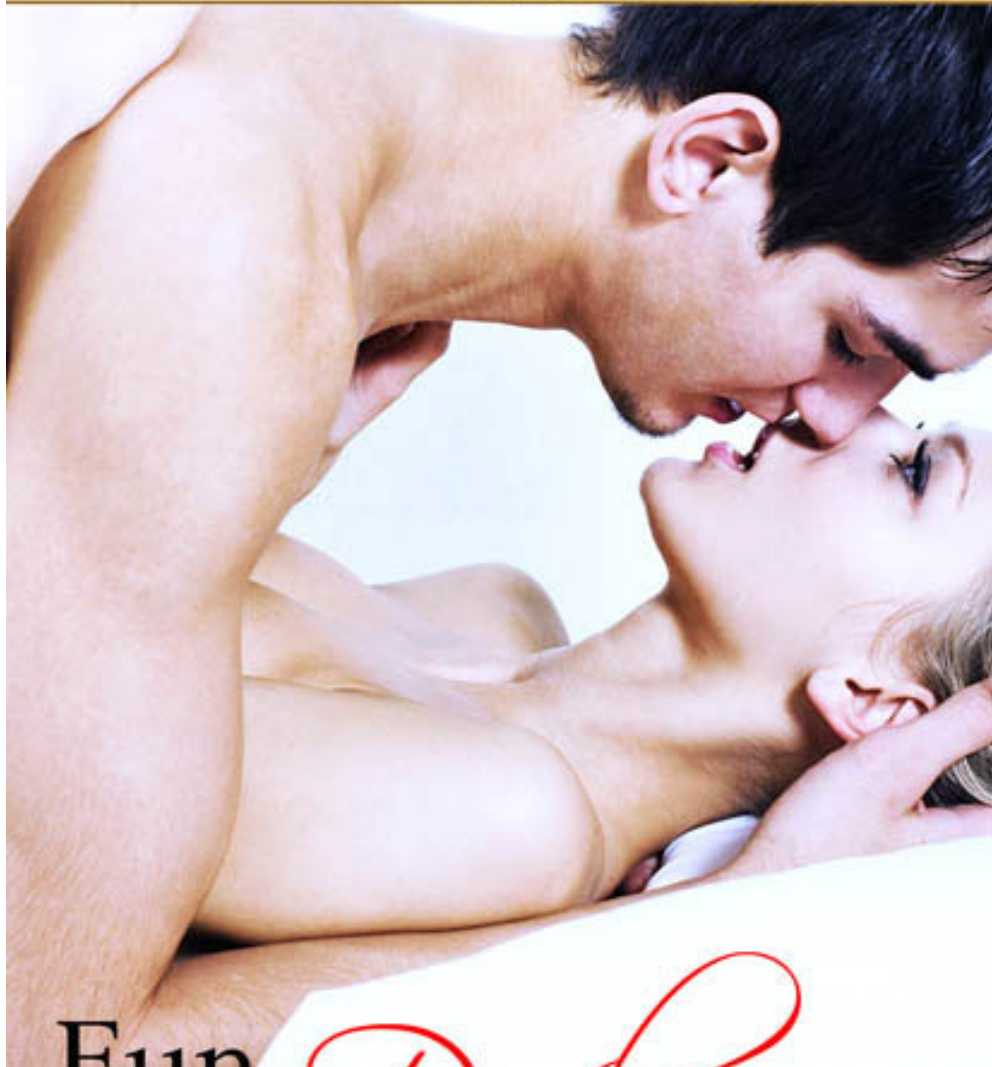


ELLORA'S CAVE *Moderne*



Fun
With

Dick
and *Jayne*

DELILAH DEVLIN

Fun With Dick and Jayne

Delilah Devlin

He didn't know the nightly peepshow was just a naughty invitation...

Garrett knows what he's doing can get him into trouble, but he can't help himself. Every night, as he arrives home, the blonde across the alley gets busy with her boyfriend with the blinds open. He's spent the past two weeks getting an eyeful and falling deep into lust.

But when Garrett sees a man in a black ski mask sneak into his sexy neighbor's bedroom, he doesn't know he'll be the one captured.

Jayne has a nice life with a nice lover who sees to her every need, but she's still drawn to the lonely man across the alley. She's been sharing her deepest fantasies with him from afar, but is ready to up the stakes. When she talks Richard into enacting a dangerous scenario, everything works out as planned. Only Garrett's not happy about being played. And he's got reservations because she already has a lover and he's not into threesomes. Guess she'll just have to convince him otherwise.

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Fun With Dick and Jayne

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FUN WITH DICK AND JAYNE

Delilah Devlin

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Chapter One

Tuesday

They were going at it again, and he was gonna get arrested. Which would be pretty damn embarrassing, considering he was cop.

Like clockwork, the couple across the alleyway started banging the minute his car pulled into the garage.

The street along the back of the parallel rows of one-story houses wasn't much of a buffer. Driveways spoked off the narrow, paved road. Only twenty feet separated his garage from the bedroom window across the way.

Last night, he'd loosened the garage light bulb to make sure it didn't give him away when the door slid up. Tonight, he flicked his car's overhead lamp switch off so that the light wouldn't beam the moment he exited. Carefully, he closed his car door, pushing it with his hip to muffle the click as it locked, walked around to the back then sat with his butt against the trunk to watch the show.

They had to know anyone walking by could see every damn thing—every drop of sweat, *every* short curl of pale blonde hair. She faced the window, clutching the bottom windowsill, her breasts bouncing every time Boyfriend slammed her ass.

God, her tits were Grade-A prime. Cherry nipples, topping creamy mounds.

Her blue eyes closed, her mouth rounded, and he knew when she came because she always wore the same expression—her cheeks growing rosy, her eyebrows drawing together tightly and the corners of her mouth curving like the cat that licked the cream.

And if the wind hadn't been whistling through the alley, he would have heard the whimper she gave when Boyfriend milked the last little contraction of her orgasm.

Fuck. He needed his own woman. Maybe she had a twin. Because he sure as shit wouldn't be satisfied with anyone who wasn't her, Jayne Peabody—Jayne *Hotbody* as

he'd begun to call her. He'd had her plates run so he'd have a name to assign the woman who'd played a starring role in all his fantasies this past couple of weeks.

They'd finished and Boyfriend was pulling her into his arms, wrapping them around her belly and cupping those beautiful breasts as she snuggled against his chest.

It was time to leave. The show was over for the night.

Then her eyes opened, and Garrett Masters could have sworn she looked right at him. He cursed softly, straightened and raised his arm, pulling down the garage door and shutting off the sight of her mouth stretching into a wide grin.

* * * * *

Wednesday

This time he was ready. He popped the beer top, lifted his drink into the air to silently salute them, and decided to watch the goings-on across the way like a spectator sport. He'd even devised a scoring system.

Ten points for the first orgasm. Five to fifteen for each successive multiple, depending on how hard Boyfriend had to work. But Jayne didn't need much encouragement to slam quickly through three. All her partner had to do was angle her face toward the window and her eyelids drooped, her kitten smile curled.

Boyfriend turned her toward the bed, bent her over, and Garrett straightened because this wasn't a view he'd had before. Her pretty white ass, sweetly curved, her dark pink sex framed between her closed thighs. *Fuuuck!*

Boyfriend walked out of sight then returned with leather straps.

Garrett swallowed down the beer and crushed the can in his fist.

Boyfriend bound her legs together and strapped her hands to the sides of her thighs, forcing her to remain bent. Then he tied a blindfold around her head.

Jayne's bottom wriggled, but moisture shone on her sex, dribbled down the backs of her thighs. And that was before Boyfriend bent to pick up something from the floor.

When he straightened, he brandished a short riding crop.

"Fifty," Garrett breathed, his stomach beginning to roil as he watched the other man swat her buttocks in quick succession, leaving reddened welts, which she apparently enjoyed by the loudness of her groans and whimpers. However, when he dropped the whip and turned her toward the window, tears streaked down her cheeks from beneath the blindfold.

Garrett stiffened, ready to charge over there and break it up. But Boyfriend gripped her hips and forcefully slammed against her buttocks, thrusting deep. Her lips rounded, tears trickling into her mouth as she came.

Garrett shuddered, his breaths coming quick, wondering what the fuck he was doing watching this, watching another man torture a woman into orgasm, his own body slamming toward a climax that shocked him with its ferocity.

Boyfriend removed the blindfold. Jayne's eyes opened, gleaming through the darkness, seeming to pull him deeper into her twisted, kinky play.

This wasn't for him. He'd never laid a hand on a woman and damn sure couldn't stand by watching it. He couldn't do this anymore. The sweet, funny tenor of the sessions had changed to something darker, something grim and decidedly too rich for his blood.

Before they'd finished, he slammed the door down between them.

* * * * *

Thursday

"For the love of..."

He tried to keep his gaze averted this time, hadn't bothered sneaking out of his car. But one glance and he was caught.

Boyfriend's tall, lean body was turned sideways and he held his cock in his hand.

Jayne Hotbody stuck out her pink tongue and licked around the crown, and then clasped her mouth around it and sucked.

Boyfriend's eyes closed tightly and he fisted himself, pumping as she bobbed forward to meet his fingers, then pulled away.

She braced a hand against his hip then turned to give Garrett one of those kittenish smiles, her blue eyes seeming to plead for him to watch. Was this her way of apologizing?

Did her boyfriend even have a clue what she was doing?

Garrett's day had been a ball-buster and the last thing he'd wanted was to be left with an aching hard-on no amount of one-handed pocket pool could relieve, but she seemed to be inviting him to join. To watch as she blew Boyfriend and teased the hell out of him.

Well, hell. He was tired of watching and being left aching. He opened his utility belt, unbuttoned his pants and eased down his zipper. When he drew out his cock, he stared down at himself, musing that this time he really would get arrested with his dick in his hand.

Then he glanced up.

Jayne wasn't smiling. She was licking her lips, her chest billowing faster. She grabbed Boyfriend by the hips and turned him so she could blow while she watched Garrett.

Her gaze didn't leave his cock as he began to work himself. He gripped his shaft firmly, gliding his hand up and down, sliding his thumb over the top of the crown at the end of every pull.

Watching her watching him and blowing What's-his-face was more intimate than anything they'd shared before. He felt more connected, as if he were having sex with her instead of jerking himself off in the out-of-doors while he played the Peeping Tom to his naughty neighbor.

Boyfriend gripped her head and flexed his muscular hips forward and back, stroking into her hot little mouth. Garrett dropped spit to feel moisture and imagined her lips surrounding him.

Tension gripped his balls and he rocked on his heels, forward and back, while his arm tensed and pistoned faster.

When he came, white cum spitting from his dick, he glanced up to catch her suctioning, swallowing boyfriend down with his head flung back and his flanks quivering.

Hot damn...

He stepped back, reached for the handle and slammed the garage door down.

* * * * *

Friday

Garrett arrived home later than usual, having stopped for drinks with his partner and a couple of other cops before heading home, hoping Jayne and Boyfriend had finished because he was wiped and unhappy.

The last few nights' little episodes had left him feeling edgy and ashamed. He wasn't a voyeur, hadn't ever been the kind of guy to step beyond the law to get his kicks. He'd have to make the effort to find his own playmate and lose his obsession with the curvy blonde across the way.

Rain fell, a light Seattle mist that beaded on his windows but didn't destroy his view as he pulled into his garage and hit the remote because he was damned if he'd sneak into his own garage. This was his house. He had every right to drive into his own garage, every right to look around without being bombarded with images that kept him hard and irritable every night.

From the corner of his eye, he saw the light switch on across the way. He turned off his car and stared into his rearview mirror, refusing to answer her invitation. But she

was dressed for once, in a tight baby tee that left her abdomen bare above sweatpants with the waistband rolled down to expose her taut little tummy. She was on the treadmill, earphones in, and she was singing. He knew because he could hear the off-key warbles.

Thank God she had a flaw.

Then he spotted a movement, a dark shadow separating from the bushes beneath her window and rising.

Adrenaline spiked in his veins, and Garrett eased open his door, not bothering to close it after himself. He crouched beside his car, crept out of the garage and followed his fence line to the street.

The figure of a man, dressed entirely in black, his face covered with a ski mask, had Garrett's heart lodging in the back of his throat. The man eased up the window, but Jayne didn't notice. The singing grew louder.

Garrett skimmed across the alley, following her neighbor's fence to the gate, opened it and ran up the steps to the side door of the house. He tried the knob. The door was open and he let himself in, hugging the wall and following Jayne's voice. As he peered around the corner into her bedroom, her back was to the man who crouched behind her bed, coming closer.

Garrett launched himself through the door.

Jayne screamed, jumping off the treadmill and slamming her back against the wall, her eyes wide and frightened.

Garrett crashed into the intruder, taking him to the ground, rolling him to his belly and sticking his knee into his back while he slipped the cuffs from his belt and slapped them around his wrists.

"Ma'am," he shouted over his shoulder. "Call 9-1-1."

The man squirmed. "Jayne—"

Garrett drove his knee harder into the intruder's back. "Just take it easy there, scumbag. Ma'am, you need to make that call."

"Jayne...for fuck's sake, honey...tell him!"

Garrett glanced at Jayne.

Her eyes were wide, her hands cupped over her mouth. When she dragged them down, he saw that her lips were pressed tightly together. Then she sputtered with laughter. "*Oh. My. God.* Dick, honey, this is the best ever!"

* * * * *

Jayne quivered with excitement as she handed a beer to the cop from across the alleyway. At last, he was close enough to touch. She felt as though she already knew so much about him, and she didn't even know his name.

Oh, not quite true. The name plate on his uniform indicated his last name was "Masters". Perfect for what she had in mind.

Her best friend and favorite fuck buddy Richard Anderson—so *un*-McGyverish—snarled from the chair he'd taken opposite the cop whose widespread thighs took up half the large sofa. Officer Masters was a big man—long fingers, big feet. And she knew the wives' tale held true as to the rest of what was big about him.

"Dick, stop pouting," she said, and slid onto the sofa beside the scowling cop. "I'm so sorry," she said to him, ignoring Richard's dropping jaw. "I know it was a stupid thing to do. We didn't mean to upset you."

Richard shook his head and guzzled down his beer. It looked as if he intended to get shit-faced, but he hadn't spoiled her story by blurting out "the criminal and the innocent" scenario had been her own brilliant idea.

Her body shivered sitting so close to him, but she really did need a name because she'd been calling him "The Cum-inator" for a week. "I'm Jayne Peabody," she said, extending her hand.

The surly policeman stared at her hand, and she thought he'd refuse to shake it, but he slowly lifted his hand, completely engulfing hers. The heat from his palm made her start to sweat. He didn't release her hand immediately, and she gave him a little extra squeeze, which caused him to grow very still – his stare boring into hers.

She winked. Angled as she was, away from her partner in lewd and lascivious crimes, Richard didn't have a clue how hard she meant to flirt with the big, brooding man beside her. Not that he'd complain. He'd enjoyed the hell out of their seduction so far.

The cop cleared his throat. "Garrett Masters." He dropped her hand then rubbed his palm against his thigh.

Had he felt the same electric spark? "This is Richard Anderson, but I just call him Dick."

"It's what I am," Richard said grumpily, clenching and unclenching his right hand.

"Still trying to get some feeling back into your arm?" she asked, pretending concern. His takedown by the big, bad cop would feed his fantasies for a week. Hers too, unless she could convince dark and broody to get up close and personal for the next sex games.

"You really should lock all your doors and windows," Garrett grumbled.

Jayne considered acting the ditz, but she didn't want to play another game, not right now anyway. "I left the side door open on purpose. And the window."

His eyes narrowed.

She shrugged and gave him a sheepish smile.

He grunted. "What if I had rushed in with my gun drawn?"

She arched an eyebrow. "Why didn't you?"

He let out a sigh and sat back. "Because I wondered..."

"Whether this was just another sexy game? Smart man," she purred.

Garrett's expression shifted—from tense irritation to a laser-focused stare. "So what is this? *Really*? You two always get your kicks off flashing your neighbors?"

"Not anything as random as that," she said, leaning close enough her shoulder touched his.

He didn't move away. His gaze swept her face then dropped to her mouth.

She licked her lips and leaned closer until her face tilted beneath his. "It's just you," she said softly. "I've had my eyes on you since we first moved in."

His intense stare never faltered. "If you wanted my attention, all you had to do was say hello."

"Really?" she said breathlessly. Everything was going better than planned. He seemed interested—really, really interested if the thick column outlined against his thigh was any indication.

"But there's a problem," he rumbled.

She blinked, dragging her gaze upward to meet his again. "What's that?"

His dark stare glared. "You already have a boyfriend."

She lifted her eyebrows. "You mean Dick?"

"Yeah, you have *Dick*. I don't poach."

"That's good to know..." She walked her fingers up his sleeve then peeked at him from under her eyelashes. "Officer...Garrett, do you share?"

Chapter Two

Garrett kept his expression schooled into his harsh “cop mask”. She hadn’t just said that, had she? But then again, why was he surprised? The couple had been slowly working through a list of sexual acts. A threesome must be next on the menu.

He cleared his throat. The offer had interested his southern brain a little too much—which would become more embarrassingly apparent the longer he stayed. “I think it’s time for me to go.”

Jayne pulled back. “I didn’t mean to shock you.” A frown settled between her brows and the corners of her mouth dipped. “I thought...”

“Give it a rest, Jayne,” Richard said, his tone still vibrating with irritation. “He’s not interested.”

Not entirely true, Garrett reflected, given his conduct over the past week. But it wasn’t as if he really knew either of them well enough to agree to go all the way. A man had to have standards. “I’m sure you’re both very nice,” he said, his voice tinged with irony, “and I know I must have given you some mixed signals, but I didn’t intend to encourage you.”

“I’m sorry,” she said softly. “I didn’t realize I’d made you so uncomfortable. I thought we were all having fun.”

“Jayne...” Richard shook his head.

She flashed him an irritated glance. “Just being honest here, *Dick*. We played. He watched. He took out *his* dick.” She turned back to Garrett. “I thought you were into it.”

Garrett’s cheeks heated. Partly for being called out on his masturbatory episode, but equally hot because Jayne’s show of temper made him unaccountably aroused. “That was a mistake. And if I hadn’t been so damn tired, I’d have resisted.”

Her lips pouted. "Why?"

But he couldn't explain; he didn't know himself why he was turning her down. He'd watched both of them getting it on and had been plenty comfortable whipping it out from across the road. And dammit if she wasn't even prettier up close. Why the hell not?

Still, he didn't like being manipulated. They'd played him.

Richard abruptly rose from his chair. "I'll let you out," he said, aiming a glare at Jayne.

Garrett blew out a relieved breath, quickly rose and left the living room without a backward glance. He was grateful to be getting away while he still could, because the moment she'd asked him if he shared, his cock had gotten harder. He hoped to get outside into the darkness before his arousal gave him away.

Richard led him down the hall to the kitchen and held open the door for him. "Look. I know you liked watching," he said softly. "And if you're interested in her, don't think you're trespassing. She was right when she intimated we aren't exclusive."

Garrett ground his jaws together, gave him a curt nod and plunged into the darkness. His feet hit the sidewalk, but he slowed and glanced over his shoulder. "How about you? She might see you as friends, but how the hell do you feel about her hitting on me?"

Richard's smile was lopsided. "I have my own kinks. I promise I wouldn't have minded. And before your mind heads down that path. Not gay." Richard shut the door and Garrett walked slowly across the alley to his own darkened house.

When he reached the entrance to the garage, he couldn't resist looking behind him. Jayne sat on the window ledge, watching him, her expression troubled.

A pang of regret tightened his chest. He didn't like that he'd disappointed her, but there was no way he could fall in with her plans.

It was crazy to even consider it.

So why couldn't he get the image of a naked Jayne kneeling in front of him and Richard?

Dammit, he was in for another long-ass night.

* * * * *

Jayne carried a trash bag to the end of her drive and dropped it into the bin. Out of habit, she studied the shuttered windows of Garrett's home. How many times had she wondered whether he had a girlfriend he protected with those blinds? She'd never seen him pull into the drive with someone in his car, but who said someone didn't park in front, next to the curb? Someone who was sexier, prettier than she was.

Must be why he'd turned her down. What man wouldn't go for a chance at a hot threesome? Wasn't it a common fantasy? Or had she been wrong about whom he watched? Would he have been more receptive to the invitation if Richard had asked?

Jayne didn't like admitting, even to herself, just how disappointed she was. Maybe she'd gone about the seduction in the wrong way. Maybe she should have been more "girl next door" and brought him casseroles rather than offering him a view into her bedroom. Maybe she'd shared too much and soured the discovery for him.

She stared down at her plaid boxers, oversized T-shirt and scruffy flip-flops and felt a frown pull her eyebrows together. She hated not understanding what she'd done wrong. Hated leaving him uncomfortable and her out of sorts and horribly horny.

She hadn't been in the mood for Richard after Garrett had left. And Richard had gone to work shortly after he'd finished his beer. Which had left her edgy, horny and bitchy. She'd done the dishes, vacuumed the house, done loads of laundry – anything not to have to go to bed alone and think about how she'd blown it.

She'd had the perfect plan, had worked hard on getting Richard eager to help her, but she should have listened to him in the first place. He'd warned her that a straight-arrow guy like Garrett might not enjoy the kinds of games she liked to play.

Jayne lifted her head and stared at his closed garage door. But he had a side entrance, didn't he? Same as hers. No doubt his would be locked, because he wasn't looking for a lawman to rush to his rescue, but since all she wanted to do was talk, why not now?

She straightened her spine and stomped across the alley, letting herself inside his fence and walking along the narrow sidewalk to his back door. Before she could chicken out, she reached out and rapped three times then stepped away from the stairs.

Footsteps neared, sounded heavy, which meant she wouldn't embarrass herself greeting a girlfriend in her PJs. The door swung open and Jayne's mouth dried in an instant.

Garrett filled the doorway, wearing pajama bottoms loosely tied at the waist, but nothing else. His broad chest and chiseled abdomen were eye level, giving her a view that caused her heart to flutter.

His hair stuck up in places. His jaw was covered with morning shadow. He must have just crawled out of bed, but his eyes were sharp, narrowed, and trailing down her bare legs. "Something you need, Jayne?"

She swallowed. "I didn't sleep last night."

"Neither did I. Although I doubt for the same reason."

"Richard left right after you did."

"So maybe the same reason," he said, sounding grumpy.

Jayne slowly walked up the steps. "You alone?"

He didn't budge from the entrance. "I haven't changed my mind."

"I just wanna talk."

His jaw flexed, but he stepped aside and let her pass through the door. Her nose twitched at his musky scent and she couldn't help the shortened breaths that kept pulling that scent into her mouth and nose. God, just sharing the same air with the man made her hot.

She entered his kitchen, finding the floor plan identical to hers. However the colors were more suited to his dour personality—oyster walls, deep blue curtains over wooden, slatted blinds. Stainless steel appliances. Her own kitchen was a sunny yellow with white and red appliances.

She walked to the counter. “Would you like coffee?” she asked, reaching for his pot and emptying the cold coffee into the sink.

“Help yourself,” he muttered.

Jayne pressed her lips together to halt her smile. Since when did she find grumpy so damn hot?

She refilled the pot while he emptied the basket, replaced the filter and added a scoop of grounds. When the coffee was set to drip, she wiped her hands on a towel and turned toward him.

“I better get dressed,” he rumbled in his deep voice.

She thought she might understand the source of his discomfort. It poked against the thin cotton of his pajama bottoms.

“Don’t think you have to on my account,” she said softly.

His chest billowed around a deep breath and he scrubbed a hand over the bristles cloaking his jaw. “Do you always say exactly what’s on your mind?”

“Just being honest. I don’t mind. I know how a man’s body works. Richard often has a morning hard-on.”

He bit out a low curse and turned away, adjusting himself.

She let her grin slide across her face. “I didn’t mean to embarrass you.”

Garrett turned and reached past her, startling her with his rapid move, but he was only reaching for the coffee cups in the cabinet beside her head.

Her gaze dipped below his waist, snagged on the thickness of his erection, then came up slowly to meet his dark green gaze. She hadn’t known that about him—the color of his eyes. They were like dark moss, but not nearly as soft.

He dragged the cups down and slapped them on the countertop. "You wanted to talk," he said, and poured steaming coffee into both mugs.

She didn't bother asking for creamer, guessing he probably took his own black. She wrapped her fingers around the cup and took a sip, wrinkling her nose and wincing when it burned her tongue.

"Easy there. It's hot."

"Yeah, I know."

They stared at each other for a long time. Then Jayne gave herself a mental shake and pushed away from the counter, walked toward the kitchen table and took a seat.

She watched him move slowly toward her and take a seat opposite, the table hiding the evidence of his interest, which allowed her to concentrate on the yummy perfection of his taut waist and wide shoulders. Her gaze slid along the corded muscles of his arms, tracked back to the dark hair stretching between his flat nipples...

"Jesus," he bit out, shifting on his chair. "You wanted to talk?"

Jayne took a deep breath and lifted her gaze to lock with his. "I wanted to apologize again." Not really, but how else could she steer the conversation toward the reason for his refusal of her invitation?

"Last night's stunt could have ended very badly. I'm a cop. I was armed."

"But you didn't pull out your gun. You showed excellent judgment. And it's nice to know you would have protected me if it hadn't been Richard sneaking into my house."

"I would have done it for anyone."

His curt deflection didn't sting. Much. She sucked in a deep breath. "Do you find me attractive at all?"

His brows drew closer, darkening his expression. "You're beautiful, but then you know it."

Jayne shrugged. "Then why..."

"Like I said last night, I don't swing. Sex isn't a game."

"Then why did you keep watching?"

He glanced away. "I couldn't help myself."

"Was watching all you wanted?"

His jaws ground together. "What do you want me to say? You made my life a living hell for more than a week."

Jayne blinked. "Why didn't you stop us? You could have said something."

Garrett closed his eyes. "I couldn't help myself," he repeated.

This time his voice sounded strained. It hit her. Garrett didn't have anyone in his life to relieve his sexual needs. Didn't have a girlfriend or he'd have zoomed out the doorway, seeking relief after the first time she'd played in front of the window.

Garrett was lonely. While they'd played, trying to entice him to join in, he'd yearned for connection because he wanted more than sexy games.

Jayne hadn't considered that possibility, but now she thought that she might want more too. Garrett wasn't a player. He was the kind of man who'd be there when the fun ended and the real work of building a relationship began. Just like Richard – but with a sexy, sharp edge.

And just like Richard, Jayne thought Garrett could be led around to her way of doing things. "Can we start over?"

His chest rose and fell again around a deep sigh. "What do you have in mind?"

"A date," she said, biting her lip. "Just you and me."

His gaze narrowed. "How's Richard going to feel about this?"

"He'll understand. I wasn't lying when I said we're friends. He wants me happy. I want the same for him."

"I've watched you come a dozen times," he said, his tone gruff. "How do you think we can start fresh?"

Her cheeks warmed, and this time she didn't bother trying to hide her smile. "Do you really want us to pretend you haven't seen me come or that I haven't seen your

cock? I might be able to manage it for about ten minutes, but I can't promise I won't be eyeing your pants and wishing for more."

He snorted and a reluctant smile edged up the corners of his mouth. "Think we can even make it through dinner?" he muttered.

"I sincerely hope not." Jayne didn't question the impulse. She never did. And she hoped she wasn't moving too fast for him, but she pushed up from her chair and walked around the table. Then, bending, she cupped her palms around his cheeks and kissed him.

He tasted of coffee and toothpaste. His mouth didn't move beneath hers, for a second anyway. He waited until she stroked her tongue along the seam of his lips then he opened, groaning into her mouth.

His hands landed on her waist and pulled her down, and she straddled his waist, careful as she eased over the thick column between his legs.

She slanted her face and deepened the kiss, whimpering when he rutted against her open sex. Thin cotton was all that separated them and she felt the heat of him where she needed it most. She drew back, pressed a quick kiss against his mouth then rose from his lap. She cleared her throat. "Eight o'clock okay with you?"

He sat back in his chair, his face tight and hard. His green eyes studying her. But he nodded, and she turned without another word, wanting to get out the door before he changed his mind.

As she let herself out of his home, she smiled. Garrett didn't know it, but tonight neither of them was going to make it past hello.

Chapter Three

Garrett resettled in his seat in the squad car beside his partner Finn, wishing it was his turn to be at the wheel. Anything to keep his hands and body occupied, because he was ready to crawl out of his skin.

"Got something you wanna talk about?" Finn asked, not taking his gaze off the road in front of him.

Garrett grunted and turned to the window.

Finn snorted. "That sounded like 'fuck you' but didn't answer my question."

Garrett mulled over how to open the conversation so Finn didn't laugh his ass off.

"This have something to do with that blonde next door?"

Garrett made another noncommittal noise, assured Finn had gotten the hint he should keep going with the guesses. Anything not to have to put to words exactly what he had crawled up his butt.

"Why don't you just ask her out?"

Garrett ground his teeth. "She's got a boyfriend."

"You think it's serious?"

"They sleep together."

"How do you know?"

"I've watched them."

"You've watched them..." Finn shot him a questioning glance, but must have seen the blush heating up his face because his mouth stretched into a wide, sly grin.

"Shut up. I don't wanna talk about it."

"Too late, buddy. You've watched them. As in, perv through the window?"

He aimed a baleful glare Finn's way. "They left the curtains open and the lights on. I couldn't help but look."

"Think they did it on purpose?"

Garrett blew out an exasperated breath. "Yeah."

"So what's the problem? You think they only want you to look?"

"She asked me out. Boyfriend gave me permission."

Finn laughed. The low, husky sound of it grated on every last one of Garrett's nerves.

"Wait," Finn said, still chuckling. "Let me get this straight. She asked you out, and he told you to go for it? What the hell's the problem?" Finn gave him another glance and his laughter faded. "Ah... By-the-book Garrett's thinking about playing sex games."

"This can only end badly."

"By badly, you mean you're afraid you'll be left in the dust when they're through with you."

"Not they. I haven't agreed to do a damn thing with them both."

"But you're thinking about it."

Garrett shifted in his seat and stared out the windshield. "Yeah. Can't stop thinking about it. But I don't like being manipulated."

"You want it on your terms."

"I want a say. I don't want to be pushed into something I'm not comfortable with."

"But you're afraid it will all be off if you don't go with the flow? Sounds like you need to start off on the right foot. Show them up front that you can bring your own game. What do you think tonight's all about?"

"Her getting me into bed."

"That's step one. Step two?"

"Not sure. But I don't like the way the two of them look at me."

Finn gave him another long look. "You're thinking about going there, aren't you?"

"Hell no." Garrett grimaced then sighed. "But I can't stop thinking about *there* with both of them. Finn, you don't exactly have a conventional relationship. You and Bunny."

"No, we don't. But we've been working on it for a long time. We trust each other. Is the blonde worth it?"

"I can't get her out of my head. I know I want her."

"Then maybe you have to do this to get her out of your system. But, buddy, you need to take the lead."

"I'm taking her to dinner. She thinks it's going to be just her and me. I need help, man."

"You want a wing man?"

"I need you and Bunny. A buffer. Otherwise, we won't make it through hello. We're gonna do this my way. My pace."

Finn laughed again. "Didn't know you had it in you, man. Never thought I'd see you playing sex games. You gave me such hard time about Bunny."

"Rub it in, why don't you?" Garrett growled.

"I will, but I wouldn't miss tonight. Just exactly what do you need?"

* * * * *

"Did he mention where he might take you?" Richard's deep voice was muffled as he pawed through the clothing in her closet.

Jayne lay stretched across her bed, still wrapped in a towel after her shower. "He didn't say; I didn't either. And I really think clothing will be optional."

Richard chuckled. "I'd be jealous, but I know you'll tell me all the juicy details."

Jayne grinned. "You know it, sweetie."

"Found it." His arm appeared before the rest of his body did, brandishing a little black dress. "Wear this. Skip the underwear."

She wrinkled her nose. "I have to wear pantyhose. My legs are too white."

"Where's that shimmer cream?"

She lifted a hand to point toward her dresser top.

Richard laid the dress on the edge of the bed and snagged the bottle of gold-glitter body lotion. "Lose the towel."

"Not fair," she groused. "You'll start something I can't let you finish."

His eyebrows waggled. "I'm just gonna get you warmed up for him, babe."

Jayne stood beside the bed and dropped the towel at her feet. "Does this bother you at all?" she asked softly. The last thing she wanted to do was hurt him. They'd been together for so long, through really rough times, sometimes they seemed like the same person.

And she knew she took the fact he'd always be there for granted. Forgot sometimes that he was handsome, smart and funny. A man any girl would be lucky to have.

"Does it bother me that he's gonna have all the fun tonight?" He shrugged his broad shoulders. "Yeah, but I can't say I'm surprised. You didn't see the look on his face when he charged through the door last night."

"Sure I did. He looked ready to tear you apart. But he said he would have done that for anyone."

Richard squirted cream into his palm then indicated with a twirl of his fingers that he wanted her to turn away. When his hands glided down her back to her bottom, she relaxed, enjoying the slow massage as he worked the perfumed lotion into her skin.

"He was lying," he said softly. "The man's so into you, he can't think straight." He rubbed his hands over her buttocks, sliding his fingers into the crevice dividing them.

"Behave," she warned, gasping at how good it felt.

"Want everything smooth and smelling fresh, don't you?"

Jayne laughed. "Just keep moving south."

He sighed his disappointment but knelt behind her and glided his hands down her thighs.

Jayne opened her legs to give him access to her inner thighs and didn't say a word when his fingers repeatedly grazed her pussy. She'd have been wasting her breath telling him she wasn't interested because her own moisture coated his fingers.

"Sexy," he whispered. He turned her with his hands then pressed a kiss against her belly. "Promise I won't use anything but my fingers, but I think I'd be doing him a favor taking the edge off, sweetheart."

She gripped his slightly shaggy, light brown hair hard. "Fingers only. And you're right. I'm so tight now, I'd jump the poor man's bones at the door."

"Bet he wouldn't mind." He traced the edges of her inner folds and two fingers dove deep.

Jayne hiked one thigh over his shoulder and rocked forward and back as he stroked into her and rubbed his thumb across her clit. The pleasurable ache he built curled tighter in her belly. "Dick," she said, tamping down a moan. "I'm afraid."

"Of what, baby?" His fingers tunneled deeper as he toggled her faster.

When she gave a cry, his hands cupped her buttocks to hold her upright. Then he calmly returned to smoothing more lotion down her thighs and calves. "What has you so worried?"

Jayne trembled above him then patted his hair to soothe his scalp. "I'm afraid he thinks I'm just a slut and this is just a game."

Blue eyes winked. "It's not?"

She snorted. "You were supposed to start by reassuring me I'm not a slut. But I don't think this is just a game."

"You've already laid it out for him. You can't pull back now. But I think he liked what he's seen of you so far. Just be yourself. He'll love you just like I do."

She wrinkled her nose again. "You love me and all my flaws?"

He arched a brow. "You have so many, maybe I should reconsider."

He lifted her feet one at a time and slathered on more lotion. When he'd finished with the last foot, he lifted it and sucked on her big toe. "Just checking. Stuff tastes good too."

Straightening, he tipped her chin with a finger and kissed her mouth. "I'm heading to work. Be yourself. And have some fun. Garrett looks like he hasn't had any in a long, long time."

Jayne watched him leave, wishing she could call him back and ask him for a hug, but he didn't need her using him for comfort. She picked up the dress and stuck her arms into the sleeveless armholes then tugged up the side zipper.

Standing in front of the mirror, she sucked in her belly and turned sideways. She'd never liked this dress because the shirred fabric made her ass more pronounced. However, she wasn't dressing for other women who might be supercritical of all that "junk". Richard had told her before that the dress was pure torture on a man's libido.

She tugged down the short skirt, stepped into a pair of strappy sandals and spritzed perfume on the sides of her neck. She left off jewelry, figuring she didn't want to worry about it when the clothes started flying, and headed to the living room.

The doorbell rang at the front door, which surprised her. When she swung it open, she saw that Garrett had parked his car along the curb. Then she took her time studying his appearance, making a slow perusal while he did the same to her.

The sight of him dressed in dark slacks and a white dress shirt, left open at the neck and the cuffs turned once, had her pressing her thighs together to stem the excitement building inside her.

"You ready?"

So he did expect them to go out. *Rats*. "I just need my purse," she said. "Want to come in?"

"I better wait here," he said, his gaze dropping down her body again.

She turned, smiling, and walked toward the bureau. She picked up her purse but purposely dropped it then bent down to pick it up.

His quick intake of breath was everything she'd hoped for. She straightened and gave him a small smile. "I'm ready."

Garrett bit back a groan. He swallowed hard, noting the narrowing of her eyes and the catlike curve of her mouth.

She thought he didn't have the fortitude to resist. Oh hell. Who was he kidding?

He stepped across the threshold, latched hold of the tops of her hips and pulled her against his body.

"I like the way you say hello," she said, a smile stretching her mouth.

"Do you always flash your assets at your dates?"

"Only when I'm fishing for something."

"I'm here," he ground out. "What is it you wanted?"

She tapped her lips. "A kiss is a good start."

Safe enough. He lifted one hand and cupped the back of her hair, touching it for the first time. The baby-soft curls tangled around his fingers. He bent toward her, noted the flaring of her pert little nose and how her blue eyes nearly crossed as she watched him descend.

Damn, was everything about her this cute? He pressed his lips against hers, tasted the strawberry flavoring of her lip-gloss and licked between them, thrusting his tongue into her mouth and getting his first taste of Jayne. Mint flavoring exploded on his tongue.

His heart thudded heavier inside his chest. His cock thickened, his balls drew closer to his groin and he widened his stance, pulling her closer to rub against her soft belly.

Jayne moaned. The sound small and feminine, and scraping down his back like fingernails.

He pulled away, breathing hard, then slid the hand remaining on her hip down to her ass. The shirred skirt didn't take much of a tug to ride higher, and then he was cupping her bare skin, massaging the soft globe while his arousal spiraled out of control.

Jayne bit her bottom lip. Her eyelids drifted downward.

Garrett knew he had her. That all he had to do was walk her backward to the couch, pull her across his lap and open his pants. He'd be inside her in under thirty seconds, but he'd blabbed to his partner about his date, and Finn wouldn't let him live it down if he didn't show.

He'd thought he wanted the protection of company so he could prove to Jayne he wouldn't be manipulated into fucking her on her terms.

Now he knew he'd hoisted himself on his petard. Fuck.

"I'm okay with that," she purred.

Must have said it out loud. Double fuck. "We have to go. We have reservations and it's a double date."

"Didn't think you were into ménages," she purred.

"Not a ménage," he said, lightly spanking her bare ass. "Just meeting for drinks."

She reached behind her and squeezed the hand that clutched her ass. "If you'd rather—"

"No. I'm wishing we didn't have to go farther than your bedroom, but...hell. You'll see what I mean when you meet my partner."

"So you are gay."

He knew she was teasing him by the wicked glint in her eyes, but he shook his head and scowled. "Play nice."

"I always do."

The drive to the Italian restaurant seemed to take forever. Her flowery scent filled the car, made his nose and his dick twitch. All he could think about was running his tongue all over her curves to find every place she'd touched with her perfume.

Jayne flipped down the visor and gazed at herself in the mirror. "You must be wearing my lipstick." She opened her small black bag and rummaged inside. Then she laughed.

"What is it?" he asked, darting a glance toward her lap.

Jayne raised a small silver object in her palm for him to see. "Richard left us a present."

"What..." But he knew the second the words left his mouth. "A vibrator. Your boyfriend gave you a vibrator for *our* date?"

"Isn't he sweet?"

"I'm assuming he intends you to use it."

"We could always surprise him. Want me to put it inside you?"

His gaze swung toward her. Her smile reassured him she didn't have designs on his ass, but the shiny metal egg did up the tension riding his body. "It's mine to use however I want or you're gonna pitch it out the window."

"Fine by me," she said, sounding breathless. "It's all yours."

He swung into the parking lot and drove to the back, halting beside a tall hedgerow. He turned to her and gave her a hard stare. "Before anyone sees. Get up on the seat on your knees."

Jayne's eyes shimmered with excitement, and she quickly turned away, shifting her knees onto the seat and bending toward the window. "Be quick. I don't want anyone to see."

"That worries you?"

"Someone other than you might see, and yeah, I don't flash my *vajayjay* to the whole world."

"Nice to know." Without lifting the back of her skirt, he reached beneath it and smoothed a hand up a creamy thigh. His fingers met the swell of her outer folds, feathered over them for a moment, then tucked between them. Then, with his other hand, he quickly inserted the egg, pushing it deep, his fingers sliding inside moist, hot walls. "I get the remote," he gritted out, breathing hard.

"Wouldn't have it any other way," she replied, just as breathless.

He dropped his hands but gave her butt a pat, and waited while she dove into her purse for the wireless remote.

He shoved it into a pocket, unlocked his door and stepped out, walking around the car to let her out. He stood so close she had to rub her body all over his as she stood.

Staring down, he reached into his pocket and flicked the switch. "Just testing," he said softly. "Batteries working?"

Her eyelids drifted, her lips went slack, but she nodded dreamily.

"Great," he said, sliding her hand over his arm and guiding her toward the door of the restaurant.

Finn stood in the entryway, his gaze honing in on Jayne whose hips rolled in languid glides. His eyes widened. His lips pursed around a silent whistle. When he met Garrett's narrowed gaze, he laughed. "You must be Jayne," he said, turning back to Jayne and holding out his hand.

Garrett sent a jag of current to the vibrator.

Jayne whimpered, biting her lip. "Um, yes...Jayne." She slipped her hand into Finn's but tugged it quickly away.

Garrett lowered the vibrations and slid an arm around her waist.

She sagged against his side. "I'm so going to kill you," she whispered.

He kissed her temple. "Breathe. We'll stay for drinks. Then I'll take you home."

Finn led them inside to the table he'd procured.

"Where's Bunny?" Garrett asked, glancing around.

"She couldn't make it. A hang-up at work. So it's just us." But his attention wasn't on Garrett.

Something of Jayne's feminine distress must have telegraphed because Finn eyed her expression. "Are you feeling all right?"

"Um..." Jayne touched her hair and gave him a tight smile. "I need to visit the ladies' room. Be just a second."

Garrett caught her hand and leaned down to whisper. "It goes right back inside. No cheating."

As she walked away slowly, her steps small because her thighs were clenched, he couldn't help grinning.

"What the hell was all that about?" Finn asked, his gaze still on Jayne's backside.

Garrett fished the remote from his pocket.

Eyeing the device, Finn chuckled. "This just gets better and better. Guess dinner's gonna be cut short, huh?"

"Yeah, but help me out. I don't want to rush things too much."

Still chuckling, the men took their seats, both keeping watch for Jayne. When she returned, her face flushed, Garrett stood and helped her slide across the leather seat of the booth. He tucked her into his side, closing a hand around her hip. "Bellini okay with you?"

She nodded quickly and rested against him.

"How you holding up?" he whispered into her ear.

"Are you asking if I'm holding *it* up?" she growled.

He brushed her ear with a kiss, loving the delicate shiver that worked down her neck. "I didn't doubt for a second you'd follow my directions." He flicked the remote, turning up the speed a notch.

Her hand landed on his thigh and squeezed. Her eyes closed and her breasts juttled.

"For fucksake," Finn muttered, taking a quick suck of his bourbon.

Garrett unrolled silverware and dropped a napkin on her lap. "Put this between your legs."

She pressed it between her thighs and closed them. Everything beneath her waist was hidden from view from everyone but him.

"Rock your hips. Just a little. Enjoy it, baby. I'll make you come, right where you sit."

Her eyes widened with distress. "Don't. Christ. Not here."

"Gonna deny me? Wouldn't Dick be disappointed you didn't enjoy his gift?"

She bit her lip. "I'll...make noise."

"It's pretty loud in here. No one will hear."

Her face turned toward his. Her lips glided along his cheek. "Finn will."

"Finn will be polite," he murmured.

"God, I hate you."

"Just let us watch. You like it when someone watches. Ready?"

She shook her head and burrowed her face against his neck.

But he didn't feel sorry for her. He revved up the remote, felt her body jerk against him. Her head fell back and she arched.

Finn's lips twitched. His brown eyes danced with amusement. "So, Garrett," he said, overloud, "you never told me how the two of you met."

Chapter Four

Jayne rolled her eyes, hating Garrett's partner at the moment. The humor glinting in his gaze said he knew exactly what Garrett was up to, which meant the rat had told him.

Still, the men talked on and on, about work, about the Mariners, about a lot of things she couldn't grasp because the vibrations quivering through her vagina were doing a number on her composure. She was sweating, and the gliding little rocks that Garrett insisted on were working her skirt up so that her bottom sat directly on the cool leather.

The sensations—cool, smooth leather and Garrett's hard body cozied up next to hers—were more than she could handle.

Hot liquid seeped between her legs and she crossed them, pressing her pussy against the napkin and rubbing her foot against Garrett's shin in a frantic rhythm.

And the bastard knew what was happening to her. Knew the moment it overwhelmed her.

His hand clamped harder on her hip as waves of ecstasy poured over. Her back arched and she bit her lip to still the sound, but he pinched her chin, forcing her mouth open and kissed her.

He swallowed her moans, his tongue swirling inside her mouth like she wanted him to do to her pussy, which was convulsing, little shocks of pleasure rumbling outward from her womb and causing her to shake.

When she quieted, he lifted his head. His eyes were warm with approval and he tucked her face against his neck, holding her close as her eyelids drifted down.

This time when the men's voices resumed, the deep tenor soothed her until she drifted away, wrapped inside Garrett's arm, his heart pounding beneath her cheek.

A deep contentment settled inside her. Like parts of a puzzle snapping together. She could get used to this. She could crave this for the rest of her life. Now she just had to convince Garrett that what she wanted wasn't wrong or sinful.

Although, how convincing could she be when her body hummed with contentment sandwiched so close to his side that she could feel the arousal tightening the muscles of his thigh? His hand caressed her with increasing insistence. Lord, how much longer would it be before she finally got him alone and had her wicked way with him?

The vibrator hummed to life inside her again, and Jayne moaned.

"Shhh..." he whispered against her ear.

"Your fault if I'm noisy," she muttered, clinging to his thigh and nuzzling closer, feeling like an addict strung out on drugs, only this was a habit she never wanted to kick. "God, can we leave?" she groaned. "Please?"

"Almost ready," he said, his gaze narrowing just enough she should have worried. "Just one thing I need from you, Jayne, before we go."

"Anything," she groaned.

Garrett tucked a lock of her hair behind her ear then cupped her cheek. "I've been on the outside looking in, and I'm left wondering where I stand."

She began to shake her head, to tell him he didn't have any cause to worry about her intentions.

He pressed a finger against her lips. "Don't give me any reassurances. I just want to know whether you're willing to be left swinging in the wind a bit yourself."

Did he really expect her to hold a thought longer than a second? "What are you saying?"

Garrett opened the hand not holding her hip. The shiny remote sat in the center of his palm.

Her gaze shot to Finn whose lips pressed together as though he was trying to hold back his laughter. "What are you doing?" she whispered.

Garrett slid the remote across the tabletop toward Finn who palmed it and hid it under the table.

Jayne squirmed beside Garrett. The vibrations quivering inside her went from a steady hum to a rhythmic throb, and Jayne gasped, too embarrassed to keep her gaze on Finn while he stared at her face. She turned to Garrett.

He angled his body toward her, shielding her from the rest of the room. The hand on her hip slipped between her legs, cupping her.

Not caring what anyone might see at this point, she opened her thighs without hesitation and leaned back against the leather squabs. With both Finn's and Garrett's attentions focused on her and the little silver bullet bucking inside her, she never stood a chance.

Just as she shot over the precipice, Finn spiked the vibe to full throttle, sending her screaming over the edge with Garrett's mouth slamming down to muffle her cry.

* * * * *

Garrett parked next to the curb and hurried around to the passenger door.

The glossy languor of Jayne's gaze as she glanced up made him smile.

Only it was more of a grimace than a smile. The past hour had been pure torture—watching Jayne's expression as she climaxed twice, wanting to reach across the table and knock the smirk off Finn's face as he made her come. But he'd held it together. Barely.

What had possessed him to start that game, anyway? Had watching Richard and Jayne made it seem more acceptable to expose his inner fantasies? Or was he trying to compete against Richard for the most intense public sexual act?

He clasped her hand and pulled her from her seat, steadying her when she swayed. "Easy there. Almost home."

"I liked your friend," she said, her words a little slurred.

"He liked you," he clipped. Finn had hurried from the restaurant, no doubt bent on finding Bunny to assuage the arousal no man could suppress after watching how beautifully and lustfully Jayne had come undone.

"You shared the vibrator with him," Jayne said, her lips pouting.

"Only seemed fair," he muttered. "You and Richard share everything."

"Finn's not going to fuck me."

"No, he's not. But neither is Richard tonight."

"Are you getting territorial?"

Garrett slid his arm around her, guiding her up the sidewalk to her door. He set her back against the wall and held her waist while he unlocked her front door. Jayne had never looked sexier. Not even with Richard banging her from behind.

Her short hair was mussed, her lips blurred. Her blue eyes unfocused.

And liquid smeared her thighs.

He couldn't wait to taste her arousal. Had been hard for an hour as he played with her. He knew he wasn't going to last long, but didn't think she'd mind if he went a little wild, because he'd been hitting the remote all the way home, enjoying her moans, which layered one atop the other as she scissored her thighs together.

"You're cruel. A sadist," she whispered.

"And I'm a horny bastard. Get in the door. Walk down to your bedroom and lift your skirt to your waist."

Jayne didn't argue, just walked ahead of him and pulled up her dress so it rode the crest of her hips, kicking off her heels as she went. When she reached her bedroom, she crawled atop the mattress and braced herself on her arms, her sweetly curved bottom pointed his direction.

Garrett had his pants open, his cock in his hand and crawled onto the bed to snuggle up against that soft, creamy ass. He thrust two fingers inside her pussy, snagged the egg and tossed it between the pillows at the top of the bed.

"Thank God," she groaned.

"Don't get too comfortable," he said, palming her bottom. He leaned down, inhaling her musky fragrance and licked at the moisture clinging to her outer lips.

Her breaths grew jagged, edging toward whimpers, and Garrett lashed her with his tongue, prodding between her lips and swirling into her cunt. He thumbed her clit, felt her jerk and her legs wobble. "Easy," he breathed, and kissed her there again.

But he was too far gone, too hard to ignore the pressure building in his balls. He slipped a condom from his pocket and rolled it down his cock, fisting himself once to test the fit, and then placed himself at her entrance. "I've been waiting all night for this. Since you flashed your pussy at the door."

A choked laugh was followed by a quick groan as he slid inside her. "You're made of stronger stuff than I thought," she said, her voice strained. "Didn't think we'd have to leave."

"Did you want to flash it again at the restaurant?" he asked, his voice tense as he began to rock, in and out, trying to do it gently because she was tight.

"No. Only to you. Told you, I'm particular about who sees my *pussy*."

He loved the way she said that word—breathy, distressed. He powered into her, stuffing himself inside as deeply as he could reach.

Her back caved, lifting her bottom higher.

"Damn, Jayne," he said thickly. "Your cunt feels so fucking good."

Her steamy pussy closed around him, claspings, releasing. Her bottom pumped up and down, dragging her lips along his shaft. He clutched her hips, holding her still as he took control and thrust forward and back, tunneling inward and pulling out, her inner muscles caressing his shaft so much better than his own fist.

And she was so damn beautiful. The way her waist narrowed then flared toward her round hips pleased him. The even tone of her pale skin, like the softest, tastiest whipped cream, had him wishing he had a can of Reddi-wip to stripe her body with.

He'd take his time licking it from her breasts, the gentle swell of her belly, and dammit, he'd have to work it into her pussy, because he was going to eat her out.

Soon as he came and got himself under control. Right now he could hardly think beyond the strokes that quickened to match the rhythm of his thudding heart. Couldn't drag his gaze away from her pussy because watching himself sink inside her had been tops on his favorite fantasies list for days.

He hammered her. Thrusting deep. Listened to the short, urgent breaths he pounded from her body that grew louder as she began to moan.

Days of hearing her breathy whimpers through her bedroom window hadn't prepared him for just how lusty and loud the woman got. She popped her butt backward, slamming to meet his thrusts, widened her stance and sank her chest to the coverlet while her hands fisted in the bedding to keep her from scooting across the mattress. "Garrett! Garrett!"

"What, baby? What do you need?" he said, refusing to slow down.

"I'm gonna come."

"Anytime you want."

"Want you facing me... Have to hold you."

Garrett bit back a groan but pulled out then flipped her, spread her legs and zeroed his cock on her entrance again and slammed deep.

This view was so much better, he almost thanked her. Her face was flushed a bright strawberry red, her lips moist and swollen. Her eyes were narrowed, icy-blue slits that watched his face, darting between his eyes and his lips as if she wanted to kiss him but couldn't muster the effort.

His chest met hers, her tiny nipples poking hard at the material still clothing their chests. Her fingers dug into his back then slid down to clutch his butt. He flexed harder, sharpening his strokes at her nail-digging insistence.

He was starting to sweat and so was she, and slippery heat only added another dimension of hell as he tried to hold out just a little longer, long enough to watch her come, but he wasn't going to make it.

He braced his hands on either side of her shoulders, giving himself more leverage to slam. She planted her feet in the mattress and bounced her hips up and down, meeting his thrusts.

The sounds they made together, wet, sharp slaps heightened his arousal, and when her body arched beneath him, her mouth opening around a scream, his balls exploded.

He shouted, his eyes squeezed shut and he hammered harder, losing the beat, because he was jerking against her, thrusting as deep as he could reach, his body jetting cum at her womb but filling the tip of the soggy condom he hated with fiery-ass passion at the moment.

He wanted to fill her, wanted to wallow in his seed and her arousal, skin to skin. He slowed his thrusts and dragged air into his starving lungs.

Her hands soothed him, caressing his chest, his arms, wrapping around his back and tugging him down until he blanketed her body.

Still gasping, he nuzzled the corner of her neck, waiting until his tongue could work again, and he could act like something more than a primal ape because all he wanted right now was to howl and beat his chest. "Fuck, that was good."

Laughter sputtered beneath him. "You always this smooth, lover?"

"Your fault," he muttered.

"Blew every one of your brain cells?"

A bark of laughter caught him by surprise. He never laughed during or after sex. Jayne was certainly unique. He lifted his head and bracketed her face between his palms. Then he bent, bypassing her waiting mouth to lick at the sweat on her cheek. "Salty."

"I'm wet all over."

"That's a problem?"

She sighed. "No. That was pretty powerful. Never knew a boyfriend with so much muscle could work it so good." Her head turned to the side, her eyes blinking dreamily.

His cock was losing strength, but he ground inside her anyway, wishing again he didn't have the damn condom between them. How soon could they be tested? Would she agree to an exclusive relationship?

A choked laugh jerked her chest.

"What's so funny?"

She shook her head and her body jerked again with laughter. When he stopped moving, she pinched his chin and turned his face toward the window. He hadn't noticed before, but the blinds were open.

Richard stood across the alleyway, a wide smile on his face. He lifted a beer in a silent toast.

Garrett turned back to Jayne and gave her a hard glare. "How long's he been there?"

"Probably waited on us the entire time we were at the restaurant."

"You arrange this?"

"I think he did."

"Dick's gonna be disappointed," he growled. "I'm not sharing."

Jayne arched a brow. "But you don't mind if he watches..."

"He can eat his heart out," he bit out. "I'm not done with you."

"Promises, promises." She curved a thigh over the crest of his hip and ground her clit against the base of his cock. "Seems little Garrett's taking a nap."

"I think I'm feeling insulted." His cock stirred inside her. He raised an eyebrow.

"My, my..."

He kissed her again, hard, and flexed his buttocks to dig into her.

"Garrett, I don't know if I can do this again. I'm weak as a baby," she gasped. "Sure you wouldn't like a beer...cool off a bit before we start again?"

Garrett sighed and dropped his head on her shoulder. "You want to invite him in, don't you?"

"He'll want the deets. The egg was his gift."

Garrett breathed deep but pulled free from her warmth and rolled off her. "Guess I better lose the condom." He rolled off the bed and padded to the bathroom, but he didn't have the door closed before she was rushing to the bedroom door. Disappointment tasted sour in his mouth.

What was it with her and Richard? Had she only used him for their entertainment?

Garrett braced his hands against the counter and leaned in, lifting his head to meet his reflected gaze. What the hell had he gotten himself into?

* * * * *

Jayne opened the side door and stepped aside as Richard climbed the steps and entered. For the first time in a long time, his steady stare caused her to blush.

When she closed the door, he trapped her against it, barring her with his arms. "You like him."

Jayne pressed her hands against his chest to hold him off. "Well, duh. That was the point, right?"

He canted his head, staring. "No, you more than like him. And he seemed very into you too."

She glared. "Well you know exactly how into me he was. You set me up."

"And you were too busy gettin' busy to notice. Should I be jealous?"

Something in his voice even though he'd said it flippantly told her he was a little worried. "Are you jealous, baby?"

Richard's brow furrowed. "Yeah, guess I am. I'm feeling more than a little superfluous." He dropped his arms and moved back. "He didn't look very happy when he realized I saw you two."

"He wasn't. Truthfully, neither was I. I wanted to have this first time be just him and me. Intimate, you know?"

"And what was everything we did together to get him here?"

She wrinkled her nose. "Foreplay. And it worked really well. Oh, and thanks for the present. We both enjoyed the hell out of that."

One brow arched. "Really?"

Her cheeks flared again.

"Really?" he repeated, his voice deepening. "Do tell."

Jayne huffed and walked past him, dragging her skirt lower. "Let's just say that he isn't above a little exhibitionism too – with the right partner."

"Well, congratulations. At least you know he's willing to play."

Needing to change the subject quickly because she was getting hot again, she asked, "Do we have any beer left?"

"I stocked up. Just in case."

"You can have another then I really do need you to go. He's holed up in the bathroom and I don't know how he's going to be with you here. If he decides three's a crowd, I'm gonna have to ask you to go."

Richard winced. "This is my home too."

"I'm just being honest here. I'm not ready to let him go."

"You think you'll have to?"

Jayne shrugged nonchalantly, not willing to let him see how deeply the whole experience affected her. "Tonight was fun. Something that pushed him out of his comfort zone, I'd bet. But I can't see him willing to share me if he starts getting serious."

"You want me to pull back? I can make myself scarce. Give you a chance to land him and make him more comfortable with you before you show him everything you bring."

Jayne shot him a glance, biting her lip. She was tempted. "No, if I have to play him, it's not going to work. I'm the way I am. I have needs. If this doesn't work out between us all, then he's not the one. But we need to bring him around gradually."

Richard cleared his throat. "Sweetheart, does he know we're married?"

"Shhh!" She darted a glance toward the bedroom door. "Hell no. He still thinks we're just friends."

"He doesn't seem like the kind of guy who'll take being lied to very well."

"Richard, I know. I swear I'm not playing fast and loose. Not this time, but I think he has ideas about how things are supposed to go between a man and a woman, and while he let his friend watch me come unglued tonight with the help of your little silver bullet, he's not going to be as adventurous when it comes to a polyamorous relationship."

"We're not going to ask him to break any laws."

"I know. But we will be working our way around to getting him to sleep with us both. Share a home with us both."

For the first time, Richard's expression shuttered her out. "Wow. You're falling fast," he said softly.

"I don't want to. I swear I don't. But he gets to me. I hope you're going to be okay with him too."

Richard pulled her against his chest and she nestled against his heat.

"Why can't we be satisfied with what we have?" she asked mournfully.

He kissed her hair. "Why be satisfied when we can have more?"

Her lips slowly curved. Did the man get her or what? But the door of her bedroom creaked and she moved away from Richard, giving him a warning glance.

Richard lifted his chin to Garrett in a typical male greeting. "How's it hangin'?"

Jayne pressed her lips together to halt the laughter bubbling up inside her.

Garrett gave Richard a look that didn't hide an ounce of his irritation. "You sucking on the last beer?"

Something they could all agree on. Jayne gave both men a cheery smile and headed to the refrigerator, glad for a reprieve from all the testosterone stinking up the air. "I'll be right back. Don't kill each other while I'm gone."

Chapter Five

Garrett finished stuffing his shirt into his pants and tightened his belt.

It felt damn awkward setting his clothing to rights while Jayne's boyfriend watched him with a smirk sliding up one side of his mouth.

"You two do this often?" Garrett ground out.

Richard studied him for a long moment then he took a seat in the chair, indicating with a hand that Garrett should take the sofa.

Garrett didn't want to sit. Didn't want to shoot the breeze with the other guy. He knew exactly what Richard looked like naked. Exactly what he was packing.

He'd seen Finn naked, walked in on him and Bunny a time or two when they'd shared a place, but they'd managed to keep things from getting sticky or uncomfortable.

He wasn't so sure Richard didn't have designs on him, and that made the hairs on the back of Garrett's neck lift. Made his body hot and hard but ready to flee in a second if the man so much as leaned his way.

"To answer your question, Jayne and I haven't been faithful to each other. But we haven't played together with another partner. And you're the first we've tried to seduce. Together."

"What makes me so damn special?"

"Jayne's been spying on you. Ever since we moved in. She watched you through the blinds. She thought it was just for fun, just to get me going, but I could tell by the way she talked about you that she wanted you. And now she really likes you."

Garrett's gaze sliced. "What about you?"

"Do I want you? Guess that's a fair question. I'm not gay, if that's what you're worried about. I don't have designs on your ass or your cock. But I wouldn't mind being there when you two go at it. We could make it all about her. Her pleasure. Jayne's a generous lover. Plenty for both of us."

"I don't get how you can be okay with that."

"I love her. I want her happy. Jayne and I have been together a long time. I know when she gets restless, when she's feeling insecure. She needs lots of attention. Lots of reassurance. It's really more than one man can handle."

"Sounds more like she needs professional help than to add lovers."

Richard frowned. "Jayne's fine the way she is. She's a little needier than most women, but she's also extremely giving. If she loves you, she'll do anything to make you happy."

The kitchen door slid open and Jayne walked in with two glasses filled with golden beer. Her gaze darted from Richard to Garrett and tension entered her expression, digging a line between her brows. "You two okay? Do I need to leave again?"

Richard shook his head, smiling softly at her. "Come have a seat next to Garrett."

Garrett noted the way Richard's voice changed. There was an edge to the way he'd spoken to her. Like it was a command.

And her body reacted to that subtle change of inflection. Her expression cleared, her cheeks growing rosier. Her hips slid side to side just like they had when she'd clutched the egg inside her.

And Garrett knew what it meant. Had been privy to watching Bunny and Finn as they'd navigated a D/s relationship. His stomach dropped. He'd never understood what drove either of them. How Finn could let Bunny work inside a sex club but think he was in an exclusive relationship with her.

How the hell had he arrived in the same predicament? Still, when Jayne sat beside him, nestling close to his side, he couldn't move away. She smelled like sex. Smelled like him. And her eyes, so beautiful and worried, pulled at his heart.

"Jayne, why don't you remove that dress," Richard said, his voice quiet and even. "You're going to get it messy."

Jayne's cheeks flushed and her gaze dropped. But her hand went to the zipper at the side and slowly dragged down the tab, opening it. When she'd bared her side completely, she glanced back up at Garrett, a silent plea in her expression.

He couldn't have said why he did it, but he leaned forward and helped her remove it, holding the fabric as she slowly drew out her arms. Then he balled it and tossed it to the end of the sofa.

She sat naked beside him, a blush blooming on her cheeks and the tops of her breasts.

Richard didn't move, just watched, his expression giving away nothing of what he felt.

The moment stretched. Garrett's cock began to thicken against his thigh, and he shifted to make himself more comfortable.

Jayne leaned closer, her hand landing on his thigh. Her fingers closed around the burgeoning column.

Garrett sucked in a deep breath and laid his hand over hers, halting her exploration. "I don't know if I can do this."

She swallowed. Her eyes grew soft and a little moist. "I know it's harder with Richard so close. Try not to worry so much about what you're used to or what you think's right. Think about what you want."

Think about what I want? He couldn't think at all for want of her. And he wanted her on her knees, sucking down his cock. Wanted Richard to lose that little smirk that was easing up both corners of his mouth.

Jayne must have sensed him wavering because she slipped her hand from beneath his and got busy with his shirt, slowly working the buttons open. "You can stop me," she whispered. "Anytime. I won't be mad. I'll be disappointed, but I'll understand."

He didn't want her disappointed, didn't want to hurt her either. Something about her, the soft girlishness, made him believe she really was that vulnerable. Was as needy as Richard had said. "Tell me," he said, his voice gruff. "Does this ever stop? If I fall in with this, will it be enough or will you hunt for some other guy?"

Jayne licked her lips. "It's just you. I promise. I want you. And him. We'll be complete."

"For how long?"

"For as long as you want me."

He could have her. Get his fill. Then walk away. He could do it without letting his heart get in the way. At least he told himself he could do it.

Jayne opened his shirt then tugged to free it from his pants. "I love your chest. There's so much of it." She cupped him, swirled a fingertip over a nipple.

His muscles flexed in reaction and she smiled, leaning down to tongue the hardening little tip. The moist sound as she suckled made his dick stir.

"Go ahead and strip, Garrett," Richard said.

Garrett shot him a glare over her head. But when Jayne's hands went for his belt, he didn't say thing, letting her open it and slide down the zip.

He lifted his hips and let her push his pants and boxers down. Then she slipped from the couch and knelt to drag off his shoes and slide the pants the rest of the way off while he dragged off his shirt.

When he was nude, she looked over her shoulder at Richard.

Richard's gaze flickered over his cock then went to Jayne. He smiled. His gaze locked with hers and he gave her a little nod.

Garrett held his breath as she reached between his legs and cupped his balls, lifting them as though weighing them in her palms then closing her fingers around them to squeeze gently.

The soft tugs caused his cock to jump, tapping his belly, and she bent toward it, licking along his length while she massaged his balls.

Garrett couldn't be a spectator. Couldn't worry about the other man watching when he was so desperate for her to take him in her mouth. He sank his fingers into her short blonde curls and centered her over him.

Her mouth opened, her tongue stroked out and lapped around the soft crown. Then she closed her lips around him and suctioned while she continued to lick around and around the cap.

He closed his eyes, let his head fall back and gritted his teeth to hold back the groan tearing to get free.

Jayne murmured around him and her hand slipped from his balls. Both wrapped around his shaft and she began to stroke him, her head lowering until her lips met her fingers then coming back up his shaft.

Garrett gripped her hair hard, trying to slow her down. He'd just come minutes ago. Shouldn't be edging so quickly toward another orgasm, but she was relentless, twisting her hands together to increase the friction, wetting him with her mouth so he felt as though he glided through a wet, hot pussy.

She sucked harder, little whimpers escaping as her breaths quickened, and he opened his eyes to find Richard walking around the room, looking for a better angle to watch her manipulations.

Richard stepped closer, laying his hand against her cheek.

Her eyes glided open and she stared up, her lips still clutching Garrett's cock.

"Climb over him now, baby. Fuck him while I watch."

Garrett glared, but didn't say a word as she opened her mouth and let him slip from her. In fact, he reached out to grip her waist as she straddled his hips.

She reached down, gripped his shaft and centered the tip at her entrance.

When she sank, her mouth opened around a deep, agonized groan. "Garrett," she whispered. "I can't...so weak..."

Her body quivered, and he understood. He couldn't leave her in distress. He picked her up and laid her over the coffee table then knelt between her splayed thighs and entered her.

He ignored Richard, sitting so close. Kept his gaze on Jayne, whose back arched, lifting her spiked breasts, and he couldn't resist their invitation, leaning over her to suckle, drawing them between his teeth and chewing gently.

Her thighs widened, her legs stiffening, toes pointing outward. He hammered against her pussy, shoving the table in small, jouncing increments across the hardwood floor.

Richard laughed softly beside them. Then he circled the table, leaned against it to brace it and bent over her face to kiss her while Garrett licked her nipples and thrust harder.

Jayne broke the kiss, her face turning side-to-side. "Now! Now! Garrett!" she keened.

He backed away, thrust his arms beneath her thighs and pulled her hips toward him, pounding harder, faster—until at last, she sucked in a deep breath and her body bowed, lifting from the table as she came.

Garrett couldn't take any more. The rippling convulsions caressing his cock sent him over the edge. He hammered wildly, shouting at the end when his balls emptied.

This time uncloaked. He froze. "Fuck."

"You worried?" Richard asked. "We're clean. Promise. And she's on the Pill. Should we be worried about you?"

"I haven't..." He gasped then took another breath, trying to slow his heart. "I haven't been with a woman in a while. Last checkup a couple of months ago. I'm good."

"I'll second that," Jayne said, sliding her hands down her belly to where their bodies were still joined. "Don't move for a second, okay? I like this part."

Since he was still pulsing inside her, he liked it too. Too much. Where was his resentment of Richard? Did a hot piece of pussy erase every taboo he'd held sacrosanct?

Richard knelt beside Jayne and kissed her cheek. "You okay?"

Her smile was tired but pleased. Then both turned to gaze at him.

Garrett dropped her thighs and backed away, grinding his teeth as his cock hit cool air.

He didn't speak. Just settled on the couch again, naked. Annoyed as hell that they both were simply staring at him, waiting for him to say something, but what the hell could he say? "I don't like this."

Jayne leaned up on one elbow. "Which part?"

"What? You're gonna change the part I don't like?"

"I'm flexible. So's Richard. Whatever part you don't like. Tell us."

"I don't like him watching."

"Really?" Her chin lifted, her gaze challenged. "Really?"

Not really. But he was a man and didn't like admitting that having another man watching him fuck a woman had turned him on.

Jayne sat up on the table.

He couldn't help raking her naked body with his gaze. Her skin was pink where he'd chafed it with his chest hair. Her pussy glistened with moisture. And she didn't bother closing her legs. The woman didn't have an ounce of modesty.

He liked that.

Her gaze landed on his cock. "Why don't I believe you?"

"Think my cock's some kind of lie detector?"

Her lips twitched into a smile. "Men can't hide certain truths when they're naked."

Richard chuckled, sitting on the table behind her. His hands smoothed around her belly then glided up to cup her breasts.

Anger flared inside Garrett, sending heat across his cheeks.

"Jealous much?" Jayne said, her eyelids narrowing.

"I better go."

Jayne relaxed against Richard's chest, taking a deep breath. "Don't run away. I promise we won't ask more of you than you're willing to give."

"This isn't my thing. I don't share. I don't do threesomes."

"This isn't about what flavor of sex you prefer. It's about whether you want me. It's only about me. You've already compromised. You watched us fuck, Garrett. You provided us pleasure just by being there, across the alley and watching."

Garrett raked a hand through his hair. He didn't like feeling unsure. Didn't like how he was being pulled. The right thing to do would be to leave the two of them here to their games, but the other part of him, the one that had been entranced from the start – with Jayne and her easy, natural sensuality – wanted more.

More Jayne. More new discoveries. More cringe-worthy explorations. Because he'd never been so aroused, constantly hard, for such an extended period of time.

Partners he could find for the vanilla acts he felt comfortable with.

But no woman he'd ever bedded gave him the heady release that Jayne had.

Even when he'd stroked himself to orgasm, watching her, the intensity had made him grit his teeth.

Richard cleared his throat. "How about I take the choice away from you. You won't have to make any decisions. Only commit to following my direction."

"You think that would make this easier to swallow."

"Interesting choice of words... You need to stop thinking about what you should do. You need to react. To feel. I'll help you."

"You won't touch me."

"No, Jayne gets that pleasure."

"Have you..."

"Been with men? Of course. Jayne likes to watch."

Jayne bit her lip, her glance slid away. "He's not gay. But he's flexible. We go with the flow. And if something happens...we don't worry about labeling it."

"There are some things I won't abide."

"I'll keep that in mind. Join us?"

Garrett wanted to. He was curious. "I need time to think."

Jayne nodded, but disappointment showed in the dip of her shoulders. "Take all the time you need. We aren't going anywhere."

"No more peep shows."

Richard nodded, his expression shuttering.

Garrett knew they thought he was rejecting them, but he couldn't be worried about their feelings. He had to be able to live with the consequences if he surrendered.

* * * * *

"So you gonna tell me what happened between you and Jayne?"

Garrett tightened his grip on the steering wheel of the cruiser. "She and boyfriend want a threesome."

Finn snorted. "What did you do? Wipe the floor with Dick?"

Garrett grimaced. "That just sounded wrong. I told them I had to think about it."

Finn's eyebrows rose. "I knew she was different when you treated me to the sideshow at the restaurant. You've always been so private."

"How do you do it? You and Bunny?"

"You never wanted to know before."

"I can't imagine letting my woman work in a sex club. How's that working for you?"

Finn squinted at the windshield. "She doesn't fuck the clients, if that's what you're wondering."

"But she gets them off."

He shrugged. "What can I say? She's good."

"It doesn't bother you that she's around naked men and women all day and night?"

"She comes home to me."

"How the hell did you two meet anyway?"

Finn grinned but didn't answer.

"Yeah, guess I don't wanna know."

Finn cleared his throat and shot him a glance. "So tell me about your girl. What chafes the most about this arrangement?"

"I don't share."

"If you feel that black-and-white about it, why are you struggling with this? You're tempted, aren't you?"

Garrett let go of the knot in his belly. "I can't see how this won't end badly."

"You're falling for her."

Garrett glanced away. "Yeah. Probably from the first sight of her lush little mouth curving into that kitten smile."

"This Dick guy...what's he like?"

He shrugged. "He's all right. A little bossy. She loves him."

"I can see how that bothers you. Do you think she can't love you too?"

"We're different. I see what she gets from him. I just don't know what she sees in me and how it will last longer than the thrill of getting me into bed."

"What does she get from him?"

"Dominance. I thought the way they talked that she was the one in charge. The peepshow was her idea."

"She is in charge. Even when he's the one commanding her. He can't do anything she doesn't really want. It's the way it works."

"Bunny, she's..."

"A dominatrix and a good one. But with me, she prefers I top her. It's how she unwinds. And it's the thing I give her that she can't get anywhere else. She trusts me that much."

Garrett didn't understand the dynamics. Didn't really want to. All he wanted to know was whether he could look himself in the mirror if he accepted Jayne's invitation.

Taking a deep breath, he asked the question that bothered him most. "You don't think there's something broken inside someone who needs that kind of play?"

"You think Jayne's broken? Or are you wondering about yourself because you're intrigued?"

Garrett didn't answer. But Finn had nailed it. If he'd had the guts, he would have admitted — *both*.

"So what are you gonna do? Can you go back to before Jayne? Will the women you wanted before her satisfy you again?"

Garrett sighed. "That's the thing, isn't it?"

"Yeah, once you've stepped across that line, you can't ever go back."

Chapter Six

A knock sounded on her kitchen door, and Jayne's heart fluttered for a moment then began to race.

She reached for the knob but closed her eyes, praying before she opened it a crack.

Garrett stood on her stoop in the rain. His expression was typically hard, deliciously scary.

"Richard home?" he asked, his voice rasping.

She licked her lips before croaking, "He's at work." Stiffening her backbone, she opened the door wider.

Garrett leaned his shoulder against the frame, seemingly uncaring that his hair and clothing were getting soaked. "Work nights much?"

"Yeah, every other day. He's an intern."

Garrett glanced away then turned back, locking with her gaze. "Can we talk?"

She almost smiled. He wore the same expression, used the same words she had when she'd made up her mind to approach him the last time. She moved aside and let him stride inside.

Again, she was struck with his size, with the angry energy that buzzed through him and set her own body on fire. Did he even know that he radiated sexual intensity like a furnace did heat?

Once inside, he roamed the kitchen restlessly.

Jayne didn't interrupt his thoughts. Waiting anxiously to hear what he'd decided. Both she and Richard had been hopeful he'd come around. They needed him. The past couple of weeks had added a spark they hadn't known they'd missed in their own relationship.

Finally, he halted in front of the sink, turned and leaned his butt against the counter edge.

His gaze landed on her, his dark brows lowered. "I'm not into the D/s thing. I couldn't get into the leather and whips."

"We've moved beyond that too," she said quickly, hope blossoming.

"But you let him bind you and spank with a whip." His jaw tensed. "I've never laid a hand on a woman. I wanted to beat the crap out of him."

Jane wrapped her arms around her middle because she wanted to fly into his. "I like being spanked on occasion. But he never hurts me." She gave him a little smile and shrugged. "And we wouldn't mind if you got angry."

He shook his head. "You're both nuts."

Her smile widened. "Yeah, but we know our limits. We'll teach you about yours."

"I'd need alone time with you."

Jayne nodded, her body beginning to warm as she realized they were negotiating his terms for surrender. "There'd be plenty of that. His schedule, yours—they don't exactly mesh."

"You're here all the time? You don't work?"

"I'm here when he needs me. I'll be here for you too."

His head canted. "You don't work?"

"I work out of this house. I'm a writer. I freelance. Write text for websites, design them. I don't make a ton of cash, but we like the flexibility."

"You've been together a long time."

Again, she nodded. "Since college. When he was premed and I was in graphic design and computer programming. I roomed with his girlfriend. When she left, he stayed. We discovered we liked living together. Made it a permanent thing."

"I want to keep my own home."

"You're a private guy. I get that. And it might take time for you to warm up to Richard emotionally, but I think you're already intrigued with the sex part, aren't you?" His glare intensified, and she smiled. "Yeah, you're intrigued all right."

"We're not going there," he muttered.

"Richard will be relieved," she said, grinning openly. "Be warned, modesty and pride kind of fall by the wayside when you watch each other fuck."

"Dammit, Jayne. This isn't funny."

"I know." She walked closer. Close enough to breathe him in. "It's not funny. Not a game. But I like to play them. Will you be okay with that?"

He stiffened as she moved closer. "Depends."

"On what?"

The corners of his lips twitched. "Whether you'll give me something every time you press me to do something I'm not comfortable with."

Jayne's cheeks warmed and she moved close enough her chest pressed against his. "I'll be fair," she whispered, gazing up.

At last, his hands reached for her, one clutching her hip, the other holding her head. "Is it okay for us to fuck without Richard being here?" he growled.

"If we're in this together, we want everyone happy. Everyone satisfied." She wrinkled her nose. "But he'll want to hear about it."

"There aren't any secrets between you two?"

"Not a one."

"Will there be any between us?"

"Do you really want to hear the blow by blow?"

His green gaze darkened. "I might not like it, but I think I'll need it."

"Because it will make you horny, right? That's what it does to Richard."

"Dick. Don't you mean?"

“Yeah, he’s my dick. You will be too.” She bit her lip and looked away. It was now or never. “About secrets. I don’t want any major ones between us. But you have to know just one. It might matter to you.”

Garrett held still. His gaze grew wary. “Out with it.”

She cuddled closer to his chest, wanting to wrap her arms around him and hold him because she knew this might be a deal breaker and she was scared. “When we decided to make our arrangement permanent, Richard and I... We married. He has benefits with his job. I didn’t. And we knew we’d be in this forever. Will that matter to you?”

His jaw flexed. A swallow worked its way past his Adam’s apple. It mattered. She could feel it in the slackening of his posture.

“It doesn’t have to mean anything to us,” she said, wanting to reassure him but knowing how it sounded. “We have our own names, our own identities. No one but HR really knows.”

His hands set her away from him then dropped. “I don’t know if I can do this.”

“Garrett, give it a chance. I swear, a piece of paper won’t mean you’re not equal in this relationship. That I won’t love you every bit as much as I do him.”

His gaze left hers, rising above her head, and she felt him pulling away.

Jayne rose on tiptoe, leaned against his body and cupped his cheeks, tilting his face down. When their lips were separated by a breath, she said, “Garrett, it’s not a matter of when I come to love you. That’s already happened. I tend to make up my mind quick. And I’m stubborn. I don’t let go of an idea or an emotion easily.”

“What about when kids come?” he ground out.

“I’ll want them. With both of you. But I’d like to wait until we’re comfortable living together.”

He shook his head again, that strong square jaw grinding audibly.

She pressed closer, kissed his mouth, his cheek, glided her lips along his clenched jaw. "Give us a chance, baby. I can make you happy. I can make this work."

His eyes closed. When his hands cupped her hips, she held her breath, afraid he'd push her further away, but his fingers dug into her flesh, pulling her against him. His cock stirred against her, unfurling.

Tears filled her eyes, and she kissed his mouth again, a sob sifting into his.

"Don't," he said, his lips lifting in a snarl.

"What, cry? Can't help it."

"There's no question about me wanting you, Jayne."

"But me having another man in my life, that bothers you." She sniffed and backed away, grasping his hand. "We're alone now. Please..."

Garrett dragged his feet, following her toward the bedroom, knowing there wasn't any way he could resist the plea in her glossy eyes. He'd seen her tears before, and they cut him raw.

Light striped the bed through the wooden slats of her bedroom window. Striped her flesh as she slowly removed her clothes.

He didn't move, just stood, watching her. When she was nude, she reached for him, tugging at his clothes until they fell away. Still, he didn't participate, moved like an automaton when she pulled him toward the bed.

She backed onto the mattress and scooted to the middle, never taking her gaze from his. He followed, pulled by the fevered anguish that tightened her face.

He couldn't say whether this would be the last time or not. Couldn't think about what it all meant. Didn't want to dwell on the fact she was another man's wife. That last fact hurt too damn much.

But he had to be inside her. It had to be now. He lowered himself over her, sighing when her arms surrounded him and her legs parted.

He dove into her, thrusting toward her core, all the anger and bitterness inside him making his strokes harsher than he would have liked, but he couldn't stop. Had to punish her for making him feel this way. Making him want her so much he questioned everything about himself.

What she wanted from him was too much. He'd thought before that he could be part of her threesome and win her over for himself. Eventually seduce her away from Richard, but their bond was too strong. He'd always be on the outside. The latecomer, the one they'd added because they were bored.

Her eyes gleamed with tears, but did the tears stem from sorrow or from disappointment that she'd lost the game?

He powered into her, thrusting his cock like a cudgel.

Only she didn't wince, didn't do anything but blossom wetly beneath him, surround him with her heat and the sweet tremors that rippled along her channel, caressing him like her fingers working their way up his spine.

Jayne arched beneath him, her eyelids drifting down, her teeth biting into her lower lip, denying him her kitten smile.

When he slowed his movements, her eyelids rose slowly, tears gleamed, softening the blue of her irises until they looked like tiny empty pools.

He pulled out of her and knelt between her legs, pumping his hand along his shaft while he gave her a glare that had her scrambling to her knees and bending to take him into her mouth.

Only when her lips closed around him was he able to stop thinking and only feel the gentle suctioning that sent her down his shaft, the pull of her lips as she came off him. Over and over she milked him with her mouth, her hands twisting around his base and pumping.

It was the most glorious blowjob he'd ever had in his life. Made all the more memorable by the way her hair feathered forward and back from her face, the way her

eyelashes fluttered up and down as she worked him, the way her body swayed, her thighs tightening, her bottom lifting as her arousal grew again.

He tugged her hair and pulled her off his cock, turned her to face away and clasped her hips. He finished them both in seconds, slamming toward her core relentlessly, his breaths sobbing with the effort even after he'd emptied himself inside her.

* * * * *

"Dr. Anderson, you have a visitor at the nurses' station."

Richard raked a hand through his hair and stifled a yawn. Another long damn night and he hadn't been able to get hold of Jayne. Either she was very, very busy or she didn't want to talk to him. Either way he was worried.

Things between them were about to change in a very big way. And he wasn't sure he was ready. Change might be more effort than he could afford to expend at the moment. He still had a year of internship to fulfill and his life wasn't going to slow down for a very long time. He'd been almost relieved when Jayne had taken a shine to Garrett. As much as he loved her, he couldn't be everything to her.

He turned the corner and then drew up short when he saw who it was.

"Garrett." His glance went beyond his shoulder, but Garrett was alone. "You look like you need to talk."

Garrett gave him a single sharp nod.

Richard tightened, not liking the tension in the other man's face. "I can take a break. We can take a walk outside if you like. I could use the fresh air."

Richard stopped talking because so far Garrett hadn't said a single word. He led him out of the hospital toward a grassy area with a couple of concrete benches.

Richard sat on one, leaving Garrett space beside him.

He was surprised when Garrett sat so quickly, expecting that everything would be difficult and awkward as closed off as Garrett's face appeared.

"You both have a good life," Garrett said, his voice sounding hollow.

Richard nodded. "Yeah. And it will only get better. I'll get past the internship, the residency. Sometime in the future I'll actually have time to be a full partner in this relationship."

"I don't know where I fit. Why you in particular would want this. You say you want Jayne happy, but why aren't you working harder on the relationship you do have to make it right. Why bring me in?"

Richard dragged in a slow, deep breath. "Jayne and I are close. Like the same person. Same likes, dislikes. We need more friction."

Finally a reaction. Garrett aimed a quick glare his way. "I'm the friction?"

"You're the goddamn spark. Frankly, our sex life has never been better than it has been these past couple of weeks. We both need you. You wouldn't just be something extra on the side. You'd be the center."

"You said you have certain kinks."

Richard smiled and glanced away. "I like watching even more than I like being watched. And I like...directing. Not in a Dom way. I know you'd never go for that, but I like setting things up."

"You set up the robbery scenario."

"Jayne's idea actually. Told you, we think a lot alike. But I'm the one who planned it."

"She's your wife. What will I be to you?"

"She told you." Richard sighed, realizing just how important this conversation really was. "My friend, I hope. Brothers, eventually. I know that will take time because we're both feeling a little jealous of each other, but it's my hope, our hope, that we grow into something more. You're thinking about it, aren't you? Or you wouldn't be here. So I have to know something."

Garrett shrugged, but his back stiffened.

Richard drew another deep breath. "Is this just an experiment for you? Something you think will just be fun and then you'll walk away? Because if it is, I'd ask you to find someone else to play with. Jayne's not really fragile, but she's got an innocent heart. She throws herself into love. I wouldn't want her hurt."

"I'm not sure what this is for me. I'm still thinking. My upbringing wasn't the Brady Bunch. I carried around this picture in my head of what the perfect family would be like. And I do want family—kids, dogs, a nicer house with a big freaking yard. This takes adjustment."

"Take your time. We'd want you sure."

Garrett nodded, but again his expression shuttered Richard out. "What will you tell her?"

"About this?" Richard looked away at the sunrise breaking through the clouds. "That we have to give you space. She won't be happy about that. And knowing her, she'll be tempted to try to persuade you. But I'll talk to her."

Garrett stood and extended his hand. Richard grasped it, instantly liking the strength of his grip and his solemn expression. If Garrett came to them, he'd be committed. He wasn't the kind of guy to play fast and loose.

As Garrett walked away, Richard pulled his cell phone from his belt. Jayne answered on the second ring. "Babe?"

"Yes, Richard?"

"Make sure to close the blinds in your bedroom."

* * * * *

Jayne heard the car pull into the drive across the alley. She sat on her window ledge just as she had for the past three nights and lifted a slat of her blinds to peer out. Just like every night before, the garage door slid up, Garrett's car pulled in and the garage door slid down.

She had her answer. Garrett wasn't going to come around no matter how much time she gave him to think it through. No matter how much enticement she might add. And she was fresh out of ideas for how to persuade him.

She missed him. Richard had been super-attentive, but he had seemed a little down too.

"Come away from the window, sweetheart. You're torturing yourself."

"Patience isn't working," she said. "He'll never come around if we don't push a bit."

Richard grabbed a pillow and pushed it under his head. "He's given us his answer. Leave it."

"I'm not ready to concede." She turned the slats to allow Garrett a view if he chose to look.

Somehow letting him see made her feel a little less unhappy—as though she was reaching out to touch him.

"What are you doing, Jayne?" Richard's voice sounded tired.

"He's seen the kink. He hasn't seen the caring. He doesn't *know* we love each other. Or how it would be if he let us love him."

"You know I'll do whatever you want, sweetheart, but is this healthy? For you?"

"It's what I need. And Garrett can look or not. But he has to know I'm still thinking about him. Still wanting him."

His arms closed around her from behind. "How do you want it?"

"Straight up. Sweet. Show me you love me, Richard."

"Show him, you mean?"

"Show us. It's what this is all about. Building something beautiful."

Jayne turned inside his arms and opened her robe. Then she reached for him, tugging down the waist of his boxers and wrapping her hands around his shaft as he pulled her against his chest and kissed her.

His hands massaged her shoulders then glided down her back, tracing each notch of her spine to her bottom, which he fondled with increasing ardor.

Jayne gasped and let go of his cock to slide her hands around his neck. Then, lifting on tiptoe, she kissed his cheeks, his closed eyes before slanting her head and taking his mouth.

Richard's hands gripped her ass hard and lifted her.

She quickly wrapped her legs around his waist and he walked to the bed where he crawled onto the mattress with her still wrapped around him.

When he came down on top of her, he broke the kiss and glided his mouth along the edge of her jaw.

Jayne didn't want a slow ascent. With the blinds open, her body was already melting, desire curling in her belly. "Richard, come inside me. Please, please." She kissed his nose, his cheek and cupped his face to force his mouth to hers again.

He thrust his arms beneath her knees and brought her thighs up, pressing them high against her chest.

Curled so tight she couldn't move, she whimpered when he stroked inside her.

He came up on his arms and powered into her, slamming against her pussy. She couldn't help the urge and turned her face toward the window as she came, her eyes closing, her back arching, head digging into the bedding as she splintered apart.

* * * * *

Garrett couldn't take his eyes away from Jayne's shattered expression. He knew every sensation Richard enjoyed at precisely that moment, the strength of the pulsating muscles that closed around his cock, the painful anguish of her voice as she lost all control. And he couldn't begrudge Richard the joy of her. Was even strangely grateful that the other man could give her heart ease.

Garrett had spent the past days wrestling with his pride, with his morals, trying to figure out what he could give up without losing his sense of self.

In the end, it all came down to the fact he loved Jayne. And she wasn't going to change. She'd committed to Richard. In her own way. She wouldn't leave him. She'd promised the same to Garrett, and the longer he was away, the stronger the bond tying him to her grew. If he loved her, he'd have to accept her—as she was. He'd have to accept Richard in his life as well.

Garrett turned on his bedroom light, flipped his blinds open and leaned against the window casing, letting Jayne know he was there for her.

* * * * *

Richard answered the side door with a towel around his waist. "I don't want you here if you're not sure. Jayne's cried enough over you."

Garrett's chest felt heavy. He had to see Jayne. He cleared his throat. "I'm sure."

Richard stood back. "I'm heading to the shower."

Much as he might have preferred to see her alone, Garrett knew he had to lay both their fears to rest. "Don't you think you should be there too?"

Richard's gaze narrowed. "We don't have to move that fast."

"You nervous now?"

Richard snorted. "I'll follow you inside."

Garrett strode straight toward the bedroom. Once there, he didn't glance at the bed, just walked to the window and flipped the blinds. Then he slowly turned.

Jayne sat in the middle of the bed, the covers anchored at her armpits. Her eyes, always the mirrors of her soul, were wide and liquid.

Words dried on his tongue. He tugged his t-shirt from his pants and pulled it over his head. Then he toed off his shoes and shucked his pants. Jayne's gaze greedily gobbled him up, but she didn't let go of the sheets.

Standing naked in front of them both felt oddly natural, his heart and body exposed. "I tried to walk away. I couldn't. I've been miserable. Half a man." He glanced

at Richard. "If you're still willing, I'm ready to be a full partner. No half-ass commitment. We'll live together. Share responsibilities. Share her."

Richard nodded and sat on the edge of the bed. He reached across to Jayne.

Jayne held Richard's hand and met his gaze with worry in her eyes. "This is up to you. I know I've pushed you and you've bent to please me. I know it's harder now. Because it's not just a game. Not something transitory."

Richard didn't answer for a long time, but then he smoothed a thumb over the back of her hand, unknotted his towel and drew it from underneath him.

Jayne's lips pressed together as she stared first at Richard then Garrett.

Garrett breathed easier when he saw the happy smile tugging the corners of her mouth upward.

"Dear God, do you both expect me to do anything more than faint? Because I can hardly breathe thinking about having you both."

Garrett chuckled softly and knelt on the mattress. He and Richard crawled toward her, both reaching up to tug down the sheet. Garrett planted his hand in the center of her chest and pushed her down.

When she lay flat, they carved out their territory without ever saying a word—Garrett kissing her mouth; Richard going for a breast.

Jayne gasped and her tongue thrust eagerly forward, sweeping out and tangling with his. Her lips suctioned against his, sealing them together.

The coverings gave, and Richard dragged them down, baring her body. The scent of sex permeated the air. But Garrett didn't mind Jayne and Richard's intermingled lust. His body was hard, his mind already made up that he could do this, that he'd be happy to add his own lust to the heady mixture.

Richard lay down beside Jayne and turned her to face Garrett. His hand slipped over the top of her hip, his fingers parted her folds.

Garrett rested on his side, facing Jayne, and lifted her thigh over his hip. With Richard opening her folds, Garrett fisted his shaft and placed himself at her entrance.

Richard's hand stayed, his fingertips rubbing her clit while Garrett began to stroke inside her.

"This what you wanted, baby?" Garrett whispered, watching her changing expressions.

Jayne's eyelids drooped. Her mouth rounded as he drove deep. "I dreamed...but this is so much better..."

Garrett kissed her then drew back, giving Richard a nod. Garrett cupped her ass, his fingers sliding against Richard's taut abdomen. He parted her buttocks and held her open.

Richard withdrew the fingers swirling on her clit. Holding Garrett's gaze, he slid them over her asshole and thrust inside her.

Jayne's moans grew louder. The men fucked her in unison, letting her set the pace with her undulating hips, sweeping forward and back.

When she came, Garrett leaned his forehead against hers and slammed his hips forward, his balls releasing hot spurts of cum. But he didn't linger there, he pulled out and scooted back while Richard rolled her to her back and climbed over her, thrusting hard into her wet cunt.

The wet sounds surrounded Garrett. Jayne draped a leg over Garrett while Richard hammered her. An awkward hug to let him know she hadn't forgotten him.

Garrett lifted her hand and kissed it, pressing it against his damp, sticky groin to let her know he wasn't about to let her forget.

When Richard gave a muffled shout and sagged over Jayne, her face turned to Garrett. He bent toward her and kissed her.

Richard stirred to watch them.

Garrett broke the kiss then turned Jayne's chin to accept Richard's kiss.

When Richard moved off her, the two men slid close to either side of her.

Jayne's breathing evened then she looked from one to the other, a frown sinking a crease between her brows. "Are we going to have to play musical beds?"

Garrett grinned at Richard who waggled his brows. "So long as he sticks to his side of the mattress, I won't mind staying right here."

Chapter Seven

Two months later

Finn caught the edge of Bunny's hip and pulled her toward him.

She laughed and swatted his thigh with her crop. "Not here," she whispered. "Save that for later, when I'm not on the job. Couldn't have everyone here at the club knowing my knees melt for the High Executioner."

Finn gave her a quick kiss then let her step away. They both stood near the entry of the salon, waiting for the trio to show up.

"Tell me again. This is Jayne's idea?" he whispered.

"She wanted to surprise the guys." She glanced over her shoulder at Finn and lifted a brow. "That's why you're in disguise?"

Finn snorted. "Garrett would turn around at the door if he knew I was here to see his demise."

"Oh, I don't know," Bunny murmured. "Garrett's full of surprises. Jayne says the guys have gotten adventurous trying to outdo each other."

"You and Jayne have become thick as thieves. Should we guys be worried?"

Bunny arched a brow. "Only if you're shy, baby."

A light blinked on the phone next the bar. The bartender lifted it, spoke quietly then gave Bunny a wink.

"Show's on," she said. "Now scoot, Finn. If Garrett sees you with me, he'll bolt."

Finn moved away but kept his gaze glued to the salon's double doors. When they swung inward, he nearly lost it.

Jayne strolled in, dressed in her version of a harem girl's outfit, looking like the genie in a bottle. Her eyes were wide, her lips turned up in delight as she glanced around the room.

Richard and Garrett flanked her. Richard's eyebrows shot upward, but interest sparkled in his eyes. Garrett looked like a storm cloud about to burst—his eyebrows were furrowed, his lips crimped. If it hadn't been for Jayne's small hand tugging at his, Finn had no doubts Garrett would have done an about-face and stalked out. But who could deny Jayne? Finn couldn't wait to see how far his friend would actually let the little blonde bombshell prod him.

* * * * *

Jayne gazed around the room in awe. Opulent velvet curtains, upholstered sofas and stools formed individual groupings all around the large room. *Note to self*, she thought, *convince the guys to let me do a little redecorating*.

The thought fled the moment a man leading another man, a slender gentlemen who wore a harness around his balls, a ball gag in his mouth, a leather collar with a leash attached to it and nothing more, strode by.

She glanced up at Garrett to gauge his reaction.

He gave her a fierce glare. "No way in hell," he muttered under his breath.

She shrugged. "Not why we're here anyway."

"Not that I'm complaining, but why is it we're here, darling?" Richard murmured.

Husband #1, as she'd begun to call him, didn't seem nearly as resistant to the suggestion. *Note to self*, pay more attention to Husband #2's dick. He's much more agreeable after a blowjob.

Before she had to give an answer, Bunny strode toward them, pulling both men's gazes as though she had a magnet stuck to her boobs.

Jane eyed Bunny, taking in the other woman's black PVC corset and thigh-high shiny panties, and felt a moment of envy. Bunny was nearly as tall as Finn and looked

anything but cute and cuddly as her name implied. The tall black leather pirate's boots she wore forced every step she took to stomp, increasing the intimidation factor.

Yet the first time she'd seen Finn and Bunny together, Finn had slipped his arm around the other woman's waist and she'd cuddled against him, giving him an impish grin that had completely killed Jane's fear. Bunny adored Finn. Something the two women had in common. They loved their men.

But Jane had two of them and that had created the problem they'd come to repair.

"Oh hell, no," Garrett said loudly, pulling his hand away from Jayne's.

"What's wrong?"

She followed his gaze, scanning the room, passing a particularly large man with a well-oiled manly chest, then coming back again to stare at him. Although the man in the mask was trying to appear casual, something about him looked terribly familiar.

Bunny huffed. "Yes, it's Finn. You hardly thought he'd steer clear of the club tonight of all nights?"

"We're leaving," Garrett said, his fists curling at his sides.

"But I'm not ready to go," Jayne said.

"Have fun then," he bit out, and turned on his heel.

"Garrett..." Jayne dragged out his name, using the girlish, breathy voice she knew melted him like butter.

He halted and fisted his hands on his hips.

"That's better, sweetheart," she said. "Why don't you come on back here? We can talk."

He glanced over his shoulder, giving her a deadly glare that she knew was all bluster—at least when it was aimed her way. "Not until I know what you and Bunny have plotted between the two of you."

Jayne pushed out her lower lip. "You make it sound as if we're planning a bank heist."

"I'm sure it's much worse."

Richard chuckled, glancing between Jayne and Garrett, and then lifting his chin to Finn. "Hey, Finn. Nice gear."

Finn gave them a rakish smile. "Thanks, man."

"Jayne!" Garrett lifted a finger and then pointed to the ground beside him.

Jayne felt that command right in her pleasure center. She couldn't help the way her hips swayed as she approached him because she had to squeeze her thighs together. When she was beside him, she gazed up and blinked innocently. "What's the matter, Garrett?"

"Don't give me that look," he warned.

"What look?" she said, blinking again.

He stared then shook his head. When he raked his hand through his hair in frustration, she knew she had him. "It's for your own good," she whispered.

"What exactly is 'it'?" he bit out.

"You'll see. Bunny arranged something special for us."

"I don't like this."

"You always say that, but I'm always right, aren't I?"

He opened his mouth then clamped it shut. The hot glare he gave her now could have fried an egg on pavement, but she wasn't scared. She had his number. "We're happy, right?"

Garrett bristled a second longer then sighed. "Yeah."

"And I haven't ever asked you to do something you didn't eventually like, right?"

"Yeah..." He grimaced. "But, honey, in front of Finn? He'll never let me live it down."

"It's not what you're thinking."

He crossed his arms over his massive chest. "Then put me at ease."

She huffed out a breath. "Kinda blunts the surprise, baby."

One dark brow rose, making him look like The Rock. "I don't like surprises. I tend to take them to the ground."

"All right then." She blew out a breath then walked her fingers up his chest. "You know how you like to watch Richard do me, and Richard likes to watch you do me..."

"We are not doing each other while you watch."

She grinned. "No, I know *that's* verboten. But wouldn't you both like to do me together while someone else watched?"

Garrett bit his tongue before he shouted an adamant "No!" Jayne's cheeks were pink, her eyes bright with excitement. She'd walked her sexy walk all the way over to him and he knew this was something she wanted badly.

"I get a blowjob," he muttered.

She nodded eagerly.

"You'll feed me breakfast in bed, naked."

"I'll even smear my breasts with jam."

He wished she hadn't said the last quite so loud.

Finn's mouth pressed into a thin, tight line.

He ducked his head closer to hers and whispered, "You really want this?"

Jayne tilted her head back and smiled. Her large blue eyes twinkled. "You will too. Promise. We've come so far. I love sharing my life with you and Richard, but I know this will really seal our bond."

Garrett wished she didn't make him feel like she thought he hadn't fully committed. Hell, he slept in the same bed with them, had tag-teamed with Richard to love her more than a dozen times. If she thought he was holding anything back, he should have done more to reassure her.

He cupped her chin and lifted her face, planting a kiss on her lips. "Whatever. Let's just get this over with and try not to drag my dignity completely through the dirt."

Jayne flung her arms around his neck and squealed.

Garrett felt a blush heat his cheeks even before he lifted his gaze to see Finn and Richard grinning. Now they both knew just how pussy-whipped he really was. His jaw tightened further when he realized a dozen strangers had heard every word they'd exchanged too.

"Come on, you three," Bunny said, crooking a finger. "Follow me."

Garrett aimed a glare at Finn.

Finn lifted his hands. "I'm staying right here."

"See that doesn't change, buddy."

Finn's laughter followed them out of the room.

Bunny led them down a corridor with large plate glass windows that provided views into intimately lit rooms. Inside, couples played. Two were already busy banging. Another played a bondage scenario with the woman in stocks, one man kneeling between her legs eating her out and another spanking her flanks with a crop.

Garrett felt his heart begin to thud inside his chest. Anyone could walk by and watch them. "I hope like hell this isn't what you have planned," he said under his breath.

"Don't worry, big guy," Bunny said. "I have a more private room reserved for you. Only two people at a time can watch."

"That's supposed to make me feel better?"

She glanced over her shoulder. "Doesn't it?"

Garrett cursed softly, which set Jayne giggling. But while his mind was resistant, his cock was already stirring at the thought.

Bunny unlocked a door at the end of the hallway and flicked on the lights as she entered. She pointed to a mirrored wall at the far end. "I'll keep it to two watchers. I promise."

He nodded curtly and stepped deeper inside. The room was innocuous enough. A large bed sat in the center of the carpeted room. Deep blue and brown silk coverings with matching pillows were inviting. As far as he could see, no toys or contraptions lay hidden inside.

The tension in his shoulders relented and he walked toward the bed.

* * * * *

Bunny didn't look over her shoulder when Finn opened the door and slid inside. Finn reached for the intercom button and flicked it on.

Jayne's lusty moans filled the room.

"I want the soundtrack," Finn growled.

"Wow," Bunny whispered. "Garrett's hung. Jayne's a very lucky woman."

Finn's hands closed around her waist then slid behind her to start unlacing her corset. "They can't see us?"

"Not at all. We're free to get nasty."

Finn's mouth pressed a kiss against her bare shoulder and then stopped.

She knew what made him pause. Garrett stood, arms akimbo, his thick, hairy legs braced apart while Jayne knelt between them and treated him to a very sexy blowjob.

Richard stood at an angle to them both, his arm braced around Garrett's waist, while he slid his cock through Jayne's tight fist.

Garrett combed back Jayne's hair with his fingers, cupping her cheeks tenderly then flexing his hips to drive his cock deeper into her mouth.

Jayne's eyes closed and her cheeks hollowed as she sucked hard around the massive cock stroking down her throat.

"She's something," Bunny said softly. "She had them both stripped in five, had their cocks fluffed and turned to the mirror before they had time to worry about an audience."

"Garrett's had that glazed look all along?"

Bunny laughed. "The man's completely under her spell. Doesn't matter what he says he's into it." She tilted her head toward Finn and caressed his cheek. "Gonna tell him we watched?"

"Maybe after he's done it here a dozen more times."

"Think he'll come back?"

"I bet they have memberships inside a week. Did you see Jayne's expression when Kev walked past with a new sub in tow?" Finn slipped his fingers under the waistband of her costume bottoms and tugged them down over her boots. Then he fisted his hand in her hair and bent her forward.

"Gonna tell him you banged me while we watched?" Bunny groaned.

He fisted himself and placed the tip of his cock between her waxed folds. "I'm telling you, Garrett's gonna move up fast. Don't be surprised if he's doing this in the middle of the salon soon." A single thrust and his cock was surrounded with steamy heat. He groaned loudly. "Fuck, baby, you're so damn hot."

Bunny's chuckle was low and dirty as she raised her ass and powered back to meet his strokes.

He glanced up again to check on the progress in the room beyond the two-way mirror.

Garrett held Jayne in his arms while Richard pulled back the covers and tossed them to the floor. Then Richard lay on the bed, legs spread, holding his cock upright.

Garrett let go of Jayne and turned her, giving her ass a swat to urge her faster onto the bed. "Baby, I want your pussy grinding down Dick."

Finn snorted. "He's sure getting into it."

Jayne giggled as she climbed over Richard. She braced a hand on his shoulder and fisted his cock to guide it inside her. When she'd snuggled her hips down close to his, his cock buried deep, she shook back her short hair and gave Garrett a sultry glance over her shoulder.

Her eyes widened as she watched him lube his cock in steady strokes.

Finn slammed faster. "He's gonna do her ass."

"Garrett's got game," Bunny said, gasping. "But if Jayne can take him, she's Superwoman."

Jayne's lips crimped into a kittenish smile and she bent low over Richard as Garrett climbed onto the bed behind her. He cupped both globes of her ass and then swatted her again.

Jayne gasped then bent closer to Richard, her ass lifting in invitation.

Finn's breath held as Garrett placed his cock at her back entrance then spread her cheeks. He pulsed forward once, twice, and breached her.

Jayne's back arched and she fisted both hands in the sheets, lying over Richard, taking Garrett's strengthening strokes.

Finn hammered Bunny's pussy, felt a wash of liquid arousal surround him.

"God, Finn. Fuck me hard," she said, her head dropping between her shoulders.

Finn exploded, giving a shout as cum shot through his dick. "Fuck, fuck," he chanted.

* * * * *

Garrett's chuckle was strained as he continued to thrust into Jayne's ass.

"Think they know we can hear them?" Jayne whispered.

Garrett gave another choked laugh behind her. "Not a clue, baby. Can you take this?"

Jayne gave Richard a wink. "It burns but please don't stop. How you doing, Dick?"

Richard's face was red, his nostrils flaring. "Soon as he pops, I'm gonna fuck your brains out."

Jayne moaned as Garrett gave her another deep, sharp thrust. "Make it quick, big guy. I won't have anything left for him."

Garrett snorted. "Like I care whether he gets off. Fuck, this feels good."

"Uh...uh...uh..." came over the intercom.

"Are they right?" Jayne said breathlessly. "Would you do this again?"

"I'd need lots of persuasion."

Jayne grinned and buried her head in the corner of Richard's neck. "I'll let Richard play burglar again and you can do another takedown."

Richard laughed and wrapped his arms around her.

"How's it feel?" Jayne asked him, rocking forward and back.

"I can feel him," Richard moaned. "Like he's rubbing his cock against mine."

"Don't wanna hear that right now," Garrett grumbled. His fingers slid beneath her belly and homed in on the top of her stretched folds. He found the hardened nubbin and circled it.

Jayne's head burst. Light exploding behind her closed eyelids. Her body convulsing in sweet little shocks that rippled and squeezed all along her channel.

Richard groaned beneath her and his hips undulated in shallow swells as Garrett jerked against her bottom and liquid flooded her pussy and her ass.

When they all slowed their movement, they lay very still, trying to hear over their calming breaths.

"Do you think they're gone?" Jayne whispered.

"I think they're on the floor," Richard said. "My legs feel like rubber and I'm lying down."

"You can hear us?" Bunny's voice floated over the intercom.

Garrett's laughter shivered through Jayne and she shared a smile with Richard. "What we have...it's good, right?"

Richard brushed back her hair from where it was sticking to her sweaty skin. "It's damn near perfect."

"I'll work on that," Garrett said, pressing a kiss against the side of her neck.

Jayne turned her head and caught his kiss. "I love you."

Garrett's green eyes darkened. "I love you."

"What about me?" Richard whined.

Jayne bussed his mouth with a quick kiss. "You know I love you too."

Richard lifted a brow at Garrett, and Jayne turned to see his expression.

Garrett's scowl eased. "I'm still here, aren't I?"

They rolled carefully to their sides, careful not to disengage.

"I like this," Jayne said softly. Sandwiched between the two men she loved, she really couldn't be happier or more satisfied.

"I do too." Garrett nuzzled against her ear. "Still not going there, babe."

About the Author

Delilah Devlin dated a Samoan, a Venezuelan, a Turk, a Cuban and was engaged to a Greek before marrying her Irishman. She's lived in Saudi Arabia, Germany and Ireland, but calls Texas home for now. Ever a risk taker, she lived in the Saudi Peninsula during the Gulf War, thwarted an attempted abduction by white slave traders and survived her children's juvenile delinquencies.

Creating alter egos for herself in the pages of her books enables her to live new adventures. Since discovering the sinful pleasure of erotica, she writes to satisfy her need for variety—it keeps her from running away with the Indian working in the cubicle beside her!

In addition to writing erotica, she enjoys creating romantic comedies and suspense novels.

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

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Frannie 'n' the Private Dick

Jacq's Warlord *with Myla Jackson*

Jane's Wild Weekend

Lion in the Shadows

Lockdown

My Immortal Knight: All Hallows Heartbreaker

My Immortal Knight: All Knight Long

My Immortal Knight: Knight of My Dreams

My Immortal Knight: Love Bites

My Immortal Knight: Relentless

My Immortal Knight: Silver Bullet

My Immortal Knight: Uncovering Navarro

Raw Silk

Ride a Cowboy

Silent Knight

Sin's Gift

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