



Loose Id

*Lust*  
AT FIRST SIGHT  
*Jade James*

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## **Lust at First Sight**

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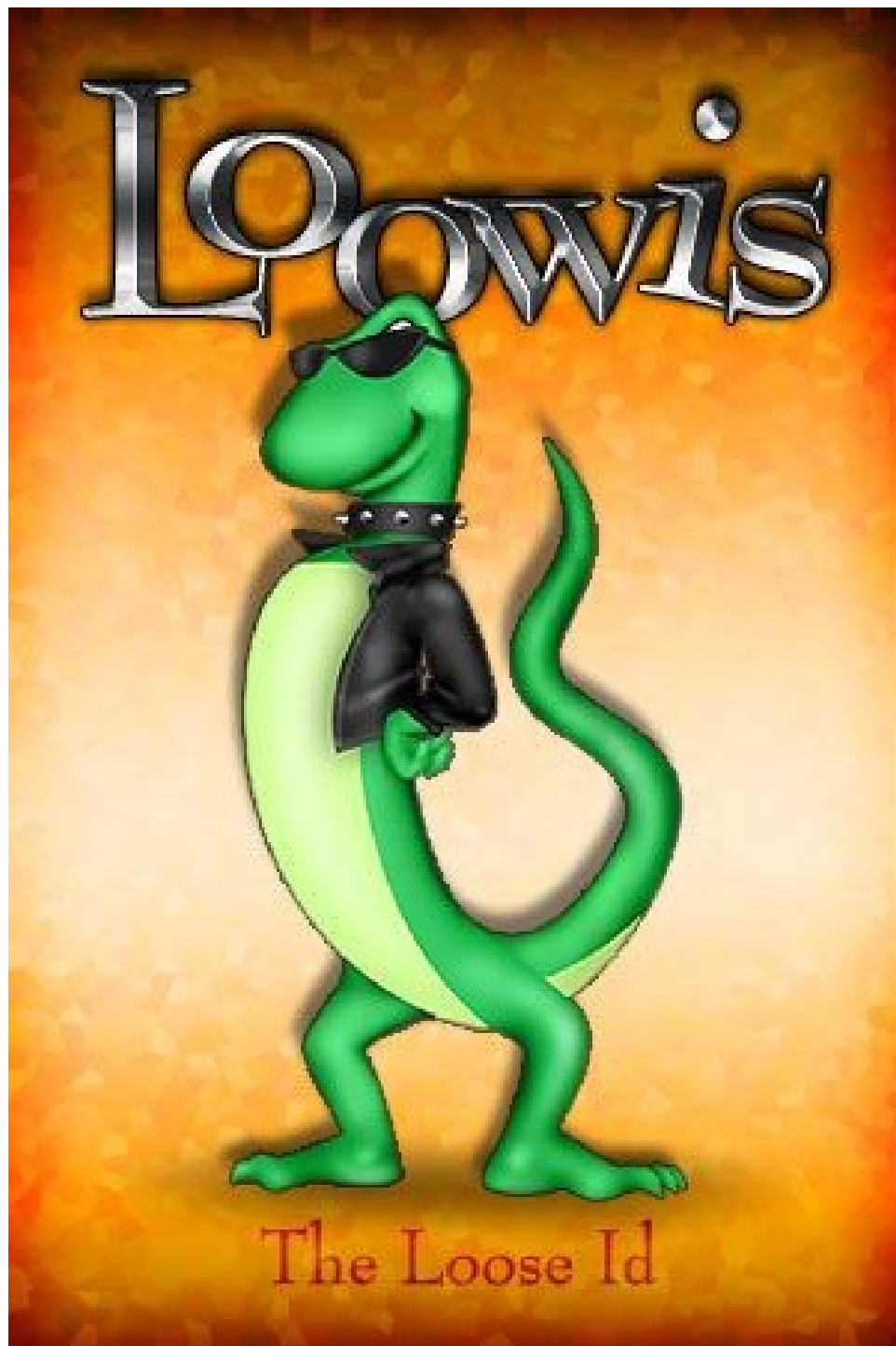
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## Prologue

Brianne St. Clare sipped on her second glass of wine, the warmth of the liquid causing a nice buzz to fill her body. She loved wine, cherished the way it helped her to relax, and usually had one glass a night. But today was different, and though she wasn't accustomed to drinking heavily, the wedding between her best friend, Jolie, and Mac was a good reason to indulge in the beverage. That and the fact that one particular man at the reception had been eyeing her all evening. Even now she felt the burn of his gaze on her flesh.

“You look beautiful tonight. Would you like to dance?”

She didn't have to turn around to know the voice belonged to Clint. She sure as hell didn't want to admit that his deep tone sent shivers through her body. She could've ignored him and continued to sip her wine. But she turned around because she was no coward and she would never want him to think she was.

She knew she looked damn good tonight, having lost about twenty pounds in two months. The weight loss had been caused by stress and exercise, but she wouldn't tell him that. The mini-makeover she and Jolie had treated themselves to had helped her looks, even though it put a dent in Brianne's very tight finances. But she couldn't help but be happy with the results. Her hair was still long but in layers, and with the expertly applied makeup that Jolie insisted on, she'd probably say she even looked great. She took another sip of her drink before answering. “And you're looking a tad overconfident.” Sexy and mouthwatering as well, but she left those two words unsaid.

Clint was dressed in a tuxedo, looking every bit the handsome, arrogant man she had pegged him to be when she'd first met him. He resembled a wicked pirate with his goatee gracing his chin and his shoulder-length blond hair tied back. Her insides melted into a puddle of desire at the thought of having those bristles brush against her flesh. His lips were wide and appeared soft. She wanted to kiss him just to find out. And those sinful, dark brown eyes that seemed to

caress her body as his gaze slowly traveled from head to toe. She grew wet beneath his stare, her cream dampening the thong she wore. What would he do if he saw how much she desired him?

Clint reached over and captured a few strands of her hair and brushed his thumb against them. A gasp escaped her lips, and her nipples hardened, pressing against the strapless beige dress she wore. She fought the quiver that started from within. She hoped to hell he hadn't noticed how his touch affected her. She had a feeling he'd use it to his advantage.

"It's as soft as I thought it would be," he whispered, still watching her heatedly. "Now to feel it all over me."

She managed to grab his wrist, and she was sure it was he who allowed her to pull him away from her. "Like I said, arrogant."

He smiled. "Why can't it be simple, Brianne? A thank-you and a yes would have sufficed. Then we could have danced with your body pressed against mine, your nipples tight with arousal, and my cock pressed against your belly. It would have been pure heaven."

God, but he was a sexy man, one she wouldn't mind sinking her teeth into. But she doubted a one-night stand would be enough. And that was one of the things she wasn't willing to risk with him. "Are you on the prowl tonight, Clint? Have all the other single ladies turned you down? Or did you simply think I needed your attention tonight?" She released his wrist; he then grabbed hers, and she gasped. He used his thumb to brush against her pulse point, and this time she did tremble. She'd never reacted to another man with such intensity. It made her nervous, and she fought the need to run and hide from her feelings and from him.

"There's only one woman I'm interested in, and I have my hands on her as we speak."

Interested? She doubted that. She didn't need him to be polite, and even if he was attracted to her, she didn't want to be another notch on his belt. "Then you should remove your hands. I'm not one of your bimbos; I won't fall for such lines. Answer me this, though: did your supposed interest arise before or after you had your threesome with Jolie?" *Shit! If I had a gun, I'd shoot myself with it.* That wasn't supposed to ever come out of her mouth. Jolie was going to kill her. But she'd happily risk death, because the look on Clint's face was priceless.

His mouth pressed into a thin line as he released her. But instead of walking away, he took a step closer. He was so close, she felt his body heat, and she fought the need to retreat. Perhaps mentioning the threesome was more of a mistake than she'd thought. Because he looked like a

tiger ready to strike. And she had to still the urge to run from him. It was either fight the need to beg him to take her or pretend she didn't care.

“Jealous, Brianne? There's no need. I can easily call my brother and have him watch while I fuck you. Or better yet, he can even join us.”

*Oh God!* She swallowed, took a step back, and dropped her gaze to his cock. She could see the outline of his dick pressed against his pants, his shaft as hard as a hammer. She was 100 percent sure having sex with him would be nothing like she'd ever imagined. But double the pleasure? She wouldn't survive it. More importantly, this man would have the power to break her heart. She suspected he was not the type to hang around, and she wasn't keen on testing that theory.

Her mind flashed to a time when she had given her heart to a man who had crushed it so easily. It had been years since she'd thought of Brady Wielder, and even more years since he'd packed up his things and left her. Oh, he'd had the decency to leave her a note the night before they would have married. It was a time when her mother wasn't ill and her father had been alive. The wedding would have been a small backyard affair with a few friends and family attending. All of that had been swept away when Brady told her he didn't love her.

She tried to keep that part of her past buried, but deep down she knew she wasn't entirely successful. She was a twenty-eight-year-old woman who rarely had sex and indulged more often with her favorite vibrator. A psychiatrist would have a field day with her. She shook the memories off.

“Did you call, bro?”

She stiffened at the sound of another male voice. She was not going to turn around. Nope. She was going to stay here, facing Clint, and ignore the fact that the man behind her called Clint bro, which probably meant he had heard their conversation. And more importantly, she was going to play dumb and pretend she couldn't feel his heat just inches behind her. She was also going to disregard the fact that she was nearly sandwiched between the both of them, and that all they had to do was take a few steps closer to reach her.

Clint smiled, displaying an even row of gleaming white teeth. “I was just mentioning to Brianne the pleasures of a threesome. I issued an invite, but she has yet to respond.”

*Bastard!* She narrowed her eyes and stifled the need to wipe that smug look off his face. A hand landed on her shoulder, and shit, now she truly had to turn around. She couldn't ignore him completely. Okay, she could, but then she'd be staring at Clint the whole time, and she wasn't sure which would be worse in the lust department.

Inhaling a deep breath, she turned, forcing Clint's brother to remove his hand.

And too late she realized her mistake. He was equally as stunning as Clint.

"My name is Zack." His voice was smooth. She swallowed, and she realized she couldn't stop staring at him. Zack reached out and traced her jaw with his finger. "You are one beautiful woman." She quivered and forced her eyes to remain open when all she really wanted was to close them and lose herself in her desires.

Both men would top the list for the sexiest man alive category. Why oh why could Zach not look like a toad? Or at least have a wart somewhere on his face? Wasn't one exceedingly hot McIntyre enough?

There were facial similarities between Zack and Clint. Both had similar lips, with the bottom being slightly bigger than the top, and their noses were practically identical. But she noticed the differences quickly. Their jaws were both strong, but where Zack was clean-shaven, Clint had a goatee. And oddly enough, Zack's hair was black. She appreciated the distinctions, but it didn't lessen his attractiveness. Zack was just as handsome as his brother, and the thought of being pleased by both was too much to handle.

Instead of rubbing her body against his and pleading to Clint and Zack to take her, Brianne gave into the instinct to run and headed straight for the bathroom.

\* \* \*

"What has you so scared?"

She turned around and tried to control the racing of her heart. Clint leaned against the wall, his gaze roaming over her slowly. She shivered and struggled to get a hold of herself. She'd never expected him to come after her.

"I believe the men's room is right across the hall." She was proud of the fact her voice was steady.



He smiled. "You know perfectly well it isn't the men's room I was looking for. I apologize for frightening you back there. It seems I may have pushed a little too hard."

She swallowed. "Apology accepted."

"Great. Now you can tell me why you ran."

She wasn't going to do anything of the sort. "Where's your other half?"

He took one step toward her, then froze. "Zack? He's enjoying the reception. If you'd like, I can call him in here."

He was teasing her. She heard it in the sound of his voice, but she couldn't handle both of them right now, let alone Clint. "In case you haven't noticed, there's only one ladies' room in this place. I'm surprised no one's come in yet. You should leave."

He tilted his head. "I will in a second, but I want to make something clear to you. Whatever has you so afraid, you'll overcome it. Because you're a strong, beautiful woman, and you have the will to fight. Do that, and you'll find happiness in the simplest of pleasures."

His words touched something in her, and her eyes began to water. With just a few words, he'd cracked the barrier around her heart. He walked closer to her, and before she could instinctively take a step back, he wrapped his arm around her waist, holding her still against him. He bent his head and then brushed his lips against hers. Clint pulled back slightly, then pressed his mouth to hers once more, and she opened up, allowing him to brush his tongue against hers. The kiss couldn't have lasted thirty seconds before he was pulling away from her. She watched, stunned, as he turned and left, and suddenly she was feeling more alone than ever.

## Chapter One

### *Two Weeks Later*

"I meet my new bosses tomorrow." Brianne was nervous, but she wouldn't relay that to Jolie, especially when her friend was still on her honeymoon. She had so many things to be anxious about, and all of that centered on the fact that she needed this job desperately.

She'd been laid off from her accounting firm two months ago, and she'd been waiting on pins and needles, hoping to get a callback saying she could return to work. But her boss was closing the company down, and Brianne hadn't seen it coming.

While she'd been collecting unemployment, the amount of money barely paid her bills. And on top of that, her mother was in a nursing home. Her mom's insurance only covered half of the home's cost, and it was always a struggle for Brianne to come up with the other half.

Her studio apartment was falling down around her with peeling paint and leaks in the faucets, and her neighborhood was becoming more and more unsafe. She'd only lived here for two months. She definitely didn't live in the best part of New York, but for now it was the only thing she could afford. She was essentially flat broke, with only enough money in her purse to pay for the gas she'd need to drive to work.

"Where will you be working?"

"The agency didn't give me too many details—just an address and what time I should show up," Brianne replied.

"That's it?"

"Well, they also mentioned that it was a startup company that provided security, and that I would be hired on a trial basis, at least until the bosses decide if they want me permanently."

"They'll want you the instant they see you."

Brianne smiled. “You have to say that being my best friend and all.”

“Not true. You're great. How's your mom doing?”

Brianne heard the concern in Jolie's voice. “She's doing the best she can. She often repeats herself and most of the time doesn't remember who I am. I just don't know if I'm going to be able to keep affording the nursing home she's in.”

“Brianne, let me help you. At the very least you should consider moving in with Mac and me.”

“Thanks for offering, but this is something I need to do alone. Besides, both of you are newlyweds.” Brianne glanced at the clock. “And I've already taken up too much of your time. Enjoy the rest of your honeymoon. We'll catch up when you get back.”

“If there's anything I can do, you just call me anytime.”

She may not have everything figured out, but Brianne considered herself lucky to have a good friend like Jolie. “I will. Bye.”

Brianne hung up the phone and walked over to the closet. She wanted to make a good impression tomorrow, and for that she needed to figure out what she'd be wearing.

\* \* \*

The black fitted skirt-suit Brianne wore was the best one she owned, along with the high-heel shoes on her feet. Even with her hair hanging down around her like a shield and just the right amount of makeup applied to her face, she was still nervous as hell.

The building she'd entered was a loft, which held offices. The entire top floor was owned by McIntyre Securities, Inc., and she couldn't help but be impressed at the simple but elaborate setup. The loft had been sectioned off into offices with the space for the waiting area wide and open, decked out in Italian tiles, plush sofas, and a large screen television. For a startup company, the owners had an eye for detail.

She couldn't help biting her fingernails as she sat. She'd arrived a half an hour early, hoping to start right away. Instead, the receptionist told her that the bosses were in a meeting, and that she should sit and wait. The waiting was killing her.

Brianne found herself glancing at the clock repeatedly. She turned her head at the sound of heels on tiled floor.

The receptionist smiled. “The bosses wanted me to show you to their office. They're seeing their client out and should be back in about five minutes. Come this way.”

Brianne rose to her feet and followed her. She showed Brianne to an office at the end of the loft. This section had also been cornered off, with walls built. Still, it was huge, and the office was pretty stylish but still comfortable.

“You can have a seat. Like I mentioned, they should be right back.”

Brianne nodded and sat on the chair right across from the desk. “Thank you.”

She watched as the receptionist left, closing the door behind her. Brianne ran a finger through her hair and forced herself to remain calm. She needed this job, and she'd do anything to get it. She still had to come up with the portion her mother's insurance didn't cover. It was an extremely expensive amount, especially when Brianne had probably twenty dollars to her name. She could place her mother in a nursing home that didn't cost as much, but she highly doubted the quality of care would be the same.

“I consider myself the luckiest man alive to have you waiting for me in my office.”

That voice. Brianne closed her eyes, wishing, praying that it wasn't who she thought it was speaking to her. Even through shut lids, she could feel his presence—his heat, which shot tingles through her body. Her surroundings narrowed down to this one person who caused her to feel things she'd never felt for anyone.

“Brianne.”

At the sound of her name, she opened her eyes and rose to her feet, facing the man she'd tried so hard to forget in the past few weeks. It seemed fate had plans for her and Clint. She didn't know whether to be upset about it or ecstatic. And the possibility that he could be her boss definitely threw a wrench in destiny's plans.

“Clint.”

“You're the interviewee?”

“And you're obviously McIntyre Securities.”

He smiled. “That I am.”

“Who's the other boss?”

“That would be me.”

And that's when she noticed Zack standing behind Clint. Both were just as devastatingly handsome in jeans and buttoned shirts.

"Of course," she muttered.

Clint entered the office, followed by his brother, and shut the door behind them. She didn't know what to say and didn't know what to do. No matter who her potential bosses were, she needed this job.

"You're here for the finance position."

She couldn't help it. She laughed. "What else?"

Zack smiled. "We started interviewing yesterday, and though I handled all resumes, I didn't know you were the same Brianne we met at the party."

"The agency just gave me a description of the job, an address, the rate of pay, and told me to show up around this time. I should've asked for more information." She wondered if she'd known in advance she'd be meeting Clint and Zack, would she still have shown up?

Clint narrowed his gaze. "Would you have backed out of the interview?"

"We'll never know."

Clint laughed. "You're hired."

Her gaze widened as her mouth fell open. "What?"

Clint leaned back in his chair and watched her with a heated look. "You're hired."

It couldn't be this easy. "You're not going to ask any questions? References?"

"I glanced at your resume." Clint lifted the paper and then placed it on the table. "You have a bachelor's in finance. Before you were laid off, you worked for Bell's Financing, Inc., a very prestigious accounting firm."

"Why aren't you still with them?" Zack asked.

"I was one of their senior account executives and was with them for three years. The downturn in the economy hit them hard. Still I was surprised when they laid me off, and I had hoped they'd call me back," Brianne replied. "But I found out yesterday the owner is closing the firm down and is in the process of transferring his clients to another corporation. Or at least those who want to go with another company."

“I'm sorry you had to experience that. But I want you,” Clint murmured. He cleared his throat. “What I meant to say was I think you'll be a good asset to our company.”

She forced herself not to snicker. No way in hell that's all he meant, and she wasn't surprised when the thought of him wanting her aroused her. “I know exactly what you meant.” And she was not as pissed off at Clint as she should have been. His eyes seemed to glow with desire as he watched her, and she wanted nothing more than to give in to him. How would he react if she got on her knees and then pulled his cock out of his pants so she could taste him? Would Zack remain there to watch them? She flushed and hoped to hell they hadn't guessed her train of thoughts. But still she needed to keep it professional, though admittedly she wasn't sure how long that would last. “I'll take the job.”

## Chapter Two

Clint watched as his receptionist, Carey, and Brianne left, closing the door behind them. Carey would show Brianne where her new office was, along with anything else she needed. Clint had to force himself to sit still and allow his receptionist to take the lead in this. It would do no good to show everyone the hard-on he wore for Brianne. It shocked him, his body's reaction to her. He wanted to push her up against the wall and wrap her legs around him as he thrust his cock into her.

To say she was simply beautiful wouldn't do her an ounce of justice. She was sexy, trim, but with still enough curves to entice him. The suit she wore fit her like a glove, and he wanted to strip it from her body. Her long black hair fell past her shoulders, and he envisioned holding the strands while she pleased him with her lush, pillowed mouth. Her eyes were a vivid green, and everything about her fell close to perfect. Every inch of her drew him closer, and he pictured himself with her, devouring her slowly, embedding her taste within his body forever.

“Is hiring her a good idea?”

Clint turned to Zack. He couldn't blame his brother for asking that. The question was a good one. As unprofessional as it sounded, he wasn't going to pass up the chance to have her. He'd hear his brother out, but it wouldn't change his mind. “It's a great idea.”

Zack smirked. “It might come back to bite you in the ass. I already know you have every intention of fucking her.”

“Is that sarcasm I hear in your voice, or interest?”

Zack shrugged. “I admit a bit of both, and a tad of worry too. We just opened this business, Clint. We don't need problems.”

Clint had never met someone who sizzled his blood like Brianne. “She isn't going to be a problem. She's different, Zack. She's hot and sassy, and I want to take my time with her. On the job front, her resume speaks for itself.”

Zack arched a brow. “Well, at least you're letting me know how you feel early on. You're thinking she's *the one*?”

Pretty likely. But he wasn't going to tell Zack that. Not yet, anyway. *But shit! Talk about lust at first sight.* “Like I said, nice and slow. I have her right where I want her—as close to me as possible.”

Zack made his way to the door. “All I'm saying, bro, she doesn't seem like a girl who'd be interested in just playing.”

Clint shook his head. “That's not the only thing I want from her. But the sexual attraction is definitely there.”

Zack ran a hand through his hair. “Have you discussed the idea of a threesome with her?”

Clint wasn't a stranger to threesomes, though he and Zack didn't have them as frequently now as in their college days. His brother had been his third when Clint felt the need for it, and vice versa. But it was never without the consent of the woman involved. The idea of having her between them, pleasuring her until she burst with need, made his cock hard. “I made mention of it at Mac and Jolie's wedding, and I did see a flare of curiosity in her eyes. I think it's an adventure she may want to try. Would you be interested?”

“She is a beautiful woman, so yes I'd be interested. Just be careful. I suggest you read the background check on her. It's in the file.” Zack left the office without waiting for Clint's response.

Clint lifted the file and immersed himself into reading about Brianne. The manila folder contained all her information, including a background check and credit report. Fifteen minutes later, he knew the basics. She'd held her last job for three years. She'd rented an apartment in a very nice area close to her previous place of employment, but two months ago she'd moved to a place where the crime rate was sky-high and the surroundings not so pleasant. Her credit cards were maxed, and she'd traded her new Volvo for a used Ford Escort.

She didn't appear to be a woman who spent her money frivolously. Clint could detect those a mile away, and though Brianne took care in her appearance, it wasn't overdone like women who've had one too many medical procedures to enhance their appearance. He was more than curious about the change of lifestyle, and he needed to know why. He barely knew her, but it



bothered him. Was she in trouble? The only way he could know for sure is if he asked her straight-out. But it was too soon for that.

He'd give her some space at first. Get her accustomed to her new surroundings; then he'd make his move.

\* \* \*

Three weeks later Brianne found herself accomplishing her tasks quickly and efficiently at work. She'd become comfortable and considered Carey her friend. She'd soon found out that Carey worked here part-time, and then went to college during the evening hours and weekends.

Surprisingly, Clint hadn't made a move on her. She saw him a few times a week, when he would enter her office to inquire about the company's finances and clients. She'd give him the updates, though it was becoming harder and harder to keep her mind solely on business. The man was good enough to eat, and she suspected that he knew it. There were times she'd sit in her office chair and he would lean in close. The scent of him would distract her while her nipples hardened and her clit began to throb. She'd resist the urge to pounce on him. It wouldn't look good if she threw herself at her boss.

Brianne glanced at the clock. It was already seven in the evening, way past the time she should've left for home. She threw herself into her work, not just to impress Clint and Zack but to get away from her obligations, even if it was just temporarily.

Tomorrow she would visit her mother. She had one more week to come up with the money or she'd have to find other accommodations for her mom. And that was going to suck big-time. Her mother did not deserve to be put into a home where she would be forgotten. Where the nurse's aides did their job like machines without any feelings or a heart.

A knock at the door forced her from her thoughts. She looked up to find Clint leaning against the wall, his arms crossed over his massive chest. He was pure alpha, a take-charge kind of man. And she wondered how he wielded his authority in the bedroom.

"You should have left about an hour ago."

His voice melted over her like chocolate, and she wanted to close her eyes and savor the deep timbre. She reacted to him in such a fierce way that it actually frightened her. Falling for him wasn't something she could afford to do.

Instead, she rose to her feet and grabbed her bag. "I'm actually on my way out right now."

He unfolded his arms and entered her office. "Have dinner with me."

She was so tempted, but she couldn't. "No."

He smiled. "It's just dinner, Brianne. I promise not to bite. At least not yet."

If he only knew she wanted him to do that and much more. "I don't think it's a good idea."

"I'd like to discuss a new client I'm taking on."

"Shouldn't you be discussing this with Zack?"

"We've already spoken about it. I want to hear your thoughts on it as well."

In the back of her mind, she knew it was most likely just an excuse to get her to say yes to him. But she was secretly pleased he insisted anyway. *He's not Brady. Just keep reminding yourself of that fact.* "Okay."

Her stomach grew nervous and fluttered with butterflies at the smile he gave her. Was she making a big mistake? She wouldn't back down now, and a lonely night at home was not a great alternative.

\* \* \*

Clint watched Brianne sip at her second margarita while he drank his beer. The small, elegant, and intimate restaurant was darkly lit, but he still had a perfect view of her. He appreciated the quietness of the place and took the opportunity to concentrate solely on her. The seats were bench-style, and he used that to his advantage by sitting close. She was lovely, her dark hair flowing around her and her lips lusciously moist. But she was hesitant and didn't appear fully relaxed.

Her gaze traveled around her surroundings. "This is a fancy place."

He supposed it was, but he usually didn't compare midtown eateries. "I can more than afford it."

She turned to him. "Can you?"

He could actually afford to buy the damn restaurant and a hundred more just like it, but he wouldn't tell her that. He shrugged. "I've done a lot of investing, and it's paid off."

He reached for her hand. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing."

He moved his fingers and ran his thumb over her wrist. "I can see something's bothering you."

"I thought we were here to discuss your new client."

He smiled. She could try and change the subject, but he wanted her to open up to him. "You know it was just a ploy to get you here."

She laughed, and his heart gave a jolt at how easy it felt to be around her. "Yes, and I accepted your invitation anyway."

The waiter chose the moment to approach them.

Clint hadn't stopped stroking her skin, even as he spoke. "If it's okay with you, Brianne, we'll have a bottle of the Californian cabernet sauvignon and filet mignon with potatoes."

Brianne nodded. "That's fine."

The waiter took their orders and left.

Clint leaned in close. "So what's on your mind?"

She licked her lips before turning her mouth into a frown. "I'm worried about my mother."

"Is she okay?"

"For now."

She was stubborn; he'd give her that, but Clint could be just as equally stubborn. "I read your background check. Tell me—why is it that you're severely in debt?"

He saw the shocked look in her gaze as she tried to pull her hand away. He held on and inched even closer to her. He was pushing more than he should have, but for some reason he wasn't going to back down yet.

Their wine arrived, and Clint watched as she drank before setting the glass down.

"That's none of your business. You could have possibly asked before you hired me, but to question it after the fact crosses a huge personal line." With her other hand she lifted her glass and took another sip. He felt her anger in the way her hand trembled.

He leaned in and brushed his lips against her cheek. "You'd run a second time if you knew what I wanted to do to you. And I'd definitely leap over every imaginary line and then come to have you." He felt her shiver and took delight in it. She wanted him just as much as he wanted

her, and he was going to make her see that before the night was through. “Tell me what has you so troubled.” If he had to use their attraction to get her to open up, then he wasn't above that.

He moved his arm up and braced the back of her head with his hand. Just one taste. She licked her lips once more, and his cock jerked against his pants at the sight. He wanted to lay her on top of the table and lick every square inch of her body. But instead he leaned in and brushed his lips against hers. She tasted of wine and an intoxicating flavor of her own special brand of spice. He was surprised when she opened her mouth and slipped her tongue into his mouth. He expected some sort of resistance, but he wasn't going to dissect the whys right now. He sipped on her sweetness and grew hard as she French-kissed him. It was a no-holds-barred mating of mouths, and the foreplay was so intense he thought he'd come from it alone.

His balls grew tight, and the urge to pull out his dick and masturbate right in front of her was great. He envisioned coating her breasts with his sperm, then her rubbing his seed into her flesh. He moved his other hand up and took her nipple between his fingers, squeezing the tip. She moaned and arched her chest up, and he continued to slide his tongue against hers. He was hot, achy, and he wanted to strip his clothes off. He poured his soul into the kiss, and he hoped to hell she knew how much he wanted her. And at this point he'd do anything to have her.

She pulled back, and each of them watched the other as they took heaving breaths. “I've used every dollar I have to keep my mom in a nursing home. They take good care of her there.”

His brain tried to process what she was telling him, but his cock throbbed heavily. He needed her now, and he'd pay to have her. Screw the consequences, and if there were any, he'd deal with them later. “I'll pay all your bills, including your mother's nursing care, if you spend the weekend with me.”

## Chapter Three

Brianne couldn't help but flinch at his words. She couldn't have just heard what she thought he'd said. Could she? "What?" She was buzzed, not to mention aroused, but not drunk. She still had her head on straight, knew exactly where she was, and definitely knew who the hell she was with.

"I will pay all of your bills, current and past, including your mother's stay at the nursing home, if you spend the entire weekend with me."

She couldn't think. His words fell on her like a bomb, an explosion that rattled her senses, and she didn't know how to react. He was too close, and his scent was driving her wild. How in the hell could she focus on his words when all she wanted to do was fuck him? She managed to move an inch back.

He wanted her to become a prostitute? What the hell was he thinking? "Are you insane?"

He shrugged. "I've been called worse."

Her words seemed to have no effect on him. He appeared calm and cool. Had he planned all this when he'd asked her out? "You want me to whore myself out for you?" It was a huge effort to push the words out, especially when she felt numb all over. Is this what he truly thought of her, and why the hell did she care?

A flush reddened his cheeks, and he frowned. He scooted closer to her and grabbed her wrist. His hold was secure, but in no way was he hurting her. "I don't ever want to hear you use that word again. What I proposed was an arrangement that would be beneficial to the both of us. If you agree, we'll both be satisfying our mutual desires, and more importantly you won't have to worry about your mother's care."

"This has got to be the most ridiculous offer anyone's ever made to me. Was your proposition the reason why you asked me out in the first place?"

“What's so ridiculous about it, Brianne? We've both wanted each other for weeks now, and I'm just offering you an incentive to make that happen. I want you, and I'm not above doing anything I can to have you. The sex will be incredible; we both know that. My offer had nothing to do with asking you out today. I simply wanted to be with you.”

She wouldn't believe him. Refused to. She could just imagine how many of his women fell for that same line. “How many other women have you offered money to?”

“A reasonable question when you look at the circumstances. But you are the only one I've ever had to work so hard to get.”

*Don't believe it, Brianne. He's lying to you.* She said the words to herself and wanted to yell them at his face, but still something within her, perhaps her strong desire for him, overpowered the need to voice her thoughts. Instead she simply said, “I don't know what to say.”

The waiter, ignorant of what had passed between them, chose that moment to arrive with their food. He set the plates down and left them alone once more. Brianne dug into her meal, forcing Clint's offer out of her head. Twenty minutes later she was done with her food. She lifted her gaze and saw Clint watching her. What the hell was going on inside that head of his?

“What's on your mind?”

He leaned in close and brushed his lips against hers before pulling back. “The fact that you still haven't said no.”

She hadn't, and what did that make her? The fact that she was considering his offer, a very tempting one, probably made her insane.

His hand fell on her thigh, and he began to touch her flesh with his fingers. He didn't move farther up, but the effect was still powerful. She melted, her cream soaking the thong she wore. She felt powerless to resist him. And it was more than that. She wanted to give into him completely and whisper yes. It was an irresistible temptation to have him take care of her needs financially and physically. Did that make her a bad person? Or worse, would she consider herself a whore afterward?

No. She wouldn't ever think of herself that way. Clint made the offer because he desired her; that much she could at least tell. And she was head over heels in lust with him. It was mutual. She wasn't being forced into anything. Afterward, she would walk away from this with her head still held high. It was simply a weekend with both of them slaking their desires. Nothing

more. Nothing less. And if Clint wanted to pay for her mother's stay in the nursing home, she'd let him. It would be a huge load off her shoulders, and she wouldn't have to worry about her mother. And in turn they would satisfy this craving between them.

“Yes.”

Clint's gaze darkened, and he took her mouth in a blazing kiss that curled her toes. His hand crawled up, underneath the skirt she wore. His rough skin against her bare flesh heightened her desire, and she wanted to sit on his lap to get closer to him. His fingers brushed her pussy against the fabric of her panties, and she moaned.

He pulled back, and she watched as he signaled the waiter over.

Clint pulled out his money and paid the bill. “Let's get out of here. Our weekend starts now.”

She should've told him no, yelled she hadn't agreed to that, and at least put up some sort of resistance. Her body was shaking with yearning, and her heart seemed to beat a thousand beats per minute. She couldn't breathe, and her skin felt hot. He reached out and grabbed her hand, and she could do nothing but follow him. She hoped she wasn't making a mistake.

\* \* \*

Clint waited outside the decrepit building where Brianne lived. Garbage was strewn outside the building along with broken beer bottles, and he was sure if he peered in through the side he'd see rats running in and out. There was a man on the steps in the front, slumped forward as though he'd had one too many drinks. Clint watched as the man lifted his head up and mumbled a few words before slumping forward again. How Brianne could live in such an unsafe and filthy neighborhood concerned him.

He admired the fact that she'd given up everything to make sure her mother had the best of care. He'd have to do something about her living arrangements very soon. But not now. It wouldn't do any good if he pushed her.

Clint turned his gaze to Brianne. She walked down the steps with an overnight bag in hand, and he reached for it.

“Thanks,” she mumbled.

He grabbed her arm and steered her to the car. “How long have you been living here?”

“Two months now. It's all I've been able to afford.”

He hated that. With all the money he had, he wanted to give her everything. And it stunned him that he felt that strongly about her. It was a bit too quick for anyone on the outside looking in, but then he didn't give a shit what anyone else thought. He just knew he had to have her and that he needed to take care of her. He also knew they'd be perfect in bed, but there were emotions behind his feelings. He didn't know exactly what yet, and he wasn't in a rush to find out. It was enough for him to know that she mattered very much and he didn't want to let her go.

He opened the passenger door, tossed her bag to the backseat, and stepped away. “I dislike this area for many reasons, but mainly because you're not safe in it.”

She slid into her seat. “Like I said, it was all I could afford.”

“That may be so, Brianne, but your safety is more important than any amount of money in the world.”

\* \* \*

*“That may be so, Brianne, but your safety is more important than any amount of money in the world.”*

She was still wondering about his words even as she arrived at his home on the Upper West Side. Did he mean it? That was the million-dollar question. She couldn't let herself feel anything but lust for him. To have her heart involved meant disaster in the end, and if needed, she'd keep reminding herself of that.

Brianne focused on his home. He actually didn't live too far from her, only about twenty minutes away. But that distance made a huge difference. His residence was a brownstone that appeared to span three floors. “Wow,” she murmured as she stepped into the living area. The furnishings were leather and very masculine, but it fit him perfectly. “You have a beautiful place.”

“Consider it your home.”

The way he said those words wrenched a longing from her heart. She could easily picture herself living there beside him, and that was insanity to its fullest.

She turned to him. “Temporary home.”

He cocked a brow. “Let me show you to our room.”



Our room? She didn't have a chance to respond as he turned and walked away with her bag. She followed him even though she knew this weekend was going to change her life forever.

## Chapter Four

Clint hung up the phone and opened a bottle of Corona, before chugging half of it. The offer to take care of Brianne financially hadn't been planned. In fact, the words had spilled from his lips before he even thought it through. But he didn't regret any of it. He was pretty damn proud that it had worked out. And now he literally had her in his hands, upstairs in his bedroom, getting settled.

He'd just hung up the phone with his brother, and two minutes after that, Clint had made arrangements with the nursing home. Brianne's mom's stay at the home was paid for this year, and after that he'd get the bills mailed on a monthly basis to his company. It was a big commitment since he didn't know what the future held for him and Brianne. But whatever it was, Clint would make sure she would never have to worry about her mother's care again. She was young and didn't deserve such a burden, and he wanted to take care of her other personal financial obligations as well. But Brianne had made it clear she'd only take the help for her mother's bills. Still, maybe later he'd be able to persuade her somehow.

He leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes, recollecting the first time he'd met her at a restaurant with Jolie and Mac and realized that they had a link that sizzled between them. Then he'd seen her at the wedding, and their connection had been reinforced. The way she'd stood, alone in the middle of the room, captured his gaze immediately. As he walked closer to her, he'd seen the way the satin dress she wore had clung to her curves. She hadn't noticed him until he stood behind her, but when she'd turned there was a spark to her green gaze that ignited his soul. The moment their eyes had met, he knew he wanted to be with her. Her dark hair had hung past her waist, and he'd wanted to wrap his hands around it, tug her head back slightly, and kiss his way from her lips to her neck. He knew she'd wanted him as much as he'd wanted her, but when he had made the offer to share her with his brother Zack, she'd run. And that had stopped him dead in his tracks. He needed to know the cause of her fear.

He'd come on strong, but he didn't think she couldn't match him step for step. Still, Clint didn't know if it was the offer of a threesome that had sent her running. It was something they needed to discuss. Though he knew she would feel only pleasure, he wasn't going to force her into it.

“What are you thinking of?”

Her voice snapped him out of his memories, and there she stood in his doorway, wrapped in a satin robe, her head cocked to the side, her hair shiny wet from a recent shower, looking dangerously sexy.

“I was thinking about Mac and Jolie's wedding. Why'd you run that night, Brianne?” He rose to his feet and walked to her, beyond tempted to release the robe's tie at her waist just so he could glimpse her naked body. But instead he held his hands still and waited to see if she would divulge her feelings. “Was it because I mentioned a threesome?”

She stiffened and backed away a step. “It might have had more to do with your overbearing arrogance.”

He smiled. She was delightful. “Now here I'm thinking that's what attracted you to me in the first place.”

Her lips twisted into a smirk. “Who says I'm attracted?”

He laughed. “You are definitely attracted. The telltale signs are all there. But I could point them out for you if you need some help.” He reached up and brushed his thumb across her tight nipple. She gasped, and he took the opportunity to wrap his arm around her waist and maneuver her into his office. “You still haven't answered me. Why'd you run that night, sweetheart?” He stopped in front of his sofa and fought the need to push her down.

“I just needed a minute to myself,” she replied.

He shook his head. “When I entered that bathroom, I saw more than you needing just a minute to yourself. You were scared of something, and I want to know what that was.”

“You're overthinking it too much, Clint. Every woman needs some space.”

“And you're not going to brush me off. You'll tell me sooner or later when you're more comfortable. In the meantime we'll use our time together productively.”

This time he took her nipple between his fingertips and pressed. He couldn't help himself. He bared her breast, then bent his head and swiped the tip with his tongue. He sucked and tasted, enjoying the way her breaths became shallow.

She lifted her chest to his touch and moaned. "What's your plan?"

He raised his head. "For you to get used to me and the idea of being with me."

"I'm nervous."

"About what?"

"I think you're more than I can handle."

He appreciated her honesty, but he didn't think she couldn't handle him. She was too feisty, too sassy, and more than a handful. "You should have spoken to me about your worries."

"I didn't know you."

"You will before the night is through. Give it to me straight-up, sweetheart. Are you frightened at the idea of you, Zack, and me together?"

"A woman has the right to be a bit nervous. Allowing another man into the bedroom is a huge step."

"Trust me. It's all I'm asking for now. Your trust is important, and I would never put you into a situation that would cause you any harm. In the end it's all about your pleasure."

"I admit to trusting you in some sense, because otherwise I wouldn't have accepted your proposal. But I do have some questions."

He palmed her breast. "Ask away."

"Did Jolie like being with two men?"

"Shouldn't you be asking Jolie that?"

She shrugged. "I have, but I want your thoughts on it."

He had to be careful here. One wrong word could anger or hurt her, and he did not want that. "She enjoyed it." And that's all he would say on that particular subject.

"Do you do this threesome thing often?"

"Not frequently, no."

She arched a brow. "What exactly does that mean?"

“It means that Zack and I have done it, but it isn't as often as you think.”

“Oh. Why me, then? What makes you want me that much that you'd be willing to pay for it?”

“Our circumstances are different, but I won't have you dirty it with irrelevant words. You are an intelligent, vibrant, sexy woman. You feel the intensity between us, the spark that makes us crave far more. That's not a reaction you can get with just anyone. You know it, and I know it. Even now your scent fills the air, your nipples are beaded tight, and I bet if I touched you on your sweet spot, you'd be insanely wet.” He pressed his lips against hers and rubbed the tip of her nipple with his thumb. “You are the only woman I'm interested in, and I want to concentrate on the here and now.”

“I'm here.”

“Yeah, you are. I take it you've never been involved in a threesome?”

She shook her head.

“I saw the way your eyes heated when you mentioned Jolie's experience at the wedding. You wanted it, and I want to give that to you.”

He waited for her denial and was surprised when she delivered none. “Give yourself to me completely. You won't be disappointed.”

“Okay,” she whispered as she arched her body a little closer to his.

Not wanting her to change her mind, he stripped his clothes off. He couldn't wait any longer to have her.

She watched as Clint took his jeans and shirt off. She ate him up with her gaze, every flex of muscle, from the top of his head to his feet. “Come here.” Clint said the words forcefully, and it sent fire racing through her blood. He was naked, his cock standing straight out, the head darker than the rest of his hard flesh. He was bigger than she'd thought, but still a decadent manly piece she wanted to savor. He palmed his dick, stroking it in an upward and downward motion. She wanted to lick him and take her time tasting his essence. The sight of him masturbating sent a spasm through her pussy as her nipples beaded tight, and she wanted nothing more in this world than to savor him at that very moment.

“Get naked. Now.” His tone was rough, demanding, and it sent lashes of heat through her body. The time for running was over. She shivered, her arousal high as she stripped the robe off. The fabric pooled at her feet, and she took a step toward him. She was shaking with nervousness and filled with lust for him. She wanted to skip the foreplay and wrap her legs around his waist so he could fuck her. It had been way too long since she knew what a true, strong man felt like. Come to think of it, she didn't think she'd ever had anyone who looked so sexy.

“On your knees, now.”

His words inflamed her, and once again she found herself angry that she already knew she felt more for him than she should, and horny because she wanted to impale herself on his cock. She needed to get a hold on her feelings, but it was an impossible thing around him.

“On your knees, now,” he repeated, and she noticed the hunger in his tone. So his brand of foreplay would involve her sucking him. She could deal with that. Her mouth watered, and she had to have a taste of him now.

He was passionate, his body rigid with arousal, his facial features tight, and his hair loose around his shoulders, reminding her for a second time that he looked like a devilish pirate.

She fell to her knees, and he closed the distance between them. She wrapped her hand around the base of his cock as she opened her mouth, taking the head of his shaft in. She licked and dipped the tip of her tongue in the slit of his dick. She tasted him for the first time and moaned as his flavor hit a yearning so deep. He was musky, rich, with a tinge of sweetness. She ran her tongue underneath his cock, tracing the heavy vein that throbbed in her mouth. Her skin burned, and she felt feverish.

“That's so good, sweetheart. So freaking good.”

His words spurred her on. She continued her rhythm, concentrating on an up-and-down motion along with the tightening suction of her mouth. She felt her cream flow to her thighs, and she closed them together trying to create some friction between her legs. He was powerful, the muscles of his thighs clenched tight as his hands delved into the strands of her hair, controlling the thrusts.

He took charge, and it was a heady experience. She wouldn't mind giving total control to him in the bedroom. She lifted her hand, palming the sac beneath his cock, and she was caught

between fantasy and reality just knowing he was even more on the edge by the growls coming from his mouth.

His balls tightened further, and his thrusts came quicker. Sweat glistened on his body, and she watched as he threw his head back, lost in the pleasure they both created. She remembered to swallow when the head of his shaft reached the opening of her throat. She closed her eyes, the loss of sight magnifying her tastes and the sounds coming from both of them.

“Brianne!”

As soon as she heard the shout of her name, a stream of cum hit the back of her throat. He stopped his movements, holding his cock in her mouth as he blasted her with his seed. She loved the taste of him, inhaled his scent, and swallowed his essence.

She didn't know how much time had passed before he released her hair and she withdrew. His shaft was semisoft now, and she continued to lick him. In a way it comforted her, and she appreciated that he let her savor the moment while he petted her hair. Her emotions made her feel like she was on a roller coaster, but there was one thing she was now sure of.

He was the one. She knew that deep within her soul. But knowing it didn't soften the jolt of surprise. She almost laughed at herself but withheld it. Who would have thought that a blowjob would be so enlightening? And was love at first sight even a true concept? Because if it was, this was the first time she was experiencing it.

Still, knowing it for what it was, Brianne knew she wouldn't dare tell him how she felt. Rejection wasn't something she wanted to deal with. She rose to her feet and tried desperately not to look into his eyes. She would be humiliated and crushed if he read her clearly and then denied there was anything between them.

## Chapter Five

Clint saw the emotion swirling in her gaze, an intense longing he couldn't decipher. And he noticed the minute she shifted her gaze and put on a mask of indifference. He wanted to ask her what was on her mind, but his desire overrode anything else.

She blew his mind, and he fought the need to throw her down on the couch, sink his cock deep, and mark her as his. He wanted to rut and take her hard, fast, so she'd know he would be the first and last person to ever touch her. After this weekend he'd make his intentions clear. He still couldn't get over the surprise at how she affected him so deeply. The intensity of how much he needed her didn't weigh him down. Instead it traveled from his heart all the way to his pulsing cock.

Clint wrapped his arm around her waist, swept one hand across his desk, and threw the papers on the floor before setting her on the wood surface. He pushed her thighs apart, pulled her closer to the edge of the desk, and lowered himself onto his knees.

He kissed the inside of her leg before inhaling deep and embedding her scent into his senses. He ran his tongue over the lips of her cunt as his cock throbbed heavily at the sight of her pink flesh. She was heaven, and he was amazed that he was hard enough to pound something as if he hadn't just come down her lovely throat.

She cried out and tried to lift her pussy closer to his mouth.

He held her still with his hands. "Tell me what you want," he murmured before placing a kiss over her clit. He licked his lips, tasting the cream she offered up. She tasted sweet, tinged with a sultry heat that set his senses on fire.

She moaned. "I want you to lick me."

He reached up and sucked a nipple into his mouth. Her hands delved into his hair and clutched him to her breast. He released the mound. "What do you want me to lick, sweetheart? Your gorgeous breasts?" He bent down and flicked her clit. "Or your hungry little cunt?"



She lifted her hips as much as his hands would allow. He waited and purposely blew air onto her delicious cunt as he enjoyed the scent of her liquid fire. It didn't take her long to let him know exactly what she wanted. He wanted her mindless in her need.

“Oh God! My pussy. Please put your mouth on my pussy.”

He lowered his face to her wet heat and closed his lips over her engorged clit. She hissed as he began to suck, and a flood of cream filled his mouth. He loved her like this—slick, fiery in her pleasure. He wanted to keep her this way forever, naked, where she'd be open to him twenty-four hours a day.

He licked her vigorously, loving the way she pulled at his hair, urging him to continue with her moans. She lifted one heel onto the desk and opened herself to him even wider. He ran his tongue against her hard clit. She was ripe, on the verge of coming. He lifted his gaze and watched as she played with her breast, tugging on her nipple.

He raised his head. “You ready to come, sweetheart? I want to taste your sweetness in my mouth. I want you to feel me in you. I want to feel you on me, and around me.” He could barely put what he felt into words and silently swore he'd do a better job of it next time. He tightened his hands on her thighs and wrapped his lips around her clit once more.

“Clint!” She ground her cunt against his lips, his chin, anywhere she could. She blew his mind and melted his defenses. She was urgent now, evident in the way her muscles tightened, and the way she arched into him. The sight was hot, her taste filling a hollow part of him. This was how he wanted her, open to him physically and perhaps emotionally. He was awash in sensations—sight, sound, taste—and he thought he'd come again from that alone.

“Oh God, yes, that's good...so good,” she whispered minutes later as he continued to stroke her with his tongue.

He rose from his position, his cock hard, his balls heavy with his hunger for her. He reached for the condom in the back of his jeans. He was surprised when she pushed his hands away and put the rubber on him. He groaned, fighting back the need to come from her touch alone.

He watched as she lay back and placed her feet on the desk. He lined his cock up to the sweetest pussy he'd ever known and slowly sank in. Fire raced up his spine, and his eyes nearly crossed from the pleasure.

He thrust and threw his head back, relishing the way her pussy grasped him so perfectly. “You’re so fucking hot, so tight, sweetheart.” He was at a loss for further words and expressed himself by driving into her. He wasn’t going to last long this first time.

She moaned, a loud, hungry cry as her hips bowed, and he reached down to circle her clit with his thumb. Her scent wrapped around him, her heat tightening down on his dick. He thrust deep as he strummed her clit with his fingers. Her cream was slick, searing his fingers, and he wanted to lick her, drown himself in her essence.

He was seconds from coming, and thank God she beat him to it. Her pussy spasmed, then clamped down and sent a ripple of fire through his cock. His heart beat fast, his blood rushing hot through his veins. His dick throbbed, then pulsed, and he groaned as his seed ripped through his body harshly, then filled the condom.

Seconds later he put his head on her breasts as he willed his heart to stop racing. She stroked his hair, and he felt her thighs and hand tremble. He rose, pulled out of her, then discarded the condom in the wastebasket. He picked her up and sat with her on his lap on the sofa. She laid her head against his shoulder while he ran his hands over her body. This was the way they should remain forever: content, at peace, and sated.

“I see I’ve arrived a little too late.”

She raised her head and sprang up as soon as she realized the words hadn’t come from Clint. The postorgasmic bliss, which made her bones slack, quickly diminished at the sight of Zack. She could guess as to why he was here, but why had Clint not mentioned Zack was coming? Was their discussion about a threesome a prelude to this?

With all the unanswered questions running through her mind, Brianne hastily scrambled to her feet and reached for her robe. Once clothed, she turned to them both. Clint was in the process of buttoning his jeans while Zack stood in the doorway, his arms crossed over his muscled chest. She took a step back, overwhelmed at both of their gazes on her. She didn’t know if she wanted to beg them to take her, or to shout at them for overwhelming her.

Zack was the first one to break the silence. “I didn’t mean to frighten you.”

Frightened? That wasn’t what she was feeling right now. Upset, yes; confused, lust, all of those too. “I’m more annoyed than frightened.”

Clint raised a brow. "Annoyed?"

"At my presence," Zack interjected. "You want to know why I'm here."

The way Zack watched her, as if he could eat her right up, confirmed why he was there. Brianne was just pissed Clint had never mentioned anything or even asked if it was all right with her. "I can pretty much guess why you're here. I'm slightly irritated at the fact your brother never told me you were coming." She turned toward Clint. "Why is that?"

"My brother is about twelve hours early," Clint replied. "Zack was supposed to arrive tomorrow afternoon. I was going to bring up the subject at breakfast."

She pressed her legs together under their stare, and it created a slight pressure on her pussy. How would it feel to be sandwiched between the two of them, their hands touching her, driving her lust wilder? Clint got to her like no other man, but to have Zack in front of her like this made her want them both. Still, she needed to focus. More was going on here than her desires. "That doesn't answer my question. What subject are you speaking of? Why wait? Were you intending a surprise?"

Clint took a step toward her. "Oh, I have many surprises for you up my sleeve, sweetheart. As to the subject, I thought that was pretty clear. Me, you, and him equals three." The corners of his lips tilted upward, and he looked even more handsome but condescending, which only served to spark her fire.

"You are so arrogant," she whispered. Her heart pounded hard against her chest as lust and anger threatened to explode. "I admit that you pretty much bought me for this weekend, and I'm probably more at fault for accepting it than you for offering. But that doesn't mean you get to choose who beds me or not."

"Christ, Brianne!" Clint growled as he made a move toward her. "That sure as hell wasn't my intention."

She shook her head. "I'm going to bed. You both can go up the creek for all I care."

Clint reached out to grab her, but she sidestepped him, making it to the door. She lifted her hand, intending to push Zack out of the way. But he moved away, allowing her to escape.

\* \* \*

“You know you always did have a problem with stating your intentions clearly,” Zack said as he sat on the sofa. “I apologize for arriving early though. A Friday night at home alone didn't sound so appealing after hearing your request. You hadn't mentioned you didn't plan to speak with her until morning.”

Clint picked his shirt up off the floor. “You shouldn't have assumed. A call to my cell phone would've been nice.”

Zack shrugged. “Stop being so damn grumpy. Besides, I doubt that you would have picked up the phone. I feel like shit for putting that hurt in her gaze.”

Clint made his way to his chair and sat. “You and me both.”

“You should go talk to her.”

Clint ran a hand through his hair as his gut clenched. “I will. I just want to give her a few minutes to herself. Shit! This is a first for me, bro. This whole crazy offer I made her. I just wanted to relieve the worry she had for her mother. But I'm going about it the wrong way, and now she probably thinks I'm a grade A asshole.”

“Perhaps giving her a reprieve till tomorrow isn't such a bad idea,” Zack replied. “Women are very complex, and I wouldn't want to guess how she was feeling right now. Staying away until morning is probably the way to go.”

Clint sat back down. “Maybe. I just hope I didn't screw things up beyond repair.”

## Chapter Six

Morning came a little too quickly for Brienne. Having showered and then gotten dressed in black shorts with a white tank top made her feel a little better. She had managed to coax a steel resolve into her mind by thinking the sex with Clint was another part of her job. But her emotions still weren't in check. She had expected Clint to come to her last night, and after an hour of waiting, she'd fallen asleep.

And that had hurt. She understood that one night of sex didn't make for a relationship, and it frightened her that she was even thinking of it as that. Since Brady, she hadn't ever thought of relationships or forever after. So why was she letting Clint affect her in that way? She'd have to think about that later.

She walked over to the kitchen and was on the verge of entering when she stopped to watch Clint pour himself some coffee. He looked delectable dressed in a black tank and blue jeans. How would he react if she just walked up to him and wrapped her arms around him from behind? Could she open herself up in such a way, or was she taking this agreement too far by showing him affection? Perhaps she should just look at the situation for what it was: a weekend of no strings attached sex. If she stuck to that, then perhaps she'd be strong enough and not be overcome with emotions.

"Go in."

She froze, apprehension gluing her to the spot at the voice whispering into her ear. She turned and licked her lips. "Zack."

He took a step back and gave her some distance, which she appreciated. His aura was just as overpowering as Clint's. "Good morning."

She could lose herself staring into those dark eyes of his. She glanced away. "Good morning."

"What are you waiting for?"

She shook her head and entered the kitchen. “Nothing.”

She made her way to the counter as Clint turned around. She reached for a cup of coffee, and instead Clint grabbed her hand and pulled her closer to him. “I’m sorry about last night.”

She heard the sincerity in his voice. But she shrugged, hoping to maintain an aloof facade with him. She couldn’t afford to dwell on last night any longer. “Forget it. It’s over.” They probably had a lot to talk about, and she should act like a grown-up by confronting her feelings. But she wasn’t up for that yet, especially when she didn’t know exactly how she felt about him.

He rubbed his thumb across her bottom lip, and for an instant she thought he would kiss her. But he pulled his hand back. “I respect you greatly, and what you’ve agreed to has not changed that in any way. I’m sorry if I wasn’t up-front with you about Zack.”

She didn’t realize how much she’d needed to hear him say that. “Thank you for saying it. You didn’t have to.” She blinked back tears, suddenly feeling overwhelmed with the urge to cry. “So, what’s for breakfast?” She hoped he picked up on the change of subject.

“I made some pancakes. Dig in.”

Zack made his way to the table, and they all sat down and ate breakfast. Brianne took her time, collecting her thoughts.

Twenty minutes later with her stomach full, Brianne glanced up as a spark of awareness chased down her spine. Both men stared at her. She swallowed against the nervousness that seemed to overtake her, but she was still determined to figure them out. “What’s on your mind, guys?”

“In light of what happened yesterday,” Clint answered, “I want to speak to you about why Zack is here.”

“It’s pretty obvious why he’s here.” It was something she tossed and turned to all night while she contemplated the threesome. What healthy woman wouldn’t want to have sex with two gorgeous men? But as hungry as she was for the both of them, Brianne had reservations. Whatever was going on between her and Clint could possibly change if she shared her bed with Zack too.

Even though Clint had stated he’d always respect her, saying and doing so were two different things. No one knew how they’d feel tomorrow, but still she considered herself a rational human being. What if this was a once-in-a-lifetime chance?

Jolie told her the threesome between her, Mac, and Clint was a fantasy she'd always had and that Mac fulfilled. She hadn't given Brianne any details of the sex. Brianne was grateful for that because even back then she knew there was something about Clint that called to her. Jolie did say it was an experience she'd never forget, but she'd also said it wouldn't happen again. Her love for Mac surpassed her desires, and Jolie had no interest in anyone else. Brianne believed her and saw it in the way her best friend looked at her husband.

Brianne could admit she wanted to be with Clint in every sense of the word. After last night's explosive sex, she craved and hungered for him even more and couldn't get him off her mind. But still the "what ifs" were daunting.

Clint reached for her hand, and she couldn't help but admire his strength, which was so evident in the way he held her. Strong palm, long fingers, but gentle at the same time. "Is it something you would consider?"

"I'd be a liar if I said no. It's been on my mind since last night." Brianne wrenched her gaze from his and decided to concentrate on the way his fingertips rubbed against the back of her hand. Such a simple gesture that had her nipples hardening. He affected her even in the smallest of ways. "Just thinking about the way you both would pleasure me heats me up. It's an opportunity I'd be silly to pass up. But what do you and Zack get out of it?"

"Seeing a woman experience pure bliss is something that stays with you a long time," Clint answered. "But seeing a woman in pure bliss that you care about stays etched in your memories forever."

Wow. She lifted her gaze, and the heat of his gaze set her clit to throbbing. It wasn't just his words, but the intense sincerity behind them. "I don't know what to say to that."

Clint tightened his hand. "You don't have to say anything. I don't want you to think that our agreement has anything to do with you having to say yes. It is truly all up to you. You say the word 'no' and my brother will leave today, right now."

"I agree. There is no pressure," Zack added. "Just say the word, and I'm gone."

Brianne turned at the sound of his voice. "Why would you help him in this?" She was probably asking one too many questions, but besides the obvious, which was sex, she needed to know what motivated them.

“Watching a woman being pleasured slowly, and peaking to her rawest moment is a treasure,” Zack replied. “You are beautiful, but not just that. There is something about you that draws my brother to you. And if I can be a part of that, even for a few hours, it will be something I’ll be grateful for always. Make no mistake, Brianne. This isn’t casual.”

She was going to ignore that last comment simply because she couldn’t tell if he was speaking about himself or his brother.

“You don’t have to answer us right now,” Clint said as he rose to his feet.

He tugged on her hand and she followed.

“It’s a beautiful day outside, and I happened to have a great pool on the rooftop. Change into your suit and come swim with me.”

She smiled. The idea of spending more time with him pleased her. Maybe this weekend wouldn’t be solely about their agreement. “Okay.”



## Chapter Seven

Clint glanced up as she made her way to him dressed in a sexy white bikini. She stunned him with her natural beauty. She wore no makeup except for some shimmering lip gloss that highlighted her delectable mouth. He'd dated his fair share of women who put their appearance before anything else. But Brianne was selfless, and though she was extremely pretty, her priorities weren't about her.

He reached for the two wineglasses he'd poured minutes earlier. "Sit down and have a drink."

She sat on a lounge chair and grabbed the glass. "Thank you. This is beautiful up here."

He downed the liquid in one shot. He couldn't seem to take his eyes off her. "It is. This was the first thing I had built before I moved here. I wanted a place where I could come home and be at total peace. The skyline provides a perfect view."

"Everything about it seems marvelous. How long did it take to have the pool built?"

"Six months. Permits, architects, drawings, and since it was going to be a built-in pool, everything had to be detailed and correct. But it was worth the wait."

Clint set his glass down and took hers, placing it on the table. "Let's go for a swim."

A faint smile curved her lips as she rose. "Catch me if you can." But he saw she had no intention of running as she walked to the edge of the pool and dived in.

He stripped off the T-shirt he wore, and tossed it behind him, before diving in too. He swam, reached the end of the pool, and broke the surface. He glanced around and saw her waiting on the same side as he was.

She swam to him and leaned in close. "I have something to admit," she whispered into his ear.

And just like that, he was rock hard, his cock aching to be inside her. He swallowed. “What's that?”

She pulled back so she was looking straight into his eyes. “The first time I met you, it was lust at first sight.”

“Lust at first sight?” He repeated the words, knowing that in seconds he'd be deep inside her or go insane with the need building within him.

She nodded. “You asked why I ran from you the night of the wedding. I wasn't ready to admit it to myself then. But it was because I couldn't control the sinful thoughts running around in my head. I wanted you, and the intensity of it frightened me.”

He wrapped his arm around her waist and pulled her even closer. “Why?”

She shimmied in the water for a few seconds, her hands doing something below. “Ever had sex in your pool?”

His eyes widened as she lifted her bikini bottom to his line of vision and then tossed it somewhere behind him. Effective change of subject. He knew it for what it was, and he wished to hell he had the strength to keep asking her questions in hopes that she would open up to him.

“No,” he growled as she placed her hands on his shoulders. The sun burned, warming the water, but it was the heat in his veins that brought out his need for her. She would make his life an adventure, and he doubted he'd ever be bored with her.

He moved away from the wall of the pool and pulled his trunks off, throwing them somewhere behind him. He turned her around so she was the one who had her back to the hard surface. She lifted her legs and circled them around his waist, which put his cockhead inches from entering her.

He pressed his forehead against hers and cursed silently. “The condoms are in my bedroom.”

“It's okay. I'm protected against pregnancy and I've never not used one before now. I trust you in this, Clint.”

“Ditto, sweetheart. I'm clean, and you are the first.” He forced the words out even as he noticed her reference of trust in just sex. Damn, he hoped to hell she hadn't meant it. He wanted her to trust him in anything and everything.

His cock was at the entrance of her pussy, and nothing on earth but her could make him move from this spot. He pushed the head of his dick in and stopped to savor her heat.

The decision to not use condoms was one he didn't make easily. But ever since he'd first been introduced to her, she'd made him crazy with more than just lust, and he'd never felt this way before about anyone else. All of that he'd dissect later. At this moment all he could concentrate on was the way her nails dug into his shoulders and the way her thighs pressed around him.

With a thrust of his hips, he sank himself into her in one quick lunge. She was tight, slick, so fucking hot that he almost came on the spot. He wanted to stay entrenched forever just like this, connected to her in the most elemental of ways.

He moved, slowly fucking her in long, deep strokes as her pussy rippled around his cock. He reached around her and undid the top of her bikini. It floated away as he bent his head and took a tight, pink nipple into his mouth. He heard her murmur his name and he softly bit at the tip and then sucked in response.

She arched closer to him, and he moved across, giving her other breast the same attention. He pulled back, then thrust in all the way, and she moaned. He raised his head and collided with her gaze. The intensity of her feelings was there, showing clearly in her eyes. She couldn't hide it any longer; she was just as open to him as he was to her. She more than cared for him. And in that same life-changing moment, he recognized how deep his own feelings were for her. He didn't want this weekend to end and would move the heavens to have her with him forever. Soon. Hopefully.

"Clint." She whispered his name, the passion evident in her tone. She tightened her legs even harder around him and delved her fingers into his hair. She pulled his head down, and he took her mouth in a scorching kiss, then sucked her tongue just the way her pussy was sucking his cock.

The heat skittered down his spine and clenched his balls tight. He broke the kiss, groaning at the need to come, seconds away from emptying himself entirely into her.

"Oh, Clint! I'm there." Her pussy spasmed hard around his cock, her nails dug into his skin as she exploded around him, and Clint could do nothing but follow her into the abyss of ecstasy.

Brianne opened her eyes as Clint lifted her out of the pool. But a movement at her peripheral had her turning her head.

*Zack.*

How long had he been there? He was watching her, his hand clasped around his cock as he stroked through the fabric of his shorts. What would he taste like against her tongue? She licked her lips, and his eyes seemed to sizzle, focusing on the movement of her mouth. He was so close, and all she probably had to do was whisper his name and he'd come right over. Would she have the courage to say yes to both of them? She desperately wanted to, and as odd as it sounded, the way Clint held her so tightly at this moment, she felt brave enough to.

This was a major decision. She'd visit her mother, and take the time to think it through, before she gave them her answer.

## Chapter Eight

Brianne went to the nursing home to see how her mother was doing, but it also gave her some time away from Clint. And she needed that more than anything. He was intense, and he made her want things she'd given up on so long ago. A relationship with Clint was something she desperately wanted to try. But was that what Clint wanted? He gave her hope and made her dream of the future.

The sex in the pool had blown her away, and she had realized it the moment he'd seen her emotions. Their gazes had connected, and he'd seen the fact that she was starting to fall head over heels for him, and it was too late for her to cover it with a mask of indifference.

Pushing her thoughts momentarily aside, Brianne entered her mother's room, silently hoping that today she'd recognize her own daughter, even if it was just for a little while. Her chest tightened, tears rushing to her eyes as she saw her mother sitting in a chair, staring out the window. What was she thinking? Or was she even aware of her surroundings? She prayed that she was coherent, because she needed her mother more than anything.

She made her way over and sat across her mother. "Mom?"

Her mother turned and smiled. "Brianne, I was hoping you'd come today."

The tears did spill, and Brianne wiped at them quickly. "I'm here every other day, Mom. I marked an X on the calendar on the days I'll be here." She pointed to the calendar. "See? It's hanging right above your bed."

Her mother nodded. "I hadn't noticed it before. Thank you for putting it up there."

It had been up for a month now, but Brianne wasn't going to tell her that. "No problem, Mom. How was your day?"

"It was great. I played bridge with a few of my friends, and I was just thinking before you came in how I wanted to speak with you."

Brianne leaned closer to her, surprised that her mom sounded rational. “About what? Is everything okay? You do like it here, right?”

“Everything's fine, dear. But the last few weeks there's been a sadness to your eyes, and I can tell you've been crying. Why are you so sad, dear?”

She tried with every ounce of her will not to cry. And it took a few minutes before she could get herself under control. “I just want both of us to be happy. It's all I've ever wanted.”

Her mom reached out and grabbed her hand. “Don't sacrifice your happiness for the sake of mine. You have always come first to me, and that won't change because you feel I'm an obligation now.”

“No, Mom. That's not how I see it. You've taken care of me all your life, and now it's my turn. I will never turn my back on you.”

Her mom gave her hand a squeeze. “So, what has you this upset?”

“I'm just a bit confused. I've met this man, and he's become important. I just don't want to hope too much.”

“Oh, Brianne, you deserve so much. How do you feel about him?”

“I care about him, and I know it can be more. It is more. But what if it fades, Mom?”

“Honey, life is one whole big chance, and you won't be able to live it to the fullest if you fear it. Tomorrow isn't promised to us. If you want to be with this man, go with the moment. I hadn't noticed that Brady did such a number on you, but now I can see it. He wasn't good enough for you. But this special man, if he touches your heart in that unique way, then you'll know he's the right one. Your father did that for me, and that's how I knew I wanted to spend the rest of my life with him.”

Her mom rose to her feet, and Brianne did so as well. She opened up her frail arms, and Brianne stepped in, happy for this moment that her mom knew the right things to say, and more importantly, remembered her.

\* \* \*

Brianne stepped into the living room and immediately saw Clint lounging on the sofa. He was so handsome in just a pair of shorts and an unbuttoned shirt with a beer in his hand. It amazed her that he could look this devilishly sexy just by being so comfortable and laid-back.

“How did it go with your mom?”

She sat next to him. “It went great. She remembered me. I was afraid she wouldn't, but it was as if she'd never been ill. Then we talked—really talked and I'd forgotten how wise she was, and she understood me completely. I haven't spoken to her like that in a long time.”

“She sounds like an amazing woman. I would love to meet her one day.”

“You would?” She blinked. How in the hell had he managed to surprise her again? She truly didn't mean to sound so shocked, but she hadn't expected that to come out of his mouth.

He tilted his head to the side. “You sound amazed that I would want to meet with your mom. Why?”

“I just didn't expect it.”

He set the beer down on the side table and kissed her lips. “Well, as they say, expect the unexpected. Your mom brought you into this world. Of course I'd want to meet her.”

He was different than the average males who always tried asking her out on dates. She refused most of them simply because she didn't feel that initial spark. But Clint made her feel more than that. She needed to move forward and take the reins, show him how much she craved him. But first she needed to get a few words out. “I wanted to thank you.”

“For what?”

“Just as I was walking out of the door to the nursing home, I saw the lady I'd been speaking to in the accounting department. She told me I owed nothing for the next twelve months on my mom's bill, and she was amazed I was able to come up with the entire amount so quickly. So thank you. For keeping your word, for doing it so fast, and for being the man I hoped you'd be.”

“Brienne, I...”

She reached over and laid her hand on his thigh. “You don't have to say anything. My mom told me today to simply go with the flow and worry about expectations later. I've been too uptight thinking about what-ifs and tomorrow. Meet me in your bedroom in about fifteen minutes.”

She rose to her feet and made her way to the stairs. “And Clint?”

“Yeah?”

She turned and saw the hunger in his gaze. And as her own eyes lowered, she watched as his cock hardened against the denim. She licked her lips, remembering his unique taste. “Bring Zack.”

\* \* \*

Clint couldn't rip his gaze from her as she sauntered away, heading to his room. He wanted to run after her, take her on the stairs, and fuck her until he couldn't breathe.

At first glance, even before introductions were made, Clint had known she was extraordinary. Everything about her called to him on so many levels, from her intelligence to her very sexual being.

But his emotions felt like they were on a roller-coaster ride with her. He'd been on the verge of telling her how he really felt, and then she'd blown him away when she'd accepted his offer of a threesome. He hadn't thought she'd go ahead with it, and he'd been unsure of where it would lead them. There'd been a momentary sadness to her gaze, and he'd wanted to ask what was running through her head. No matter the circumstances that brought them together, he hoped to hell it wasn't he who put that distressed look on her face.

She disappeared from his view, and he had to force himself not to run after her. She was going ahead with the ménage, he reminded himself, and he'd make sure it was special for her...special to the both of them.

“Couldn't help but overhear her words.”

Clint turned to the sound of his brother's voice. “I take it you're still interested?”

“I'd have to be dead not to be interested. She's gorgeous. But you still okay with it, bro? Our past threesomes didn't involve women you or I cared for deeply. This is something different altogether.”

It didn't surprise him that Zack knew how he felt. He and his brother were close, and in a world without a mother and father, they appreciated the fact they had each other. “It's one night, Zack. And after that, she'll be mine alone.” If he had to kidnap her and handcuff her to a bed until he convinced her that they were perfect for each other, he'd do exactly that.

“She is special. Just make sure she knows it, bro.”



## Chapter Nine

Nerves had a way of overpowering thoughts, and it almost sent her into a panicked frenzy, and filled her mind with doubts. But the decision was made, and Brianne wasn't going to go back on her word. She would experience the threesome and could only hope it didn't change the way Clint felt about her. She was pretty sure nothing could change her feelings for Clint.

She'd taken a quick shower, released the tie that held her hair together, and positioned herself on Clint's massive bed completely nude. She took a deep breath, hoping to calm herself. She'd purposely closed the door to Clint's room so she'd see them coming in.

*You can do this Brianne. Trust him. He isn't going to hurt you.*

She repeated those words at least three times in her head, and then she heard the door swing open. Clint stood at the entrance a few seconds, and it was as if she was spellbound, because she couldn't remove her gaze from his. Time seemed to stand still, and she could swear the only thing she heard was her heart pounding in her chest. He finally walked in, and right behind him was Zack.

"Goddamn! You are gorgeous," Clint murmured as his hands went to his belt, unbuckling it and then removing his shorts. His cock was already hard, and as he walked to the bed, Brianne saw moisture seeping from the slit. The sight made her even hungrier for him. She fought against the need to jump in his arms and beg him to take her now.

She turned to Zack. No way was he just going to watch this time, and she'd make sure he knew it. "I want your clothes off now." She was surprised at the authority in her tone, but she refused to let Zack just sit back and do nothing.

Zack smiled. "Sure thing, darling." He stripped his clothes off in record time, and Brianne heated up even more at the sight of his dick, just as long, thick, and rigid as Clint's.

“Come here,” Clint ordered. She moved to the edge of the bed, felt the rush of feminine power as Clint's hand tangled in her hair and pulled her slightly, positioning her at the head of his shaft.

“Widen your stance and take my dick into your mouth.” Clint growled as he stroked his cock twice before releasing it.

Her breasts ached, her nipples were stiff, and her cream seemed to flow out of her rapidly. She bet if she just touched her clit once, she'd go off like a rocket, and she was tempted to do so.

“Suck my cock, sweetheart,” Clint murmured. “Get it good and wet.”

She opened her mouth, her breath escaping in a pant as she took the head of his cock in. His taste burst onto her tongue, spice with musk. Clint's fingers tightened on her hair as she steadily moved to take three quarters of his length in, remembering to breathe so she wouldn't gag. She worked Clint with her mouth, all the while keeping her eyes steadily on him. His expression was tight, fierce with lust, and she moaned around his length as she felt Zack behind her.

Zack's lips brushed down her spine to her buttocks, and her thighs quivered. To have both men aroused, wanting only her, blew her mind away.

She needed Clint's or Zack's shaft within her, fucking her until she was mindless with desire.

Clint's cock throbbed in her mouth, and she moaned as she felt Zack situate his face between her thighs. Then his tongue touched her clit, and she became lost in sensation, arousal forcing her body to shake. Her orgasm began to build from within, the fire spreading quickly through her. She was shocked that she was moments away from coming, when Zack hadn't even been there for two minutes. But this was what they did to her. More importantly this was what Clint did to her.

Clint took charge, thrusting in and out of her mouth. She loved that powerful side of him. A stream of precum filled her mouth, and she swallowed his essence and hummed around his shaft. His balls were tight at the base of his cock, and she could tell he was on the verge of coming, just as she was. Zack fucked her with his tongue, and she was on the edge, desperately trying to hang on so Clint could come before she did.

Zack pressed his lips around her clit as Clint shouted her name and filled her mouth. She swallowed and continued to suck him, still amazed at how hard and beautiful he was. The pressure Zack kept up on her pussy was too much. He had a devastatingly talented mouth that kept pushing her. Her stomach clenched, her pulse pounding fast as she felt the sweet victory of being so close to the brink of ecstasy. She exploded, shouting as much as she could around Clint's cock, melting around both of them, wishing she had Clint's shaft deep inside her.

She was aware of Clint pulling back and of Zack moving from between her legs. She lay on the bed, fighting to catch her breath and for some strength to return to her muscles.

“Brianne.”

She rose to her knees at the sound of Clint's voice.

He bent his head and took her mouth in a kiss that shot to her toes. She wrapped her hand around his dick, stroking him and cupping his heavy balls at the same time. They sucked on each other's tongue for a few moments before he released her. “I need you. Climb onto Zack, sweetheart. Let him feel how tight and hot your pussy is.”

He set her off with just words, her body tingling as fire streaked from her clit to her womb. She released him and did as he requested.

She faced Zack, who was laying on the bed, his condom-covered cock jutting straight up near his belly button. He was just as hot as his brother, and for a moment she wondered why no one had fallen in love with him yet.

He grinned at her, and through his tight smile she could see how much pressure he was under by holding back. She licked her lips, anticipation tightening her muscles. “Climb on, sweetheart.”

She straddled him, grabbed his shaft, and positioned the head at her opening. She lowered herself slowly as Zack lifted his head and wrapped his mouth around her nipple. He licked, nibbled, sucked, then pulled back as she sank all the way down. Zack groaned and arched his hips, driving himself deep within her.

She whimpered and froze as she heard Clint's voice. “Not yet, Zack.”

Zack stilled, and Clint murmured, “Sweetheart, bend forward. Have you ever had anal sex?” He pressed his finger to her opening, and she instinctively pushed down, allowing him entry.

“No,” she whispered as Clint moved his finger in and out.

Having Zack remain so deep and motionless made her hungrier. “Please, Clint.” She was helpless in her need, caught between the pleasure both men were providing.

He added another digit. “I want to so bad my balls ache. Will you let me?”

“Yes. Yes.” She was at his mercy. Didn't he know that yet? She'd do anything for him at this point. Her heart felt like exploding in her chest as emotion washed through her.

Clint coated her back entrance with lubricant and then reinserted his fingers, thrusting in and out once more. Her sheath tightened on Zack as she moved her hips, rubbing her clit against his groin. And that's when she felt the head of Clint's cock at the entrance of her ass.

She stiffened automatically, and he whispered into her ear, “Relax; let me in, sweetheart.”

He pushed, and Zack lifted his head once more. Zack took her nipple into his mouth and sucked hard. She trembled with desire, with the desperate need to fully bond with Clint. This was that moment where she would give him all her body and her heart.

She dug her nails into Zack's shoulder, using it as an anchor as Clint's cock passed the sphincter. Emotion washed through her, and she gasped as Clint finally slid all the way in. She heaved a breath, then released it as both men finally began to move.

She clenched around both cocks as Zack released her breast. She moaned, and they began to move deeply, leaving their marks within her. This moment in time would forever be etched into her memory, and her only regret was that she couldn't look into Clint's eyes as he took her.

Clint delved his fingers into her hair and pulled her head back, exposing her neck. She shivered as he continued to move, fucking her. He latched his mouth at the flesh on her neck, sucking the skin. Seconds passed, and he continued to taste her. She was sure he'd marked her, and when he released her, her flesh tingled.

He placed a kiss at her neck over the skin he'd just sucked. “You are so perfect, Brianne, inside and out. I'll never forget this moment. Never forget you.”

Why did his words sound like good-bye? She pushed away the negative thought. She closed her eyes and immersed herself in them, the way they moved and held her. Clint pulled at her nipples as Zack reached for her clit and strummed it. Fire streaked from her pussy to her womb, and she held it, biting back the need to erupt. She wanted to feel this bliss for a few more

moments, wanted to remember the pain and pleasure that whipped through her as she hung on the brink of paradise.

She screamed as their pace quickened and Zack tightened his fingers on her hips, holding her there while he slid in deep. Clint's hands were at her waist, and he pushed her to the edge, his cock tunneling in and out of her ass at a rapid pace. White-hot, heat enveloped her until she didn't know where she began or ended. Sweat coated their flesh as their scents filled the air, and she took everything in. She was seconds away from tipping over into what she suspected would be the best pleasure she'd ever known when Zack shouted his release, his grunt loud and clear as his cock throbbed inside her.

She clenched down on Zack's dick as Clint's shaft pulsed. "Come now, Brianne."

She realized subconsciously Clint was the trigger she was waiting for, but she didn't have time to dwell on that fact. As soon as he uttered those words, she fell over the edge, screaming his name. Ripples of delight filled her, and she almost cried at the sheer gratification of it. Clint's shaft jerked, and she bore down, her ass tightening around him as he filled her with the hot splash of his seed.

It took minutes for her pulse to return to a normal rate. Clint pulled out of her, and Zack lifted her from his cock. She collapsed on the bed, watching as Zack, clothes in hand, walked out of the room, and Clint headed for the bathroom.

Unease filled her bones, and she was unsure whether to stay or go.

*If he comes out right at this moment, I'll stay.*

Struggling with her emotions, Brianne heard Clint turn the shower on, and she realized she wasn't strong enough to stay and find out where this would all lead, if anywhere.

Decision made.

Her body was completely numb, but the pain in her heart was so strong she had to heave a breath to force herself to rise to her feet. In the back of her mind, she knew he could just be washing up and would probably be out within minutes. But by staying she'd be forcing him to a confrontation, and that was a position he probably didn't want to be in. Never mind that today was only Saturday, and she still owed him Sunday. She'd work that out with him later. She couldn't be in his presence any longer. Time alone was what she needed.

She struggled to get dressed, then ran to the room she'd slept in and packed her bag.

It was her nightmare come to life, and she cursed herself for not listening to her brain at all. The threesome had probably broken what fragile connection they had, and in that second she realized Clint had effectively ruined her for any other man.

## Chapter Ten

*Son of a bitch!* Clint sat on the sofa, surprised that Brianne had just left him. And she wasn't just out for a simple walk. It couldn't have been that easy. She'd taken all the clothes she'd brought with her, packed, and simply left without so much as a word. *Damn it all to hell!* What had gone wrong? He thought he'd made his feelings clear with her. He tried to recall if he'd whispered the words of how he wanted to stay with her during their lovemaking. Perhaps he hadn't, and what a big fucking mistake that was, because now she wasn't where she needed to be. Here with him.

"She's gone," Zack said as he entered the living room and slid into a seat. "I walked two blocks at least, and there was no sign of her. What the hell did you do to her that she felt the need to run?"

"Christ, Zack. I was in the shower when she walked out on me. I thought she'd be waiting when I returned. I couldn't have been gone for more than a few minutes. What was going through her mind that she felt the need to run from me?"

"Something must have freaked her out, bro. Did you tell her anything before you stepped into the shower?"

"I didn't say a word to her. By the sound of the shower, I thought she'd know I was just cleaning up."

Zack sighed. "Have you told her how you felt about her yet?"

Clint winced. "Not exactly." *Shit!* Talking to her should've been his number one priority. "Who would have thought attempting to have a relationship with a woman I bribed would be so difficult?" He laughed, but the sound was hollow even to his own ears. He felt like putting his fist through a wall, unleashing the sudden anger that consumed him.

“She sure has your damn emotions twisted in knots. I can only guess that she ran because you didn't tell her how you felt. You should've done it when you first realized how much she meant to you. After that explosive sex we just had, I was pretty sure you'd let her know.”

Clint rose to his feet and ran his fingers through his hair. “I screwed up majorly here, and I don't know if anything I say will get her back.”

“Take the reins on this, bro. You need to make sure she knows how you feel. If she walks away, then you follow her. Hell, tie her down to the bed if that'll make her listen.”

Clint turned to Zack. “I have about three years on you, so do you want to tell me when you got to know so much about women?”

“Just watching and learning, bro.”

\* \* \*

She'd been home for five hours now, sitting alone in the dark and forcing her mind to go blank. It helped for a long while, or at least until she'd heard Clint's voice on her answering machine, four phone calls from him, all pleading for her to call him back. And then there were the ones from Jolie saying how worried she was after not having heard anything from Brianne. But she couldn't push herself to pick up the phone. Solitude was what she needed for now, even if it was only temporarily.

Brianne clutched her pillow to her heart and closed her eyes at the memory of Clint. She doubted she'd get him out of her head anytime soon. She knew for certain he was nothing like Brady because the pain in her chest was nothing like she'd ever felt before.

It seemed she should have listened to her brain after all. She wasn't enough for him, and more importantly he hadn't opened up to her. But then she hadn't revealed how she felt either.

She'd felt shut out after the threesome, when he should have been with her, cuddling, holding, reassuring her that her decision had been the right one.

*God!* The urge to scream rose within her chest, and she held it in. Why did it have to be so painful?

She was devastated that Clint was nowhere around so she could unleash her insecurities, her fury. And why would he be around when she was the one who'd walked out on him? She



regretted that instantly, because when he was with her, their connection was strong. He knew her inside and out. And it was way more than she'd bargained for.

What a mess her life was turning out to be. She didn't feel like she had control of anything anymore. How was she supposed to walk into work on Monday and pretend this weekend never happened? How would she face him and hide her feelings from him?

She finally screamed her frustrations, squeezing her hands into tight fists as her nails dug into her hands, leaving marks. Tears spilled from her eyes. She was a coward, running from his home without confronting her feelings. And perhaps because of that she'd never be the same again.

\* \* \*

Brianne entered her mother's bedroom on Sunday morning. She hoped her mom didn't sense any sadness in her today. She wouldn't be able to deal with it. She reached out, placing her hand on her mom's elbow. "Hey, Mom, how are you today?"

She turned and looked at Brianne. "Who are you?"

Brianne blinked and swallowed against the sudden knot lodged in her throat as she moved her gaze to the window.

*Do not break apart! You've seen this before and you know she still loves you.*

It took a while before she got her emotions under control. She turned to face her mother once more. "I'm your daughter, Brianne."

"I have a daughter?" her mother whispered.

This time she couldn't help but cry as her heart broke.

\* \* \*

"It's about time you picked up your phone." Jolie's voice was filled with concern, and Brianne momentarily felt a sense of guilt. There had been no reason to worry her friend, yet she had done exactly that. But the time alone had given her a chance to get her thoughts together.

"I'm sorry for not calling sooner. I've just needed to get my head on straight, and I needed some time to myself."

“Brianne, Clint's called me several times. He told me everything. I've given you the space, and frankly in another hour I was going to have Mac break your door down. Honey, you have to shake it off.”

He'd told her everything? She wanted to ask Jolie what that everything was, but she didn't think her heart could take any more sadness. “Never mind that. How was your honeymoon?”

“You are so not blowing me off. He is worried out of his mind about you, and so am I. What's going on? Why have you shut us out?”

“Clint and I had a deal, and I misunderstood the terms of it. I should've asked him to clarify a few things. But it's all right now that I've had the time to rethink everything.”

Jolie sighed. “I understand this has to be worked out between you and him. But I'm here for you always, so whenever you want me to hear what you're feeling, pick up the phone and call me. As a matter of fact, you should give Clint a call. I'm sure all of this is a mix-up, and you both probably got your signals crossed.”

“Perhaps in time. But for now, Jolie, I need to be by myself.”

“I'm glad you're okay, and when you're ready to talk, I'm here.”

“I know.”

“I love you, Brianne.”

“I love you too.”

She clicked the phone off and set it down.

What the hell was she going to do tomorrow? Should she even show up at the office? She needed this job, but at what cost? And was there any possibility that she could fix what had happened between her and Clint? Perhaps they could at the very least remain friends. But she owed him financially so she would keep the job temporarily until she found a way to pay him back and was able to secure a new job.

## Chapter Eleven

Brianne entered the office, hoping the plan she'd thought up last night would work. By staying home hiding she would accomplish nothing, and her bills needed to be paid. So she would act like nothing had happened between her and Clint. It would be difficult, but if she avoided him as much as possible and kept their conversations strictly on business, then she could perhaps succeed. It was worth a shot, but deep down, no matter how much she tried to convince herself, there was no way what happened this weekend wouldn't come up at work.

Clint didn't appear to be the type of man who backed down.

She moved to her office and set her bag down, surprised that no one appeared to be around. The front door was open, but Carey was nowhere to be found, and she was usually the one Brianne saw first thing every morning.

How odd. She hoped nothing was wrong.

She went back out to the front and froze. Clint's back was to her. She heard him lock the front door and then he turned to face her.

She swallowed at the burning look in his gaze. "What's going on?" He was dressed in jeans, boots, and a T-shirt. It was nothing like his normal office attire, and it made him look much more intense. Or could it be he appeared more powerful because of the way he watched her as if he were ready to pounce? She was going to ignore that the thought of it made her wet.

He took a step closer to her, and she dropped her gaze to the rippling, powerful muscles clearly outlined beneath his shirt. "Locking both of us in."

She retreated another step. "Is it a holiday and I missed the memo?"

"No holiday."

"Where is everyone?"

"I gave them the day off. We're the only ones here."

He had no intentions of letting her leave without this being resolved between them. “You’re not going to let me go, are you?”

“That’s what I love about you, Brianne. You’re smart and sassy. But when it comes to confronting your feelings, you run. But that’s stopping here and now. No matter how long it takes, this thing between us will be settled today, and I’m taking away all avenues of escape.”

*Oh God!* She couldn’t breathe. The pressure in her chest was tight, and she did exactly what he didn’t want her doing. She turned and ran. Clumsy in her heels, she slipped and felt the slight touch of his hands on her waist. She regained her footing and ended up in his office with him right behind her.

He was too close, and she darted around his table, heading to the exit of his office. But he was there before her and kicked the door closed. The *click* of the lock was loud, and she tried her best to remain still even though she was more than nervous.

His smile was feral. “I owe you a spanking for not picking up the phone this weekend. I drove by your house and even called Jolie, trying to make sure you were okay. She told me you were and that you needed the space. I’m not Brady, sweetheart. I’m not going anywhere.”

Jolie must’ve told him about Brady. Anger threatened to overtake her; then she remembered her friend loved her more than anything. Placing the blame elsewhere was wrong.

*Time to grow up, Brianne. You can do this. If he smashes your heart and stomps on it, you’ll survive.*

“There were one or two instances where I compared you to him, but never once did I forget I was with you.” And that was the complete truth. He was one in a million, and she was lucky to have experienced such an incredible weekend, even if she was afraid of her emotions.

“Good. I want to know why you ran again, sweetheart. You have got to learn to trust me with your thoughts and especially your feelings.”

“That goes both ways.”

There went that untamed smile again. He inched closer to her. “You’re right. My mistake was never telling you how I felt in the first place. I’m going to clear the air so you’ll never have a doubt where I stand with you. I’ve wanted you since the first time I laid eyes on you. My weekend offer to you was made because I needed you in my life. I had every intention of convincing you to stay with me so we could find out where this was heading. I see a future for

us, but you like to do a lot of running. You have a way of trying to crush my dreams, babe. But I'm a fighter and, like I said, here for the long haul. So whatever plan you have in that beautiful head of yours, isn't going to make me turn and leave."

Stunned, she sat down on the sofa and closed her eyes. *He's not going anywhere. I can do this. I can trust him.*

She felt his hands on her hips, and when she opened her eyes, he was kneeling in front of her.

"Let's make this work, sweetheart. I'm already halfway to falling in love with you," he whispered, then leaned forward and placed a soft kiss against her lips.

The wall around her heart shattered, and she suddenly realized she'd never experience happiness by freezing Clint out. He made her want to believe so much.

She took a deep breath, then exhaled. "I'm sorry, Clint, for not giving you a chance. I never wanted to feel so deeply for someone again, and the intensity of the way I felt about *you* terrified me. I thought by shutting you out, I could ignore what I felt, and I was even more scared that you didn't care about me the same way." She leaned her forehead against his and cupped his face in her hands. "We can try this, but please don't break my heart." There. She'd laid it all on the line and made sure to meet his gaze. It was important that he saw what she was feeling was true.

"I can't promise that we won't have our arguments. Hell, I can't even promise that we won't walk out on each other because we're upset, but the last thing I'll do to you is break your trust or your heart."

She could barely breathe as he closed the inches between them. His kiss felt like his promise, full of desire and heat, and she poured everything she had into the feelings he drew from her. She sucked on his tongue while she grabbed his shirt, then pushed the top up over his body. She broke the kiss and he pulled the tee off. She lowered her hands to the button of his jeans.

He moved his hands to the bottom of her blouse and pulled the fabric apart, sending buttons scattering everywhere. He pulled her bra up, exposing her breasts, and bent his head down, then took a nipple between his lips, sucking on the tip. She twisted as heat shot to her very core. "Fuck me, Clint. Do it, now!" She didn't care that she was begging and mindless with lust.

He raised his head, releasing her breast, pushed her skirt up to her waist, and she was suddenly glad she wore garters with a thong to give him easier access. She released his cock and stroked the length. She wanted to grab his hair and force him between her legs, force him to lick and suck her with his sinful tongue. But more than that, she needed him inside her, fucking her slow and deep.

She pushed herself to the edge of the sofa and spread her legs even farther apart. He pointed the head of his cock to her opening and with his other hand pushed her panties to the side and speared her in one lunge. She moaned and wrapped her legs around his waist. This was what she needed—this desperate, primal connection to him. She wanted to rub herself all over him and let every woman know that he was hers.

He pulled out, and she shivered in anticipation, tightening the muscles of her thighs as her juices slid along the crevice of her ass. *Oh God!* He pushed his way in, this time slowly, and the throbbing length of him set her close to the very edge. She felt every pulse, the ridged vein of his cock, and arched her hips wanting more.

“Please, Clint. Faster.”

He continued to fuck her in a drawn-out pace. “This time, sweetheart, I want to show you that this is all about you and me. This is what our future is going to be like.”

She clamped down around his cock, and he groaned as she squirmed. Using the muscles in her legs and placing her hands on the cushions of the couch, she levered herself up and moved against him, taking control of the way he thrust into her.

“Christ, baby. You feel so fucking good.”

He allowed her to push herself on his cock twice, three times before he took over. He moved his hands to her waist, mastering her, shoving his hips in and out at the fast pace she'd begged for. He positioned his shaft at a deeper angle, right at the spot that guaranteed an explosion. It felt like the tip of his cock touched her womb, and white fire raced through her insides. He bent his head, took her breast into his mouth, and bit at her nipple, then sucked.

Her pussy spasmed and pulsed around him.

“More,” he demanded with a low growl, taking her to a whole other universe as he pumped faster, slamming against her clit with each stroke.

She cried out as the muscles of her pussy gripped him fiercely. She exploded around him, coming harder than ever, her orgasm leaving her breathless as her vision began to dim.

“Brianne!” His cock pulsed once more, and his fingers dug into her flesh as he filled her with his seed.

Seconds, maybe even minutes later, she managed to unwrap her legs from his waist and push herself to an upright position, the movement forcing his cock from her pussy. She moaned, wishing this time they'd made love slowly, cherishing one another.

Clint stayed kneeling before her. “Trust is a two-way street, babe, and it's a learning process. We have all the time in the world. I have my heart on the line, just like you. Are you with me all the way?”

She smiled, her heart filled with joy. “I'm with you all the way.” She would learn how to trust him, because he would still be there fighting for her, and through their love they would find their happiness together forever.

 THE END 

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