you, I mean. I mean, with you blowing my job." Henry hung his head, shaking it.

"Wow, did Henry just ask you for oral sex?" Maya said, striding into the small living room.

"Never mind," Henry rushed to add, spinning his chair around and quickly clacking words out on his keyboard.

"Oh my gosh, that's adorable," Maya gushed.

“Forget it,” Henry blurted.

Maya didn’t look as shocked as she sounded. Then again, there was a lot about Maya that led Parker to think Maya would be up for some multi-layered fun. There was always the chance she could fill in once Parker got Kei back. And she’d get him back. She only wanted him and he needed to know it, she decided.

“Actually, I would, but I have my mind set on someone and I don’t think he’s into multiple partners,” Parker said.

Henry swiveled around again, clearly more concerned for Parker than he was about his own embarrassment. “Yeah? What did Kei say?”

It was Parker’s turn to blush. “Why would he say anything?”

Henry’s lips twisted into a rueful smile. “C’mon, Parker. We’ve known from day one that you and Kei had chemistry.”

“He doesn’t know what happened with Leo,” Parker confessed.

“Leo? That guy who was expelled and cuffed for sexual assault, Leo?” Maya asked.

“That’s the guy,” Parker said.

“That prick!” Maya yelled.

“That prick is doing time. Another victim came forward.” Parker didn’t curb the smile that accompanied her words.

“Kei knows. He’d have to be living under a rock not to have heard what Leo did,” Henry asserted.

“You wouldn’t know it to talk to him,” Parker muttered. “He won’t even look at me.”

Maya shrugged. “He’s in love with you, and he didn’t protect you. He probably feels like shit.”

“Especially because he walked in on Leo and accused you of screwing around,” Henry said.

“You know about that?” Parker asked.

“Yeah, he said something about it to Jaxon. Besides, he had to stain treat the pillowcase because of blood droplets. You wouldn’t think so, but lemon juice works great on biological stains that—never mind. That’s not the point. He knows, and he had the evidence to prove it. You should talk to him,” Henry urged.

“If it helps, I saw him checking out your ass when you got up from the table last night,”

Maya offered.

It did help. Parker grinned. She knew his schedule top to bottom, and he should have been home already, unless he had a final to study for. Maybe she'd wait up for him and make sure she left him no doubt about her feelings for him.

And what exactly are those? There were a million and one of them floating through her at any given moment when it came to Kei. All of them homed in on permanence. She loved him, though he didn't seem to believe it. Well, she'd have to fix that. Maybe give him a reason to check out her ass, she thought, her smile broadening.

Chapter Twelve

Kei twirled the cherry blossom between his first finger and thumb. The pale pink center blurred against white petals as he stepped through the front door. The house muted the outside sounds, and though he could hear the jovial laughter of others in the house, the low volume of the television set, and the lingering scents of a long past supper, there was peace here.

Parker would be asleep upstairs in the room she shared with Maya. He'd counted on that before wandering home. He didn't know how to face her after what he'd said. How could he? How could *she* look at him?

A man would face his fears and get the confrontation over with. Avoidance seemed easier at first, but it only got harder with each day. His grandfather had warned him of poisoning the spirit with delays like the one he created. He'd talk to her. Perhaps tomorrow before her morning class. Then she'd have time to think about her answer before she saw him at the end of the day. Hopefully, she'd be in too big a rush to blast him for his stupidity.

Kei took measured steps, softening his tread when the old boards creaked. He caught a flurry of whispering from Dan's and Henry's room. He moved on, going for the door at the end of the hall where he and Jaxon slept. He listened briefly at Parker's door, but heard nothing. Kei wanted nothing more than to curl against her back and cover her breast with his hand as they fell asleep. He didn't think she'd be agreeable to that given the way he'd treated her.

He'd make her understand tomorrow. He'd take the blame due to him and beg her forgiveness. Grandfather wouldn't understand him choosing an American woman, but if she'd have him, Kei would see to it that his family accepted her.

A faint glow illuminated the room from the desk he and Jaxon shared. Jaxon wasn't there, but his heart skipped when he saw Parker stretched out on his bed. She wore that Star

Wars t-shirt. Lying on her back, one arm bent up by her head with her palm facing up, the hemline had risen to the top of her thighs.

Her fingers curled in on her open hand atop a golden sheet of blonde hair. Parker's lashes smudged her upper cheek in shadow. Kei's gaze lingered on the line of her brow, the gentle slope of her nose, the natural upward curve of her lips. His chest tightened with the rightness of seeing her in his bed.

The thick black cotton lovingly draped across her breasts and wrinkled above the hand on her belly. It wasn't designed to be erotic, but her fingers reposed just above her hidden pubis. Everything about her turned him on. She shook him to the core, made him question his beliefs and his life goals. She challenged his sense of order and added light to ancient family principals.

Parker wasn't a pretty toy in a toy store or a new thing to be treasured and discarded when something better came along. She was a life's ambition. Muddled tradition became fresh and clear through her eyes. He liked that about her. She made the things he'd taken for granted burst forth with energy. She made the simple beauty of a cherry blossom a metaphor that superseded his previous perspectives.

Wasn't a life partner supposed to be someone you could grow with? Weren't they the ones who made you a better person and whose life you could touch, too? She confounded him, twisted his insides, inspired him, stoked the flames of passion within him.

Would she feel the same way about his influence on her? He'd let her down and pushed her away. Had he made himself indispensable? He wasn't sure he had. In the scope of things, she'd reached for him, and he'd knocked her hand away. She'd wanted him to trust her, and he'd chosen to trust himself out of fear for what that trust meant. She'd needed him to protect her, and he'd accused her in the lowest of ways.

Kei didn't deserve her love. He'd ask for it anyway, and will her to accept him, then spend his life proving she hadn't trusted in error. He'd never been a coward, yet it was perhaps all she had seen of him. The battle would be difficult in the fight for her heart.

Moving silently to his dresser, he opened the small, carved box. Behind him, someone closed his bedroom door and the distinct click of a key turning in the lock told him he'd been trapped with her.

"Sort it out," he heard Jaxon mutter from the hall.

"Stay in there until you do," Dan added, a warning note to his voice.

Kei's laugh was no more than a brisk exhalation and a smile. He had every intention of making things right with her, if she'd let him. Kei lifted the thin gold chain from the antique heirloom box carved by his great, great grandfather. The delicate chain glittered in the low light, making the gold appear burnished and warm. At the end dangled a flower of beaten gold, worn through use and time—a gift from his grandfather's grandfather through each male generation and bestowed upon the women they wedded. It had become his to carry and protect, and now his turn to pass to his chosen wife.

Cautiously closing the box, Kei took the chain and walked to the edge of his bed. Parker sighed in her sleep through parted lips as though she were aware of the relief he felt in coming to his decision. His hands shook as he watched her, wondering how he could have been misguided enough to think he could ignore the siren's call of love when he'd looked into her eyes, tasted her lips.

Because he'd known her kiss was different. He'd known and made sure she wouldn't tempt him from his studies with her soft lips again. He'd been a fool. There existed no rule that he could have one and not the other.

His gaze traveled down her body to the darkened shadow at the hem, just hiding the sweet swell of her pussy. Winding the chain and flower in his palm as he took a seat at her hip, Kei knew he'd waited long enough. He had to know.

Kei brushed the strands of hair off her cheek. "*Sakura*. Wake, my love."

Parker drifted to wakefulness. She blinked into the semi-dark and smiled as she realized she had fallen asleep in Kei's bed, waiting for him. Her pleasure turned to alarm and she sat up, fearful he'd seen her and left, that she'd missed her chance to talk to him.

"Shh, *Sakura*," Kei whispered.

He cupped her shoulder. Lifting her chin, her gaze met his not a hand's span away. Had God ever made a more beautiful man? Her breath caught. Light played across his face, highlighting his cheekbone, temple, the elegantly masculine curve of his jaw. The rest, cast into shadow, carried mystery and aching need.

"I fell asleep," she said, feeling stupid for stating the obvious.

"Only for a little while," he answered, his lips curving sardonically. His touch transferred to the side of her neck, lightly stroking her with the backs of his fingers. "I've been a fool. Will

you forgive me?”

She'd forgive him anything if it meant he'd stay and keep touching her. If he'd stare deeply into her eyes like this forever. Still, she had to know what he believed about her or it would stand between them.

“What am I forgiving you for?” she asked.

He rested his forehead on hers. The downward tilt of his head caused his hair to swing stiffly forward. Black strands tickled her cheeks and cast his eyes into shadow. They sparkled through the low light with a glimmer of passion that told her more deeply than words how much he needed her to understand.

“So many things. Most horribly, Leo's attack and what I said. In some ways, I wanted to believe you'd chosen him. It made my decision clear.”

“What decision?” *To dump me? To believe I'm a whore? This isn't going like I'd hoped.*

“If you'd chosen Leo, then I could quit arguing with myself over whether or not you wanted me or all four of us guys. I knew it didn't fit with your character to take several men as lovers. It seemed foreign to you.”

“It was. I've never done that before.”

“I have a confession,” he said.

Parker's fingers lifted to his chin before falling away to rest on his thigh. “What is it?”

“I wanted you to myself. I was afraid that if it were only me, you'd sleep with me but never love me. Sharing you with the others diffused the tension. It allowed me to pretend that I had no risk since I hadn't personally invested in a private relationship with you. I was wrong, *Sakura.*”

“Yeah, you were. I like the guys. Playing around with them was fun because you were there, but you were the only one I really wanted.”

He sighed. “I needed to hear that.” He stroked her cheek. “It gives me strength to tell you the rest, and I hope you don't hate me afterward.”

“Go on,” she said. *Here comes the other shoe.*

“Once I knew you wanted me, I hoped I could keep your interest by denying you. No kissing, no sex with me alone. I hoped you'd keep wanting me even if it meant I couldn't satisfy my own need for you. I used trickery to keep you close.”

“It was unnecessary. I already wanted only you.”

“I convinced myself with each day that you liked the idea of us as a household, a package not to be split. When Leo took an interest, I behaved irrationally. I thought what I’d feared—that you’d tire of us, of me, and settle with one man—had come to pass through your encouragement. I fixated on that and saw the two of you with those eyes, not for what it was.”

Parker cupped his face. “How very beta male of you,” she said, grinning. She kissed him, refusing to resist the urge that always seemed to plague her when he was around.

Kei kissed her back but pulled away abruptly. “There’s more.”

“Talk to me.”

“I love you,” he murmured gruffly. “My chest aches with it. My soul recognizes you as its other half. I’ve fought myself, and I’ve fought against you. I’ve been a foolish, foolish man. I want only you with only me. I want to honor you for a lifetime and the planes beyond it. *Sakura*, there’s no time limit on love but what I’ve placed on it. If you’ll have me, I humbly lay my heart with yours.”

“You’ve always had my heart. I’m drawn to you.” Had he asked her what she’d hoped he’d asked her?

“You misunderstand me,” he murmured thickly.

“Clear it up for me then.”

“Marry me.”

Her tummy flipped. Self-preservation begged another answer. “I can’t marry a man who doesn’t tell me how he’s feeling when he feels it. Waiting leads to too many misunderstandings, Kei.”

“My grandfather would approve of that philosophy,” he said. “It was against his teachings that I kept my thoughts about you to myself. It will not happen again, even if you don’t accept my proposal. You’ll have to hear of my love until your white hairs have white hairs.”

His smile warmed her and she snickered playfully.

“That’s a long time,” she teased.

“Until there’s no longer breath in my body. Should you marry another man, I’ll show him honor by telling him of my great love for you and how it’s my eternal penance to make it known until knowing is ended,” he whispered, a playful smile of his own in place.

Parker’s arms circled his shoulders. “Stop. The answer’s *yes*.”

Kei threw back his head and whooped. He looked over his shoulder and called to the

house, “She said, *yes!*”

Cheers came from the hallway. Parker started with laughter.

“Get lost so I can make love to my woman,” he called.

“Can I go next?” Dan yelled back.

There was a chorus of *Shut the fuck up, Dans* muffled through the door.

Parker’s joy couldn’t be contained. “Never again, boys.”

Kei bent down to kiss her neck. Parker waited until the steps and guffaws from the hall had moved off before she relaxed.

“Why were you asleep in my room?” he asked against her neck.

“I wanted to make sure we talked and you didn’t avoid me.”

“Something particular you needed to say?” Kei asked. He lifted his head, giving her his full attention.

“I don’t want Leo. I don’t want the others. I want you. I love *you*.”

“After we graduate, we’re getting our own place,” he promised. “Then we can lie in bed together so you can tell me that every night. And I,” he said, kissing the tip of her nose, “will tell you that you’re buried in my heart, a part of me necessary to keep it beating. I love you, too, *Sakura*.”

He gently laid her back. Taking care with the chain, he dangled it over her chest, letting it rest where her heart beat so quickly for him. He pooled the chain over the pendant, letting the weight of it puddle so that she felt each beat more keenly for the touch and the importance burning in his eyes.

“This was given to me as it was given to every male in my family before me. It’s a gift from a man to his beloved. Will you wear it as a symbol of our devotion?”

The threat of tears clogged her throat. Parker nodded. She reached for it, but he shook his head.

“I want to see it on your naked flesh,” he murmured.

Her pussy clenched sweetly. She sure as hell wasn’t going to deny him that request. She thought he meant for her to strip, but again he shook his head when she made to take off her shirt. Parker settled back against the bed, anxious to see what he did and wondering if he’d be pleased that she wore nothing beneath the t-shirt.

Kei rested his hand on her thigh. “Let me.”

Parker nodded again, lost in his smoldering gaze.

He slid his hand up, taking the edge of the cotton with it as it bagged around his wrist. Kei's nostrils flared when he exposed her pussy. She was moist, could feel the cool air touch between her legs and felt a little embarrassed by it, until he pushed her leg aside to examine her eager folds with hungry looks. "Pretty as petals."

Kei's fingers drifted over her pussy. Parker squirmed, wanting him to touch more, tease less.

"I've been thinking about why I call you *Sakura*, cherry blossom. For the Chinese, it represents power found in sex and a woman's beauty. For the Japanese, it symbolizes the intensity of great beauty and its quickly ended mortality."

"Which one did you decide?" she asked. She sensed his thoughtfulness was important, but his tormenting flicks and nudges were driving her to distraction.

"Culturally, I look to the lessons my forefathers shared. Heritage forms who we are, so we ought to look to it first for answers." His fingers stilled and he pulled her shirt up her body. Parker helped him lift it over her head and off while he collected the necklace. "I feared whatever love you had for me would blossom and die quickly, or grow and consume me. But I made a critical error in my interpretation."

Kei propped himself over her, looking down into her face. Parker licked her dry lips.

"*Sakura*, my love, you're neither Japanese nor Chinese."

She giggled nervously. "You're just getting that?"

"The obvious seems to escape me," he noted. "Neither definition could encompass who you are to me. They fall short, and I realized that loving you and being loved by you required a new definition. It must include beauty, power, feminine sexuality as the others do. But the full blossom and quick death can only describe the power and development of your orgasm."

His eyes twinkled.

"You realize I'll never look at a cherry blossom without blushing again, right?"

He chuckled. "But the blossom means other things to me too."

Kei dragged off his shirt and Parker heard the familiar clink of heavy silver links strike his chest moments before she saw them.

"It now reminds me of the creamy texture of your skin and the flushed pink parts of you I taste. It reminds me of constancy, returning again and again to bloom, not as a single flower, but

multitudes upon multitudes of joy and pleasure.”

Kei pushed off his pants, shoes, socks, all the while gazing into her eyes. Parker’s heart tattooed a quickened rhythm. Her breath caught as he smiled self-consciously in his passionate description of what she meant to him. She imagined she looked much the same way, hearing it.

“It represents your embrace and the welcome I feel in your arms as I lay with you. It represents the moments I linger with you alone, to wonder at the gift I’ve been given. I’m privileged to abide in your presence, to be rained upon with sweet kisses and spontaneous blooms of passion.”

“Oh, God,” she breathed.

“To be beneath you and over you at once like a—”

“—you’re incredible with words, but even I can tell you’re drawing this out a little much,” she interrupted.

He laughed, the twinkle in his eyes deepening. “Like sky and flowering carpet. It represents your—”

Parker cupped the back of his head and tugged him to her. “Shut up and kiss me, Lord Byron.”

“Lord Byron was gay.”

“Pablo Neruda?”

“Was a pervert,” he said.

“I’m good with that considering what I want you to do to me.”

Kei covered her, sinking against her body. She loved the way his hard body mashed against her softer one. Her breasts flattened beneath the planes of his chest. Kei’s erection pressed her belly and Parker wrapped her legs around him, encouraging him downward.

Kei did scoot lower. Too low. Or so she thought until he dragged the necklace chain between the lips of her open pussy and his breath fluttered against her wet flesh. The pendant bumped against her clit and Parker bit back a moan.

“Pink like the center of a blossom,” he murmured.

“Are cherry blossoms edible?” she asked hopefully.

“This one is.”

The chain disappeared, replaced with Kei’s eager mouth. Parker screamed with pleasure and he settled in, laving her folds with his tongue and suckling her clit like a man starved. She

came hard, fast and shaking.

Kei lifted. “See? Like a cherry blossom, blooming fast and dying with the trembling of petals.”

That made her laugh.

Kei wiped his mouth on his arm, then rolled with her until she was seated over him. He held her head in his hands, kissing her with the same thorough hunger he’d shown her pussy. Parker clutched him.

His lips plied hers, alternating between light rubs and careful licks. Sweeping his tongue inside, he stroked against her tongue, swallowed her moans, heated her with the friction of sensitive caresses.

She tasted herself on him, and for some reason, it didn’t bother her. Exotic and firm, his mouth was a beautiful extension of his body and soul. She wanted more. Wanted him inside her, taking and giving with the same act of completion. She needed him to seal his words by putting them into physical form and imbedding them the way he’d anointed her with the beauty of his promises.

It would be a christening and rebirth of a relationship that had started at cross-purposes and should have been doomed to failure. Instead, it had taken flight and transformed beyond mere words into a living, breathing existence. A loving entity that promised to grow with them. She could practically feel its presence surrounding them.

Her heart swelled with emotion. Flattening her hands on his chest, Parker pushed upright, dragging her fingers down to rest on his well-packed abdomen. His muscles flexed beneath her touch. Kei sucked in a sharp breath, hollowing his belly. The signs of arousal were written all over him, and she wondered if he knew how sexy it was. How much it turned her on to know she turned him on.

Parker rose to her knees, positioned herself over his shaft and sank onto his cock. Heated flesh to damp, clasp skin, she relished the absence of a condom. It was a freedom she’d never indulged before, and from the rapture on his face, she guessed the same was true for Kei.

Kei moaned, his fingers gripping her hips with trembling reverence before sweeping upward to capture her breasts. His touch mesmerized her, and she stilled to experience his hands on her body. She’d waited for this, longed for it, and the electric thrill of watching the wonder on his face become heated fascination when her nipples puckered under his ministrations, enthralled

her further.

He flexed inside her. Parker kneaded his stomach, loving the way he felt, the smoothness of his skin. Kei thumbed her nipples, causing her to gasp. Sensation ricocheted through her, nipples to belly to squeezing pussy, and unconsciously, she curled into the sensation, lifting her hips and seating him.

The motion rewarded her with renewed pleasure, and Parker searched it out, lifting, dropping in time to the gentle pinches and pulls he applied to her nipples. She protested when he released one breast. The moment ended on a strangled groan as he plucked her clitoris, urged her on.

Parker arched, offered her body to his as she rode him. His hips tipped and ground against hers in perfect tandem, adding, giving, taking, amplifying, climbing, rising, soaring, bursting in hot, thick jets that tickled the doorway to her womb, then quivered as they drifted together to themselves like falling cherry blossoms carried by a nurturing breeze.

Kei collected her to his chest, tucking her head beneath his chin. His heartbeat hammered in her ear, and his still quickened breath fanned the small hairs on her temple. He tightened his hold, cuddled her as close as possible, and Parker melted against him as his hand smoothed down her spine.

He reached for something, and cool metal touched her back, when he brushed her hair away to clasp the gold talisman of their commitment around her neck.

“Thank you,” he whispered.

She lifted to look at him.

“Don’t thank me, thank University Housing,” she murmured.

“Good ol’ FU”

“FU, indeed,” Parker said.

“I’m ready if you’re ready,” Kei whispered between kisses.

About the Author

Mia makes her home in Minneapolis, Minnesota, where she divides her time between a job and spying on people. Mia enjoys long walks in Como Park, daisies, dancing in the snow...(Delete prior sentence, meant for personal ad)...

Mr. Perfect may apply in person for a thorough evaluation and trial. All others will be towed.

Mia loves to talk to her readers and can be found at www.MiaWatts.com.

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College math teacher, Briony Swift, lives life on the straight and narrow. After all, one plus one always equals two. But when two of her adult male students visit her office one afternoon, she soon discovers that one plus two might be a new and better equation to explore...

***Body of Art* by Bronwyn Green**

Art professor Seth Granger has two problems—an absentee life drawing models and a case of unrequited lust. Luckily, his troubles have the same answer—his colleague, Dr. Callie Sullivan.

The trick will be getting her out of her clothes and into his studio...and hopefully into his bed. However, she's intent on keeping her mind on her art and ignoring him. Now he just needs to convince her she should be his body of art.

***Sense and Sensuality* by Cara Hart**

Eleanor McLaren leads a subdued life. She hates parties, avoids social interactions, and she cannot talk to men. But within the shell of her timidity lies the heart of a siren. Afraid of her own boldness, she hides her desires. Especially from the man who stars in her dreams of passionate encounters and works in her department.

Eddie Harrington has never lacked for partners in his pleasure games. But for some reason, Eleanor is the one woman he can't get out of his head. She is definitely not the type he usually pursues. Then he sees her at a bar, looking like his wildest fantasy. And one night with her is not going to be enough. The man who never commits just might have met his match—until a mistake from his past forces her to choose between trusting him and walking away.

***Sex Ed* by Mia Watts**

Mina Lasky has a pesky crush on Biology professor, Derek Link. They've worked in tandem in the same University facility long enough that even the sound of his voice makes her hot. It's time

to put the fantasy to an end. Mina signs up to be his guinea pig in a female sexuality lab for those on the doctorate track. She hopes to work Derek out of her system while enjoying some much-needed sexual stimulation.

Dr. Derek Link has been itching to get his hands on the quiet, sexy Chemistry professor. He can't believe his luck when she signs up to be his lab. But one night isn't enough and Mina won't admit they can have something a lot more long term.

And when one of the students recognizes Mina, her heart isn't the only thing on the line. With her career in the hands of a blackmailer, and her heart begging to trust Derek, she's beginning to think the lab was a very bad idea.

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What do you do with a “wife” who is more than you can handle?

When the FBI and local law enforcement team up for a mutually beneficial crime-stopping partnership, Rookie Agent Chris Tarpington and Detective Vin Pilk team up to prototype the new alliance. How better to bust a ring of drug dealing suburban housewives than to go undercover—way undercover—as a married couple?

Though Chris reluctantly gets in touch with his feminine side, he quickly finds ways of making his sexy partner squirm. And Vin is definitely squirming, but will he run away from his faux wife, or right into “her” arms?

One thing is for sure: as the investigation heats up, ‘inter-agency cooperation’ will take on a whole new meaning...

***Ticket Me More* by Tia Fanning**

Hailed by the bridal flower world as an artistic genius, Meli works long nights making bouquets for women lucky enough to find love, while she herself lives a life of solitude. She yearns to share her heart and body with someone other than Bob, her *Battery Operated Boyfriend*, but acute shyness keeps her from engaging the “living” world.

However, Meli’s quiet and predictable existence takes an unexpected turn when she is pulled over and ticketed by the most gorgeous cop she has ever encountered—Officer Michael Johnson. Though he doesn’t seem to notice her as anything more than a traffic violation, Meli makes plans to overcome her timid nature and seize the police officer’s attention...using any speed necessary.

***Cuffed and Dangerous* by Bronwyn Green**

When a bounty claim becomes a fight of five against one, Jude Caulfield and Gideon Wells step in to help hunter, Wrenn Saunders, before she’s mortally injured. Wrenn soon learns that three is a good number whether in a fight or in the bedroom. Especially in the bedroom—and that’s just

where Jude and Gideon want to keep her.

***Stripped* by Celia Kyle**

Sometimes life just required tequila...and vodka...and a shot or two of whiskey for good measure. Jasmine Wright, Jazz to her friends, has reached that point. And now all that liquor is making her clothes fall off—in the middle of the street. Good thing a friendly neighborhood police officer stops to help.

Sheriff Ian Blackwell has loved Jazz since high school and then some. When their relationship burned out so many years ago, he wasn't sure he would recover. Now he's getting a second chance, and he won't Jazz slip away from him this time. He has her naked and at his mercy, and he's going to keep her that way. Forever.

***Search Me Baby, One More Time* by Melinda Barron**

Wren Thornberry's life isn't going according to plan. She let her father talk her out of marrying Bryan Stockard, the man she loves, and moved halfway around the world. Now she's back home in Texas, babysitting her grandmother while grandma and her boy-toy work through their list of sexual exploits, making themselves the talk of the town.

But what Wren doesn't know is that things in her hometown are about to heat up even more, and it will have nothing to do with her grandmother. It seems that Bryan Stockard is still around, he wants to get back into Wren's life—by any means necessary, and now he has just the tools to do it: a police uniform, handcuffs, and the authority to make Wren *assume the position*.

***Going Commando* by Catherine Chernow**

Bounty hunter Shyra Lawrence listens to her favorite radio station one morning where the DJ's are discussing "going commando" —*a.k.a.* wearing no undies. Captivated by their conversation, she decides to shed her panties in favor of the freedom that wearing no underwear brings.

Enthusiastic, Shyra sends an email to her best friend, Donna, detailing the delights of panty-freedom, but unbeknownst to Shyra, she's hit the send key...to the wrong email addy!

When Derek Grayson opens his emails that morning, he discovers that his #1 employee and top bounty hunter has sent him an erotic, enticing message about going commando. Derek has always been polite, professional, and so damned attracted to Shyra that it's almost painful. Working day in and day out with voluptuous woman has sent Derek's hormones into overdrive on more than one occasion.

Now, Shyra's shed her panties and Derek's got all he can do to contain his lust when she announces that she's... GOING COMMANDO.

Also Available from Resplendence Publishing

***Faery Surprising* by Mia Watts**

Flora Harper isn't amused when her faery "gift" transports her in the middle of a self-induced orgasm to a professional football locker room after practice. The fact that it's the team she works for, and their new quarterback, Ian Tate, wants to finish what she's started, flies in the face of the non-fraternization policy.

Ian has been traded to a rival city so he catch a blackmailer red-handed. Time is against him, as are the number of injuries he's had in his career. It sounds like a great deal, except filming the Public Relations specialist in a sexually compromising position leaves a sour taste in his mouth. When he discovers that the PR person is emotionally distant, hard-on inducing Flora, getting a whole lot closer to her feels so incredibly right...until she finds out why he's really on the team.

***Just Right* by Bronwyn Green**

When Department of Natural Resources officer, Gwendolyn Locke, hits a black bear on the way home from work one night, her entire view of reality changes. She discovers that shape-shifters exist, and she's just become Goldilocks to three gorgeous, very aroused men who also happen to be werebears. Being snowbound has never been so hot.

***Oriana and the Three Werebears* by Tia Fanning**

Oriana Ricci has taken over the family business—flying cargo and rich tourists around Alaska's barely inhabited Kodiak Archipelago. When her plane malfunctions and she's forced to make an emergency landing, she finds herself stranded in the middle of a National Wildlife Refuge. With no civilization for miles and no hope of rescue, she thinks all is lost...

Until she stumbles upon the entrance to an underground bunker.

Jack, Jordan, and Jonathan McMathan own and operate a secret intelligence firm contracted by the US Government. Hidden away in an old Cold War spy station located in the middle of the Kodiak National Wildlife Refuge, the brothers are not only able to do their top secret jobs safely without fear of discovery, but are better to protect their other, more personal secret: they have the ability to shift into Kodiak bears.

Like a fairy tale gone bad, the brothers return home to find their lunch tasted—or eaten, their computer chairs adjusted—or broken, and a beautiful blonde sleeping in one of their beds. This

situation poses a big problem for the brothers...

Their location is now compromised, but more importantly, what are they to do with the lady?

***Their Lady Liberty* by Ann Cory**

There's nothing Liberty likes better than to spend her time with the two men who ignite her body and show her pleasures like no others. She belongs to them both, and doesn't want it any other way.

Brandon and Neil can focus on little else but thoughts of Liberty's hot body and carefree ways, both always dreaming of the next time they be together. As Brandon and Neil see it, there are worse things to be than at the mercy of a sex goddess.

Behind the steamed up windows of Brandon's van, the threesome meet up for an afternoon rendezvous. Here they can love freely, and live out their most decadent fantasies with... *Their Lady Liberty*.

***The Elves and I* by Catrina Calloway**

Marni Sands is spoiled, pampered, and has never done a day's work in her life. Arrested for speeding through a small town traffic circle, Marni's defiant attitude makes the judge think long and hard about her punishment. He assigns her 'community service' in Christmas Town, where she's to (*horror of all horrors!*) work with the elves that live there and help them create toys for some very needy children.

Meet Kip, Noel, and Eldan—the three hot, hunky elves assigned to keep Marni in line. She needs a firm hand—on a very luscious part of her beautiful anatomy. It is hard to discipline such a gorgeous human, particularly when she divulges a painful secret, the mystery that has kept her miserable for most of her life.

If tough-love won't work, the elves have only one solution: to turn Marni into a caring elf, capable of holiday cheer, they must make love to her as often as possible. Only then will they be able to convince her that good can triumph over evil, and love really does conquer all.

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