



**Open Proposal**

Rosemary Gunn

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## **Blurb**

Samantha and Eve have it all: a beautiful home, successful careers, and a loving relationship. When the use of a sex toy brings Sam's latent desires to the forefront, the women decide to find someone who can give Sam the one thing that Eve cannot.

Roman—Eve's best friend from childhood—is surprised by their unusual request, but agrees to play anyway. Eve has always been able to count on Roman to be there when she needed him.

What she hadn't counted on were her own feelings regarding him. Will an open proposal mark the end of a friendship or the beginning of something more than any of them could have anticipated?

Kinks: homoerotic F/F sex; menage M/F/F, F/M/F

## Chapter One

“Sam, do you have a couple of minutes?”

At the words and light tap on the door, Samantha Brooks swiveled around, reenergized; her pulse skipped a beat at the sight of her colleague. And lover. Eve Penn had leaned around the door frame to make the inquiry and a lock of auburn hair fell forward against her cheek.

Sam grinned as Eve tucked it behind her ear for what was probably the hundredth time. By the end of the day, the shoulder-length mass of curls had usually won out against both clips and hair products. That suited Sam fine. She loved how it shimmered in the soft light falling through the windows behind the desk, the blinds partially closed against the July heat. The trim black skirt hit just above her knees, accentuating shapely legs encased in black stockings. Tailored to fit Eve’s voluptuous curves, the matching jacket enhanced all things feminine in a nonthreatening, nonsexual manner.

Yet as she leaned forward, Sam caught a glimpse of red lace cupping one smooth breast. Sam couldn’t resist a partial grin; catching her bottom lip between her teeth, she flicked the inside with her tongue. Her own nipples peaked as her small breasts tightened at the unexpected treat. Heat, delicious and primal, pooled between her legs. Sitting straighter, she gazed at her lover of nearly three years and felt the familiar trip in her heart rate before the steady acceleration.

Sam had fumbled through a few high school disasters, though she never considered herself anything but heterosexual. In law school she’d fallen fast and hard for David. Sex had been sweet and fun. The three had been acquaintances, even studied together occasionally, but there wasn’t a close relationship at that point. Then David had died and Sam’s world had collapsed.

Devastated, Sam had leaned on Eve. The friendship had continued after they started clerking at the law firm six years ago. They moved up through the ranks at about the same pace and now enjoyed the status of senior associates.

Glancing at her watch, she couldn’t believe it was after seven. With the advancement up the ladder came the added responsibilities. A meeting with one of the junior associates about a case had taken longer than anticipated and she needed to talk to one of the partners for his input on how to proceed with the case. She’d just updated her calendar when Eve knocked.

Sam took off the glasses she used while working at the computer, holding them by the bow. Smiling, she said, “Sure. Go ahead and shut the door. It sounds like the maintenance guys are hanging some new shelves down the hall.”

Eve smiled mischievously, green eyes sparkling as she closed the door with the distinctive click of the lock.

Turning back to her desk, Sam tapped a few keys on the laptop and the sounds of Billie Holiday whispered from the speakers. Except for a handful of people, the building was always empty at this time on a Friday night. The partners and associates of various levels would have left by six, along with the paralegals, clerks, and runners.

Desire clawed at the back of her throat as her skin warmed with keen awareness, nerves jangling from head to foot. The locked door meant only one thing. Eve wouldn’t

wait until they got home to their condo to set the pace for the evening's adventures.

"I just got off the phone with Roman," Eve said, excitement texturing her voice as she crossed the room, thick carpet muting her steps, and eased herself between the chair and the desk. Sam stared, fascinated, as the flush spread along her slender neck and colored her cheeks, making her green eyes more vibrant than usual. Standing in the V of Sam's legs with her butt propped on the edge of the desk, Eve took the glasses from Sam's fingers and slipped them onto the delicate bridge of her nose. Sam had long ago come to consider the gesture as a kind of physical endearment. Eve peered over the dark frames and Sam laughed, resisting the urge to kiss her breathless.

"And...?" Surprised at how calm she sounded, considering the nervous anticipation that had kept her in a state of arousal most of the day.

She'd felt happiness before. Her life, though not charmed, hadn't been one of deprivation either. Far from it. Money wasn't everything, though. It didn't make up for the emotionally starved family meals and general lack of affection in her family, where children were tolerated and then only because they did as they were instructed. Love tended to make things messy, and as far as her father was concerned that kind of behavior wasted time and cluttered the air.

"And he's headed to the hotel," she said, giggling like a teenager. "He sounded nervous."

"Imagine that," Sam said, tilting her head and lifting a brow. "Being asked by his best friend to have sex with her lover could make a guy a bit nervous."

Her stomach fluttered at her own words. Heat burst there and radiated outward to her breasts, nipples poking against the lace of her bra. An empty ache settled between her legs. She hadn't realized how much she'd missed a man inside her until they began talking about the possibility of inviting a third to their bed. There was no going back. Hunger had become a living thing.

Eve sighed and smoothed her hands up her legs, pulling the fabric of the skirt with them. "He said he could think of little else. I know how he feels. This week has lasted forever." Eve toyed with the hem, teasing. Lust coiled tight in Sam's stomach at the mingling of mischief and desire in Eve's eyes.

If the partners or other colleagues knew what lay beneath the conservative clothing and level-headed manner, they'd be shocked to the tips of their deerskin loafers.

Having graduated in the top six percent of their class, Eve's quick, logical mind and litigation skills had won many cases and settled countless others before they made it to trial. While her success with the firm commanded professional respect, Sam loved her confidence, loyalty, and passion for life. Her heart hadn't stood a chance. Eve's spontaneity still took Sam by surprise and encouraged her to stretch beyond the boundaries she'd never understood anyway. Made her restless. Eager for more.

"My glasses are going to hurt your eyes," she said, her gaze following the motion as Eve's hands revealed the red trim of her stockings. "Stand up. I don't want your suit to get wrinkled."

Eve stood and Sam leaned forward to hold her close, caressing the full curves of Eve's hips, savoring her purely female scent. Easing back, Sam undid the three buttons that held Eve's jacket closed and smoothed her hands under the material; she felt the soft flesh of Eve's tummy quiver. Sam trembled in response. Eve shrugged, letting the jacket slide down her arms. She turned slightly and laid it across the back of the wing chair

beside the desk.

Sam's heart rate kicked up at the sight of Eve's breasts above the red lace of the cups, her nipples tight and dark. Eve had the most amazing breasts. Large and firm and tempting as hell. Sam wanted them in her mouth, but dragged a fingernail across one hard crest through the lace instead, loving the sound of Eve's quick indrawn breath. Eve was a vocal lover and her little gasps and moans drove Sam wild.

"He's going to have to work hard to keep my attention with such temptation within reach," Sam said softly, finding the side zipper of the skirt and lowering it.

The material whispered against the silk of Eve's legs and stockings. As Eve bent forward to step out of the skirt, balancing on the arm of Sam's chair, one nipple won the battle with the lace and popped free. Sam couldn't resist the luscious tip; she caught it between her lips and sucked strongly. Watching as Eve's eyes closed, she circled the tight bead with her tongue before flicking ruthlessly as Eve struggled to keep her response quiet.

Removing the glasses, Eve laid them on the laptop as Billie sang of how it kept on raining in her full, throaty voice. With a soft purr, Eve thrust forward against Sam's mouth, cupping one hand beneath the breast and offering herself, her green eyes fiery and hot as they met Sam's.

Sam pulled the lace down to bare her other breast, then treated it to the same tender assault. Her blood thrummed through her with the scent of Eve's skin, heated and flushed with arousal, and the stroke of her lover's hand down her neck and into the shadows of her jacket.

Eve's curious fingers found Sam's nipple, then pinched lightly. The pleasure-pain shot straight to her pussy and she moaned against all that soft, fragrant skin. Pulling back, gently holding Eve's nipple captive between her teeth, she laved the peak with her tongue.

"Ah...baby," Eve whispered. Warm breath sent a shiver down Sam's spine as Eve stabbed her fingers into Sam's straight black hair. The two Chinese sticks fell to the carpet, dislodged from the sleek knot Sam had tied it in that morning. "I need you inside me."

Releasing Eve's breast, she kissed the tip, wet and glistening from her mouth. "Slow down," Sam murmured, leaning back in her chair and gripping the arms. No matter how many times they made love, Sam couldn't get enough of this woman.

When she'd first realized that the attraction for Eve was clearly more than friendship, she'd tiptoed around her confusion. In high school, there had been a girl who had been as curious as Sam and they'd shared some kisses and touches. That had been awkward, making both of them giggly and feeling a little naughty for doing something outside of the lines. There hadn't been the can't-catch-your-breath free fall that comes when you love someone. Sam had felt that with David. When he died, she believed a part of her had died with him. She loved men. The way they looked and smelled and tasted. She had never considered the possibility of feeling that for a woman and the power of it had taken her by surprise. Not just any woman. This woman.

"You know this is one of my favorite outfits?" Sam said, admiring the sight of her lover in nothing but the red lace she'd given her last Valentine's Day. Eve's expression softened as they both remembered the gift exchange that day. Not only had Eve worn the beautiful satin and lace confection from Sam, she'd worn her gift to Sam as well.

Their loving that day had been achingly tender. The gentle face-to-face intimacy had made it painfully clear that Sam missed the feel of a man between her legs. She'd been unable to hold back the tears, and it became Eve's mission to find a suitable man for their bed. That gift—a strap-on dildo—had been the impetus for the unusual request they'd taken to Roman. And tonight's meeting.

Sam's mind automatically shied away from the activities for the evening. Desires that they'd talked about and agreed on. Though her mind may not be ready for the reality of the situation, Sam's body throbbed with the possibilities and promises of the night. Right now, though, she wanted to make Eve come. Fast and hard.

She smoothed her hand up Eve's thigh until her palm rested over the scrap of lace that covered her neatly trimmed hair, loving that she endured the waxing to keep the curls smooth and neat. The warmth beneath her hand and the sweet scent of Eve's sex drew her in. Her thumb slipped beneath the lace and found the moist crease of heavily aroused lips, then withdrew to circle the tight nub of her clitoris, wetting it. Eve jerked at the caress. Sam's breath quickened as she retreated to enter the tight sheath again.

"Stop teasing, baby." Eve's plea, coupled with the lifting of her hips, sent a surge of excitement through Sam. She knew what Eve wanted. Listening to a lull in the hammering at the end of the hall, she tongued the lace-covered clit; the chance of a knock on the door sharpened each sensation. The thought of putting on an after-hours show for the night crew had her creaming her panties. Unable to resist a second longer, she snagged the thin straps at Eve's hips and pulled the silk and lace down her legs.

The silk hit the floor even as she stroked the warm skin above the stockings. She helped Eve up on the edge of the desk, spread her legs, parted the sexy lips with her thumbs and set her mouth to Eve. Eyes locked on Sam, Eve clamped her mouth tight over the scream she would have loosed in their bed. Her taste never failed to fascinate and excite, and Sam held her thighs open wide, feasting on her lush pussy. Eve rocked her hips slowly, lifting against Sam's mouth, holding her exactly where she wanted with her hands and soft thighs.

Sam circled her clit with her tongue, then slid down to delve deep between plump lips, returning again and again to suck relentlessly on the sensitive nub. Eve's soft moans spurred her on. Slipping two fingers into her, Sam fucked her with a fast, twisting stroke Eve loved. Her body's gyrations became erratic and she jerked against Sam's mouth. Her hands fisted tight at Sam's nape, pulling the hair in a pain that simply served to heighten Sam's arousal.

Eve's taste sent lust pounding through Sam and she held her steady, demanding an orgasm as she continued the ruthless assault. She could feel the tension pulling Eve's muscles taut, and she moaned softly against the wet heat. She wanted her cum, sweet and tangy in her mouth.

Ever conscious of their surroundings, Sam loved that her lover couldn't contain the low purring in her throat as Eve gave in to the dual attack on her pussy.

Hands still clasped in Sam's hair, Eve held her between widely spread legs and Sam devoured, heart hammering in her ears as she drove Eve to the edge.

Suddenly the pressure of Eve's fingers changed, and Sam opened her eyes to meet eyes cloudy with desire. Only a thin ring of intense green surrounded her dilated pupils. The rapid rise and fall of her breasts, nipples tantalizingly bare, made Sam wish for their bed at home where she could lay her out to touch and tease at will. Sam would drink in

her cries and moans, each one fueling her own desire, until she couldn't resist fucking Eve's clenching sheath with far more than her fingers.

"I'm going to come." Eve mouthed the frantic words, inaudible above the soulful strains of Billie. Sam quickened the pace of her fingers and closed her lips tightly around Eve's delicious clit, stroking with a firm pressure of her tongue.

Reaching down between her own legs, Sam touched her engorged clit through the thin material of her slacks. Her hips rocked in rhythm to Eve's, sweeping her toward a powerful climax. Captivated by the movements, Eve came, her juices slick and sweet on Sam's tongue. Continuing to suck the pulsing folds, Sam quickly followed her into orgasm, throbbing against the pressure of her own hand.

Eve's body clung to her fingers as she slipped them from between the wet creases. Sam smiled and leaned back in her chair, staring at her lover sprawled across her desk, Eve's full breasts overflowing the lace as she leaned back on her elbows to catch her breath.

"I'm sorry. After talking to him, there was no way I could wait until later to get this started," Eve said after a few moments, adjusting her bra before hopping off the desk and leaning over to kiss Sam. She moaned softly against Sam's lips. "You are going to make him wild." Her eyes glowed at the prediction.

"That's what you want, right?" Sam asked. "Roman out of his mind with lust."

Turning around, Eve pulled on the jacket, then bent to retrieve her panties, giving Sam an amazing view of her voluptuous rear. Caressing Eve's hip, Sam leaned forward to kiss the curve of her butt cheek, then let her continue to dress.

Eve stepped gracefully into the skirt, zipped it, then ran her fingers over her hair, tucking that wayward strand behind her ear again. Even with all the wild curls, Eve still didn't have the disheveled appearance that Sam was sure she herself did.

"Sure. He has excellent control," Eve said. Sam imagined a man had to have a certain degree of control to work as a bouncer in a strip club, as Roman had right out of high school. The club where Eve had danced. Everyone had their limit, though.

"He's going to need it." Sam suspected there was unfinished business between Eve and the man who had been both friend and protector throughout her life.

Fully dressed again, Eve smoothed the jacket and skirt, checked her stockings to ensure they hadn't snagged during their lovemaking. She picked up the hair sticks from the floor, laid them on the desk, then met Sam's gaze.

Sam's satiated expression must have changed to something more pensive. Eve kissed her softly before running her thumb along the edges of Sam's lips, repairing the lipstick she was sure had disappeared between Eve's legs. Not to worry, though; Sam would be completely composed when she walked through her office door. On the outside anyway.

Her stomach clenched at the thought of meeting Roman tonight. Sam knew that before the night was over she would spread her legs for a man she'd never met. Brookses didn't do things like this. She smiled grimly at that. Sam had done many things that her family didn't approve of. This would simply start a new page.

"You're going to love him. I promise." Eve's hopeful expression turned to one of chagrin, and Sam arched her brow. "Don't say it," Eve said, placing her fingers against Sam's lips just in case she did have something to say.

Eve's obvious excitement about tonight swept the family clutter from Sam's brain. Since she hadn't actually met him yet, her mind called up the various photos Eve had of



her friend scattered throughout their home. Handsome. Tall, big. He dwarfed Eve's petite form. Shaggy dark blond hair that changed to sun-streaked shades in the summer, a look women would pay a fortune to replicate. And clunky glasses that shielded vibrant blue eyes set in a round, smiling face.

Eve wore those dark frames in one photo, their faces close together as they stared up at the camera Roman held. When Sam had asked about the photo, Eve said they had been lying on their backs on a blanket at the park. The joy at being together was blindingly obvious.

Other photos captured Roman watching Eve as they hammed it up in a photo booth. One in particular, taken by a friend at their senior prom, showed Eve wrapped in Roman's arms, her face tucked securely against his chest as he towered over her. The barest of smiles curved her lips, eyes closed. Roman's expression always made Sam's chest ache. Unguarded. Raw. It must have been excruciating to be so close to the woman he loved and not express it physically.

He'd worked at the topless club as a bouncer on the nights that Eve worked, but also completed his degree in computer technology, specializing in security. His talents were in high demand. He traveled the world, hacking into his clients' security systems, identifying the weak spots, then making them virtually impenetrable. For this, his clients paid unbelievably large sums of money.

Sam wasn't sure why Roman had never been a candidate for their bed before last week and she wouldn't worry about it. The two friends talked regularly. Roman had been aware of Sam's presence in Eve's life. On the occasions when Roman's love life, or more specifically a current girlfriend, came up in phone conversations, Eve's reaction each time was predictable. She became quiet and sexually charged.

Their lovemaking, always wild and adventurous, bordered on insane on those evenings, as appetites became voracious. Eve's thoughts of Roman with a woman seemed to ignite longings that had never been explored. Not even innocently. Eve accepted her sexuality and loved women—but she also loved Roman. Sam wanted this night for Eve as much as for herself.

She sucked one of Eve's fingers into her mouth, teased the slender digit with her tongue, then released it. Green eyes blazed. Sam stood, took Eve's hands and pushed them down at her sides, then leaned in to kiss her lightly. It wasn't enough. Framing Eve's face, Sam angled for a full taking of her lover's mouth, sweeping her tongue along, then between her lips, dueling passionately.

Eve traced her fingers along Sam's waist, then down the slight slope of her hips as they swayed against each other, the gripping need so familiar. Though Sam had brought about her own climax and wanted very much to do it again, an all-nighter at the office was out of the question. Anyway, they had to meet Roman. Nerves tightened her stomach and nipped her ardor.

Sensing Sam's withdrawal, Eve stepped back, practically glowing with desire. "Let us do this for you," she said. "You will adore him. And he will love you." With that declaration, Eve looked at her. "Am I ready?" she asked. But what she really meant was: does it look like I just had sex?

"You're more than ready," Sam said. But am I ready? she added silently. Love. Confusion. Desire. So many emotions trying to gain the upper hand.

\*

Eve closed the door with a quiet click of the latch and walked with the confidence of a woman who had gotten exactly what she'd needed while in her "meeting" with a colleague. What she and Sam had was no one else's business, though having sex at the office was a risk they didn't take often.

Thoughts of the upcoming evening had her so hot all day she could barely concentrate. Her body still hummed with that orgasm.

Sam. Roman. Together. Her heart fluttered at the images. There had been times in the past when it had crossed her mind, but Sam hadn't been ready.

*Be honest, Eve, at least with yourself.* She hadn't been ready either. But thoughts of Roman had a way of stealing into her brain at the oddest times, making her hot all over. Eve had seen Roman many ways, but naked had never been one of them. Baggy swimming trunks didn't count. The images of him naked and fully aroused—and he would be, because Sam's tall lithesome form and stunning looks did that to men—had Eve breathless. And she wasn't really sure why. The thought of him kissing and touching Sam's body with his big gentle hands sent heat snaking through her, raising goose bumps in its wake.

Sam would love him as Eve loved him. Eve wanted more than anything to give this night to Sam. She was honest enough to admit that the idea of watching Sam being thoroughly fucked by Roman tonight had her so excited she could probably make herself come again just thinking about it.

## Chapter Two

“I had no idea this place would be so busy,” Eve said as she glanced around at the throng of people on the dance floor and up at the bar. Heavy alternative music blared and lights flashed. “Isn’t it great?” She sat close enough to Sam that all they had to do was lean over a bit to speak directly into the other’s ear. Sam’s hair tickled her nose; the scent of her perfume conjured the image of Sam dabbing the stopper along her neck and between her breasts. “Were you able to get that article done?”

Eve immediately regretted her question as Sam’s blue eyes clouded. “Yes,” she said, taking a sip of the daiquiri she’d been playing with while they people-watched. “My last contact was kind enough to ask about my father.”

*Triple fuck.* “I’m sorry, baby,” she said instead. Randolph Brooks was a topic best left alone for tonight. Better yet, forever. Tension between father and daughter had been building since Sam had told him she had no interest in pursuing a partnership at the firm. Over the last year, they’d gone round after round, until finally Sam had stopped visiting her parents’ home when he would be there. Sam didn’t need her father in her head tonight of all nights. Dragging a fingertip along the sensitive shell of Sam’s ear, she whispered, “Do you want to dance?”

Even in the warm humid atmosphere of the crowded bar, goosebumps pebbled Sam’s arms and she shivered, a ghost of a smile curving her lips and sparkling in her eyes. Eve warmed at Sam’s involuntary response to her touch.

They both loved to dance. Sam had enjoyed her years studying ballet. Eve’s training had been more across the board. She had performed with a smaller school where they encouraged the students to study all the lines: ballet, jazz, modern, and tap.

“You know I always want to dance with you.” The wide smile on Sam’s usually solemn features stopped Eve’s heart. Her shy eagerness turned Eve inside out. She would do anything for this woman.

Sam maneuvered gracefully toward the crowded dance floor. Eve followed, admiring the simple lines of Sam’s strapless dress as it nipped in along her waist and hugged her slim hips, ending midthigh. Her high, strappy sandals added four inches to an already tall frame, and straight hair, smooth and clipped, arched to the middle of her back and drew the eye to a delectably small ass. A walking contradiction. Sam’s body screamed unbridled passion and untouchable elegance.

Where Sam was understated sophistication, Eve was vibrant color with her off-the-shoulder plunging neckline, showing off the figure she hid beneath the tailored suits of her work wardrobe. The tangerine color enhanced the red of her hair and the golden tone of her skin. The soft, vibrant fabric ended midthigh, shapely legs showed to advantage above sandals that added a few inches to her height in a fun, sexy web of crisscross leather.

A far cry from the baggy clothes that used to cover her full curves in high school. Roman had helped her overcome that reluctance to love her own body. When the company he’d worked for during his senior year of high school had a gig upgrading the security and computers of an upscale strip club, he’d encouraged her to dance there as a way to pay for college.

Between her savings from dancing, a partial academic scholarship, and loans, she'd managed to do what neither of her parents had.

"Where did you go?" Sam's breath in her ear brought Eve back to the present. Loud thumping music and the smells of men and women on the prowl. Stroking her fingertips along Sam's arms, she couldn't help but think of Roman watching them together, his blue eyes clouded with lust.

Other than that awkward time on the swing when he'd showed her with their joined hands what her body could do to a man, they'd never really attempted anything physical. They danced, even wrestled around sometimes, but when he'd had an involuntary response to Eve's body, Roman had never tried to do anything about it.

It had gotten to a point when experimenting sexually would have ruined the relationship that they had. It just hadn't been worth chancing.

Her reactions to Roman had always confused Eve, though. It made her heart ache when she thought of him with his lovers. Yet she'd never offered him more than sarcasm when an opportunity presented itself that could escalate. Which in turn just pissed him off.

When Eve had mentioned that Roman would be in town, it had been Sam's suggestion that Roman be considered as the third in their bed. Eve had taken inventory of her feelings on that for a moment. She'd considered the scenario before, many times, but having the fantasy become a reality gave her a brief pause. Was there jealousy or fear of losing either of her best friends? At the thought of her and Roman loving Sam, lust had exploded through Eve with an intensity that should have terrified her, but didn't.

Eve had no doubts about Sam's love for her and for her body. She also knew that Sam craved the touch of a man's hands on her own body and a cock connected to a living, breathing male.

Roman and Sam. They would be perfect together.

### Chapter Three

He recognized Eve immediately, even in the room packed with grinding bodies. Eve had the softest, fiery red hair. As kids, when they'd swim, she would let her hair dry in the sun and it formed the longest spiraling ropes of silky curls imaginable. And the way she smelled. Dark, exotic. He wanted to taste every inch of her. Christ. Watching her now, her full breasts and curvy ass wrapped in orange, and the golden bare skin of her legs, made his mouth water.

Her dance partner stood a couple of inches taller and appeared as mesmerized by Eve's sensually undulating form as Roman was. Eve's Sam, he thought, feeling the air leave his lungs. His initial impression, besides her height, had to be her stunning beauty. Or maybe it was the obvious love in her bright blue eyes as she gazed spellbound when Eve took her fingers, including her in the gentle push and pull.

With her eyes on her partner, Eve caressed herself, hips rotating in a slow circle. Gliding her hands first over her ass, then hips, across the slope of her abdomen, she inched closer to her breasts. She cupped the fullness for the barest of moments, but it was enough to make her nipples peak. Roman flexed the fingers of his hand, remembering the feel of those hard beads on his palm and pinched between thumb and finger. Such responsive nipples. His cock responded with just as much enthusiasm. Eve moved on to lift her hair off her shoulders to expose the bare column of her neck. He imagined her scream as he set his teeth to the sensitive muscle at the curve of her neck and shoulder.

Roman's jaw ached and he realized he'd been clenching his teeth during Eve's little show and his own runaway thought train. He tossed back a swallow of his Jack and Coke, trying to relax, and continued to watch as her hair fell back in the fiery cloud around her flushed cheeks and neck.

Sam reclaimed Eve's hands, settled them along her own slender hips and, wrapping her arms around Eve, gathered her close to whisper something against Eve's ear. Even across the dance floor, Roman could see Eve's response. Eyes closed, her whole body shuddered. When her lashes lifted, the air sizzled between the two lovers. Lust hammered through him. It didn't matter that the heat was directed at Sam. Roman felt it like a stroke to his dick.

Christ. He'd had a hard-on practically since talking with the girls last week. And had lost count of the number of times he'd jacked off to their voices in his head. Their proposal had both shocked and excited him.

Before the call, he'd e-mailed Eve to tell her that he had a project in southeast Michigan and he'd like to get together for dinner. Nothing out of the ordinary about that. Then they'd called.

Eve had first asked if he was seeing anyone. The question had caught him off guard. At the time he'd thought a lie would serve him best, then reconsidered on the grounds that he hated the thought of lying to Eve. The rest of the conversation still rang in his ears.

"Would you consider having sex with someone if I asked you to?" she'd asked, voice calm and matter-of-fact. Typical Eve.

"What the hell are you talking about?" He'd felt like someone had sucker punched

him in the nuts. All he'd ever wanted to do was show Eve his love for her physically and she wanted to pawn him off on someone else. Then another voice whispered in his ear and pulled directly on his cock.

"Eve, it's okay. We should never have considered asking your friend," Sam said. He knew it was Sam because the husky voice had been on the answering machine for their house phone.

He'd drawn a deep breath and exhaled. "What exactly is it that you're asking me to do?" Desire had already begun coiling through his body as he'd stood on the balcony of his condo in Chicago. It wasn't just about sex. Shit, he could get fucked any time he wanted.

"I want to be with a man again," Sam had said, seeming almost hesitant to speak so plainly, but determined just the same. "But safely, and not long-term."

Safe, he thought now, following the sensual push and pull of the two women mind-fucking on the dance floor. He nearly dropped to his knees to thank whatever deity had decided to drop this opportunity in his lap. Literally.

He'd entered the dance club where Eve had requested he meet them and pushed his way to the bar for a drink, then stood along the rail at the edge of the dance floor. He'd scanned the large warehouse-like room for Eve instead of stumbling around through the throng. The lights panning in crazy nonpatterns gave the dancers an otherworldly glow without the robotic illusion strobes created. Now that he'd spotted them, he leaned his forearms on the railing, the plastic cup dangling in one hand, and watched them enjoy each other.

Damn, he loved to watch her dance. Always had. She was born to dance, and exotic dancing was something she excelled at. All that red hair and those luscious curves. During the nights at the club, men would beg her to meet them after her shift ended.

When he'd bounced for the club it had been all he could do to get through the nights still standing upright. The clientele had been civilized and there had been no alcohol, but every once in a while they'd get a real asshole in there running his mouth and giving the girls shit. Roman had been good at keeping the situation from getting out of control, but had to clamp down on his instinct to pummel unconscious those who fucked with Eve.

Watching Eve on display had been agony though, especially since he had no one to blame but himself for her being there. When she had accused him of having a hidden agenda with her, he had started to build the wall around his heart. A sort of self-preservation, he figured.

The nights she danced and opened herself to the greedy eyes of the patrons were the best and the worst of his life. She changed in the couple of years they worked there together. Her self-confidence had skyrocketed. She learned to love the abundance of curves she'd been blessed with and her hands knew them all intimately. On those nights Roman would go home and jerk off, sometimes not even making it without stopping to ease the ache in his balls right there in his car.

Thoughts like that weren't helping ease the pressure building in him now either. Shit. He couldn't seem to maintain any emotional distance and it was going to kill him if he didn't get some control.

Eve laughed at something Sam said. She threw her head back and just kept laughing. His gut clenched. Sam watched, fascinated, and when her red lips lifted in the ghost of a smile, Roman's breath stuck in his throat for a moment.

Knowing these women, one of whom he would die for, lived in the same house and loved each other in a bed that they shared had Roman hard as a rock. And eternally grateful that he'd worn jeans and his cotton shirt buttoned and untucked.

Eve's figure reminded Roman of the pinup girls of the forties. Curves a man could hold on to, which Roman found ironic. Besides his own hands guiding hers over her breasts that long-ago summer night as she considered exotic dancing, he doubted a man had ever touched his Eve. His eighteen-year-old hormones had gone wild at the feel of her silky skin hidden beneath one of his huge flannel shirts that she'd ended up with. Her head in his lap, there had been no way of concealing his raging erection from her.

Roman had wanted her that night with such intensity his mind had been spinning. Then she'd asked what was in it for him. It was then he realized she may love him, but it would never be physical the way he craved. Though his heart had ached with that knowledge, he'd said something about making some money and maybe even getting laid.

It's for sure the girls hadn't lined up for the fat kid with nerdy glasses in high school. The dancers had liked him, though, and taught him plenty about women.

His love would probably confuse most men. Why would any sane man subject himself to the look-but-don't-touch Roman had? With their proposal, Eve had turned the tables on him. Had she seen through his attempts to conceal his feelings and finally decided to put him out of his misery?

Her expression as she concentrated on her partner was filled with passion and love. They touched in subtle ways that could have meant nothing between friends, but to lovers, heightened anticipation. A gentle squeeze at the waist, a whispered word, or the long caress along a bare arm.

Sam was all straight lines and delicate curves, confident with herself and her lover. When she smiled at Eve, the love she felt was right there for all to see.

He doubted there would be any slow music played here tonight, but when the beat changed, Eve and Sam faced each other, put their hands together and mirrored each other's moves. Sensuous and captivating, they held the attention of those closest to them and the other dancers slowed their own movements to watch the two clearly enjoying themselves in a private dance.

Women could get away with dancing like that. Half stepping toward each other, hands palm on palm in the act of pushing, the gap between them decreasing with each beat of Roman's heart, now pounding in his ears. Oblivious to everything but the music and each other. Sam bent her knees so she was closer to Eve's height and they were stuck together from breasts to hips, each riding the leg of the other.

Sam put her hands along Eve's neck, their eyes locked. Heat shimmered between them. Eve's lips parted. Sam stared at her mouth, leaned in to take. Then stopped, a slow smile lifting the corners of her red lips. Roman groaned, releasing the breath he'd been holding. Even across the dance floor he could see the heat in Eve's eyes. She enjoyed the teasing, but a promise lingered there as well.

Holy shit. Roman felt like the top of his head was going to blow off. Aware of the cold glass in his hand, he lifted it to his dry mouth and downed the contents, wishing he'd ordered straight whiskey.

He tossed the plastic cup in the trash can beneath the railing and turned toward the dance floor. The tempo changed to something deep and heavy, and the circle that had widened around the women closed back in. The two were making their way to the edge

of the dance floor.

Not taking his eyes off the pair, Roman maneuvered his way through the crowd. Completely focused on each other, heads close together, they laughed and whispered, unaware of everyone around them.

Roman followed, every sense sharpened. Wild. He closed the distance quickly as they walked with their arms draped casually around each other's waists, tossing their heads and laughing. Sam swept her hand along the curve of Eve's hip, caressing the slope of her lower back. Christ. Roman knew how sensitive that area was for Eve.

He could smell the faint scent of hot woman and it went straight to his raging erection. Jesus, he felt like an adolescent at the public pool.

With Sam on Eve's right, Roman approached from the left, slid his hand along her lower back and touched Sam's arm in the process. Sensation zinged through him at the contact. He swept Eve's hair away from her neck and kissed the heated juncture he'd fantasized about earlier, enjoying the musky scent that she wore. "Hello, beautiful. Got room for one more?"

"Jesus, Roman! You scared the hell out of me!" Eve said. Her eyes widened as she took in the changes to his hair and body. He smiled at her perusal, standing a little taller at the obvious approval he'd unconsciously been craving.

Roman had been such a geek and it had taken him awhile to get beyond that. He had switched to streamlined wire-framed glasses, though he wore contacts most of the time, as he did now. His hair wasn't boot-camp style, but he kept it cut short. And he'd been ruthless with his determination to get into shape. He was proud of his thinner, muscular body.

This was Eve, though. She knew everything about him and she looked like she wanted to devour him. His heart thumped wildly at the heat in her eyes.

She threw herself at him, and he wrapped his arms around her tightly. As she plastered herself solidly against him, her body stilled for a moment; then she inhaled deeply, her full breasts smashed against his chest. She whispered against his ear, "I am so glad you feel that way." Her breath, hot and soft, sent a jolt of electricity to his stomach and below.

Roman wanted to grab her hips and move against her. God, he wanted so badly to taste her. She wore some light musky perfume tonight, but he could smell her arousal and nuzzled his face against her neck, inhaling the scent of her heated skin. "Sweetheart, you have no idea," he growled into her ear. His hands shook on her hips and he clenched them in the soft fleshy cushion, trying desperately to clamp a lid on the emotions rampaging through him.

Easing out of his arms, the arousal in her green eyes was clear even in the low light of the club. Roman wouldn't even entertain the fantasy that it was because she desired him as a lover. That she wanted his cock for herself. He was simply to be a tool for her to use on her lover. Though after witnessing the two of them in action, the reality of their invitation burned through him like a triple shot.

Eve turned to a now quite solemn Sam and grabbed her hand. "Roman, this is Samantha Brooks, my partner. Sam, Roman Walker, my best friend forever."

Sam stared at him with a curious expression, like she'd had the wind knocked out of her, much the same as Roman had. Though the situation could have been awkward—shit, should have been awkward—Sam met Roman's eyes and the passion hit him solidly like



a punch to the chest. He felt his whole body expand with the heat and his dick jumped eagerly behind the fly of his jeans. Finally, she held out a hand with its neatly trimmed, manicured nails. "It's a pleasure to meet you, Roman." Her smile kicked up just a corner of her mouth. "Eve talks so much about you. Though I must admit," she said as her gaze moved in a slow perusal of his tall frame, then electric blue eyes returned to his, "you don't look anything like the pictures we have at the house."

He could feel himself staring at her red lips as she talked, aware of the steady thumping of his heart in his ears. Without thinking about what he was doing, he reached out and touched the satiny fullness of her mouth and carefully pulled one long black strand away from her bottom lip. Her tongue darted out to slick the surface, catching the pad of his thumb. A surprised grunt escaped him and he broke the contact, instantly missing the sensation.

"Even geeks shape up," he said, smiling at her. She was gorgeous. Up close her eyes were clear and bright. He could scent her skin and indulged for a moment in the mesmerizing rise and fall of her breasts above the snug black dress, nipples peaked against the fabric. He could almost feel the tight little points against his palms. So sensitive. Would she cry out when he rolled them between his fingers or sucked them deep into his mouth, to flick them with his tongue?

"They do indeed," she said with a smile. For a second, Roman thought she'd read his mind, then realized she referred to the geek comment.

Heat coiled through him as she gave him another once-over. Her gaze touched everywhere. From his brows and dark blond hair, to his mouth before taking in the breadth of his chest and shoulders beneath the blue and white striped cotton, moving down to his black jeans and finally back up to his dark blue eyes. The desire in her eyes was white-hot. His heart rate kicked up another notch.

Roman didn't realize he was holding his breath until spots started jumping around in front of his eyes. He let it out slowly as Sam smiled at Eve. Her entire countenance changed as the women communicated in a language that required no words.

"You two go dance and get to know each other. I need to get a drink." Eve hugged them both, but lingered at Sam's ear for several moments during which Sam's eyes widened. She shot a quick glance at Roman's crotch, before finding his gaze once again. A flush worked its way across the fair skin of her exposed chest and up her neck to color her cheeks in a rosy glow.

Fuck. These women were going to eat him alive. Eve released Sam and pushed them toward the dance floor.

Eve had to know that Roman wouldn't embarrass Sam out there on the floor. Hell, she'd taught him to dance years ago when they'd gone to prom together. She hadn't wanted to go with any of the guys that had asked her and he would have rather not attended at all. Of course, he had gone. Dance lessons and proms had provided the perfect opportunities to hold her and laugh with her. Not that what was happening on the dance floor of this club could be called dancing. More like hundreds of people crushed together and moving like a herd. That suited Roman fine.

He would do anything for Eve. Even fuck her lover if it meant being close to her. God, could he be any more fucking pathetic?

As Sam draped her slender arms over his shoulders, he put his hands on the slight curve of her hips. Sharing this woman with Eve, both of them loving her gorgeous body,

would not be a hardship. No, not at all, he thought, holding her safely away from the erection that would probably shock the hell out of her, though Eve had obviously told her about it. They were nearly nose to nose; her fuck-me heels brought her close to his own six-foot height.

She smelled hot, sexy. Roman flexed his fingers at her hips and Sam rested her face against the side of his neck. With his thumbs along her waist, he felt the deep draw of her breath and the shiver that coursed through her as she familiarized herself with his scent, her nervousness understandable and irresistible.

An answering tremor swept through him. Her hair smelled sweet and fruity, mixed with the dark and exotic perfume she wore.

She stabbed her fingers into the neatly trimmed hair at his nape. Her short nails scraped along his scalp, and a shiver inched down his spine. The low moan in his ear as she pushed against the restraint of his hands had his heart pounding with the need to claim. The sharp nip of her teeth on his earlobe sent tiny shock waves directly to the end of his dick, drawing his balls tight. "Christ," he groaned against her neck, biting her lightly. She gasped and kissed the underside of his jaw, pushing her hips at him. "Slow down, baby, or I'm going to do something crazy." Too late. His jaw clenched as she nuzzled his neck. Just being here clearly indicated that he'd already lost his mind.

Pebble-hard nipples poked at his chest. Roman closed his eyes, imagining the feel of them in his mouth as he tasted and teased with his tongue. She flexed her hips again and licked the sensitive flesh behind his ear. He groaned deep in his chest. That mouth. She wanted something in it. An image of Sam on her knees, red lips stretched wide over his cock while Eve fucked her from behi—

"Let me feel it. Please." Her desperate plea whispered in his ear nearly did him in. The next time, rather than trying to hold her away, he slid his shaking hands around the curve of her ass, clenching his fingers in the tight flesh. He pulled her against the solid ridge of his dick straining the buttons of his jeans. He held her tight, his hips moving with the deep rhythm of the music. Her pussy was in perfect alignment, the heat burning him through their clothes.

"Mmm ... you're so hard," she murmured against his neck. Moving to the opening of Roman's shirt, she sucked lightly on the flesh there, nipping then soothing with a wet swipe of her tongue.

"Sam, honey, you're driving me nuts." She ground her pussy against him, the rhythm of her body in sync with his. The friction hot and rough, he ground into her softness. Then she stiffened in his arms, the pulsing of her orgasm stroking him.

He held her as she finished against him, the crush of the crowd oblivious to her coming apart in his arms. Goddamnit, his mind roared through a haze of red. Scanning the edge of the dance floor, Roman searched for the primary cause of his distress and his eyes clashed unerringly with Eve's feverish, intent look. Groaning, he nearly came in his jeans.

For this moment it was just the three of them alone in the club. His gaze locked on Eve, Roman slid his fingers into Sam's hair and held her face in his hands. Her skin burned against his palms as he leaned in and kissed her. Hard. Forcing his tongue between her lips, he swept along the line of her teeth, tasting the fruity drink she'd had at the table and the mint toothpaste she'd used earlier. He closed his eyes, drank in the soft sounds she made. Her scent swirled around him, making his senses spin. She relaxed

against him and gave herself over fully to his plundering of her mouth until Roman pulled away. Either that or he was going to raise her skirt and fuck her standing right here in the middle of this dance floor.

Sam clung to him, loose-limbed and trembling.

“Come on,” he said, grabbing her hand. He pushed through the crowd, dragging her behind him.

Eve followed their progression through the mass and Roman kept his eyes on her as he made his way through the wall of bodies. Her lips parted as she took in what Roman could only imagine was a look of desperation on his face before their eyes locked. She’d called him here to play, and that’s exactly what he wanted to do. She stood at the same wide railing where Roman had, her gaze going to Sam as he pulled her along behind him. He felt out of control. “Let’s do this, Eve.”

She stepped around him and put her hands on Sam’s flaming cheeks, taking in the excitement in her blue eyes. “Do you want this to happen, baby?”

Sam’s shudder coursed through their clasped hands as she nodded, her eyes never leaving Eve’s.

Eve kissed her then. Not just a soft peck on the cheek, but a full-on, openmouthed kiss. Roman wondered if Eve could taste his kiss on Sam’s lips, then groaned at just how much he wanted it to be so. Generally civilized, the sight of Eve with her lover unleashed something primal. An instinctual urge to bare his teeth, circle around his females, and stake his claim. Unchecked lust surged through him with the ferocity of a tidal wave, and Roman thought there was a very real chance he would not survive this experience.

## Chapter Four

Roman's blue Chevy Suburban followed as Sam guided her red Mercedes Cabriolet through the suburbs bordering Ann Arbor. The commute would take about twenty minutes.

Sam vibrated with nervous energy. She'd had an orgasm just rubbing Roman's erection through their clothes, in the middle of a crowd of people for God's sake! Her cheeks were still hot and tight. Actually, the skin covering her whole body seemed three sizes too small, her nerves close to the surface, exposed and sensitive.

Eve leaned across the console separating them, stroking Sam's neck. Her other hand rested on the exposed flesh of Sam's thigh. Eve's touch never failed to turn her on. Right now, after having such an erotic experience with a virtual stranger, just the light stroke of her fingertips sent heat spreading throughout her body, only to have it circle around and concentrate at the juncture of her thighs.

Though she'd come, Sam felt empty. She wanted Eve's hand between her legs, her fingers buried inside her.

Sam couldn't deny the melting jolt of desire when he'd taken her hand. Sometimes you just know when things are meant to be.

"We have the condoms, right?" Sam asked, breaking the comfortable silence in the car.

Eve laughed, then touched the shell of Sam's ear, dragging one fingernail along the sensitive column of her neck. The light touch tightened her nipples. "Yes, we do. All different colors, textures, and flavors to experiment with."

Remembering the trip to the adult novelty store sent desire curling through her, sensations prickling through her breasts. They'd bought some other things that day too, the nipple rings she wore under her simple dress tonight among the purchases. They didn't hurt like a piercing, but they kept the tips ultrasensitized, the friction of her bodice highly erotic.

Needing proof that Eve anticipated tonight as much as Sam, she pushed her hand beneath Eve's skirt. Eve changed positions, giving Sam better access. The barely-there G-string hugged the heated flesh and the soaked satin clung to the lips of Eve's sex. Sam dragged her fingers along the crease through the material. "It's too bad you're dreading this so much," Sam said wryly and, moving the scrap of fabric aside, slid two fingers into her, rubbing her thumb back and forth over the hard nub of her clit. Eve tossed her head against the seat, arching into Sam's touch.

"Are your nipples as hard as this?" she asked, voice husky as she plucked gently at Eve's clit.

"You know they are, baby." Eve groaned and shifted in the seat, grinding into Sam's hand.

Sam withdrew from Eve's body. "Pinch them for me," she said, licking the sweet juices from her fingers. She closed her eyes briefly, savoring Eve's unique taste.

Eve shoved the seat belt behind her, pulled the deep neckline of her dress and bra aside, and palmed her breasts, clamping onto the tips. "Mmm ... that feels so good. I want your lips on them."

“Soon.”

She glanced in the rearview mirror, and Roman’s headlights hit her face. He’d been close enough that he could see their silhouettes through the window. Eve had rolled from one side of her seat to the other, then slid low against the door. Sam could only imagine what he must be thinking.

Dancing always got them both worked up. Sam had that orgasm at the office, but it left her wanting more. The buildup toward tonight made her feel desperate for the thrusts of a man between her legs. Knowing Eve would be there with her, sharing her friend, made it easier for Sam to trust him with her body.

And now she’d met Roman. Her heart fluttered. *Met him, Sam? You’ve done a hell of a lot more than met him.* The intensity of her desire for Roman shocked her.

Heat had rolled off him. Sam and Eve dancing together had gotten him all riled up. His eyes burned her. Eve’s whispered words about his cock being up to their challenge had Sam practically climbing him on the dance floor. The touch of his hands on her hips holding her away had just about driven her crazy. His smell and taste.

His cologne was on her clothes and skin. She could still feel his lips crushing hers, taking, possessing. There had been no man in her life for years.

Eve had taught her that love could be in the one place you’d never thought to look. When she’d finally realized she was falling for Eve, Sam quit viewing the world in stark terms of right, wrong. Acceptable, not acceptable. Black, white. She learned that most of the world was actually various shades of gray.

Feeling that instant physical connection to Roman, knowing what was going to happen, had everything inside her clamoring for release. Soon she would be sandwiched between her beautiful lover and the gorgeous man whose cock she’d already ridden to climax. A moan escaped her lips.

Eve straightened her clothes and looked at Sam across the dark interior. “I know, baby.” She trailed her hand down Sam’s arm, making a soft sound, giving reassurance that there would be some relief for the ache she felt. “He’s hot, isn’t he?”

“I came while we were dancing together,” Sam confessed.

“I know you did,” Eve said. “It was sexy. Watching Roman watching you. That kiss. God. The look on his face as he dragged you off the dance floor. He wanted to fuck you right there.” Sam heard the smile in Eve’s voice. “I wanted to fuck you right there.”

“I love you, Eve.” They didn’t say the words a lot, but as the car approached the complex and they drew closer to adding a man to their perfect romance, it was suddenly important to voice them. Reaching out, Sam found Eve’s mouth and gently rubbed her thumb along the full bottom lip that lifted into a smile.

Eve captured her hand and kissed the palm. “I love you too, baby. This is one of those right things to do, so don’t second-guess yourself.”

Sam turned into the gated community where they lived, smiling at the guard in the gatehouse. “Hi Jimmy,” Sam said as the middle-aged man looked up from his true crime book. A shy smile pulled at his full lips. “The truck behind is with us,” Sam told him.

“Okay, Ms. Brooks,” he said, glancing behind as Roman’s truck turned into the entrance. Jimmy caught sight of Roman behind the wheel and the smile disappeared as if it had been a figment of her imagination. The guard’s shoulders slumped as he retrieved the clipboard that all guests had to sign. Clearly any hope of a chance with either Sam or Eve had dissolved at the predatory look on Roman’s face.

“Good night, Jimmy,” Eve said, and Sam pulled forward. It took just a few moments before Roman was again behind them.

Sam pulled into the garage beside Eve’s black Infiniti M45. Eve smoothed her dress once again, making sure everything was in place, before taking a deep breath. Sam stroked the smooth skin of her cheek and leaned over to kiss her lips.

She met Eve’s eyes in the flash of light as Roman pulled into the driveway behind them. “Ready?” she said.

Eve’s smile bordered on wicked as she nodded. They got out as Roman walked into the garage. He gave them a sexy half grin, stuffed his hands in his pockets, and waited. Sam’s heart flipped over, then took off at a gallop.

Eve hit the button to close the big door. The condo was cool as they entered through the mud room, though it hadn’t seen much mud since they’d moved in.

The kitchen was spacious, well-stocked, and had all sorts of gadgets. Eve enjoyed cooking and had been teaching Sam how to prepare some of the dishes they liked. Sam loved watching Eve here, though.

Roman’s presence in the open room seemed to shrink it considerably, though he simply leaned against the counter, hands still in his front pockets, shoulders hunched a bit. Male. Sexual energy pouring off him. Waiting.

Feeling his gaze on her, Sam kicked her shoes off by the table in the breakfast nook. She took a deep steadying breath, then Eve was behind her. Still in heels, she slid her hands around Sam’s waist, pulling her back against the soft, full breasts. Eve’s hands splayed low on Sam’s abdomen, her fingers resting at the top of her pubic bone, gently kneading. Warmth spread through her, radiating out from Eve’s hands as she rested her chin on Sam’s shoulder.

“Want me to fix you a drink?” she whispered, continuing her pressure on Sam’s abdomen before increasing her slow explorations to include her hips, thighs, and the hot juncture between them. Sam arched into Eve’s touch, then reached back to slip her fingers into Eve’s curly hair, silently asking for her lips on her neck.

“Talk to me, baby.” Eve’s breath was warm and moist with the words and Sam shivered. Sam was usually a quiet lover. Eve feathered kisses along the column of smooth skin. She knew Sam’s signals, but Roman wouldn’t. Eve was asking Sam to include Roman with words. She nipped at Sam’s nape, probably leaving a small mark. “Let us know what you want.” Sam felt her skin flush, stretch tight. “Drink?” Eve repeated.

Sam nodded, lowering her arms, bracing her hands against the table. “Please.” Her voice sounded odd to her own ears.

As Eve moved to make Sam a drink, probably a glass of wine or even a shot of whiskey, another set of hands, strong hard hands, caressed the curves of her butt and hips. Roman gathered her close and settled the hard ridge of his cock firmly in the crease of her ass. Her womb clenched.

God, she ached. His fingers clasped her hips and held her still as he stroked. She moaned as the pressure continued to build inside of her, consuming her.

“That’s right,” Roman murmured, “tell me.”

She pushed back against him and he grunted. Finding her waist, he pulled her upright, smoothed up her abdomen, stopping just beneath the curve of her breasts. Heart pounding against her ribs, she gave a small gasp. “Please, Roman...” she said, twisting in his grasp, trying to ease the throbbing in her nipples and the heat between her legs. If she

didn't come soon, she would spontaneously combust.

"What do you need, baby?" His thumbs drew circles along the outsides of her breasts, teasing.

"You," she said. Panting, gasping as his fingers brushed the sensitized tips. "Touch me, please," she begged.

Large hands cupped her aching breasts and heat exploded through her, stretching everything tight. Her nipples, hardened already, peaked against his palms through her filmy bodice. As he explored her through the fabric, he slowed, fingers curious on the textures he encountered.

His cock surged against her and he continued tormenting her aching breasts. "Let me see these," he growled into her ear, pinching gently.

"Ahh ... Eve!" Sam wanted this with Roman tonight, right now, but Eve had to be an active participant, not simply an observer. Eve's heels clicked on the tiles.

"It's okay, baby. I'm right here." A glass appeared in front of her face, the strong aroma of the Jack Daniel's clearing Sam's head like smelling salts. She took a long pull; the liquor burned a trail down her throat to her stomach where it burst into a fireball, calming her.

She kissed Eve's soft lips, the desire in her lover's eyes giving her strength. This was for Eve, too. Biting Eve's lower lip, Sam soothed the small hurt by sucking it between her own lips. Roman groaned at the exchange.

Sam took another sip, smiled at Eve, set the glass on the table and turned in Roman's arms. His dark blue eyes met hers, searching for something, a sign.

He caressed her through her dress, sliding his hands over her ribs and breasts, the friction raising goose bumps on her sensitized flesh. "I've been hard since I saw you dancing with Eve." He looked over her shoulder at Eve and smiled for his longtime friend. "I can see what you two have. Watching you on that dance floor, seeing you here in your home." He laughed softly. "It's fucking hot."

His gaze returned to Sam. "When you finished against me, I almost came just holding you, feeling you come apart in my arms." He took a deep breath and leaned his head back to stare at the ceiling, the tan, muscled column of his neck exposed, somehow vulnerable. "It's every guy's fantasy to be invited to share and I'm lucky to be a part of this. Knowing how Eve feels about cocks," he continued, and Eve laughed behind Sam, her hands joining Roman's on Sam's waist, "I'm pretty sure my presence here is for your pleasure," he said to Sam. "To add"—he grinned at her—"something extra to the fun you two clearly already know how to have."

Stroking up beneath Sam's skirt, Eve touched the bare cheek of her ass, then glided around to palm her mound and caress her drenched pussy through the thong panties.

Leaning back against Eve, Sam reached beneath her arm for the side zipper of her dress, easing it down until the only thing holding it in place was Roman's hands. He shimmied it down her body until it was a puddle of black at their feet.

"Jesus. You are so beautiful," he said, his hot gaze touching the hair barely contained by her panties and her small breasts adorned with the simple nipple rings of sapphire and silver.

Fascinated by the jewels, he circled the areola with his fingertip and the nipple tightened. Sam sucked in a breath through her teeth at the intense pleasure-pain that coursed straight to her clitoris.

Roman licked his lips, his breath puffing faster as he took in her body's response. "Those are so incredibly sexy," he said, raising his eyes to hers. "They're so hard." He dragged his fingers back and forth over both nipples, and Sam was practically panting at the sensations. "Do they hurt?"

Her voice deserted her, but she managed a shake of her head.

She used to be self-conscious about the small size of her breasts and dark nipples, but Roman couldn't get enough of them. Eve's hands came up from behind and cupped them like an offering for Roman's mouth. He groaned and gently flicked one hard nipple with his tongue, blew on the erect peak. Bending his legs, he placed his hands over Eve's, including her in his caress, then Sam felt the warmth of his lips and tongue on her breast.

Sliding her fingers into Roman's hair, she held him to her, leaning her head back to look at Eve. Eve was mesmerized by the sight of Roman's hands on her breasts, his mouth devouring her. Her pupils dilated, her lips parted, then she swiped her tongue along them as if her mouth had gone dry. Sam turned and set her open mouth to the column of Eve's throat, savoring the race of her pulse, her hot scent.

Roman let her nipple slip from his mouth, but continued to caress with his lips. "Where's the bedroom?" he asked, his breath hot on her skin.

He stood and Eve stepped back, allowing Roman to swing Sam up in his arms. She wrapped her arms around his neck, then lowered a hand to move her fingers over the buttons of his shirt, to open it as far as she could. Reaching inside, she scratched a fingernail over his nipple, making it nearly as hard as her own.

She grabbed Eve's hand as they moved past, bringing it to her lips to kiss her fingertips before releasing it. The sharp bite of anticipation gathered inside as she considered the delicious pleasures in store for the three of them.



## Chapter Five

Eve led Roman down the hallway, her blood pumping heavily through her veins.

Glancing back over her shoulder at him cradling a nearly naked Sam against a massive chest, Eve knew he was the right choice. The look on his face in the kitchen when he'd seen Sam's body for the first time was almost reverent. But he didn't try to take over like a kid with a new toy. He wanted to share everything.

Sam kissed his neck and anything else she could reach. He met Eve's eyes over Sam's dark head. Most of the time Roman guarded his emotions with the same determination he did his customers' information, but the love in his gaze stole her breath. It occurred to her that Roman would do anything for her. He'd proven that throughout their lives. Though his passion for Sam was very real and powerful, too. Could it be because Eve and Sam went together?

And he was gorgeous to look at. She'd always thought him handsome, but the changes that he'd demanded of himself made her heart beat faster. She wanted to touch him and feel the changes for herself.

When they'd hugged earlier, the shape of his cock pressed to her stomach had made her go up in flames. She'd felt scorched. Satisfied that Sam would not be disappointed in that area, what she struggled with was this undeniable desire to crawl all over Roman. To test the solid muscle beneath his chest and stomach with lips and teeth.

She entered the bedroom and walked over to the low-watt lamp beside the bed to turn it on. The bedroom had a soft feel to it. When they'd chosen the furnishings, it was with the idea that there wouldn't be a bunch of corners and hard edges. Situated on a raised platform, the king-sized bed dominated the room.

Eve crossed to the padded bench in front of the full-length mirror. Sitting, she bent to take off her sandals, rubbing a hand over the soft fabric covering the armless, backless piece of furniture.

Setting Sam on her feet beside the bed, Roman gathered her close and ravaged her mouth, running his hands over her as if he couldn't decide what he wanted to touch first. Eve smiled. She knew that out-of-control feeling. Sam's breasts jiggled and shimmered as she squirmed beneath Roman's touch. Gliding between the pale globes of Sam's ass, he parted them and stroked one thick finger into her pussy. Eve moaned at the sight, wondering how Roman's hands would feel between her own legs.

Sam turned at the sound, searching for Eve. She left Roman to kneel in front of Eve by the bench. Reaching behind, she found the zipper of Eve's dress and slid it down. Eve could smell Sam's unique aroma, light and expensive, mixed with her arousal and Roman's earthier scent. Excitement curled through her stomach, making her want so many things all at once.

Sliding the dress down Eve's arms, Sam let it settle around her waist. The central air touched her hot skin and chill bumps pebbled along her arms. Sam giggled when she saw them and rubbed her hands up and down Eve's arms to smooth them away.

Roman watched them from beneath heavy lids, the heat in his eyes searing Eve even from a distance.

She certainly wasn't cold. Eve was burning up with Sam between her legs, caressing

the deep line of her cleavage with her lips, her hands sliding up her legs beneath the dress, wrapping around her full hips, then back to cup her breasts.

“You are so beautiful. I love these,” Sam said against Eve’s lace-covered breast. Flicking her nipple with her tongue, she peeled back the lace edge and pulled the taut bud into her mouth, sucking strongly as she rolled the other between her thumb and finger, the lace adding friction.

Eve needed to touch her, rubbing her fingers over the hardened peaks of Sam’s jeweled breasts. Heat curled through her as she recalled Roman’s reaction to the nipple rings.

Sam smiled, tilting her head back and giving Eve total access. “I want you on the bed,” Eve said. A movement beyond Sam’s head caught her attention and she gave a start.

Sam didn’t turn, but watched Roman in the mirror behind Eve. While the girls played, Roman had made himself comfortable on the bed; he now leaned against the headboard. His shirt was hanging open, but he’d removed everything else.

“Don’t stop on account of me,” he said wryly, that wicked grin back on his face. His eyes missed nothing as he took in each caress and kiss. Eve felt a jolt as she watched him, the need to touch him almost overwhelming.

Roman’s actions reflected in the mirror fascinated Sam as much as they did Eve. His hand worked his cock in a slow, twisting caress from base to crown. Eve’s mouth went dry as a drip of precum pearled the tip and he swiped it up with the next stroke. His gaze remained on Sam and Eve, wrapped in each other’s arms.

Sam’s breathing increased and she licked her lips, her eyes following Roman’s hand. “You want that, baby?” Eve asked, desire thickening her voice.

“Yes,” she said, tearing her eyes away from the mirror image of Roman and his cock to meet Eve’s. “So much I ache.”

Standing up, Eve’s dress fell to the floor in an orange cloud. She reached around to unhook her bra while Sam slid off her own panties first, then hitched her fingers beneath the satin strings of Eve’s and slipped them down as well.

“I need my mouth on you,” Sam said, sliding her fingers into Eve as she stood back up. “I want to taste you while I fuck you.” Eve’s nipples were hard pebbles and she felt little shock waves shiver along her clitoris as Sam continued stroking her with her fingers. Sam kissed her then, turning and walking her backward toward the bed.

Roman stood and tore off his shirt, flipping back the covers and sheet, then propped himself on his side facing them, content to watch them enjoy each other.

Eve scooted crosswise on the bed, then settled on her back. Sam followed, kissing first her knee, then hip and belly button, continuing to her breasts where she cupped them, groaning with pleasure as Eve responded to her touch.

Straddling her, Sam’s curly black hair and the heat of her pussy brushed against Eve’s clit.

She gently removed the jewels from Sam’s nipples, though they remained hard and sensitive to the laving of her tongue. Reaching between her legs, she slipped her fingers into Sam, soaking them to her palm. “You’re so wet, baby,” she murmured. Sam closed her eyes as she threw her head back, the cool strands of her hair caressing Eve’s thighs as she found her own rhythm.

Eve’s heart pounded, every nerve electrified and raw. As she withdrew her fingers

and brought them to her mouth, Sam opened her eyes and leaned in for a deep kiss, taking a taste of herself. Eve savored the exchange. Beside her, Roman made an agonized sound deep in his chest.

Turning toward him, she met his eyes and felt scorched.

“Please, Eve, you’re killing me,” he said, his voice strangled, his hand working his cock with a steady rhythm.

Dipping her fingers into Sam again, she reached out to Roman and he sucked them into his mouth, closing his eyes as the taste swirled through him, growling as Eve withdrew.

“Oh, baby, he wants you so bad,” she whispered in Sam’s ear. “He sees how wet your pussy is. He tasted it from my hand and it’s making him crazy.” Sam groaned against Eve, leaning down and licking her nipple. The heat of Sam’s mouth sent a zing straight to her pussy.

“Turn around so I can taste your pussy while Roman takes you,” Eve said. “I want to see his cock in you when I’m sucking you.”

Roman was already rising to his knees at Eve’s head, his beautiful face dark and tense with arousal as he followed the exchange. At the sight of his dick, smooth and rock hard, the head damp and shiny with precum, bobbing above her as he shifted position, Eve lifted her hips to Sam’s. Needing to be filled. Her feelings confused her, but the desire to touch and taste him was undeniable.

“You’re going to come so hard,” Sam said. “Do you want the toy?” Eve’s skin felt tight and hot, her thighs wet.

“No, baby,” Eve moaned, “I need your fingers.” As much as they enjoyed the toys, right now the thought of Sam’s fingers sliding in and out, while her clever tongue drove Eve wild, was almost enough to send Eve over the edge.

Sam glanced at Roman, his cock so close to her mouth, then she latched onto Eve’s breast and sucked deep, drawing a moan from Eve as she twisted beneath Sam. Her clit throbbed, wanting the same treatment as her nipple. When Sam released her breast, Eve lay panting at the loss. Squeezing her legs together, orgasm tingled within reach. A fleeting touch would have pushed her over. Sam would drive Roman crazy with her wicked mouth.

“I want to suck him first,” Sam whispered into Eve’s ear. Eve licked her lips, wondering how all that hardness would feel. How would it taste on her tongue? Would the edge of her teeth give him pain or pleasure? Roman’s low groan told her he heard Sam’s request, or maybe read the intent in Eve’s eyes. Either way, the sound rumbled along Eve’s nerves, stretched them taut and made her ache. Sam’s next words intensified the craving. “It’s been so long since I’ve tasted a man.”

Putting her hand between Sam’s legs, Eve delved into the wetness. She smoothed it around her clit, working back and forth, slipping into her again and again until Sam squirmed and twisted, hips thrusting against Eve’s. Her firm breasts jiggled, dark nipples playing hide-and-seek against the softness of her hair. Eve reached up and pinched one peak.

Sam’s gasp ended abruptly beneath the smothering of Roman’s lips. When he broke the kiss, his eyes locked on Eve’s. His hunger fueled her own. Just like on the dance floor, he let her know this was for her.

“Be gentle with him,” Eve said to Sam, her voice barely a whisper. Tearing her eyes

from his, they went automatically to the motion of his hand stroking his cock, the crown purple and wet.

Eve's heart lurched at the sight of Roman on his knees, his hand in Sam's hair as he urged her down, silently begging her to take him. He released her hair, skimmed down the line of her back, and kneaded the sweet globe of her ass, before sliding down the cleft and joining Eve's fingers in Sam's pussy. Sam pushed back against their hands, pumping her hips in a slow rhythm.

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From his knees beside Eve's head, Roman had a spectacular view of his girls. Sam straddled Eve, her legs spread wide to accept his two fingers from above and Eve's from below. He followed Eve's lead; the friction of their tangled fingers had Sam's pussy weeping for them. Sam may be a quiet lover, but each soft gasp and purr pulled on his dick, made him feel out of control. Jesus.

On her back, Eve's hair fanned out in wild disarray. Her nipples begged for lips on them. Would she let him taste those tempting peaks?

He wanted to close his eyes and let the sensations drag him under, but he didn't want to miss even one expression on Eve's face. She had watched his hand on his cock, her lips falling open and her breathing rapid.

Sam was beautiful and giving; even now he could feel her soft breath on his damp cockhead. But it was Eve's green eyes that captivated him. She seemed to absorb everything Sam did to him, devoured him with her eyes. Made him believe that she found him desirable. Was it him Eve watched or her lover's reaction to him? Could it be both?

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Eve wet her top lip, unconsciously mimicking Sam as her tongue darted out, licking the precum from Roman's cock. He jerked like he'd been shot, but he didn't force himself into Sam's mouth. He stopped stroking and threaded his fingers into her hair again, waiting for her to make the next move. She didn't take long, opening her luscious lips to swallow him as far as she could.

Roman groaned, gathering Sam's hair more firmly in his hand. Eve felt that groan between her legs, desire rippling through her as he fed Sam the rest of his cock with a slow flexing of his hips. His expression was one of such intense pleasure it took Eve's breath away. He deserved everything they would give him tonight. Or for however long they had with him.

Eve realized just how much she loved him. At that moment, with his dick deep in the mouth of her lover, Eve would do anything for him. Her heart pounded with a desperate need to show him physically, but she was afraid. She loved him so much, had been friends with him forever. The thought of destroying that terrified her into stillness.

"Mmm," Sam moaned, eyes closed. She pulled back until her lips reached the ridge beneath the tip, circled the head with her tongue, then took him all the way, her wet lips slippery and tight. Eve watched, mesmerized. She could almost feel the thickness in her mouth. If she leaned up she could take him in the same way Sam was. She glanced up at him and found his eyes squeezed shut, his face a mask of arousal as he fought for control against the sweet assault. His one hand clenched in Sam's hair, the other driving deep into her pussy with Eve's as Sam undulated her hips in rhythm with her mouth. Every one of Eve's senses screamed as Sam tormented all three of them with her enthusiasm. Both Roman and Eve felt Sam's orgasm as she drenched their pumping fingers.

“That’s it, baby,” Eve said, pinching Sam’s nipple. “Come for us.” And she did. Her climax pulsed along Eve’s fingers as Sam took Roman deep into her throat. Eve watched in fascination as she swallowed repeatedly against the invasion. Roman groaned in agony, thrusting heavily into Sam’s mouth, his hand shaking visibly against the back of Sam’s head.

Eve shifted her legs, her pussy aching. She needed to come so badly. She wanted Sam’s juices all over Roman’s cock. Hungered to taste in a way she never had before. The voraciousness of her appetite would have been frightening if she wasn’t sharing this with the two most important people in her life.

“I’m trying to hang on here,” Roman growled, his breathing rapid and shallow. “I can’t take much more this first time.” He eased back, groaning as he withdrew his cock from Sam’s lips. Sam shivered as Eve and Roman slid their fingers from the tight clasp on her body. Sam tried to take Roman into her mouth again, but he held back beyond her reach.

Eve rose up and kissed Sam’s mouth. Roman’s earthy flavor, mixed with Sam’s familiar taste, surprised a moan of pure pleasure from her. Sam smiled against her lips, reached up and stroked the side of Eve’s mouth.

“Open up,” she murmured, her tongue sweeping along Eve’s lips, leaving tingles in its wake. “Let me share with you.” With that she took Eve’s mouth. Eve felt Roman’s fingers moving Sam’s hair so he could see their faces and she opened her eyes.

Looking first at Sam, her blue eyes bright with love and something else Eve couldn’t quite identify, then she turned her gaze to Roman. He watched as Sam continued to kiss her, longing clear in the tense lines of his face and body. Eve sizzled with the newness of it all. Roman traced the line of Eve’s neck and cheek, his deep blue eyes turbulent and a touch of uncertainty in his caress.

Sam pulled back just enough to whisper, “It’s your turn now.” Eve shifted her legs beneath Sam’s, pressing them together, trying to ease the ache that had become almost unbearable. “Mmm-hmm, I’m going to spread your legs, open you up and eat that sweet pussy until you come.”

“I’m right there already,” Eve said, shaking all over. “What you did to Roman…” She closed her eyes, shivering, unsure of what to say.

Sam turned around with her back to Roman. He stroked her back and hips as she straddled Eve, her smooth thighs warm against Eve’s ears. There was the soft sound of glass clinking, then a condom wrapper being torn open. The sight of Sam’s pussy, all wet and plump, and the awareness of Roman repositioning, preparing himself to make love to Sam, sent a wave of lust rolling over Eve. She wrapped her hands around Sam’s hips, her thumbs gliding along creamy labia. Parting, taking. The piquant scent of her cum made her head spin. Sam’s gasps and moans fueled the fire streaking through Eve. She pulled her down, slipping her tongue against Sam’s inner folds, sucking her clit hard, before settling into a slow deliberate circle.

Sam set her mouth to Eve at the same time, ravaging with tongue and lips, then eased off. Eve spread her legs wide, lifting her hips toward Sam’s mouth, silently pleading for release. Sam played with her instead, teasing her drenched pussy with light touches and shallow thrusts of her finger. Eve twisted and bucked, trying to ease the ache. Sam held her firmly, each flick of her tongue electrifying. Finally, she slid one finger, then another, into her, working her with long, fast strokes.

Careful of Eve's position beneath Sam, Roman nudged between Sam's widely spread legs. Before he could take control, Eve reached up, touching Roman intimately for the first time in their lives. Heart pounding in her throat, she could barely breathe as she wrapped her hand around the base of his cock, ultrasmooth in the condom. He was so thick her fingers didn't touch. He groaned, pulsing in her grip. The heavy vein that ran along the underside intrigued her. She rubbed gently with the pad of her thumb, wet and slick from Sam's pussy, where the vein met his scrotum, the sac pulled tight against his body. She didn't think it was possible, but his cock grew thicker, expanded even more, throbbing in her hand.

"Eve..." His voice cracked and sent another thrill through her. "Jesus, baby ... squeeze." She did, feeling the deep pulse of his cum. It made her light-headed, knowing her touch affected him so. "Tighter. Shit." The last was forced out through his gritted teeth. Eve saw drips of cum spurt inside the condom, before he managed to regain control. His chest heaved with the effort.

She urged him forward, but stopped him before he entered Sam. Reaching behind, she stroked her hands up the backs of his thighs and beyond, sinking her fingers into the solid muscles of his butt. His body convulsed as shudders ripped through him. Or maybe she shuddered. It didn't matter. All her brain could process was Sam's mouth hot on her pussy driving her wild and Roman's tight ass in her hands as he waited for Eve's next move. Waited to share with Sam the one thing Eve couldn't.

She clenched her fingers, her nails biting into his flesh, and together they entered Sam with that first hard stroke. As Sam's pussy closed over the thick head of Roman's cock, desire crashed over Eve, filling her with an overwhelming desire to give Roman what she'd never given any man.

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Between Eve's legs, Sam moaned, pushing back against Roman as he set a powerful pace. Her inner muscles clung tight to his cock, and though he couldn't see Eve's face, he felt her wild hair brush his legs and balls. His Eve lay beneath him, watching him fuck her lover. The feel of her small hand fisted around his dick had damn near done him in.

He tried to slow down, pace himself, by pulling out nearly all the way. All that did was make Sam crazy on him. Her cunt working just the head, and hips moving in a circle, trying to draw him back into her, had him reeling. He also knew that Eve could see every solid inch of him covered with Sam's juices. The thought had his guts twisted in knots. Why was she doing this? Why him? He told himself it didn't matter why. It did, though. He wanted more with these women that just sex. He wanted a place in their lives.

Christ, he wanted that so much. But right now it was about the sex. And the truth was, there was no fucking way he was going to last. His women knew each other too well. His heart pounded blood through his veins, making him dizzy.

Watching them together ... kissing, touching, stroking. God, it made him nuts. Tasting Sam's sweet pussy from Eve's fingers had made him want to jerk himself to release, but he wanted to finish inside the tight clench of Sam's body.

They so obviously enjoyed the physical side of their relationship. The kissing and breast play was hot and erotic. Sam's jewelry fascinated him and made him hard as steel. She'd asked Eve about wanting a toy. Damn. The thought of watching Sam use a dildo on his Eve had nearly had him shooting right then and there.

Now, with his cock stroking deep inside her, he savored their gasps and groans,

relished their fingers dragging each other toward a heart-pounding climax. Sucking, moaning. Jesus fucking God. A growl made its way through his chest. He grabbed Sam's hips and pulled her back, going deep and holding her still for a moment before pumping heavily into her again.

She spread Eve's legs wide, exposing the hardened nub of her clit, and sucked it hard, fingers fucking her deep. He needed that for himself. Smoothing one hand up Sam's spine, he dug his fingers into her hair and gave a gentle tug. Not enough to cause pain, but enough to get her attention. "Sit up, baby," he said, not releasing his grip.

She obeyed without hesitation, easing back against him, opening her pussy to an even deeper thrust. Roman groaned at the new position, forgetting for a moment why he'd wanted her to adjust. The sight of Eve's thighs spread wide and her neatly trimmed bush reminded him, making his mouth water.

Sam's lips were shiny with Eve's cream. Roman kissed her, Eve's essence overwhelming his senses. He sucked at Sam's lips, devouring her. His heart thundered against his ribs as he tasted the blending of Eve and Sam. Sharing. His hips jerked as Sam bit his bottom lip, then kissed him again.

Breaking the kiss, he leaned forward and he slid his longer, broader fingers into Eve, joining Sam as they fucked her together. Eve's body jerked at the dual stimulation, lifted to meet their thrusts. Withdrawing from Eve's tight little pussy, he stuck his fingers into his mouth, tasting her again. He leaned back.

"Suck her, baby," he said to Sam. "I want you to make her come for us." Sam returned to Eve's pussy with an eagerness that would have made him smile if he wasn't so close to losing his fucking mind.

Eve cupped his balls, her touch light and hesitant. So shy with him. The girl whose head had lain in his lap more times than he could remember, that he'd resigned himself to never having, now explored him intimately with her gentle hands. She'd made a living stripping, yet the male body was all new to her. Feeling her hand exploring his sac, inner thighs, and perineum, Roman couldn't even breathe. His heart crowded up his throat. He tried to make his brain form words and finally managed, "Fuck."

His hips jerked as he lost his rhythm. He'd dreamed of Eve for so many years he could no longer control his reaction. Her touch became bolder and he knew there was no way he could hold on much longer. Not with Sam pushing back against him, her pussy swallowing his cock, and Eve's curious hand discovering him. Electricity burned up the base of his spine, clenching his abs and tearing the breath from his lungs. Then Eve was coming, her movements frenzied, and Sam drinking every drop enthusiastically.

Eve's orgasm pulled Sam over the edge with her. The sounds they made bringing each other pleasure shredded what was left of his control. Grabbing Sam's hips, the spasms of her climax milked his cock and he pumped hard to his own finish. His body expanded, he held tight to Sam's hips, Eve's hand clenched around him, and his brain shut down. The growl that had started low in his chest erupted with a shout of ecstasy.

He collapsed on his back as the girls untangled themselves. "Jesus," he said, his heart rate taking its sweet time returning to normal. The sight unfolding before him wasn't going to help.

Disposing of the condom in the small trash can beside the bed, Roman settled against the headboard. Soon he had two drowsy, satiated women snuggled against him. One on each side. Eve pulled the linens over them. This is right, he thought. Here with Sam and

Eve is where he needed to be. And in a tangle of arms and legs, they slept.



## Chapter Six

Sam fought her way up through the depths of sleep and with lucidity came an awareness of feeling deliciously used. Lying on her left side, Roman's body heat radiated off his sleeping form. Eyes closed, she smiled and took inventory of her well-loved body. Nipples tender under the gentle chafing of the light sheet. Shifting slightly, she barely managed to contain a moan at the soreness between her legs and along her thighs and butt. She was sure the pale flesh of her hips would bear marks from Roman's hands.

The coolness of the room told her the comforter had long since slipped off the sleeping trio. In the stillness of the bedroom, Sam could hear Roman's rhythmic breathing. She could also tell that Eve was not asleep. Some things you just learned to recognize about those you lived with and loved.

Opening her eyes, she noted the glow of a single streetlamp filtering in through the drawn curtains, casting shadows and light around the room. Her faint smile widened as she looked her fill of the planes of Roman's chest and abdomen. His nipples semihard in the chill of the room, a light dusting of hair circled and arched directly to his cock, hidden beneath the sheet resting low on lean hips. As she recalled the thick fullness slipping between her lips, then soothing the ache deep in her body, a rush of liquid creamed the insides of her thighs.

She remained still, looking across Roman at the expression on Eve's face. Sam's heart nearly broke at the longing so evident in the hooded eyes and parted lips of her lover. Eve was clearly captivated by the different textures of Roman's skin, her eyes drawn again and again to the bulge of his cock, impressive even in repose.

More than anything, Sam wanted Eve to know the taste of this man. Right now. There was an incredible power that came with rousing a man from sleep to readiness. But it needed to be done without waking the beautiful beast.

Moving her unseen hand, Sam grasped the sheet and slowly started to pull it down his thighs. At the first shifting of the linen, Eve's wide eyes had darted to Roman, then to Sam. Sam pursed her lips in a shushing gesture, continuing the unveiling of Roman's lower body. She wanted to suck his dick into her mouth and feel it grow in length and girth against her tongue, savoring the changes as he woke.

And she would. Just not this time. Meeting her lover's gaze, she placed a hand high on Roman's hard thigh, curling her fingers between his legs, close to but not touching the length of his penis lying along the cushion of his relaxed scrotum. Eve mirrored the gesture, tongue peeking out to lick her bottom lip, face alight with excitement. Even in sleep, Roman took pleasure in their touch as he flexed his hips upward and shifted wider, opening himself to a more intimate caress, before settling back into sleep.

Sam rose slowly to her knees beside him, encouraging Eve to do the same, then leaned over to kiss her gently, the whip of lust snapping Sam to full wakefulness. More than anything she needed to see Eve's lips and teeth and tongue rouse Roman from sleep.

Careful not to lean on him, Sam took Eve's hand and folded her fingers at the base of his cock, feeling the involuntary pulse along the length as Eve adjusted her grip.

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"Suck just the tip into your mouth," Sam's breath whispered hot in Eve's ear, "then

roll your tongue around the head and rim.” A shiver rippled through Eve as Sam released her hand, leaving just her own on Roman’s cock that even in sleep responded, pulsing against her palm. She bent to do as Sam instructed.

Opening her mouth wide, she closed her lips just below the ridge of the crown, using her tongue to swirl all around the smooth skin. His salty taste intrigued and she lapped along the slit, then down the sensitive underside. With each pulse, his cock filled her mouth, feeding a sudden burning need to devour him. Her pussy throbbed and she moaned softly.

Eve sat up more, right hand still fisted at the base holding him upright, sliding up and down in rhythm with her mouth. Sam cupped his balls, fingers gently manipulating the spheres inside.

“Go down as far as you can comfortably, then drag your teeth lightly along the length as you come up.” Sam’s words, again spoken directly in Eve’s ear, sent tremors through her body, nipples peaking painfully as her breasts swayed to the bobbing of her mouth.

Sam kissed Roman’s hip, her gaze unwavering on Eve’s. When Eve felt the beads of precum coat her tongue, her eyes widened and she swallowed automatically. Sam’s lips curved in a knowing smile. “That’s right, taste him.”

Eve couldn’t resist the tempting taste of him. Pulling him deep into her mouth, she loved him with her lips. Holding him upright, she swirled her tongue around the head, nipped her way down the heavy vein underneath, laved his sac between Sam’s playful fingers, then retraced her way back and sucked him again. She continued the rhythmic strokes of her hand, learning his textures. He moved against her, beginning to wake. His body tensed beneath her, surging and retreating. His unconscious sexuality pulled at her, made her want it all.

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Roman groaned deep in his chest; thrusting his hips upward, he reached down to grab his cock as he fought the last remnants of sleep. Hell. He didn’t want to wake up. His cock was deep in Eve’s mouth and Sam nibbled at his balls, her clever fingers tugging just shy of pain.

Then his hands encountered two very different textures of hair spread across his lap and his fingers clenched, effectively manacled the girls where they were.

The mouth on his dick tortured him as his dream meshed with reality and his hips gave an involuntary upward thrust. Forcing himself to look, the sight of Eve’s lips around his cock dragged a growl from him. The sound of a lifetime of longing. He had to be dreaming. Eyes closed, she licked the length of his dick, played with him, teased the head, then long lashes fluttered open and she met his eyes. In the semidarkness her lips curved into a brilliant smile before she opened her mouth and sucked him deep into her wet heat.

“Sweet Christ.” He was about two seconds from shooting his load down Eve’s throat. As incredible as her mouth felt on his cock, he was pretty sure his beautiful Eve was not ready for that yet. Flexing the fingers of his left hand against Eve’s scalp, he tangled them in her wild curls and pulled, gently urging her to release his dick. Meeting his eyes in the dim light of the room, she humbled him. Wet lips stretched over his cock, she sucked strongly as she pulled off of him.

She moved to take him back in her mouth, but Roman stopped her, a shudder tearing

through his body. Releasing Sam's hair, he grabbed his cock, his grip tight in a near futile attempt to gain control. "I can't, baby." The words were strangled. "Fuck. You're going to make me come." Her eyes flared as she considered that, then she smiled and it damn near undid him. He felt hot, slippery cum on his clenched fingers.

Sam kissed her, biting Eve's lips still wet and swollen from giving her first blow job. Roman's heart couldn't take much more. He loved her so much. Sharing her with Sam, Roman knew love without boundaries. She'd been off-limits to him growing up, yet they had invited him to be with them.

Waking to his dick deep in Eve's mouth was more than simply years of dreams becoming a reality. It meant hope, too. And as much as he needed Eve, he quickly discovered that Sam, with her dark beauty and quiet strength, completed the package.

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Having watched their exchange, Sam knew Roman had a tenuous hold on his control, but they weren't anywhere near done playing with him yet. Tasting his cock on Eve's lips only made Sam want more of him. More of them. She kissed the hard flesh of his abdomen, licked a path to his nipple where she tormented with teeth and tongue. Eve followed her lead, laving the other tip and sucking hard.

Having never seen Eve interact sexually with a man before, witnessing her obvious enjoyment of Roman's body, served as a powerful aphrodisiac. Sharing in the discovery of Eve's unknown desires fueled Sam's passion. Made her restless to see them writhing in the pleasure they could give each other.

Roman twisted beneath them. Eve sat up and straddled one of his legs, moving back and forth against the hair-roughened muscles of his thigh. Her breasts swayed with the motion, rosy nipples tempting Sam to taste. As she bent to sample, Roman filled his hands with Eve's breasts and offered them to Sam's lips. Sam clamped on greedily, sucking one hard peak.

Eve moaned, closing her eyes, clutching Roman's arm with one hand and Sam's hair with the other. By her frenzied grinding against Roman's hard thigh, Eve was fast approaching orgasm. And that just wouldn't do.

Meeting Roman's blue eyes, ablaze with fierce need, Sam grabbed a condom and tore it open. He groaned as she bent, closed her hand around his wet cock, and took him deep into her mouth. His taste burst through her and she longed to stay right there, sucking him until his essence filled her mouth. She stopped after several long seconds. His breath sawed in and out, harsh in the quiet room. Sam's hands trembled, but she managed to get the condom on him.

Crawling behind Eve and between Roman's spread legs, Sam slid one hand down over Eve's pussy, fingered her swollen clit, and caressed the other hand down the crease of her ass to enter her pussy from behind, to fuck her fast and hard with two fingers. Her clutching pussy drenched Sam's hand and Eve moaned as she hurtled toward climax.

Though Sam's heart pounded at Eve's sensual enthusiasm, she eased off a bit to hold her steady, stopping her wild gyrations. "Raise up, Eve," she said, kissing along Eve's shoulders and neck, nipping the skin then soothing the pain with the swipe of her tongue. "I want to see Roman inside your luscious pussy. Loving you."

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Eve stilled, glancing at Sam. Longing, sharp and undeniable, slammed into her. Rivalled in intensity by uncertainty, though of what she couldn't tell.

Roman had been her friend for so long, she couldn't recall memories that didn't have him in them somewhere. So why did the prospect of sharing her body with him cause such trepidation? She had never been with a man, yet she wanted Roman more than breath. Did he feel that, too? There had been times in the past when his body had reacted to her, but Eve hadn't been ready. With Sam there, it felt right. She was ready now.

Sam watched her with passion-filled eyes, fingers dragging the moisture around her lower lips and circling her clit, keeping Eve on edge.

"You really want that?" Her voice soft and husky, even to her own ears.

Sam nodded. "More than anything," she whispered, kissing her with dizzying thoroughness. Beneath them, the tension in Roman's supine form changed. His breathing slowed and he simply waited for Eve's response. Eve couldn't look at him. Beautiful and sexy. Not yet.

"But this was for you, baby," Eve said, her eyes searching Sam's, looking for reassurance. She found that and so much more as those blue eyes shone brilliantly with love and desire.

They both looked at Roman. He lay so still beneath them, waiting, his usual half grin absent.

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On Roman's solemn face, Sam could see that Eve's answer would decide his fate. And not just about sex.

Leaning over, Sam kissed her way along Roman's jaw to his lips, claiming his mouth in a soul-deep joining. Breaking away, she turned her attention to Eve and gave her the same impassioned kiss. "No, baby," she said, and Eve's eyes softened at the endearment, "this is for all of us."

Eve tilted her head so the hair shielded her face from Roman's desperate gaze. She whispered so low that Sam had to strain to hear, "What if he doesn't want to make love to me?"

Sam's heart thudded as she heard the rare note of insecurity in Eve's statement.

Roman's anguished groan broke the silence and both women looked at him.

"Eve, I've loved you nearly all of my life." He sat up and cupped her face in his hands, taking her mouth with agonizing tenderness. Releasing his hold, he reached between their bodies and grasped his cock, still rock hard and eager. "Let me finally show you with my body ... please."

The smile she bestowed on him before turning it on Sam was the most beguiling Sam had ever seen. Then Eve nodded, pushed Roman back, giggling as she straddled his hips.

"It'll be a bit different than the toys," Sam said. "For one thing, he's a lot bigger than anything we've used in you." Roman's laugh ended in a low moan as Eve wrapped a hand around his cock. Sam caressed Eve from behind, smoothing her slippery cream around her labia and clit before pushing two fingers into her again, quickly returning her to the precipice. Sam reached beneath Eve to Roman's cock, stroking the head and shaft with Eve's wetness.

"Sam, come up here." At Roman's low command, Sam looked at him, heart hammering against her ribs at the consuming fire blazing in his blue eyes. "Straddle my chest, baby, facing Eve."

Eve helped Sam do what he requested, releasing her grip on Roman's dick to caress Sam's breasts, pinching her nipples, making her gasp and arch her back.

“That’s right, baby, open for me,” Roman said from behind Sam, stroking his thick fingers along the slit of her pussy, opening her to his eyes and mouth, lashing her clit with his tongue. Without warning he sucked the sensitive nub between his lips and Sam screamed, fire streaking from her pussy to her nipples and beyond.

Eve sank her fingers into Sam’s hair, angling her head to take her mouth fully, tongue thrusting deep. Roman pulled at her pussy, taking her with long twisting strokes of his fingers.

Reaching between their bodies, Sam wrapped her hand around Roman’s cock; feeling it throb and expand in her grip, she held him firm. “Fuck him now, Eve,” she said against Eve’s neck, marking the tender skin with her teeth.

Eve balanced herself with her hands on Sam’s shoulders and rose up until her dripping pussy clasped the tip of his cock. Roman lifted his hips to meet her. Eve eased down a bit, then rose again, shifting to accept the full length and girth of his cock. He trembled beneath Sam.

\*

Eve felt stretched as she never had before. Too much. She gasped at the fullness and squeezed her eyes shut. Against her eyelids, a kaleidoscope of colors flashed as she tried to breathe. Shaking her head once, she panted, “I can’t, baby…” She tried to relax and take him. “He’s too big.” Sam bent and her lips fluttered over Eve’s breasts, leaving a hot wet trail, circling each nipple. The peaks ached. She arched her back, pushing against Sam’s soft mouth, feeling the cool strands of Sam’s hair catching the sensitive tips.

Eve opened her eyes, looking down over the smooth slope of Sam’s back and ass, captured by the sight of Roman’s blond head. His closed eyes were barely visible as he feasted between Sam’s legs. Large hands cupped her butt cheeks, pulling them open and holding her secure as he ravaged the sweet flesh.

Eve started to pull off, only to have Sam’s fingers pinch the bead of her clitoris and her lips close tight on her nipple. Eve gasped at the dual attack. At the sound, long lashes lifted and Roman’s gaze locked on hers. Unchecked lust and blinding love hit her full force. Between Sam’s caresses and Roman’s love, Eve’s tight sheath flooded with wetness, and she settled firmly on Roman’s cock.

\*

Roman lost it. Eve’s attempts to adjust to his claiming had been torture to the sensitive head of his cock. When her tight pussy relaxed and she slipped down to grip him like a fist, he couldn’t take it anymore. Whipped into a frenzy, he nipped at Sam’s pussy and clit, holding her securely for his assault, only to lick and suck to soothe the aroused flesh. Thrusting upward to meet Eve’s undulating body, he knew he’d died and gone to heaven.

\*

Sam cried out at the assault on her pussy. Hunger, keen and sharp, coiled tighter and tighter. She clasped Eve’s hips and together they created a rhythm in time to Roman’s upward thrusts, all three careening wildly toward ecstasy.

Eve threw her head back and screamed as she came, riding Roman hard. Sam knew she’d never seen anything so beautiful in her life. Eve’s ecstasy. Roman’s body stiffened beneath her. Clasping Sam’s clit, he ravished it sharply with his tongue. Her pussy throbbed, clenching tight around his fingers, as the waves of euphoria pulled her under.

## Epilogue

“Ready, baby?”

At the sound of Roman’s voice, heat licked along Eve’s spine. She turned and her heart nearly burst with love. Eighteen months since that first incredible night together and Eve’s life just kept getting better and better.

“Yes, all set,” Eve said. She stood as Sam entered her office with Roman following close beside her, a steadying hand at the small of her back. Always protective of his women, his instincts had kicked into hyperdrive during the last eight months. Sam, whose very pregnant belly protruded beautifully, looked radiant as she walked toward Eve and kissed her softly.

Roman retrieved Eve’s overcoat from the closet, held it for her as she shrugged into it. Then he turned her in his arms and kissed her fully, sending flames coursing through her blood and warmth curling in her belly.

Sam came into the office quite a bit to meet Eve for lunch, though she’d left the firm a year ago. She’d created a successful freelance career, writing for legal magazines and newspapers. She had been struggling with the decision to stop practicing law and write full-time. That choice had put a huge strain on the relationship with her father. Though the three hadn’t tried to hide their commitment to each other, the first actual meeting that Roman had with Sam’s family had been at Christmas last year.

When Sam had introduced Roman to her mother, tucked securely beneath the arm of the Honorable Judge Randolph Brooks, now retired, the judge had been practically apoplectic. Of course, it could have had something to do with Roman having protected the judge’s identity during his liaisons with one of the dancers at the club. After that, the judge kept his opinions regarding Sam’s career and lifestyle choices to himself.

Several colleagues offered greetings and well-wishes to them as they left the office. They had long since gotten beyond the unusualness of a relationship that had begun as two women, then expanded to include this one man. Instead of being critical, they celebrated the trio’s obvious love and devotion to each other.

Tonight they would attend the last childbirth class as they prepared to bring their baby into the world. As they walked across the parking lot in the chilly January air, Eve felt warm and toasty, secure in the circle of Roman’s arm. Loving that his other arm held Sam just as securely.

Who could have predicted the changes that would come about with the offer of a single, uncomplicated open proposal?

**The End**

### **About the Author:**

A complete romantic, Rosemary has been in love with love since she was a little girl growing up in southeast Michigan. Her own love story began when she fell in love with and married her childhood friend. When not writing, she enjoys designing cards,

refinishing old stuff, walking, and hanging out with her family in the small town where she grew up. Rosemary loves to hear from her readers. Please e-mail her at [rosemary\\_gunn@yahoo.com](mailto:rosemary_gunn@yahoo.com) and visit her Web site and blog at [www.rosemarygunn.com](http://www.rosemarygunn.com) and [www.rosemarygunn.blogspot.com](http://www.rosemarygunn.blogspot.com)

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