

Noble Romance Publishing



STORM
SATURDAY NIGHT
SUMMER ALAN

—SATURDAY'S CHILD—
WORKS HARD FOR A LIVING

Storm Saturday Night

Noble Romance Publishing, LLC



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Storm Saturday Night
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Book Blurb

Aspiring actress Storm Wren needs the money from this commercial or she'll be evicted. They are casting a man for the part—well, can she act or can't she? She'll go as a man.

Logan Mackenzie and Judd Taylor cast her for the part, film the commercial and pay her. But something is wrong. When they discover their male star is a woman, they decide to give her a taste of what real men are like.

Chapter One

Storm Wren flipped through the trade news once more. “Hector, there’s got to be something.”

As if to acknowledge her statement, her tabby rubbed against her arm, knocking the stack of unpaid bills off the kitchen table with a flick of his tail.

Storm ignored the mess and gave the cat a gentle nudge. “I’ve gotta find a commercial or something or we’ll be living in that dumpster out back.”

Scanning the ads, she took a bite of her dry toast and chased it with a sip of black coffee—no cream, no sugar. Her slender figure was the one thing getting her any work nowadays, and she didn’t intend to lose her only ace in the hole.

All the calls lately had been for women younger or older, even children had more options than a woman her age. A thirty-year-old actress, no matter how young she looked, was not in demand this summer. Casting directors took one look at her age and immediately shoved her headshot aside. They wanted twenty-somethings who looked even younger.

She’d done a B-grade horror movie over a year ago, but that money ran out a lot sooner than she’d hoped. If she didn’t find something before her landlord found her today, she’d be out on her ass by noon.

Hector walked across the magazine and licked up the crumbs she’d dropped. She picked him up and rested him on her lap as her gaze lit on the small listing, wet from the cat’s tongue.

“What’s this? Five thousand dollars cash?” A local ad agency was casting and filming a commercial for a new male enhancement product downtown. They were looking for a 30-something man. Darn it, a man. As if *she* couldn’t sell the product—but Storm knew better. If they were

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calling for a man, they wanted a man. No amount of arguing or trying to prove she could do a credible job would make the slightest difference. She'd never get in the front door. If only

She glanced at the clock. Could she do it? Did she dare? "We need that five thousand, Hector. I have an idea, but I'll have to hurry; the auditions start in an hour." She jumped to her feet, tumbling Hector to the floor. The cat gave an offended meow, stuck his nose in the air and trotted out of the room. Storm shook her head. She'd have to apologize to him later. Right now, she had to get ready for the casting call.

She raced out of her apartment and pounded on the door across the hall.

"Storm, what's going on?" Steve leaned against the doorframe in a lavender silk nightgown and bare feet. Long blond tendrils framed his face and spilled over his bare shoulders. "You look a little crazy."

"I just might be . . . is Mark home? I need to borrow something of his."

"Come on in." He opened the door wider and gestured with his perfectly manicured nails into the immaculate apartment. "He's still in bed."

"I hate to wake him, but this is sort of an emergency."

"Oh, he's not asleep." Steve smiled broadly. "He's just worn out."

"That wig looks better on you than it does on me." She followed him down the hallway to the bedroom.

He ran his long, slender fingers through the hairpiece she'd given him a few weeks ago then opened the bedroom door "Honey, we've got company."

Mark sat up in the enormous bed. "Well, good morning, Storm. What brings you here so early in the morning?"

She smiled at the two men. If anyone could help her, they could. "I've got thirty minutes. Can you turn me into a man?"

* * * * *

Logan handed Judd the script. “We don’t find him today, we’re screwed.”

“We’ll find him.” Judd flipped through the pages then rolled them into a tube and slapped them against his hand. “Today’s the day. We’ll get our spokesperson, make the commercial and sell some stiff dick pills.”

“You gotta stop calling them that.” Logan put his cell phone to his ear. “Harry, let ‘em in.”

The door opened, and Judd watched the long line of actors file into the front of the auditorium. He leaned back in his balcony seat. “First impression?”

“Only men in suits use male enhancement drugs.”

“Yeah.” He twisted the rolled papers in his hand. “Why didn’t we say ‘no suits’ in the last ad? Damn, they look like a bunch of stockbrokers instead of guys trying to get laid.”

“Well, we only need one. And we said five thousand dollars. If that doesn’t bring our man to us, I don’t know what will.”

“This bunch will spend it on suits. Shit.” Judd rubbed his eyes. How had they let themselves get in this position? Casting and filming in one day was sheer idiocy. He was trying hard to be confident that this fourth cattle call would bring in the right guy, the right look, but if it didn’t—

“Hey, wait a second.” Logan nudged him with his elbow. “Check him.”

Slightly shorter than the other men, wearing jeans, loafers, and a loose-hanging dress shirt buttoned to the neck, the guy he’d visualized for weeks walked in. “Yeah.”

“Yeah good?”

“Yeah, more like it.”

“The glasses work.” Logan leaned forward in his seat. “Hadn’t really pictured glasses. I’ll have to change the lighting a little.”

“Let’s get started.” Judd unrolled the script. That guy had the look, but could he read? “Get Harry to put them all in glasses. And tell him to lose the damn coats and ties. I don’t want just one choice.”

“Want to start with him?”

“No. A couple of the others first.” *Keep hope alive for a few minutes longer.*

Logan called Harry again. “Put them all in glasses and have them remove their coats and ties. Let’s get started, but save the short guy in the white oxford and jeans for a bit. Yeah. No, save him. I know. Just do it, Harry.” Logan snapped the phone closed. “Harry thinks he’s the guy, too.”

“God, let him speak English,” Judd muttered.

Chapter Two

Storm tried to ignore the itchy toupée. She crossed her legs, ankle over her knee and leaned back in the auditorium seat. Steve had suggested she watch the mannerisms of the other men and mimic them if she wanted to blend in. Thankfully, most of them looked as nervous as she felt so they weren’t hard to imitate

The guy with the clipboard, Harry, herded each man on and off stage while the man running the camera, Logan, stood with his hands folded over his chest. Neither man looked especially happy with what he was seeing.

She’d listened to the same 30-second spiel over twenty times and had it memorized. No wonder they referred to these things as cattle calls.

Pretending to be an actor wasn't that different from being an actress. Male or female, you were still a slab of meat.

"You, in the jeans. You're up."

A five thousand dollar slab of meat, Storm. You can do this. Channel Nick Nolte. She got up with the same wide-stance motion she'd observed in the other men and strolled on stage.

"Where's your head shot?"

She'd anticipated this question and hoped her voice wouldn't give her away. Steve had reminded her the less she said, the better, but acting could only get her so far—sooner or later she'd have to speak. "Ran out."

"Your name?"

She took a deep breath and let it out slowly as she spoke. "Shane Wren."

Harry handed her the script. She rolled it up and handed it back to him. "I've got it."

"Let's hear it then. Logan, ready?"

Logan glanced to the back of the darkened theater. "Yeah, ready."

Someone else was here? Storm squinted against the glare of the stage lights and saw the outline of a man standing in the balcony area.

"Go when you're ready." Harry gave a curt nod.

She'd heard the other readings—the other actors didn't get it. This commercial was supposed to sell a drug to help them have better, more satisfying sex. Maybe none of them were interested in a product for 'male enhancement', but if anybody needed male enhancement right now, she did. She widened her stance and stared into the camera. "Hello—"

Judd couldn't believe his eyes. The slight guy with the black glasses—Shane—put his hands into his jeans pockets and recited the lines. Judd wrote the script weeks ago, had spent hours honing the message, but this guy's delivery was better than anything he'd dared

hope for He pulled his cell phone out of his pocket and pressed the speed dial.

Logan picked up on the first ring. “Yeah.”

“How’s it look on camera?”

“As good as you think it does. What do you say?”

“Yeah.” He tried to keep the excitement out of his voice. Their spokesperson had finally arrived and was about to save their collective financial asses. He barely quelled the urge to jump up and high-five the air. “Send the rest of them home, and get him into makeup. Keep the clothes.”

“Keep ‘em? What about the swim trunks?”

“No, forget that. This is the right look. Have Harry set up the blue screen, and we’ll digital the backdrop later. A cityscape or something.”

“All right.” Logan chuckled. “He’s good, huh?”

Judd looked at Shane for a long moment. The guy did look good, so much so he was a little freaked out. “He made *me* want to buy the shit.”

“I know what you mean. He’s kind of—”

“Androgynous?”

Logan laughed. “I was going to say hot, but I like your take better.”

A weird surge rushed through his veins. Yeah, hot was the word all right, and now he knew what was freaking him out. He shook his head. “All right. I’ll be down there in a second.” He snapped the phone closed and took off down the stairs. He had to see this guy up close.

Before he reached the front of the auditorium, he forced himself to slow down and walk. Shane sat on the edge of a stool staring at the last of the actors filing out.

“Shane.”

“Yes.” The man turned toward him, and of all the damn things—his cock twitched. *What the hell?* He cleared his throat. *This is excitement*

from having your career saved. That's it. Get a grip.

“You’re the face we’ve been looking for. Where’ve you been the last eight weeks?”

Shane didn’t respond, but the smile that spread across the man’s face sent a thrill through Judd’s body—a completely unacceptable and inexplicable thrill. He was straight, dammit. What the hell?

“Okay, everybody’s out.” Logan walked up behind him and slapped him on the back. “Did you two introduce yourselves?”

Shane rose from the stool and came down the steps. “Not officially.” He hesitated then extended his hand, and Judd took.

The guy’s hands were soft, but the grip was firm. “Judd Taylor. Nice reading. Do it the same way in front of the blue screen, and we’ll be out of here in an hour.”

Shane nodded but said nothing.

“Let’s get you to make-up,” Logan said. “And make ourselves a commercial.”

Judd stared as Harry led Shane away. “What do we know about this guy?”

Logan’s brows drew together. “Know? We know his name. What we gotta know?”

“I don’t know. Nothing.”

“What’s with you?”

He shook his head. “Probably me looking a gift horse—oh hell. Ignore me. Let’s start in ten.”

Chapter Three

Storm put her hands into the pockets of Mark’s jeans and stepped up to the line of tape on the floor. Shaking Judd’s hand had been a nerve-racking moment, but she’d pulled that off. Steve had cut her

fingernails and rubbed her hands with some kind of gritty soap, but she didn't need either Judd or Logan looking too closely.

Figures the day she finally met not one, but two attractive men, she'd be in drag. Just her luck lately But not today, she reminded herself. Today she'd pulled off the impossible. The stack of bills would get paid, and she'd have the landlord off her back.

"All right, let's roll this," Judd said. "Shane, just like before. Harry, mark it."

Harry snapped the clapboard in front of her face, and she took a deep breath.

"In five, four, three—" Judd held up two fingers, then one, then pointed at her.

The key to pulling this off would be keeping the timbre of her voice low. That, and only speaking when absolutely necessary. These men had bought her outer appearance, but her voice was the one thing that could still give her away. Speaking slowly, she recited the lines while staring directly into the camera lens. When she finished, she held her smile until Judd called for the cut.

Both men stared at her for so long, sweat trickled down her back. She held her breath. Had she been found out? Crap. What kind of trouble was she going to get in for this?

"Shit, it's perfect," Logan said.

"Maybe we're just desperate."

"I don't think so. That delivery is exactly what you've been talking about—"

"I know, but—" Judd stared at her and folded his arms over his chest.

"But what?"

Judd shook his head. "Shane, give us a minute, will you?"

He walked toward the rear of the auditorium, and Logan followed

him. They were talking, but she couldn't hear their conversation. She turned to Harry who shrugged, winked and took a drink from his bottled water.

Storm took in another slow, deep breath and tried to still her racing heart. Logan had bought into her lie—Harry was more than convinced, if that wink was any indication. But Judd wasn't buying. Something about her delivery? Her stance? She checked her reflection in the camera lens, and barely recognized herself. Steve and Mark were geniuses. The glasses helped, but the wig made the transformation complete. Her voice and mannerisms might've given her away, but her appearance certainly hadn't.

She wiped sweaty palms against her jean-clad thighs and waited for the verdict.

* * * * *

“There's something about this guy that's bothering me.” Judd tried to keep his voice low.

“Are you crazy?” Logan held up both hands in a gesture of futility. “I thought we agreed on him—he's perfect. The reading was perfect. Shit, we could take the footage we've got with one take and be done here.”

“I know.”

Logan's eyes narrowed. “Harry's crazy about him. I think he wants to lay the guy.”

“That's what's bothering me.”

“It is?” Logan looked back to the two men on stage. Harry was trying to be cool about staring at Shane, but he was failing miserably. “What do you care if Harry comes onto the guy? I don't picture Shane storming out of here in a snit, at least not until he gets his fifty Benjamins.”

“You brought it in cash?”

“Yeah, that’s what I put in the ad. I thought cash would speed things along, and until this guy walked in, we were speeding into the side of a building. Now we’re good to go. So, what’s the problem?”

Judd had known Logan since college; they were closer than brothers. Still, he didn’t know if he could admit the truth to Logan. Hell, he didn’t want to admit it to himself. But maybe saying it out loud would take some of the power out of it. If he could just get the words past his lips.

“I,” he began, stopped, and tried again. “Well, the guy—”

“Yeah?”

He couldn’t do it. There was no way to say “that guy is giving me a hard-on” But he had to say something, had to convince himself they weren’t making a huge mistake because his dick was on some kind of weird trip. He sucked in another breath and blew it out slowly. “Harry’s right.”

“So am I. Shane’s our man.” Logan eyed him carefully. “Hang on a second. You mean *Harry’s right*, Harry’s right, don’t you?”

Judd nodded slowly. “I know—it’s crazy shit—”

“Then we’re both crazy.”

Chapter Four

Judd felt his mouth fall open and quickly snapped it shut. “What?”

Logan shook his head and smiled ruefully. “I’m none-too-happy about it either, buddy.” He lowered his voice to a whisper. “I don’t do guys, but that one could make me think about it.”

They fell silent for a long time, and Judd couldn’t figure out what to say. He had a serious case of the hots for the guy, and if that wasn’t weird enough, his best friend felt the same way. Finally, he turned to his

Logan and mumbled, “Have we just screwed ourselves royally? Is the client going to want a spokesperson who gives a *straight* guy a hard-on?”

Logan chuckled. “Look at it this way. If he can do that, he’ll stick in the minds of viewers, which will make the product stick in their minds. It’s weird as hell, but it’s a win-win”

“Yeah?”

“I’m telling ya.”

He rolled the thought over in his mind. The guy had actually pulled off the impossible—he’d turned on two straight men. Strangely enough, Judd might be right. This could be the most successful commercial they’d ever shot. “All right. Let’s get a couple more takes, pay him, and get the hell out of here. Then we’re going for some drinks. A lot of drinks.”

“Done.”

Judd returned to his position in the balcony. Logan returned to the camera, talked to Harry for a second, and they got Shane back in position. He did the lines three more times, each slightly different, but all perfectly delivered.

When Logan looked up toward the balcony and lifted his brows, Judd nodded and called out, “Pay him. That’s a wrap everybody.”

Logan handed the stack of standard release and tax forms to Shane, who sat down and filled them out. Minutes later, Shane handed them back to Logan, and Judd watched as Logan took a wad of cash out of his pocket and counted out the money into Shane’s outstretched palm. Shane’s eyes began to widen and his lips parted. Judd suddenly had a picture in his mind of touching those lips with his fingertips.

He turned away and pushed the image from his mind. Shane had a slight build, almost feminine, but he was a guy. A damned *hot* guy, but a guy nonetheless. He shook his head to rid himself of the wayward thoughts. He needed to get laid, that’s all this was. He hadn’t been with a

woman in months—fucking *months*—and the lack of sex had apparently brought on some crazy-ass fantasies.

Logan shook Shane's hand. "Judd and I'd like to thank you for your work today. I know it went fast, but you had exactly what we were looking for and you delivered."

"Yes," Judd said, extending his own hand. "Thank you very much. We have your current contact information in case we have other opportunities in the future?"

"Yes."

Shane's voice wasn't deep, but the mid-range resonant tone didn't make him any less interesting. And standing this close to him wasn't making Judd's dick any less hard either, so he released the man's hand and took a step back. "Okay, Logan. We have another appointment. After Harry cleans up, I'll close her down. Have a tall one ready when I get there."

"All right. Shane, hope to work with you again sometime." Logan picked up his jacket and a stack of papers then headed out the front door. Harry began gathering the camera equipment and clearing away the lights.

"Thank you," Shane said, then tipped his head up once and turned to go.

Judd wanted to kick himself for doing it, but he couldn't keep from watching the man walk away. Smooth gait, long, even strides. Damn, he thought as he closed his eyes and forced himself to turn away, I really need that beer.

Storm forced herself to stroll to her car, despite the excitement that made her want to leap and skip like a kid. She'd pulled off the impossible; she'd convinced three men—and all the men who'd auditioned, as well—that she was a man. Not only a man, but one sexy

enough to sell enhancement drugs!

Damn, this was a good day. She unlocked her car and climbed inside. Before cranking the engine, she took a moment to scratch furiously at her neck. The stupid wig was driving her absolutely insane. She removed the cosmetic glasses Steve and Mark assured her would camouflage her very feminine eyes. They didn't mess with her vision, but they were starting to pinch the bridge of her nose. She stuck one of the eyeglass arms between her teeth.

As soon as she pulled out of the parking lot, she'd get the wig off her head. She put the car into gear and let her lips curve into the huge grin she'd been holding back for the past four hours.

* * * * *

Logan turned his Volvo onto Main Street and headed toward Jack's Corner Bar. Jack's was his and Judd's favorite hangout when they wanted to review a day's work, but tonight they had more than the usual stuff to talk about. They'd solved their biggest financial problem in just a few short hours. That alone should fuel some celebratory drinking, but he strongly suspected celebrating wouldn't be their main focus.

No, tonight that guy, Shane, would dominate their conversation. They'd have a thing or two to say about him, and more than a beer or two to go with it. But with the electricity still coursing through his blood at the memory of the guy's mouth, Logan wouldn't mind if they never mentioned Shane's name again.

Judd was right; the guy was hot. He'd never said as much, but Judd was easy enough to read. Logan had felt the same way . . . attracted to Shane's vibe—something he'd neither expected nor wanted.

He turned to check the traffic before changing lanes and found a car riding alongside him. Damn if he wasn't going to wreck before he got

enough beer in him to douse these weird flames.

Logan did a double-take, peering closer at the driver of the other car. Shane. Before Logan realized what he was doing, he waved a greeting, but Shane had his eyes on the road in front of him and didn't notice.

Logan lowered his hand, but before he could refocus his attention on his own driving, Shane grabbed the top of his head and yanked. A tumble of blond hair fell on his shoulders as the brown wig came off in his hand.

Logan gasped and forgot about watching the road, his gaze glued to the driver he'd thought he knew.

Shane pinched the corner of his mustache and pulled it slowly from his upper lip. Logan almost drove off the road as he watched her rake fingers through her long, luxurious mane of blond hair.

He took his foot off the accelerator. All of the oxygen inside his car vanished. He lowered the window and sucked in a deep breath, shaking off the misgivings he'd had regarding his own sexuality over the past few hours.

"That sneaky bitch. No fucking wonder."

As Shane—or whatever her name really was—pulled ahead, a slow smile crossed Logan's lips. He pulled his cell phone from his pocket and hit the speed dial for Judd.

"Got my beer ready yet?"

"Remember Shane? How hot he was? How much you wanted to fuck him?"

The line fell silent for a long moment then Judd finally responded. "I assume they are out of beer and you've gone straight to vodka shots."

"That was no ordinary guy."

"What the hell are you calling me for? I don't want to talk about him."

“I’m calling to tell you that *he* is not a *him* at all.”

“What? Man, take another drink—”

“Shane is a woman.”

Chapter Five

The sound of a clattering phone met his ear, and Logan chuckled. Yep, he knew the feeling. A moment later, Judd came back on the line.

“Are you messing with me?”

“You know I’m not.”

“How—?”

“I just saw her pull a wig off her head and shake out a whole head of hair, not to mention she ripped off her damn mustache. You know, I just want to go on record—the mustache didn’t fool me for a minute.”

“Damn, shit—*fuck!* This is bad! Do you know what this means?”

“Now we can find her, corner her, and get her naked?”

“It means there’s no way we can use that footage for the commercial!” Judd’s voice had taken on that ‘end of the world’ tone that usually meant exactly that—they were screwed.

“Why not?”

“‘*Why not?*’ We’ve got nothing—a woman in drag—and we meet with the client tomorrow morning! You think that’s gonna fly?”

Logan considered this. “Yeah, kind of a rough spot.”

The laugh on the other end of the line was more like the snort of an angry bull. “You are a master of understatement, you know that?”

“Look, Judd. We both said it—Shane or whatever her name is—had *us* sold on the damn product. There’s no reason the client has to know Shane isn’t a man. We didn’t figure it out; they won’t, either. The commercial was perfect—I say we run with it.”

Judd fell silent for a long moment, and Logan waited for him to

come to the same conclusion. There was no way he wouldn't.

"Yeah?"

"Yeah," Logan confirmed. "Definitely yeah."

"But, you know, that chick really could have screwed us."

"But she didn't. Nobody will ever know she isn't a guy except you and me. Harry didn't even figure it out."

"But she could have screwed us. Man, that pisses me off."

Logan laughed. "What pisses you off is angsting over your sexual orientation for no reason."

"Shut up. Hey, you got her number, right?"

"Yeah." He flipped through the papers on the seat beside him. "I've got a number, assuming she didn't lie, as she is obviously prone to do."

"I think we have another job for Shane." He cleared his throat.

"Call her. Get her to meet us at the bar."

Logan chuckled. "Okay . . . and?"

"Tell her we need a private meeting—tonight. Tell her we've got a part, and it's going to be a series of spots paying somewhere in the mid-thirties, each. You got me? Don't let on we know a damn thing. Tell her it can't wait. We'll give her a taste of what real men are like."

Logan pulled the car to the side of the road and sucked in a deep breath. "Man, I hope you're not suggesting we hurt her—"

"*Hurt her?* What the hell, Logan? Of course I don't want to hurt her."

"What do you want then?"

"I want to give her a taste of her own medicine." The phone fell silent so long Logan thought he'd lost him. Finally, Judd spoke again.

"Then I want to get her naked."

* * * * *

Storm shoved the key into her front door and stumbled inside. She tossed the wig and her purse onto the lounge chair. What a day. She'd pulled off the subterfuge of the century. She had five thousand dollars in cash in her pocket, and the bill collectors would soon be off her back. Why, then, had her initial elation gone flat?

"Hey, Storm. So, how'd it go?"

She turned and fell onto the sofa as Steve and Mark walked in. "Hey you two. Wow, you both look great. Where're you going?"

Steve waved his perfectly manicured hand in the air and spun around, showing off his royal blue, lace-trimmed gown. "Oh, just dinner. But we wanted to hear you dish first! Did it work? Or have you been in jail all this time?"

She shook her head. "Nope, not in jail. Mark's clothes and your glasses and mustache did the job." She held the glasses out to him.

"You mean they bought it?" Mark kicked the door closed and came into the living room to take the glasses.

She pulled the wad of hundreds out of her pocket and fanned it out in front of her. "They bought it all right."

Mark sat down beside her and patted her leg. "That is fantastic, Storm!"

Steve sat on the arm of the lounge chair and crossed his legs. "Hang on a second here. You got the part, you got paid, and no one was the wiser. So, why so glum, chum?"

Storm sighed. "You should have seen the two guys who hired me. I think they own the production or advertising company or something. They had another guy, Harry, with them." She winked at Steve. "He thought I was fine, by the way."

"Of course." Steve eyed her carefully. "But what about the other two?"

She lowered her gaze and sighed. She hadn't intended to talk

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about this, but what the hell? These two were her best friends. “They were hot.”

“What’s wrong with that?”

She glanced up and her face grew warm. “As in *hot*, you know? There was electricity crackling all around us. The hair on your wig stood on end.”

“Ah, I see.” Steve nodded. “And?”

“And they think I’m a man, Steve!” She rose from the sofa and went to the kitchen. “You guys want a drink?”

“Sure,” Mark said, and Storm saw the look he gave Steve. “So, these men think you’re a man, which leaves you unable to get into their pants unless you want to give them the surprise of a lifetime.”

She poured vodka into three glasses then added a splash of orange juice and some ice. “I wouldn’t put it quite like that, but essentially that’s the problem, yes.”

Steve picked up one of the drinks and sipped from it. “What problem? Just meet them again as a woman, and let nature take its course.”

“They wanted Shane, not me!”

“They did?” Mark smiled. “Maybe we did our job too well.”

“Looks like it.” Steve gave a musical laugh.

Storm took a long drink of her screwdriver. “Besides, how would I get in to see them as a woman? I’d be just another actress looking for a job.”

“Good point,” Mark said. “Although you’re a very *good-looking* actress. Maybe the wig-rising would happen without the wig?”

“I doubt it.”

“Well, look honey.” Steve patted her hand. “It’s a big ocean, and there are plenty of other places to cast your bait. You just gotta keep fishing for one who wants a pussy instead of magic man parts.”

She chuckled then shook her head. “It bums me out. I mean, I was only there for a little while, but I’m telling you . . . there was fire. I could so picture it—”

“With which one?” Mark asked.

“Both.” Her cheeks burned hotter. “Seriously, both.”

“Interesting. Making up for lost time, are we?”

“It doesn’t matter. I’ll never see either of them again.” She shrugged. “Except of course as Shane. They did say they’d contact me if anything else came up. At least it’s work.”

“Now see? That’s the way to look at the bright side. If you can’t have love, darling, enjoy your career. Or rather, *Shane’s* career.” Steve giggled then took another delicate sip of his screwdriver.

Before Storm could respond, the phone rang. She placed her drink on the coffee table. “Oh man, who could that be? Probably another bill collector.”

“You can answer it now,” Mark said, tipping his glass toward her. “You’ve got the money to pay them, remember?”

“Let the machine get it.” Steve laughed. “They’ve waited this long. Make ‘em wait a little bit longer. That’s what real men do.”

The three of them laughed as the answering machine kicked on.

“Shane, this is Logan. We have another job for you. It’s big, and the money is bigger. Can you meet us—”

Storm raced to the phone and snatched it off the base. She cleared her throat. “Yes, I’m here.”

“Oh, good. Can you meet us at Jack’s Corner Bar in about twenty minutes? We might have another gig for you, and we’d like to talk to you about it right away.”

“Sure, I could do that.” She grinned at Mark and Steve and worked hard not to jump up and down. She’d get to see them again. Maybe there was some way to

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But no. She'd meet with them as Shane. She tried to be optimistic about it. After all, her new acting career seemed to be taking off, even if her love life appeared to have taken a permanent nosedive.

She sighed. She should take the boys' advice—focus on her career. Mark had already pointed out the obvious—she wasn't seeing a lot of action in the man department anyway. How could she miss what she'd all but forgotten existed?

“Terrific. I'll meet you there. Thank you.”

She hung up the phone and glanced around. “Now, where did I put that wig?”

* * * * *

Fifteen minutes later, she walked into the crowded bar, once more transformed into Shane. The woman underneath the mustache and clothing still wanted to think of a way to tell these gorgeous men that she was available, even as the man on the outside had begun a great-paying acting career.

Wait a second. What if she told them Shane had a sister? Feel them out and see if they were interested in women or not? *Oh please, that's obvious. They wanted Shane, remember?*

She sighed and glanced around. At a far table in the darkest corner of the bar, Logan stood and waved to her. He looked just as good—if not better—than he had earlier. Judd stood up beside him, and a vision of the two of them standing naked, side-by-side, flashed into her mind.

She shook the image away. She had a job to do. *Don't blow it, girl.* Someday in the future, she would figure out how to approach these men as herself and turn her little fantasy into a reality. But until then, she literally couldn't afford to break character

“Hello again.” Judd held out his hand. She moved slowly toward him, as Steve had taught her to do. Men didn’t jump forward to grasp hands. They were smooth, cool and certainly not as thrilled as she was at this moment.

“Hello.” She shook hands with both men then sat down.

They stared at her for a long moment, and she felt the beginnings of panic. What was wrong? She rubbed her chin then adjusted her glasses. Checked her image in the wall of mirrors behind the bar. Yes, she looked exactly the same as she had earlier, better, even, in the dimly lit room. So why were they just standing there staring at her?

“What do you want to drink?” Judd finally asked.

“Oh.” She clamped her teeth together. Men didn’t say ‘oh.’ Leaning back in her seat and resting her elbow on the back of the chair, she cleared her throat. “Scotch and soda.”

Chapter Seven

Both men finally sat down, and Logan waved a hand toward the bar. A waitress walked over. “He’ll have a scotch and soda, and we’ll have another round.”

Storm wasn’t sure what to say, so she waited for the two men to speak first. Unfortunately, neither of them seemed willing. They sat back in their seats and stared at her. Their gazes were unnerving, and she forced herself to remain still. Men didn’t fidget when they were nervous, either.

“So.” Judd leaned toward her. “We have this part, and we want to test you for it. We think you’d be perfect, but we’re going to need to see you without the shirt before we can be sure. Any problems with nudity?”

She blinked and her mouth fell open. She clamped it shut and coughed to cover her surprise. “I don’t do that kind of work.”

Judd's smile widened a fraction then disappeared. "You're an actor, aren't you? It's not a porn film."

"You know, Judd . . ." Logan leaned back in his chair. "We could do it with the shirt. Maybe a tank top. He'd look all right in that."

She shook her head. "I prefer to keep my clothes on—all my clothes. If you need somebody to show their chest, find another guy."

She rose from her seat, and both men stood with her. "Hey," Judd said. "Not so fast. If it means that much to you, maybe we can work around it."

"Yeah," Logan added, "We want you."

She glanced from one of them to the other, her heart racing. Something about the words and the way he'd said them—was this the come-on she'd been expecting? "Hang on. Is this about a part or is this about . . . something else?"

Judd stepped behind Logan and accidentally bumped into him. Logan's beer splashed all over her. Storm looked down at her sodden shirt and fought back the panic.

"Oh shit," Judd said. "Sorry, Shane. There's a bathroom over there, man. I'll pay to clean the shirt."

"That's all right," she said, forcing herself to remain calm. She looked toward the back and saw the restroom sign. "I'll be back in a minute."

Remembering her role, she strode toward the restrooms, paused for one second at the door to the ladies room then kept going. Hopefully neither Judd nor Logan was watching. She pushed the door to the men's room open and went inside.

Two guys were standing at the urinals, and she averted her gaze, walked into one of the two stalls and closed the door.

Trembling all over, she sucked in deep breaths. This was a stupid idea. How had she ever believed she could fake being a man? She'd been

lucky today, but if she'd thought about it for even one minute, she'd have realized her career as an actor was bound to turn out like this. Sooner or later, every male actor would remove his shirt, wouldn't he?

And that half-assed cover job—pretending she had standards that prevented her from taking off her shirt or wearing a tank top? Good grief. Beyond stupid. How had she not foreseen this?

She leaned against the wall and looked down at her shirt. She stunk like a damned saloon. She ought to find a back way out, avoid the two men, change her phone number, take her five thousand dollars and call it a day.

The sound of squeaking door hinges echoed through the room. She peeked between the cracks in the stall. The two men who'd been using the urinals when she came in must have gone. She reached for the door handle, but another sound echoed in the tiled room and she froze.

“Shane?”

Oh shit—Judd. “Yeah?”

“Sorry about the shirt man.”

“No problem.” She had to get out of there. She reached for her zipper, zipped it halfway down then back up, flushed the toilet with her elbow and stepped out of the stall.

Walking to the sink, she saw Judd out of the corner of her eye standing at one of the urinals. Men didn't talk to each other at urinals, did they? She glanced into the mirror and barely recognized herself. She slowly washed her hands, keeping her gaze pinned on the sink, and waited for Judd to finish his business.

When she heard the distinct sound of a zipper being pulled, she turned off the faucet and grabbed two paper towels from the dispenser. She glanced up to locate the trash bin. Logan leaned against the exit door.

Storm nodded a greeting. “Get another beer?”

She took a step toward him, but he didn't move. "No. I'll get one after."

"After?" The word hung in the air for a long moment. "After what?"

Chapter Eight

Judd was suddenly behind her. Although neither man touched her, they were both standing very close. She straightened her shoulders. "What's going on, guys?"

"I'd really like to see you without the shirt," Judd said.

She turned around to face him. "I told you I don't do that kind of work."

"What if we said please?"

She wouldn't mind a bit. He, however, would. "You guys are gay, huh? Good for you, but I'm not. Step off."

"Oh, we're not gay," Logan said.

Judd's eyes narrowed. "But we'd still like to see you without the shirt."

"I just told you—"

"Yeah, and you also told us your name's Shane." Logan chuckled. "That wasn't true either, was it?"

Her heart stopped. She'd been discovered. They'd found out and had brought her here to corner her. If she screamed, the sound would echo off the tile walls, but would anyone come? Could anyone hear her over the din outside?

Judd smiled as he took hold of her wig. She grabbed his hands, but there was no stopping him. He pulled it off her head and held it in front of her. "What's your real name, honey?"

She could barely breathe. "Storm."

Judd grasped the edge of the fake mustache and gently pulled it

from her lip. "Storm. Nice name."

Logan nodded. "Very nice name."

"What did you think you were doing?" Judd's eyes narrowed. "You could have cost us the client, the account, and a lot of money with that stunt."

"I'm an actress. I needed the work."

"She's a hell of an actress," Logan said. "You have to agree with that."

"I didn't say she wasn't good. I'm saying we now have a commercial for male enhancement products being sold by a cross-dressing woman."

"You hired me. Out of a room full of other guys. You didn't have to pick me."

"True enough."

"I still think it was the right choice," Logan mused.

"But she lied to us."

"I was just doing my job." Both of them were standing so close she could feel the heat off their bodies. She glanced at the door behind Logan and wondered if there was any way she could get around him and out of here.

"I'm thinking we should get our money back." Judd smiled.

She shook her head. "Now listen, guys. I did the job. You can't just —"

"Judd, we can't take the money back. That wouldn't be right. She did the work, even if she lied."

"You're right." Judd nodded. "Maybe we could take it out in trade."

Logan pressed in closer to her back and spoke into her ear. "So, are you interested?"

"In what? You mean about the other part you're casting?" Her mind had gone blank and her heart was pounding. "I thought you made that up to get me here."

“We did make that up to get you here.” Judd smiled. “Are you *interested* in either of us?”

“Either of you.” She parroted, looking back and forth between them. The meaning of the question began to sink in. Could they really be suggesting what she thought they were suggesting? “You mean, am I *interested*?”

“Yes, honey.” Logan took a strand of her hair and looped it around his finger. “That’s what we mean.”

“This is some kind of trick.”

They looked to each other then back to her. Judd spoke first. “It’s no trick.”

“Yeah, and we’ve agreed to leave the choice up to you.”

“Agreed to leave it up to me—” She seemed destined to repeat every word they spoke until she could form some coherent thought of her own. “But, why?”

“Why?” Logan asked. “Well, because neither of us was willing to step down—”

“But obviously one of us would have to—”

“So the loser will leave quietly and quickly—”

“As long as you’re the loser, I’m sure you will,” Judd added, casting Logan a lopsided grin that made Storm’s heart pound. “I might not be that quiet.”

Logan laughed. “He’s a sore loser, but don’t feel pressured to choose him out of pity.”

“I don’t need pity,” Judd said.

She studied the two men. This had to be a trick, no matter what they said. “So, I’m to choose one of you, whichever I prefer—right now?”

Chapter Nine

“Well.” Judd looked around the dingy bathroom “This isn’t the best place in the world to make a decision like that. And you don’t really know either one of us. Why don’t we have a drink or two and give you a chance to think about it?”

“Yeah, take your time. We’re here. Might as well have a few drinks, talk, hang out for a little while,” Logan added

Have some drinks. Were they planning to spike her liquor with something and . . . she couldn’t let herself complete the thought. “I think I’ll pass.”

Logan frowned. “Really? On both of us? You sure?”

“I’m sure.” She glanced from one to the other of them. Neither made any threatening moves, but for a moment she feared they weren’t going to let her out of here.

Then Judd took a step back. “Okay then.”

Logan sighed and stepped away from the door. “No harm in asking, right?”

Either they were better actors than she was or they’d been serious. What was she doing? This was exactly what she’d wanted, and she was throwing it away? Storm ran a hand through her hair. “Maybe we could go ahead and have that drink?”

Judd rested his hand on her cheek and stroked her lips with his thumb. “I like your mouth. Yeah, we could have that drink, if you’d like.”

“And you might change your mind,” Logan added.

“Then, you could still make a choice, and you and I can go to my place.”

“Or she and *I* might head to *my* place.” Logan tucked a strand of her hair behind her ear. He opened the door and swept his hand outward. “After you, m’lady.”

Rock music filled her ears as they reentered the bar, Logan walking in front, Judd following close on her heels. She hadn’t paid

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much attention to her surroundings when she'd arrived, too preoccupied with her own thoughts. But now, flanked by the two gorgeous men, she looked around the bar. As she watched the couples dancing, she began to formulate a plan. A crazy plan, but what the hell? If she were going to go for it, why not *go for it?*

They sat at the table, and each of the men moved their chairs a little closer to hers.

"Maybe I'll have something I actually like to drink this time," she said, putting a hand over each of theirs. "How about a screwdriver?"

"Sounds good." Logan squeezed her hand. "Judd?"

Judd motioned to the waitress. "We'll have three screwdrivers."

The waitress did a double-take when she saw Storm, but said nothing as she walked away to get their drinks. Storm sat back in her chair and ran her hands through her hair. "I still get to keep the money, right?"

Judd nodded. "You get to keep the money."

"And you're not messing with me?" She stared at Logan and forced out the words racing through her mind. "You really think I'm attractive?"

His grin warmed her in places that hadn't been warmed in too long to remember.

"In a way that was freaking us out, if you want the truth."

Her hands trembled, and she was glad when the waitress arrived with their drinks. As soon as she set them down on the table, Storm picked hers up and took a long sip.

"Not to sound impatient," Judd said, "But I'd love to see you naked. Those clothes are doing nothing for me anymore. You have any feelings yet about which one of us you like?"

She choked on her drink and tried to clear her throat.

Logan patted her back, picked up his drink and tapped it against her glass. "You'll have to excuse my friend. He played Romeo in our high

school play—his last exposure to romance. Take another swallow. Might help.”

“I can be as romantic as the next guy.” Judd took a drink from his own glass. “I just prefer to do it naked.”

Logan tilted his head back and forth, as if considering Judd’s words. “I see your point, but women like to be wined and dined. They don’t want their clothes ripped off and taken with wild abandon.”

“Some do—Storm might.”

She coughed again, cleared her throat and took another drink of the vodka. The deep, rich voices of the two men’s banter combined with the liquor had begun to soften her around the edges. The choice between them opened up before her. She could hardly go wrong either way.

Judd rested his hand over hers. “How are you going to choose?”

“You know it’s possible I don’t like either one of you.”

They glanced at each other then back at her. “Nah!” They said in unison.

How would she choose? Both men watched her, grinning. The real problem, of course, was she didn’t want to pick one. Maybe Mark was right—perhaps she did want to make up for lost time.

Chapter Ten

“She needs some criteria,” Logan said.

“Criteria?”

“Criteria.” Judd nodded. “I like that idea. I graduated from Harvard with—”

“Storm’s not going to be impressed by your Ivy League degree, Judd.”

“All right,” Judd continued, “if she doesn’t want to hear about education, how about upbringing? How much money is in my wallet?”

What kind of car I drive?”

Logan’s gaze moved over her body slowly and carefully. “I’d say she’s less interested in where we came from than in where one of us is going to take her.”

The words tingled like diamonds pouring over her body. “And what kind of place would that be?”

“Somewhere between pleasure and ecstasy—fulfillment?”

“I’ve yet to see any of those places on a map,” Judd said. “And I’ve got a killer GPS.”

“I’d visit them if we found them.” She could keep up this kind of banter all night if necessary. Having two men flattering, tempting and competing for her was almost as exciting as the reality of leaving with them.

‘Almost’ being the key word. There must be some way to convince them to take her out of here together. But how?

“Maybe we should start with somewhere a little closer?” Judd rose from his seat and held out his hand. “The dance floor, perhaps?”

A thrill of heat moved through her, but she looked down at her clothing. “I’m not dressed for it.”

He took her hand. “I don’t care. What’s that line—‘dance like nobody’s watching?’”

“I’ll get another round of drinks,” Logan said. “One song, buddy. Then you have to bring her back.”

She held his hand and smoothed her hair back from her face as he led her through the crowd. Why should she care what any of these people thought of her? She didn’t know them. So what if she was dressed like a man?

Judd placed his hand on the small of her back and pulled her into his arms on the dance floor. The problem was she *did* care. She glanced down at her clothing once more and tried to smile. This was like some

bad rendition of Annie Hall. “Judd, I’m really not—”

“You’re beautiful.” They stood in the middle of the crowd on the dance floor. His eyes never strayed from hers.

She lowered her gaze and took a deep breath. If this was his idea of beauty, he was an easy sell.

“You don’t think so? Well, maybe I can do something—something to make you more comfortable.” He slid his hands to the bottom of her shirt and began to unbutton it.

She chewed her lip as he pulled the loose ends of her shirt tight around her waist and tied it in a knot just below her belly button. He unbuttoned the top few buttons and pulled one side of the fabric down over her bare shoulder. “There. Much better.”

He wrapped his arms around her again, pressed his hand against her back and pulled her close. A slow, melodious song filled the air. They swayed back and forth in each other’s arms, and Storm drank in his warmth. Judd leaned down and placed a soft kiss on her bare shoulder, and she shivered.

He was a superb dancer. Storm lost herself in the moment. For her, the other dancers ceased to exist. There were only the two of them alone together on the floor.

She closed her eyes and laid her head on his shoulder. He pressed his lips to her ear. “Storm. How did you get your name?”

“I was born on the sunniest day of that year.” She smiled with the memory. “My mother says she named me Storm to remind me that every life has rough times, that my storms would come later. I think she planted the seeds of my becoming an actress with that name.”

“What do you like to eat?”

She gazed into his soft eyes. “Why?”

“So I’ll know where to take you to dinner.”

She examined him carefully. “I thought this was more of a one-

night thing.”

“I’d love to take you away from here, but I’m not much on one-nighters. Gave that up in my twenties.” As the song ended, he pulled her even closer and placed a gentle kiss on her lips. “If one night is what you’re interested in, maybe I’m not the best choice.”

He led her carefully back through the crowd and waited until she was seated before dropping back into his own chair. He picked up his screwdriver and took a long drink.

Logan looked at the two of them. “Okay, what happened?”

Judd set his glass on the table and leaned back in his chair. “She’s interested in one night.”

She turned toward him. “I didn’t say that. I—”

“Isn’t that what we’ve been discussing?” Logan’s brows drew together. “Or has something changed I don’t know about? One dance made that big a difference?”

“Why don’t you dance with her and decide for yourself?” Judd asked.

Logan nodded and rose from his seat. He held his hand out toward her. “Actually, I have another idea. You trust me?”

“Maybe. Why? What do you have in mind?”

Chapter Eleven

“It’s a surprise. Take a chance?”

She took his hand. “All right.”

He led her to the disc jockey table. “Wait here a second.” He leaned over and spoke in the disc jockey’s ear. The DJ said something back then glanced at her. Logan spoke to him again, but she could hear nothing over the music. The DJ nodded, pulled his microphone from the stand and handed it to Logan.

Turning to his CD console, he pressed a few buttons and stepped away from the table. Logan held his hand toward her. She stepped over to him. “What’s going on?”

“Can you sing?”

Her eyes widened. “What?”

He took her hand and pulled her close. “Imagine for a moment that I’m calling you tomorrow . . . and sing with me.”

The disk jockey walked to the bar carrying a wad of bills as the opening bars to Neil Diamond’s *Hello Again* began. The couples on the dance floor fell into each other’s arms and began to dance.

And Logan began to sing.

It should have been corny; under different circumstances, with any other man, Storm very well may have laughed and walked away. But the sound of Logan’s rich, beautiful voice captured something deep inside her. She couldn’t take her eyes off his face as he sang, facing her, seeming to see only her in the crowded bar.

The words rolled over her like a gentle waving breeze caressing her skin. She could join him—she knew some of the words—but she was no singer. The drinks gave her courage, though, and she opened her mouth and sang quietly along with him. “*And I feel this way, when I hear you say, hello.*”

The music swelled, and he cupped her face as he sang along, oblivious to the crowd of dancers who swayed to the music in each others’ arms.

As the final notes of the song echoed through the room, the DJ returned from the bar carrying three drinks. He handed two of them to Logan then turned back to his control board. “How about that everybody?”

The crowd applauded as Logan handed one of the drinks to Storm. He clinked his glass against hers. “To you, Storm.”

She smiled and took a sip. “Delicious. You *and* the drink.”

He pulled her against him and kissed her tenderly. The applause swelled and rolled over her. He ended the kiss, wrapped his arm around her shoulders and waved his drink to the crowd. He took her hand and led her back to their table to continued applause.

When they reached the table, Judd was standing, clapping along with everyone else. “Not bad, there, buddy. I haven’t heard you sing since college.”

“Yeah, it’s been awhile since I had any motivation.” Logan laughed and slapped him on the back. He pulled out Storm’s chair and she sank gratefully into it. Finally, the applause died down and her warm cheeks began to cool.

“Remember that place we used to go?” Logan asked Judd. “It was a rat trap, but the karaoke was a blast. *Old Time Rock and Roll?* How about delighting us with one for old time’s sake?”

Judd shook his head and laughed. “I think this place has had enough karaoke for one night.” He turned to Storm. “You have a lovely voice. This can’t be your first time singing in front of a crowd.”

“I used to sing all the time, but in the shower for the most part. I haven’t sung in years.” She placed her hand over Logan’s. “That was fun. I wonder if there are any karaoke bars around here. Maybe we could go to one—all three of us?”

The two men looked at each other and laughed. “Maybe some time,” Judd said. “Of course, once you pick one of us, we might not be speaking to each other.”

“You won’t be speaking to *me*.” Logan amended.

They’d obviously been friends a long time, but if she needed another reason not to choose, she’d found one. She cleared her throat. “Picking one of you might ruin a great friendship. Perhaps I shouldn’t choose.”

They leaned forward at the same time.

“Judd hasn’t had a date in about six years—”

“Logan doesn’t even remember what it’s like to—”

She laughed. “Now it sounds like you’re both rooting for the other guy.”

Judd nodded. “We shouldn’t put this off on you.”

“Yeah, one of us should walk away.”

Walk away? That didn’t sound good. She shook her head. “But—”

“Hell, we had a good time, right?” Logan motioned to the waitress for another round of drinks. “Besides, after a few more drinks, we’ll be toast and maybe won’t care so much that we both lost the most attractive woman-impersonating-a man we’ve ever seen.”

“I’ll still care,” Judd said, clinking his glass against hers.

The door to the bar opened and a breeze blew in through the mass of people. A cold chill moved over her flesh. If she wasn’t careful, she would lose two incredibly interesting and attractive men.

She smiled at them both. How could she manage this? There was no way to pick just one of them. Judd was quiet, but sexy as hell. His eyes burned with a steamy passion she’d only imagined in her dreams. And Logan—fun, funny, and also too sexy for words. Neither of them were making any moves to leave, however, which gave her hope. “I’ll choose.”

“How?” Both men spoke at the same time.

She pursed her lips. There had to be a way to have them both. There just had to be. An idea began to form in her mind, and she nodded slowly. “Okay, here we go. Answer these questions correctly, and you’re the man.”

“Look out, Judd. Quizzes are my specialty, not yours.”

“Who had a 4.0 GPA in college?” Judd retorted. “I’m pretty sure that wasn’t you.”

“What’s the question?” Logan asked, ignoring him.

She forced a smile to quell the nervous thrumming of her heart and leaned back in her chair. “Have you two ever had the same woman?”

“No,” they both said at the same time.

“How does that resolve—?”

“Give her a minute. She said *questions*, plural,” Judd said, obviously interested now. “Go on, Storm.”

“Have you both ever been interested in the same woman?”

“No,” they chorused again.

“Not even once?”

“Not remotely,” Judd said.

“He doesn’t have any taste—or rather, he didn’t until today.”

“And I thought I was falling for a guy,” Judd muttered.

“We both did, remember?”

“Maybe you both do want a man after all?”

They gaped at her. “Uh uh, no,” Judd finally managed to choke out.

“No offense, Judd.”

“None taken.”

“Okay.” She nodded. Time to go for broke. “Have either of you taken any of those male performance-enhancement drugs you were making me sell to an unsuspecting public?”

Chapter Twelve

Both men laughed. “I can’t speak for Logan, but I haven’t. However . . .” Judd reached into his pocket. He rattled two blister packs in front of her. “We did get a sample of them. Be glad the commercial didn’t involve you actually having to take them, or you might have been exposed a lot sooner.”

“Yeah, not getting a rise out of those jeans might have tipped us off.”

She took the packets and opened them. Spilling out two small pills, she picked them up and held them between her fingers. “The first step to making a decision involves you both taking these.”

Their brows rose. Judd pursed his lips. “Isn’t that going to leave one of us pretty hard up for a while?”

“Hard’ being the key word—up to four hours if you can believe their advertising,” Logan said.

Judd eyed the pills. “I believe it.”

She placed the drugs on her napkin. “That’s a risk you’ll have to take if you want to stay in the competition.” Her head began to swim, either from the alcohol or the risk she was taking. If both of them refused, she didn’t see how she could save the evening.

“Let’s say we both agree to take it,” Judd said. “These pills do come with medical risks, you know. You recited them.”

“Yeah. I don’t remember everything you said in that commercial,” Logan said, “but I remember there were a lot of possible side-effects. The staying-hard-for-four-hours being among the most frightening, if I’m going to end up by myself.”

“What I’d like to know is—” Judd began.

“Oh, yeah” Logan pointed at him. “What is she willing to risk in return?”

“Exactly.”

Perfect. The conversation was going exactly as she’d hoped. She sucked in a breath. *Be careful what you wish for.* She squared her shoulders. “What am I willing to risk? I’m offering my body up to their testing, of course. I advertised them today. Tonight, I can see if they really work.”

Both men fell silent for a long moment. Judd finally spoke. “I’m no

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scientist. I don't test products for clients." He took her hand in his. "I am, however, willing to test them if you're going to be there."

"I'm with Judd," Logan said. "So to speak. I'm willing to take one if I'm going to test it with you, but I really don't want to if I'll be alone for the next six hours."

"So, are we at an impasse then? Neither of you will take one unless you are certain you are my choice?"

They nodded then looked at each other. "That's about the size of it, yeah."

She took another long drink from her glass and took the final step. "Then, I choose you both."

"What?"

"What the hell?"

"Sorry fellas, but that's the deal. I wanted you both when I walked in here, when we were in the bathroom together, when we danced and sang. The whole time we've been sitting here, I've wanted you both. I tried to decide how to pick just one, but I can't. Logan, your voice drives me insane. Judd, your eyes are what Peter Gabriel called 'the doorway of a thousand churches.' I want you both."

Judd rose abruptly from the table. "Logan, let's talk."

Logan got to his feet, albeit a little slower. "All right. Storm, hang on, will you?"

Judd grabbed his coat, and Logan followed suit. The two men walked out the front door of the bar, leaving her alone.

She leaned back in the chair and stared at the two pills in front of her. *Good job, Storm. You just blew that royally.*

* * * * *

Judd pulled a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket and lit one.

Taking a deep draw, he blew smoke into the cold air. "Want one?"

"Think I need one."

Judd shook one from the pack, and Logan took it. Judd lit it for him. They stood together smoking in silence for a long moment, the wind whipping around them.

"She's something else," Judd finally said.

"She's not the woman your mama wanted you to bring home, that's for sure. But yeah, she's something else."

Judd laughed. "Since when did I ever bring a woman home to meet my mother? Since when have you?"

"Never. My mother's met you—that's it, no women."

"That's what I thought."

"And I have to tell ya, I don't think she'd be that thrilled to think I was considering seeing you naked."

Judd shrugged his shoulders. "She wants us both or nothing."

"We both walk, then?"

Judd shook his head. "I'm not walking."

"Me either."

They smoked a while longer in silence. Logan finally stubbed out his cigarette. "She's one woman. There are millions of them out there, millions who don't give ultimatums like this."

Judd laughed. "Go find yourself one and I'll stay here."

Logan laughed along with him. "Ah hell. So, we're going back in?"

Judd shrugged. "And telling her 'yeah'?"

"Yeah?"

"Yeah?"

"Yeah." Logan smirked. "I'll never be able to have dinner at your parents' house again after this."

"Who says they'd invite you?" Judd shoved him through the front door and pointed toward the bar. "This way first."

Logan nodded and they made their way through the crowd. Judd ordered two shots of tequila and they downed them.

“Ready?”

“Yeah”

They walked to the table and Storm glanced up from her drink. Her eyes glittered in the semi-darkness, her blond hair curling around her face. “Hello again.”

“Judd’s apartment is larger, but I’m certain my bed is more comfortable. Your choice.”

“Or your place, if you prefer,” Judd added.

The look of relief sweeping over her features surprised him. Did she think they’d left her here? Maybe he should have. Three was definitely a crowd. He tried to imagine how this was going to work. He and Logan had agreed, though. Neither of them wanted to leave, and something about what had happened earlier, those moments of watching her and wanting her all the while believing she was a man hung in his imagination. Whatever it was, it was probably something he should walk away from. But he couldn’t make himself do it.

She picked up the pills and held them in her fingers. “If we do this right, gentlemen, we might need all three places.”

Chapter Thirteen

They each took a pill, and she picked up the drinks she’d ordered while they were outside. They must have been out there longer than he’d thought; the glasses had begun to sweat. He took his and popped the pill into his mouth. Logan smiled and did the same. The three of them tapped their glasses together and drained the contents.

“Probably not supposed to take these with alcohol.” Logan wrapped his arm around her and pulled her close to his side.

“People use these things on their honeymoon and anniversaries and stuff. The manufacturers had to have factored alcohol into the equation.” She placed her hand in Judd’s and squeezed it. “Besides, all of life is a risk, right?”

The question was what kind of risk? If he hadn’t had so many drinks, he might think about it. Instead, he tightened his coat around him. “Go hard or go home.”

Within moments they were walking toward the parking lot. The cold air didn’t cool his heated thoughts as he watched Logan and Storm stroll along the pavement in front of him. Storm turned and spoke over her shoulder. “You know what? None of us are sober enough to drive.”

“True,” Judd said. He sucked in a breath of cold air, his heart pounding in his chest. Was this an effect from the drug or something else?

“Taxi, then?” she asked.

Judd shook his head and pulled his cell phone out of his pocket. A taxi was too public. Whatever happened, he knew one thing—they needed privacy. “I’ve got a better idea.” He scrolled through his speed dial program, pressed send and held the phone to his ear. “Yeah. Pick us up at the bar on 4th, would ya? We’ll be in the back parking lot. Yeah, the stretch.”

Minutes later, the company’s black limousine pulled into the parking lot. Judd opened the door and waved his hand expansively. Storm kissed him with moist, soft lips and trailed a finger down his cheek. “Nice ride.”

“Only the best.”

She climbed inside. Logan wiggled his brows at Judd then followed her in. Judd took another breath of the frigid air, got inside and pulled the door closed. “My apartment, Robert. And close the privacy panel.”

Storm Saturday Night

Robert followed his instructions without comment. He'd worked for them for years and could be trusted. However, the fewer people involved here, the better. The thought they were already one person too many hung in the back of his mind.

Go hard or go home, he told himself again.

Logan opened the small refrigerator and pulled out a bottle of champagne. "Anybody thirsty?"

Storm took the bottle from his hand and opened it. She took a sip then rested the bottle between her thighs. Slowly, she untied the knot on her shirt and undid the remaining buttons.

Logan put his arm on the seat behind her, but his gaze remained glued on her as he followed her actions. She slid the shirt off and picked up the bottle once more. She dribbled the bubbly liquid over her naked breasts. Judd forced his gaping mouth closed.

She slid closer to Logan, pressing her side against his. "Logan is thirsty. Aren't you, Logan?"

His friend needed no further invitation. He dropped to his knees and took one of her breasts into his mouth. Logan grasped her other nipple between his fingers and squeezed it.

Judd's cock began to throb, and he pressed his hand against his crotch to relieve the pressure. What was turning him on more? Her long, slender neck exposed as she lay back against the seat, or Logan's mouth on her breast? He shook his head. It's the drug, he told himself. It's the drug.

He would sit here and wait for Logan to finish.

Go hard or go home.

Shut up, he told himself. He rolled the window down an inch and let the cold air blow over his face. He closed his eyes. Yeah. Cold air wasn't helping. Every impulse inside him wanted to join the two of them, cover her mouth with his and take hold of his friend's hand and put it on

his cock.

He leaned over and grabbed the bottle from her hands, sat back and took a long drink. What the hell was this? The memory of wanting Storm when he thought she was a man vibrated through him once more. His gaze returned to his friend sucking hard on her breasts, his hands sliding over her pearlescent skin.

The longer he watched their writhing bodies, the more he shifted in his seat. One at a time was the only way this was going to happen. He just hadn't realized his body would be raging through the whole event.

"Judd, come over here."

Her voice startled him. He waved a hand and forced a smile. "I'm good. I'll wait my turn."

"Come and kiss me." Her lips parted and her tongue slipped out to moisten them. "Please."

He was moving before he had the chance to think. Damn, his body wouldn't resist the invitation no matter what his mental plans had been. He sat beside her and claimed her mouth, intentionally placing his hands around her neck to keep them from straying elsewhere.

Her lips parted and he deepened the kiss, tasting champagne and the lingering flavor of orange juice on her soft lips. She placed her hands on either side of his face, warmth from her palms adding to the heat building inside him.

The sound of Logan's heavy breathing broke into his mind. He fumbled for the armrest stereo controls. Without releasing her lips, he pressed the knobs until music filled the interior of the vehicle. He blindly continued punching buttons until the station pounded hard rock around them, the pulsing beat matching the throbbing of his cock, effectively drowning out the sound of Logan's moans.

But the pressure of Logan's leg against his wasn't as easy to stifle. He grabbed Storm's hand and placed it on his crotch. She squeezed his

hard cock through the fabric of his slacks. Yes, that felt good.

The desire burning through him did not exclude her. She was as sexy as any woman he'd ever seen, more than most of them. But the other sensation, the overwhelming need to slide his hand over Logan's shoulder, was just as strong and shook him to the core. He clutched her hand and squeezed. Her hand tightened around his cock.

He lowered his lips to her neck and opened his eyes. Logan was undoing the belt around her waist and unfastening her jeans.

"We going to do this here?" Judd asked, lifting his head from her neck. A claustrophobic panic began to consume him. If they got naked in this car, his control would crack. The space was too small and the burning heat inside him just too hot.

"Among other places," Logan said, sliding the jeans down her long legs. "You want to wait?"

Storm unfastened Judd's slacks and slid her hand inside his briefs, her warm fingers encircling his erection. He leaned back and closed his eyes, clenching his fists and pressing them into the leather seat. The soft moan from her lips combined with the movement of her hand drove him to the edge of control. He didn't want to do this in the car, but damn, his body was thrumming. As long as he focused on her, the other, darker urges could not surface. He forced his eyes open. "No, I don't want to wait"

Logan lifted one of her legs and put it on his shoulder, separating the lips of her pussy with his fingers. He stroked her with his tongue, and Judd's cock twitched again. He closed his eyes. The music echoed through the car's interior, and he shook his head and opened his eyes. "Logan, hang on a second, man."

Logan lifted his face from her pussy, his lips wet with her moisture. "What?"

He struggled to take a breath against the constriction in his chest.

“I can’t do this.”

“What? Do what?”

“Both of us, like this.” Judd pulled her arms over her head, stretching them high until her breasts stood at attention. He focused on her body. Beautiful. Supple. Everything he needed. *The only thing he needed, dammit to hell.* “Take a look at her, man. I don’t want to share—not like this.”

“It’s not up to you. It’s up to her, remember?”

“It’s not only up to me.” Storm tightened her grip on his erection. “There are things I want—but there are things you both want, too.”

A moan escaped his throat as he tried to concentrate on her words and keep his eyes off Logan. “Yes, there are. More of that, to be sure.”

She smiled and squeezed again. “Maybe we should take turns having what we want.”

“Take turns?” Logan’s brows rose in interest. “What did you have in mind?”

“We have hours. We can take our time. I’ll tell you what I want, and you do it. If you don’t want to, one of us gets to ask you a question. If your answer is a lie, we’ll know it, and you have to do it anyway. Fair enough?”

The hard, hot panic resurfaced inside Judd. “I’m going to need some ground rules if we’re doing this.”

“Ground rules? You’re killing me, Judd. What exactly do you think we’re going to make you do? Think she’s going to make you fuck me?”

Chapter Fourteen

Storm’s laughter filled the vehicle, and Logan joined her.

Judd forced a smile, pretty sure his clenched teeth resembled only that and not the tight hold he had on his control. “Just so we’re clear, *no*

I'm *not* going to fuck you. We're all clear on that?"

"What made you think I'd let you?" Logan said, continuing to laugh at him.

We both thought she was a guy. And we both wanted her.

Remember? He wanted to say it, but kept his teeth clenched in the charade of a smile. He shoved hard at the memory, but it refused to leave his mind.

Logan smiled at him and punched him in the arm. "Unless you want to, that is."

Judd leaped toward his friend and clenched his shirt in his fists before he realized what he was doing.

"Dude." Logan shook his head but made no move to protect himself. Logan's face was mere inches from Judd's, and as he watched, Logan licked his lips, his eyes unafraid. No . . . no fear showed in their shiny depths, but there was something else. Interest? *Holy shit.*

"Fellas wait!"

Storm scrambled off the seat and tried to separate them, but Judd's fingers tightened on Logan's shirt. Logan's breath on his face brought another wave of raging heat through his blood. *Too close. Entirely too close.*

"Judd." Logan blinked as his gaze moved over his face. "She turned me on, too, man. Remember? It's no big deal, dude."

"It *is* a big deal." Judd's voice was barely loud enough to be heard over the pounding rock music. He struggled with the emotions raging through him, his hands unwilling to release the hold on his friend's shirt. Whether the additional chemicals running through his veins or the alcohol or the earlier vision of Storm dressed as a man was the cause—he didn't know. But he was certain of one thing—he wanted Logan, too.

"Man," Logan said, putting his hands over both of Judd's. "Listen. We've known each other forever. We trust each other, right?"

“Right!” His blood continued the fast, hard burn through him and mingled with his anger. *He didn't want Logan. Dammit, no. He did not want him.*

Logan smiled slowly. “Okay, then. Trust me on this.”

Before Judd realized what his friend was about to do, Logan leaned forward, grabbed his face and kissed him.

The pressure of his lips, the scratch of his five o'clock shadow, and the taste of the champagne mingled together in the timeless moment. Judd couldn't move.

Logan's lips parted, and his tongue traced a line over Judd's lower lip. His cock ached as a wave of heat flushed through his body. Taking control, Judd parted his own lips and his mind fell victim to his body's unrelenting desire.

When Logan ended the kiss, he turned and smiled at Storm. “You like that, huh?”

“Judd?” Her voice awakened him from the heated, blurry memory of Logan's mouth. He turned to look at her, to grasp some kind of solid foundation in the swirling movement of the vehicle. Or was that swirling coming from inside him?

She lay back against the seat again, her legs wide, two of her fingers deep inside her pussy, her other hand twisting her nipple. “Fuck me now?”

Confusion drained from him like water flowing through pipes. He turned back to Logan.

The corners of Logan's eyes crinkled as a smile teased the corners of his lips. “We all right?”

Judd shook his head and laughed. “What in the hell made you think I wouldn't kill you for that?”

“I already told you. I've known you forever. Storm in men's clothes was just too much for either of us, I think.”

Storm Saturday Night

“Maybe I’m just too sexy for one gender,” Storm said.

Both of them turned toward her. She stroked herself with a concentrated fury now, her fingers buried to the hilt inside her.

Judd released his hold on Logan’s shirt and smoothed the fabric down. “You know, she just might be.”

“Would you both like to join my little party over here? Watching you two has me very close.”

Logan patted Judd’s shoulder. “Works for me.”

Judd nodded, the last vestiges of any desire to stop the inevitable fading into the fast thrumming of the music.

Judd dropped to his knees and took her hand. Slowly pulling her fingers out of her slick opening, he placed them on his tongue. Logan unfastened his slacks, pushed them down his thighs and sat beside her on the long bench seat. She slid her body around until she lay on her side, her head in his lap. Surrounding the tip of his cock with her lips, she began to lick slowly and carefully. She slipped her tongue over him, taking his entire, considerable shaft into her mouth and then moving back up with a firm suck.

Judd couldn’t take his eyes off of the two of them as he licked the juices from her fingers. Her warm hand suddenly encircled his cock, and Logan’s erection sank deeper and deeper between her lips. He started to say something, but the words became lost in the fast, hard stroke of her hand. She yanked her hand from his grasp and once more buried her fingers inside her pussy.

The heat between his legs raged to a conflagrating inferno, and between the view of her mouth on Logan’s cock and her fingers diving inside her moist pussy, his body teetered on the precipice of a collapsing dam.

Logan looked up and focused his gaze on Storm’s hand on his cock. Judd could almost feel the heat of his friend’s gaze on his flesh.

Logan clamped his free hand down on Judd's shoulder, and his shout echoed through Judd's chest. With the clench of Logan's fingers, the dam crumbled beneath him, too, and his shout of release joined his friend's. Storm cried out and her body trembled, joining them both.

Judd collapsed against the seat and fumbled for the bottle of champagne, found it, and took a long swallow. He held the bottle to Storm's lips. She took a quick swallow then looked up at Logan. Judd gave his friend the bottle and closed his eyes.

They fell silent until a familiar stirring in his groin startled him, and he opened his eyes. His cock was hard again, redder and thicker than before. Logan's groan pulled his eyes from his own erection to Logan's. Storm's tongue slid around the throbbing head. She winked at him, her face animated. "Anybody else notice that we're not moving anymore?"

Judd straightened and looked around the limo's interior as Logan entangled his fingers from her hair. She was right. The limo was still, the engine turned off.

"Let's get out of here," Judd said. "We're barely into our four hours."

"No time to waste," Logan agreed. He grabbed Storm's clothes and handed them to her.

Storm wriggled back into her jeans and pulled on her shirt, trembling fingers attempting to re-do buttons.

Judd righted his pants then buttoned her shirt for her. "Okay? Everybody ready?"

Logan struggled with his zipper, unable to get his erection securely covered. "I don't think these pants are going back together."

"Braggart," Judd said. "Leave your shirt out and let's roll."

Chapter Fifteen

Storm Saturday Night

The trip to the front door and up the elevator was a blur, and they were inside his apartment in what felt like mere seconds. As soon as Logan stepped over the threshold, he dropped his jacket on the sofa, unbuttoned two buttons on his shirt then whipped it off over his head. His pants hung loosely on his hips as he turned toward the kitchen. “Is one of the side effects of that damn pill the munchies? I’m starving. This shit is worse than pot.”

“Pot never made me want to fuck.” Judd followed him to the refrigerator and reached around him for two beers.

“I’m hard as a rock.” Logan grabbed an apple, shut the refrigerator door and slapped Judd on the shoulder. “That is some good shit.”

So was he, hard as granite and horny as hell. Judd tapped his beer against Logan’s apple and placed the other on the counter top. “Can I get you something, Storm?”

“Bring it in here.”

The two men turned around and looked into the dining room. She leaned back on her elbows in the center of the oak dining room table, naked. Her knees bent, her legs spread, she stroked her wet, swollen pussy lips. “You can bring your food in here, if you like. Logan can eat, while you fuck me.”

Judd nodded at Logan. “You heard that, didn’t you?” He grabbed Storm’s beer from the counter and headed toward the dining room, Logan close behind.

“Damn, she’s hot,” Logan muttered as he took another bite of the apple.

“Mm hmm. Glad you didn’t chicken out?”

“Yeah. Glad *I* didn’t.”

Storm stretched out her hand toward Judd. He was the one she

wanted now—and then Logan. And if all went well, somehow, both of them.

One thought niggled the back of her mind when Judd leaned over and brushed a kiss over her lips. How could she walk away after tonight? Logan and Judd were close, closer than either of them had ever realized. The memory of their kiss still burned through her body. They'd invited her into their private circle of trust. Once she'd crossed the threshold, would she ever want to leave?

Those are tomorrow's worries. She stroked Judd's cheek with her fingertip and looked into his sexy, intense eyes. Tomorrow would come soon enough. Live in the now.

Judd pulled his shirt over his head, dropped his pants and climbed onto the table. She widened her knees and he slid between her thighs. Logan sat beside her and smiled as he chewed. He put the apple down to her lips and she took a small bite.

Judd leaned forward and blew on her pussy. His hair tickled the insides of her thighs as he got closer then buried his face in her mound. Electric pulses quivered through her. She swallowed the bite of apple so she could pull in a quick breath. Thrumming pulses of heat moved along the insides of her thighs as his tongue laved her pussy, stroking the hardened nub with each movement of his tongue.

Logan took the beer from Judd's hand and dripped some over her nipples then quickly covered them with his mouth. Placing the bottle next to her nipple, he poured and drank, each suck clutching her heightened flesh with cold and heat.

The surging desire inside her belly began to build with a fury, and her breath came in gasps. With two tongues working her most sensitive areas, she was drowning in tumbling waves of sensation. Tightening her legs around Judd's shoulders, she gripped the sides of the table for support and lifted her hips to press her body harder against his mouth.

Storm Saturday Night

She wanted to close her eyes and let the sensations roll over her and carry her away to the orgasm lying on the other side of the next foaming wave of pleasure, but she also wanted to watch the climb. Forcing her eyes open, she gazed at the two men, both working hard at pleasing her. Judd devoured her pussy and Logan poured the last drops of beer on her nipple and sucked it off. He rested his hand on Judd's shoulder, and the sight of the two men touching drove her over the edge.

The orgasm washed over her and her body quivered violently. She clutched the table, her body shivering as she rode the waves of pleasure. Judd's hands slid along the insides of her thighs then he rose onto his knees and lowered himself over her body.

The pressure of his cock against her entrance brought another wave of heat. She flattened her knees on the table, opening herself fully to him. In one smooth movement, he sank his enormous cock inside her, and her gasp was caught in Logan's mouth as he covered her lips with his.

She slipped one of her hands over his shoulders and reached for Judd's body with the other. Pulling them both closer to her, she opened her eyes. Judd's face was just over Logan's shoulder. His mouth a mere breath from Logan's. She pulled him even closer.

Judd's chin rested on Logan's shoulder as he pumped steadily into her body, filling her, sliding away then driving forward again. The motion rocked the table on its slender legs, an unsteady world with two men anchoring her.

Logan broke their kiss, but continued tweaking her nipples with his fingers as Judd moved faster and faster, driving her harder and harder toward another orgasm before she'd fully recovered from the first.

Logan rested his chin on Judd's shoulder and whispered something in his ear.

Judd shouted with his orgasm, and his heat filled her body. This,

combined with the visual of Logan's lips at his friend's ear, was too much for her. Her body convulsed as Judd continued to thrust until his cock grew soft inside her.

When his breathing returned to normal, Judd turned to Logan. "Let's find the bed. This table is going to collapse."

Logan stood, and Storm realized he still wore his pants. She sat up on the table and fought the wave of dizziness swirling through her head. Too much to drink and too much pleasure had begun to envelop her in a wild and unfocused haze.

Judd stroked her face with the back of his hand. "You look a little dazed. You all right?"

She managed to nod although her head felt disconnected from her body.

Judd climbed off the table and kicked his pants out of the way. "Can't risk you falling and hurting yourself. We need you." The words spilled over her like warm summer rain as he picked her up and carried her down the hallway. She wrapped her arms around his neck and smiled up at him.

Logan put his hand on Judd's shoulder. Storm rubbed Logan's hand and licked Judd's neck.

"Which one?"

"End of the hall."

Logan squeezed her hand then stepped in front of them and pushed the door open. "Hey, nice."

Storm couldn't care less what the room looked like. She had two mostly naked men in a bedroom, both of whom were horny as hell and wanted her. Who would have imagined a day that began as badly as this one had would end up like this?

She continued to kiss and lick Judd's neck, fascinated by the salty flavor of his hot skin. The scent of his body had seeped into her like the

alcohol in her system and made her head spin.

“Aren’t we supposed to be taking turns? Wasn’t that the agreement? Who’d like to go first?” Judd let her legs slip from around his waist to the floor. He held her upright, and she sagged against him for support. “I think ladies should go first, but I defer to the majority opinion.”

“Good idea” Logan began to massage her shoulders then let his hands slide over her back. He pressed his body against her, his cock hard against her buttocks. “What would you like?”

She wiggled her hips against him and Judd caught her mouth in a deep, searching kiss. If she was expected to think while they were doing this, they had another thing coming. She could focus on nothing but the pleasure of their bodies. Whatever she wanted. What did she want? Anything. Everything.

Judd ended the kiss, and stroked her hair away from her face. “Storm? Any thoughts?”

She smiled and nodded. “Lots of thoughts. Not many of them coherent.”

Logan wrapped his arms around her waist, trailing his fingertips over her belly. “Hey, I have an idea”

Judd smiled into her eyes. “Until you come up with your wish, want to indulge him?”

She nodded. The sensation that her body parts were no longer connected to her but floated above the room remained.

Logan backed toward the bed, pulling the two of them along with him. His body slipped away from hers for a moment, and she looked behind her to see what he was doing. He sat on the bed, his erection standing tall between his thighs. “Spread her legs.”

Judd pressed her toward him, trailing kisses over her face and shoulders. He took hold of her leg and lifted it over Logan’s thigh. Logan

took hold of her waist and pulled her slowly down onto his cock.

Judd lifted her other leg and placed it over Logan's other thigh so her pussy was spread wide open, Logan's cock deep inside her. Judd stood before her and she bent forward and took his cock into her mouth.

Logan pressed his hips upward from the mattress and sank deeper inside her. Judd entangled his fingers in her hair and gently moved her head up and down on his erection. Both men moved so slowly, Logan inside her, and Judd gently caressing her face as she took his length into her mouth. The motion was luxurious—and entirely too slow.

Grabbing onto Judd's waist for traction, she lifted her hips then moved her body up and down, harder and faster. Logan's thick cock surged and retreated. If she hadn't had Judd's cock in her mouth, she would have shouted for both men to go faster, drive harder, take her.

She sucked on Judd's cock and wriggled her body to get to the orgasm building inside her.

"Minx," Logan said, tightening his grip on her hips and forcing her to move slower.

"She needs that cock," Judd mused.

"She'll have to learn some patience. It's my turn to have what I want."

"What is it that you want?" Judd asked in a conversational tone, but the tightness of his thighs gave him away. He flexed himself slightly forward each time she sucked his cock deep into her mouth. She could tell he was barely containing his own desire to stop this slow movement and tumble down the mountain of pleasure with her.

"Her wet pussy, mostly."

Judd cleared his throat, and his hips stilled. "Mostly?"

Chapter Sixteen

The words sank into her, and her pussy clenched around Logan's hard cock. Her body was out of control, and only two things tethered her—one sliding in and out of her with slow, steady force and the other hard and hot between her lips.

She forced herself to let Judd's cock slip from her lips so she could speak. "What else, Logan?"

Judd took his cock in his hand and rubbed it over her lips. She smiled up at him and saw the look of concentration in his eyes. He wasn't looking at her. He was watching his friend.

Logan began to move his hips faster and gripped her waist tighter, moving her body over his. "To come."

As much as she liked the idea, she suspected those weren't the words he was about to say. She saw Judd's face—he didn't think so either. Each deep thrust of Logan's cock stole her breath, and she gasped the next words. "I want my wish now, too."

Judd stooped down and took her face into his hands. He smiled. "Two wishes at the same time? Is that against the rules?"

She shook her head and pressed her lips into a pout, working desperately to keep her eyes open against the pleasure threatening to take over. "I want mine now."

He kissed her quickly. "All right. What's your wish?"

Her body shook with the effort of holding back the orgasm beginning to burn close to the edge of her control. "Train."

He shook his head. "What?"

Logan's movements slowed slightly. The moment of respite helped her gain control long enough to get the rest of her words out. "Sit behind Logan. Rub his shoulders. Make a train."

Judd's brows rose and he laughed. "A train?"

"Yeah, Judd." Logan laughed. "You heard her. Give me a massage while you're waiting."

Judd's eyes narrowed, and she could see the hesitation in them. Logan stilled his hips and held her body in place, his cock buried deep inside her.

"You can have your wish when it's your turn, Judd." Her breathing was raspy and quick. "But first mine. Sit behind him on the bed." She wanted to add "touch him everywhere" but thought better of it. She wasn't sure if he was aware of the desire burning in his eyes at her wish or not.

His gaze traveled from her face to the man behind her. He looked for a moment as if he were about to refuse then he shrugged. "All right." He kissed her then rose.

"And I want to turn around to see," she added.

Logan must have liked this idea because he lifted her off him instantly and turned her face-forward on his lap.

"That's not a train," Judd said, sitting down on the bed behind Logan. His jaw tightened.

"I've got a twitch in that right shoulder, buddy," Logan said, winking at her. "Start there while I get this train going in the right direction."

She lowered herself onto his erection. She placed her feet on the floor and put her hands on her thighs. Slowly and steadily, she raised and lowered herself onto his cock. She had control of the speed of this train now, and she was going to keep it. The sight of the two men naked and so close to each other was already sending the locomotive careening along the tracks.

Judd put his hands on Logan's shoulders and began to knead the muscles with his long fingers. Logan leaned back slightly against the pressure of his hands, and the sight of Judd touching Logan sent waves of desire burning through her.

She moved faster, lifting and lowering her body onto Logan's

erection, carefully watching the movement of Judd's fingers as they tightened and loosened on Logan's shoulders. The orgasm building inside her rode along the sharp edge of pleasure teetering toward the abyss.

Logan leaned forward and grabbed her waist, thrusting his hips upward. When he moved, Judd leaned over his shoulder and took her face in his hands. He pressed his mouth to hers.

The orgasm fell over her like rushing water and she forced her eyes open. Judd deepened the kiss, his hands tightening on her as Logan shoved his cock deeper once more and cried out with his own orgasm.

She planted her feet on the floor and pushed forward, catching them both off guard. All three of them toppled over onto the bed, she on top of Logan, Logan lying on Judd.

None of them moved for a moment as each struggled to catch their breath. Finally, Logan muttered, "I think the train wrecked."

Judd worked his way out from under Logan and stood. "Time for my wish."

"How about a five minute break?" Logan asked.

"You want a break?" Judd's voice was incredulous, and Logan smiled.

"Not especially, but she might want one." He placed his hand on her cheek and traced a line along the bottom edge of her mouth with his thumb. "Would you like a short break, honey?"

"I could use a few minutes," she said, her voice raspy.

"You can watch her take a break." Judd took her hand and pulled her up from the bed. She stepped unsteadily onto the floor, her knees weak with pleasure, her thighs burning from her efforts of moments ago. Judd wrapped his arm around her waist and led her toward the bathroom.

"You can watch me bathe her. That's my wish."

"Sounds good." Logan's voice was close, and she looked over her

shoulder. He followed closely behind them, his cock hard once more.

“Sit there.” Judd pointed to the edge of the tub.

Logan sat down and pulled her onto his lap. He dropped his face to her breasts, nuzzling her nipples.

Judd turned on the water and sat down beside them on the edge of the tub, holding his hand under the faucet. He splashed the water onto her back and stroked her skin with his warm fingertips.

“This is a big tub,” Logan whispered against her breasts. “Think we can all fit in there?”

“My wish doesn’t involve bathing you, dude.” Judd turned on the shower head and climbed into the tub. “You can watch from behind the shower curtain.”

“We could probably all fit if Logan sits on the edge,” she said. She got up slowly and climbed into the tub with him, sitting in the middle with her knees hugged to her chest. She rested her forehead on them. Closing her eyes for a moment, she let the water pour down over her head and shoulders.

“I like the two shower heads.” Logan spun around and sat on the edge of the tub near the back and rested his arms on his knees. “Feels good in here.”

“I should have gotten a sauna, too.” Judd got into the tub and sat behind her. He pulled her back against him, took the bottle of liquid soap and squeezed some onto her shoulders.

He smoothed the cool liquid over her skin, the rough texture of his hands tingled along her well-used and warm flesh. “Heavenly.”

Logan absentmindedly picked up a bottle of shampoo and poured some into his hand. He gently lathered up her hair as Judd rubbed her back then let his hands slide around to her breasts. He washed them slowly and gently. She wanted to close her eyes and just let the two men administer to her but feared she might fall asleep with the quiet

loveliness of the moment.

Both men once more had erections. The commercial script had promoted “a minimum of four hours of personal time” guaranteed with each dose. She rubbed both of her hands over her hair and gathered two wads of the lather. Slowly, she extended her hand toward Logan’s erection. He was looking at Judd, but when her hand touched him, he startled, then smiled. His hooded gaze lowered to hers.

“Nice,” he said.

She joined both hands over the circumference and length of him. “I’m wondering how long this drug is really going to last.”

“You read the script,” Judd whispered into her ear.

“I know.” She leaned back against his shoulder and closed her eyes, letting the water from the showerhead fall onto her head, sending soap bubbles cascading over her face. As relaxing as this was, the tension from earlier returned. If she fell asleep now, the night would end. “I might not make it four hours”

Neither man spoke for a long moment. She wiped the soap from her eyes to see what was going on.

Logan had one hand on hers, helping her stroke him, but he wasn’t looking at her. He was staring behind her, to Judd.

She held her breath and realized Judd’s hand was no longer on her body. The movement of his fist at the base of her spine told her all she needed to know. Judd was stroking his cock, too.

She slid sideways and touched Judd’s hand as it moved furiously over his cock. She took his free hand in hers and moved it slowly toward Logan.

Judd’s body stiffened, but he did not pull his hand away. Slowly, slowly she continued the journey toward Logan’s cock. Watching Logan’s eyes carefully, Storm sucked in a slow breath. His gaze had not moved from its stony stare at Judd’s cock.

When the distance between them dissipated like the floating soap bubbles in the tub and his hand was a mere breath from Logan's hard, red cock, Judd stiffened again. Unless she yanked on his hand, it was going no closer.

For a long, breathless second, no one moved.

Judd finally pulled his hand away and lowered it to the side of the tub.

"You sure?" Logan asked, his eyes burning hot coals, his jaw tight. "Doesn't change anything."

"It doesn't, huh?"

Logan's brows rose. "I've thought about it."

Judd moved beneath her then nudged her forward. He climbed out of the tub and rose to his full height a few feet away, both hands hanging at his sides. His erection stood at full mast, his body dripping water onto the tile floor. His tongue traced a line over his bottom lip before he spoke again. "Yeah?"

Logan stood slowly and faced him, his fists clenched at his sides, his body a stiff line. "Thinking is overrated."

"Yeah."

Storm's heart pounded in her chest. The two gorgeous men were a breath apart, but neither took the final step. They needed her. Storm stood and stepped out of the tub. Her feet slid on the cold, tile floor as she moved between them. She grabbed onto the men's shoulders to steady herself.

They both looked at her, and she searched for the words to bridge the gap between them. She caressed their shoulders. They needed a little push and they'd be in each other's arms, but was it what they wanted? They'd known each other a long time, and their apparent attraction had never surfaced before. Had whatever happened here tonight been caused by the drug? Or the alcohol? Some deeply slumbering desire finally

surfacing? Or was she the catalyst?

Neither man moved as their gazes searched hers.

Did they really have to decide right now? They had time. Whatever they ended up doing tonight, she assured herself, there would be other nights. She'd make sure of it. "So, you're going with the commercial the way it is?"

Both men laughed, breaking the tension in the room.

"Hell yeah," Judd said, his body relaxing against her hand. "We already told you we were."

"Not worried about the sales figures? Or the client finding out I'm a woman?"

Logan brushed her hair away from her face. "Nobody has to know that but us."

"Besides," Judd added, "Who knows how to get a man hard—or two men hard—better than a woman on a Saturday night?"

~The End~

About the Author

Summer moves around a lot all over the United States with her cat, Martini. Martini never likes to stay in one place too long, and Summer agrees with her. She's interested in all the visuals and experiences life has to offer. She loves nude sunbathing and reading (and writing) the sexiest books she can (preferably both at the same time).

To find more books by Ms. Alan, visit her Web site at:

<http://summeralan.wordpress.com/>

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