

RomanceDivine

***Naughty
Whispers***

*by
Jodi Olson*



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Naughty Whispers
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Dedication

To Barb Ledbetter, without your support this book wouldn't have happened so fast. I'm so glad we met; you are the best. Thanks for all your encouragement and support - and for being a great friend.

To the Erotic Ranch group: Dave, Kim, Cindy, Brenda and all of the ranchers. Thanks for your encouragement and support.

Thanks to Greg, my editor, and Romance Divine for all the help in publishing this book and my past books so my readers could enjoy them.

Last I want to thank all my readers; I hope you enjoy Naughty Whispers.

Naughty Whispers

By

Jodi Olson

One

If someone had told twenty-three year old Gina Logan three months ago she would be the proud owner of *Naughty Whispers* she wouldn't have believed them. When she graduated with a business degree a sex toy store – well, THAT wasn't what she had in mind as her life's work, but... Then one day she stopped at the store for a new vibrator. As she held various toys in her hand, judging their 'capabilities' she overheard the owner discussing selling the business. As he detailed the financials, her mind was distracted from the noisy toy in her hand to the spreadsheets in her head. The place made money; it only needed someone with a real business sense to take it to the next level. The shop was on the small side but already had several customers inside. Gina returned the toy to the counter and took the first step to becoming a small business owner...

Mondays were delivery day, cardboard boxes crowding the aisles as the shelves were restocked. Today the new shipment of quivering cock vibrators came in, which was a good thing since they were down to the last one. Gina was placing a price tag on one when suddenly a hand grabbed her arm. Turning, she saw her brother staring blankly at her, his mouth open. Knowing she'd shocked him, she tried hiding the grin on her face.

“Hey, brother, want to see how this quivers?”

Greg failed to see any humor in the situation. “What are you doing here Gina? I want you out of this store now!”

“I’m not going anywhere, and you can’t tell me what to do anymore.” She turned to the shelves, pricing and stocking items.

“You work here?” The horror of his sister BEING here, WORKING HERE was obvious.

She turned; the quivering cock vibrator in her hand. “Not only do I work here,” she used the vibrator to point around the room, “I own the place too. All mine.” She loved her brother but sometimes she wished she were an only child.

“We’ll talk about this when you get home tonight.” She heard the bell on the door indicating he’d left the store.

As two customers were looking over the different body paints she carried, she overheard one lady telling her friend she had a date with Grant Anderson and Hudson Barrett that night. *Grant and Hudson*, she could see them in her mind. Gina hadn’t seen them since she’d left for college and her brother never mentioned them to her in any conversations. Just thinking about those two guys made her panties wet and her nipples hard. *What would her brother think about her fantasies starring his two best friends?*

After lunchtime, she started unpacking the new shipment of sheer nighties, oddly enough more popular items with men than women. *How many guys buy these for their wives only for them to be stuffed in bottom drawers*, she wondered. As soon as she started with the first box, she heard the bell ring, indicating a customer was now in the shop. Bending over to reach in the box, she felt someone behind her. Maybe it was her brother coming back for more and she was in a mood to tell him off this time. When she turned she found Grant and

Hudson staring at her ass. They looked great and still had those sexy grins that made her feminine core ache with need.

Hudson let out a long, low whistle. “Gina, damn! You’ve grown up to be one beautiful woman.”

Gina seductively pulled a black sheer nightie through her hands. “I see you haven’t changed Hudson. I’m a little disappointed that you haven’t come to see me since I’ve been back. Anytime I’d mention your names to Greg, he told me you were probably busy with something.”

Hudson flashed a killer smile and nodded to Grant. “Let us make it up to you sweetness. How about we take you out to dinner tonight and then you can tell us why you’re working in this place.” His voice had that honeyed tone of warmth and concern.

“Did my brother send you two over here to spy on me?” She watched them both, waiting to see who would be the first to speak.

“No,” they said in unison.

She thought that was a fast ‘no’ and knowing her brother, she knew he did he send them to spy on her. Nevertheless, they *were* here...and they were gorgeous. “OK, sure, why not? Pick me up – here – at seven.”

Grant sat at his desk, staring at the computer screen. How was he supposed to concentrate on his web -designing job now? His palms were damp and his heart racing. Seeing Gina all grown up made his cock harden, straining against the confines of the tight jeans he favored. How could he be so attracted to his best friend’s sister? He’d tried to forget her and always made an excuse why he wasn’t able to come over to the house to visit Greg. If he didn’t have her soon he didn’t

know what he would do. Thinking back, he remembered the first time he'd met Gina. She must have been about sixteen years old. He'd been at Greg's house the day she'd went out on her first date. He'd wanted to scare her date off but it wasn't his place to do that.

Hearing Hudson's footsteps thundering down the hall, Grant stood and walked out of his office. He didn't want his friend to know he'd been daydreaming instead of working. "Hudson, I was just coming to see you. Did you introduce the new guy to our staff yet?"

"Yea, and I think he'll work out great don't you?" A silence passed between the two. "But that's not really what you wanted to ask me was it?"

"I guess not." Grant glanced around to make sure they were alone in the hallway. "Do you think Gina knows about us?"

"I don't think Greg would tell her about our sex lives. Why?"

"Just curious is all. I don't want to scare her off." Grant looked at his watch. "Well I need to finish up some work before we pick Gina up. Hey - I was thinking maybe it would be better if one of us cooked her dinner - instead of going out."

"Your condo or mine buddy? I'll bring the wine if you do the cooking?"

"Sure, I'll cook but nothing fancy. Spaghetti and breadsticks sound okay?"

"Then I'll pick up Gina," Hudson said.

"Great, see you both at my place a little after seven." Grant hoped he knew what he doing since he knew Hudson was interested in Gina as well. The rest of the afternoon seemed to go fast, despite constant fantasies about Gina, and soon it was time to leave.

Hudson also spent part of his day fantasizing about Gina, remembering the first time they'd met...

The first time was at one of Greg's parties. She was sixteen and wasn't expected to be there. She was supposed to be staying at her girlfriend's house but for some reason she came home early. It was late, maybe midnight, and most everyone had already gone home. Greg and his girlfriend, along with her friend, were still out by the pool. He had come inside to get another drink when Grant called him over to the living room. The girl with Grant had been coming on to them all night and before he knew it, his swim trunks were down to the floor and the girl was taking him into her hot little mouth. Just as he was about to release his seed he heard a sound coming from the stairs. Out of the corner of his eye he spied Gina sitting on the steps watching the three of them. Grant was pounding into the girl at the same time and didn't seem to hear anything. He was sure Gina didn't notice that he'd caught her watching and he never told Greg about it either. After that night, Gina always seemed to be watching them.

By the time Gina was seventeen he was finding excuses to see her. He wanted to check out her new boyfriends, maybe scare them off so they wouldn't try anything with her. When she went off to college, he was relieved because he knew if she'd stayed he would have done anything to get her into his bed and probably lose his friendship with Greg in the process. Now - after tonight, would he end up losing both of his best friends?

Two

Gina looked out the window – again. It was a little after seven and there was still no sign of Grant or Hudson. It was just as well anyway. There was no way she could go through with telling them she wanted to be with both of them so she could get them out of her system once and for all. She'd fantasized so much that every guy she dated through college couldn't measure up to either of them. Finally she gave up dating all together.

Once more she looked out the window, and her heart jumped to see Hudson watching her. He made no effort to get out of his car so she went outside, fumbling with her keys in the excitement as she locked up the store for the night. By the time she reached the car, he was standing next to her. Hudson was much taller than her five foot six frame, and she had to tilt her head up to look at him. His eyes were like green ice. It was too easy to get lost in the way he looked at her. He made her nipples harden and her pussy dripping wet with need. She had to fight her overwhelming need to kiss him, to feel his lips on hers. He must have read her mind because the next thing she knew in one forward motion she was in his arms; her body tingling from the contact. She felt his lips touch her like a whisper; his kiss surprisingly gentle. When he pulled away she yearned for more.

“Let’s get going; Grant is waiting for us at his place. We decided a change of plans was in order and we’re having dinner there tonight. This way we have more...privacy.”

Gina felt his hand on the small of her back as they walked to the passenger side of his car. She gave his new ride and approving nod. “I see you’ve moved up in the world. Remember that beat up old van you had when we first met?”

“Yea, I think we’ve all come a long way since then.”

She watched him, *well mostly his tight ass in those jeans*, walk around to the driver’s side and get in. The rest of the way to Grant’s she tried to get him talking but he remained silent until they reached Grant’s condo.

Gina saw Grant standing in the kitchen as soon as Hudson led her inside the condo. At six-three he stood a few inches taller than Hudson. His shirt was open at the neck revealing a muscular chest covered with crisp black hair. She itched to undo the rest of the buttons so she could run her fingers over his taut body.

Grant brought a spoonful of sauce to his lips, tasted and nodded approvingly. “Great timing, dinner is just about ready.”

She thought he seemed a little pre-occupied tonight. Maybe this whole dinner thing should happen another night. She hadn’t even let her brother know she wouldn’t be home right away.

The dining room table was set for three. A big bowl of spaghetti was already on the wooden table, along with garlic breadsticks and a salad, all of her favorites. She noticed the wine and three glasses, and hoped that some wine might quiet her nerves.

Grant pulled out her chair, *very gentlemanly*, but still she became aware of another kind of excitement. She hoped nothing would spoil the evening now.

Hudson placed some pasta on her plate. “So, Gina, since you are the owner of *Naughty Whispers* do you get samples to take home?” He glanced over at Grant who was coughing up wine.

Gina smiled at the choking Grant. “Sure, everything has to be – uh – tested, you know, quality approved. I do keep a few, my favorites, but not too many, you can only have so many vibes you can use - at the same time.” She saw they were shocked at her boldness. This was NOT the Gina they thought they knew.

“Do you want some wine, Gina, or something else to drink?”

“Wine will be fine, Grant.” Gina finished her salad and started rolling the spaghetti onto her fork when she noticed the quiet in the room and looked up to see them staring at her.

Grant was going out of his mind watching her suck spaghetti through her pouty lips. He dreamed of those pretty pink lips wrapped around and sucking his cock while Hudson pounded into her from behind. He thought he’d go insane as she slowly slid a breadstick into her waiting mouth; watching that tongue of hers lick the breadstick made him almost lose control. He glanced to Hudson and saw he was about to jump out of his chair and ravish her right on the table. There was no way he’d last through desert.

When it came time to clear the table he wasn’t sure he could move with his erection straining against his jeans. He was embarrassed to stand, his passions clearly evident. He had to have her, even if it was just one night. Maybe then he’d be able to move on with his life. He wondered if Greg would accept what happened between the three of them and whether they would remain friends - he hoped so.

Grant pushed himself to a standing position and car-

ried his plate to the kitchen. He stopped when he heard Gina tell Hudson that she knew all about their threesomes, ever since she watched them from the stairs at Greg's party. "Gina, you don't have any idea what you are asking of us. What will Greg say? What will this do to any of us?" Grant placed his dishes in the sink and looked into her eyes.

"Greg doesn't control me any longer; I'm an adult now. Yes; it's all I've thought about. I haven't been able to date for two years because I wanted to be with both of you, at least one time. Then maybe, just maybe, I can move on."

Grant was speechless and excited, one time only, and then maybe they could all move on. Without saying another word, he took her hand in his and led her into the living room, up the flight of stairs, and down the hall toward his bedroom. Hudson followed close behind them.

Hudson had enough. He could still taste that sweet kiss from earlier when he picked her up from work and now he wanted more. She looked hot in that black sleeveless top and mini skirt and he'd been fantasizing about what was under there. Her soft ivory shoulders beckoned to him. Her hair was black like shining glass and he wanted to take off the clip that was holding her hair on top of her head so he could see all of it. His fingers slid sensuously over one bare arm. He cupped her chin tenderly in his warm hand before kissing her. He felt her yielding to the passion of his kiss. Raising his mouth from hers, he gazed into her eyes. "Are you sure this is what you want, baby?"

"Yes, I'm sure." She felt Grant lift her shirt off. The clip holding her hair up followed next. Then the touch of Grant's fingers eased the lacy cup of her bra aside exposing one of her breasts. The caress of Hudson's tongue against her swollen nipple made her softly moan. Grant's hand roam up her thigh and under her skirt and she felt her legs go weak.

Greg was worried about his sister. She hadn't come home or called to tell him she would be out late. Maybe he was being a little hard on her about the store, but he still didn't like her working there. He went by *Naughty Whispers* only to find it closed for the evening. Maybe Grant and Hudson would know where she was. He'd told them about her working at that store and both mentioned they would try and talk to her. Then he never heard from either of his friends the rest of the day. He stopped at Hudson's place and when no one answered there, he went by Grant's.

Standing in front of Grant's condo, Greg saw lights on, figuring someone must be home. After ringing the bell for the fifth time, he was ready to give up when Grant finally opened the door. Both men seemed to be in shock at seeing the other, and Greg noticed his friend was shirtless and out of breath.

Greg walked into the condo and looked around. "Sorry for the interruption bud, but have you seen or spoken to Gina lately? I'm getting worried; she isn't home yet." Suddenly Greg saw his sister coming down the stairs, rearranging her clothes and his friend Hudson right behind her. "What the hell is going on here? Gina, you better get in the car right now." He knew if he stayed too long there could be real trouble. Why, oh why, had his folks left him to be her guardian? He had been taking care of her since she was fifteen and even though she was an adult now he felt he still had to protect her. He glared at Grant and Hudson, "I'll deal with you two later. If I stay you'll both be losing a few teeth." He grabbed Gina's arm and dragged her out to his car.

"You're not to go over to either one of their places -

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ever again - do you hear me?"

The rest of the way home he quietly seethed. When he looked over at her she turned away and stared out the window. He could tell she was upset with him, but he didn't want her hurt and being with Grant and Hudson would hurt her eventually. She had no idea what she was getting herself into.

Three

Gina let herself into the house and tried to slam the door in her brother's face. She knew he was upset, but it's not like she was out with some strangers, they were his friends. Grant and Hudson were like an all-consuming drug and like a druggie she wanted her fix, and she wanted it now. She turned and looked Greg, "I think it's time I move out and get a place of my own. After what just happened and the scene at the store earlier, I've had enough. I'm not a kid anymore and you seem to keep forgetting that fact." Triumph flooded through her when she noticed him wincing at her words. Without waiting for a response from him she walked to her bedroom and locked the door behind her.

Still tossing and turning an hour later, she slipped off her nightgown and tossed it to the end of the bed. She had an ache between her thighs that was making it difficult for her to fall asleep. Reaching over, she put her hand in the drawer of the nightstand and pulled out her trusty *rabbit*. If only her brother hadn't shown up at Grant's she would have fulfilled at least one fantasy tonight.

Her hand moved to her breasts to caress her nipples, and she thought about Grant pinching them between his fingers, tugging on them with his teeth, licking and suckling them with his tongue. The gentle massage of her nipples sent

currents of desire all the way to her swollen pussy. If that wasn't enough already to send her over the edge, she imagined what it would feel like having Hudson's thick cock inside her at the same time.

Starting off slowly, she slipped the vibrator inside her dripping lips and pushed it in further. Digging into the mattress with her fingers, it wasn't long before she cried out both of their names as her climax erupted full force. Sexually sated – for now - she lay drowning in bliss. Maybe now she could get some much needed rest.

Naughty Whispers had been busy most of the day; Gina hadn't had time to think about the fight with her brother, which was probably a good thing. Around four in the afternoon a small package was delivered to the store, personally addressed to her. After finishing up with the customers in the store, she opened the package. Inside was a black lace-up, embroidered mesh bra with lace-up matching panties. She had been eyeing this set at the shop down the street but imagine actually wearing something so daring. The small card inside the package read, "*Have this on tonight when I pick you up. Grant.*" Excitement for what was to come caused her nipples to harden and her pussy to become slick. She hurried to the bathroom to change.

Grant had a hard time working on his latest project knowing in a few hours Gina would have that little number on under her clothes when he showed up to get her.

He also knew that Greg's job would have him out of town for a few days. Tonight they would be able to fulfill their desires without any interruptions.

On entering Gina's store, he saw she was on the phone and from the sounds of it she wasn't too happy with whoever was on the other end of the line. He couldn't help but hear her say she was moving out and she meant it, and he figured out who she was talking to. Even long distance, Greg was trying to control her.

As he approached the counter she turned and spotted him. She sighed, a look of exasperation framing her face. He wanted to tell Greg off for the way he was acting about Gina, although he wasn't too thrilled with her working in this area of town, especially after dark, half the streetlights always seemed to be out at one time or another. As soon as he saw her hang up the phone, he moved to her and before he knew what he was saying he blurted it out anyway. "You can move in with me."

Her eyes grew wide. He'd taken her completely by surprise, "Grant, are you sure you want to do that?"

"Absolutely." He pulled her into his arms. "Did you like the gift I sent you?" He leaned in to give her a slow, passionate kiss. Just the thought of kissing those sweet lips had him undone the entire day. Now the reality of the burning kiss set him afire. The press of her body against him inflamed his desires. She felt good in his arms.

He wanted to see her in his gift and his trembling fingers began to unbutton her blouse. He fumbled, but eventually the blouse parted and fell to the floor. Catching his breath, he looked down, seeing how the holes in the bra barely concealed her tight, hard nipples, which seemed to ache for his touch. He reached around her back, found the end of the string and pulled, letting it fall to the floor as well.

Gently, his hands circled the globes of her soft breasts, caressing and tugging lightly on her nipples. A soft cry escaped her lips as he continued to ravage her mouth. Desperate in the fulfillment of his desire, he picked her up and set her on the desk behind the counter. He nibbled his way down her neck and shoulders, stopping to suckle her breasts.

He shoved her skirt to her waist; eager to feel the arousal he knew was pooling between her thighs. He ripped at the ties holding her panties together and in seconds, one of his fingers was sliding through her pussy lips to the channel beyond. He thrust a second finger deep inside and stroked her, bringing his thumb up to strum her clit. Moans escalated from her lips as her hips moved in time with his fingers.

She collapsed back on the desk and weakly pointed to the door, "Grant, the front door isn't locked. Someone might walk in."

He helped her down from the counter and picked up her blouse. He hadn't planned on letting it get so out of hand in the store but before he knew it, he couldn't stop himself.

Burying his cock inside her would have to wait, at least until he got her back to his place. He worried what Hudson would say about her moving in with him. That would also have to wait until later, because he wasn't letting her go anytime soon.

Four

Hudson wondered what was taking them so long. Grant had told him he was picking up Gina then coming straight to the condo. *Damn it!* He should've gone with him to pick her up. They'd had it all worked out. With her brother being out of town, they would give her the fantasy of a lifetime. Then tomorrow, they would all go back to the way it was before she came back into their lives.

It was his turn to cook tonight, although his idea of cooking was buying burgers and fries at the corner fast food joint. Cooking took too much time and most of the time he burnt it anyway. Reaching in the refrigerator, he removed the jar of pickles and placed them on the kitchen table. He remembered she liked the long spears, not the pickle chip. If they didn't get here soon, the food, such as it was, wouldn't stay warm. Just as he was about to sit down to eat his meal, he heard them talking in the hallway. Gina was laughing at something. He'd always liked her laugh, but she didn't seem to laugh much lately, especially when Greg was around.

Hudson helped her with her coat, brushed her hair away from her neck and kissed her softly. Leaning against her, he put his arm around her waist. She turned to him and he kissed her again. His mouth ate at hers in a long, deep kiss. Hudson saw Grant watching him kiss Gina and he knew it wouldn't be much longer now before they both had her.

“So how did it go at the store today, Gina? Didn’t you mention you were hiring a new gal to work part-time there?”

Gina brushed a lock of hair from her face and tried to compose herself. “She seems to be doing okay so far. The store was busy today and it was nice to have the help. Next week I’ll be showing her how to close so I won’t have to be there so much.”

“That’d be good.” Hudson helped her with her chair and waited for her to sit before he went to his. “You can’t do it all yourself even if it’s not a big store.”

Hudson noticed she only ate a few bites of her burger. He found himself and Grant staring at her again for the second time during a meal. What was so fucking hot about watching her eat a damn pickle? He watched her tongue lick underneath then around the top part, slurping the juices from it. Sucking on that pickle reminded him of how she sucked his cock in the dream he had last night. For years, she had been haunting his dreams and now he wanted her out of his dreams and into his bed - for real.

Before he could talk himself out of it he grabbed her hand and pulled her onto his lap. He saw the glazed look in her eyes, and knew she didn’t want to waste any more time either. With her still in his arms, he carried her into the bedroom. He grabbed the bottom of her shirt and pulled it up over her head. Grant appeared behind her, unzipping her skirt and helping her step out of it. Before long, she stood naked between them, more beautiful than they’d imagined. Her breasts were perfect; her hips were perfect; everything about her was perfect.

Gina felt Grant’s hard cock pressing against her back as she leaned into him. Grant growled as she wiggled against him, his tongue licked along the side of her neck and moved toward her shoulder.

Grant’s hand touched one of her breasts as he rubbed

across the nipple softly with his thumb. Hudson sucked and licked the other breast. Both her nipples firmed into tight peaks under the manipulation of their touch. She needed them; there was something about them that made her burn with need. Could she be falling in love? With both men?

Hudson moved down her flat stomach until he reached the wet folds of her sex. The feeling of Grant's kisses along her back and Hudson's tongue circling her clit were pure ecstasy. Grant took her nipple into his mouth, sucked it hard, then pulled it between his teeth. Gasping for air, she felt Hudson's tongue move up and down her moist center. She never knew it could be this good.

She was on fire; every inch of her body touched, licked or sucked, and now she wanted them both inside her. She was so close and felt the trembling throughout her body as she shattered into a million pieces. Her lovers pulled condoms over their throbbing shafts and she mentally begged them to hurry. They pulled her to the bed where Hudson laid down and pulled her on top of him. Feeling Hudson's massive shaft enter her sent her into intense rapture. Grant was behind her, stroking lube with his fingers in her tight little hole. She'd never been taken this way before, but to have both of them with her at once was worth it. She moaned as he first entered her with one, then two fingers to ease her discomfort. He entered her, his cock slowly filling her a little at a time until he was fully seated inside her.

Gina couldn't believe this was happening; it felt so right as they both began to move inside her. They glided in and out of her at the same time in synchronized rhythm. When one pushed in, the other pulled out. Hudson reached between their bodies and strummed her clit. After several minutes she knew her climax was near and she cried out with her release. She heard Hudson and Grant say her name as they came.

Hudson and Grant slowly eased themselves from her, but never stopped touching Gina. She delighted at the feel of their caresses, the strong male hands gently teasing her. Her body was still tingling from her climaxes. Soon, her paramours were ready to go again with Hudson behind her this time and Grant pounding into her pussy like they couldn't get enough of her. After her third climax all three collapsed, trying to get their breath back. She was exhausted, but could get used to having them both in her bed every night. She soon fell asleep in Hudson's arms with Grant spooning her.

Gina awakened to find herself alone in bed. She heard voices downstairs. She quickly dressed and went downstairs. She was on the last step when she heard the guys talking.

"I've asked Gina to move in here, Hudson. She told Greg she was going to move out, so thought I'd help her."

"What the hell are you thinking? How you gonna handle Greg? He's gonna freak. We should have talked about this first."

Gina hear the shuffling of chairs and the front door slam. She quietly entered the kitchen, finding Grant standing by the sink with a mug of coffee in his hand.

"Grant, I've thought about moving in with you. I don't think it's a good idea. Hudson is right about Greg."

"He'll get over it, Gina. We've been friends a long time and he might get mad at us for awhile but he'll come to his senses."

Grant pulled her into his arms, and gave her a kiss that melted all her worries away. Gina broke the kiss and looked into Grant's eyes. "I do want to be with you. Help me move in here before Greg gets back from his trip, will you?"

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Grant took her face in his hands and planted a kiss on the tip of her nose. “Anything you want sweetness. Now hurry and eat the breakfast I made so I can drop you off at the store on my way to work.”

Five

“Only one more box to go, guys. I’m not taking much, just my clothes, books and a few things my folks left me.” Gina was sitting on the couch resting when she noticed a cab pull into the driveway. *Damn it! Greg isn’t supposed to be back until tomorrow.* Well, she resolved to face him and hoped he’d come around to her way of thinking - eventually.

Grant and Hudson stood next to Gina when Greg entered the house. She saw by the look on his face that he was seething with anger.

”Gina, I told you that I didn’t want you to be alone with them. I want them out of my house – NOW!”

Gina held her ground, her hands on her hips and glared at him, “It’s my house too, Greg. You can’t keep telling me what to do anymore. You’re no longer my guardian and I’m an adult. Can’t you see that? It’s like a broken record with you and I am sick of it.”

Greg stormed past the three of them, making his way to the stairs. He quickly turned and slammed a fist into each of his friend’s stomach, making Gina cry out when she saw her lovers double over under the assault.

She felt bad for bringing Grant and Hudson into the mess with her brother. They were losing one of their best friends - all because of her. She loved her brother and this was

tearing her apart, but she also knew that if she didn't leave, she'd never be able to do anything on her own.

Hudson decided that Gina looked good in anything she wore. She had changed out of the dress she had on earlier in the day, to a t-shirt and shorts, exposing legs that seemed to go on forever. They sat together on the swing outside. Even at ten p.m. the weather outside was still warm, and the way she kept giving him that sultry sexy look was making him even hotter. He wanted to taste her skin and suck on those tight, hard nipples tempting him through her shirt. They were begging for his tongue to devour them. And he wanted to make her come at least twice, maybe more, before entering into her fiery slit.

He couldn't believe his luck at having this time alone with Gina. Grant was called back into the office on an emergency. Rarely, did they have to work on a Saturday, but sometimes it happened. Now he was finally able to fulfill his wish at being able to be alone with Gina.

When he pressed his mouth to her soft pink lips she whimpered with longing. His lips were hard and searching. Teasing her lower lip with his tongue, she leaned into him, pressing her soft breasts against his chest. Hudson was getting so hard he feared he might explode.

Slowly, he removed her t-shirt and it wasn't long before his own shirt followed. He kissed his way toward her breasts. His mouth found her pink hardened nipple and he sucked gently at first, then using his teeth, he tugged hard.

His hands found their way to the button on her shorts, slipped the button from its notch, and the sound of a zipper broke the silence. He pulled the shorts down her hips, past her

thighs and then all the way down, tossing them aside. All that remained was the black thong hiding her womanly treasure.

“You are so beautiful baby,” he whispered.

His fingers traced the top of her thong, her stomach muscles clenching in response to his touch. Hudson’s hand slipped under the band; his fingers moving toward the center of her moist heat. Reluctantly removing his hand, he stood up long enough to shed his clothes. He saw her staring at his naked form, her eyes filled with desire. Pulling off her thong, he let it slide down her legs then dropped it to the floor. He sat back down on the swing and eased her over so she was sitting on his lap.

“I need you, Hudson,” she whispered, “in me –now.” That was all it took for him to push his pulsing shaft into her aroused sex. He would never forget the way her body responded to his so easily. In moments she was meeting him, thrust for thrust on the swing; their bodies in exquisite harmony with one another. As he aroused her passion, his own grew stronger. It was a good thing there was a privacy fence around the backyard. She screamed out his name with her release, and he grabbed her hips and slammed her with pounding force. His body shuddered and jerked a few more times before he released his seed. Their sweaty bodies fell against each other as the still of the night again settled over them.

He pulled her tightly into his arms, recalling the smoldering passion that recently thrilled him. He kissed her one last time before he closed his eyes as they relaxed in the swing.

Gina was truly happy - for the first time - in a long time. She could get used to having two men take care of her needs and desires. It had been a very emotional day for her and she was totally exhausted. Closing her eyes, she drifted and dreamed of being loved the rest of her life by Hudson and Grant.

Six

When Gina woke a few hours later, she found herself in between Hudson and Grant. She remembered telling them she only wanted to be with them one time. Well, once wasn't nearly enough for her now. The hunger for each of them was still there and it wasn't going away. Already facing Grant, she reached her hand out to brush away the strands of hair that had fallen over one eye. Hastily, she drew her hand away when she felt him stir.

Behind her, she felt Hudson put his arm around her waist, giving her an affectionate squeeze as he kissed her shoulder. How could a kiss like that turn her inside out? But it did, it made her ache with desire. She could tell Hudson wanted her, and she wanted him too. Last night was wonderful and each moment they spent together made it difficult for her not to fall in love with him. She felt his hand move down her bare thigh, his fingers stroking her trembling flesh. He parted her legs, she willingly yielded, and two of his fingers entered her throbbing, wet sheath. Hudson rolled her onto her back and moved between her legs. His fingers separated her folds, and his tongue licked her slit from top to bottom. She lifted her hips off the bed when his fingers entered her wet heat as he tortured her clit with his tongue.

Suddenly Grant's lips were on hers. She felt wonderful knowing she was wanted by both of them. Grant's large

hand caressed her cheek and neck, and she heard him whisper, “I need to be inside that beautiful pussy – now - before I go crazy.” He rolled a condom over his hard, thick shaft.

She wanted him inside her, the wait was killing her. “What about Hudson? I want you both,” she whispered.

She watched Hudson rolling a condom on his throbbing penis. Grant entered her slowly and rolled so he was on the bottom, then she felt Hudson behind her. She felt the cold from the lube on her anus, and prepared herself for the exquisite pleasure of Hudson’s shaft pushing past the tight muscle. It wasn’t long before both of their cocks were inside her. Back and forth they went, one at a time until their bodies were in beautiful harmony. The bliss was pure and explosive, and she quickly felt the orgasm ripple through her body. Grant and Hudson exploded into her, filling her with their passion. When she closed her eyes, she was lying in both of their arms. *Could things get any better than this? It could if everything works out with Greg and his friends. Then I’d be truly happy.*

Hudson couldn’t stop smiling all day; he was anxious to see Gina tonight. Only one more hour before he was to pick her up, but he still needed to talk to Grant. He picked up the phone and punched in Grant’s number.

“Hey Grant, how did the meeting go?” Hudson wasn’t concerned about the meeting, only how Grant would react to his relationship with Gina. “Yea, great,” he hardly heard the meeting details. “That’s wonderful – Hey – I - uh- wanted you to know something and I hope you’ll be okay with it.” He paused; there was tension in the silence. “I’m in love with Gina and I plan on telling her tonight. I know she moved in with you, but I’ve wanted her from the first moment I saw her

and I plan to ask her to marry me. We'll figure everything out. I'm just hoping she feels the same way."

"We both care for her," Grant replied, "but in the end, I guess it's up to Gina."

Hudson realized Grant really didn't say much about what he'd just told him. He knew his friend was in love with Gina as well, but only one of them could legally marry her. Since he'd seen her watching them on those steps so many years ago, he felt it should be him. Even back then, she'd gotten under his skin and there was no way he could let her go now. He'd wasted too many years denying his attraction to her because of his friendship with Greg. The only questions running through his mind now were what if Gina didn't love him back - and what about Greg? Would he accept their being together? He really hoped so, for Gina's sake.

After making a few phone calls, he was able to put his condo on the market. For the first time in his life, he wanted to own a house. If everything worked out according to his plan, he wanted to find one with a very large bedroom.

Greg pulled in to a parking space at *Naughty Whispers* and sat in his car thinking about his sister; he wanted her to come back home. She'd been gone a week counting today and he didn't want their relationship to end. Gina was his only sister and they'd been through a lot together. He just hoped he wasn't too late. If she wanted to be with Grant and Hudson, then he would just have to try and stay out of that part of her life and hope his friends wouldn't end up hurting her.

He saw Gina standing by a display rack talking with a customer. After the customer left, he got out of the car and walked in the door. The bell rang when he opened the door

and he saw Gina look at him.

“Hey sis; how’s it going?” he said quietly.

“Hi Greg; everything is just great. I’m very happy.” Her reply was polite, but cautious. “Why are you here anyway?”

He could see she was uncomfortable with him being there. “Can we talk? I miss you being around the house. It’s been so quiet with you gone.” He looked around the store; they were alone, “I have something to tell you and I’m not sure how to say it.”

“Just say it. I don’t have all night. Hudson is picking me up soon and I still need to lock up.”

“First off I want you to know I was so strict with you because I love you and wanted to protect you. I only did what I thought dad would want me to do. I was trying to live up to his expectations. Will you forgive me, sis?”

“Of course you’re forgiven; I still love you even if you were way too controlling.”

Gina finished giving her brother a hug when she spotted Hudson with his arms crossed and leaning against the door. She didn’t know how long he had been standing there, but she was glad he was. “Hudson is here to take me home. If you’d like to come over for dinner tomorrow you’re more than welcome to. I’m sure Hudson and Grant would love to see their friend.”

“Sounds great, sis; see you then.” He kissed her on the cheek and left, pausing to give Hudson a pat on the shoulder on the way out.

Hudson walked to Gina and put his arms around her pulling her close. “Is everything okay, Gina?”

“Yes, it couldn’t be better. Let’s go home.”

“Looks like things went well with Greg. I’m glad. When we get to Grant’s, we need to talk.”

Seven

Grant sat outside thinking about his earlier phone conversation with Hudson. He wondered what Gina would say about them both being in love with her. Could she love them both as well, or would she want nothing to do with one them after tonight? Could they even still be friends with her brother after this?

He wasn't sure when it had happened, but maybe he'd always loved her. That could be the reason why, for years, he'd stayed away from her house. Anytime he met up with Greg he made sure it was somewhere else so he wouldn't have to see her. Then, when she went away to college, it became easier. That is, until she came back three months ago. Now he wanted her more than ever.

Hudson said nothing would change for them, except Gina would be married to one of them on paper. Other than that they would go on sharing her just like they did now.

Maybe he could sell his condo and they could get a nice house for them all to share. One thing for certain, tonight would be a big night for all three of them. He just hoped Gina would feel the same way.

Grant heard the front door open and yelled out he was in the back. Gina came outside and sat down in the chair closest to him. Hudson stood next to her.

“How was your day, Gina? Any new toys come in?” His mouth curved into an unconscious smile. *That was a dumb thing to say, but I couldn't just blurt out I love her either.*

“Nothing new came in today. I am tired though; it was so busy, I didn't even have a chance to take a break once.” She sighed and kicked off her shoes.

“Put your foot up here,” Grant pointed to his leg, “I've been told I give a great foot massage.” He slowly stroked the top of her, and then moved to her sole, making slow, sensuous circular motions. His thumbs kneaded the bottom of her foot, literally pushing out the stresses of the day. He heard her moan. “Does it feel good, Gina?”

“Yes, it feels wonderful.”

Hudson tapped Grant on the shoulder. “Massage boy - we need to talk and if this continues where I think it will, nothing is going to be said.” Grant heeded Hudson's voice and stopped massaging her leg. Hudson was right; they needed to find out how Gina felt about them before going any further.

“Hudson and I had a talk today. I know this was just supposed to be temporary, you moving in with me, but we also think you should know that both of us are in love with you and we really want you to stay here with us.

“Grant is right.” Hudson took Gina's hand. “Now that you've made up with Greg and everything is okay you should know that I've loved you for as long as I can remember. From the time you were fifteen you drove me crazy with your sassiness. I want you to marry me, Gina. I can see us all living together in a house, maybe away from the city; wherever you want to go.”

Gina was stunned. She'd been in love with them for so long. She didn't want to move back in with Greg. All she

wanted was to be with them for as long as they wanted her. She turned to look at Grant, “Would you feel left out if I was married to Hudson? I *do* want to be committed to both of you. I love each of you with all my heart.”

“Don’t worry,” Grant said, “You’ll be committed to us, baby. But legally it can only be to one of us and since Hudson was the first to meet you, we agreed it should be him. We’ll have a special, private ceremony of our own.”

Gina stood and held out her hands to Hudson. “Yes, Hudson, I will marry you, as long as the three of us will always be together and never apart.”

Hudson brought her hands to his mouth and kissed them tenderly, “That will never change; we’ll cherish and love you - always.”

END

If you enjoyed *NAUGHTY WHISPERS*, be sure to check out these other hot erotica romance titles by author 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.”

EXCERPT

Mike drove his truck as close to the front door as he could without pulling it up on the curb. He fumbled with the keys as he ran to unlock the door. Once he had the door open, Kevin carried Amelia inside and placed her on the sofa. He lifted her foot, placing it gently on a pillow on top of the footstool, and went to the kitchen for some ice.

Mike removed her shoes, letting his long lean fingers slowly massage her ankle and feet. He was trying to assess her injuries, but the softness of her skin was distracting him. Amelia felt the shivers up her body as he caressed her ankle, working his way up her leg. His touch felt fantastic and she moaned from both the pleasure and pain of it. She always enjoyed a massage; and she had a feeling Mike would be great at giving full body massages as well. I wonder what else he could do with those fingers.

Kevin returned with the ice pack, which was cold, and his fantasies, which were hot and in overdrive. He

wasn't bothered by the fact that Mike was giving her a foot rub, what was troubling was Amelia's contented reaction to the intimacy of the effort. Damn him! Mike was already making his moves before Kevin even got the chance. *I guess I have to wait my turn or beat Mike at his own game. Hell I'd be happy to share her if it that was the only way to be with her.* Amelia jumped as Kevin placed the dishtowel with the ice gingerly on her ankle.

"Sorry about that gorgeous, but it will help keep the swelling down." Kevin let his fingers graze her arm, trying to get her attention away from Mike.

"I never knew something could hurt so much," she whined, sucking in her breath as the throbbing pain overtook her.

Mike assessed the situation. "First, the good news. Your ankle's not broken. You did twist it badly and it's going to take a few days before your back on your feet. So we need to talk about your job." Mike put an emphasis on the last word. "From what we've seen so far, you working as a carpenter isn't going to work. The injury you've suffered is going to keep you off your feet for a few days. I would like to offer you our hospitality while you recover. Kevin and I feel since you injured yourself at our job site we should take care of you. When you're up and about we'd like you to consider being our maid and general housekeeper. As you can see when you look around the room Kevin's a bit of a slob."

"Hey, I might suck at cleaning but at least I can cook, unlike you," Kevin laughed.

Without missing a beat, Mike continued, "There is one other way you could work off the money you owe us."

Amelia relaxed a bit as the ice started to numb the pain. She silently studied the two handsome men before her. "I'm

not the best of housekeepers, so what's the other option you've been considering?"

Mike paused for a moment, and looked at Kevin, and then back at Amelia. "We'd like you to consider being our sex slave for one week. The earning potential should give you enough to finish paying off the house, if that's really what you want to do."

Amelia's shock was evident. She remained silent for several seconds before she dared to speak. "Are you two crazy? Sex slave?" She looked at both Mike and Kevin, and realized they were serious. The suggestion made her panties wet. *Surely they're kidding, but I sure hope not.* She smiled seductively as she made eye contact with Mike and then Kevin. *I hope they don't expect an immediate answer on this one. If I were smart, regardless of the pain in my ankle, I'd just walk out the door. But I can't because I owe them money and I have to pay off the debt if I want the house. Damn, what a mess.*

"How long do I have to think about this?" Amelia nibbled on her lower lip, contemplating their answer. Hell, her ex-husband, on their wedding night, had told her she had no clue how to make a man happy in bed. His comments echoed in her head.

"You can have the rest of tonight to consider our offer. We'd like an answer first thing tomorrow," Mike smiled.

Leaving her to think about their offer, Mike and Kevin walked to the kitchen to start dinner. From time to time Amelia made eye contact with one of them seeing only anticipation in their eyes. *Hell what will it be, I know they want an answer but I don't know what to do. I'm an okay housekeeper but that's no fun. Sex slave, now that's a profession I haven't tried. I just don't want to be humiliated*

when all is said and done. Hell what if my ex-husband was right, what if I don't know what a man wants? I need to get out of here. She tried to stand, but the pain that shot from her ankle up her leg was excruciating. She sat back down with a plop. *I can't even walk out of here, what am I going to do?*

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.

EXCERPT

Kathryn absently stirred her drink and mulled over her dilemma. She was due to inherit a large sum of money from her father but there were problems, some of her own making, but problems nonetheless. Her father left her a substantial inheritance in his will, but only if she was married by the age of thirty. Her thirtieth birthday was the day after tomorrow, and she was still single. That complicated things because six months earlier Kathryn told her mother she was married, happily married to a hot cowboy. She'd lied to her mother, telling her she hadn't told her about the marriage before now because she and her new husband had been so busy since the wedding they just hadn't had time...too much work.

Now her mother was expecting them, Kathryn and her non-existent husband, for a short visit. Kathryn had felt

the lie was worth the reward. Once her mother saw how happily married she was there would be no problem in getting her inheritance. The problem was Kathryn was due at her mom's tomorrow...and she had no 'hot cowboy husband'.

The bartender stopped to see if Kathryn wanted another drink. He flirted with her but she wasn't paying any attention. She wanted a cowboy, not a bartender.

Kathryn smiled as she looked at Mark. "I think I'll change my drink to Get Laid. That sounds like a good one to try, don't you think?"

Mark had a mouthful of beer and spit it all over the bar. They were both laughing.

"Hey, you OK over there, mister?" she asked him.

"Yea, I'm fine, just never heard of that drink. Guess cowboys only drink whiskey or beer. I'm curious what's in a Get Laid, if you don't mind me asking?"

"Well, 1 oz of vodka, $\frac{3}{4}$ oz of raspberry schnapps, fill the glass to about an inch from the top with pineapple juice, add a splash of cranberry juice and you have a Get Laid. They're really good. You get used to them after you've had a couple."

Mark grimaced, the drink didn't sound good to him, too sweet, too fruity. He nodded to Kathryn. "Think I'll stay with beer Ma'am. Get Laid doesn't sound like a drink for a cowboy."

"So you're a cowboy? I love cowboys! In fact I'm supposed to be married to one right now." Kathryn took another sip of her drink. She needed to stop drinking or she would say more than she intended to this stranger.

"What do you mean by you're supposed to be married? Where's your husband?" Several thoughts ran through Mark's head as he waited for her answer. She didn't look

married, hell she wasn't even wearing a ring.

"Well cowboy it's a long story," she said. She took her drink, stood up from the stool, and walked over to Mark. Kathryn got close to him and crinkled up her nose. "Did anyone ever tell you that you smell like cow shit? You make my eyes water."

"Believe me lady, I know what I smell like; unfortunately; it goes with the job. It's money and it pays my bills so I can't complain."

"How much money can there be in cleaning up cow shit? I can't believe there would be much money in that. Would you like to do a job for me instead? It would keep you from stinking that's for sure, and you'd make a lot of money in a short period of time, cowboy!"

Mark silently wondered what her "job" might be. He didn't need her money; he had enough money, so why was he even considering her offer? With another look at her he knew why, and it had nothing to do with money.

"Doing what? Hell, I don't even know your name. Mind sharing that with me?" Mark yawned, the long day was catching up, he was getting sleepy but he didn't want to leave just yet. He bet her story was a good one and he wanted to hear it.

"I'll pay you to be my husband for a few days while I go see my mother and get my inheritance money."

Laughing, Mark pushed his hat back on his head and placed his beer on the bar. "You have to be kidding, right?"

"No, I'm not kidding. My father died leaving me some money, actually a lot of money, but he had in his Will that by the time I was thirty and I had to be married to get that money. Well I'm nearly thirty and single. I told my mother I was married to a cowboy and we were very happy. My name is Kathryn Moore, my father was Kelvin Moore.

Have you ever heard of him?”

“Well Kathryn, no I haven’t heard of him, but then I don’t get a chance to read the local papers and I don’t live around here either. I’m just passing through on my way home. I’ve been driving all day and now that I’ve had some food and a few beers all I want to do is get in a hot shower and crawl into bed. I still have a long drive in the morning so I’ll call it a night. It was nice chatting with you and good luck on finding that cowboy.” Mark rose and walked past her, tipping his hat as he went out the door.

Kathryn ordered another drink, sipped it and considered her options. She couldn’t figure out what to do about her life. She took the unused wedding rings out of her purse and stared hopelessly at them. Shaking her head she got up and resignedly walked out the door, defeat evident on her face.

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.

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For more great multiple-partner fiction check out 3 Way Weekend from Romance Divine LLC and author J.A. Rolls

3 Way Weekend

By

J.A. Rolls

It's supposed to be a 'girls-get-away-weekend' but weather problems leave Jana left alone in a Denver hotel. What's a girl to do but make the best of the situation? Fortunately, identical twins Tim and Tom come to her rescue, and Jana learns about the stamina of youth and her own capacities as a woman.

Excerpt 1

Once in the lobby she noticed a group heading to the bar and decided it would be the place to start the evening. Jana noted the room was extremely crowded with young business types in suits, many imbibing shot glasses of colored beverages. *Oh damn, happy hour, how soon you forget the normal end-of-day rush of a business executive.* Jana surveyed the environment, young executives in suits, women in well-cut skirted suits and designer heels, and an ambient noise level that guaranteed this would *not* be a quiet drink. Still, it was a crowd she was familiar with and she made her way through the throng, taking the only seat available at the bar and signaling for the bartender.

“Yes, ma’am what can I get you?”

“A Kahula and cream, double, please.”

“Yes, ma’am, we also have free Jell-O shooters on the table if you want to try them. You can try five different ones before we start charging you.”

“I might do that, but for now just the Kahula and cream.”

“Yes, ma’am, coming right up.”

To her left Jana noticed a clean cut young man, dark hair, chiseled chin, broad shoulders and narrow hips with long legs surrounded by the tightest jeans she’d seen on a man in years. *God, he’s got to be six feet, young but very nice packaging.* Turning to her right she did a double take; the young man on her right was the spitting image of the man on her left. *What the hell?* Looking back and forth Jana couldn’t believe what she was seeing. Both men were handsome devils with melting brown eyes, roguish grins that matched their wicked laughter, and thick, wavy hair. *The more I see, the better I like.*

The bartender approached, smiling at her confusion. “Brothers, right now they’re fighting and that’s why you found a seat between them... something about the height of a woman’s heels.” He shrugged and laughed to himself he placed her drink on the bar and turned to help another customer.

Jana raised her glass in a mock toast to the rest of her weekend and tried to find some solace, if not in the noisy bar, at least in her mind. *Thank God, I thought I was seeing double. What a day, and it’s going to be a long lonely night unless I find some company.* She felt the vibration of her cell phone, took it from her pocket and read the text message from Craig: ‘gettin ready to board plane, talk to

you soon, enjoy down time'. *Asshole! Not I love you, not I miss you.* She shoved the cell phone in her purse, took her drink and finished it without taking a breath; slamming the glass down on the bar.

“Lady, are you okay?” asked the stranger to her left.

“Yes, fine...I just need to...get drunk.”

“Really?” asked the stranger to her right.

Looking from left to right and back she laughed.

“You two could drive a woman to drink. Names please?”

“Tim”, said Mr. Left.

“Tom”, said Mr. Right.

“That’s it...Tim...Tom? There has to be more to this story.” Jana’s finger playfully circled the inside of her glass.

“We’re brothers, but right now we’re not talking to each other,” Tim said.

“Cut the shit! He’s right, we’re brothers and we argue about everything. So not talking to each other is usually a good thing for those around us. At least it’s quieter,” Tom smiled. “But back to your original goal, getting drunk? Drinking those girl drinks it’ll take you awhile, but we know a short cut, don’t we Tim?” He winked at his brother.

“Sure we do! Jell-O shooters are the fastest path to achieve success in that venture, and we’re willing to share our individual five shooters with you if the five free ones aren’t enough. And who do we have the pleasure of sharing our drinks with?”

“Jana.” She brought her finger to her lips, her tongue flicking out to lick up the Kahlua and Cream. “I don’t mean to show my ignorance, but what’s a Jell-O shooter?”

Tim and Tom’s eyes followed her finger to her

mouth. Tom opened his mouth to talk, but Tim continued. “A Jell-O shooter, or Jell-O shot, are alcohol and Jell-O mix, roughly two third mix to one third alcohol. They come in any flavor. The colors give you some indication: reds are cherry, strawberry or cranberry, the green one’s lime, the yellow lemon. Different types of alcohol are added like vodka, brandy, tequila. All and all they’re potent drinks. Wanna’ try one?”

“Sure I’m game, a red one.”

Tom placed three red shooters in front of her. “Okay, try one of each and see if you can tell which flavor is which.”

Jana drank the first shot, savoring the flavor for a few seconds before swallowing. She downed the second and third almost as fast. “The first was cranberry...the second cherry, and the third was either strawberry or raspberry...is that right?”

The two men watched her for a few seconds, waiting for the impact of the drinks to hit. “You’re right, the last one was strawberry. What do you think? Did you like them?”

“Actually yes, but I didn’t taste the alcohol. Are you sure there was any?”

“Yea, maybe you have a higher tolerance than most.” Tim carefully watched her. *God I hope that’s the case because if not, when they hit, this beautiful woman is going to slide right off that stool onto the floor. Hell I’d better find out where she’s staying so I know where to take her when she passes out.* “Jana, where’s your hotel?”

“Here, I’ve got a suite in this hotel, why?”

“Just wanted to make sure we knew where to put you when those drinks hit.”

“I’m fine and quite frankly I don’t feel a thing. Tell you what, I’m hungry, would you two like to join me in the restaurant for a steak and then we can continue with my objective after dinner?”

Two male voices joined as one. “Sure, our pleasure.”

Jana smiled and stepped from the bar stool as Tim and Tom turned, placed her hands at the bend of their elbows and escorted her from the bar.

Excerpt 2

Through the fog of the alcohol Jana attempted to process what she’d just heard. She played it back in her mind. *‘Can we stay with you? We!’* “Both of you?”

“Yes, we’d really like to stay if you’ll let us.”

“Boys, I’m not quite old enough to be your mother but I bet I’ve got a good ten to fifteen years on you. You’re sweet...really, but don’t you think it’d be best if you went back to the bar and found women more your age?”

“Actually, no,” Tom replied. “Jana, we want to be with you, we both want to please you, let us stay, please.”

Jana brought her hands to her temples. She shook her head back and forth, her hair flowing like lava. “You don’t understand. I’m married, I’m very married and I don’t cheat on my husband.”

“Don’t consider this cheating, Jana, consider this as therapy, relaxation therapy. We’re exactly what the doctor ordered and will help you relax and enjoy this weekend.”

Jana raised her head seeking divine guidance from the textured ceiling. “You’ll never know how much I’d like to say yes, but I can’t do it. I’d never be able to forgive my-

self.”

“What’s to forgive?” Tim said. “Think of this as a weekend spent with new friends, time enjoyed doing whatever your heart desires, and totally relaxing. We’re here to help make that happen.”

Jana folded her hands in her lap. “Unfortunately I’m not thinking straight, the Jell-O shots might be talking here, but I won’t blame the alcohol.” The room settled into another awkward silence. Jana reached out, took a male hand in each of hers and took a deep breath. *Oh Cheryl, you aren’t gonna believe this!* “I want you to stay. I want both of you to stay. Let’s...enjoy our weekend.” Jana stood and walked to the bedroom, removing her jacket as she went.