

A close-up photograph of a woman from the chest up. She is wearing a white button-down shirt that is open, revealing a black lace top underneath. She is also wearing a necklace with a cross pendant and a ring on her left hand. The background is dark and out of focus.

RomanceDivine

***Breathless
Whispers***

Jodi Olson

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Breathless Whispers

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Other Erotic Romances by Jodi Olson

Raining on Sunday

Amelia lost her husband and was now in danger of losing her dream house. The constant rain drenched her, washing away her tears...and hope. Could the answer to her problems lay in becoming the sex slave to the two handsome builders of her dream home? Mike and Kevin could only hope her answer would be "yes."

Naughty Whispers

What's a girl to do when she's got two hot men, willing, able and more than ready to take care of her needs? Gina had almost everything she could ever want: a college degree, money, and a new business - everything except the love of a man; let alone two men. Hudson and Grant, her brother's best friends, were back in her life. Could they be the ones to accept the challenge?

Hunter's Possession

When Travis Hunter dies, his Will brings together his long-lost sons Ryan and Adam, and Travis's beautiful young widow Brooke. How will they divide Travis's legacy, the Triple-H ranch? And who will claim the richest prize of all, the ravishing Brooke Hunter? Can they have it all?

Getting Wild

Neal Riley gets more than he bargains for when he takes a leave of absence from his job to tend bar for his brother at *The Swollen Pussy Club*. His life is turned upside down when librarian and would-be erotic novelist Jennifer Logan, takes a job as a stripper to – “research” – her next book. Jennifer’s ex-boyfriend Steve, and hostile erotic dancer Cameo, bring danger to the mix and threaten Neal and Jennifer’s on-again-off-again torrid romance. Only time will tell if her research will bring more than just a great story for her book – and a happy-ever-after ending for herself?

Seduction - The Riley Way

Nicole Champagne isn’t bubbly. She’s down and out: locked out of her apartment, out of a job, and definitely down on her ex-boyfriend, Chaz, the cause of her problems. And the light at the end of her tunnel is the neon sign for the *Swollen Pussy Club*. Can a gentleman’s club, and its hunky owner Nathan Riley be the answer to her prayers.

Seduction – The Riley Way is the sequel to Jodi Olson’s erotic romantic romp, *Getting Wild*. In *Getting Wild*, Nathan’s brother Neal got the girl, would-be erotic dancer/author Jennifer Logan. Now it’s brother Nathan’s time to find love. But will Nicole prove any easier to woo for him than Jennifer was for his brother? And what is it about the *Swollen Pussy Club* that unlocks women’s libidos?

Playing House

What would a woman do to get her inheritance, especially if it required she have a husband? Could she rope the nearest cowboy; and if she caught him...what would she do with him? Kathryn gets more than she bargained for when she starts...PLAYING HOUSE.

Storm's Obsession

The Mexican sun heats up an old love when Private Investigator Storm Mathews takes a divorce case at a Cancun resort. The sleuth digs up a disturbing clue when he discovers that his target's BFF on this trip is his old flame Kitty. Will the resulting Storm be a tempest, or a drizzle? And will Kitty be the cat who lands on her feet, or gets swept off them?

A Christmas Wish

Spencer Martin was a workaholic who hated Christmas ever since his girlfriend was killed on that day five years ago. When Spencer's sister invites him to spend Christmas with her the idea of a 'family' Christmas doesn't sit well with him. But he has a change of heart when he hears that his first love, Maggie Sinclair, would be there. Maggie loved Christmas, from her snowman decorations to baking cookies for her elementary class and everything in between. Could Maggie make Spencer love Christmas again? Could she make him fall in love again?

Dedication

To Barb Ledbetter: Thanks so much for all the encouragement and support you've given me on a daily basis. .

Thanks to the Erotic Ranch: Cindy, Dave, Kim, Krissy, Brenda, Pat and everyone else at the ranch. You're the best group an author could have.

To my Editor Greg: Thank you so much for everything you do for me.

To my Readers: Thank you for all your support by reading my books and sending me emails telling me how you love my books. I love hearing from my readers.

*Breathless
Whispers*

Jodi Olson

One

Greg Logan passed by Breathless Whispers Lingerie whenever he visited his sister Gina's store, Naughty Whispers. Lunchtime seemed like the only time they got together anymore. Her business was booming, and when she wasn't working, she was with Grant and Hudson. He missed hanging out with all of them, but he understood, and his sister's happiness that was all that mattered.

On the way back to his car, he noticed Breathless Whispers had put up Valentine decorations in the window, along with some very naughty red lingerie. One piece he really liked was a red open bust chemise that tied at the neck with ruffles layering the bottom. *Yea, but who would I buy it for? Nobody.*

Through the window, he spotted a woman wearing a red and black silk bra with matching thong; she was looking at herself in full-length mirror. *Beautiful; she's the best looking woman I've seen in years. Hell, if I went inside the store now, she'd think I was some weirdo.*

When she turned around, he'd moved so she couldn't see him. Thinking it might be safe to look again, he found her gone; then, there she was again, wearing something different. Was she modeling for someone, a man, maybe her boyfriend? Why did he even care? She was definitely making him hot and he knew he'd better get going before he steamed up the outer windows to the store. He knew one thing; he'd be coming back tomorrow to see if she worked there, or if anyone knew who she was.

Greg returned to his office, but found it hard to concentrate the rest of the afternoon. Even though he'd only been at this job a few months, he was a top salesman in the company. His old job required too much traveling and he'd needed a change. Now he pitched naughty lingerie to small stores in the local area. Stress wasn't part of this job like his last one.

His appointment book for the next day indicated he was to be at *Breathless Whispers* at four in the afternoon. He didn't remember making the appointment, but now he had an excuse to go and see her again; that is, if she even worked there. Tonight, he'd be dreaming about that sexy brunette with the long, beautiful legs.

Lacey McKenna had wanted to be a model ever since she could remember, but she wasn't tall or thin enough, or so she was always told. Even her mother constantly nagged her about it. When Chase Stevens, owner of *Breathless Whispers Lingerie*, offered her a job in his store to model part-time, along with being a full-time sales associate, she jumped at it. At first she'd been shy wearing only little scraps of material, but she became more comfortable, especially with the admiring looks and comments she received.

Today had been a slow day and there were several items in the store she'd had her eye on. Chase wasn't around and the store was empty, so she thought it was a perfect opportunity for her to try them on.

The first outfit she tried on was a black and red bra and thong set made from silk; it felt like a second skin as it hugged her curves. As she looked in the mirror, she spotted a man staring through the window at her. Lacey thought he looked familiar, but wasn't sure if she knew him or not. She hoped he wasn't a weirdo looking for some cheap thrills. He looked respectable dressed in a suit and tie, but you never could tell about people these days.

Whoever he was, he left before she could change back into her clothes and find out what he wanted. Maybe he was admiring the red lace chemise in the store window and wanted it for his wife, but then changed his mind. There was no use in thinking about him any further. Lacey locked up the store and placed the two lingerie outfits she'd purchased for herself in the trunk of her car before heading home.

Chase was the first to arrive at the store the next morning; he wanted to get there before Lacey for a change. Since she'd started working there, sales had tripled; more men came into the store than ever before. He wasn't too thrilled seeing her get continually hit on, but so far she'd turned them all down. *Would she turn me down too?* He'd wanted to ask her out for a while, but since he was her boss, well – that could get complicated.

He thought back to that first day she'd worked at Breathless Whispers; the air conditioning broke down. The store had been crowded and the only fan was in his office.

Chase could still picture her cooling off on front of the fan, her fingers slowly undoing the buttons on her blouse; displaying enough cleavage to make his mouth water; and his cock hard. Then, when she thought no one was watching, she pushed her skirt up to her thighs and quickly removed the panties she had on.

He was so lost in thought, he hadn't seen or heard Lacey come into his office. He groaned when he realized she was wearing the same outfit he was just visualizing minutes ago.

"Chase..."

"Morning Lacey, how'd it go last night?"

"Great, I sold the last chiffon panty and bra cut out heart set. They seem to be a top seller; you might want to order more of those."

"Wow, those sure sold out fast. By the way, I've got someone coming at four this afternoon with some new samples of lingerie. His name is Greg Logan; can you show him back here when he arrives? Let me know if the store gets busy and I'll come out and help, otherwise I'll be in the office all day."

As soon as Lacey closed the door Chase locked it. His jeans were way too tight and he needed relief - now. He unzipped his jeans and slid them past his thighs, giving his briefs push with them. One fist closed around his thick cock and began to stroke it slowly; his other hand cupped his balls. When he closed his eyes, he fantasized about Lacey: bent over - reaching for those damp panties she'd dropped on the floor that first day - and he was fucking her from behind. He pumped and pumped faster onto his hand, stroking his balls.

Chase called out her name as his seed erupted into his hand. Seconds later he heard Lacey try the door.

"Chase, I need you."

Two

Lacey was supposed to meet her new friend, Gina, for lunch across the street, but Lacey was running late. All morning she'd been distracted after listening at the door of her boss's office. She'd thought it odd when he locked his door so early in the morning, so she pressed her ear to the door and listened. Her brown eyes widened as she realized what he was up to. Curiously, she couldn't pull herself away from the door as she heard him grunt and call out her name. She stood, unable to move, stunned he was thinking of her in a sexual way.

Lately, thoughts of her boss were making her breathless; every time she closed her eyes she'd see those incredible blue eyes of his. She was consumed with erotic fantasies of the two of them in his office, on the desk, hell, anywhere it was possible. Last night's dream was even more erotic than usual; a man was standing in the doorway of the office watching Chase fuck her. He'd looked so familiar, was he the one looking at her through the window yesterday?

Busy daydreaming, she hadn't seen Chase come up behind her.

She felt him brush up against her, the man was a brick, and she wasn't talking about his chest. She closed her eyes and bit back a moan when she felt his erection. *Didn't he just get off a few minutes ago?* A whimper escaped her lips when he backed away.

"Lacey, you can go on your lunch break now."

"Did you want me to bring you back anything?"

"No I'm fine."

Do I dare look at him and tell him that I want him too? Or wait for him to make the first move? Maybe Gina can tell me what I should do.

Lunch with Gina was illuminating for Lacey. Not only had she seen a photo of Gina's brother, she now knew who was watching through the window yesterday *and* he was meeting Chase this afternoon. Gina told her something else that surprised her; she was living with *two* men and married to *one* of them. Lacey had no idea her new friend was into that kind of thing. Lacey had always been curious about being involved with two men, but doing it...?

Lunch passed quickly and before she had a chance to talk to Gina about Chase fantasies, it was time for her to get back to *Breathless Whispers*. As soon as Chase saw her walk through the door, he went straight to his office.

The store was busy for the next couple of hours and when business slowed down, Chase called her to his office. Before she had a chance to speak he took her into his arms and kissed her. He'd imagined a moment like this, his mouth on

hers, her lips parting to let him in. Now his fantasy was a reality.

She tasted sweet like strawberries. Suddenly, he was craving strawberries placed between her legs, *what a yummy dessert that would be.*

His hand pressed against her back, pushing her closer to him, making his cock even harder than it already was. *Will she pull away from me? No, she's coming closer.*

Her soft breasts pressed against his hard chest; she was warm and more than ready. Kissing her was his salvation, and when she moaned he wasn't sure how he kept from hoisting her up on the desk to pound into her hard and fast.

Lacey's lips parting under his, he heard her moan again, as he touched his tongue with hers. His control was slipping, and he pushed toward the desk, lifting her slightly to place her on the edge. With one hand, he made a trail slowly down her thighs, then disappearing under her skirt; he made his way up to her moist panties.

"Lacey, I've wanted to slip my fingers inside these dripping lips since the first day you came to work for me."

He pulled her panties aside and eased one long finger into her, making her whimper with pleasure. For several moments, he kept up the rhythm of stroking her until she cried out.

Lacey's eyes weren't on Chase when she climaxed, they were on the man standing by the door with the shit-eating grin on his face; the same man who watched her through the window yesterday.

He was hot, as hot as Chase. His hair was dark, but he kept it cut close to the scalp all around, almost like a military cut. She couldn't see his eyes because he was still wearing sunglasses, but when he removed them, she let go. Yes, he was the one in her fantasies, the one who watched Chase pound into her; two hot guys and she wanted them both.

Greg stood by the open office door watching his old friend pump his fingers into the woman who had become his fantasy girl. Was she Chase's girlfriend? If so, did Chase still share? He hoped so, because he had to have her - at least once. Why she was affecting him the way she did, he had no idea, especially since there hadn't been a word said between them; not yet.

Images of her practically naked in front of that mirror had eaten away at him since last night. He wondered if she'd ever seen herself in the mirror having sex before. It was a big turn on for him, and he hoped it would be for her too.

The last time he saw Chase, was right before college graduation. Chase had been the one who actually got them all hooked on threesomes. Then one day, he left town and no one knew where he went or what happened to him. It was as if he'd dropped off the face of the earth.

Whoever this woman was, she knew he was watching them, and she was getting turned on by it. Knowing she was turned on made him hard as hell. When he removed his glasses, she cried out her orgasm and he thought he might come in his pants.

"I see I've come just in time. But if you two want to continue," Greg's fingers lazily stroked a corset on a manikin, "I could come back later,"

One look at Chase's face told Greg that Chase had forgotten all about the appointment they had. Who could blame him, after what he'd just witnessed? If she worked for him, Greg knew he wouldn't get any work done.

Chase pulled Lacey's skirt down and helped her off

the desk, "Hey - Greg, it's been a long time buddy."

"Way too long, Chase," as they shook hands Greg continued to stare at Lacey.

"Lacey, this is Greg an old friend from school."

Greg shook hands with her and flinched, the jolt went from his chest down to his cock, making him so hard he ached.

"It's nice to meet you, Greg. Chase, uh - I'll leave you two to your meeting. I've got work to do." She scrambled out of the office with both men watching in her wake.

Greg was in such a fog; he didn't hear Chase, "So let's get business out of the way first; then we can catch up on what's happened in the last several years."

Greg's samples were still in his car so he left to get them; fancy bra and panty sets and various baby dolls. When Greg came back Lacey was busy unpacking a box, trying to look busy and keeping herself from looking his way.

By the time Greg and Chase came out of the office, the store was closed and Lacey was ringing up the last customer of the night.

"Lacey, Chase is going to follow me back to my place, catch up on old times; why don't you come too? We'll have a nice dinner and some drinks, it's been a long time since Chase and I have seen each other."

"Yea, well," Lacey stared at Greg, "I don't think it's a good idea, you two must have lots to talk about I'm sure."

"Come on Lacey," Chase's voice was almost pleading, "it would be nice if you came too. If you want to leave right after dinner I'll take you home."

"Alright, I'll go, but you'll have to take me home. I came to work on the bus today and they stop running in another hour."

“I’ll take you home,” Chase said, “since I’ll be going back to my place anyway.”

Greg really wanted some alone time with Lacey, but knew Chase wouldn’t let him - right away.

Lacey thought back to her conversation with Gina, and Gina’s shocking three-way revelation. *I wonder, have Greg and Chase had ever shared a woman? Would they be shocked if I told them I’ve dreamed of having two lovers? Would they think something was wrong with me for having those thoughts?* The only thing she knew about Chase was he dated a lot, but she had no idea if he was into threesomes.

Once inside Greg’s house, he took her coat and offered her something to drink. “Thanks, wine would be fine; maybe it’ll settle my nerves.”

Greg smiled and winked, “Nothing to be nervous about Lacey. Chase and I go way back; I won’t do anything,” he paused, “unless you want me to.”

Lacey took a larger than normal drink of wine to steady her nerves. *Great. Now I’m going to be thinking of him pulling on my nipples with his teeth. I’m already wet thinking about it.*

“So Lacey, how long have you been working at Breathless Whispers?

“About six months.”

“She’s one of the best employees I’ve ever had,” Chase boasted. “A top seller.”

“Thanks Chase, I love modeling sexy things.”

Lacey watched as Greg refilled her wine glass. *Did I finish it already? I must be more nervous than I thought.* “Greg, I didn’t know Gina was your sister. I haven’t known her

long, but we have lunch sometimes and today she showed me a photo of you.”

“Yes, we’re very close. Gina’s younger than I am, and I was only eighteen when I became her guardian after our parents died.”

Lacey stared at her wine glass, “Uh - Gina told me she was living with two of your friends, Grant and Hudson.”

Greg took a long swallow of his drink before saying anything. “Yes, she is. Gina married Hudson, but she sleeps with both of them. It’s - uh - so let’s talk about you.”

Lacey was feeling bolder than ever, was now the moment? “Can I ask both of you a question?” She took another sip of her wine, several sips in fact. “Have you ever - shared women you’ve dated?”

Chase and Greg didn’t hesitate with their answer, “Yes, we’ve shared on several occasions.”

“Does that bother you, Lacey?” Chase asked.

“Not really. I mean, I’ve often fantasized about being shared by two men.”

“We’d be more than happy to fulfill your fantasies Lacey,” Greg said. “In fact, Chase and I have already talked about it.”

“Really? I want to be with both of you, too!” The words had barely left her mouth when her eyes widened and she clamped her hand over her mouth. *Oh shit! I said it.* She looked at her wine glass. *In Vino Veritas.* Her dream of having two men giving her a night of pleasure was really going to happen. Euphoria turned to despair. What if they were disappointed in her? What if Chase fired her from *Breathless Whispers*? Second thoughts drifted into her mind; should she tell them she wanted to go home, that she’d changed her mind? No, she wanted this – needed this - and nothing was going to

stop her tonight from making her dreams come true.

Greg grabbed her hand, and with Chase following close behind, they walked upstairs to his bedroom. Greg cupped her breasts through her blouse and thumbed her nipples as Lacey sagged against Chase.

The next thing Lacey knew her skirt was being unzipped and her blouse unbuttoned. Her lace bra followed, and at the same time her thong was pushed down her thighs and over her heels. The heels were the last to go. Two sets of eager male hands disposed of her clothes as if they were on fire. Gloriously naked, she stood between Chase and Greg. The looks on their faces told her they found her desirable. Greg lifted her in his arms and placed her on the bed. Chase and Greg stood, mesmerized by the beauty waiting for them to take her where she'd never been before.

Lacey watched as they removed their clothes, her eyes taking in each bit of spectacular man flesh that she would feast on. Both were so different, yet they were equally hot looking men. The knowledge they both wanted her was intoxicating.

They sprawled on the bed, one on each side of her. Greg moved up to her face and kissed her intensely, thrusting his tongue into her mouth. Lacey returned the kiss with as much heat.

Chase licked his way from the nipple he'd been suckling down to her belly button ring, taking it into his mouth. When he gave it a slight tug between his teeth, she whimpered.

With a grin, Chase spread her thighs with his hands, and ran a finger along her folds, testing her wetness. *Oh yeah, she's almost ready for us* He licked up and down her slit, nibbling on her clit, until she shuddered with need.

Greg's tongue flicked at her puckered nipples and she arched her back, thrusting her breasts high, offering him more.

"Please..." she panted.

“I can’t wait to bury myself inside that wet pussy of yours, while Chase fucks your hot ass,” Greg began tracing a line with his tongue down her stomach. “But first I’ve got to have a taste of your honey.”

They switched places, and now Chase licked her nipples, his teeth pulling gently on one. She squealed, and he grinned.

Greg nestled between her quivering thighs and greedily lapped at her dripping lips.

“I want both of you inside me- NOW,” she panted.

Eyes half-closed with her arousal, Lacey watched as Greg and Chase placed condoms over their hard shafts. She wished they would hurry up; she couldn’t last much longer.

Greg moved onto his back and Chase helped her straddle him. Before either one could stop her, she slid down his length, taking him all in. Greg pulled her down and kissed her.

Something cold ran on her puckered opening and she felt a finger rimming it, rubbing the lubrication around. It was uncomfortable, but she’d had anal sex before and was ready to fill that void. Soon there were two fingers, then three scissoring her opening. All the while, Greg continued to kiss her and then Chase slowly entered her tight hole. He grabbed her hips as he pushed forward inch by inch until he filled her.

Lacey took their cocks, felt the pulsing heat inside her. Chase moved first, then Greg, each of them thrusting in perfect rhythm. Lacey thought she would die from the pleasure of both of them. Only moments passed before she tightened around them in a euphoric release, with Greg and Chase soon following.

Chase helped Lacey roll off Greg and he crawled up on the bed, cuddling as close to Lacey as possible.

Three

Lacey got off at her usual bus stop as she walked the two blocks to Breathless Whispers. She had this strange feeling someone was following her, yet every time she looked over her shoulder, there wasn't anyone there. In fact, for the last week she thought someone was following her; *maybe it's my imagination.*

Working in a lingerie store did bring out some strange people sometimes. One man told her he was looking for something hot for his wife, but wanted Lacey to model a few since she looked so much like her. Of course after she'd displayed herself, he pretended he was an agent and said she'd be the perfect model for his company. She played smart and asked for a business card so she could think about it; but of course, he didn't have one on him and it was the last she ever saw of him.

Breathless Whispers was already fairly busy when she arrived and the next three hours were a blur for Lacey. Chase came in around noon so she and the other girl who opened the

store could take their lunch. She thought it odd when he didn't say anything to her, especially after last night. A flower shop van was leaving the store when she returned from lunch. There was no flower shop in the immediate area, so it must have delivered flowers. Excited, she walked behind the counter and spied a long box with her name on it. Inside the box was her favorite, a single dark red rose, but no card or note of any kind. *Is this from Chase? And why did he disappear in his office as soon as I walked in?*

After helping a customer, she went into his office, "Chase, was the rose from you? I couldn't find a card, only my name on the box. I really love it; roses are my favorite flower."

Chase avoided looking at her, "No, I didn't."

Lacey's smile faded from her face and she gave him a puzzled look. She turned and left; it was as if he didn't want her around anymore.

She was hanging up the new shipment of mesh open crotch thongs when Greg entered the store. He spotted her and his face lit up with a huge grin.

Greg wrapped her in his arms and kissed her as if he hadn't seen her in years. "Hey, baby. You should wear one of those for me tonight under your skirt. I'll pick you up here when you close."

Tongue-tied from his kiss, she watched him turn and walk to the door. "Wait a minute, is that the only reason you're here? Don't you want to see Chase?"

"I didn't come to see Chase, only you Lacey. Did you get your flower?"

"I did!" she squealed. *He sent me a flower. Geez, it's been forever since a guy sent me flowers.*

"I'll be here at closing time - for you," he kissed again and was gone.

Long after he'd left she could still feel his lips on hers. His kisses made her head spin.

Twenty minutes before closing, Chase came out of his office; he seemed tired. "Lacey, I'm going home now; you can lock up yourself, right?"

"Yea, sure, Chase, is anything wrong?" Lacey's eyes narrowed as she studied him. "You've been acting weird all day."

"After I dropped you off this morning, I had time to think about what happened." Chase sighed, his shoulders slumped, "Last night - it was a mistake; you don't know what you're getting into."

"What... Yes, I do know what I'm getting into. If you don't want me just say so.

"Okay, then I will." He took a deep breath, as if summoning his courage from the surrounding air, "I don't want you Lacey; *you* were the one who pushed it."

She stepped back, putting distance between them. "Well, for someone who says they don't, you sure wanted me last night." Lacey knew the truth even if he didn't want to admit it. "Whatever, Chase. Greg is picking me up for a date. Yes, I have a date with Greg in twenty minutes."

Chase reached for her, but Lacey quickly avoided his grasp. "Lacey, you're not going out with Greg tonight," he threatened.

"I really don't see that it's any of your business now. Remember, you don't want me. Now, you've already said enough; the subject matter is closed." She turned her back on him, and walked behind the counter to finish some last minute cleaning. Seconds later she looked up and Chase was gone.

Greg watched Lacey stare at herself in the mirror. Disappointment marred her beautiful face; he'd seen that

same look on her before when she looked at herself. Didn't she know how beautiful she was? Sure, she wasn't model-thin, and he was glad she wasn't. He liked his woman to have curves.

"Lacey," he whispered, "why do you look in the mirror if you're not happy with your looks? Don't you know every inch of you is perfect."

"No it's not. Modeling has always been what I've wanted to do, yet every agency says I'm too short and too fat. Even my mother calls me every day to remind me of my faults." She shrugged her shoulders and made a face at the image in the mirror.

"Lacey, baby, don't listen to them, listen to me. Right now, from where I stand, I'm on fire and it's all because of you."

She blushed, her attention drawn to what he wore. His T-shirt clung to his muscular arms and chest and his jeans barely hid the thick bulge that had pleased her the night before.

"Lacey, look in the mirror and see what I'm seeing." Greg put his hands on her waist and turned her to face the mirror again.

All she saw was Greg behind her; caressing her arms, his mouth at her shoulder, his lips moving over her flesh with light kisses. His teeth pulled at the thin strap of the dress she wore making it fall off her shoulder.

"Listen to me," he insisted, "You're sexy and desirable, and whoever makes you believe differently is nuts."

Lacey tried to speak, but no sound came from her throat. All she could do was look and see the sincerity in his eyes. He believed, and it made her believe.

Both straps of her dress were now off her shoulders, her dress hanging dangerously low. Greg pulled it down so the areolas of her nipples peeked out of the bodice.

“I don’t want to stop undressing you. I won’t stop; unless you tell me that’s what you want.”

Lacey lowered her head back onto his chest, yielding to the pleasure of his touch and wanting to be loved by this man. Her dress pooled around her feet. Still in front of the mirror, she stood naked except for the small material between her thighs.

In the mirror, she watched his hands explore her breasts, her nipples hardening against his palms. His fingers tweaked the darkened peaks, weakening her control.

His hand slid over her stomach, pulling her into him so she could feel his thick erection. His fingers were long, tan and masculine against her pale skin. Greg reached for the silk thong, yanking the little bit of material from her to expose the wet curls between her legs, making her gasp at the forcefulness of his actions.

Greg’s hand dipped between her legs, one finger sliding through her slick folds. Groaning; she rocked into his hand, but felt his erection against the small of her back. His lips kissed her shoulder and neck, his finger pumping in and out of her.

“I want my cock inside you, not just my finger,” he whispered.

“Greg, please...”

In one move he picked her up and backed her into the mirror. She couldn’t think when he did things like this to her.

“I haven’t been able to get anything done today. All I thought about was last night and being inside you,” he pressed against her, his hands caressing her body.

Lacey panted, “Greg, I think I forgot to lock up the store. What if someone comes in?”

“Don’t worry. The parking lot’s empty, there isn’t a

soul around. It's just the two of us." He licked a trail to her breasts and latched hold of her nipple, taking it between his lips and flicking his tongue over the hardened bud.

Lacey arched into him, moving in an unstoppable beat, rubbing against his hard shaft and becoming wetter than she thought possible. She grasped the snap of his jeans and pulled, then gingerly pulled the zipper down over his throbbing cock.

In one move, he lifted his t-shirt over his head, throwing it on the floor. He slid his erection along her fiery slit urging her to open her thighs and wrap her legs around his hips.

Greg kissed her, penetrating her mouth with his tongue at precisely the same moment his cock slid into her. She clung to his broad shoulders as he thrust into her, the sweat and friction heating her skin, as she slid between the cool glass and his firm chest.

Again and again he plunged into her, his face dark with the intensity of pleasure and satisfaction. "Look Lacey," he turned her head with his hand toward the mirror. "Look how incredibly sexy you are. You're extraordinary."

She caught her breath at the sight of Greg's body inside hers. The beauty of it, the realness sent her over the edge, her body tightening and screaming for release. He plunged into her again, the ecstasy wrapping around her as she watched them in the mirror. Lacey watched him grit his teeth as he groaned when his orgasm took over. Spent, he rested his head on her shoulder, and when his breathing slowed he gently let her down.

Donna watched the two lovers have sex against the full-length mirror. *So she's the one Chase wants. What does*

she have that I don't? She's not good enough for Chase anyway, fucking another man. I'm not going to let her have him. He's mine.

She left before Lacey could see her standing there. Chase has no idea who he's dealing with. If the photos don't work, I'll find some other way to keep them apart.

Lacey locked up Breathless Whispers, constantly distracted by Greg's roaming hands; he was insatiable. During dinner, her mind wandered; thoughts of last night and Chase's treatment of her that morning weighed heavily on her mind. The guys were the first to mention sharing her. She didn't reveal anything about her fantasies until after they'd brought it up.

Hopefully, tomorrow he'd be in a much better mood. What would she do if was still acting the same? She surely wouldn't be able to stay on at Breathless Whispers. Seeing Chase on a daily basis would hurt too much. *Tomorrow may turn into a very long day.*

Four

Chase couldn't get Lacey out of his head.

The way he'd treated her yesterday was wrong, but she had no idea what it meant to be involved in a lifestyle like his. If she were to stay with him and Greg for any length of time, there was sure to be talk about her, and he didn't want that. After leaving Greg's place he'd made a decision about Donna; she'd have to go. Donna was becoming obsessed with questions about Lacey and his lifestyle. Chase wondered why he hadn't seen Donna was falling for him. Their three year relationship had been off and on and he still hardly knew anything about her. He'd been relieved when he'd told her it was over and that they'd never have anything more than friendship. Now she was gone, and the next thing on his agenda was to deal with Greg.

Greg agreed to meet him at a local diner around noon. Greg was already there looking over the menu, when Chase arrived and sat down across from him. The waitress quickly took their order of steak and eggs.

Greg was the first to speak, "What is going on with you? Why are you avoiding the store today?"

"I'm not avoiding the store," Chase said. "I've just been busy, and had some other things to take care of."

Greg sat back and eyed his friend, "Lacey told me you informed her the other night was a mistake, and that you've been ill-tempered." He leaned in, "Are you regretting what took place with Lacey the other night?"

Chase blurted it out. "I think what happened never should've happened, even though we discussed it beforehand in my office and I agreed to it. Lacey doesn't deserve the treatment she'll eventually get when someone learns of our lifestyle. She's beautiful and precious."

"I agree, she is precious," Greg said, "and she doesn't deserve the treatment you're dishing out."

"And what if one day she decides that she only wants one of us?" Chase shook his head, "No, better to stop this now, before we get any closer. I don't think I could take it if we were together a long time and then I lost her - even to you."

"Chase, man, I think you need to get over to your store and make up with Lacey. There is never a guarantee of what life will bring us. It could all work out, just see what happens."

Greg and Chase agreed to meet up later that evening and parted ways. Ten minutes later Chase entered the store and found Lacey staring at something in her hand. Even from the door, he couldn't help but see she trembled.

"What's wrong? Why are you shaking, Lacey?" He walked behind the counter and put his arms around her waist. She didn't pull away which he thought was good, after how he'd acted toward her. In her hand was a photograph of him and Lacey the day he had sex with her in his office. On the counter lay other photographs: Lacey wearing different linge-

rie outfits, and several of Greg and Lacey having sex against the mirror here in the store. *When did this happen?* The last pictures were more of Chase and Lacey in his office, “Where did these come from?”

“I don’t know,” her voice trembled. “When I opened the store, that envelope was laying on the floor; these were inside the envelope.”

Chase looked at the envelope, but there were no markings to give him any clues to who sent it.

“Chase, this isn’t everything. I’ve had this really weird feeling for awhile now. I think I’m being followed.”

“Why didn’t you tell me before now?” He really wasn’t mad at her, only angry that someone was threatening her. Now he wondered if the same person who sent the photos could be following her.

“Lacey, honey, I’m sorry for upsetting you yesterday. When I’m around you I can’t seem to control myself and that’s not a good thing.”

Lacey pulled out of Chase’s embrace when she heard the door open. At that moment, Chase heard a familiar voice.

“I see you found the photos,” Donna sneered.

Chase’s face hardened and his eyes went cold, “You did this? Why?”

“Because I want you, you’re mine, always will be. Can’t you see she’s nothing but a little whore? She flaunts her overweight body in those skimpy outfits and she’s not even your type; you hate women who aren’t thin. My God, she even fucked some other guy right in your own store. I’ve loved you for three years and I’m not letting *her* take you from me.”

Chase looked behind him but Lacey wasn’t there. *Where did she go?* “Shut up Donna! I don’t want you and I never have, not as a lover. Friends, that’s all we’ve ever been.”

Donna raced toward Chase and threw her arms around him. He quickly grabbed her arms and twisted them behind her back. He held her as he called the police.

Once the police arrived, he showed them the photos and told them Donna had been stalking his girlfriend. He liked the sound of that, *girlfriend, Lacey*. He had to go and find her before it was too late.

As he drove to Lacey's apartment his cell phone rang. Lacey was on the other end telling him she couldn't work for him anymore. She quickly hung up before he could get a word in about what had taken place after she ran out. Now he had to find a way to change her mind.

Chase ran up to Lacey's door and knocked; he banged and yelled trying to get her to open up; he knew she was inside. He begged and pleaded. Finally, he gave up and walked back to the car. Glancing up to the third floor one last time he saw her standing by the window.

What was he going to do; how was he going to get her back? He couldn't lose her, not now; tomorrow was Valentine's Day. It'd be a busy day at the store and she'd have such fun. He was beginning to think of the store being Lacey's as much as his. He needed a plan - now.

Lacey watched as Chase pulled away from the curb before taking her hand off the curtain. It was hard to keep from answering the door, but she couldn't talk to him - not now. Her thoughts returned to Donna, the comments about Lacey not being his type and Chase not liking overweight women made her heart ache. *If that were true why did he have sex with me in his office and then again at Greg's place? Was he using me?*

A knock sounded on the door again. Quickly, she looked out the window to make sure Chase hadn't returned. It must be Greg. He'd promised her an evening she'd never forget and tonight she would try not to let anything spoil it.

The night he had planned for Lacey didn't go over as planned. Greg could see Lacey was upset and he knew the reason why. CHASE!

He walked her to the door of her apartment and kissed her goodnight. Her moan made it difficult for him to leave, but he had something to take care of, namely Chase.

It was late when he drove over to Chase's apartment. He only knocked once before Chase let him in without saying a word.

Greg tried to be calm, "Chase, stop being an ass for once in your life. Don't you know how good Lacey is for you, for us? She's the best woman to come into our lives. Man, don't mess this up."

"I'm not being an ass," Chase grumbled.

"Yes, you are, but you can't see it. She isn't what's-her-name; the one who ran away from you in college. She couldn't handle the lifestyle, but Lacey can. I know in my heart she can."

"Her name was Anna," Chase got up from the couch and paced toward the patio door.

"Whatever man, I really don't care. She isn't Lacey," Greg walked to the door. "Tomorrow I'm asking Lacey to marry me, and if she says yes, I'll still share her with you if that's what she wants. Think about it Chase but don't wait too long. The offer won't be on the table next week."

Five

Chase found himself grinning as soon as he spotted Lacey behind the counter of Breathless Whispers. She'd told him she wouldn't be back. *How am I supposed to tell her I've been in love with her since the day she walked into my office, wanting that modeling job?*

From the first moment he saw her; he'd wanted her. If it hadn't been for a possible sexual harassment lawsuit if she wasn't interested, he would've taken her that first day. Instead he told her one requirement for the job was to model items from the store. He was surprised when she actually agreed to do it.

He remembered the first day she'd modeled something...When she came into his office, she wore an embroidered floral lace halter teddie with front tie satin ribbons. He almost lost it when she sat down on his desk asking him if she should wear everything included in the package; matching ankle and hand restraints.

Chase took another long look at her sitting on his desk

and told her the job was hers. She squealed and hugged him tight. It was all he could do to keep his hands from curling around her backside and pulling her flesh against his erection. That was six months ago and every time she modeled something after that, he wanted her in his arms.

Lacey avoided looking at him when he asked, "Lacey, when you have a few minutes, please come to my office."

Minutes turned into hours and the anticipation was getting to him. He was about ready to go out and get her when suddenly she was there, leaning against the door. Her body language told him she was uncomfortable. "Hello, gorgeous."

"Flattery won't get me to stay, Chase, I only came back today because I knew you'd be swamped. Besides you said it was a mistake; so I'll look for another job. After what Donna said yesterday, we're not right for each other anyway."

"Lacey, can I say something please? Donna is deranged and didn't know what she was talking about. You *are* my type, and I love your sexy body. And I've changed my mind," he mumbled. "I want you, in my life, in my bed and working with me here. This store wouldn't be the same without you."

Before she could stop him, he covered her mouth with his, his tongue plunging inside to lick the recesses of her mouth. She told herself over and over again she didn't want his kiss; that she never wanted to see him again. Yet she melted into his kiss, her body crying out for his touch. Those long fingers of his inside her fiery slit, bringing her over the edge was what she wanted. Her breasts rubbed against the wall of his chest and breaking the kiss, her face looked up into his blue eyes, seeing the promise shining there. His hands moved to her back, caressing her, while she lifted her arms and looped them around his neck. Soon his mouth was on hers again.

His kiss was strong and possessive; she found his kiss just as exciting as she remembered when they first kissed almost a week ago.

Chase slipped his hand beneath the hem of her silk blouse, setting her skin on fire and drew her hips to his. "I want you Lacey, I've missed you so much."

Lacey was at a loss for words. All she could think of was how she wanted his mouth on her breasts, his tongue licking her clit and him kissing her again. She needed his mouth everywhere.

He slid his mouth down her throat licking and nibbling, his hands slowly making their way to her ribs. Heat coursed through her body, taking her breath, as his thumbs nudged the underside of her breasts. Her moans surprised her with their blaring intensity. This felt so good, and she didn't want it to end.

One of his hands was soon on the back of her thigh under her skirt caressing her naked flesh. Hot palms along her backside, lifted her, urging, "Wrap your legs around my waist."

Her pussy, now perfectly aligned with his pulsing erection, throbbed with want. "I need you inside me, Chase."

Quickly, he rested her against the closed door, pushing his jeans and briefs down to his knees; just enough to release his aching cock. He probed gently and in one long, slow thrust he lodged himself inside her. She sighed at the pleasure of him filling her like this again.

Chase thrust, deeper and deeper, struggling not to lose control too soon. He was on the edge when she cried out, "Chase, I love you," her sex clenching his thrusting manhood. His control snapped at the sound of those sweet words and his release exploded.

He gently set her on her feet as he pulled out of her.

The store could wait; all he could think of was going another round with his beautiful lover.

He hadn't been able to tell her he loved her too, and the next thing he knew, she hurried out of his office. After pulling himself together, he walked out into the store to find her gone with a note saying Greg picked her up.

Greg walked into Breathless Whispers in time to see Lacey come out of Chase's office. She looked flushed, and her lips were swollen from kissing; she had that look of a woman who'd just been made love to. *So Chase took my advice after all, at least that's what it looks like. Good for him!*

"Happy Valentine's Day sweetheart. Are you ready to go? I've made extra special plans for tonight for us, dinner and much more," he winked.

"I'm ready and starving. Let's go."

Greg clasped her hand in his and helped her into the car; pulled her close to him and kissing her. "You take my breath away Lacey."

He reached into his coat pocket and removed a small box. "I was going to wait until dinner, but I'm too excited. Lacey, I hope you like your Valentine's present."

He handed the box to her to open and watched her gasp when she saw the beautiful diamond solitaire inside. Greg pulled the ring out of the box, "Marry me, Lacey. I know we haven't known each other very long, but my heart says you are the woman for me. I want to spend all my days waking up with you in my arms; I love you with all my heart."

Lacey's hand was shaking as he placed it on her finger. "It's beautiful. Greg, I love you too, and yes, I'll marry you."

She bit her lip and looked back to the store, "But what about Chase?"

"Baby, you don't have to give up Chase if that's what you want. I know he loves you too."

"I can't give him up. I want you - and Chase in my life."

"Come on then. Let's go eat dinner. We've got a lot of celebrating to do," he pulled her into his arms, giving her a long, deep kiss.

Chase arrived at Greg's to find no one at home. He had to tell Lacey tonight how he felt about her, and that he wanted to be with her for as long as she wanted him. As long as she was happy with him being her lover, Greg was the perfect one for her to marry. A couple of hours later, Greg's car finally pulled into the driveway. He watched Greg help Lacey out of the car before he got out of his.

"Where've you two been? I've been sitting here for like, two hours."

"Hey, I took Lacey to dinner before coming back here. You could have gone with us you know."

"When I left my office you two were already gone. So how was dinner?"

"It was great. Greg went all out," Lacey lifted her hand to brush away the hair from her face, doing it so Chase would notice the ring on her finger. "Greg asked me to marry him and I said yes!"

Chase took a deep breath, *Okay Chase say something and don't blow it.* "Congratulations you two, look I've got some things to say. Can we go in the house?"

Greg and Lacey sat on the couch as Chase stared at

them. "Lacey, I love you and I have been in love with you for months. Don't get me wrong, I'm glad Greg asked you to marry him, but what would you say if I remained your lover?"

Lacey reached out and took Chase's hand in hers, "Yes Chase, that's what I want too. I love both of you so much, and I didn't want to have to choose *only one*," she kissed both of them. "Will the two of you make love to me?"

Greg stood in front of Lacey, unbuttoning her blouse, slipping it off her shoulders. Her bra joined her blouse along with the skirt Chase helped her out of. Soon she stood in front of them, naked and trembling with desire.

Chase's cock pressed firmly against her back as she leaned into him. He kissed the back of her neck, trailing over her shoulders, nipping and licking. Chase lifted up her breast, offering it to Greg to feast on. The thumb of Chase's other hand stroked across her nipple, plucking softly.

Greg sucked and licked the other breast. He moved down her stomach until he reached the wet folds of her sex.

As Chase kissed along her back, Greg's tongue made a circle around her clit. She gasped for air, when Greg's tongue moved up and down her moist slit, licking her juice and stabbing at her wet hole. This was heaven and she never wanted them to stop.

So close, she felt the electricity race throughout her body as she shattered into a million pieces. Soon she was lying on top of Greg and his massive shaft entered her silky heat. Chase bent her down, lifting her ass for better access, his stiff rod prodding her, seeking access. They immediately fell into a rhythm, back and forth, one at a time until their bodies were in harmony.

Lacey's orgasm rippled throughout her body causing Chase and Greg to follow.

As Lacey drifted off to sleep she thought of making love to Greg and Chase for years to come. Her dreams were now a reality, and she couldn't wait to explore more dreams with the two men she loved.

END

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About the Author

Jodi Olson has been an avid reader of romances since the age of 14, cowboys being a favorite subject. Taking her love of romantic westerns and cowboys to the next level, she crafts her own short stories featuring the themes, and cowboys, she loves. She has expanded her writing to include sensual multiple partner stories.

You can contact Jodi at the locations below:

[http://groups.yahoo.com/group/JodiOlsonseroticranch
/?yguid=](http://groups.yahoo.com/group/JodiOlsonseroticranch/?yguid=)

<http://sites.google.com/site/JodiOlsonsEroticBooks>

<http://jodiolsonseroticbooks.blogspot.com>