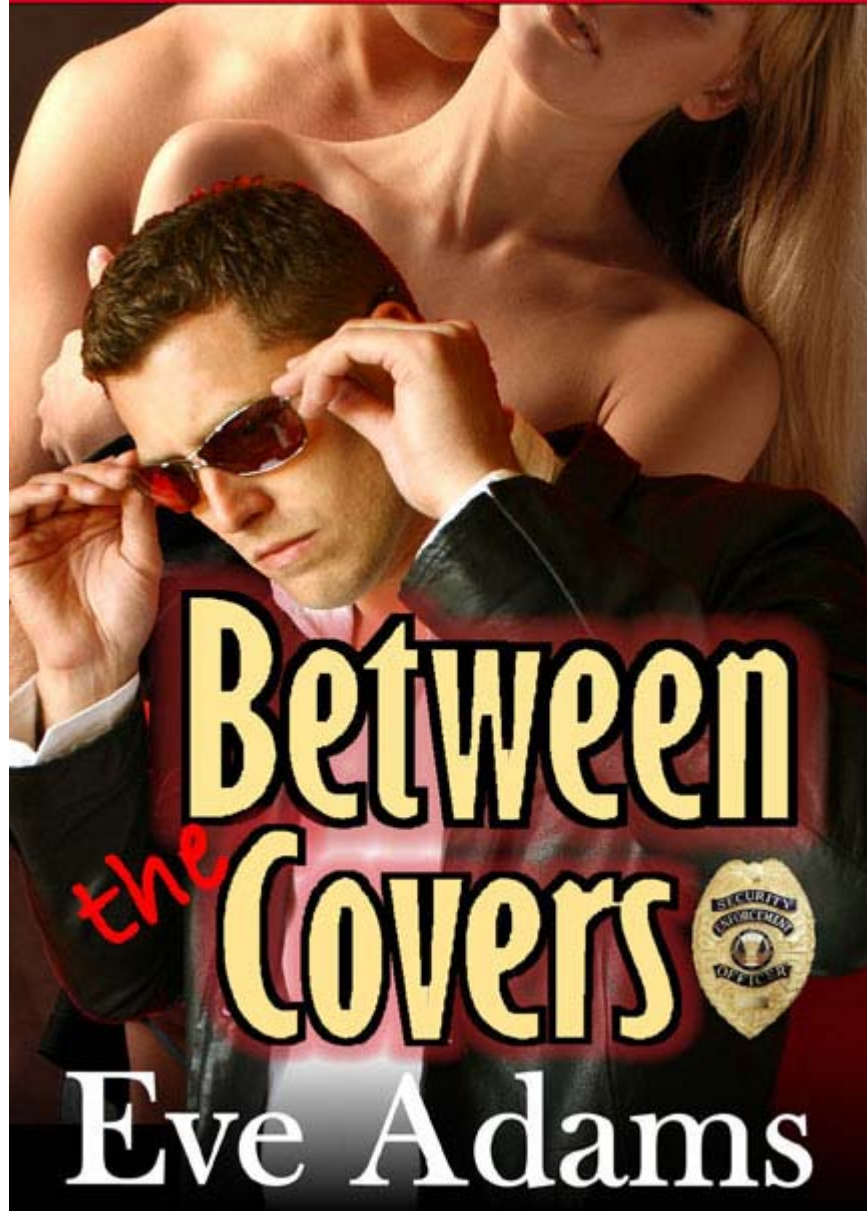


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BETWEEN THE COVERS

Covert Lovers 2

Eve Adams

MENAGE AMOUR



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BETWEEN THE COVERS

Covert Lovers 2

EVE ADAMS

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Chapter 1

She leaned in to kiss him, her lips as light as a feather, barely a breath against his. He darted his tongue out, brushing it against her mouth, inviting her tongue to come out and play. Her scent, nothing but pure and carnal lust, wafted up into his nostrils.

He fought his want to take her back to his apartment, to sink his cock into her sweet, perfectly proportioned body. Hunger invaded his senses, clouding his judgment. He couldn't ever remember wanting a woman as much as he wanted Cynthia Gates. With fiery, thick red hair and a temper to match, and the most mesmerizing jade green eyes he'd ever had the pleasure of watching glaze over with insatiable need, Cyn had him completely captivated from the first time he saw her in the University of Washington's student library.

Back in college she wore her long, wavy hair down, allowing the wind to style it into a disheveled mess that always looked like she did it intentionally. That was Cyn in a nutshell. No matter what she did, she did with purpose, with one hundred and ten percent dedication.

Those sultry lips curled into a whisper of a grin as she landed her gaze on him. Baring her teeth in the sexiest snarl he'd ever seen, she dived for his lower lip and nipped at it playfully, causing a jolt of shock that shot straight to his already straining dick.

He closed his eyes as she trailed kisses along his jaw, his throat, and continued down. Oh yeah. The woman had the most talented mouth. He could barely breathe as she descended down toward his...

"You still with me?"

Mac blinked his eyes open as his director's voice broke him of his daydream. Damn it. He wasn't pissed Lawson cut him off before he imagined the best blowjob of his life. No, he hated the fact he couldn't forget, even after seven years and plenty of lovers to help him get over one Cynthia Gates.

Lawson kept his dark gaze on him, his overly large, dark brows snapping into a frown as he studied him. "You getting this, Mac?"

He offered him a curt nod and leaned back in his chair. No, he didn't get it. His director summoned him to his office for what he thought would be a commendation or at least a pat on the back. Instead he got a lecture on the State Bureau of Investigation's image and how Mac's high-profile bust was exactly what the agency needed or some bullshit.

Now they sat around the tiny conference table, staring at each other. Mac scratched the stubble on his chin. He really should have shaved before coming to work today but didn't even have enough time to sleep, let alone apply a razor to his face. The job demanded his time, 24/7. "Go on."

"The SBI has authorized me to put you in the forefront. We need some good publicity, and you are going to give it to us."

Mac stopped himself from laughing outright. Good publicity? Him? The same guy who, just last year, ended up on the front page of every Seattle newspaper after beating the shit out of a perp who shot him to escape a goddamn arrest for possession. The asshole cracked his rib with the bullet, but it was nothing compared to what Mac did to him. Being shot didn't hurt him nearly as much as it pissed him off.

After three broken ribs, two black eyes, and a few missing teeth, the guy made himself out as the victim to the press. The paparazzi, of course, sucked it up, and next thing Mac knew, he was brought up on

police-brutality charges. The guy got slapped on the wrist and released while Mac got one hell of a fine and a forced suspension.

Whatever. The son of a bitch got off easy. If Mac ever found him again, the guy had better hope he had more than a .22 on his side. Who used .22s? The caliber was too small. Only pussies with shit for brains used .22s.

"So what do you think?" Lance Lawson, the new director of the SBI's Seattle field office, smiled at him with his perfectly white, orthodontia-altered teeth. The kid couldn't be over twenty-five, yet he outranked Mac, an agent who'd been kicking the collective ass of bad guys for over ten years. Holy hell, they just kept getting younger and younger.

Mac wanted to tell him exactly what he thought but decided to finally take his mom's advice and not say anything since he didn't have anything nice to say. When Lawson continued to stare at him from across the round table, waiting with those wide, puppy-dog brown eyes and way too much innocence to be a director for the SBI, Mac decided to speak up. "What do *I* think? What do *you* think I think?"

"You think it's a stupid idea." Lawson's overly bright eyes shadowed in disappointment. Jesus. It looked like he just missed out on the ice cream truck.

"You're right."

A knock on the office door interrupted them. Lawson's receptionist poked her head inside and met the director's eyes. What was her name again? Rhonda? Ruby? "She's here."

"Thank you, Rhiannon."

Right! She told him her parents were huge Fleetwood Mac fans, naming her after the song. Rhiannon glanced over at Mac, and her smile changed in an instant. What was a polite secretary-to-boss smile had transformed into a fuck-me smile. Mac grinned back, remembering the last time she smiled at him like that. At least this time they both had on clothes.

Lawson looked at his receptionist and then whipped a wide-eyed glance back at Mac. His mouth fell open as he shook his head. "Her too?"

Mac laughed gruffly. Yes, her too. Rhiannon had incredible legs. They were as long as the day and could wrap around him twice. He smiled at the memory.

"Send her in." Lawson gave her a final look before letting out a long sigh as he brought his attention back to Mac. "You are unbelievable. You know that?"

Mac feigned an innocent look. "What? I can't help it if I'm irresistible."

"Yeah," Lawson countered, "until they realize they are just another notch on your bedpost."

"Jealous?"

"Hell yeah, I'm jealous." Lawson shook his head. "I'm the director, and I don't see half the action you do."

It's hard to see the action while sitting on your ass behind a desk. Mac kept his thought to himself. "Can we get on with why I'm here?"

Lawson smiled at Mac and even nodded, like whatever news he had would actually change Mac's mind. "By getting a jump on this, we are one step ahead."

Ahead of what? "What the hell are you talking about?"

Lawson went on, ignoring Mac's question. "Not only will you turn the image of the SBI around, but you'll be doing yourself a huge favor by changing the public's perception of you."

This time Mac did laugh. It sounded hollow as it echoed through the office. "Do you really think it's a good idea for me to be the face of the SBI? I've got more bad publicity than a Jerry Springer show."

"It's still publicity," a female voice sounded. A *familiar* female voice. And, before Mac had a chance to respond, he damn near swallowed his tongue as she strolled into the office, her rounded hips swaying in her well-fitted green suit that matched the emerald color of her eyes. The skirt stopped a few fingers above her knees, giving

everyone a teasing look at her pretty, shapely thighs.

She didn't wear nylons, instead choosing to proudly display her pale legs for God, the world, and now Mac to see. But, then again, she never did like wearing nylons. Too confining, she'd always said. Hell, she hated underwear, too. At least she did the last time he saw her. That thought would be the death of him if he continued to wonder whether she had any panties on under that suit right now.

Cynthia *fucking* Gates. Holy shit. She had her long hair pulled up into a nice French roll, but it didn't hide the brilliant, fiery color that captured his attention. When those green eyes centered in on him, the sexy pull of her lips had his dick hard in an instant. He tried to play down his body's reaction to her. She may not even remember him. After all, it had been seven years since they last saw each other. Well, seven years, two months, and twenty-one days.

Not that he was counting.

Dear God, please let her not remember him, at least not the way he remembered her. He hoped he didn't invite himself into her dreams at night and sometimes during the day. The little pixie danced around inside his brain, day after day and night after night. He hadn't had a decent night's sleep ever since sleeping with her.

"Adrian McLane, I'd like you to meet Cynthia Gates. Ms. Gates, this is—"

"Hello, Mac." She approached him and leaned down to offer her hand as he remained in his seat. Hell, he couldn't move now if he wanted to. As she bent over, her ample breasts caught his attention, but he dared not take a peek. It was hard, literally, but he kept his attention glued to her heart-shaped face. Her gaze cooled as it pinned him to the chair.

Oh yeah. She remembered him, all right.

"You two know each other?" Lawson broke in.

Mac barely heard him over the thudding of his heartbeat in his ears. How long had he wanted to see her again? How many years had he dreamed she'd walk through his door looking just as delectable as

she did right now? Of course, in his dream she'd be wearing a smile and nothing else. "Yeah, we know each other."

"Wicked," Lawson breathed. "This is going to be awesome!" Both Cynthia and Mac turned to the director. His little-boy smile wilted as he darted a glance between them both. "I mean, you know. This is excellent."

Cynthia hummed in the back of her soft throat. Mac almost groaned in response. He loved that little sound she made. The last time he heard that cute little purr, they were back at his apartment, two naked bodies covered in sweat and passion. She was about to come, to flood his cock with her delicious juice, that, even now, had his mouth watering in longing.

"*Most* excellent," she commented wryly, her gaze swinging back to Mac.

Her eyes were every bit as green as he remembered them to be, maybe more. They were pure crystal as they assessed him, but as she settled in, those eyes darkened back to the deep emerald he knew and...

Never mind.

"How are you, Cyn?" He grinned when she spiked one of her beautiful brows and took a seat next to Lawson on the other side of the table, her gaze never leaving Mac.

She crossed those long, beautiful legs in front of her and gave the appearance of a cool, relaxed, confident woman. He knew better. Her body remained rigid, and the pulse at the base of her neck looked close to hitting critical mass. "Do you really want me to answer that?"

No, he didn't want her saying anything in front of the director. Grinning sheepishly, he lowered his gaze as heat crept up his neck. Jesus Christ, if she didn't turn down her sultry allure, they were all in a shitload of trouble. She screamed hot and unbridled sex from her prim and proper hairstyle all the way down to her pretty little toes poking out of her open-toed heels.

Her draw wasn't lost on Lawson, Mac noted. The director shifted

in his chair and adjusted his groin. Mac may have shoes older than him, but the kid was still a man and noticed Cyn just as much as Mac did.

"Okay." Lawson grabbed a folded piece of paper out of his jacket and handed it to Cyn. "This is a list of your duties. Agree to the terms, and the job is yours."

Cyn lowered her gaze as she opened the paper and read it. As she made her way down the page, her smile faded more and more. By the time she finished, she did not look happy, not at all.

She threw a glare at Mac. It slammed into him like a brick across his head, and he widened his eyes at how quickly her mood had changed.

"You want me to agree to something like this? Is this why no one else would touch this job?"

Ah hell. He knew that look. She gave him that look when he told her they weren't anything more than a fling, right before she threw her shoe at him and broke the heel on his head. He had the scar on his forehead as a reminder to never piss off a redhead.

Mac brought up his hands to ward off her attack. "Don't look at me. I just found out about this whole thing."

They both turned their glares on Lawson.

He exchanged looks with both of them. "What? Come on. It won't be that bad. Look at him," he said to Cyn as he pointed at Mac. "He's a good-looking guy. You can do something with him, right? And you? You are, like..." He brought up his hand and motioned at her body.

She arched her brow and dared him to continue. "What am I?"

"Don't go there, Lawson."

The director turned to Mac. "What? I was just...I was...she's..."

"Throw him a bone, Cyn."

That sexy curl of her lips pinched his gut. She gave the director a slow and steady look, the gaze scraping over his body so measured it made Mac's body fill with a mix of feral hunger and ardent need. Jesus, she practically fucked the kid with her eyes. Mac tensed as his

cock throbbed. He could only imagine how that look affected Lawson.

"I'm sure he's already got one."

Ouch.

Mac grinned and covered his mouth with his hand as he scratched at the whiskers he'd neglected to shave off today. Or yesterday. "So what does she have to agree to?"

Cyn folded the paper back up and, with a look that made a man think of only one thing, she pushed the paper across the table toward him. "See for yourself."

Mac took the paper and read it, shaking his head at most of the items on the list. He grew more and more furious as he read. It wasn't bad enough he already knew Cynthia Gates intimately, at how her body felt against his. He'd have a hard enough time simply *working* with her.

They wanted them to pose as lovers? No way would he be able to hold up the masquerade as lovers without taking it all the way. He was not going to go down that path, not again.

"No fucking way," he growled and wadded up the paper in his hands.

"That was my only copy," Lawson protested. He grabbed the paper and tried to straighten it out on the table.

"So what? There's no way I'm going to agree to this shit."

"And what part would be the shit work for you?" Cyn spoke up, her voice dangerously calm and collected. His gaze carved through the air and rested on her face. Although she looked pissed as hell, he saw the hint of hurt in her eyes. And, just as he did the last time she flashed that spark in her eyes at him, he felt like a piece of shit.

"Cyn—"

She cut him off in an icy tone. "Let me guess. You hate the idea of anyone messing with your tough-guy image. God forbid someone clean you up and show off your soft side."

"I don't have a soft side." Mac clenched his fists and fought to

remain seated. He wanted to get the hell out of this room before he ripped his director's fucking head off for bringing Cynthia Gates back into his life.

He turned his attention back to Cyn as she spoke. "Wrong answer, Agent McLane. I know you do have a soft side, and I plan to present you to the public that way." She stared at him with prickly defiance, narrowing her eyes at him, daring him to object.

Agent McLane? Since when did she call him Agent McLane? It pissed him off and tightened every muscle in his body as he fought to restrain the fact that he even gave a shit what she called him.

"Are you seriously considering going along with this?" he asked her.

"Yes."

"Why? Are you that desperate to get back in my life?" Even as he said it, saw the way she physically flinched from his words, he regretted opening his goddamn mouth. He didn't mean it, but he'd be damned before he apologized for it.

She lifted her chin, those damn beautiful eyes sparkling in challenge. "On the contrary. When I walked out your door, I never wanted to see you again."

"Then why are you back?"

"Because you need me."

He glared at her, fury burning his eyes. Of course. Leave it to Cynthia Gates to turn this into something about her. His jaw hurt from clenching it so tight. Anger swirled inside his senses, mixing with the lust he just couldn't shake whenever she was within close proximity to him. She consumed him until he thought of nothing else but raw and primitive sex. With her. All the *fucking* time.

He had to put a stop to this madness before it went too far. He had to protect her. From herself. From him. "I don't need you or anyone else."

"I say you do," she retorted.

"I say go to hell." Mac squared his jaw and clenched his fists, his

glare never leaving hers.

"I have a feeling I'm about to."

Lawson's heavy sigh broke the tension. Cyn turned to the young director, but Mac kept his attention fixed on the deranged woman who'd just made one hell of a mistake agreeing to be his PR specialist. If she thought she had a chance at cleaning up his image, he'd just have to prove to her the error in her judgment. He liked his *Dirty Harry* image and didn't want anyone fucking it up, even if that someone had amazing green eyes and a body built for sin.

"This is wicked," Lawson stated, his voice barely above a whisper. "When you two said you knew each other, you meant you two really knew each other. I had no idea but couldn't have planned it better."

"How's that?" Mac finally pulled his gaze away from Cyn and rested it on Lawson. The kid's cheeks were flushed with excitement, no doubt from the sexual energy crackling between Cyn and Mac. It was their version of foreplay. If the director weren't there in the room with them, they would have already had their clothes off.

"The last time we assigned a PR specialist to an agent, it backfired. The press jumped all over us, and we lost serious credibility."

Mac remembered that. "Arthur Casey."

"One hell of an agent who earned a bad rep after publicly humiliating the Sweetheart of Seattle at one of her raves, busting her for pushing Ecstasy to underage and sometimes unknowing kids," Cyn added.

Mac ignored the jolt to his system at the admiration in her voice. "That's right."

"Sweetheart played the press perfectly and soon had everyone believing she'd been set up and that Agent Casey had actually slipped her E in an attempt to kidnap her away from the rave and have sex with her."

It still pissed him off to think about it. The PR debacle hit the

agency so hard that, by the time the little bitch and her army of lawyers got through with the SBI, they were forced to make a public apology, and Casey lost his job. Nothing the agency could do, including hire him his own PR specialist, could save him. Little Miss Sweetheart also received a nice, fat check as a result of it all.

"This isn't the same thing," Mac pointed out. He'd busted an entire ring of drug smugglers, the biggest ring in Washington State's history. Not one of the scumbags he arrested would come close to being considered another Sweetheart of Seattle.

Lawson spoke up. "No, it isn't. This is totally better. Think about it. Casey didn't even know his PR specialist, so there was no chemistry between them. The press was all over that. With you two—" He paused and nodded at Mac. "Serious chemistry, dude."

Mac glanced over at Cyn, and his pulse kicked up. He couldn't deny Lawson's observation, and neither could she. They did have a certain chemistry between them, something blazing and even volatile. Their relationship, if you could call it that, had nearly destroyed him. The heat they'd generated consumed them both. If he hadn't ended it when he did, they would have ended up killing each other. Or worse.

They could have ended up married.

Now here they were, about to jump back in with both feet. Years of pent-up sexual frustration bubbled in his balls and engorged his cock. Looking at Cyn, he watched her eyes darken, the desire clear on her face. She licked her lips, and the simple gesture had him ready to give in to anything.

And he still couldn't stop himself from wondering if she had on any panties.

Focus, Mac! Forcing his brain to think of something other than what it would feel like sinking deep into Cyn's silky folds, of having her come and fist him so tight he'd explode from the pressure, he looked over at Cyn. Nope, no good. He turned his attention to his direction. Better, but not much.

"Why dredge up Sweetheart? She's ancient history, probably died

from overdosing on one of her own drugs. I say good riddance to the bitch."

"Funny you should mention her." Lawson always waited until the worst possible moment to drop a bomb.

"Don't tell me." Mac looked first at Lawson, then Cyn. They exchanged knowing looks. He ignored the skip in his chest at the way they always connected without saying a word.

"There's nothing solid," Lawson pointed out and opened a file sitting in front of him. "But we do have intel working on it. Word is the drug Sweetheart pushed ten years ago is back and is seriously more potent than before. It's the same strand of E but with a little mix of heroin for stamina and LSD thrown in to really trip out the user. There's also another component our labs haven't identified."

Mac grabbed the file from Lawson and read the first sheet. It only confirmed what Lawson just told them. "What's the street name?"

"Lust. It's odorless, tasteless, and dissolves instantly in any liquid. This stuff is way worse than anything we've ever seen."

Nodding, Mac handed the file back to Lawson. He knew he'd barely scraped the surface of something bigger and much worse than the heroin ring he nailed. He also knew he didn't nail the leader when he busted up the ring and had every intention of hunting down the dickhead personally.

It never occurred to him the dickhead might be a dickhead-ette. It didn't matter. He'd love to have a shot at Sweetheart, as she'd been dubbed for as long as he'd known a rave scene even existed in Seattle.

Sweetheart stood for all the things Mac busted his ass trying to bring down. He hated her without even knowing her. It was what she stood for.

Deception. Manipulation. The loss of innocence. She was the *anti*-Statue of Liberty.

Mac stood for truth, freedom, and everything else Lady Liberty stood for. He'd be damned if he'd let anyone threaten to take that away.

Mac smiled. "If she's back, then that's her first mistake. I look forward to nailing her."

Cyn cleared her throat and lowered her gaze at his choice of words. Swell. Not only did he have to deal with an ex-girlfriend as his PR specialist, but he had to add jealousy on top of that. This just kept getting better and better.

Lawson shook his head. "I don't think that's a good idea. Last time she destroyed a man and did major damage to the SBI."

"But last time you didn't have someone who knows how to stoop to her level. Besides, if the little bitch wants another round with the SBI, she'll have me to deal with. She's not nearly as cute ten years older, and who knows how many drugs she's been exposed to?" Cyn always did have a take-no-prisoners attitude. Mac knew her philosophy first hand. Kick them in the balls and see who's left standing. That was her motto.

Mac grinned at her confidence.

"If she wants to attack *my* agent, then she attacks me."

He lost his smile. "*Your* agent?"

She ignored him. "I'm not a very nice person if you cross me, Director Lawson."

That was a severe understatement. Mac ignored another boost in his opinion of her and sucked in a breath at the mention of him being her agent. He liked and hated the sound of that, all at the same time.

Closing the deal, she flashed that killer smile that always had Mac's suspicions on overdrive. "Trust me."

That was usually his first—and *last*—mistake.

Chapter 2

"You look like hell, *Adrian*." Cyn drawled his name slowly, knowing how much he hated to be called by his real name. She held her breath as he swung his impressive frame around and looked at her. When he growled in irritation, a cool chill washed down her spine and centered deep in her core. Her nipples responded by tingling and peaking against the lace of her bra. Thank God she thought ahead and wore a blazer, knowing full and well she'd need everything she had to arm herself against the sexual draw of Adrian McLane.

They stood outside the Seattle field office, soaking in the heat of the beautiful August afternoon. Not a cloud in the sky, Cyn noted as she traced the scenery around her. The large glass building shadowed them from the sun. Being a natural redhead, she and the sun didn't get along. She only had to think about direct sunlight, and she'd burn to a crisp. Staying in the shade suited her just fine, although it did nothing to protect her from the heat the gorgeous agent before her generated.

He narrowed those perfect, haunt-you-in-the-middle-of-the-night, puppy brown eyes. They were like dark chocolate, mouthwatering and dangerous to a girl's self-control. Just the memory of those eyes made her weak, and now that she had the pleasure of seeing them up close and personal once again, they were even more mesmerizing than she remembered.

He still wore his coarse, wavy dark hair short and neatly groomed. It accented his strong, statuesque features. He hadn't shaved in several days. The dark dusting of whiskers covering his square jaw gave him a rugged look that made her feel flushed and sent her heart racing.

"And you look incredible."

Okay. She hadn't expected that or the way his simple words and just the sound of his warm baritone voice strummed across her body. Little goosebumps peppered her skin and tickled her scalp. "Thank you, I think."

The corner of his lips pulled with a hint of laughter. His dark eyes danced in silent mirth and made her entire body hum. "You *think*?"

"I'm not sure whether you meant it as a compliment. It sounded less than sincere." What a bald-faced lie. That was the one thing she could always count on with Mac. He offered nothing but complete and impartial dedication in everything he did, including *her*.

"What makes you think I'm not sincere?" He offered her a look of brooding sexuality that left her speechless as his dark chocolate eyes burned into her.

She knew better than to take the bait. Mac had a way about him, a way that made everyone else around him nervous as if they'd done something terribly wrong and he was about to find it out. It took a hell of a lot of willpower back in the director's office, but she didn't fidget once, not even when he nailed her with a look that had her body liquefying from the inside out, tingling the lips of her pussy and swelling her clit.

She fisted the handle of her briefcase tightly, her nerves threatening to take over her otherwise calm demeanor. Sweat started to bead up on her lip and forehead, and she knew it had nothing to do with the scorching weather. It was all Mac and the effect he had on her.

Although he wore a stern expression, she hoped one trail of kisses along that fierce and arrogant jaw, one whisper in his ear of what she'd wanted to do to him since leaving his apartment seven years ago, and his precious control would shatter. She knew the power she had over men, especially this man. Unfortunately, he had even more power over her, and had better control. If he so much as offered her a hint of sexual attraction, she'd fly into his arms right here, right now.

When the SBI called her earlier in the week asking her to take a

PR specialist position for one of their best agents, she wanted to turn them down flat. She'd just branched out on her own. Changing the image of anyone on the force would be like pulling teeth. She wanted an easy assignment to start off with.

When she heard the name, she had to have the assignment, even though she'd be improving the image of a man whose very image haunted her at the most inconvenient times. It would be the assignment that launched her solo career and would bring nothing but positive PR to her new company as well as the SBI.

But then she saw him, and all her doubts and fears shot straight to the surface. Why did he have that effect on her? Why did she always feel so inadequate around him? As if those questions weren't distracting enough, her brain didn't stop there.

What if he tried to start something up with her again? Forget that. What if he *didn't*? She didn't know if she'd be able to deal with his rejection a second time. The first time nearly destroyed her.

"We should talk about where to start," she stated, quick to change the subject. She hadn't been alone with him for more than five minutes, and she had already spotted five different areas of absolute seclusion they could disappear into. If she didn't pull her mind out of the sexual gutter long enough to do her job, they were both in serious trouble.

"Are you hungry?"

You have no idea. Just the thought of nipping at this man's broad shoulder as he sank his cock into her, piston driving her into a mind-blowing orgasm, had her mouth watering. He always had a way of pulling orgasm after orgasm from her. She didn't know how he did it, only that she hadn't been able to find anyone else with that kind of sexual power.

"It's only," she said and glanced down at the watch on her wrist, "four o'clock. It's too early for dinner."

His expression of lust mixed with an entirely different kind of hunger set flames licking across her flesh, her fervent need for him burning even deeper. "But it's just in time for happy hour. I'll drive."

Insanity took over. Before she could stop herself, she blurted out, "We could just go back to my place. I have wine."

"Wine is for nancies." Mac growled that sexy growl and then flashed those perfect teeth. "Do you have beer?"

Hell no, she didn't have beer. She couldn't even stand the smell of the shit. "I could pick some up."

His dark eyes glistened as he assessed her, no doubt contemplating her offer. "You don't know the kind I like."

"Hefeweizen. You prefer microbrews but will drink a label if you have to. Luckily, Seattle has plenty of microbrews to choose from."

He nodded, clearly impressed. "You remembered."

"I have a very good memory."

"What else do you remember?"

With a teasing smile, she started walking to her car. "Let's leave something to talk about over drinks."

He stopped her with a hand on her arm. Shivering from his touch, she turned, and his lips captured hers in a kiss that would have knocked her stilettos off had they not been strapped on.

Cyn dropped her briefcase and moaned into his mouth. His tongue stabbed through her lips and sent a rush of fiery pulses straight to her pussy. It clamped down, and her womb twisted in an all-consuming passion that had her panting.

The breath tore from her lungs as she urgently clawed at him to get her hands under his shirt. She had to touch him, to feel the tickle of his flesh against her palms. She had to weave her fingers into his hair and hold him close against her.

Her desperation had her shaking with aching need. His leg came out and parted hers, and his thigh notched perfectly up against the fragile material of her silk panties.

Smoldering juices flowed from inside her, drenching her panties and tightening the walls of her vagina in excited preparation. This man, this perfect lover, debilitated her with nothing more than his kiss.

When he lifted her and carried her off to one of the secluded areas she spotted only moments ago, she didn't even think to protest.

He set her down and had her blazer off in one swift movement. Her silk shirt hung on her shoulders after he slowly, painfully took his time unbuttoning it. His lips continued to devour her and rendered her helpless to do anything more than greedily kiss him back.

Her top slid from her shoulders and joined her blazer on the grass, and she didn't care. She'd buy another one. The only thing she cared about now was to have Mac touch her, love her, and break her from this agonizing longing she'd carried around with her since their last encounter seven years ago.

Years of pent-up frustration, of longing for doing exactly this, fueled their urgency. Cyn leaned back and fought to catch her breath as Mac dived for her now exposed breasts. When he took a hard nipple into his mouth, she cried out and bit her lip.

Weaving her fingers into his hair, she pulled him close and held him up against her breast. He teased and nibbled until she cried out again. Air raced in and out of her chest, yet she couldn't catch her breath.

He slipped his hand under her skirt and easily pushed the fabric of her panties aside to gain access.

"Jesus, Cyn. You're drowning down here." He groaned as he trailed wet kisses back up her chest, her throat, her jaw, and settled in on hers.

"Your fault," she said into his mouth. He licked at her lower lip, driving her crazy with his teasing ways. "Please, Mac."

"I've missed you," he said and dropped his slacks open to reveal his engorged flesh. Dear God, he was absolutely beautiful.

Lifting her up against the wall of the building behind them, he lodged himself between her legs and had her wrap her legs around his waist. Her knee hit the butt of the gun strapped to his shoulder. He always had that damn gun, like it was a part of him.

Without hesitation, he thrust his hips and drove his cock deep

inside her. She would have screamed and given away their position if he hadn't taken that exact moment to cover her mouth with his.

"Let me feel how much you've missed me." He grunted and nibbled at her lips. "Come on, Cyn. Let me hear it."

"Oh, Mac." She wanted to cry out. How long had she wanted this? How many times had she spent night after night with her vibrator, wishing it were Mac instead of batteries?

She threw open his shirt and dug her nails into his chest. He hissed and plunged deep inside her in retaliation. The propulsion threw her forward, and she wrapped her arms around him.

He built a steady rhythm with the thrusts of his cock, and she whimpered as her orgasm started to form inside her, twisting in her womb. Her vaginal walls fisted around his dick, and she bit down on his shoulder to stop herself from crying out.

"Jesus, woman. That fucking hurts."

"So does not calling for seven years."

"That seems," he said, his rhythm increasing. She rode him and thrust up against him to give her the friction against her clit she desperately needed. "To be a moot point at this moment, don't you think?"

"Shut up and fuck me." She dug her heels into his ass and rubbed her pussy up against his coarse hairs. Her clit, now happy with the attention, swelled and quivered.

"As you wish," he growled and painfully nipped at the cords of her neck. She winced. He licked the spot and then blew on it to cool down the heat it produced.

"Oh, Mac." She swallowed and threw her head back. He took advantage of the position and dived for her neck, consuming it with his lips and tongue. He found the sensitive spot behind her ear and really drove her wild.

"Come for me, baby."

She was close, so very close. If he so much as...

He drove his cock deep into her pussy, and she grabbed his head

to scream into his mouth in the nick of time. Her orgasm slammed into her and sent her bucking wildly against him.

Crying from her mouth into his, she rode out her orgasm as Mac pumped into her over and over, unrelenting in his need for release. He stiffened and shouted into her mouth as he came deep inside her. Cyn rocked her hips, dragging out the last drop of her climax. Her pussy milked him as they both spasmed from the aftermath of their joint release.

After an eternity, Mac released her, and she sagged down to the ground. If not for the building behind her holding her up, she would have collapsed into a puddle right there on the grass. In the aftermath of her orgasm, she blew out breath after breath, trying to regain some sense of composure. She was a professional, after all, and didn't make a habit of sneaking behind bushes to fuck the shit out of her clients.

Oh, hell. What did she just do? She did not just open her legs to the one man she swore she'd never say a kind word to again, let alone allow past her barrier.

Cyn laughed at herself. Not only did she let him past her barrier, but she allowed him to penetrate her in ways that should be reserved for the movies.

"Thank you," he murmured in a husky, velvety tone, and it made it all that much worse. He always thanked her, as though she'd just done him a favor.

Bitterness consumed her already broken heart. This was so wrong. She couldn't begin to work on his image when she, herself, had such a skewed image of him. He took the term asshole to a whole new level. Yet, when she looked up at him, she saw nothing but compassion shining in those handsome brown eyes.

He cared about her, even if he was too pigheaded to admit it.

"Well," she started in an attempt to downplay what just happened, "that was—"

"Amazing," he finished and topped it off with an annoyingly charming grin.

"I was going to say unexpected." She tried not to smile, but the way he looked at her, captivating her with his gaze, had her fighting a losing battle. "But that works too."

"We have a bit of a problem."

She nodded in agreement. "This is going to be awkward, isn't it?"

Mac shook his head and curled one side of his lips into that crooked grin she loved to hate. "Not unless you have a problem with the press meeting us like this."

Her heart slammed into her throat. "What?"

"That asshole, Kevin Denary, is always snooping around, trying to catch me at my best. The son of a bitch has had it in for me since college." Mac wiggled his dark brows playfully as he flipped off the bushes behind them. "I gave him a profile of my best side."

"When?" Her voice jumped an octave, and she shrank down in a feeble attempt to hide behind Mac's massive chest.

He shrugged easily and motioned over his shoulder with a jerk of his chin. Footsteps echoed as the owner hurried off. She wanted to scream, first at Mac, then at the damn photographer.

She was going to kill Kevin. How could he do something like this after everything they'd been through since college? After Mac cruelly tossed her out of apartment and out of his life, she turned to Kevin for comfort. They'd shared many lonely nights and breakup recoveries since.

"Kevin?" Cyn looked in every direction, calling for him.

"He's gone, Cyn."

Good thing. If she so much as spotted a bald head right now, she'd go after it with her nails drawn, her sights set to kill.

She reached down and grabbed her shirt to cover herself up. Seeing no flashes of cameras, she quickly dressed and then went about brushing off the grass that had adhered itself to her pretty, green suit.

"You remember your favorite member of the press," Mac drawled sarcastically. Cyn carefully hid her eyes from his knowing glare.

"Don't go there, Mac."

"Why not? Let's take a walk down memory lane." Mac's cutting, precise tone cut into her. He stepped back and righted his clothes, always checking his weapon first and then last. She hated him even more for looking so damn good when she looked like she'd just been fucked up against a building.

"That won't be necessary."

"Kevin Denary, meddler extraordinaire, award-winning reporter who uncovered the unfair treatment of the innocent. The man who single-handedly saved the human race from the brutality of the SBI."

"Stop it." She hated the way her emotions surfaced whenever she got upset. No doubt the blotches would appear on her neck at any time. "You're just upset that he focused on you with that story."

"Bullshit!" he roared, and she jumped. Looking around to make sure no one saw them, she scurried away from their hiding spot and over to her briefcase. Looking around again, she quickly grabbed it and pulled it up against her for protection.

Mac wasn't done with her. "Every story he prints about me is so full of lies I can't believe they let him print it. What happened to credible journalism?"

"Don't do this right now, Mac. You're just mad because Kevin printed the story about your suspension."

He marched over and stopped in front of her, challenging her in his stance. He jabbed his finger into her briefcase so hard it sent her staggering back. "Wrong. I don't give a shit if he prints the truth. I'm pissed that someone we used to call our friend chose to single me out and persecute me when he has no grounds."

"You shattered a man's cheekbone."

"The son of a bitch shot me," he pointed out, as if she needed the reminder. When she heard he'd been shot, she'd paced the waiting room to hear his prognosis. Once she knew he'd pull through, she'd disappeared so he'd never know she was ever there. "It was the least I could do."

"You could have walked away."

He laughed at her, resentment clearly evident in his hardened expression. As he looked at her, his emotions carefully hidden behind the mask he'd worked so hard to build, Cyn recognized vulnerability.

Gone was the man who'd just made love to her up against a building. Gone was the man she fell in love with back in college. Only Agent McLane remained, a cold, callous shell of a man who didn't give a shit about anyone but himself, if he even cared that much about anything.

"Should I walk you to your car?"

Her heart dropped to the pit of her stomach at record speed. "I know the way."

"This isn't going to work," he called back to her as she hurried out to the parking lot.

She wanted so badly to one-up him, just once. She knew, deep down, he meant more than the assignment, and the thought damn near brought her to her knees. "Just watch, Agent McLane. I will fix you."

"I'm not broken."

She whipped around, now walking backward toward her car. "Aren't you?"

His gaze narrowed in on her. Not having the strength to go up against that look, she turned back around and practically ran to her car. Once she jumped inside and started the engine, she peeled out of the parking lot without looking back.

Chapter 3

It was so unfair. Why should someone like Adrian McLane, a.k.a. the black sheep of the SBI, get the girl?

Kevin studied the picture he'd captured. Cynthia Gates had her long legs wrapped around Mac's frame as he had his cock so far inside her they looked like they were one person. And, as if that wasn't bad enough, Mac looked right at Kevin as he snapped the picture, a smug grin on his face as he flipped off the camera. He knew Kevin had sneaked up on them just to catch Mac in a precarious position.

Well, he definitely captured that.

Reluctantly, Kevin deleted the digital image. He'd been after Mac for seven years, trying to catch him in something that would bury the SBI agent, but not at the expense of taking Cyn down with him.

Tossing out a curse, the sound of his voice echoed in his otherwise quiet apartment. What happened to him? The old Kevin Denary wouldn't hesitate to take the photo to the front page of *The Seattle Herald*. It might have even earned him another award to add to the ones collecting dust on his shelf.

He eyed the phone on the side table next to his favorite chair. Knowing Mac, he'd already said something to upset Cyn. She'd be driving home right now, irritated, probably crying, and Kevin would once again be there to pick up the pieces.

Goddamn, he really hated that SBI agent.

Grabbing the phone, he dialed her cell. She picked it up on the second ring. "Hello?"

"Cyn? It's Kevin."

"Oh," she whispered, the disappointment clear in her tone. He

ignored the jab to his gut. It was college all over again. "Hi, Kevin."

He waited for her to say something else, but she remained silent. Should he tell her he was at the SBI building, hiding in the bushes while she and Mac fucked like wild animals, right there in broad daylight? Should he admit to watching Mac pound his cock deep inside her pussy while Kevin grew hard? "Cyn, I--"

"Wait, Kevin? I have to ask you something."

Uh oh. He knew that tone.

"Where were you about an hour ago?"

Oh, shit. *Think, Denary*. "Picking up the latest and greatest blood-and-guts horror flick. Interested?"

"So, you weren't anywhere near the SBI building today?"

"Why would I go to the SBI building?" Great, so not only did Mac steal the girl again, he now had Kevin lying to her.

"Oh, then never mind."

Yeah, never mind. A familiar bitterness encased his heart. He'd seen Mac around the city, followed his cases in the hopes the surly SBI agent would break protocol and do something newsworthy. Kevin practically memorized the SBI handbook, just to catch Mac doing something to get him kicked out of the agency. Then he'd know what it felt like to lose something he loved.

Then he'd know how Kevin felt when the son of a bitch stole Cyn away.

"What do you say to the movie?"

She sniffled. Yep, that bastard had made her cry. Again. When would she learn to stop pining over a man who didn't give a shit about her?

"I'm afraid I won't be great company right now." Her voice broke.

"I have sushi," he lied. He'd have to run down to the corner market. Luckily, they were famous all through the University District for their sushi.

"With wasabi?"

"Tons of it."

She hesitated, and he clenched his jaw. "And wine?"

He smiled. If she had a drink with him, she'd relax. When she relaxed, she let herself *really* relax. The idea of what the night had in store had his dick twitching in excitement. They'd start with a shower to wash the stench of Mac off her. He'd pick up the pieces Mac left and continue to love her, no matter what. As always.

"Two bottles of white, three bottles of red."

"Oh, Kevin. How do you always know exactly when to call?"

Grabbing his camera, he then sighed when he scrolled through the images until he settled on the one that caught her walking out of the SBI building today. Her cheeks had the most amazing glow to them, as if in excited anticipation.

"Is it a date?"

"I'll be there in an hour. I have to run home to clean up first."

"Were you doing something dirty?" He prodded her, knowing the beautiful blush she had to now be wearing.

"I'll be there," she answered, carefully avoiding his question.

Kevin hung up the phone and leaned back in his chair. Images of Cyn danced inside his eyelids after he closed his eyes. Cyn, with her arresting green eyes and golden, well-toned body. Cyn, with that smile that had him panting with want whenever she flashed it. Cyn, the woman he'd been in love with since college.

Too bad Mac stole her heart before he ever got the chance with her.

He was still running around, perfecting everything, when a knock on the door gave him a slight jolt. Running around the room one last time, he made sure the white wine sat just so on the ice, the red was already corked so it could breathe, and the sushi rested inside the fridge, carefully covered so it didn't dry out.

With a final breath, he wiped his sweaty palms on his jeans before opening the door.

His smile dived for cover.

"What the fuck are you doing here?"

Mac casually waltzed inside his apartment as if invited. In a white button-up shirt and dark slacks and, of course, his weapon securely strapped to his shoulder, he looked every bit the part of scary-as-hell agent.

Glancing around, Mac spotted the wine immediately. "Expecting company?"

"Yes, actually." Kevin stood at his front door and motioned for the irritating agent to leave. "So, if you don't mind."

"I don't mind," Mac tossed back. He smirked when he noticed the candles lining the windows. Turning back to Kevin, he nodded. "A date?"

"Something like that."

"Good," Mac replied and finally brought his attention back to him. "Then I know you'll tell me exactly what I want to know so I don't interrupt your perfectly planned evening."

"What do you want, Agent McLane?"

"Why are you trying to hang me?"

Short. To the point. That was something he could always count on with Mac. He didn't waste time with formalities. "I'm just out for the truth."

"Oh, really?" Mac swung his large frame around to face him. "And which truth is that, Denary? Your version or what really happened?"

"Hey," Kevin said, trying to sound smooth and cover up the quiver in his voice. Truth be told, Mac scared the living shit out of him, as he did most people. If that enormous stature didn't do it, the way those dark eyes bore into a person could make them confess to a crime they never committed. "It's not my fault if you have a hard time with the truth."

"No," he growled, the menacing sound shooting waves of shock up Kevin's spine, "what I have a problem with is a fucking reporter who has a personal vendetta against me."

Kevin swallowed and looked down to his hardwood floors. He

knew this day would come, but the timing sure as hell sucked. No doubt Cyn's appearance back in Mac's life had something to do with that.

"You're a loose cannon, McLane. I know you're going to snap, and I want to be there when it happens."

Mac's dark eyes grew lethal, and Kevin gulped. Okay, maybe being alone in an apartment with a man who knew how to kill a person several ways without using a weapon wasn't the best time to piss him off.

"I know what this is about," Mac growled in that deep voice of his.

"I doubt that."

"You're still pissed about what happened over Cyn. It was seven years ago. You and I haven't even talked since college. What's done is done. Let it go, man." Kevin clenched his jaw and looked away. He didn't want to let it go. Cynthia Gates had been in love with Kevin. He'd seen it in her mesmerizing, green eyes, even if she'd never said it. He'd planned to marry her and raise a family together.

Until Mac stole her right out from under him. Once Mac turned up the charm, Kevin no longer existed. Cyn was all *Mac this* and *Mac that*. And what did the son of a bitch do with her love? He disregarded it like yesterday's trash.

"We were friends, Mac."

Mac's jaw hardened. "We were roommates. That's not the same thing."

Kevin looked long and hard into those dark brown eyes assessing him. There wasn't an ounce of trust in them, not that he blamed Mac. Men in his profession, agents for the SBI, couldn't trust anyone. Trust the wrong person, and an agent ended up with a toe tag.

"I'm not a fan of yours." Kevin stepped away from the door but left it open so the neighbors would hear if Mac decided to do something rash, like shoot him. He had no problem screaming like a girl if it meant saving his life. Besides, he'd have one hell of a story to

tell.

"The feeling is mutual." Mac circled around his apartment, glancing at every little thing. He picked up one of Kevin's awards and held it in his hands, bouncing it up and down. "Wow. Heavy."

Was he looking for a weapon? Kevin started to sweat, and he lifted his hand to wipe it away. He saw how much he shook and dropped his hand quickly.

Mac didn't miss Kevin's reaction to him. No doubt he counted on it. "I'm not here to hurt you, Denary."

Why didn't he believe him?

"Then what do you want?"

"I'm here to make a truce." Mac's feigned attempt at innocence may work on the ladies, but Kevin refused to believe anything that fell from his lying lips.

His act of purity dropped, and his expression grew hard. Mac took a step toward him, and Kevin stepped back in response. His heart shot to his throat.

He hated being such a coward, but when it came to Adrian McLane, a person really didn't have a choice. The man oozed authority and dared others to challenge him. Kevin liked his heart beating, thank you very much.

Mac's body language made it clear he didn't come to make a truce. No, he came here to intimidate Kevin into backing down.

Typical Mac.

He didn't give a shit about anyone's wants or wishes. If someone didn't agree with him, then the other person was wrong. Period and the end.

Kevin forced a steady calm in his voice. "In that case, how about a drink?"

"Whiskey, straight up, no ice."

"I've got wine," Kevin countered. He knew Mac didn't like wine. Hated it, in fact. Maybe, just maybe, he'd leave since Kevin didn't have anything Mac would consider palatable.

"Wine is for pussies."

Kevin walked over and lifted the red off the counter. "Is that a no?"

"Just pour the goddamn drink."

Asshole.

Kevin grabbed a wine glass and poured Mac a drink, wanting more to throw it at him than serve it to him. He poured himself one as well, knowing he'd need something to take the edge off.

"Here," Kevin grumbled and shoved the glass at Mac. Mac caught it too fast and saved himself from a nice red wine stain on his otherwise clean shirt.

"You've done well for yourself," Mac pointed out after he walked back over and studied the awards on Kevin's wall.

Kevin knew better than to thank him. Mac didn't mean it as a compliment.

"Considering what you write," Mac continued to dig.

"And what would that be?"

"Bullshit and lies. Whatever you need to put in print in order to get your next big award."

"I don't do this for the awards." *I do it to prove to Cyn that you are nothing but an asshole who doesn't deserve her love.*

"Of course not. You do it for the prestige."

Kevin laughed. "Yeah, it's real prestigious crawling through alleyways the bums have used as their personal urinal, all to get the scoop."

"Did you ever think of simply asking me for a story?"

That comment sent Kevin's suspicions on high alert. Mac would never volunteer anything about himself, not back in college and certainly not now. "Not everything revolves around you, Mac."

"And yet I seem to be all you report about. Why is that, Denary?"

Shrugging, he turned away before Mac saw the truth in Kevin's eyes.

"If you have a bone to pick with me, try talking to me instead of

spreading shit."

"If the shoe fits."

"It isn't just about me, not anymore."

Kevin turned back to him. "What do you mean?"

Mac threw back the entire glass of wine in a few gulps. "Cyn is back. She's been assigned as my PR specialist. I know you still have a hard-on for her or you would have stopped trying to destroy me with all your little bullshit stories."

Wow. For a perceptive agent, he had no idea Cyn and Kevin never lost contact with each other after college. Apparently Cyn must have left that part out when she had her legs open to him. "So why tell me?"

"I don't give a shit what you write about me, Denary. If I did, I would have put a stop to it a long time ago. But printing another line of bullshit, bringing me down in print, that will hurt Cyn."

How interesting. The man sounded sincere, like he actually gave a shit about someone other than himself. "I only print the truth."

"Your version of the truth is skewed by your jealousy."

Laughing again in an attempt to cover up the fact that Mac nailed it on the head, Kevin then shook his head. "Jealous? Of you? Hah!"

Mac simply looked at him.

Goddamn him and his arrogant looks. Why wouldn't he just leave already? Kevin glanced at his watch. Cyn would be here any—

The distinct click of heels on hardwood announced her arrival. Since Kevin left the door open, Cyn walked in and smiled at him but quickly lost it when she saw who else joined him in his apartment.

"You know Mac," Kevin stated, trying to keep the resentment from surfacing. Of course she knew him, considering the position he found them in earlier today.

"What are you doing here?" she asked Mac. And once again Kevin no longer existed. He stood closest to her, yet he'd never felt farther away. Those stunning green eyes sparkled as they assessed Mac. Kevin had to look away. They'd never shined like that when she

looked at him.

Mac flashed that charming, crooked grin that had women panting for him. Kevin hated him even more for having the ability to charm any woman right out of her panties, especially Cyn.

She glided into the apartment and took her time shutting the door behind her. She then kicked off her shoes and helped herself to a glass of wine. It was odd, seeing her like this. Kevin had only seen Cyn with this level of tenacity back in college when she went up against the reigning debate champion.

She kicked his ass.

Kevin stole a glance at Mac. He kept those dark eyes on Cyn like a predator, circling around the apartment as he contemplated whether to attack or get the hell out of her way.

"So," Cyn started and tossed her purse down on a nearby chair, "what brings an SBI agent to the U District?"

"A call came in." He grinned, and Kevin watched as Cyn actually swayed. Goddamn him and his charm. "Figured I'd check it out."

"Funny. I have a scanner. I didn't hear a call."

Mac's grin widened. "Oh, this call didn't come across the scanner. It was in print."

His gaze hardened as it snapped to Kevin.

"Don't tell me you're actually here to try and intimidate Kevin into backing off."

He glowered and finally turned away, no doubt pissed that she immediately picked up on why he'd come. "Once again, you are way off base."

"Oh, really?" Cyn arched her perfectly shaped brow and gave Kevin a casual glance as if to say *watch this*. She sipped at her wine and leaned up against the counter. "Why don't I believe you?"

"That's your problem."

"I think that's our problem," she corrected in that sexy voice.

Mac turned back around and grabbed the wine bottle, pouring himself another nice, full glass. Good thing Kevin planned ahead and

had several bottles on hand. Judging by the direction this seemed to be heading in, they'd all need something to take the edge off.

"What in the hell are you talking about?"

Cyn didn't appear to take offense at his insulting tone. Instead, she ignored the pain he tried to inflict with his words. "As your PR gal, when you make a slip-up like busting down the door of a reporter whose only crime is publishing stories you don't like, it becomes my problem."

That did it. Mac's jaw clenched as he narrowed his eyes at her. "He's printing lies about me, Cyn. As my PR gal, shouldn't that be your problem, too?"

Color splashed Cyn's cheeks, and she took a long sip of her wine to cover up the slight shake in her hand. Kevin noticed it, and, with Mac's training as an SBI agent, no way did he miss it.

"You can't break into his apartment like this."

"He let me in," Mac defended.

"Voluntarily?"

"He even poured me a drink."

Cyn turned to Kevin, clearly not sure whether to believe Mac or not. Mac shot Kevin a warning look. Kevin darted his gaze between them.

"Look," Kevin started and joined them over at the kitchen island counter, "let's just admit the obvious. I ran with a story that Mac had a problem with."

"I have a problem with all your stories because that is exactly what they are—stories."

Kevin looked at him, annoyed that he just couldn't let it go. Yes, there had been some stories in which Kevin may have embellished the truth a bit, but he never went as far as lying. He wrote the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but, no matter how painful.

"Let him finish," Cyn snapped at Mac. He audibly growled as he glared at her. She merely lifted her brow in challenge, amused at his reaction.

Kevin's chest tightened, first from the way she defended him, then from the way she held Mac's gaze as she silently confronted him. The sexual tension thickened in the room, centering between his two guests.

"I don't want to do this," Kevin admitted. It sucked to not be the one Cyn looked at with a glow in her features. Knowing the man she idolized didn't give a shit about anyone but himself just tore Kevin to pieces.

"Kevin?" Cyn walked over to him and placed her hand on his shoulder, squeezing him in reassurance. When he looked into her eyes, he forgot what he wanted to say. "Are you okay?"

"No," he admitted gruffly. He couldn't do this. Being in love with a woman in love with another man threatened to kill him. Glancing between Mac and Cyn, his two best friends in college until that damn night in the library, his resolve snapped.

"How can you be so oblivious?" he shouted at both of them. "Jesus Christ, Cyn. I've been in love with you since you borrowed a pencil from me in first-year English. You've been in love with Mac since you first met him. I haven't got a goddamn clue what's going on in Mac's Neanderthal head, but to have you love someone like *him* and not me..." He shook his head. "I just can't understand it."

Cyn and Mac stared back at him, both blinking from the shock of his declaration. As a final act, Kevin grabbed the wine bottle and took it with him as he marched over to his couch.

Chapter 4

Cyn stared straight ahead and sipped at her drink. Kevin didn't keep enough wine on hand to help her cope with what he'd just declared.

He never once told her that he loved her. Not once. Deep down, she'd hoped he did, but since he never said it, she refused to say it first. The three of them were best friends in college, all up until she made the mistake of agreeing to go out with Kevin and falling in love with him.

They'd kept it a secret from Mac for fear that it would hurt his feelings and tear up their threesome. When Mac came to her that night in the library, when they defiled several study desks as they finally gave in to the lust building between them and ravaged each other's bodies until the sun came up, Cyn knew she couldn't be with Kevin when she had it so bad for Mac.

She told Kevin everything, fully expecting him to blow up, but he never did. He didn't even say anything to Mac. He just turned his back on them and walked away.

But that summed up Kevin Denary. He didn't like to talk. No, he'd rather put it in print with his name on the byline. With Kevin, nothing else mattered but getting the scoop for the next big story.

Cyn stole a glance at Mac, who had since resorted to growling and sighing as he pouted in the chair opposite hers. They never said anything close to the L word, either. When they were together, their words were more along the lines of screams and groans as they fucked each other senseless.

This couldn't be more awkward. No one said anything. They all

sat there, sipping wine, avoiding any and all eyes. Not exactly the night she had planned with Kevin.

Wow. Even after seven years, after what she did with his best friend, Kevin still loved her. Did she love him? Did she love Mac?

In a single answer to both. Yes.

She loved Kevin. He looked more like a wrestler than a reporter, but with boyish charm and striking good looks. With the millimeter of stubble he kept on his head and the way his almost black eyes bore into a person, he certainly had a way of intimidating the story out of someone. He went after the stories no one had the balls to print.

But he was also sweet and always held the door for her. He gave her his coat when she shivered from the cold. He ordered for her in restaurants, poured her wine first, and always, always made sure that, when they made love, he'd pulled more than enough orgasms from her before giving into his own pleasure.

Her love for Mac scared her. It was volatile and consumed her. If they took a stroll along Alki Beach and she felt a chill, Mac would ridicule her for not dressing warmer. She had no idea if he would have ever ordered for her or poured her wine for her, since whenever they were together, they never left his apartment. Half the time they never left his bedroom.

When it came to sex, Mac made her scream until her throat hurt. The man knew how to please a woman, no doubt about it.

Now what should she do?

She loved both of them, but in entirely different ways. Throwing back the rest of her wine, she decided to grab the small amount of bravery floating around inside her, thanks to the alcohol.

"Let's play a game," she announced.

Both the men looked at her with their dark, hooded eyes.

"What kind of game?" Kevin asked, albeit cautiously.

"I don't do games," Mac countered.

"Truth or dare," Cyn stated with a grin. She knew Mac. He'd never back down from a challenge. Kevin would go along just to stay in the

game. Neither man looked overly happy to participate.

"I'll go first." Cyn grabbed the wine and dumped the rest of it in her glass. "Kevin, will you open another bottle?"

"I have a feeling we're going to need it anyway," he muttered and went into his kitchen. He grabbed another bottle of red and corked it before bringing it back over to the coffee table between them.

Cyn sank down on the floor at the table. Kevin, following her lead, did the same. Mac, of course, defied them and stayed seated in the chair, grinding his teeth.

"Kevin, truth or dare?"

Kevin looked at her, debating her question. Reaching over, he grabbed the wine and then topped off his glass. After killing time by sipping at it, he finally settled with swirling his wine and staring at it. "Dare."

Perfect. Cyn ran her tongue along her lower lip before sucking it between her teeth. Both men took a keen interest in her at this point, and she loved it. Her nipples puckered and tented the fabric of her T-shirt.

"I dare you to tell me exactly how you feel."

"Wouldn't that be more of a truth?" Mac pointed out.

"Yeah," Kevin agreed with Mac. "Besides, I already told you."

"Humor me."

"Cynthia," Kevin said and scooted closer to her. He took her hand in his and looked deep into her eyes, his gaze so intense it made her stomach flip. Her breath hitched. "I am so in love with you. I've always loved you and will continue to love you beyond my last breath."

She gulped and felt like fanning herself after he scooted back over to his original spot. Wow. He'd never shown that much passion before. Her entire body tingled from his admission. It swirled inside her, tightening her nipples and firing off her libido.

"Mac, truth or dare." Cyn recovered from Kevin's words and glanced over at the surly agent.

"Truth."

"Tell me how you feel about me."

"Dare." He thinned his lips.

"Fine. I dare you to tell me how you feel about me."

He growled. "Truth."

"Don't be a pansy ass. Just tell her." Kevin took a long sip of his wine. "I did."

"Now wait a second. You got the first question, so it seems like it would be my turn to ask the question." Mac spiked his dark brow at her. That look always had her body responding by expanding her pussy lips in anticipation of his attention.

"Fine," she answered and thrust out her chin. "Ask away."

"All right." He leaned forward in his chair. "Cyn, truth or dare?"

She took a drink from her wine. Feeling a nice buzz, she decided to walk on the wild side. "Dare."

Mac's eyes glittered wickedly, and she immediately regretted her decision to be wanton. Nothing good ever came out of that glint in those dark eyes.

"I dare you to give us a little show."

Heat hit her cheeks. "What do you mean?"

"We'll have Denary put on some music, and you dance. The way you used to move your sexy body should have been a sin, Cyn. Do you still have it?"

Not wanting to give either one of them a reason to doubt her conviction, she rose to her feet and stood there with her hands on her hips. "Well? Where's my music?"

Kevin jumped up and hurried over to his CD player. "Anything in particular?"

"Do you have *Feeling Good* by Michael Bublé?" Mac asked, shocking the shit out of her. How did he even know about Michael Bublé? He was a jazz musician, and jazz was so not Mac.

But it was Cynthia. She loved all things jazz. It made her heart hammer in her chest to think Mac remembered that after all these

years.

The sound of Michael Bublé's magical voice filled the room, and Cyn closed her eyes, running her hands up and down her body as if they were her lover's hands.

When the drums started in, she swayed her hips to the beat as she slowly lifted her T-shirt over her head. After pulling it off, she tossed her shirt out to the men, leaving her in her lacy bra.

She then lowered her hands down to her jeans and ran her finger between her legs. The warmth from her pussy saturated the thick fabric. Rocking her hips to the beat, she unbuttoned her jeans and slowly lowered the zipper.

Both men groaned and leaned forward.

The trumpets started in along with the sultry beat of the drum, and Cyn really got into it. Swaying back and forth, she slowly pushed her jeans down past her knees and kicked them off.

As her grand finale, she rubbed her breasts before bringing her hands down and stroking the throbbing ache between her legs.

The music faded and snapped Cyn from her erotic display. She smiled and sat back down at the coffee table as if nothing had happened, as if she hadn't just given them a show that visibly left them both with rock-hard cocks.

"There," she stated haughtily, satisfied that she now had their undivided attention.

Mac's lips curled into a wicked grin. "That was some show."

Mac and Kevin exchanged looks and both broke into laughter.

"What?" Cyn wanted to know what was so damn funny. She'd just gave them a little teaser dance, and they had the nerve to laugh at her?

Kevin spoke. "He never said you had to take off your clothes."

The heat from her embarrassment slammed into her and made her entire body warm. She closed her eyes and muttered a curse before grabbing her wine and taking a long gulp.

"Not that we minded," Mac added. They glanced at each other again and gave a curt nod in agreement.

Agreement?

Cyn swallowed hard. They actually agreed on something. Not wanting to break the magic, she urged the game forward.

"Your turn, Kevin."

"Uh," he seemed to be struggling to speak. "Okay. Cyn, truth or dare?"

She knew he'd pick her. "Dare."

"I dare you to finish your strip tease."

She shook her head. "No way. I'm down to a bra and panties. You two are still fully clothed."

"You can't turn down a dare," Mac stated.

"You did," Cyn pointed out.

"Fine. You do this dare, and I won't turn down the next one."

Cyn smiled triumphantly and stood back up. *Fever* came next on Kevin's playlist, and it was Cyn's favorite version, again by Michael Bublé. Standing up and turning around so she had her back to them, she unsnapped her bra and rocked her hips to the beat as the bra fell down into her hand.

Her back still to them, she glanced over her shoulder and gave a wink before tossing her bra at them. Turning back around to face them, she carefully kept her breasts covered with her hands. Rocking back and forth, gyrating her hips, she had them both on the edge before she turned back around.

Lowering her hands, she hooked her thumbs in her panties and slowly slid them down her thighs, past her knees, past her calves, and finally pulled them off.

"Seriously fine ass," Mac rasped.

"You got that right," Kevin agreed.

Cyn slowed to a stop as she focused on what they just said. Did they just agree on something else? That would be two things in less than five minutes.

And then a brilliant, devious plan started to develop in her mind. What if she were the common ground between the three of them?

Turning back around, her hands at her sides, she allowed each of the men to trace her body with his hungry gaze. She knew both men intimately, as they did her. But she didn't know them both intimately at the same time.

She'd never had a ménage à trois before but couldn't think of a more perfect time to try one.

"Mac," she said, remembering his promise. "Truth or dare?"

He scraped his gaze across her breasts before resting it on her face. "Dare."

"I dare you... Actually, this dare is for both of you."

Kevin sat up straight, and the men exchanged glances. Mac spoke up, his voice thick with lust. "Go on."

"I dare you, each of you, to take one of my nipples into your mouth and work it until I moan." As a tease, she reached up and played with her nipples, pinching them and rolling them between her finger and thumb.

"At the same time?" Kevin asked.

Mac was already out of his seat and on his way over to Cyn. Kevin, not to be outdone, hurried up and made it over to her before Mac.

Kevin's lips were first and settled in on her right nipple. He softly ran his tongue along the edge and gently flicked it against her rigid pebble.

"Move that cue ball of a melon you've got," Mac ordered and pushed Kevin over.

When Mac lowered his head and took her left nipple in his mouth, he took no prisoners. Suckling down, he nipped at her flesh, scraping his teeth against her and flicking his tongue relentlessly.

She arched her back against the feeling of having two men touching her, pleasing her at the same time.

A moan inadvertently escaped her lips from the sheer pleasure. Mac immediately pulled back. When Kevin didn't pull back, Mac tapped his shoulder.

He looked up at Mac, irritated he interrupted him. "What?"

"She moaned," he stated triumphantly.

"Because of me." Kevin grinned.

"You wish."

"Whose turn is it?" Cyn asked, breathless from the ache in her body.

"Since this last dare was yours," Mac said, "it's my turn."

She locked her gaze to his. "What do you want?"

He ground out a chuckle. "That's a very dangerous question."

"Do you think I won't like the answer?"

"Fine. Cyn, truth or dare?"

"Truth."

He spiked his dark brow. "Okay. What is it you want right now?"

"I want both of you at the same time." Cyn flushed at her admission, but seeing the lust in both their eyes, she decided to take it a step further. "Can you two put aside your differences long enough for me?"

Mac and Kevin looked at each other. They narrowed their eyes at each other, and for one painful moment, Cyn thought they'd end up attacking each other. Instead, they both grinned and turned back to her.

Kevin's lips crashed down over hers. His tongue darted in and around her mouth. Oh, wow. He'd never kissed her like this before. It had such passion, such conviction, that she writhed her body up against his. He lowered her to the floor, his lips never leaving hers.

Mac pushed the table out of the way and positioned her so her legs were on either side of him. He wasted no time as he dived down and buried his mouth inside her pussy.

She moaned into Kevin's mouth. This felt so nasty, so forbidden, having two men at the same time. Kevin kissed her without reserve, and she loved it. Mac ate her pussy, flicking her swollen clit with his tongue. She jerked and moaned again when Mac grabbed her hips to hold her in place.

Kevin's mouth left hers and traveled down her neck, slowly descending to her breasts. With one hand, he caressed her breast while taking the opposite nipple into his mouth.

Cyn gasped when Mac bit down on her clit. She arched her back, and Kevin scraped his teeth against her nipple.

The way Mac attacked her pussy would have her coming in record time. He stabbed his tongue deep inside her cunt and sucked out her juices before returning back to her aching clit. He inserted his fingers deep inside her and fucked her while concentrating on the throbbing bundle of nerves.

"Oh, yes!" Cyn cried when Kevin nipped at her flesh. He then carefully licked to cool down the heat from his bite.

Mac hummed against her pussy and drove her closer to release. A coil of erotic passion erupted inside her and twisted around her womb. She grabbed Kevin's head and pulled him up to her mouth.

"Kiss me," she breathed.

He did just as Mac gave her one last flick, and her world exploded. An orgasm so sharp it almost hurt crashed down on her, and she thrashed against Mac's talented mouth, screaming into Kevin's mouth, until the waves ebbed back inside her.

A few more licks and Mac pulled back from her pussy, wiping his mouth and grinning at her triumphantly. She couldn't focus. Hell, she couldn't breathe.

"Truth or dare," Kevin said in a raspy, thick voice, his eyes holding her prisoner.

"D-dare," she breathed.

"I dare you," he started, but then stopped and narrowed his eyes at her as his expression grew somber.

"What?" She arched to him, but he pulled back. Concern replacing her passion, she sat up and reached for him. "What is it?"

Kevin's hands slid down her arm, down to her thigh. He almost seemed lost in thought as he focused on his hand driving chills across her flesh.

"No more games," he said quietly, his voice strained.

Cyn glanced over Kevin's shoulder, and her gaze collided with Mac's. He scowled, as usual, and released an audible growl.

"I like the game."

Kevin looked over at Mac. "You were the one who said you didn't do games."

Mac grinned and arched his brow as he slowly raked his eyes across Cyn's naked body. Damn him for his charm. She quivered in anticipation of having him touch her with more than his mouth.

"I'll make you a deal," Mac stated evenly and reluctantly pulled his gaze away from Cyn to rest it back on Kevin. "Finish this with me. Let's give her what she really wants."

"And what is that?"

Cyn's voice trembled as she spoke. "You. Both of you. At the same time. Make love to me, Kevin. You too, Mac. Both of you, make love to me." She hated how pathetic she sounded as she begged but did it anyway.

Mac's lips curled into that damn seductive grin she loved to hate. He knew exactly what she wanted, and the son of a bitch just had to gloat about it.

They'd never had a threesome together, yet Mac seemed to read her mind, knowing that was exactly what she wanted.

"And what do I get as part of this deal?" Kevin's dark eyes assessed her. "Aside from the obvious."

Before she could speak up, Mac's offer left her speechless.

"You win. I walk away."

The pain from Cyn's heart seizing brought tears to her eyes. She couldn't lose Mac again, not after getting him back. Besides, they were supposed to pose as lovers for the press. Considering what she'd just done with a member of the press present, even joining in, it wouldn't be a stretch.

Kevin studied Mac with obvious skepticism. "You can't walk away from Cyn any more than I can."

"I did once before, seven years ago. I can do it again. Easily."

Easily. He actually said it. That single word stabbed into her, coiling around like a poison inside her blood.

"Really?" Cyn couldn't stop herself from saying something. Her voice shook, no matter how hard she tried to cover it up.

Mac held a look of indifference frozen on his damn arrogantly handsome face. Instead of responding, he simply stared at her.

"Goddamn you, Mac." She looked away before her eyes swelled with tears.

"Jesus Christ," Kevin growled in a low, menacing tone. "You really are a bastard. I thought it was just for my benefit."

"All the more reason you two should jump at my offer. With me out of the way, Cyn is all yours. You don't think I can tell you two have more going on than a little fuck here and there? I'm not an idiot. You've wanted to marry her since college, so do it. Have fat, little babies. Buy a house with a white picket fence. I don't give a shit."

The more he spoke, the more Cyn saw through his little act. He did care, more than he wanted to. It hurt him to know that Kevin and Cyn kept in touch after college. Neither one of them had even attempted to stay in touch with Mac.

Cyn took it all in and made mental notes. His tough guy image started to crumble, and she knew exactly what she needed to do to shatter it completely.

Chapter 5

Three days. Mac had to hand it to himself. He didn't think he'd be able to avoid Cyn for that long. The draw to bury himself deep inside her body usually pulled him back to her within hours. She was like a drug to his system. One taste and he couldn't get enough.

It took him seven years to forget how she felt when her tight little pussy sheathed him. And now, goddamn it, it was going to take him another seven years to forget one wild, thoughtless *fucking* incident behind the SBI building.

Who knew Cyn would be the one to put a stop to their little game? After all, she started it. When he made the deal with Denary, he thought it would be his ticket out. No way did Cyn stop once she got started.

But then she actually did. He even turned up his asshole dial to extreme in order to send her over the edge, but damn if she didn't see right through him. It irritated the shit out of him that Cyn had some sort of sixth sense when it came to him. She always called bullshit on him when he pushed it just a little too far.

Like last night.

She looked like he'd snapped her heart in two when he said he'd walk. It damn near killed him to see that pained expression wash over her beautiful face.

And then, like the redhead she was, she got pissed.

Those brilliant green eyes flashed as she practically threw him out of Denary's apartment. No doubt they spent the night together and Denary took her pain away, thrust after fucking thrust. Mac ignored the pinch in his chest. If Cyn wanted to sleep with the reporter, who

was Mac to stop her? They obviously got back together after Mac and Cyn broke up. Good for them.

Ah, hell. He tried to get out of this ridiculous bargain his department struck with Cyn. The next time he found himself buried between her long, golden legs—and he knew it would only be a matter of time before he'd be there again—he'd make sure she agreed to his terms *before* he made her come.

Standing at the coffee machine, stirring sugar into the piss water the department called coffee, Mac contemplated his next move. Scaring her only turned her on. Threatening her boyfriend seemed to turn her on as well. He didn't know what he needed to do next, only that he needed to do something quick before she got the idea that the director actually had a good idea by having them pose as lovers.

"Ms. Gates!" Director Lawson greeted Cyn like a damn kid would his favorite teacher, with a little too much excitement and an underlying energy a kid would never understand.

Mac rolled his eyes and growled deep in the back of the throat. When the director pointed Mac out for her, his growl became more pronounced.

She smiled politely as she made her way over to him, but he saw the nervousness in her pretty features. Today she had on a snug little light blue pantsuit that showed off every inch of her amazing curves. He liked it better when she wore her short skirts so he could steal a glance at those well-toned legs of hers. Even so, Mac's dick twitched at the sight.

He shifted just as she rounded the counter so she wouldn't see how obvious his body responded to her. Ignoring her as she stood there waiting for him to acknowledge her, Mac added more sugar to his coffee and slowly stirred.

She held her briefcase in front of her, her knuckles white from how tightly she held the handle. When he continued to concentrate on his coffee and not her, he watched her cheeks flush to a glowing red.

Damn, she was a fine sight when she got pissed. Fine indeed.

"Agent McLane," she stated in her sultry voice. She tried to keep it steady, he could tell, but it shook anyway, giving away her nerves. She cleared her throat to cover it up.

He tossed the stir stick into the trash and turned away from her, leaving the coffee sitting there. He wouldn't drink it anyway. She followed on his heels, just as he knew she would.

"Mac, we need to talk."

"So, talk."

When she didn't say anything, he stopped and turned back to her. She skidded to a stop right before running into him. As she looked up into his eyes, he saw determination, defiance, and, goddamn it, pain. Pain, he didn't need to remind himself, that he'd caused and continued to cause with every breath he took.

"You haven't returned any of my calls," she pointed out.

"I know."

She narrowed her sparkling eyes at him, piercing him easily. He clenched his teeth and squared his jaw in return, ignoring the jab of guilt the look delivered.

"I have something you're going to like."

He slowly raked his gaze up and down her body, hesitating on her beautiful breasts before finally raising his eyes back up to her face. "You always do."

Fresh color splashed her cheeks. "Mac, I'm serious."

"So am I," he growled thickly.

"I think I know how to go after Sweetheart."

He snapped his brow into an arch. "And that is?"

She opened her briefcase and pulled out a paper. After shoving it at him, she stood back and tapped her toe as she waited for him to see whatever had her so damned upset.

Besides him.

He looked down at the paper. A picture of the latest Hollywood washout in a lovely mug shot graced the front page. "Looks like they nailed her for a DUI this time."

"Look down."

He glanced down to the next story, purposely avoiding the bottom of the paper, the spot where he knew Denary held his audience captive with his riveting stories. "Housing market is still in the shitter."

"Mac, read the headline of Kevin's story."

Letting out a long, drawn-out, and very audible sigh that most defined as a growl, he traced the paper with his gaze until he read the heading. Mac set his jaw so tight he thought he felt a few teeth crack from the pressure.

"Illegal Raves Up. SBI Does Nothing." What the hell was the son of a bitch up to now, and why was Cyn so damn happy about it? And how, goddamn it, did Denary seem to always be a step ahead of the SBI when it came to these raves? "What is this?"

"Instead of getting pissed," she defended and grabbed the paper back to shove it into her briefcase, "think about it. If the raves are up, then that means—"

"Sweetheart really is back," Mac finished with a nod. "She's back, and she's pushing Lust out there."

"We have to talk to Kevin," she stated.

Mac immediately shook his head. He didn't want to talk to that asshole any more than necessary. Never again would work for him.

"Mac, I heard him talking to someone on the phone the other night after you had the nerve..." she caught herself and stopped before going on.

"You're still pissed about that? It was a Monday. I was in a bad mood."

"When aren't you in a bad mood?"

He scowled at her. "Did you come all the way down here just to irritate the shit out of me, or was there another purpose?"

"You know, you can be such a prick!"

Grinning at her, he wiggled his brow. "Oh, but you like my prick."

The color racing across her face matched her fiery hair. She

glanced around the room and leaned close to him as she dropped her voice. "You son of a bitch."

She insulted him with about as much conviction as a whore in church.

"If there's nothing else, I have work to do."

"Mac!"

"Goodbye, Cyn." He didn't even look back as he dismissed her and walked away. He had no idea where he was headed, but he had to get the hell away from her before he disregarded everyone else in the open office and threw her onto the closest desk, ripped that pretty blue suit off her sexy body, and fucked her right there.

"He mentioned a rave tonight."

Mac slowed. That didn't make any sense. Raves happened on the weekends. Slowly, he turned back to her once he stood a safe distance from her. "But today is Thursday."

"I know," she agreed and took the few steps needed to be dangerously close to him once again. Damn it, he could smell her mouthwatering floral perfume. It wafted up into his nostrils, along with her strong, sensual scent.

"I think we need to talk to Kevin. There has to be a reason why it's happening tonight, and I think he knows."

"Then you talk to him."

"Mac, please."

"I'm not interested in having a conversation with your boyfriend, not about this or anything else." Mac started to turn around, but the look on her face stopped him.

Cyn's expression twisted as she looked around the crowded office, at how every agent within earshot strained to listen to her answer. Those out of earshot still stole glances their way to catch glimpses of the show.

She snapped her eyes back on Mac. "Can we finish this conversation somewhere a little more private, please?"

"I have work to do," he protested. He didn't have anything so

pressing that he couldn't spend a few more minutes listening to her, but he didn't want her to know that.

"Now," she ordered as she spiked her damn brow. He hated that look and didn't have an ounce of power to deny it.

"Fine," he growled and grabbed her arm, dragging her over to the director's office. Lawson glanced up from a mountain of paperwork on his desk, a confused expression on his face. When he spotted Cyn again, he perked right up.

"What can I help you with, Ms. Gates?" He folded his hands on top of the papers, as if that made him look more mature and any less like a high-school student.

"We need your office," Mac spat out.

Lawson frowned. "Why my office?"

"Apparently, my PR specialist has a problem with talking to me in public."

"Oh, I have a problem with so much more than that." She lifted her chin, her eyes gleaming in defiance.

"Uh-oh," Lawson mumbled, his eyes widening as he darted a look between Mac and Cyn. He finally settled his gaze on Mac. "What did you do?"

Mac growled and narrowed his gaze right back on the director. The kid visibly swallowed and shrank back in his chair. "I'm just being myself."

"Which equates to being an ass," Cyn snapped.

"I never said I wasn't." Mac looked at her.

She stiffened and stared at the director. "I need to speak to my client alone."

"Well," Lawson started timidly, a nervous smile shaking on his lips, "technically, the SBI is your client, so if you have to speak to the SBI, then that's me."

Cyn flashed those green eyes at him. "Oh, really?"

When Lawson caught on to that look of challenge, of crossing her at the wrong place and time, he jumped up from his desk and

practically sprinted for the door.

"Just...uh...just let me know if you need...uh... I'll just be out here." He colored furiously and hurried out of his office, closing the door behind him.

"That wasn't very nice," Mac pointed out.

Cyn shrugged and casually swayed over to the small couch against the opposite wall. Crossing her legs, she wiggled in and opened her blazer to reveal a very revealing camisole. The lacy top teased him with hints of glimpses at her rosy nipples as they attempted to poke through the fabric.

Holy shit. She didn't have on a bra. Mac's dick spasmed and pressed against his jeans, desperate to break free and catch a peek at the view.

"Why haven't you called me?" She looked up at him with those beautiful eyes. Damn, she played innocent seductress well. He almost fell for it.

Almost.

When she casually brought her hand up and slowly trailed her fingers down her neck, across her collarbone, and then back up, Mac swallowed down the groan floating behind his vocal chords. He wanted to take that same path with his lips, his tongue, and draw a sultry moan from her.

He turned away to stop himself from joining her on the couch and ripping that barely there lacy top from her body. She had such an amazing...well...everything. He loved everything about her.

Ah, Christ. No. No, no, and double-horseshit no. Adrian McLane did not fall in love. He ran at the first sign of the forbidden L word and the mess it left in its wake. It was *the* reason he broke it off seven years ago.

"Bullshit," he muttered. Maybe vocalizing it would help him to believe it.

"What was that?"

He shook his head, dismissing both her question and the

ridiculous notion of him being in love with her or anyone else.

Did Cyn turn up the heat in here? Sweat beaded up on his lip as the warmth of the room seeped into him. It had to be over a hundred degrees.

Turning around, he almost swallowed his tongue when he saw the way Cyn ran the tips of her fingers over one of her nipples, hardening it into a little bud and causing it to poke at her lacy top.

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. His dick hardened to painful proportions and strained to find a way over to seek out the moist, blistering heat between her legs.

With a come-and-get-me grin, she winked and patted the seat next to him. "Lock the door," she whispered.

He lost his control the minute she smiled at him.

Mac locked the door, put a chair in front of it, and closed the blinds to make sure they remained undisturbed. He didn't waste any time eating up the distance between them, settling down on the couch and pulling her up onto his lap.

He wove his fingers into her hair and drew her toward him, kicking up his chin to meet her lips faster. He had to taste her or he'd die before his next breath.

She leaned forward and bit his lower lip before kissing him with such unbridled lust he bared his teeth and bit her right back. Dear God, he loved it when she got rough.

A lust so stark it forced any other want to the wayside bit into his balls, and he ground his aching cock up against the heated sex she had centered on top of his crotch.

His hands traveled down and eased the blazer off her shoulders. She took it as an invitation and eagerly unbuttoned his shirt. When she had his chest bared, she dug her sharp little nails into his flesh, going for blood.

He hissed. "Jesus, woman."

"Shut up," she moaned, barely audible, "and help me." She dived for his belt and unfastened it. When she pulled the belt free of the

loops, she stood up and backed away from him, a dark need flushing her face and flashing in her eyes.

He opened his pants and pulled out his rigid cock, stroking it slowly as she licked her lips when she eyed it.

Once she wiggled out of her slacks and had them hanging carefully on a nearby chair, she sat back down on his lap, carefully positioning herself, hovering her glistening pussy just a breath over the blunt end of his dick.

"Come here, baby." He grabbed her shoulders and lowered her down, the walls of her soaked vagina quivering as they sheathed his flesh. "Oh, yeah."

He had condoms in his wallet, and had every intention of using them this time. After all, he had no idea who she'd been with since college, and he'd been with more than enough in an attempt to get one Cynthia Gates out of his blood. Cyn was the only woman in his life he'd never worn a condom with.

But now, as he sank his cock deep inside her pussy, he knew he'd never be able to stand any barriers between them. Their contact, flesh to flesh, couldn't be denied. Rolling his hips, he stabbed his cock deep inside her, filling her hungry cunt with everything he had.

Her sharp cry filled the room, and he forced her mouth to his. She kissed him with ardent hunger as she slowly rocked her hips, moving his cock in and out of her heated core.

"Oh, Mac." She nipped at his earlobe. Her soft hum deep in the base of her sexy throat drove him crazy. He lifted his hips off the couch and drove his dick deep inside her cunt. She whimpered and ground her hips to increase the friction between them. Her knee smacked his gun. He shifted to move it out of the way. "I hate that damn thing."

"That damn thing saves lives. Now do you want to talk about my gun? Or would you rather have me do this?" He sank his dick down to the base, and she growled in the back of her throat.

Her scorching juices drenched him, the scent rising up into his

senses. The walls of her pussy gripped him, pulling him deeper inside her velvety warmth.

He pulled her camisole up over her head and covered a waiting breast with his mouth. Cyn threw her head back and increased her rhythm. "Harder. Suck it harder."

Not one to turn down a woman's aching need, he pulled the nipple tighter into his mouth and flicked it with his tongue as he caressed her lovely breasts in his hands.

"Oh, God! Yes!" She cried out and not only rocked her cunt across his cock, but started to really pick up speed, writhing her hips as she drove them both closer and closer to an exploding release.

And he lost control.

When he bit down on her nipple, she moaned deeply and dug her long fingers into his hair to pull him tighter against her. "I'm so close, Mac. Just... Just a little bit more."

"Come for me," he demanded in a rasp and matched her rhythm with his own. Their bodies slammed into each other as they both fought for freedom from the tormenting orgasm hovering just out of reach. "Please, Cyn. I want to feel your hot juices burn my cock. Make me come, baby."

He was dying to feel her convulse around his dick, pulse him right into a blinding orgasm that would leave him temporarily paralyzed.

"Are you begging?" She licked at his lips.

"Witch."

"Say it. Tell me what I want to hear."

He couldn't stop the words as they fell from his lips. "I need you, Cyn. Right here, right now. All of you. Give it to me. Please, baby."

She cried out as the first of her release gripped her and, in turn, gripped him. The walls of her pussy fisted his cock and started to milk him.

Her nails felt like they pierced his scalp and sent him into the sight-stealing orgasm he'd been waiting for. Pulling her to him, she screamed into his mouth, and her entire body convulsed. He stiffened

and drove his dick deep inside her, filling her with the essence of his very life.

As she collapsed over him, panting hard and shaking in the aftermath, she rested her forehead against his shoulder. The pounding of their hearts eventually slowed as the last of their orgasms washed through them and left them sated.

"I can't—" she gasped, "—believe we just did that."

"It's a first for me." He nipped at her ear.

Slowly, reluctantly, she lifted her body off his and eased away from the couch. She grabbed her lacy top and threw it over her head before grabbing her matching panties.

Mac frowned at the outfit. No one should see her in that outside of the bedroom, and even then it should only be him. What the hell was she doing wearing something like that out in public? "That's a set?"

"It's actually a little sleeper set I picked up yesterday."

"Little is right," he growled and stood to dress, pissed that he even gave a shit about what she wore, or how it made him feel knowing she happily paraded around in it. "It's barely decent, Cyn."

She gave him a slow and sultry look. "I didn't hear you complain as you tore it from my body."

He grunted and reached down to grab his belt. Once he had it back in place, he watched her finish dressing. Damn, she even made putting clothes *on* an event that made a man think of only one thing.

"Now that we have that out of the way," he jested and went to the door. If they spent too much time alone in the office together, they'd end up tearing each other's clothes off again.

That was their relationship, if you could call it that, in a nutshell. A few casual words to get the greeting out of the way, and then *bam!*, they were horizontal. Well, in this case, not quite horizontal, but it always started with him burying some part of his body into some part of hers and ended with them both panting as quaking orgasms raced through them, releasing them from their sexual torment, if only for a moment.

He had to get out of here, get things sorted out in his mind. Being this close to Cyn wasn't good for his libido. His hunger for her took over and left no room for reasonable actions.

"Mac, wait."

The serious tone of her voice stopped him, and he turned back to face her.

"Just because we can't seem to keep our hands off each other," she started.

"Or our body parts out of each other," he added in a thick growl. The color his comment splashed across her cheeks added to the glow already there.

"We still have work to do."

No shit. Not only did he have a pesky, sexy-as-sin PR specialist on his tail—literally—he still had to find a way into these raves without raising suspicion. The authorities weren't welcome. That much he knew. If he so much as stepped within one hundred yards of these elite raves, Sweetheart would know, and then she'd disappear again.

On top of all of that, he couldn't focus, not with Cyn around. He had to bring down Sweetheart, and he needed one hundred and ten percent dedicated instincts to do that. As soon as Cyn popped back into the picture, his instincts were detoured. Now all he wanted to do was fuck her senseless until they finally got it out of their system.

As his child-of-a-director would say, "Good luck with that."

Mac knew the more Cyn and he spent time together, the less they'd actually get done. He needed something to keep him focused on something other than the next opportunity to bury his cock deep inside her pussy.

"Let's go talk to Denary," he barked and threw the door open. At least with Kevin Denary around, he'd be more focused on kicking Mr. PITA Reporter's ass and less on trying to get a piece of Cyn's.

Chapter 6

"Remember what I told you," Cyn scolded. She even shook her finger at him to make her point. "Be nice."

Mac looked at her and squared his jaw. As much as she loved that arrogant look about him, now wasn't the time for him to display it. She needed to convince Kevin they had come in peace. "Are you kidding me?"

She rolled her eyes and held in what she really wanted to say. "Just try not to piss him off."

Kevin threw open the door and narrowed his eyes at Cyn, and then nailed that suspicious glare on Mac.

Too late.

"What the hell do you want?" He darted his eyes back to Cyn. "Are you two a team now?"

"Can the shit, Denary. I told you to marry her and take her away. If you had anything more than shit for brains, you would have done that years ago."

"I tried!" Kevin sawed several breaths in and out of his lungs as he and Mac stared each other down. "I asked her to marry me."

"Kevin." Cyn shook her head. This was not the time, place, nor company to have this conversation. She already told him why she couldn't marry him.

"She turned me down."

Mac swung that powerful gaze over to her. "Biggest mistake of your life."

"No," she answered, her voice barely audible. "That would be the second biggest mistake. My first was falling in love with you."

Kevin cleared his throat, drawing the attention back to him. When Cyn saw the pain clouding his eyes, she had to look away.

"Well, now I know the real reason why you turned me down. Not ready, Cyn? Or just not the right guy?"

"Kevin, please."

He laughed hollowly. "Please what, Cyn? Please don't blame Mac for ruining your chance with someone else? Or are you begging me to forgive you for fucking me when you were in love with him?"

She closed her eyes and a single tear melted down her face. How did things get so complicated? And so soon? She thought taking a job to work with Mac again would make her career and give her the closure she needed. Instead, it grabbed the spark she never lost for him, poured raw fuel on it, and turned it into a blazing inferno.

Talk about something backfiring.

"Can we just come in? Please?" Cyn whispered.

With a curt nod, Kevin stepped aside. Cyn walked into the apartment and nodded for Mac to follow when he just stood there, challenging Kevin with a cold stare all his own.

"Well?" Kevin motioned for Mac to enter. Only then did Mac make a move to walk through the door.

Cyn didn't miss the way the corners of Kevin's lips curled up into the hint of a grin. No doubt he remembered the same thing Cyn did about something Mac once said in one of his most recent interviews with the press.

When questioned about breaking down the door of the latest perpetrator who'd finally ran out of places to hide instead of simply knocking, Mac replied with, "Waiting to be invited in is a form of respect. I had no respect for him, so why would I show him any?"

Kevin closed the door behind them and walked over to his open kitchen.

Cyn had to find something to break the unrelenting silence. "It smells good in here."

"I just made some coffee."

"Black," Mac barked his order.

Kevin tossed him an angry look. "Cups are in the cupboard."

Cyn stood there, too stunned to speak. It wasn't the Geneva Peace Accords, but for Kevin and Mac, it didn't get any closer. They managed to say a sentence or two to each other without throwing in an insult. Well, Mac managed a single word, but he had to start somewhere. Considering where they all were just a few minutes ago, this was monumental.

"Listen," Cyn started after they all had their coffee and were standing there looking so damn uncomfortable it bordered painful. "I think we share a common goal here."

They both looked at her as if she'd just spoken in tongues.

"We all want to bring down Sweetheart, right?"

Mac gave her a curt nod. Kevin merely darted his guarded gaze back and forth between her and Mac.

"Mac, you want to bring her down and get Lust off the street once and for all, right?"

He hesitated as he watched her, leeriness clearly evident in his liquid brown eyes. Finally, he nodded once.

She turned to Kevin. "For you, you want the story of your career."

Kevin looked over to Mac before answering. "I'm getting closer. It's only a matter of time."

"Keep dreaming, Denary." Mac curled his lip at him.

"And I have a job to do," Cyn added quickly to pull their attention back to her. "Cleaning up Mac's image won't be easy."

"I already told you, there is nothing wrong with my image."

"Hah!" Kevin shook his head. When Mac turned to him and released a menacing growl, Kevin added, "You're known more for your suspensions than your arrests."

"Only because you keep printing that bullshit about me. Here's a tip, Denary. Go write a book since all you do is publish fiction."

Cyn sighed. It was not going to be easy to get these two to stop fighting long enough to work together. "Boys, can we please focus?"

They both turned their angry glares on her.

"Kevin, we need your help." Cyn set her cup down on the counter. "I overheard you talking about a rave tonight."

Kevin's expression changed in an instant. His entire body tensed as he hardened the irritated look on his face. What did she say? Why did he look at her like she'd just spilled some deep, dark secret?

"How long have you been involved?" Mac asked in that intimidating tone he must reserve for special occasions such as this. He didn't wear an expression as he watched Kevin's reaction carefully.

"I don't know what you're talking about." Kevin turned his back to Mac and went over to the coffee pot. He set the mug down in front of the pot and just stood there.

"The hell you don't." Mac took a dangerous step toward him. The tension thickened the air around them.

"What's going on?" she asked carefully.

"Your boyfriend here has inside access to the raves." Mac wouldn't take his knowing gaze off Kevin, watching his every move.

"I don't understand."

Mac still wouldn't look at her, and she knew he wouldn't. He was in SBI agent mode and watched Kevin with such intensity, waiting for him to do something Mac would be able to pick up on and go in for the kill.

"Denary doesn't just report on the raves. He participates in them. That's how he always seems to be a step ahead of the SBI on the locations."

Cyn skipped her attention back to Kevin as she stifled a gasp. "Is this true?"

Kevin's large shoulders dropped in defeat. He shook his head and looked up at the ceiling. "I just go to get the story. I've never actually participated."

Mac moved in closer to him, and Cyn stiffened. If they got too close, they could end up literally tearing each other apart if one of

them said something to piss off the other one.

"Tell me how to get into the raves," Mac ordered.

"I don't know about them until I'm contacted. Sweetheart keeps me on a short leash."

"You *know* her?" Cyn couldn't believe it. Seattle's number one drug pusher and public enemy, and Kevin could have given her over to the SBI at any time. Her opinion of him fell about a thousand points.

"Sort of," he corrected and turned around to look at her. His eyes filled with regret. "I've only met her a few times. Most of the time she stays hidden inside a wall tent."

"Why would she contact you?" Mac asked.

"She read one of my stories about the SBI and contacted me to start covering the raves. It was the scoop of the century. I couldn't say no."

"Oh, of course not," Mac growled sarcastically.

"Smart." Cyn started to put all the pieces together. "So she lets you in on the inside scoop of these raves, and you give her all the free publicity she wants."

Mac looked ready to kill Kevin. A murderous look brewed in his eyes as his expression hardened. "Let me guess, as long as you keep reporting negative news on the SBI, she keeps feeding you information on the raves. Real nice partnership you've got going."

"Something like that," Kevin answered.

"You son of a bitch. You sold out. All that shit you've been writing about me, that was all so you could get your next real story from Sweetheart."

"I did not sell out." Kevin stood away from the counter and charged toward Mac in challenge. "I saw an opportunity and I took it."

"Bullshit! You've been dragging the SBI through the mud."

"No," Kevin countered in a chilling tone, "*you've* done that, Mac, all on your own. I simply reported it."

"That's it." In a split second, Mac had a hold of Kevin's collar and pulled him up into his face. Cyn's heart jumped to her throat. "Let's see how much truth they print in your obituary, Denary."

"Mac!" Cyn ran over and jumped between them. "Stop it."

"Get the hell out of the way," Mac ordered and tried to push her. She pushed him back as hard as she could. Of course, he didn't budge.

"Let him." Kevin's voice remained calm, and he didn't even flinch when Mac's fist came up. "It will just confirm what I've been printing about him all along."

"Stop it, both of you!" She reached up and slapped both their faces at the same time. Kevin looked at her, confusion and hurt crossing in his gaze. Mac simply stood there, glowering at her.

"What is the matter with you two?"

"He started it," Mac pouted as he released his hold on Kevin's collar.

"I don't care. We have bigger issues to deal with, so if you must try and kill each other, then do it and get it out of your system so we can work up a strategy on how to get to Sweetheart."

Mac and Kevin glared at each other one last time before growling and turning away. Cyn finally let out a breath.

Mac started in on Kevin. "I want to know when, I want to know how, I want—"

"I can't do that." Kevin tried to cut him off, but Mac kept going with his list.

"The number she calls you from. I want to know where this next rave is going to be, I want—"

"Mac! I can't give you that kind of information."

"To know how you get there and how you get back out. You will tell me—"

"She'll kill me!"

That shut him up. Mac stopped and scowled at Kevin. "What?"

Kevin looked down. "The raves I report on are just fronts. She dishes out her drugs on the weekends, hooking kid after kid, but that's

only half of it. The real raves happen on Thursdays."

"Why a weekday?"

Kevin looked at Mac. "Because the kids aren't allowed out on a school night. The weekend raves aren't anything like the Thursday raves. After I saw what happened at the first Thursday rave I went to, I didn't want any part of them and just wanted to cover the weekend raves. I told Sweetheart I wanted out, that I didn't want to cover any stories about...what I saw. Her bouncers pulled me aside and beat the shit out of me. I was now in, they told me, and if I tried to back out, the next time I wouldn't survive the beating."

"What did you see?" Mac asked in an even, unsympathetic tone. The man could be such a callous bastard at times.

"At first, nothing more than a bunch of ravers drugged out of their minds as they listened to this techno crap and stared at psychedelic lights, just like the weekend raves. But then, right around midnight, things started to change. The music softened to an almost seductive beat. People started pairing up, and the next thing I knew, everyone was having sex, right there in the open."

Kevin shook his head as his look changed. It hardened, and his gaze drifted off to the distance as he remembered. "I stayed off to the side, behind these velvet ropes surrounding Sweetheart's tent. I wasn't allowed inside the tent. I watched as ravers approached the tent throughout the night. Sweetheart's bouncers allowed some in. Others were turned away."

"What were they doing inside the tent?" Mac asked, always the agent.

Kevin shook his head. "I don't know. All I know is Sweetheart would call out for one of her men, and they'd disappear inside the tent. After a while, the man would come back out, and then the woman. More than once I heard the woman cry for him to stop. I can only imagine what they did to her in there. They were screaming for it to stop, Mac. They were *screaming*."

"Oh, my God," Cyn whispered, horrified. She had no idea.

Apparently, Mac did and now looked pissed at hell.

"Why didn't you stop it?" Cyn asked in a weak voice.

"I tried, but Sweetheart's men held me back."

Kevin went on. "The next Thursday rave was even worse. Not only did she take women into her tent, but this time she took a few men, too. Her bouncers, sometimes two or more at once, disappeared inside the tent. I heard—" he paused and drew in a shaky breath "—more screaming. Cries for them to stop. I'll never forget it."

"Where was it?" Mac took in everything Kevin said.

"In an abandoned warehouse down at Terminal 46. It's the shortest pier down on the waterfront and is the perfect location for a rave. It's private and only has one way in and out. Anyway, when I thought it was safe, I made an anonymous 911 call from a pay phone and told the dispatcher about the rave. By the time the cops came, Sweetheart had already left."

Cyn allowed her opinion of Kevin to jump back up a few points, but she still didn't like what he'd gotten himself into. He should have known better than to get involved in something like this.

"And with every Thursday rave, you just dug yourself deeper and deeper. You're an asset to them right now with the publicity you're giving them, but as soon as she no longer needs you—and that day will come—you'll be a liability to her. Sweetheart always cleans house before she moves on." Mac swore and fell silent once again. Cyn watched him as he mentally worked through the complexity of the situation Kevin had gotten himself into.

Kevin visibly swallowed as he looked to Mac, waiting silently, as a boy would after confessing breaking into his dad's liquor cabinet. Cyn had to do a double take to be sure she saw what she thought she saw. Kevin Denary was actually scared, and pleaded for Mac's help.

And, unbelievably, Mac didn't hesitate to start formulating a plan to help him. What happened to mortal enemies? What happened to them trying to kill each other every chance they got? They almost acted like, dare she even think it, *friends*. She hadn't seen them act

like this, to actually form a camaraderie, since college, since before she and Mac got involved with each other, before she got involved with either one of them.

They were all friends. Best friends. She missed that. Desperately.

"Do Sweetheart's men know who I am?" Mac asked.

Kevin thought about that. "They probably know your name but not the face."

"Then here's what we do," Mac stated in a clipped, unemotional voice. "You tell me where the rave is. I'll show on my own and do some sniffing around for Sweetheart. She'll never have to know you had anything to do with it."

Kevin shook his head, dismissing the idea. "Mac, you scream SBI agent. If you so much as show up looking like you do, everyone is going to know you're an agent, and they are going to scatter. It will never work."

"Leave that to me," Cyn joined into the conversation, already working on how to dress Mac for the part. "After all, it's my job to change his image."

For once, Mac didn't immediately shoot down one of her ideas. "I'll get to work on my cover so if anyone does any hits on my ID, I'll check out."

Cyn's pulse started to pick up with excitement. "Good, and then when we get there, we can split up and—"

"Whoa." Mac stopped her with a raise of his hand. "There is no 'we' here, Cyn."

"That's right," Kevin agreed. "It's too dangerous."

She darted her shocked gaze between them and dropped her jaw. "Says who?"

"Says me," Mac growled, the sound sending an unsettling chill into the air. He shook his head firmly and let out an audible growl. She snapped her mouth closed again and thinned her lips in frustration. One of these days she'd learn to ignore that look.

"I usually don't agree with anything Mac says or does—" Kevin

pointed out the obvious "—but this time he's right. He's trained for this kind of danger. It's in his blood."

Blood that would surely spill if Mac went in there, guns blazing and a take-no-prisoners attitude. If anything happened to him tonight at that rave, she'd never recover.

She turned to Kevin. Sweet, sexy Kevin. He was in way over his head. Without Mac's help, he'd never get out of this alive. Kevin needed Mac.

And she needed both of them.

"Okay," she started in a careful, soft voice, "but will you at least do something for me?"

Kevin and Mac both watched her with guarded expressions. The last time she asked them for something together, the three of them almost ended up in bed, something Cyn planned to finish.

Right here, right now.

They may never get another chance at this. She didn't know what would happen at that rave. If Sweetheart caught wind of Mac's true identity, she'd have him killed and probably have Kevin put a spin on it in the papers to make it seem like Mac's fault. When she found out that Kevin and Mac worked together on this sting, she'd have Kevin killed, too.

Cyn would lose them both.

"Let me have you." She paused and looked between them. "Both of you."

Kevin let out a long sigh. "Not this again."

Mac gave him an incredulous look. "What the fuck is wrong with you, Denary?"

Kevin sliced a glare through the air and nailed it to Mac. "Me? She wants a threesome with us, two men who can barely stand the sight of each other, and you think there is something wrong with me?"

Mac cocked his brow as his answer. Kevin narrowed his eyes.

"Please?" Cyn pleaded in a weak voice and hated it. She shouldn't want either of them this badly, but she did. It was the thought of

having them both at the same time that really had heat liquefying in her core and drenching her panties.

The dampness grew as her clit swelled. Her hard nipples scraped against the lace of her camisole, and she could barely stand it. If they didn't take her now, she'd take care of her needs herself.

"On one condition," Mac started in again.

She put up her hand to stop him, pissed he'd try that again. "No, Mac. No conditions. No walking out on me or Kevin."

His expression hardened, his eyes dark with heated lust as he studied her, contemplating his decision. Cyn waited breathlessly for his answer.

Mac then turned to Kevin. "Well, Denary, what do you say?"

"I say you are both insane." Kevin shook his head, but Cyn recognized that look of ardent need in his dark gaze. When he squared his jaw in determination, Cyn had never seen him look more intense, hungry, like a crazed animal.

In an instant, Kevin had her in his arms, his lips covering hers. She trembled, half-scared, mostly aroused, and moaned into his mouth when he licked her lips open to take her completely.

Just like the other night, his fiery kiss conveyed a passion inside him she'd never experienced and had longed for since that game of truth or dare.

Mac appeared at her side and pushed Kevin out of his way. Cyn, dazed from the strength of Kevin's kiss, could only stand there and stare at him.

"You call that a kiss?" Mac growled thickly. He parted his lips as he kissed her, diving his tongue in and taking complete control over her. She went limp in his arms and whimpered as he caressed her mouth with his.

Mac broke their kiss, and Cyn let out a breath. Oh, wow. She'd never been kissed like that before, let alone by two men.

"Oh, yeah?" Kevin's eyes glittered wickedly as Mac challenged him. Cyn stepped back as the two men confronted each other. "Let's

see who makes her come first."

"It isn't about the speed," Mac said and licked his lips as he raked his gaze over Cyn's body. It responded by clenching, her nipples pressing painfully against her top, her pussy totally soaked with her own blistering juices.

Mac's features tightened with the hunger gleaming in his midnight black eyes. They were darker than she'd ever seen them. So dark, in fact, that they almost scared her.

Almost.

She stood there, helpless and hungry, and watched the two men pace around her like panthers waiting to strike. Kevin seemed unsure, his gaze darting between her, Mac, and the door like any minute he'd bolt for the exit.

Mac, on the other hand, enjoyed the hell out of making her squirm. He always had. He watched her, his jaw clenching and releasing as he visibly contemplated what to do to her first.

Reaching up, he slowly unbuttoned his shirt.

Kevin stopped pacing and looked over at Mac. "What are you doing?"

Mac gave him a double take. "I don't know how you do it, but I like to be naked when I have sex."

"We've gone through some shit together, Mac, but I don't know about this. We are seriously going to do this?"

After the last button, Mac untucked his shirt and pulled it off. He then grabbed his undershirt and tossed that aside, too. The heated need clouding his eyes answered the question.

He hinted at a smile as he licked his lips. "Stop being such a pussy, Denary. We're all friends, right?"

"Yeah, right."

"And what's sharing a little Cyn among friends?"

Chapter 7

Cyn didn't know what to think. Mac clearly wanted to have sex and didn't care who watched or who else participated. He was such a man.

Kevin, on the other hand, seemed hesitant. He kept shaking his head and muttering curses. Even as he removed his shirt, he continued to mumble the same round of curses over and over.

"If you don't want to," Mac said to Kevin, "then shut the fuck up and get out of my way. I'll show you how she likes it."

"The hell you say," Kevin countered, almost viciously. "If Cyn wants us, then she gets us. *Both* of us. That's the deal."

He turned and looked at her. Cyn blinked several times. "What are you saying?"

"I love you, Cynthia. You know that. If this is what you want, then this is the way it is, and I'm willing to do this for you. But you can't go behind my back and sleep with Mac anytime the mood suits you. If we cross this line, we cross it together."

Cyn gulped and darted her gaze to Mac. He narrowed his in return. "Let me get this straight," he growled. "You are restricting sex to the three of us?"

Kevin nodded and waited, his eyes never leaving Mac. "Exactly."

No sex with just Mac? Or just Kevin? It had to be the three of them or nothing? Cyn didn't know if she liked that condition or not. She liked having her cake and eating it, too. Who were they to put her on a diet?

"Deal," Mac agreed way too quickly. Cyn whipped her attention over to him.

"What?" she blurted out in disbelief. "You're actually agreeing to this?"

Mac shrugged easily. "It's only fair. That way I don't have to worry about Denary fucking you behind my back, and he can sleep like a baby at night, knowing you aren't alone with me in my bed."

"I can't believe this." Her mouth fell open. Not just no, but hell no. They couldn't tell her who she could sleep with and when. "The deal is off."

"Oh, really?" Mac took a step toward her. Involuntarily, she took a step back and stopped when her back hit the island. She'd never seen such a stark hunger in his gaze.

"Really," she answered in a whisper.

"You started this," Kevin stated in an equally hungry tone. They both took another step toward her like wolves, hunting in a pack, closing in on their prey.

Oh sure, now they agree on something.

Cyn grabbed the counter behind her. "I changed my mind."

"Why don't I believe you?" Mac murmured huskily.

"She doesn't sound very convincing, does she?" Kevin took another step toward her.

"No, she doesn't." Mac moved toward her to keep the distance equal from the men to her.

Damn counter. She couldn't move, not that she could even if the counter didn't stop her. The looks the two men had nailed to her had her paralyzed in anticipation and her entire body trembling.

She swallowed and thought about her options. She could make a break for it, but they'd catch her in a heartbeat, and she really didn't want to stop this heated foreplay.

The heat in the room built to a sweltering level. Her lips parted to protest, but Mac took the gesture as an invitation and plunged his tongue in her mouth.

His kiss set the pace. It was slow, steady, and unrelenting. Mac turned her so that he leaned up against the counter, his lips never

leaving hers. Nothing compared to one of Mac's kisses. It debilitated her and sent her body into involuntary quakes of desire.

Kevin moved behind her and slipped her blazer off her shoulders. Mac made quick work of her lacy top and pulled it up over her head, breaking their kiss to move the fabric from between them.

Her head rested against Kevin's broad shoulder. The rigid bulge of his cock pressed up against her back beneath his jeans, and it sent a pulse of erotic energy shooting straight to her cunt. When he started feasting on her neck, delicious chills danced across her skin and hardened her nipples further.

Mac dived for her chest, capturing an aching nipple in his mouth and flicking it with his tongue as he cupped her breasts. He brought his hand around her torso, pulling her closer to him.

Kevin reached around and undid her slacks, sliding them and her panties down her hips and lowering himself down with them.

"Turn her around," Kevin ordered Mac. When Mac did exactly as Kevin demanded, it shocked the shit out of her.

This seemed so surreal, having two men loving her, and two men she already loved. Mac pulled her to him, her back against his hard, bare chest, his hairs tickling her skin. Kevin removed her shoes and then pulled her slacks and panties all the way off. Although her two men still had on their clothes from the waist down, she was completely naked.

Kevin bent down and spread her legs, exposing her drenched flesh to him. He tenderly licked and kissed the inside of her thighs, never drawing closer than an inch from her fiery curls covering where she needed him to lick her most.

"P-please," she whimpered. Mac held her up and caressed her breasts, driving her wild with the way he pinched at her nipples and scraped his teeth across the sensitive flesh of her neck.

"This is what you wanted," Kevin reminded her, his voice thick and husky. He moved closer toward her glistening mound and drew in a deep breath. "Your scent is like a drug, Cyn."

He spread the soft folds of her lips, fully exposing her to him. Slowly, excruciatingly, he sank a finger into her quivering pussy. She cried out and lost her footing. Mac caught her and held her back up.

Kevin leaned in and gently licked the entire length of her slit. When his tongue grazed her swollen clit, she jerked and cried out again.

This was too much. She didn't know having both of them at the same time would drive her this wild. She couldn't handle it.

When she opened her mouth to say something, Mac covered it with his and kissed her with such ardent fervor it caused her to arch tighter, forcing her pussy up against Kevin and her mouth against Mac.

Kevin withdrew his finger from her wet pussy and replaced it with two, scissoring her channel and stretching her, working her entrance for what she hoped would be his hard cock. She needed him inside her, or she'd die.

His lips moved to her clit and captured the bundle of nerves. When his tongue flicked over her tender flesh, she bit her lip to hold back her scream. His hand did wicked things to her senses as he stabbed his fingers in and out of her slick cunt.

Mac grabbed her hand and placed it behind her, directing it to his cock that he'd pulled out of his pants.

"Off," she ordered breathlessly. "Both of you. Off with the clothes."

"But then I'll be cold," Mac protested in a growl. She spiked her brow, and both men wasted no time removing their clothes.

"I can fix that." Cyn moved over to one of the breakfast stools and leaned over, putting her mouth at the perfect height for Mac's bobbing flesh. He seemed to read her thoughts and stood in front of her, the blunt head of his penis purple from the blood rushing through his engorged flesh.

"Oh, yeah." Mac let his head fall back when Cyn sank her lips around his hard cock. She hungrily took his hot and eager flesh like a

crazed woman, starving and desperate. His shaft throbbed inside her mouth, and she sucked, burying his dick until the tip of it hit the back of her throat.

Kevin leaned down behind her and spread her cheeks. His tongue stabbed her pussy and she cried out, sucking Mac's cock harder as Kevin started to feast on her cunt. Her womb clenched and sent a flood of fresh juices down her channel. Kevin slurped and drank it all before diving deeper and attacking her pussy for more.

Mac laced his fingers in her hair and directed her rhythm. Kevin stood behind her. She felt the head of his cock nudge against her slippery entrance, and she wiggled back to force him inside her.

He sank in an inch and stopped. "Is this what you had in mind, Cyn?"

"Yes," she hissed. Kevin sank in another inch, and she trembled. Mac pulled her down on his dick and ground his hips. She moaned and swallowed, knowing Mac loved it when she did that.

"Jesus Christ, baby." Mac fisted her hair and pulled her mouth off his flesh, but that couldn't stop her tongue. She swiped the tip of his cock and lapped up a drip of crystal pre-cum escaping from the end.

Kevin slipped into her cunt another inch, and Cyn trembled from the erotic pleasure of having one man fuck her while she sucked another man's dick.

Cyn jerked out of Mac's grasp to attack his dick. She needed something to suck as Kevin sank in all the way, burying his cock to the hilt inside her pussy. The walls of her vagina clamped down, fisting him voraciously.

"That's so fucking beautiful, watching her suck your cock," Kevin groaned.

Cyn heard herself laugh. When Kevin withdrew and then stabbed his steely flesh back inside her, her laughter turned into a moan deep in the back of her throat.

Mac played with her hair as she sucked him, increasing her tempo to match Kevin fucking her cunt. He slammed his hips into her,

driving her mouth deeper against Mac.

"Damn, Cyn. Baby, you have me close." Mac grabbed her hair and tried to slow her down, but she couldn't stop. Kevin not only fucked her relentlessly, but he had his hand around her, the pad of his finger playing with her clit and driving her crazy.

Pulses hinting at a release started to twist in her womb. These two knew what they were doing, how a touch from one of them brought her blinding pleasure, and, just when that pleasure started to subside, a touch from the other brought it right back to the forefront.

They were both wicked, carnal as they loved her. She lost all reason as her release grew inside her, coiling the walls of her pussy, constricting Kevin's cock as he plunged in and out of her.

One more flick from Kevin's hand, one more thrust of his hips, and she'd lose it all.

He did just that, and Cyn screamed, coming hard. She saw little white dots in her vision and closed her eyes. "Oh! Yes!"

"Fuck me!" Mac hollered and stiffened as he jetted thick streams of semen deep down the back of her throat. She swallowed, loving the taste of him, and continued to suck him almost violently.

Kevin refused to give her clit a break. He flicked it and fucked her vigorously with long, powerful strokes that jarred her entire body, and it drove her into another orgasm that sneaked up on her and shattered her soul.

She screamed again and fell forward. Mac grabbed her and captured her mouth with his, swallowing her screams from her climax and eagerly taking over for Kevin with his thumb against her clit, pulling little peaks out of her she didn't even know existed.

Kevin gave her one final pump and went rigid in his release, filling her with his blistering seed. He never cried out.

Kevin leaned against her back and kissed her, trailing his lips and tongue up and down her skin. Mac nipped at her neck and chin, heating her flesh with his teeth and then cooling it back down with his tongue.

She felt so perfectly content sandwiched between them, their bodies slippery from their sweat, the entire room filled with the sweet, musky scent of sex.

Finally, after several long moments of recovery, Kevin stepped back and released Cyn. She sat down on the stool and drew in a shaky breath. She had no idea it could be so intense, loving both of them at once, and had a feeling this little lovemaking episode was only the beginning of something much, much bigger.

Chapter 8

Kevin chewed on his thumbnail and kept stealing glances out at the crowd, hoping when he spotted Mac he'd be able to hide his nervousness. If Sweetheart or any of her men caught on to who Mac really was or what he was doing there, the SBI agent would be dead before morning.

"Relax, Denary." Tommy, one of Sweetheart's men, told him. He had his enormous arms folded in front of him, his impressive biceps bulging out from under the black T-shirt all the bouncers wore. His hands could crush a boulder, let alone the head of a reporter trying to take down Tommy's boss. "You always seem to be so tense."

If he only knew.

"I don't like being here," Kevin pointed out.

"You need a reminder?" Tommy brought his fist up and hovered it in front of Kevin's face. Kevin glared at him and shook his head. "Good. Sweetheart wants you here, for whatever reason, so you get to be here until she tells me to get rid of you."

Tommy grinned, and Kevin knew when the time came for Tommy to get rid of him, there would be no love lost. Looking back out at the crowd, Kevin took a few notes of what he saw and added another observation about the music the DJ spun. He couldn't remember the DJ's name and made a note to ask him again. Very bad reporting technique, Kevin scolded himself, to not remember the name of a man he'd met at least three times previously.

"When is she going to get on with it?" Frankie, the smaller of the two flanking the entrance to Sweetheart's tent, complained. "It's got to be ninety degrees out here, even close to midnight."

"So move to Alaska," Kevin told him and went back to chewing on his nail.

"When Sweetheart moves her raves to Alaska, then I'll move there. Until then, I'm here with the tent."

Kevin thought about that. Maybe he could get a real story out of all this, or at least enough information to make a journalistic conclusion and fill in the blanks. Mac was somewhere out in the crowd, risking his ass for all this. Kevin had to at least try to bring Sweetheart down from his side.

"I'm thinking we need more information for these stories," Kevin started, testing the waters with the two bouncers beside him. Several more were out scouring the crowd for the next group of ravers lucky enough to be invited back inside Sweetheart's tent. Little did they know the hell that waited for them.

"Like what?" Tommy looked at Kevin carefully.

He'd have to word his comments just right so not to raise Tommy's suspicion. Frankie wasn't exactly a bright guy, but not too many things got past Tommy.

"I've been reporting on the weekend raves for a while now. I think the public is desensitized. We need a different angle to really pull them in. Something so intriguing that you have people coming from up and down the west coast to attend one of Sweetheart's raves."

Tommy studied him, and Kevin held his breath. Finally, Tommy gave him a curt nod. "Not bad, Denary."

"What did you have in mind?" Frankie joined in.

"I have an idea," a soft female voice sounded from behind them. All three men turned as Sweetheart emerged from her tent to watch the festivities of her latest rave.

Kevin still couldn't get over how young she looked, even at her age. The plastic surgeons had been very kind to her. She looked like she couldn't be a day over twenty-five, even though his research told him she had to be in her forties by now. With long golden curls and enormous blue eyes, she looked like the innocent girl next door. Oh,

but how looks could be deceiving.

She was anything but innocent. Her tiny, perfectly proportioned frame didn't cause anyone to think of her as anything other than a sweet little thing you'd want to take home to mom. Once she got them inside her tent, she changed in an instant. Her features of innocence transformed into a monster.

It was that monster Kevin hoped to expose to the rest of the world. Mac told him what Sweetheart did to that agent ten years ago. She needed to go down, if not for that, then for all of the innocence she'd stolen from the youth of Seattle.

Of course, in order to do that, he needed Mac. Just where the hell was he?

"What's that, Sweetheart?" Tommy asked her, his brown eyes raking over her barely clothed body, clearly aroused. She smiled sweetly, teasing him with a look of a promise.

"I want to invite a new man into our ring."

Tommy and Frankie exchanged shocked glances. Neither of them wanted anyone else to touch Sweetheart. That much Kevin would bet his career on.

"Listen, Sweetheart." Tommy broke formation of standing on one side of the entrance to the tent and approached her. He towered over her, but she didn't appear to be intimidated, not in the least. If anything, she looked more stimulated with the nearness of his body to hers. "You already have your choice of any man you employ. Why do we need another one?"

"Touch me," she murmured to Tommy. He lifted his hand and hovered it just above her bare shoulder. Slowly, he rested his hand on her skin and then trailed it down her chest. Sweetheart let her head fall back and closed her eyes as she sighed. "That's it, Tommy. Touch me. Show me how well you know how I like to be touched."

Tommy brought his other hand up and cupped her breast, scraping his thumb over a clearly protruding nipple through the thin fabric of her top. Kevin couldn't pull his attention away from the show.

Sweetheart ran the tip of her tongue along her top lip, and Kevin found himself doing the same. When Tommy's hands left her breasts and ran along the smoothness of her tan tummy, down farther to the top of her tight strip of a miniskirt, and then dipped beneath the material, Kevin wanted to protest. He couldn't see Tommy's hands or what they were doing.

"Lift up my skirt, Tommy." Sweetheart opened her eyes and rested her heavy-lidded gaze on Kevin. It was dark, hungry, and Kevin swallowed down the saliva that had gathered inside his mouth. "I want to watch Kevin's reaction when you finger fuck me into an orgasm."

"What?" Kevin snapped his mouth closed. "What the hell are you doing?" *And right here in the open!*

Sweetheart hummed and smiled as Tommy must have hit a sensitive spot, like her clit. "A hungry chef can't properly judge food, Kevin."

She darted her gaze back to Tommy. "Let's go, Tommy."

"Anything for you, Sweetheart," Tommy replied in a thick, raspy voice. "May I take out my cock and stroke it as I pleasure you?"

Kevin straightened as he watched the scene. Did Tommy just ask permission to give himself a hand job? Why would he need to ask?

"No. I want you fully erect for our guests this evening. You may have an enormous, delicious dick, Tommy, but once you come, it takes you forever to recover. We don't have that kind of time."

"I recover much faster," Frankie, clearly eager to be invited to touch Sweetheart, pointed out. "May I touch you, Sweetheart?"

Sweetheart looked at Frankie and smiled a sultry smile that had him panting. "You may, but don't get in Tommy's way. He has a job to do. Don't you, Tommy?"

"Yes, Sweetheart." Tommy pulled up her skirt to reveal a dark triangle patch of curls above perfectly bare lips. Kevin blinked twice. In all his years, he'd never seen a woman with a shaved pussy.

He saw the glistening juices wetting her cunt lips and swallowed

again. His cock twitched and started to swell in his jeans. When Tommy reached down and slid his fingers between her soaked lips, Sweetheart threw her head back and staggered.

"Yes," she hissed. "Fuck me with your fingers, Tommy, and don't waste any time. I want to come fast."

Tommy immediately flicked his thumb across her clit and her legs wobbled. "Frankie, you may suck my nipples and play with my ass."

Frankie jumped at the invitation and pulled her tubelike top down to reveal her beautiful, tanned, and perfectly designed, breasts. Her dark nipples puckered in her arousal. Frankie covered one of her nipples with his lips and sucked.

"That's it, Tommy." Sweetheart looked at Kevin as she encouraged her men. He didn't know what else to do, so he did nothing but watch her, his cock now rock hard and begging to be released.

"Do you like what you see?" Sweetheart asked Kevin. Finally, Kevin pulled away and glanced around the crowd. No one else seemed to notice the sexual show going on in front of the tent.

He looked back at Sweetheart, not sure what he should say. "You're a beautiful woman. What's not to like?"

She curled her sexy lips into a seductive grin. "Fuck me harder, Tommy. You aren't going fast enough. If you can't follow my instructions, I'll have to punish you."

"Sorry, Sweetheart." Tommy switched hands and really fucked her hard with his fingers. Kevin had never seen anything like it. Sweetheart rocked her hips against his hand and started to sway.

"Kevin, I need you to hold me up." She reached for him. Against his better judgment, he took her hand and walked behind her. She leaned back against his chest and stretched out to put her hands behind her, on his shoulders. "Frankie, move your hands around to my front. My backside is now reserved for Kevin."

Ah, shit. He shouldn't be doing this. This could be considered cheating, even though he wasn't actually touching her. If Cyn walked

up right now, she'd either be devastated or very pissed off. Either way wouldn't be good.

"That's it, Tommy." Sweetheart's breaths grew shallow as she panted toward her release. Her fingers dug into Kevin's shoulders, and she started to slip from him. He instinctively reached out to hold her up, resting his hands on her hips to keep her in place.

"I'm going to come," she announced. Rocking her hips faster, she fucked Tommy's hand and started to whimper. "That's it. Yes, fuck me, Tommy. Frankie, bite my nipple. Yes!"

She screamed and arched her back against Kevin. He held her there as she writhed in his hands, riding out her orgasm. Tommy slowed his pace as he stared at all the blistering juices coating her lips and his hand.

"Sweetheart, may I clean you?" Tommy almost pleaded.

"No. Kevin, now that you've assisted my men in pleasing me, you may clean me."

Kevin looked at her as she stepped away from him and brought her gaze up to him. "Clean you? With what?"

"With your mouth," she answered and ran her finger along his shoulder as she slowly walked around him. "Your tongue," she whispered in his ear and traced his earlobe with her tongue, "and anything else I tell you to use. Taste me, Kevin. Lick my cunt and taste my juices. Become one of my men."

Kevin's heart stopped and painfully started again. He didn't want to be one of them. He didn't want to be the cause of those women screaming inside the tent. Sure, he made Cyn scream today, but her screams sounded nothing like the horrific screams forever burned into Kevin's brain.

Tasting Sweetheart's cream would definitely be crossing the line.

He shook his head. "I wouldn't be able to cover the stories with an unbiased opinion," he informed her, hoping it would be enough to convince her. "You need me to be impartial if you want me to start reporting on the Thursday raves."

Sweetheart thrust out her lower lip and batted her eyes at him. Slowly, she reached down and dipped her finger into her pussy, brought it back out, and ran her tongue along the tip. It had to be the single most erotic thing he'd ever seen.

"Are you telling me no?"

He thought of Cyn, of the way her pretty green eyes glazed over with lust as she loved Mac and him earlier. Kevin refused to be the reason for her tears. Doing anything with Sweetheart would definitely make Cyn cry.

"That's what I'm saying," he said and hoped Sweetheart wouldn't have her men beat the shit out of him for his decision.

"Well, then where am I going to find a man I can trust enough with my secrets?" She leaned into Kevin and smashed her breasts against his chest as she softly ran the pads of her fingers across his lower lip. He could smell her musky scent and taste her cream as she moved her finger further inside his mouth. "Where am I going to find a man I can trust with my body?"

She reached down with her other hand and squeezed the bulge of his cock. "I know you want me, Kevin. It's only a matter of time before I have you. That gorgeous cock will be buried inside my pussy, and when it is, I'll own you." She then stepped back and righted her clothes.

Tommy and Frankie both looked downright pissed off that they didn't get to taste Sweetheart's pussy and that Kevin actually turned down the invitation.

Sweetheart turned and glanced around the crowd and immediately got down to business. She pointed out ravers who looked less than sure about being there, both men and women. Tommy brought a radio up from his belt and gave the order to the rest of the Sweetheart's men in the crowd.

One by one, the innocent ravers were plucked from the crowd and led over to the tent. Sweetheart greeted each of them and asked them to please drink the champagne she had set out for each of them.

"It's time for you to prove to me your desire to become a member of my raves," she told them. Kevin had to keep his eyes hidden. He couldn't look at them, not when he knew what awaited them inside the tent.

Goddamn it. He was such a coward as he just stood there, not doing a damn thing to stop this.

Kevin swallowed and looked toward the crowd just in time to see a bullheaded SBI agent take out one of Sweetheart's men with the butt of his elbow when he tried to take a woman who looked less than eager to go.

Oh no.

Mac stepped on the man's neck and said something to him. The guy on the ground answered with a quick shake of his head. Two more men jumped Mac and had him down.

Only for an instant.

Mac jumped back up and kicked one in the chest, sending him flying into the crowd. The other jumped on Mac's back, but he threw him off and sent him flying in the opposite direction. When both men came running back toward Mac, they were greeted with iron fists that knocked them both on their asses.

Sweetheart, who'd been watching the show, let out a shaky breath. "I want him."

Oh *hell* no.

Tommy spoke into a radio, and more men showed up, surrounding Mac. He put his fists up, ready to take them all on. One of them said something to Mac, and he lowered his fists, nodding in agreement.

And then, unbelievably, he turned and walked toward the tent, escorted by the men in black.

When Mac glanced at Kevin, it amazed him. Mac didn't have an ounce of recognition in his expression. Wow, he was good.

Mac stopped in front of Sweetheart and raked his gaze over her, slow and steady, before finally nodding in approval. "You rang?"

Sweetheart smiled and even flushed. Kevin clenched his jaw. How

in the hell did he do it? Two words spoken to her, and the woman was ready to melt into a puddle right there.

"What are you doing, stopping my men from inviting guests into my tent?"

"It didn't look like an invitation from where I stood."

"What did it look like?"

Mac eyed her, lazily dragging his gaze up one side of her frame and back down the other before settling it on her face. "It looked like you were choosing favorites."

Sweetheart tilted her chin flirtatiously. "And that bothered you?"

He shrugged easily and offered her a damn charming smile. "I guess I was feeling left out."

"Oh, really? Just what exactly are you looking for?"

"A good time."

Sweetheart ran her tongue along her lips. Mac watched the gesture with sharp interest. If Kevin didn't know any better, he'd testify in a court of law that Mac genuinely wanted Sweetheart. The guy was that good.

She nodded at Tommy, who immediately patted Mac down. Instead of taking him on, Mac just lifted his hands and cocked his lips into a crooked grin, his eyes never leaving Sweetheart's clearly smitten face.

"How about next time you pat me down?" When Mac winked at her, she physically swayed. Kevin stopped himself from shaking his head. When Mac wanted to, he oozed charisma and invited a person into his world with nothing more than an appealing look. He'd never seen this side of Mac. No wonder Cyn couldn't stay away from him.

Sweetheart giggled. She actually giggled. Frankie and Tommy didn't appear to be enjoying the attention she gave Mac any more than Kevin did.

"I didn't catch your name," Sweetheart purred.

"I didn't give it."

Instead of ordering the rest of her men to beat the shit out of Mac

for talking to her like that, she sucked her lower lip between her teeth and eyed him hungrily. "And if I wanted it?"

Mac spiked his dark brow as his answer.

Her eyes traveled down to the bulge between his legs, and she licked her lips. "How about I torture it out of you?"

"We could do that, too." He laughed, and the sound sent Sweetheart's breathing into a frenzy. "But you first."

She smiled and bit down on her finger, eyeing him flirtatiously. With a motion of her hand, she invited him into her tent. "Care to join us? I promise you'll have a good time."

Mac's grin widened, and it actually made his eyes twinkle. How in the hell did he do that? Kevin had never seen his eyes twinkle. "That is what I came for."

Sweetheart looked ready to climax right there. One touch, one heated brush of Mac's hand, and she'd come, no doubt about it. Mac must have picked up on her body's reaction to him as well.

He reached for her, but her men quickly grabbed him and held him back. Kevin tensed and waited for Mac's expression to change.

But it never did.

He kept his gaze on Sweetheart and didn't even struggle as her men restrained him. "Do I have to stand in line to touch you? I don't like sharing my women." He paused, and his gaze bounced over to Kevin and back to Sweetheart. "At least not without an invitation."

Sweetheart's narrowed her eyes and nodded curtly to her men. They immediately released Mac, and he casually straightened his outfit, which consisted of a leather vest that had leather laces as the seams, and leather pants that, in ninety-degree weather, had to be chapping him in all the wrong areas.

Kevin smiled. *Inwardly.*

"My boys," she stated in a sultry voice, "don't like it when strange men try to touch me."

"Jealous, are they?"

Sweetheart smiled and glanced around at her plethora of

bodyguards. "Too much at times, actually. It gets old."

"Do *you* like it when strange men touch you?" The darkness in Mac's eyes could easily be mistaken as a feral hunger, if Kevin didn't know how Mac really felt about Sweetheart. Still, the man deserved an Oscar for his performance thus far.

"If they know what they're doing," she answered and eyed her team again. "I've had to train them on how to touch me."

Mac took a step toward her. The men all moved toward him to restrain him again, but Sweetheart put her hand up to stop them. She held her ground as Mac took another step toward her.

He reached up and gently pushed her golden locks off her shoulder, exposing her neck to him.

She tilted her head as he stroked the pad of his thumb along the cords of her neck. Sweetheart closed her eyes and let out a quivering breath.

"I've never needed a woman to show me how she liked to be touched," Mac growled in a thick voice. "But if it would make them feel better, have them come in with us. Maybe they'll learn a thing or two."

Sweetheart's eyes flashed with heated intrigue. "Actually, they all are invited in the tent."

"Like an audience, do you?"

"I like a lot of things. Audiences, orgies, men who do exactly as I say."

Mac looked bored and casually glanced around at the men still surrounding him. "That's too bad." He brought his gaze back to Sweetheart, and when he nailed her with it, she parted her lips.

"What's too bad?"

"I don't take orders when it comes to my—" he paused and scraped his hungry gaze over her body before taking another step toward her so they were only a few inches apart, "—pleasure."

Sweetheart arched her brow in return. "I—"

She didn't get a chance to say anything else. Mac grabbed her and

slammed her body up against his. The men all jumped, but Sweetheart's hands came up to stop them. They hesitated, looking at each other, clearly uneasy and even jealous of the attention Sweetheart gave Mac.

Mac leaned down and ran his nose along her jawline. "Tell your men to back the fuck off, or I'll punish you for teasing me. Men like me don't like dick teases. Are you a tease, Sweetheart?"

He circled her nose with his and whispered to her, his lips barely a breath away from hers. Her lips followed his as he moved, like he had an invisible leash on her.

"Are you one of those little girls who do bad things on purpose in the hopes of finding a man to punish them?"

"I do the punishing," she told him but didn't have an ounce of conviction in her quivering voice.

Mac reached up and fisted her hair, forcing her head to the side. She whimpered when he leaned in and bit her neck. Hard. He then licked it and blew on the wound. Kevin watched her move her legs so she straddled one of Mac's muscular thighs.

"I don't think so, Sweetheart." Mac shook his head and jerked hers to the other side to bite her shoulder. She whimpered again and ground her hips up against him.

Holy shit. Sweetheart was totally getting off on Mac dominating her.

"Do you like to be spanked?" He jerked her head back and delivered little nips at her chin and jaw. "Answer me, goddamn it."

"Yes," she whispered. Just like that, Mac had turned the Domme into the sub. Amazing.

"And you want me to spank you, don't you?"

"Yes."

"You want me to tie you down, gag you, maybe even flog you a little before I spank you until I allow you to cry, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Have you ever come from a spanking? Have you ever had a man

slap your pretty pussy until you begged him for release?"

She shook her head quickly.

"Words, Sweetheart. I demand words."

"N-no," she responded weakly. He let her hair go, but she didn't move, as if he still had his fingers in her hair, holding her prisoner. "But I want to."

"You won't tonight. You will do exactly as I command, or you will be punished. You will only come on my command. You will not make a sound until I permit it. And, as you ask my permission to come, as you respond to me for anything, you will call me Master. Is that understood?"

"Yes."

"Yes, what?"

"Yes—" she whimpered "*—Master.*"

Mac stepped back, and Sweetheart blinked at him in an attempt to clear her head. She looked around as she recovered and suddenly realized what she'd done.

She lost her control, and in front of all her men. They all stared back at her, dumbfounded. This woman, their Dominatrix, had just submitted, and to a complete stranger.

Sweetheart looked up into Mac's eyes and lost her smile. For an eternal moment, Kevin feared she'd give the order and have him killed right there. The spark of dominance in her blue eyes darkened them.

But then she licked her lips, and the look in her eyes grew into heated thirst and desire.

"Men, take your places inside the tent," she told them. They all looked at each other again. When she broke her eye contact from Mac and flashed her eyes at them, they all scrambled to get inside the tent. She tried to push away from Mac, but he held her tight. "I need to instruct them."

"Ask my permission."

Her eyes narrowed up at him. She wasn't about to submit to him. At least her look said as much.

"You will be punished for defying me, Sweetheart." Mac leaned in and rested his cheek against hers. She didn't move as he delivered his next message. "And it will be severe."

She pulled back and looked up in his eyes. He grinned and even winked. She nodded quickly and said, "I'll be right back."

Unbelievable. Kevin could only stand back and watch as Mac took complete control of the situation, including Sweetheart. His opinion of the SBI agent went through the roof.

Sweetheart addressed her men. "Make sure they've all had plenty of champagne. When everyone is ready, find your sub and take him or her."

Tommy stopped before heading into the tent. He looked at her. "Won't you be joining us, Sweetheart?"

"Not this time, Tommy."

"But you love to watch, and your instructions—"

"Won't be needed this time," she finished for him. She quickly glanced back at Mac and gave him an uneasy smile.

Sub? Take them? When Sweetheart turned her attention back to her men, Kevin stole a glance at Mac. He gave Kevin a curt nod and a cocky smile.

And Kevin knew they had the in they were all waiting for.

Chapter 9

This was stupid. Insane. If Mac caught her here, he'd blow up and drag her away by her hair. If Kevin saw her, he'd probably tell Mac, and they'd both end up dragging her away.

The last rave Cyn attended was back in college and on campus. And supervised. It wasn't anything like this. The music pulsed into the night sky, loud enough to feel the energy of the beat throughout her body, but not so loud that she couldn't hear her own thoughts.

Flashes of light from the stage reflected off the haze of smoke that hung above the field where everyone had already found their partner, or partners in many cases. Cyn sniffed the air and coughed. It was like taking a direct hit of pot.

There were so many people, most with little to no clothes on. As Cyn walked by different people, they'd watch her, some looking ready to attack her if she got too close. Others eyed her hungrily, and judging by the comments made, many had a thing for tall redheads.

Some couples stood as they twisted their bodies around each other, writhing and gyrating their hips to gain friction between their legs. Others sat facing each other, the woman on top of the man. It didn't take Dr. Ruth to know what they were doing as the woman pumped her hips and moaned.

The multiple partners all had the same thing in common. At least one person barked the orders, and the rest of the group did exactly as instructed. Cyn stopped and stared as one man with a massive and impressive bare chest grabbed two women by the hair and forced them to kneel in front of him. They both murmured their thanks, and as one of them loosened his trousers, the other eased his erection out

from behind the zipper. They then both dived for his cock and took turns devouring his flesh.

Cyn quickly hurried past them, the burn of her embarrassment at watching them for as long as she did heating her cheeks. She practically tripped over a couple as they fucked right there in front of God and everybody. Spinning around, she ran off in the other direction to get away.

This was a terrible idea. She should have listened to Kevin and Mac when they told her to stay home. The visual display of open sex, uncontrolled lust, and a blatant disregard for privacy had her nerves shocked into numbness.

"You look like you could use a drink."

Cyn whipped around and skidded to a stop as she looked up into the eyes of a playfully handsome man with dark hair and arresting blue eyes. He dressed in head-to-toe black, and when he smiled down at her, she immediately felt relief.

Finally, someone fully clothed who didn't look at her like they wanted her for their next meal. Still, she didn't know him, and she also knew better than to accept a drink from a complete stranger, especially at a rave.

"I was just heading to the bar," she stated and looked around. Did they even have bars at raves?

"It's this way," he said and easily led her away from the crowd. She didn't object, not wanting to spend another minute in the middle of this orgy. It made her uncomfortable, being turned on watching complete strangers have sex, at how the pounding of the music matched the throbbing in her clit.

She stepped around a couple joining another couple. They swapped partners once they came together. The biggest of the males in the group grabbed the other man's woman and brought her to her knees in front of him, her backside facing him. After spanking her, he thrust his hips and sank his dick deep into her pussy. The other man knelt down in front of her and groaned as she took his cock in her

mouth. The other woman straddled the first woman and, as the man getting his dick sucked started to feast on her pussy, leaned over and kissed the man fucking the other woman doggy-style.

That was a new one.

"Come on." The man chuckled as he pulled at her arm. "If that kind of stuff turns you on, I know where we can go."

"No," Cyn answered quickly and jerked her arm away. She looked up at him as his features changed in an instant. Gone was the warm, friendly smile and kind eyes. He looked hard and very, very pissed off that she'd just told him no.

"What did you just say to me?" He hardened his jaw and glared at her.

"You heard me." She thrust out her chin and met his eyes. "I said no. Now leave me the hell alone."

He shook his head. "That isn't how this works, babe. You aren't matched, and it's after midnight. You're looking for a Dom. If you turn down the Dom who chooses you, you will be punished."

That didn't sound good. "I'm actually looking for someone."

He smiled, softening some of the frighteningly hard look. "I'm right here."

"Not you," she said before she realized how that would sound. Before she could amend her statement, he brought his hand up. Cyn turned and tried to protect her face from the blow.

But it never happened.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?"

Oh shit. She knew that deep, husky voice. She also knew that tone. Slowly, she straightened back up and blinked up into the dark, raging eyes of Mac.

"Who the hell are you?" the man demanded and jerked his arm away from Mac.

Mac turned his attention back to the man and casually stepped between him and Cyn. "I'm here to claim this woman."

The man's eyes grew wide. "What? You're with Sweetheart

tonight. I saw you. You were all over her. You can't take two mates the same night. It's against the rules."

What? Cyn's gaze flew to Mac's face. He wouldn't look at her, which only confirmed her suspicion. He remained calm, too calm, and continued to glare at the man. A menacing, low growl escaped Mac's curled lips. Apparently, she wasn't supposed to find out who he'd been with.

Knowing he'd been with anyone, let alone the very woman they were all here to take down, shattered Cyn's faith that she and Mac could ever be anything other than fuck buddies.

She thought, the idiot that she was, with their time together this afternoon, all three of them, that they'd shared something special. Something only she, Kevin, and Mac would ever share and continue to share together. That was their arrangement. They'd all agreed to that.

Suddenly, just the sight of Adrian McLane made her sick to her stomach and her insides twist painfully at what they'd never be.

"I have to go," she muttered and tried to get away from Mac. He, of course, easily stopped her and pulled her to him by fisting her hair and jerking her up against him. The son of a bitch. Not wanting any part of him touching her, she doubled up her fists and slammed them against his hard chest until they ached. "Let me go!"

"Hey, buddy. She obviously doesn't want to be with you." The man pushed at Mac.

Big mistake.

Mac placed Cyn behind him and threw his fist at the man all in one swift move, connecting it with his jaw. The man flew back and landed on his back. He started to pull himself up off the ground.

"Get to Denary," Mac ordered in hurried, hushed tones. "He's over by the tent. Tell anyone who asks that I ordered you to go to him. Got it?"

"No!" She pushed at him. Her angry tears threatened to surface. How could she be such a fool? He broke her heart seven years ago

when he callously walked away from her. What made her think he'd changed? "I won't do a damn thing you ask. I hate you."

"Hate me later," he told her in a flat, unemotional voice. Did the man have no heart? He just stood there, not even bothering to look at her as he crushed her.

"Goddamn it, Mac—"

She gasped when he kicked the man to knock him back down, and then whipped around to face her, his expression cold and unkind. "Cynthia, do as I say right this fucking minute, or I will take you over there myself, and you do not want that. Trust me. Talk to no one, and keep your head down. Do not let Sweetheart see you."

"But—"

"Do it now or, so help me, you won't like the goddamn alternative."

She staggered back, her mouth open, staring at a complete stranger she thought she knew and loved. This Mac was nothing like the Mac she knew.

"Go," he told her and turned back around to face the man, who tried to get up again, albeit much slower.

Hating him for ordering her around, and hating herself for not being able to tell him no, she did as he instructed and kept to herself as she walked over to the giant cream-colored canvas tent on the other side of the field.

She didn't spot Kevin and hesitated, wondering what to do. Mac told her to find Kevin. What if she couldn't? What if he already left? Then what? Besides, she didn't even know what Sweetheart looked like, so how would she be able to avoid her?

Turning back around, she figured being close to Mac would be better than standing alone, next to a giant tent, completely exposed.

"Whoa," a male voice sounded. "Where do you think you're going?"

Cyn slowed to a stop and kept her head down. "I was told to come over here."

"By who?"

She pointed off toward Mac, who now had the man down on the ground, his booted foot in the man's neck. Glancing up, she looked at another man, dressed in all black. What, was there a dress code?

The man glanced over and, as soon as he spotted Mac fighting with a man dressed the same as him, he narrowed his eyes and pulled up a radio from his belt. "Bobby, you okay?"

"Tommy, this asshole is trying to kill me." Cyn recognized the voice on the other side of the radio as the prick who would have done God knows what to her if Mac hadn't stepped in.

"Just stay down," Tommy ordered. "Sweetheart is going to get restless if he ain't back here soon, and then we all get punished."

Cyn turned and watched as Bobby lay down on his back and put his hands up in surrender. Mac stepped back and nodded before saying something to him. Bobby agreed with a nod.

Mac turned and started back toward the tent. When he saw Cyn standing there, their gazes collided, and she watched as his shoulders visibly fell. His expression softened, and for one of the first times ever, she actually saw regret flash across those dark eyes.

"Are you sure he didn't leave me?" A beautiful blonde with golden curls and stunning blue eyes walked out of the tent and looked around, searching for something. She had on a sheer, short robe that didn't cover an inch of her perfectly proportioned frame.

When she spotted Mac walking back toward the tent, her entire expression lit up. Cyn couldn't believe what she saw. In the matter of a night, Mac had this pretty thing completely captivated by him.

She knew the feeling.

Turning back toward Mac, Cyn felt her heart flutter when she saw that he had his gaze nailed to her, not the other woman. She couldn't help but smile, if ever so slightly.

Mac's gaze shifted to the other woman, and he lost his smile. He quickly darted his gaze between her and Cyn, and then his expression completely changed. If she thought the Mac she knew had changed

back when he ordered her to the tent, that was nothing compared to *this* Mac.

"Sweetheart," he said in a harsh, almost cruel tone, "I told you to stay inside. What are you doing with clothes on?"

"I-I just—"

"That little stunt just earned you another hour in the restraints."

Sweetheart? That cute little woman was the demon who'd been spreading Lust around Seattle? Cyn snapped her mouth closed before anyone noticed her gawking.

Sweetheart didn't seem to mind the punishment, not at all. Her eyes fell to half-lidded as she smiled. "Only if you promise to spank me this time."

"You don't make the rules, Sweetheart. I do."

He did? Just what kind of rules did he make? And why was Sweetheart looking at him like he would be her next sexual meal?

"Promise to spank my pussy," Sweetheart cooed.

Cyn felt sick. She turned away to escape to the other side of the tent.

"Cyn!"

She looked up in time to see Kevin walking around from the backside of the tent, zipping up his fly. Her mouth fell open as more of her heart shattered. Not him, too. Did he have some woman behind there with him? Or more than one?

Dear God. Just what happened here tonight?

He looked down at his zipper then widened his eyes as he shook his head quickly. "No, it isn't like that."

"I see what it is," she countered in a shaky voice, her entire world crumbling around her, "and what it isn't."

She couldn't take this. Not only had she lost Mac tonight, a man she never really had, but she'd lost Kevin, too. It was all too much. She backed up, away from Kevin, and ended up right in the middle of Mac grabbing Sweetheart's wrists, holding them high above her head, and sliding the robe off her perfect little frame, his dark gaze hungry

as he raked it over her naked body.

Oh, God. How could he do this to her? How could either of them do this? Tears flooded her eyes as she watched Mac grab Sweetheart's bare ass and slam her body up against his.

"You want to be a bad girl, do you?"

Sweetheart flushed and looked up into Mac's eyes. "You know I do."

"Then get back in the tent and have one of your drones put you in the restraints like a good little bad girl."

"Yes, Master." Sweetheart labored her breathing as she stepped back from Mac, her clouded gaze never leaving him. "Will you fuck me this time?"

"I'll fuck you when you've earned it."

Sweetheart thrust out her lower lip in a pout. "But I want it, and I've been a very naughty girl for you."

Mac turned and stepped between Cyn and Sweetheart, blocking the little tramp's face from Cyn. He fisted Sweetheart's hair and forced her head back. The motion brought her back into Cyn's view.

He then lowered his lips slowly, resting them a hint above hers. "You will go back inside the tent now, or I walk. I don't play these little games, Sweetheart. There are plenty of woman who want to fuck me."

Cyn sucked in a breath when it felt like her chest just caved in. Kevin tried to put his hand on Cyn's shoulder, but she jerked it away. She couldn't pull her flooded gaze from Mac, from finally seeing him for the first time.

Sweetheart glanced over at Cyn and stiffened. She looked back at Mac and then at Cyn again. Comprehension filled her eyes. When Kevin put his hand on Cyn's shoulder and she again threw it off, Sweetheart didn't miss a beat of it.

"Take me again, Master," Sweetheart suddenly cried out and fell to Mac. "I must feel you inside me. Please fuck me. Punish me like the bad little girl I am."

Cyn swallowed back her sob. The pain from the truth crashing in on top of her threatened to consume her. When Sweetheart sneaked a smile in her direction, Cyn had to look away.

Mac growled. "That little outburst just earned you a ball gag."

"Only if Kevin joins us again."

Cyn darted her gaze back over to Sweetheart. She smiled triumphantly and even cocked her brow at Cyn.

Enough. She couldn't take this. She couldn't face the reality of what her men turned out to be. Running off, Cyn covered her mouth and tried to escape before more tears fell. Tommy tried to stop her, but Sweetheart said, "Let her go. She'll be back."

"No," Mac stated in a low growl, "she won't."

"Oh, we'll see about that. Now, about that punishment..."

Cyn refused to hear another word. She ran as fast as she could, ignoring the pain in her knees every time she lost her footing and slammed them into the ground when she fell. She twisted her ankles so many times she lost count.

No one followed her as she weaved her way through all the people and made it back to her car. With shaking hands, she fumbled for her key and almost broke it off in the lock as she opened her car door. Collapsing inside her car, she revved the engine to life and peeled out of the field, away from Kevin Denary, away from Adrian McLane, and away from any hopes and dreams of a life with either of them.

By the time she pulled into her apartment's parking lot, she'd cried all her tears and was now simply numb. Climbing the stairs to her second-story apartment, she then opened the door and sank down onto her couch, staring at the wall and wondering why she wasn't enough woman for her men.

Maybe alone she could have been. That must have been where she went wrong. Alone, she held each of their interests. Together, apparently not. Oh, but Sweetheart did. A fresh round of tears fought to break free.

She couldn't compete with beauty like that. Or what Sweetheart

could offer them. She was just plain Cynthia Gates, public relations specialist to the SBI, with a disaster of a personal life.

Forget it. She didn't want to cry over either one of them, not anymore. She had a job to do, damn it, and pining over her client wouldn't help the situation any. She'd just have to compartmentalize her relationship with him, or lack thereof.

Mac needed a clean image, and the SBI paid her good money to create that image. Her reputation relied on her success. She needed Mac's cooperation as well as Kevin's.

It was her own stupid fault for crossing that line with either of them. But no more. From now on, she was Cynthia Gates, PR specialist to the SBI and nothing more. Professional to a fault, but she'd be damned before she found herself in another situation like this one.

If Mac didn't like it, then he could fire her. Good luck finding another PR specialist willing to take on Mac's case.

As for Kevin, well, he'd just better print the stories on Mac as she gave them to him, nothing more and nothing less. If he so much as added an extra comma to the story without her permission, she'd sue his ass and take him for everything. She'd hurt him the way he hurt her.

Closing her eyes, she pulled herself up off the couch and stumbled into her bedroom, collapsing on the bed and crying herself to sleep.

Chapter 10

Morning came fast. It saddened Cyn that neither Kevin nor Mac came racing after her last night or tried to bust down her door just to make sure she made it home okay. She laughed at herself. They didn't even bother to call. No doubt Sweetheart had them up late and exhausted them.

"Fool," she muttered, belittling herself. Taking a long, hot shower to wash away the stench of her terrible decisions, she waited until the water ran cold before turning it off.

Taking her time getting ready, she did her hair up in a perfect French twist and carefully applied her makeup to look her absolute best. She chose a dark blue skirt-suit with a red, silk blouse. A power suit, which suited her mood perfectly.

Today she'd take the power back.

First, a call to the SBI director to set up a meeting with him and her client. With Lawson there, it would guarantee Mac wouldn't say or do something to make her forget her new vow to hate him. If she ended up alone with Mac, she'd be naked in record time, taking everything he gave her and begging for more.

Not this time.

Then she'd set up a quick meeting with Kevin to make sure he asked only approved questions in his interview with the new Agent Adrian McLane.

If the boys wanted to play with Sweetheart and be star attractions at her raves, Cyn couldn't stop them. She wouldn't even try.

She grabbed her cell and dialed Director Lawson's line.

"Director Lawson," the young director announced. He sounded

like he hadn't quite hit puberty yet and looked young enough to be in the Jonas Brothers band.

"Hello, this is Cynthia Gates."

"Ms. Gates!" He always sounded so excited to hear from her. "To what do I owe this honor?"

"I need to set up a meeting with you, Agent McLane, and myself." It hurt to say Mac's name so formally, so impersonally.

"A meeting? Why not just come down here? That's what you did yesterday."

Was it really just yesterday when everything seemed so perfect? Cyn closed her eyes against the harsh truth. She'd never be dropping by the SBI office again without an appointment. She had no other business there.

She cleared her throat. "This is official business."

"Oh. Cool. So what time did you want to get together?"

"I can be there in half an hour. Can you have Mac—" she paused to catch herself "—I mean Agent McLane there?"

"Uh—" he hesitated "—sure. He's here now. Do you want to talk to him?"

"No," she answered quickly, too quickly.

"Is everything okay?"

No. It was far from okay. "Just be sure to have Agent McLane there. I'm very busy and don't have time to waste chasing him down."

"This doesn't have anything to do with why Mac marched into my office first thing this morning and demanded you be removed as his PR specialist, does it?"

Of course he did. Her pain transformed into rage as her first and only client started to slip through her fingers. "What did he tell you?"

"That you were in danger as long as you were with him."

That was a severe understatement.

"No, you can't--stop it! She doesn't want to talk to you."

Jumblin and crackling sounded from the other end. And then, without warning, she heard his silky voice, the sound stroking over

her senses and driving a dagger straight into her heart.

"Cyn."

Without hesitation, she hung up the phone and let out a shaky breath. Well, that couldn't have gone worse. Rolling her eyes, she sucked in her lower lip and bit down, chewing on it nervously. She didn't handle that well and didn't even have to hear more than a single word from the man who broke her heart.

The next call would be even harder. Kevin didn't have someone she could place between them. He was also the one who knew exactly what to say and when to say it. He knew her inside and out, literally.

Blowing out a long breath, she dialed his number and prayed for it to go to voice mail.

"Cyn?"

Damn it. Her heart pinched at the sound of his voice. "I'll be putting an interview together with Agent McLane. I want you to cover it."

"Cyn, listen—"

"Will you be able to cover the interview, or do I need to call that reporter from the *Times*?"

"Cyn, will you please let me explain?"

"No." She didn't want him to explain. She didn't want to even talk about last night. "Will you cover the interview or not?"

Kevin sighed. "Can I at least see you?"

"At the interview."

He sighed again. "Okay. When?"

She squeezed her eyes closed to ward off the guilt fighting to set in. This was for the best. "Monday. Ten in the morning."

"Where?" He sounded so sad, like she'd robbed all the happiness, all the hope right from him like a succubus.

"I'll call with the place."

"Cyn?"

Her thumb hovered over the End button. She wanted this to remain impersonal, to keep a wall between her and the men who

callously shattered her.

But the tone of Kevin's voice stopped her.

"Yes?"

"Please don't forget that I love you."

"Kevin—"

He stopped her. "No, you have to hear this. I wasn't with anyone behind the tent last night."

She didn't want to believe him, yet deep down she knew he wouldn't lie to her, not about something like this. "Then what were you doing?"

"Going to the bathroom."

Feeling like a complete moron for assuming the worst in him, she closed her eyes and desperately wanted to believe him. "That's why you had your fly down?"

"That's the only time I had my fly down."

She wished it were that simple with Mac. "What about Mac?"

He hesitated. "That one... It's a bit harder to explain."

"I'm listening."

"It isn't my place to tell you. If you want to know what happened with Mac, you need to ask him."

"But you do know what happened, don't you?"

"Yes," he admitted in a small voice.

"And you won't tell me?"

"No."

"Then we are done," she said and hung up the phone. Amazingly enough, the tears didn't try to surface. They didn't fight to break free. Apparently, she was all cried out.

Good. Great. At least she didn't have to worry about redoing her makeup. Grabbing her things, she left her apartment and took the long way to the SBI building via each one-way street through Seattle, including those clogged with perpetual construction. It bought her enough time so she didn't seem too eager to see the asshole agent she called her client.

It didn't take nearly enough time to pull into the parking lot at the SBI building. She sat in her car and waited until the blistering heat outside sank into her non-air-conditioned car. Not wanting to melt before her meeting, she stepped out of her car and started toward the building.

"Don't fuck up," she muttered to herself. "Don't fuck up. Don't fuck up."

Quite the pep talk, Gates.

The elevator ride seemed faster than usual. She walked out of the elevator and took a beeline for the director's office, not looking up to meet any of the prying gazes she felt on her.

"Ms. Gates!"

She looked up to see the ever-eager young director hurrying through the maze of desks to greet her. Feigning a smile for him, she figured she'd at least make this visit pleasant for him.

"Director Lawson," she purred and reached out to take his hand. "It's always such a pleasure to see you."

"I, uh, thanks." He grinned, and his ears turned beet red. Failing in his attempt to be discreet about the way he hungrily eyed her frame, the man-boy just stood there and looked at her.

"The meeting?" she prompted him after allowing him enough time to get himself worked into an aroused state.

"Oh, right." Quickly turning toward his office, he motioned for her to follow him. She saw the heat from his embarrassment redden his neck and could only imagine how red his face must be.

"Is Agent McLane here?" She swallowed hard and waited for him to answer.

Only he didn't answer.

"I'm right here."

Cyn whipped around and looked up into the dark, liquid brown eyes of the glorious bastard she hated to love. "Mac."

Damn it. Her first word to him, and not only did she forget her promise to only address him as Agent McLane, but the tone of her

voice conveyed exactly how she felt seeing him again.

He leaned his head down, his lips guiding the way, and Cyn found herself lifting her chin to meet him halfway. Closer he moved, drifting toward her in slow motion. She held her breath and licked her lips to wet them.

"Wicked," the director whispered.

Breaking out of her Mac-induced trance, Cyn blinked hard and stepped back, blushing furiously.

"You two," the director commented with a sly smile. "Serious chemistry."

"Can we just get started, please?" Cyn walked into the director's office and moved over to the opposite side of the table before setting her briefcase down in front of her. She didn't sit, not until she knew where Mac sat so she could sit as far away from him as possible.

"Please," he said in a polite voice. Very un-Maclike. "Have a seat."

The bastard stood there, watching her, knowing exactly why she wouldn't sit. Narrowing her eyes at him, she thrust out her chin. "I'll stand, thank you."

Instead of sitting, he leaned back against the wall and folded his arms across his biceps, drumming them with his fingers, his watchful gaze never leaving hers.

The director didn't know whether to sit or stand. He looked back and forth between Mac and Cyn, his smile fading when he finally realized all was not well between them.

"What's going on?" Director Lawson asked, his eyes resting on Mac. When Mac simply continued to stare at Cyn, the director shifted his gaze to her. "Well?"

"I'm here to fix Agent McLane's image." Cyn started in on the speech she'd rehearsed all morning.

"That won't be necessary," the director stated.

Cyn looked at him. "What do you mean?"

"Mac here has an in with Sweetheart. Until he can finish this case,

his image needs to remain as is."

Cyn snapped her glare to Mac, who did nothing to defend himself, nothing to explain just what kind of in he had. He did nothing but watch her, judging her reaction to the news.

She dropped her gaze and opened her briefcase, taking her time shuffling through papers until she had the strength to look back up at him.

"Until I can finish my work and really nail her, I need to stay out of the public's eye," Mac explained, not moving from the wall, still drumming his fingers along his bicep.

"Work?" Cyn laughed at his choice of words. "That...that's really nice. Is that what you're calling it?"

"That's what it is."

Shaking her head, she gave up. This was a waste of her time. She slammed her briefcase closed and turned to leave. "If my services are no longer required, I'll submit a bill for my work up to today, and then terminate our contract."

"Your services are still required," Mac replied in a thick, husky voice. Darting a look his way when he curled the corner of his mouth into a slight grin, she dared not look away and give him the satisfaction of knowing he won.

No, instead she turned up her charm, even licking her lips seductively and offering him a coy little smile. "And just what services did you still have in mind?"

He lost his smile.

"Are you two having sex?" The director blurted out his question and anxiously awaited an answer.

"No," Cyn answered casually and, despite Mac's glare on her, she smiled. "Not right now."

"But you two..." The director paused and laced his fingers together.

"Cyn," Mac growled out her name in warning.

She didn't care. If he planned to discard her like this, all so he

could have his fun with Sweetheart, she might as well go out with a bang.

"Did he ever tell you how we got together?" she asked the director and set her briefcase on the floor next to the couch before taking a seat much the same way she did when she seduced Mac right here in this office.

"Uh, no." It came out sounding like a question. The young director darted his eyes from Cyn back over to Mac. "Do I even want to know?"

"No," Mac answered in no uncertain terms.

"Oh, come on, Mac. You don't want your boss to know anything about your, shall we say, sordid past?" She smiled when she saw him drop his arms to his side and give her a slight shake of his head.

Cyn's smile grew. "It was back in college. I was in the library, minding my own business. It was the middle of the night. I didn't think anyone else was there."

"Cyn." Mac tried to stop her, but she refused to listen to him. For the first time in her life, she decided pleasing herself meant more to her than pleasing anyone else.

"I had the last copy of a reference book with me, I think. I don't really remember. Anyway, he came to me and didn't even ask me." She swallowed down the lump that tried to lodge itself in her throat. It used to be a happy memory, but now it only brought her pain, knowing she'd never have anything with Mac again.

"Cynthia, enough."

She looked at him and tried to sound sexy, but with the tears that sprang to her eyes, she just sounded pathetic. "He told me he'd do anything to get his hands on that book. With no one else around, I took him up on that offer. It was amazing what he took from me that night." Her bottom lip quivered, and she drew in several breaths to regroup. "All for a stupid book."

Mac pulled a cell out of his back pocket and brought it to his ear. Hiding her face, she angrily wiped at her tears and fell silent as she

wondered who could possibly be so important that he decided to call in the middle of her story. Apparently their first time didn't have as much of an impact on him as it did her.

"Where are you? Well, get back to your place. I'm on the way over with her. Why? Because our girl has completely lost it and is in the middle of a mental breakdown."

Our girl?

She was too preoccupied with what he'd just called her to realize he had her up, her briefcase in his hand, and halfway out of the director's office before she blinked out of her daze.

Jerking her arm from him, she stopped and stepped back inside the office. He glared at her, and she at him.

"I know," Director Lawson cut in. "You need my office."

"Not this time," Mac growled.

Cyn was too pissed to be hurt at his dismissal of her. As a redhead, she had a terrible temper and an even shorter fuse. "Not ever again."

Mac leaned toward her. "If you don't leave with me right now, I will throw you over my shoulder and drag your ass out of here. You know I will."

She did know that. If they weren't in the middle of the SBI office, she might make him do just that, but she did have a reputation to uphold. The SBI would never hire her again if she had to be escorted out over the shoulder of the very agent she was hired to represent.

"I hate you."

"I know," he answered and said nothing else.

Chapter 11

Mac refused to speak as he drove them both to Denary's apartment. He had half a mind to pull over and shake her until her teeth rattled. Just what the hell was she thinking telling his director that story?

Sure, he hurt her by what she saw last night. So what? He didn't hurt her on purpose, and he couldn't help it if she jumped to the wrong conclusion. She wasn't even supposed to be there. He made it clear that she wasn't supposed to show up at that rave for that very reason, to protect her from exactly what she saw.

He wouldn't raise his hand to a woman, no matter how much Cyn tempted him. The way she kept throwing him icy glares didn't help his already escalated irritation.

"Change that radio station one more time, and I'll break off the goddamn knob," he growled when she turned it off another one of the classic rock songs he blared when he needed to relax. Besides, the one on now always soothed his nerves. He listened to Phil Collins growling out the lyrics, warning of something coming in the air tonight.

Oh, something was coming, all right.

He had exactly one week to find out everything he could on the names he'd picked up during the rave last night. By next week's rave, she'd be missing most, if not all, her army of bodyguard, Dom-wannabes. She'd have no choice but to count on Mac, and when she did, he'd strike. She'd never see it coming.

Cyn reached over and touched the radio. When Mac glared at her, daring her to change the station, she quickly pulled her hand back.

"Asshole," she muttered and crossed her arms under her ample breasts as she slumped back in her seat.

"Your terms of endearment are always so touching."

"I should call the cops and turn you in for kidnapping."

"I am the cops and you got into the car voluntarily."

"I hate you."

He sighed and pinched the skin between his eyes as dull throbbing started in the base of his neck. "You already said that more than once."

"It's still true."

They pulled into the parking lot at Denary's apartment and parked. He shut off the engine and looked at her. "No, it isn't."

Cyn's burning glare nailed him, and he sat back as he tried to read the meaning behind it. Maybe there was some truth to her declaration. She certainly didn't exactly look happy with him.

"Yes, it is."

He waited until she got out of the car and slammed the door closed before responding in a low tone. "I don't hate you."

With a weary sigh, he stepped out of the car and locked it before following Cyn up the stairs to Denary's apartment. He didn't want this meeting any more than she did, but she had to know the truth.

She may not love him after what she heard, but he hoped she'd hate him a little less.

Denary waited for them with his door open. He nodded once at Mac to grant him permission inside. Mac entered after pushing Cyn in before him to make sure she didn't try to run off.

"Sit," he ordered her. She challenged him by placing her hands on her hips.

"I'm not a dog, Mac."

"Cyn, please sit down." Denary gently grabbed her arm as though she'd break if he held her too close, and directed her over to a chair in the living room. Mac rolled his eyes. She didn't need a gentle hand right now. She was being a spoiled little bitch who just found out that

life wasn't fair. Tough shit.

Welcome to the real world, sweetheart.

"Fine." She threw herself down and crossed her legs as she folded her arms tightly in front of her.

"What's going on?" Denary asked Mac. "What was she doing?"

"Dredging up ancient history," Mac growled. When Denary threw him a confused look, Mac explained. "She told the story of our first time together."

"In the library?" Denary clarified, his eyes wide.

"And to my director."

Denary flashed his eyes at Cyn. "Why would you do that? Cyn, come on. That was years ago."

Mac looked at him and shook his head. "This from the guy who can't let it go."

"I'm not talking about that."

"The hell you aren't. You've never gotten over the fact that Cyn chose me over you."

"Bullshit." Denary jumped toward him, challenging him. Mac had to admit it impressed the hell out of him that Denary had his moments of bravery. "Don't turn this into something about me or you. This is about Cyn. If you'd pull your head out of your ass for five seconds and think of someone other than the ugly mug staring back at you in the mirror every morning, you'd see that."

"Denary," Mac growled in warning. He'd let the cocky reporter push him only so far. Once he crossed the line, Mac would kick the shit out of him for running his mouth. "Enough."

"No, it isn't. Cyn deserves to know the real reason you went to the library that night."

Mac set his jaw, now pissed as hell. He never wanted her to know the real reason why, and if Denary had half a goddamn brain, he wouldn't want her to know either. "Kevin, don't."

"What's going on?" Cyn, of course, picked up on the turn in the conversation. "Mac, what is he talking about?"

"Nothing."

"It's not nothing." Denary walked over and sat down on the arm of the chair opposite Cyn's, a safe distance from both Mac and her. When Denary met Cyn's eyes, Mac knew the dumbass was about to tell her the one secret Mac had kept carefully concealed their entire time together.

"Cyn, why did Mac tell you he was at the library that night?"

Cyn looked at Denary, and a hint of a smile graced her pretty lips. "I had the last reference book."

"On what?"

She frowned as she thought about that. "It was on perception versus reality, I believe. I don't really remember."

Mac closed his eyes and muttered his favorite curse. If she had to know the truth, he should be the one to tell her. *Goddamn* Denary and his loose lips, but he had it right. She deserved to know.

"It was a book on advertising," Mac reminded her, still not looking at her.

"It was? That's funny. Why would you need a book on advertising?"

Mac turned to her and waited for it to sink in. Eventually, her smile faded and she tilted her head in confusion. He waited, not saying a word, as the comprehension slowly made it from her brain into her eyes. When they flashed at him, he knew.

"Why did you come to the library that night, Mac?" Cyn wouldn't remove her gaze from him, and it hurt like hell seeing the spark of pain in her eyes yet again, courtesy of him. When would she learn to stop trusting him, and when would he learn to leave her the hell alone?

"I sent him," Denary spoke up, his voice low and quiet.

Cyn whipped her gaze to him. "You what? Why would you do that?"

"I was so tired of hearing about how great he was. Mac did this, and Mac did that. I thought if you just saw him for the womanizing

pig he was, you'd lose your infatuation."

"And," Mac added, "I thought if I just had a taste of you, just one night buried deep inside you, I'd get over my lust for you."

Cyn went rigid in the chair and darted her gaze back and forth between the men in the room. Her lower lip started to quiver, but she didn't allow the tears to fall. When her lips pulled into a frown that she fought against, Mac felt her pain stab him deep. "You two planned for Mac to seduce me right there in the library?"

"I didn't know he'd take it as far as he did," Denary bit off and glared at Mac.

"Hey," Mac said and put up his hands, "I had no idea you two were together when I went there that night. I thought she was single."

"Like that would have stopped you."

"It would have." Mac waited until Denary looked up at him to make sure he knew the truth in his statement. "Kevin, I wouldn't have touched her had I known about you two. I swear."

And then it clicked. That was why Denary hated him so much. He thought Mac stepped in and stole his girl, knowing she was already taken, and by his best friend. What a burden to carry for so many years.

Denary lost his expression and turned from Mac. Cyn caught the gesture, and Mac watched as she eyed Denary carefully. "That's why you keep writing those stories on Mac. You're trying to get payback, even after all this time. Your plan backfired on you, so you had to find some other way to bring him down."

Mac wanted to hate him. Hell, he had enough reason to after all the shit he'd written about him. But knowing the real reason behind it all just made him feel sorry for Denary.

What a shitty thing he thought Mac did to him. How could he think that of someone he considered his best friend? That pissed him off more than anything else, the fact his best friend thought so little of him that he'd think Mac would go behind him like that.

Cyn looked up at Mac, her pretty green eyes glistening with fresh

tears. Was she crying? Happy? Or sad? He was afraid to ask.

"Cyn," Denary spoke up, "I'm so sorry. This is all my fault."

"Don't you get it?" She sniffled and wiped at her tears as she laughed. Mac and Denary exchanged confused looks. "You two have hated each other all these years for something you did to me. Me!"

Mac and Denary again looked at each other. This time they shook their heads, clearly not understanding her reasoning. Did this little history lesson send her right over the edge?

"I've been the link between us for all these years. Good or bad, it's been me. Now do you see it?"

"No," the men said in unison.

She stood and opened her arms, a smile wide on her beautiful face. "God, I can't believe I never saw it before now. Kevin, you and I fell in love back in college. Mac, you and I fell in love that night in the library. I never stopped loving you, either of you. Neither of you stopped loving me and have been using what happened all those years ago to avoid the obvious."

Oh, yeah. She'd clearly lost it.

Mac braced himself for the inevitable breakdown. "And that is?"

"We love each other!" She marched over and pushed at his chest before pushing Denary so hard he fell into the chair. "This is amazing."

"So," Denary asked carefully, rubbing his chest where she hit him, "you aren't mad about what happened at the library back in college?"

"I'm furious!" She laughed at herself, and Mac took a step toward her to restrain her if she did anything to hurt herself. He'd finally done it. He'd driven her batty. Clearly, she had totally and completely lost her mind. "But I'll deal with that later. Right now I just want to have my men, both my men, show me how much they really love me. Let's make up."

She twirled around in a circle until she staggered from her dizzy spell. Mac furrowed his brow but found himself smiling at her giddiness. "I love you, Adrian McLane! And I love you, Kevin

Denary! I don't care who hears it. I'm in love with two pigheaded, dumbass men too proud to see how great they really have it."

"We have it great?" Mac threw a frown at Denary, but the man smiled and nodded. "Am I the only one confused here?"

"We do have it great," Denary stated with a shit-eating grin. Mac growled as his patience neared the cutoff point. Denary turned to him to explain. "Cyn is ours, Mac. She always has been. We don't have to be jealous of each other. This isn't a competition. We both won. She loves us, both of us. *Together*. I never saw it like that until now."

And, just like that, a weight not only lifted off Mac, but completely shattered. For the first time in a long time, when Mac smiled, he actually felt it. He looked over at Cyn as she looked at him.

Without another word, he hurried over to her and pulled her into his arms, crashing his lips down on hers and kissing her with unbridled emotion, with passion he thought had long since been buried, along with his callous, unfeeling heart.

* * * *

Cyn moaned into Mac's mouth, slowly wrapping her arms around him and really kissing him as much as he kissed her. She felt Kevin move up behind her and released her kiss with Mac to turn and kiss her other lover.

Mac lifted her skirt up and cupped her ass, squeezing it and caressing it lovingly. "I'm taking you here," he whispered into her ear before licking it and driving erotic pulses from his touch straight to her throbbing clit.

She fell limp in Kevin's arms at the very thought. She'd only experienced anal sex a few times in her life, and never while being loved by two men at the same time. Just the thought of what that might entail had her entire body quivering and her pussy drenched in anticipation.

"Let's get her into the bedroom," Mac growled thickly.

Kevin broke their heated kiss, and Cyn, dazed from the hunger and desperation she tasted on Kevin's lips, staggered back. Mac caught her and pulled her against him. He bit down on her earlobe and sucked it between his teeth.

Cyn whimpered when Kevin approached and pushed her panties aside to slide his finger between her moist lips, his gaze never leaving hers. She threw her head back against Mac's shoulder when Kevin used the pad of his thumb to flick her clit. With each brush of his thumb, each torturous touch, he had her that much closer to a shattering release.

"I never fucked Sweetheart." Mac trailed heated nips up and down her neck. "I could never do that to you, baby."

His declaration sent a rush of blistering liquid gushing out of her cunt, drenching Kevin's hand.

"I don't think she'll make it to the bedroom." Kevin's eyes darkened as he leaned into her, his lips so close to hers the warmth of his breath tickled her senses. "You are nice and wet, Cyn. Wouldn't it feel so good to have my cock sliding in and out of your hot pussy?"

Where was all this coming from? Kevin never talked to her like that, but damn how it turned her on. Liquid heat blistered between her legs. He had her so close. "Yes. Oh, God. Yes!"

Mac reached around and caressed her breasts through her blazer. He unbuttoned the front and let it fall free, slowly removing it by sliding it off her shoulders. After tossing it aside, he reached back around and had her breasts in his hands. When his thumbs scraped across her nipples, bolts of lightning hot pulses shot down through her, twisting tightly inside her womb and clenching the walls of her pussy.

Kevin picked up on her heightened arousal and slipped two fingers inside her cunt while still concentrating his thumb on her swollen clit. He didn't tease her, not at all. He went in for the kill, and with a final flick, her soul shattered.

Cyn threw her head back and lost her footing as her orgasm

slammed into her. Mac turned her head and covered her mouth with his, swallowing her cries of release as Kevin continued to relentlessly stroke her pussy.

"So beautiful," Mac murmured when her cries died down to whimpers. Kevin removed his hand from between her legs and replaced her panties. "God, Cyn. You are gorgeous when you come."

"Take me—" she panted and swallowed hard "—into the bedroom. I need to lie down."

"That's exactly what you need to do." Kevin grabbed her skirt and carefully unzipped it, removing it from her body as they stumbled to the bedroom.

Cyn giggled when she tripped over the material and fell into Mac's arms. He laughed and kissed her long and hard before pulling back and taking her blouse with him.

Kevin then reached around and unsnapped her bra, catching her arm and spinning her around. She laughed when he cocked his brow and caught her in his arms before he dived at the flesh of her neck.

"You did that on purpose." Cyn moaned and let Mac practically drag her the rest of the way. She could no longer stand. Kevin had her breast in his mouth and attacked her nipple, peaking it and driving lust so deep into her body that her pussy dripped from her desire.

Mac swung her around and stopped her with her back to the bed. Sweeping his tongue into her mouth, he invited her to come out and play with him.

She whimpered against Mac's tongue when she felt Kevin's tender hands behind her as they parted her back cheeks, and, moments later, his tongue flicking against her tight little hole.

Oh God, could she do this? Kevin licked her from her pussy to her rear entrance over and over, spreading her cream and preparing her for something she'd never done.

Two men at the same time.

Mac, who had somehow lost his clothes, stood before her, his rigid, gorgeous flesh bobbing, a crystal drop of pre-cum glistening

from the tip. Cyn licked her lips and eyed his cock hungrily.

"Not this time," he growled at her. "This time I'm going to fuck that sweet little ass of yours."

Sweet Jesus. Heated chills danced across her skin. Kevin, who must have undressed when Mac did, whipped her around to face him. He stared into her eyes, holding her gaze with those mesmerizing dark orbs. His pupils dilated and darkened to almost black as he looked at her.

Kevin then lifted her up and wrapped her legs around him. She was frightened, excited, and even a little exhilarated to finally be at this point with Kevin and Mac. How many years had she dreamed about this? How long has she cried alone in the dark, wishing she could just have both her men and not have to make a choice between them?

She threw her eyes open wide when she felt the blunt end of Mac's dick nudge up against her tiny opening. Kevin held her, watching her as Mac worked his erection inside her, stretching her, burning her.

"Oh, God. Oh, Kevin. I can't stand it. Please," she begged, not sure what she wanted, only that she wanted more.

"Easy, baby." Kevin's lips covered hers again right before Mac slipped in another inch. She screamed into Kevin's kiss, his mouth swallowing her cries. Mac eased inside her just a little more, and she panted as she arched her entire body, granting him deeper penetration.

"Fucking amazing," Mac growled behind her as he slowly, tenderly pushed in, retreated, and pushed in deeper. "You are so tight, Cyn. My God, so sweet and tight. Holy shit."

Another inch. Cyn shuddered in Kevin's arms when Mac drove and withdrew ever so gently until he had his flesh fully lodged inside her.

"Oh, Mac." She leaned back and reached behind her for him. She had to touch him, to feel that he was real, that he really stood behind her, driving her to the brink of her sanity with the way he had his cock

fully buried inside her ass.

"I'm right here, baby. I'm not going anywhere."

"Oh!" She cried when Mac shifted and parted his legs, driving his penis even deeper into her hole.

"Hold me, Kevin." She fell forward onto the chest of her other man, unable to make sense of the dark passion swirling inside her. Her pussy, totally drenched and aching for attention, pulsed along with Mac's cock.

"Are you ready?" Kevin looked at her.

"For what?"

The tip of Kevin's cock pressed against her pussy's entrance, and she screamed again. She bit her lip to stop herself from making so much noise, but the way she felt, being filled with so much flesh, made it near impossible to control.

"Let it out," Kevin moaned. "I want you to scream for us, Cyn."

"Let it out," Mac repeated as he kissed her shoulder and slowly rocked his hips, easing his dick in and out of her forbidden hole. "I know you like to scream. Don't hold back."

"This is so wicked." Cyn jerked in a gasp when Kevin slipped the head of his cock inside her pussy. And she thought having Mac buried inside her burned and stretched. It was nothing compared to this new, exhilarating feeling of being filled by two men.

Kevin eased inside her. The walls of her pussy vibrated as they stretched to take him in. Mac slowly pulled back to allow Kevin access. When Kevin withdrew, Mac would gently thrust back inside.

"I-I can't stand it." She rocked her hips and moved her men inside her. "This is too much."

"Are we hurting you?" Kevin stiffened.

"No," she quickly corrected. Mac licked her ear, and she let out a long moan. "I-I just... Oh God. I...just can't... Oh, my God!"

Mac plunged deep inside her ass, and she unraveled. Her orgasm ripped inside her, destroying her, and she dug her nails into the flesh of Kevin's chest. Her vision blurred, and she bucked wildly, riding out

her climax.

"Jesus, God." Mac grabbed her hips to hold her still. This orgasm was unlike anything she'd ever experienced. It wouldn't let her go, peaking over and over until she screamed from the intensity of it.

"Cyn, quit moving." Kevin's hands joined Mac's as they both tried to still her, but she couldn't stop.

"No." Panting, blinking the sweat from her eyes, she focused her attention on Kevin. "Fuck me, Kevin. Fuck me now, both of you."

"Baby, please." Mac stilled behind her. "Just give us a second."

"No! I need more." She cried, begging for them to give her what she wanted.

"Jesus Christ, I think we unleashed a monster." Kevin grunted and bit down on her shoulder.

No, they didn't unleash a monster. They'd finally released *her*. She'd never felt so alive. "More."

Mac shifted and drove his cock deep inside her backside, filling her. He started to withdraw to allow Kevin inside, but she stiffened and arched to push back against him.

She wanted them both inside her, filling her, drilling her at the same time. Throwing her eyes open, she stared at Kevin. "Take me."

He sank inside her pussy while Mac stayed buried inside her. Cyn shuddered and growled. She actually growled.

"You like that?" Mac pulled out and thrust back inside, a little rougher, with a little more force, but it still wasn't enough for her.

"I want more." She swore she could feel all three of their souls colliding as they became one together. "Please, Kevin. I need more!"

He plunged inside her at the same time that Mac took the same action. A howl of pure, carnal pleasure tore from her lips. They started moving in perfect unison, thrusting in and out of her, driving her closer and closer to the release she felt building inside her womb and taking over her body.

And then she came. She came so hard, so intense, that she actually lost her ability to speak. The scream hovered in her throat, but her

orgasm gripped her and refused to allow her to release it.

When Mac drove hard and shouted out his release, it released her scream. She cried at the top of her lungs, long and hard, and cried from the sheer ecstasy of it all. Kevin plunged deep and stiffened as he came, almost dropping her, but Mac held her up.

They all stood there, panting, sweat and sweet cum dripping from their bodies, and rode out their orgasms. Mac had a hold of her hips and rocked her back and forth, taking him in, and then Kevin, and then him again.

"I love you," she whispered to her men.

Kevin slowly lowered her to the floor, and she swayed to stand under her own strength. No way. Collapsing down on the bed, she let out a slight giggle and eyed her men.

"What?" Mac asked, his gaze guarded as he watched her. "You aren't going to have another breakdown, are you?"

Slowly, she shook her head. She couldn't be happier. Finally, *finally* she had her men. She'd wanted this ever since she first met them both. It seemed surreal to finally be here with them, having them look at her the way they looked at her right now.

It had to be too good to be true. Something would happen to break them up. People didn't get what they wanted. That didn't happen in the real world. It didn't happen to her.

Swallowing back her doubts, she let out a content sigh. Instead of worrying about when one or both of them realized she couldn't possibly be the right woman for him, she'd enjoy the time she did have with them.

"I'm hungry." She leaned up on her elbows. "I want Chinese."

"But you'll just be hungry again in an hour." Mac curled his sexy lips into a grin.

"I hope so." Kevin grabbed his boxers and threw them on. "I'll call for delivery."

Chapter 12

"Why do you always steal all the barbecued pork?" Cyn grabbed the little white box from Kevin and dug her chopsticks into the container, pulling out the last piece of the scrumptious meat.

Mac snagged the piece right out of her chopsticks and popped it into his mouth.

"Hey!"

He grinned. "You snooze, you lose."

Cyn grabbed his box of noodles and dumped them on his bare chest. They oozed down like worms and spread out from his nipples to his knees. She laughed and tried to scramble away when he reached for her and pulled her naked body to him, squashing the noodles between them and covering her as well.

"Aw, come on!" Kevin grabbed a handful of noodles between his fingers. "I have to sleep in this bed."

"Not while I'm here," Cyn commented and pulled away from Mac to rub up against her other lover, making sure he had noodles everywhere.

Kevin then laughed right along with her and Mac as all three of them playfully tossed noodles at each other, making a complete mess of the bed. The little picnic of white boxes they placed on a towel in the center of the bed all started to tumble over, and soon their Chinese buffet spilled out from the containers and oozed past the towel onto the bedspread.

Cyn reached over and saved the sinfully delicious General Tso Chicken right before it toppled over. Digging into the box, she pulled out a nice, goopy piece and spiked her brow at Mac, and then Kevin.

She imagined the theme from *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly* whistling off in the distance. Weighing which one to fling the delicious chunk of chicken at, she just caught Mac out of the corner of her eye as he lunged.

The chicken flew out of her hands behind her, and she heard a moist *whack!* as the food smacked into Kevin.

Three things happened simultaneously. Mac jumped at her again right before Kevin threw the sweet-and-sour sauce at Cyn. She ducked, and the sauce smacked Mac square in the crotch, covering his semihard dick and dripping off the end onto the floor.

Mac's eyes narrowed in on Kevin. Cyn sucked in a breath and waited to see if their blissful peace had already come to an end. When he grabbed the almond chicken and scooped sauce out of the container, Cyn screamed with delight and dived for cover. The sauce just missed her and hit Kevin between his legs.

Cyn licked her lips. Oh, what to do. Sweet-and-sour or almond chicken? Hmm. Decisions, delicious decisions. They all exchanged looks, and the mood of the room immediately changed.

She hummed in the back of her throat. What a mouthwatering dilemma she had on her hands. "I suppose you want me to clean that off you two?"

"It is your fault we're now covered in slime." Mac lifted his hands away from his torso and glanced down at his cock with a curled lip.

Kevin walked around her and stood next to Mac, and Cyn had never seen a more delectable sight. Both hard-bodied men, completely naked and covered with various food, had Cyn's mouth watering.

Sinking to her knees, she flicked the end of Kevin's dick with the tip of her tongue. Cleaning off his cock with her lips and tongue, she felt his flesh grow hard in her mouth. Moaning her appreciation for the taste of almond chicken mixed with the salty sweetness of his flesh, Cyn licked and sucked until Kevin rocked his hips, fucking her mouth slow and steady.

"Goddamn incredible," Mac growled and reached over to pull her

hair back so he could enjoy the show.

"I'll second that." Kevin groaned into the air and fisted her hair, driving her rhythm and tempo. "Holy hell, Cyn. Your mouth is like a sweet dream, baby."

She smiled against his cock, loving the reaction she drew from him. When she had him nice and hard, she pulled her mouth away and turned to Mac. "Your turn."

"Sweet Jesus." Mac jerked forward when she dived down, burying his cock inside her mouth. He'd grown hard watching her suck Kevin's dick. She eagerly sucked the sweet-and-sour sauce off him, swallowing down the amazing nectar and hungrily seeking more.

As she sucked Mac's cock, she reached over and wrapped her fingers around Kevin's, stroking his rigid flesh in time with her movement on Mac.

"Ah, yeah." Kevin reached down and covered her hand with his, squeezing it to increase the pressure on his cock.

Cyn pulled off Mac's dick with an audible pop. "We need to move this to the bed. I'm feeling awfully neglected."

"But," Kevin paused and nodded at the pile of food in the middle of his bed, "look at that mess."

"I'll take care of it." Mac walked over to the bed, grabbed the bedspread at the corners, collapsed it on itself, and tossed it on the floor, leaving the bottom sheet only. He then straightened out on the bed and motioned for Cyn with his finger.

She didn't need to be told twice.

Grinning, she joined him, stretching out next to him and rolling so her lips covered his. Mac's tongue stroked against hers, loving her, caressing her, and making her burn with need for her men.

Pushing herself up, she rolled on top of him and straddled him, her pussy clenching and releasing as her clit swelled. She ground her hips down against his, pressing the mound of her sex to his hard cock. Her clit needed attention, friction, and she meant to get it.

Kevin moved behind her and ran his hand up and down her back.

"My turn."

"For what?" She knew what he meant but wanted to hear him say it.

"Your sweet ass." His answer shocked her into erotic convulsions centering in her womb and vibrating down the walls of her pussy. He eased a finger into her tiny hole, stretching her muscles, preparing her for his taking.

He pulled out and speared her with two fingers, scissoring inside her, readying her. She rocked her hips back and forth, working his fingers in and out of her, rubbing her soaked pussy along Mac's cock.

Mac shifted and moaned loudly when he angled just right and sank his cock into the moist depths of her cunt. She felt the flame of her love for these men spark to life, like a twisting, burning inferno threatening to consume her.

Kevin eased his cock between her cheeks and moved his hips, rubbing up against her. She moved to grant him access, wanting—no, *needing* him inside her. She needed them both inside her, filling her full of flesh.

And then Kevin pushed his dick inside her ass slowly, ever so slowly. She shuddered from the pleasure that bordered on pain. Mac already had her panting with the way he gyrated his hips and drove his cock in and out of her.

Inch by heated inch, Kevin sank into her. The burn started to build inside her, torturing her. Kevin set nerve endings on fire she didn't even know she had. Her entire body grew hotter. Passion flared around her womb, twisting deep inside her. Her pussy quivered and clenched around Mac's cock.

"Holy shit, Cyn. You are so tight. Grip my cock, baby. Yeah, just like that." Mac thrust his hips and buried the full length of his cock deep inside her. She felt him. God, how she felt him.

"I'm too close." Kevin grabbed her hips and held her still. "Just don't move."

Cyn couldn't *not* move. She pushed back against his cock, driving

him deeper inside her ass, then rocked forward and down, sinking Mac's cock inside her pussy. Faster she moved, rocking between them, feeling their fiery flesh burn inside her.

"Damn you," Kevin whispered and started to plunged his dick into her, attacking her senses. Mac met Kevin's thrusts with his own, and she lost all control.

And then she exploded. Screaming, she threw her head back and arched her body as her orgasm tore through her. Her pussy gripped Mac, and she dug her nails into his shoulders, her screams increasing when Kevin dissolved behind her, coming with such amazing force it knocked her forward. Her bones liquefied, and she went limp.

Mac gave her a final thrust and erupted inside her, filling her with blistering semen that sent her into heated convulsions.

Collapsing onto Mac, barely breathing, she spasmed in the aftermath of her climax. She'd never come so hard in her life. But, then again, each episode of lovemaking and she came harder and harder.

"I can't move," she murmured against Mac's chest.

"We'll move for you." Kevin moved and gently stretched her legs so she lay flat on top of Mac.

"Just tell us what you need." Mac ran his hand up and down her back. Delicious chills washed over her.

"I need you. Both of you. I need you to love me. Nothing more and nothing less."

* * * *

What day was it? Was it still Friday, or did she sleep until Saturday? Or even Sunday? After the night she had with Mac and Kevin, hours and hours of them loving each other and discovering each other all over again, she finally collapsed from exhaustion and fell into a deep, wonderful sleep between her two men.

Blinking awake, she opened her eyes and stared up at the ceiling.

Her men were great lovers alone, but together they were exceptional, like they completed each other. What Kevin fell short on, Mac more than covered, and vice versa. Perfectly sated, Cyn lay there and smiled.

"I think we need to go after Tommy," she heard Kevin say. "He's the ringleader, aside from Sweetheart. If we take him down, the rest will follow."

"No. Tommy is too smart. He's already on to me. We need to get someone who is pissed that Sweetheart is giving me all this attention. She called me twice already to make sure I planned to be at the rave next week."

Cyn ignored the pinch of jealousy at the knowledge of Sweetheart coming on to Mac. She knew he had a job to do. She didn't like it, but she accepted it. He wouldn't sleep with her. When Mac made a promise, it took an act of God to break it. The man's word was as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar.

Pulling her tired, sore body off the bed, she then threw on one of their shirts. After smelling the collar, she knew it had to be Mac's. He smelled like raw and carnal power. Despite being sore in places she didn't even know she had, after Mac's scent wafted up into her nostrils, her body responded by hardening her nipples.

When her pussy pulsed and tingled, she clenched her thighs together. "Don't even think about it."

Now pissed at her for denying any sort of attention, her pussy ached and throbbed. It made her smile. Leave it to her. Only she would have body parts arguing with her.

Padding out of the bedroom, she spotted the two men sitting at the breakfast counter, a laptop between them, and dozens of papers sprawled out all over the counter.

"What are you doing?" She squinted when the sun from the window invaded her vision.

"Debating which one of Sweetheart's bodyguards to take out first," Mac answered and tapped on the keys of the laptop, pointing

out something on the screen for Kevin. "There. Him. I want him."

Kevin shook his head. "I don't recognize him. Are you sure he's with Sweetheart's gang?"

Cyn walked over behind them and immediately recognized the man's ugly face. "That's Bobby."

Mac and Kevin both turned to look at her. "How do you know that?" Kevin asked.

"He's the one who made the poor choice of trying to touch our girl," Mac told him. Cyn couldn't hold back her smile at the sound of being called their girl. "I gave him a little message of what happens when he makes poor choices."

"So why would he work with us?" Kevin stepped around the counter and grabbed a mug out of the cupboard, poured Cyn a fresh cup of coffee, and then refilled his cup. He held the pot up to Mac, who gave him a curt nod. Without a word, Kevin leaned over and topped off Mac's cup.

One night of loving Cyn and suddenly she'd succeeded in world peace between Adrian McLane and Kevin Denary? She wasn't going to even question it. If they all got along now, she'd simply accept it.

Cyn inhaled the aroma of the rich coffee. "Mac scares the shit out of him. Have Mac bring him in, but Kevin, you need to stay far away from it."

"Me? Why?"

"If I have to release him and he goes running back to Sweetheart, my in is gone. We still need you inside." Mac tapped a few more keys, and Bobby's rap sheet came up. "He doesn't have much. Some B and E, did some time for, oh, big surprise—assault."

"He likes to hit his women," Cyn commented after reading the screen.

Mac sat up as he let out a low, mean growl. "It'll be my pleasure to take him down."

Cyn and Kevin exchanged glances. When Mac had that tone, anyone who knew him knew better than to get in his way.

"So, what's the plan?" Cyn brought the mug up and took a sip. Kevin always made perfect coffee.

"I pick up Bobby and question him, nail him with some bullshit just for pissing me off, and then cut him a deal if he rats out some of his other buddies."

Cyn frowned. "That's it? That's your big plan?"

Mac lost his smile. "What? It's a good plan."

Shaking her head, she walked over and fell onto the couch, stretching out and crossing her legs at her ankles. Both her men watched her action with cutting interest. She didn't notice the way the shirt came up and teased them with a glimpse of her pussy, not until both men refused to look away until she stretched the shirt down to cover herself.

"What's wrong with it?" Kevin asked.

"Your whole plan is based on one of Sweetheart's drones turning on not only her, but all the other men." She sipped at her coffee and shrugged. "That will never happen."

Mac narrowed his eyes at her. "Why not?"

"Because she has them hooked, that's why. You'll have to nail him with something that scares him more than losing his spot in the ranks."

Mac and Kevin looked at each other.

"She's right, you know." Kevin walked back over and stood next to Mac to read over his shoulder. "You saw the way those men reacted to you touching Sweetheart."

Cyn stiffened and looked down at the coffee in her mug.

"Cyn, you need to know what happened at that rave." Mac stood up from the computer and joined her on the couch, lifting her feet and setting them on his lap after sitting down.

She didn't want to know, but then again, she did. What if what he told her confirmed her worst fear, that this *thing* between the three of them was a temporary thing? God, could she be any more insecure?

"Sweetheart is a sub pretending to be a Domme. I saw that the

minute she eyed me and was so turned on when I kicked the shit out of her men. She almost wet herself right there." Mac rubbed her feet as he explained what happened. Kevin joined them and took a seat in one of the chairs.

"I don't need you to explain," Cyn said in a soft voice, hiding her eyes. She really didn't want to know. He had a job to do, at any cost.

Kevin spoke up. "Yes, you do. Sweetheart orders her men around like they are her slaves or something. I've never seen anything like it. But when Mac appeared, it was like everyone else *disappeared*."

Mac rested his hands on her feet. "I saw right through her act. When I let her know my position, that my level of control wasn't up for negotiation, she submitted to me without hesitation."

"Your position?" Cyn laughed at him and tried to bury the bitterness at the memory of that night. "What was that, Mac? That you like it when the woman is on top?"

Kevin cleared his throat. Cyn softened her expression when she realized how uncomfortable he'd become. She dropped her gaze back down.

"I never slept with her. I already told you that. Neither did Kevin."

"Why not? She obviously wanted you both."

"Because we knew what it would do to you," Kevin stated. Cyn looked at him then at Mac.

"Really?"

"Absolutely," Mac answered, the conviction resolute in his tone. "Sweetheart needed to be taken down a few notches, and I took great pleasure in being the one to knock her down."

Cyn stiffened and widened her eyes.

"Not like that," Kevin jumped in. "Mac was actually pretty suave about it. She had no idea what she'd done until she'd actually done it."

"And what was that?" Cyn breathed, now into the story as it unraveled.

"She lost her control, and in front of the very men she controlled." Mac grinned in triumph.

"I don't understand." Cyn darted a nervous look between Mac and Kevin. "Are you saying that by showing her want for Mac, she somehow lost her control over her bodyguards? I don't get it. I don't buy it."

"How can you not understand?" Mac rubbed his eyes, clearly frustrated. "It's as clear as black and white."

Cyn looked at him, waiting for more of an explanation.

Mac tossed a look of frustration at Kevin. "Translate for me."

"Sweetheart pretends to be this woman who dominates her men into doing her bidding. Her entire empire is built on scare tactics, on her threatening to punish her men if they don't do as she says."

Cyn watched Kevin as he explained, slowly nodding as the comprehension crept in.

"So break that down," she said, putting two and two together, "and she loses those who stand with her. Once she's alone, she gets desperate."

"And that's when I strike," Mac said with a grin.

Chapter 13

Cyn sat at the coffee shop, sipping on her latte and checking her email. Who knew playing hooky for one day would leave such a massive wake? After spending close to an hour deleting the advertisements to enhance organs that, as a woman, she didn't possess, the promise of a Russian bride who would "love long time", and various other junk emails, she finally got down to the ones worthy of reading.

She tapped the keys, answering yet another email about her role as the PR specialist for a member of the SBI. Most of the emails were from other PR agencies, wanting to know if she'd like them to work with her on her contract.

Speaking as she typed, she answered. "Thank you for your offer, but I don't need any assistance at this time."

By the time she replied to only half of them, she decided to just copy and paste her reply instead of typing the same thing over and over. When she came across an email from her former employer, the one who refused to promote her and instead insisted she'd only ever be an assistant and never a specialist, Cyn really wanted to tell them where to go.

Still, she knew the importance of never burning her bridges. The person she pisses off today may be the person whose ass she has to kiss tomorrow. "Thank you for your interest in my company and its clients. I'll be sure to keep you in mind if anything comes up that will fit your agency's talents."

After clicking the Send button, she muttered, "Asshole."

Cyn sat back and stretched. At this rate, it would take all day to

get through the emails. One week. She'd barely been under contract for a single week and already had a name for herself. Smiling, she thought about where she was a week ago. No clients. Debating whether to go back to work as an assistant. A bleak future ahead of her.

Now look at her. She found a love so intense and amazing, she contemplated pinching herself to wake up from the bliss. On top of that, two former friends turned enemies transformed back into friends.

Kevin hadn't printed a single hated story about Mac since Cyn signed the contract with the SBI. Mac hadn't threatened to kick Kevin's ass in over three days. For Mac, that said something.

Her cell phone buzzed on the table. She reached for it and then brought it up to her ear. "Cynthia Gates."

"Yes, hello. My name is Robyn Jones."

"What can I do for you, Ms. Jones?" Cyn closed her computer. She didn't feel like answering any other emails today. After this call, she'd pack up and head back to her apartment. Maybe Mac and Kevin would find the time to visit her, to love her, and make her cry out as orgasm after orgasm ripped through her. She shivered at the thought.

The pleasant voice on the other end of the line forced her mind back to the call. "Please, call me Robyn."

"Alright. Robyn, what can I do for you?" *Get to the point already. I have a date with pleasure.*

"You're a PR specialist, right?"

Cyn stood and started to stuff her things in her bag. "Yes."

"I'm in need of a specialist. I have several needs, actually."

She zipped her bag and set it down in one of the chairs. That sounded odd. "What do you mean?"

"I have a rather large company, and I've done everything I can think of to promote it, but nothing seems to be working. I heard you are working with the SBI."

"How did you hear about that?"

Robyn laughed quietly. "Word gets out quickly when you're good."

And you, Ms. Gates, are good. I've noticed there hasn't been a single negative thing printed in the paper lately. How did you bring peace between the SBI and the press?"

Wouldn't you love to know? "That's my job. So what did you have in mind for your company?"

"I have some ideas. When can we meet?"

Cyn looked down at her watch. "Today I'm booked out. How about tomorrow?"

"Oh." Robyn sounded so disappointed. "No chance at meeting today? I actually have time right now."

She wanted to get back to her apartment and set out candles before calling the men and asking them over. But, another client would be nice. Pondering her dilemma, she decided meeting her men an hour later wouldn't be the end of the world.

"Okay. Where do you want to meet?" Cyn jotted down the address, and they said their goodbyes. Plugging the address into her GPS, she then followed the directions to a giant warehouse down at the waterfront.

Wow. Robyn must have one hell of a business. The warehouse was huge. Pulling around to the back, she then shut off her car and opened her door to step out.

She walked up the cement stairs and then tried the door. Locked. Seeing a doorbell off to her right, she stepped over and rang the bell.

"I'll buzz you in," she heard Robyn's voice sound from the speaker above the doorbell. When the buzzing commenced, Cyn reached for the door and pulled it open.

A small reception desk sat off to the right with a young woman manning the phones. She had a headset on over her short black hair. When she saw Cyn, she smiled warmly.

"Be right with you," she whispered after covering the mouthpiece of the headset with her hand. After pulled her hand back, she went on. "No, Mr. Hathaway, that won't be possible. Ms. Jones is in a meeting. May I take a message?"

She finished writing the message and then disconnected the call before smiling up at Cyn. "You must be Cynthia Gates. Ms. Jones is running late and asked me to take you to the conference room. I've just made a pot of coffee and put a carafe in there for you."

"Thank you."

They walked across the warehouse, weaving in between pallets full of boxes stacked to the ceiling. The receptionist seemed to know her way, but Cyn was already lost. No way would she be able to find her way back out alone.

"Here we are." The receptionist stopped in front of a door and motioned for Cyn to step inside. "Make yourself comfortable. Ms. Jones will be with you shortly."

Cyn walked around the giant rectangle table centered in the room and over to the carafe of coffee on the opposite end from the door. After pouring a full cup, she sipped at her coffee as she studied the room. No pictures or credentials hung on the walls. In fact, nothing hung on the walls.

Interesting. Why wouldn't they at least have an aerial photo of the building? Most companies did. That would be her first question to Robyn when she joined her in the room.

The coffee wasn't half bad, and Cyn finished hers before long. With nothing else to do but wait, she went and refilled her cup.

Three more cups later, a full bladder, and still no Robyn, Cyn stood up to leave. The room swayed, and she fell back in her chair.

Whoa. Her head felt like it had disconnected from the rest of her body and now floated around the room. Slowly, she tried to stand again, only to stagger, knock the chair over, and collapse.

Shaking, she tried to push herself at least to a sitting position. The room spun wildly, and Cyn closed her eyes to ward off the overwhelming urge to puke.

After it passed, she blinked her eyes open and stared at a chair as it appeared to dance with the chair next to it. She reached out and tried to touch the chairs, to get them to stop dancing, but they were

too far away. Wasn't she just sitting in one?

What in the hell happened? Why did she feel like she'd just dropped acid after one too many trips on the big roller coaster at the Seattle Center?

She had to get up off the floor and get out of here before Robyn walked in. How would it look to see the new PR specialist for the company tripping out on the floor of the conference room?

Crawling on her hands and knees, she finally reached the dancing chairs and pulled herself up into one. Her heartbeat sped up to a frightening pace, and Cyn panted to catch her breath.

Suddenly, her nipples puckered painfully as a whirlwind of tremors ripped through her, coiled around her womb, and attacked the walls of her pussy. She immediately drenched her panties and the gushing wouldn't stop. Her clit swelled and any little movement had her on the verge of an orgasm.

Now grinding her teeth so hard it made her jaw hurt, but unable to stop herself, Cyn sat there, too scared to move. She didn't know how long she sat there, only that she refused to move until whatever took over her body gave her back the controls. Ever so slowly, things started to come back into focus.

The spinning room eventually stabilized, her head finally reconnected to her body, and could look around the room again without it tilting on her. She sat up and clenched her legs together as an orgasm exploded inside her, pulsing at the base of her cunt and tearing through her body with sharp peaks.

Not able to stop herself, she cried out and grabbed at the table to ride out her climax. She had to get to her purse and call Mac, or Kevin, or both. She needed her men here to save her.

Standing up, she nearly crashed to her knees when another orgasm erupted and sent a stream of blistering juices down her channel, flooding her cunt. Using the table to hold her up, she made her way over to her purse. Digging inside, she finally found her phone and dialed Mac's cell.

"Cyn? Where are you?"

Just hearing his beautiful voice fill her ears sent her into another climax. She cried out and collapsed in the chair behind her.

"What is it? Are you hurt? Talk to me, goddamn it!"

"Mac," she whispered, but couldn't seem to remember what she wanted to say. Another orgasm started to build inside her, and she whimpered.

"Leave your phone on. I'm coming."

"So am I." She cried out as the orgasm crashed down on her with such force she dropped the phone and held onto the table for dear life. Having so many climaxes so close together drained her of all her energy. She couldn't even keep her eyes open. Breathing took everything she had.

"Looks like the dose is too high."

Cyn blinked rapidly, trying to bring the figure into focus. Eventually, a small blonde with enormous blue eyes stood before her, smirking and studying Cyn as another orgasm started to build.

Holy shit. Sweetheart.

"No," Cyn cried out weakly just as the orgasm hit her and took over. She arched her back and instinctively rocked her hips to ride it out. She couldn't take any more. "Make them stop."

"Oh, I don't think so, Cyn. That's what they call you, isn't it?"

"Who?"

"Kevin and Mac. Your men."

Oh no. She knew. Cyn had to find some way to warn them.

Sweetheart glided over and sat down in the chair next to her. When Cyn tried to lunge for the little bitch, men she didn't remember seeing before held her back.

"May we treat her, Sweetheart?"

Sweetheart glanced up at the man to Cyn's right and seemed to contemplate the question. "I'd love nothing more than to watch you fuck her hard and take care of her orgasms, Tommy. You, too, Frankie. However, she looks ready to pass out as it is, and I need her

awake."

She turned her attention back to Cyn. "That's right, honey. I need you. I know how much you want to be fucked right now, and I'll let my boys have you once I'm through with you. They will take turns fucking you relentlessly until it literally robs you of consciousness. And you will only be able to beg for more. That's the beauty of Lust."

Another orgasm twisted around her womb. "You drugged me?"

"I didn't expect you to drink the entire pot of coffee," Sweetheart pointed out. "Still, a few more orgasms and you won't have the energy to fight me. You'll tell me everything I want to know."

"No, I won't." Cyn closed her eyes just as the orgasm hit her, rocking her system. She bit her lip to stop herself from crying out.

"Oh, don't hold it in. I love to watch when people try my drug for the first time. It's so euphoric, don't you think? Orgasm after orgasm pummels you, rendering you helpless to do anything but ride them out."

Sweetheart leaned closer and placed her hand between Cyn's legs, dangerously close to her pussy. "Don't you want someone to touch you, Cyn? To ease that terrible ache between your legs? You want a fat cock pounding inside you, stabbing you over and over until all those orgasms run together."

"No," Cyn whimpered, but found herself getting even more turned on by Sweetheart's words.

Sweetheart lifted her hand away from Cyn's thighs and brushed it under her own nose, inhaling deeply. "You have such a rich scent. I can see the power you have over those men. I have power, too, and my cunt will soon welcome in your men. I want to fuck them before I kill them."

Cyn's lip quivered. She took a breath to protest, but another orgasm slammed into her pussy, and she cried out from the way it squeezed her entire body with pure, carnal pleasure.

Sweetheart reached down and slipped her fingers underneath her short skirt. "Just watching you has me so turned on, Cyn. I can't stand

it. I have to touch myself. You want to watch, don't you?"

Unable to speak, Cyn just shook her head.

Pulling up her skirt, Sweetheart then licked her finger and pushed it between the swollen lips. "Can you smell me, Cyn? Can you smell how turned on you have me? I'm going to come, and you are going to lick my sweet pussy clean."

Cyn slammed her eyes shut and turned away.

"Hold her. Make sure she watches. I want her ready and willing to eat my pussy while you two fuck her from behind."

"May we take her at the same time?" One of them asked. Cyn's heart lurched.

"Oh, yes. That's a splendid plan, Tommy. Yes, she'll eat me while being fucked by two men at the same time." She leaned toward Cyn and whispered in her ear. "It's unlike anything you've ever experienced, having one man in your cunt while the other fucks your ass. Before I kill you, I'll let you experience the ultimate pleasure."

She stepped back. "First, I need you to relax so I can get the information I need. Watch me as I fuck myself, Cyn. Come as I come."

Cyn tried to hold her face away, but the men behind her held her head so she faced Sweetheart. While still holding her, they then pried her eyes open. No matter which direction she darted her gaze, she saw Sweetheart in her peripheral.

"Watch me," Sweetheart cooed and parted her bare lips, exposing her swollen clit to Cyn. As Sweetheart lazily circled her clit with her fingers, pinching at it and flicking it, another orgasm grew inside Cyn.

Sweetheart pumped her hips and moaned as her movement quickened. Cyn's cunt throbbed for attention. The imminent orgasm swirled faster, tightening around her womb.

"I'm about to come. Are you ready, Cyn?"

Cyn tried to close her eyes against this. Her orgasm hit her, and she bit her lip until she tasted blood but would not make a sound. Sweetheart came and jerked, losing her footing. One of the men

behind Cyn let her go and ran to Sweetheart's side to hold her up.

Breaking free as the other man watched Sweetheart ride out her climax, Cyn slammed her eyes shut.

"Sweetheart, your pussy is so sweet. I love the taste of your juice." Lapping and sucking sounds joined Sweetheart's cries.

"That's it, Tommy. Lick my pussy. I want to come again."

Oh God. This couldn't be happening.

"Uh oh. Uh, Tommy?"

"What is it, Frankie? Can't you see Tommy is busy? You'll get your turn."

"It isn't that."

Cyn opened her eyes to slits in time to see Frankie hold up her cell phone.

"It's still transmitting."

"Shit!" Sweetheart's little control game immediately came to a halt. She pushed Tommy away and lowered her skirt back down. "Find out what she knows then kill her. Dump her body next to the body of that junkie you hired to act as the receptionist."

"What about you?" Tommy asked her as she hurried toward the door.

"I have to get out of here before the cops get here."

"Too late." Frankie glanced back at her after stepping away from the window.

Sweetheart turned a vicious glare on Cyn. "This isn't over between us, honey. I will take your men from you, fuck them, and then kill them. No one controls the Sweetheart of Seattle. Come on, you two. Let's go."

"But what about killing her?" Tommy already had his gun out. Cyn's eyes widened when he pointed it at her head.

"No. It will give away our position. There's enough of a maze of pallets to give us time to escape if we don't make any noise. Now get your ass moving!"

Tommy and Frankie ran out the door after Sweetheart, leaving

Cyn sitting in the chair, stunned and one breath away from completely freaking out.

She heard a loud slam from somewhere outside the room, the noise reverberating through the warehouse. "Cyn!"

Taking in a deep breath, she released the loudest scream she could, being as weak as she was. "I'm here! Help!"

Pushing to her feet, she ran toward the door. An orgasm crashed into her, and her knees gave out. She caught herself on the table and cried, *really* cried, from the pleasure that bordered on pain.

"Mac!"

"Where are you?"

"Help me," she cried meagerly.

When he ran into the room, she burst into tears and turned to run into his arms. Another climax shattered her, and she collapsed against him.

"Oh, baby. What did they do to you?" He brushed her hair out of her face.

She cried into his chest. "It was Sweetheart. She drugged me, Mac. I can't stop."

He stiffened. "She *what*? Did she touch you? Hurt you?"

"She gave me Lust. I can't quit. They just keep coming."

"What does?"

His answer came when she tensed as the orgasm blasted through her. She screamed at its intensity and rubbed up against him, gaining friction against her clit. "Make them stop."

Mac whipped out his cell. "Kevin, get a hold of Dr. Stephens at Seattle General and tell him to get over to Cyn's. I'm bringing her home. No, she's not hurt, but she needs a sedative. Sweetheart made a huge mistake by coming after our girl."

"Mac," she whimpered as another climax started to build. He held her and whispered soothing words into her ear. When the orgasm hit her, she sagged against him and sobbed. They no longer felt good. They hurt. *She* hurt, all over. Each orgasm robbed her of the feeble

amount of energy she'd been able to regain in between the shocks to her system.

"Sweetheart will go down for this. Before now, I planned to arrest her and call it good."

"And now?"

"Now it's personal."

Chapter 14

"I've done what I can. The sedative I gave her should slow down the releases, but they won't stop until the drug is out of her system." Dr. Stephens grabbed his keys off the table and turned to Mac. "If it were anyone else demanding I leave the hospital, I would have told them to go to hell."

"I know."

"Usually it's customary to at least thank the nice doctor for leaving his patients to make a house call." He narrowed pale blue eyes at Mac.

Mac didn't give a shit about following tradition. "Is she going to be okay?"

Dr. Stephens laughed and shook his head, knowing it would be a waste of energy to get Mac to do anything he didn't want to do. "It's going to take some time for the drug to run its course. It's probably best if you stay with her. You may need to enlist your friend in there for help."

"What do you mean?"

He had an amused twinkle in his eye. "In both my professional and personal opinion, she needs a man right now. Those releases are violent, and her body is starving to be sated. They may be less frequent if she received a full release. A synthetic orgasm can only do so much for the body's needs. It takes the real thing to scratch the itch. It may be more than you can handle."

Hardly. "Anything else?"

Dr. Stephens turned back to him once he reached the door. "Have fun."

Fun. Whatever. This wasn't fun for Cyn. She was in pain. Each orgasm ripped her insides to shreds. He paced inside her apartment, thinking about his options, about what was the worst thing he could do to Sweetheart and get in the least amount of trouble.

"Oh God!" Cyn screamed.

Mac ran into the bedroom and skidded to a stop. Kevin had his face buried between her legs, licking her cunt and drinking up the juices flowing from her channel.

"Why is she naked?"

Kevin licked his lips as he swung around to look at Mac. "Thank God you're here."

"Don't stop." Cyn pushed herself up on to her elbows and watched Kevin jump off the bed, her eyes barely open to slits. She grinned when her dazed glance eventually landed on Mac. "Hey, d'wanna take over?"

"I haven't been able to come up for air since the doctor left the room. Cyn stripped down and attacked me."

Mac swung his gaze back to her. She smiled up at him and took a breath. "I have a secret."

"And that is?"

Her eyes glazed over, and she stared at him blankly, like she just woke up from a hard sleep. Her smile faded as her cheeks flushed. "It's hot in here."

"It's the drug," Mac explained, though he felt the heat climb in the room. The spikes of her nipples could take out an eye. The beautiful color in her cheeks brought his dick to life. Jesus Christ. Didn't he have any ethics? She was drugged. She shouldn't be enjoying this.

And neither should he.

"I...feel...strange."

Mac moved to the bed. When she smiled and tried to put her arms around him, he grabbed her wrists and brought her arms back down. Her pulse had to be one-twenty, at least.

She took his hand and pressed it against her bare chest. "Feel my

heart. It's sprinting."

"I know." *Goddamn* it.

"What's happening?" Kevin sat down on the bed on the other side of Cyn. She turned and gave him a lazy smile.

"I love your big, bald head. And your eyes." She leaned forward and nuzzled against his neck. "And your tongue. And Mr. J."

Kevin let out a shaky breath and closed his eyes. He didn't want to enjoy this any more than Mac did, but with Cyn naked and coming on to them, eager and horny as hell, it would take both the men working together to keep her at bay.

"Who's Mr. J?" Kevin pushed her back when she bit his ear.

She licked her lips and eyed the expanding bulge in his trousers. "Your amazing love stick."

Love stick? Seriously? Mac laughed. "You named his dick?"

"I named yours, too. Mr. B." She leaned back and played with her nipples as her eyes glazed over. "You know what that spells? B and J. BJ. You know what that stands for?"

"Yes." He couldn't bring himself to pull his gaze away from the show. The way her fingers pinched and tugged at her nipples had his cock so hard it hurt.

"Do you want one?"

Yes. "No, Cyn."

Kevin darted a frustrated look at Mac. Clearly, he did want her to suck on his dick.

Cyn fell back on the bed and started to pant, her chest rising and lowering rapidly, almost violently. She whimpered. "It's happening again. Please, touch me. It hurts if you aren't touching me!"

Kevin and Mac exchanged careful looks. With a single nod to each other, they agreed to take care of their woman. Together.

"Please!" she cried frantically, the desperation wild in her green eyes. Arching her back, she started to buck her hips. "Someone help me!"

"I'll take the bottom." Mac moved closer. The scent of her arousal

filled the room.

"I've got the top. Cyn, baby, move your hands."

She didn't acknowledge Kevin. Instead, she reached for her pussy and rubbed at it desperately. Mac grabbed her hand and held it as he moved forward, stabbing her cunt with his tongue. She cried out and rocked her hips, fucking his mouth. He sucked her clit between his lips and flicked it with his tongue.

"Yes. That's it. Oh, please. Please, please, please."

Mac thrust two fingers into her vagina. Jesus, he'd never felt her so wet, and the cream kept flowing. Lapping at her clit and finger fucking her pussy, Mac brought her to climax faster than he'd ever brought any woman.

Cyn screamed and arched her back so hard she lifted herself off the bed. Kevin pulled her into his arms and held her as Mac drank the hot liquid drenching her cunt.

Eventually, she sighed and went limp in Kevin's arms. "Thank you."

Sated for the moment, she looked like a rag doll on the bed, a boneless heap of skin. She sluggishly smiled up at them men on the bed.

"You know, I think this is a good time to talk 'bout us."

"No," Mac countered, "this isn't."

She looked hurt and, goddamn it, tears flooded her eyes. "Why not? Don't you love me?"

Son of a bitch. He didn't want to have this conversation with her, not right now. "Cyn, you've been drugged. This is not the time to talk about anything. You need to rest."

She quickly sat up and glared at him, which shocked the shit out of him. How did she move that fast in this state? "This s'my house. I can talk what I want." She then smiled sweetly. "N' I wanna be on top."

"Cynthia, you aren't making any sense."

Her cute little pout pulled at his heartstrings. She drew in several

breaths as she did her best to glare at him. With her glazed eyes and dilated pupils, her look was more along the lines of sultry than pissed off.

"D'cha know Kevin stayed with me?" The slur in her speech made her all that cuter. He shouldn't find her so alluring right now, but damn how he did. "Thas right. You left, but Kev nev did."

That much Mac figured out. He couldn't be pissed at him for staying with her, not when it was Mac who broke it off.

"You hurt me, d'cha know? Juss tossed me out like nuttin. Was I really nuttin t'you, Mac?"

"No." She was always so much more to him than he ever told her. Now he felt like a pile of shit, never at least telling her how much she really meant to him.

"Then what'd I do?"

"You didn't do anything wrong, Cyn."

She looked at him and some of the cloud in her eyes cleared. "But I wasn't enough for you."

Jesus and Christ. He did not want to talk about this now, and not in front of Kevin. But, then again, the conversation had to happen sometime. Maybe with Kevin there he'd help pull her off him when she attacked once she found out the real reason he broke it off with her.

"No, baby. That wasn't it."

She blinked rapidly as she took it all in. He had no idea if she even comprehended a word of what he said.

"Then what, Mac? I loved you. D'cha know that?"

"I knew."

"D'cha love me back?"

More than he wanted to admit. He'd never loved anyone before Cyn, or since. Every woman he had after her, every fling, he tried to get her out of his system. Brunettes. Blondes. But never redheads. Even looking at another redhead felt like a betrayal.

"Cyn, you're not thinking straight."

"She's thinking just fine." Kevin reached over and squeezed her shoulder. "It's time you tell her why, Mac."

He cursed and shook his head as he glared at Kevin. "Now is not the time."

"Now is the perfect time."

"You juss didn't love me." Cyn nodded, as if she'd just solved the riddle.

She couldn't be any further from the truth.

"I loved you," Mac admitted quietly, his gaze glued to her pretty face. A thousand emotions passed through those emerald eyes as she tried to grab hold of the message behind his words.

"Juss not enough?"

"Cyn, I loved you too much."

Her brow crinkled. "How can you love someone too much?"

Mac didn't know, but that was exactly why he couldn't stay with her. She consumed him. He couldn't concentrate. His grades started to drop. His position with the SBI was in jeopardy. If he didn't graduate, he'd lose his job.

He had no choice. Get it together and learn to balance his love for Cyn with his love for his career, or cut one. He took the chicken shit way out.

"I just did."

Cyn watched him carefully, and he hated it. He knew she'd see the truth somehow, and because of that, he hid his eyes away from her.

"I love you more," she admitted. "You and Kevin. I love you both more. You don't get the chance to walk away, not this time."

"Cyn--"

"No, Mac." Her speech cleared, and she rested her pretty gaze on him. He knew she knew the real reason. Goddamn her for being able to read him like a book. "So you were scared, so what? Stop running."

She made it sound so easy. He was always the strong one. No one had the power to break him. Just the thought of a woman having any sort of power over him scared the shit out of him.

"It isn't that easy."

"The hell it isn't. Juss let me in this time. It's okay to be scared."

No, it wasn't okay. It was never okay to be scared. Being scared made him weak. He couldn't be at the top of his game as an SBI agent if he was scared of a girl.

"I'm not scared." Kevin challenged him, first with his words, and then with a look of defiance.

Could he actually admit this? What would they think of him? It was now or never. "I'm not strong enough. If I lost you, I couldn't--" he drew in a sharp breath to collect his emotions. "Sweetheart came after you, because of me."

"And me," Kevin added.

Mac shook his head. "I couldn't take it if something happened to you because of me."

Kevin took over the conversation. "All the more reason to stay together. Jesus, Mac. Are you so thick that you can't see that? If something happens, then it happens. We can't change that, but do you really want to live with the regret of wishing you had more time with her? I deal with that kind of shit every damn day. I cover homicides, accidents, and everything in between. And you know what the survivors always say about the victim? They all wished they would have done something different, to really let the victim know how they felt. Do you want that?"

No, he didn't want that. Cyn deserved to know how he felt about her. So did Kevin. "Cyn, I love you. I've never stopped loving you. And Kevin, you're a pain in the ass, but I wouldn't want to share Cyn with anyone else."

"Was that so bad?" Cyn purred and smiled seductively. She licked her lips and leaned forward. Her eyes started to glaze over again. "You love me. Now let me love you."

Attempting to crawl toward Mac, she lost her balance and fell forward, and buried her face between his legs. Swiftly, her hands went to work and had his rigid cock out of his pants.

"Mmm," she purred as she sank his flesh between her lips. The heat and moisture from her mouth enveloped him, robbing him of reason and shattered what was left of his control. He fisted her hair and moved with her, slowly driving his cock in and out of her mouth.

"Ah!" Cyn sucked his dick with fervor when Kevin disappeared behind her. She wiggled up to her knees and spread her legs. "I need you inside me. Please, Kevin. Fuck me."

She sobbed when Kevin pulled back and straightened up on his knees behind her. He looked at Mac, concern and confusion abundant in his expression.

"I'm hard as a rock, man, but this doesn't feel right."

"You have to help me!" Cyn pleaded frantically. "It's starting again. I'm not going to live through this if you don't help me."

"We have to help her," Mac told him and fisted her hair tighter to slow her down. Damn, at the rate she sucked his cock, he'd come before her next release.

"Are you sure?" Kevin needed more convincing.

Mac pulled Cyn's sweet mouth off his dick. She whimpered and fought against him, trying to get back between his legs. "Baby, turn around. Show Kevin how much you want him."

"N'kay." She scrambled around and faced Kevin. He didn't put up a fight when she unfastened his pants and pulled out his engorged dick. She made loud slurping noises as his flesh disappeared inside her mouth. "How can you both fuck me if I'm like this? I need 'nother one."

Kevin and Mac exchanged worried glances. Another one? No fucking way would he allow another man in their bed. He'd just have to find a way to satisfy her.

"I have toys in the closet," Cyn announced suddenly. "They are all in a box on the top shelf."

Mac hesitated. He'd never needed to use a toy with her. "Cyn."

"Do it! Please! I need more."

Reluctantly, Mac went to the closet and pulled down a shoe box.

A *big* shoe box. He opened it to reveal a plethora of toys, from vibrators of various shapes and sizes, to dildos, to some things he'd never seen

"Grab the pink one. Use it on me. Please!"

His cock jumped in excitement as he pulled the pink butt plug out of the box. It had a wire coming out the wide end that attached to a small control. Having never fucked a woman while she had her ass plugged and vibrating, it excited him to give it a try.

"What is that?" Kevin tilted his head and studied the toy.

"A butt plug," Mac answered and flipped on the power. The toy came to life, buzzing in his hand. "It vibrates."

Kevin's eyes darkened as he watched Mac spread Cyn's juices around her tiny back hole. When Mac pressed the toy against the hole, Cyn pushed back, forcing it inside.

"Jesus Christ! Don't bite!" Kevin grabbed Cyn's hair and pulled her off his cock. She fought to break free and sucked his dick back inside her mouth.

"More," Cyn whimpered and rocked. "Dear God, I need more."

Mac clicked the wheel and the toy vibrated faster. Cyn vibrated right along with it, moaning and slurping as she devoured Kevin's penis.

Positioning himself between her legs, he nudged the head of his throbbing cock against the entrance to her glistening pussy. Holy shit. As he slipped in, the walls of her vagina gripped him and pulled him in deeper. They pulsated, thanks to the toy filling her ass, and the vibrations bit into his balls.

"Ah, Jesus." Mac drove deeper, sheathing his cock with her velvety heat. Her slick cunt fisted him violently, and it shot a sharp pang through him, tightening his balls and pushing him that much closer.

"Yes! That's it." she sobbed and rocked aggressively, setting a faster pace than Mac wanted. He wouldn't last a minute at this rate.

"Oh, shit. Cyn--" was all Kevin got out before he stiffened and

exploded inside her mouth. She hummed and sucked passionately, swallowing everything he had.

Mac couldn't hold back. The vibrations, the tight grip of her pussy, the way she cried and moaned for him to fuck her without mercy, all built inside him, boiling the cum in his balls and sending him over the edge. He erupted, shouting out and shooting hot semen deep inside her.

Cyn screamed and bucked wildly as she came. Mac grinded up against her and reached around to massage her clit. She shook hard and pushed up against him.

"Oh, God. Oh, I'm coming again!" She threw her head back and cried out from the violence of her release. Kevin pulled her mouth to his and consumed her loud cries. Thank God. They didn't need the cops to bust in and see them like this.

After what felt like an eternity, Cyn finally collapsed on the bed. Mac eased the plug from her and tossed it aside. He'd have to remember that little toy.

"Thank you," Cyn whispered.

"How many more do you think you have in you?" Kevin swung around and sat on the bed, his feet on the floor.

"Don't know. At least this time it didn't hurt."

Mac ran his fingers up and down her spine and smiled when little goose bumps sprouted up across her skin. "I guess we'd better not leave you alone."

"Please, don't. I need you. You have to help me. Don't let me hurt again."

They did exactly as the doctor ordered.

* * * *

Cyn had never been so embarrassed. Or horny. Pissed as hell that Sweetheart tricked her into coming to the warehouse, and then drugged her on top of that, Cyn couldn't wait to see her ruined.

"How are you feeling?" Mac handed her a glass of wine and then sat down next to her. When did he go out and get that? She didn't have any in her apartment.

She closed her eyes. "Like a fool. How many times did we, you know?"

Kevin walked into the living with a tray of food. "I lost count after a couple hours."

Groaning, she let her head fall back against her couch. She rubbed her forehead in an attempt to ward off the pain behind her eyes. That drug kicked the shit out of her and scared her senseless. She'd never been that delirious, that desperate for release, positive if she didn't climax it would kill her.

"Just so we're clear, no one else knows what happened, right?" She opened her eyes and looked between the men.

"Dr. Stephens came earlier and gave you a sedative. But that's it." Mac grabbed a sandwich off the tray.

A nagging ache throbbed between her legs. After everything she'd gone through, that damn drug still had her wanting more. Her nipples tingled and remained taut. Her clit, still swollen and demanding attention, wouldn't let her mind drift too far from her desperate need for release.

At least now she could control it. Before, she couldn't.

"Now what?"

"Now we work on our plan to bring Sweetheart down." Mac finished his sandwich and grabbed another. Apparently, admitting how he felt worked up an appetite. Of course, it could be the fact that he had to be there to make sweet love to her every twenty minutes.

Cyn sipped at her wine. The alcohol mixed with her blood and soothed her frazzled nerves. "Anything you need me to do, I'm in."

"I need you to stay here with Kevin. I'm going to find a way to bring her down. I'm not going to lie to you. It's going to get worse before it gets better."

She didn't bother to protest. Glancing over at Kevin, he nodded,

agreeing with Mac's plan.

"Fine. Just promise me something."

"What's that?"

"You'll be careful. I just got you back. I can't lose you again."

Mac leaned over and kissed her on the temple. "It's going to take more than Sweetheart and her dumbshit entourage to keep me from you. I love you, baby."

It warmed her heart to hear him finally admit it when he wasn't under duress. Yes, forcing him to admit how he felt when they were in her bedroom may have been a severe lack in judgment on her part, but even in her drug-induced state, she remembered every word he said.

Reaching over, she cupped her hand behind his neck and held her to him. "Don't forget that."

Mac offered her a curt nod before moving out of her grasp and standing. He patted Kevin on the shoulder as he walked toward the door. "Time to go to work."

"Call us if you need anything," Kevin told him.

"Mac?" Kevin added after Mac opened the door to leave. "We'll be here when you get back."

With a nod, Mac walked out the door.

Chapter 15

No way. Was the guy really this fucking stupid? Washington State had no tolerance for drunk drivers, and neither did Mac.

It took him less than an hour to find Bobby and follow him to a dirty, rundown bar. Bobby drank his body weight in cheap whiskey before staggering back out, his keys in hand.

Mac waited until Bobby pulled out onto the street before flipping on his lights and following him. When Bobby didn't slow, Mac gave him a little taste of the siren.

And, of course, Bobby decided to attempt to outrun Mac. *Goddamn* it. He'd end up killing someone driving as drunk as he was. Mac couldn't let that happen.

Glancing off the to the side and spotting an enormous ditch with Bobby's name all over it, Mac gunned his car and pushed into the back of the already busted up Aries K car, putting the drunk bastard into a spin. Just as Mac predicted, Bobby sank his car into the giant ditch next to them, and the car jolted to a stop.

Bobby, dazed from hitting his head on the steering wheel, blinked up at Mac. The drunk asshole then squinted when Mac gave him a direct hit with his flashlight, right in the eyes. The guy was so inebriated, his pupils didn't even dilate from the sudden change in light.

"What the fu—"

"Out of the car," Mac ordered and dragged Bobby out of the open driver's side window, not bothering to open the door. The dumb son of a bitch didn't even wear his seat belt. Mac would have to remember to cite him for it.

Mac tossed him up against the side of the car and held him there with the help of his elbow against Bobby's neck. Bobby finally blinked some of the glaze out of his cloudy eyes and looked at Mac. Recognition sparked instantly.

"You! You're a cop?"

"No." Mac whipped Bobby around, his stomach against the car, and kicked his legs apart. After making sure the cuffs were nice and tight, Mac turned him back around. "I'm your worst nightmare."

Mac patted him down and found all kinds of treats he could use to hold Bobby over. Mac focused on the gun in a case Velcroed to a strap at the small of Bobby's back first. It was only a .22, but it was still a gun. "You got a permit to carry a concealed weapon, dickhead?"

"Fuck you."

"That's not very nice." Mac reached into Bobby's pockets and pulled out a wad of cash from one side, but what really had him happy was the crack pipe, along with a nice baggy of crystal meth, in the other pocket. "Jackpot."

"You'll never nail me for that," Bobby stated, his voice thick with cocky attitude. "This is illegal. You can't search me without a warrant or something. I watch *Cops*."

"A real scholar, aren't you?" Mac finished searching Bobby and forced him to sit on the hood of his car. He didn't even have to open the car door to find what he was looking for. Right there on the seat, Mac spotted the translucent powder in convenient single-dose baggies, all together in a larger baggie. Lust.

Busted.

"What do we have here?" Mac reached inside and pulled out the drug to hold it up in front of Bobby's face.

"That's not mine."

"Sure it isn't."

"You didn't find it on me," Bobby went on to explain his brilliant take on criminal law, "so it'll never hold up in court. This is an illegal

search and seizure. I'll have your goddamn badge."

"It's called probable cause, numbnuts. It's in the fourth amendment. I'm arresting you for DUI, possession with intent to distribute—" he stopped and shook the bag of Lust "—and possession of a controlled substance." He then nodded toward the crack pipe and meth sitting on the hood. "Where you're going, you'll have plenty of time on your hands to read up on what you think you know."

"You can't arrest me!"

"Watch me." Mac grabbed Bobby by the arm. "What do you think your boss will do when she finds out you were busted selling her drug? And then, when I tie it back to her, man is she going to be pissed."

Bobby's eyes grew wide, and he backed away from Mac, shaking his head vehemently. Mac pushed him back up against the K car. "No, listen to me. Please. We...we can strike a deal."

Oh, goodie. The dumbass actually thought he could bargain with Mac. This ought to be fun.

"Trust me. There is nothing you have that I could possibly want."

"You want Sweetheart. I can give her to you."

Mac hesitated, watching Bobby for the truth in his statement. Could it really be that easy? Did this guy flip that fast? It almost disappointed Mac. He wanted to go after the entire ring and looked forward to taking them down a few pegs.

Of course, the more direct approach worked, too. "I'm listening."

Bobby shook his head and nervously glanced around. "Not here. Take me in. Protect me from Sweetheart, and I'll give you anything you want."

Holy shit. This guy was scared out of his mind. Why? What did Sweetheart possibly have over him, over any of her men? She wasn't that great to look at, nothing like Cyn. The woman had a beautiful body, but her personality sucked.

Mac narrowed his eyes on Bobby. "What does she have on you?"

"Not here," Bobby repeated.

Letting out a grunt, Mac grabbed him and walked over to his sedan. After tossing him into the back, he climbed in behind the wheel and radioed for a tow truck to pull Bobby's piece of shit out of the ditch and over to evidence. Mac had everything he needed to keep Bobby detained, if needed, but knew he wouldn't need it. Bobby wanted to be behind bars to protect him from Sweetheart.

How could one little woman instill such fear into a grown man?

"Start talking," Mac ordered as soon as they were back on the road. He watched Bobby from the rearview mirror, waiting for him to try something. This just seemed way too easy. Easy didn't happen, at least not without consequences.

"What do you want to know?"

"When did Sweetheart get back into town?"

"A couple months ago. The market was flooded in Miami. We couldn't get a break down there. Every other guy is a dealer, and there were so many raves you lost count. We got lost in the shuffle."

"So Sweetheart dragged her entire entourage back up to Seattle to pollute my city with her sex, drugs, and rock and roll." Mac wanted to spit.

"You got something against rock and roll?"

Mac shook his head. "I got something against a little bitch who thinks she has a right to do what she's doing. Tell me where she keeps her stash. Where are the drugs?"

"I don't know."

Mac jammed on his brakes, and the car skidded to a stop. "Don't fuck with me. Tell me where they are or I kick your ass out of this car right here, right now. Let Sweetheart deal with you."

"I'm telling you," Bobby yelled, his voice an annoying drill against Mac's ears, "I don't know. She doesn't tell us that."

Mac thought about that. "So you are only employed as a sex slave to her?"

Bobby closed his eyes and let out a sigh. "She keeps things separate. She has a group of men who manufacture the drug for

everyone to spread and a group of men who take care of her sexually."

"About that," Mac said and turned in his seat to look at him. "How is it she has all of you so pussy-whipped? She pretends to be a Domme but isn't even that good at it. Why listen to her? Why follow a damn thing she says?"

"Rights." Bobby nodded and even grinned, like the right to have anything with Sweetheart made this ridiculous situation make sense. "If we please Sweetheart, the benefits are beyond anything you can imagine."

"So you get a taste of the good life. So what? A little aged pussy, a little fine dining maybe? It still doesn't make sense."

"To you, maybe. Jesus, man. Do you have any idea what our lives were like before Sweetheart took us in? I lived in my car. I ate out of Dumpsters. I couldn't get a job. No one will hire an ex-con. Sweetheart came along, and the next thing I know, I'm living in this mansion on Lake Washington. I have more money than I know what to do with. All I have to do is keep her satisfied. That's all any of us have to do."

Mac frowned. "So what's got you so scared?"

"Are you kidding? I don't want to go back to my old life."

Mac laughed and turned back around. "Get the fuck out of my car. We're done."

"What? No! I told you what I know."

"What you told me is some sob story that should be an after-school special. You didn't tell me shit on how to nail Sweetheart."

"Wait! I-I can tell you when the next rave will be."

Mac opened his car door and stepped out. Just as he suspected, Bobby didn't know shit. He opened the door and yanked Bobby out of his car.

"Have a nice life." Mac slammed the car door and walked back to the driver's door. "However short it is. Once Sweetheart gets wind of you talking to the cops, you're dead."

"H-how will she find out?"

Mac simply smiled.

Bobby paled. "You wouldn't."

"You bet your ass I would."

"She won't believe you."

Spiking his brow, Mac turned and went back to him, stopping in front of him and pushing him up against the car. "Now who do you think she'll believe? The man who makes her wet every time he gives her a command, or some dickhead she found eating out of a Dumpster and living in his car?"

Bobby swallowed. "You really are a cold son of a bitch, aren't you?"

"Tell me what I want to know. Give me an address of where she keeps her little boy toys. Tell me where she manufactures the drug."

Bobby lowered his shoulders and looked down. Mac recognized the defeat in the gesture. He waited silently as Bobby weighed his options. It wouldn't take him long to realize he didn't have any other choice.

"It's the only house on Lake Washington's Heritage Point, the giant house at the end of the drive, right on the water. It's the one that software giant sold before he bought half of Redmond. She has an outbuilding in the back that's heavily guarded. We aren't allowed in there, and the guards aren't allowed in the house."

Mac couldn't believe his luck. He stopped himself right before he grinned. "You mean she keeps everything in one location? Her drugs? Her convicts she calls her men? All right there?"

Bobby nodded.

This time, Mac did grin.

His triumph was short-lived.

He felt the sting of the bullet right before he heard the report. His arm caught fire and he dropped, trying to grab Bobby as he went down.

He missed.

Bobby's chest exploded as the next shot hit him dead center, killing him instantly. A heart shot. If Mac hadn't gone down when he did, that bullet would have taken him out. Mac grabbed his gun out from its holster and cocked it.

Jesus Christ. What kind of caliber did they use? A cannon? He had a hole the size of Texas in his arm, and Bobby, the poor sorry bastard, looked like someone opened him up with a chainsaw. Mac scurried around to the other side of his car and opened the door to grab the radio mic.

"Shots fired. Shots fired." He gave his location and stayed down. Another shot shattered his windshield. Oh, yeah. They weren't only aiming for Bobby.

They wanted Mac dead, too.

He reached up and pressed on the burning wound oozing blood all down his arm and making it hard for him to hold up his gun. Switching hands, he let out a shaky breath. *Goddamn* it. He hated getting shot. Not only did it hurt like hell, but it really pissed him off.

Leaning up with his back against the side of his car, he slowly eased up and peeked through the window. Woods surrounded him and gave the sniper a nice cover. Shit. Mac was a sitting duck until backup arrived.

He sank back down just in the nick of time. The next shot hit the back driver's window and went straight through, taking out the passenger's front window.

Okay, so the sniper was behind him, judging by the angle of the shot. Good to know. If he stayed toward the front of the car, he'd stay out of the crosshairs.

He hoped.

The distinct sound of sirens off in the distance eased Mac's edgy nerves. Seattle PD would be there any minute to save his ass from getting it pumped full of lead.

The first squad car pulled up. The two kids with badges jumped out of the car, their guns ready, their eyes wide as they eagerly walked

into the action, head-on.

Mac rolled his eyes and hissed at them. "Get the fuck down!"

A shot rang out, and one of the kids went down. His partner screamed his name and ran toward him. Reacting without a thought, Mac jumped into the line of fire to save the other one.

Mac lurched forward as another bullet hit him, this time in the shoulder, no more than a few inches above where the last bullet embedded itself into his flesh. Mac pushed the kid out of the way on his way down.

"I'm calling for backup!" the kid still breathing stated. Great, his backup had to call for backup. "Dispatch, this is—"

The sound of the bullet echoed into the night, and the poor kid went down, landing next to his partner. Son of a *fucking* bitch. Not another one.

Now not only would he take Sweetheart and her groupies down, but he'd make sure none of them were breathing when he did.

Mac jumped up and hurried behind the squad car just as several more squad cars pulled up. Over a dozen Seattle PD officers responded and were at the ready to take out the asshole who took down two of their own.

God love them. Mac had always respected those on the front line, be them soldiers, officers, anyone who put their life on the line to protect the innocent. True heroes, every last one of them.

The gunshots fell silent, and Mac finally let out a breath he didn't even realize he'd been holding. When he did, he stumbled and fell, the blood loss making him weak and dizzy.

"Officer down!" someone yelled.

"No," Mac muttered and pointed at the two kids lying there on the street. "Treat them first."

"They'll be fine," one of the officers said to him as he ripped open Mac's shirt to examine his wounds. "They're wearing their vests. They'll be sore, but they're still breathing."

Oh, thank God. Mac let the scene drift, giving in to the little black

flecks invading his vision. "Sweetheart..."

"I think it's a little soon for nicknames," the officer teased him.

Mac didn't have the strength to correct him. He closed his eyes and let the darkness consume him, slumping over in the officer's arms.

Chapter 16

"Which room did they say he was in?" Cyn chewed on her nail as she hurried down the maze of hallways inside Seattle Central Hospital.

"They didn't." Kevin rushed past her, over to the desk. "Adrian McLane. Where is he?"

The nurse checked her chart. "He's still in surgery. You can wait with the rest of them."

"The rest?" Kevin's heart sank. Just how bad was it that it required an entire precinct pacing inside a waiting room? He grabbed Cyn and pulled her with him into the large waiting room.

As he and Cyn walked in, everyone turned to see who joined them. As soon as some of them recognized Kevin, their looks of curiosity turned into glares.

"What the fuck are you doing here, Denary?" An SBI agent by the name of Wayde Davis marched over to him, his dark blue eyes piercing Kevin. He recognized the surly agent from a story Kevin did about an underground sex ring the agent busted a little over a year ago. "Looking for another story?"

Kevin brought up his hands. "No."

"Get out," Davis barked as he squared his shoulders. "You aren't welcome here."

"Wayde," a stunning female with dark hair and amazing green eyes stated in a soft voice.

As soon as he looked at the female, Wayde's features softened. "He's a goddamn reporter, Mia. He's probably here to find a way to drag another SBI agent through the mud."

"He's not." Cyn jumped in. "He's a friend of Mac's. We both are. Is he—" She stopped and swallowed as her eyes flooded with tears. "Is he going to be okay?"

"I don't know." Wayde ran his hands through his dark hair and turned away. Mia gave them both an apologetic smile and followed him.

Kevin and Cyn exchanged glances. The tears in her eyes tore at Kevin's reserve, but he refused to break down. Mac wouldn't break down. Mac would stay strong for their woman.

He pulled Cyn into his arms and held her as her resolve shattered. She sobbed against him, and Kevin felt each and every one of her tears.

"What happened?" Cyn cried against him. "How did he let this happen?"

Kevin squeezed her shoulders. "He's the strongest man I know. He'll be fine. Cyn, I promise. He'll be just fine."

Kevin and Cyn waited in that room as agents and officers came and went, looking for news on Mac, disappointed when no one had anything for them. Only a few people remained when the doctor finally walked in.

"Well?" Kevin jumped up, into the doctor's face.

The older man stepped back. "He'll be fine. He's a bleeder, that one, but he's also one tough son of a bitch. Even after we had him under, when I went to remove the first bullet, his hand shot out and grabbed me around the throat."

Kevin chuckled. That would be Mac. Even under sedation, he still intimidated everyone around him with brute force. "But he will recover?"

The doctor grinned. "Mac always does. I dug the bullet out of him the last time he got shot. He only wanted a local that time and bitched at me the entire time. This time he was already unconscious, so I thought it would be easier. I guess I was wrong."

Cyn threw her arms around the doctor. "Thank you! Thank you,

Doctor. Oh, thank you."

"Are you who he calls Sweetheart?"

Cyn stiffened and looked at him. "Why? Did he say something about Sweetheart?"

The doctor shrugged. "He kept muttering something about Sweetheart."

An officer stepped up and joined the conversation. "He called me Sweetheart at the scene."

Kevin shook his head. "No, he didn't. Sweetheart, as in the Sweetheart of Seattle."

"Who?" Both the doctor and the officer asked.

"Never mind." Kevin didn't have the energy to explain it. "When can we see him?"

"He'll be in recovery for a while. Perhaps it would be best if you come back tomorrow."

Cyn's eyes flew open wide as she looked at Kevin. He put his hand up to stop her protest before it began.

"This is Mac's wife. I'm his..." He swallowed down the thought of not ever being anything to Mac. "We're family."

Cyn looked at him. When the doctor glanced at her, she pasted a smile on her face and nodded quickly.

"Well, since you're family." The doctor motioned for them to follow him. Kevin and Cyn hurried behind him. "He's still under heavy sedation, but it wouldn't hurt for him to hear your voices. When he comes out of it, it would be nice to see a couple familiar faces."

Kevin agreed. In a matter of days, he'd gone from hating Adrian McLane to sharing a woman with him. They'd gone through some heavy shit together, but they'd never actually been close enough to be considered family. Sharing Cyn, admitting their relationship to each other, made them something like family, didn't it?

The doctor walked into a room, and Cyn and Kevin followed. When they walked in, Cyn's reaction made Kevin's entire body tense.

She gasped and skidded to a stop. "Oh, my God."

Kevin glanced up to see a pale Mac hooked up to machine after machine, all of them beeping and blinking. Mac had his eyes closed but breathed steady as he slept.

"He's okay," Kevin told her and took her hand. She nodded and walked with him over to the bed.

"I'll just leave you two alone with him." The doctor checked a few more monitors before walking out of the room, leaving Kevin and Cyn alone with Mac.

"You dumb bastard," Cyn cried and walked over to the side all bandaged up. "You stupid son of a bitch, Mac. How could you do this to me?"

"Cyn." Kevin walked over to the other side of the bed and stopped, not sure whether to watch Mac or Cyn. She looked ready to unleash some pissed-off woman rant on Mac.

Kevin grabbed a chair and scooted it over for Cyn before grabbing one for himself. This didn't feel right. Mac was the strong one between the three of them. He didn't let anything get to him. The guy was a pillar of strength.

Seeing him now, wires and tubes attached to him, needles embedded under his skin, didn't feel right. If someone like Mac could be brought down, what did that say for the rest of them?

"We'll get her," Kevin promised him. "Don't worry, Mac. She won't get away with this."

Cyn watched him as he spoke. "What are you talking about?"

"Sweetheart did this to him. She played us all, Cyn. She knew who Mac was at that rave. She had to have known. She probably had one of her guys follow Mac and waited until he had his back turned."

"I saw the way she watched me when she touched him, and she saw the way you reacted to me. She knows, Kevin. That's why she came after me, to punish you and Mac. You can't go back there."

Kevin let out a string of his favorite curses. "We have to get her, Cyn. Look what she did to him." He nodded at Mac. Cyn turned and visibly swallowed as tears streamed down her pretty face. It tore at

him to see her crying.

Standing, Kevin felt a hardness settle over him. What would Mac do in this situation? Would he sit by Kevin's bed and weep, wondering what to do?

Hell, no.

Mac would start planning out what he needed to do to get to Sweetheart before her next rave. He'd go in, guns and attitude blazing, and take her down.

And that was exactly what Kevin intended to do.

* * * *

The sound of the increase in the tempo of the beeping pulled Kevin from his sleep. He blinked awake to see Cyn leaning over Mac, kissing him soundly, crying against him as he raised his good arm to touch her.

Thank God.

"You son of a bitch," Cyn hissed and pulled back as she slapped him across the face. Mac shook his head, dazed, and glared back up at her.

"Jesus Christ, woman. I just had two bullets taken out of me. Have a little heart."

"You scared the shit out of me, Mac." Cyn cried and leaned down to kiss him again. Kevin shook his head and stayed the hell out of her way until she was done with Mac.

Once she sat back down, her hand still in his, Kevin stood. "Nice to see you with your eyes open."

"Yeah," Mac laughed, and then winced. "It's nice to be able to open my eyes. The bitch really pissed me off this time. I'm looking forward to nailing her, as soon as I can get out of this bed."

Cyn's green eyes flashed brilliantly. "You'll stay in this bed."

Mac shrank back. "I know better than to challenge that look."

"So how are we going to get Sweetheart now?" Cyn looked at

Mac and then Kevin.

"I've been thinking about that." Kevin grabbed his tablet and opened it up to his notes to read them to Mac. "What if we let her believe she killed you?"

Mac looked at him. Cyn did the same.

"Come again?" Mac narrowed his eyes at Kevin.

"If Sweetheart thinks she got you, then she has no reason to run, no reason to do anything other than what she's been doing." Kevin smiled.

"What good will that do?"

"She won't be in any hurry to leave that way," Cyn stated. "Of course! If she thinks Mac is no longer a threat, she won't run."

Mac darted his gaze between Cyn and Kevin. "You think killing me off is really the answer? How would we be able to convince her that I'm dead?"

Kevin's grinned widened. "I'm the press. Convincing the public is what I do."

Chapter 17

Cyn sat inside the director's office, staring at her phone. It remained silent after Director Lawson gave the press statement of Agent Adrian McLane's death to the public. Kevin ran with the story and had a nice obituary that made the front page.

Why hadn't anyone called her to confirm the story? She was, after all, the PR specialist for the agent whose death had made the front page. Kevin's phone rang nonstop, and after every call, he had several voice mails to check. The director's phone hadn't silenced once since the story broke.

Yet the one call they waited for still hadn't come. Cyn knew Sweetheart had her number. She called it to lure Cyn to that warehouse.

"She'll call," Mac reassured her. She couldn't bear to look at him. He had one of his magnificently strong arms in a sling and had lost weight in that hospital. His color hadn't fully returned, and he looked, well, weak. Never before in his life had Mac ever looked remotely weak, but today he did.

Kevin, who had been pacing behind Mac, stopped and stood next to her other man. "Listen to him, Cyn. He knows what he's talking about."

And, just like that, her phone rang. She stiffened and looked at the number. "It's restricted."

"Answer it." Mac nodded at her after confirming the recording equipment had all been switched on. He lifted one side of headphones to his ear with his good arm.

"This is Cynthia Gates." She held her breath and waited.

"I heard the tragic news," Sweetheart's melodic voice sang on the other line. Cyn snapped her gaze to Mac. He nodded at her to continue. When she looked at Kevin, who frowned at her to remind her to sound sad, she nodded back at him.

"Who is this?" Cyn didn't even have to pretend to have her voice shake. She wanted Sweetheart, wanted the bitch to suffer for what she did to Mac, for what she did to all of them.

"You know who this is. Is it true?"

"Is what true?"

"Is he dead?"

Cyn's heart skipped. Even acting, even with her staring right at him, it still hurt to admit as much. "Yes."

"And you wouldn't lie to me, would you?"

Closing her eyes, Cyn let out an unsteady breath. "Why would I? Agent Adrian McLane died early this morning in the line of duty. I've already released the statement to the press. Are you happy now?"

"Very."

The other line went dead.

Cyn closed her phone and buried her head in her arms as she leaned down on the desk. This was so exhausting. The past twenty-four hours completely drained her.

"Cyn?" She felt Kevin's hand on her back.

Lifting her head up, she looked at him and then at Mac. "I want this bitch. She's actually happy you're dead."

Mac smiled. The bastard actually smiled. "Not as happy as I'll be when we get her."

"Can we go over the plan one more time?" Director Lawson, who paled as soon as Mac told him about the plan, still hadn't regained any color. He kept chewing on the end of his pen as he darted his gaze nervously around the room.

"Sweetheart thinks I'm dead, so we have the element of surprise."

"But it isn't you we are sending in," the young director pointed out. "I can't say enough how seriously messed up this plan is."

Mac stood and challenged him. "I've put together the best team there is. I'll be running point from the van. Cyn and Kevin will remain here with you."

Director Lawson physically shrank back, clearly intimidated with Mac's size and tone. But Cyn had to hand it to him. The young director stood up to the surly agent.

"How do you even know the drugs are really there? How do you know this guy didn't lie to you?"

Mac shook his head to dismiss the director's concern. "Because he's now wearing a toe tag as a resident of the city morgue."

"You are taking the word of some dealer who would just as soon tell you the sun rises out of your ass than go to jail. It's classic Psych 101."

Wow. Cyn had to admit she had a new respect for the director. He still hadn't backed down, even though Mac audibly growled as his patience neared its end. Despite Director Lawson's intentions, if he didn't get to the point and soon, Mac would walk out of the office and do what he wanted anyway.

"You didn't see the look in his eyes. The guy was scared shitless."

Director Lawson rolled his eyes. "All the more reason to lie to you, Mac. Come on. We are sending in over a dozen agents. We can't be wrong on this."

Mac glared at him and then every set of eyes on him. "We aren't."

"If we are—"

"We aren't," he repeated with more conviction as he snapped his glare back on his director.

Director Lawson let out a long, tired sigh before pinching the skin between his eyes. "Fine, but you aren't running point."

"What?" Mac stiffened.

"Davis?" The director nodded toward the door. A dark-haired man with devilishly handsome midnight blue eyes walked in. Cyn remembered him from the waiting room back at the hospital.

He met every set of eyes until everyone looked away. Only then

did he turn to his director. "Sir?"

"What is this?" Mac looked at Davis before looking back at his director. "You're taking point from me?"

"Let's call it a co-point," the director stated and smiled. When both Mac and Davis glared back at him, he lost his smile with a clearing of his throat. "Special Agent Wayde Davis has had experience running point on stings like this. We need someone with experience heading this up. We can't afford to make any mistakes."

"I don't make mistakes," Mac growled.

"You are way too emotional on this," Wayde told him. When Mac straightened his shoulders, Wayde did the same. "Don't get into a pissing match with me, Mac. I know what it's like to be so goddamn close to the target you can taste it. I also know what it's like to fuck up and almost get yourself killed going after the target."

"I know what I'm doing."

"I'm not saying you don't," Wayde defended as he unwrapped a map he had hidden behind him, "but I'm not about to sit back and let you risk your ass and the asses of others, not as close as you are to the target. Now, if you are done bitching, can we get on with the briefing?"

Ouch. Cyn held her breath and waited for Mac to throw the first punch. Yet he never did. Instead he even smiled and gave Wayde a curt nod. "Lead the way, Davis."

Special Agent Wayde Davis led them all through a briefing that went way over Cyn's head. She picked up on certain terms, like surrounding the property and having their guns at the ready. Other than that, she had to rely on Mac knowing exactly what Wayde told him.

Dear God, please let Mac do exactly as Wayde told him. Cyn didn't want to be a widow before she ever got married. If she ever got married.

"We good?" Wayde rolled the map back up.

Mac grinned. "Absolutely."

"Then let's go. We have one hour before the sun sets. I want everyone in place by then. As soon as the sun is down, we strike."

"I'll run intel from the van," Mac said and tried not to wince from the pain as he adjusted his shoulder. Everyone started to scramble, and Cyn backed up against the wall to get out of the way.

When everyone but Mac, Kevin, and the director remained, Cyn spoke up. "Mac?"

He paused at the door as his team walked out. Looking back over at her, he offered her a smile.

"Don't be a hero," she told him, pleading with him to please be safe.

His smile kicked up a degree, and it made his eyes twinkle, and her heart melted. When he winked, her insides shimmied. With that, he walked out.

* * * *

"We've got movement at three o'clock." Mac spoke into the headset, and his eyes never left the plethora of monitors lining the inside of the van.

"Cat," one of the agents announced.

"Let's keep moving. A Team, are you in position?" Davis's voice sounded over the airwaves.

"Check."

"B Team?"

"Check."

"And C Team, check."

Mac watched the monitors as Davis led the C Team around to the front, crowding the door to break it down. The A Team covered the back entrances, and the B Team held back to pick up anyone the other teams let by them.

A light came on in the back building, where they assumed the drugs to be, and where the teams surrounded. As teams A, B, and C

settled in, the decoy team made noise and walked out into the open, making their presence known.

"Let's take the front," the lead of the decoy team stated in a bellowing voice. The team hurried toward the house.

Mac watched the back building. Just as predicted, the light went off, but not before Mac watched several shadows inside the building scramble. He caught the silhouette of an AK-47 right before the lights went out.

"Be advised," Mac stated into his headset, "weapons sighted." *Big goddamn weapons.*

"Okay, boys and girls," Davis whispered into his lip mic. "Show time."

The decoy team used the giant battering ram and broke down the front door to the house, making sure they made plenty of noise. "SBI! SBI! Hands up!"

And, just as they all suspected, the house was empty.

Suddenly, giant lights flooded the entire compound into illumination.

"Three men, south entrance." Mac's blood pumped through his veins. It hurt as his pulse throbbed in his wounds, but he ignored it. Damn, he wished he could be there with the rest of his team.

"Got 'em." And, just like that, the three men trying to sneak up on the teams were down.

"Two more, north entrance."

"I see them." This time, Davis took them out before they even knew what hit them.

And then chaos erupted.

Men poured out of the building from every direction. Mac announced the number of men, the weapon if he could see it, and which entrance. And one by one, Sweetheart's entourage fell.

Davis and his team of skilled agents stormed inside the building, forcing the rest of the men to surrender.

"Jackpot!" Davis hollered into the mic. "There is enough white

powder in her to rival the sandy beaches of Hawaii. Holy shit, Mac. You weren't kidding with this bust."

Mac leaned back and smiled. With the drugs now seized, Sweetheart would be ruined. He couldn't wait for her pretty little face to be plastered all over the front-page news, finally bringing her down.

Of course, they had to find her first.

"What about Sweetheart?"

"Not unless she gained about fifty pounds and grew facial hair," Davis stated. "She's not here."

"House is clear," the lead of the decoy team stated into his lip mic.

Wait. If Sweetheart wasn't in the house and wasn't in the building, then where the hell did she disappear to?

Before he could answer that, the back of the van sprang open, and two huge, ugly men Mac recognized as part of Sweetheart's groupies stood before him with submachine guns pointed right at him.

And then, speak of the devil's daughter, Sweetheart walked into view, smiling sweetly up at Mac.

"Hello, Mac."

"Sweetheart."

She brought a pistol up and cocked it, centering it on his forehead. "Remove the radio and say nothing. If you so much as take another breath before the mic is away from those sexy lips, I'll put a bullet between your eyes. Now let's go."

Mac contemplated his options. He could announce Sweetheart's whereabouts and join Bobby in the city morgue. He could remove the radio and go with Sweetheart and think about what he needed to do to get out of his little pickle.

No-brainer.

He slowly removed the radio and set it down but made sure he clicked it over to voice activation so the rest of the SBI team heard him.

With left hand up, since his right remained in a sling, he stood and

walked out the back of the van. Tommy grabbed him and jerked him to stand in front of Sweetheart. The jarring to his system rocked him with pain. He glared at Tommy.

"Aw." Tommy laughed. "Did someone go and get himself a boo-boo?"

Mac growled. "Are you the one who shot me?"

Tommy grinned and nodded.

"Your aim sucks."

Tommy lost his smile and shoved the barrel of his gun into Mac's ribs. It hurt like hell, but he didn't let it show. "Maybe, but from this distance, I can't miss."

Mac couldn't argue with him on that point and decided pissing off a trigger-happy dumbass wouldn't be in his best interest if he wanted to remain breathing.

"Let's go before his friends discover the little present we left for them." Sweetheart started to walk toward a stretch limo parked in front of the van. How did he miss that?

"Oh," Frankie said with a grin and nod, "you mean the bomb?"

Sweetheart rolled her eyes and, without a moment's hesitation, brought her pistol up, nailing him with a bullet right between the eyes. "Yes, Frankie, I mean the bomb."

Holy shit. What a vicious little bitch. Sweetheart then turned to Tommy and smiled sweetly. "Any questions?"

"Uh, no." Tommy shook his head quickly. When he hesitated, staring down at Frankie's body, Sweetheart pushed him toward the car.

"Leave him. One less body I have to clean up."

Tommy froze and stared at her, wide-eyed.

"Oh, don't worry, Tommy." Sweetheart batted her baby blues at him. "I'd never get rid of you." When he turned and hurried toward the car to open the door for her, he didn't see the way she narrowed her eyes at him.

"You're a real *sweetheart*, aren't you, Sweetheart?" Mac glanced

down at Frankie's lifeless body and then back up at her.

Sweetheart dipped her chin and gave Mac a come-and-fuck-me look. She strolled over to him and stopped, standing up on her tiptoes to place her lips as close to Mac's as possible without him leaning down to meet her.

"Just wait," she purred. "Once I'm through with you and then kill that fucking reporter, I'm going after your little girlfriend. Trust me, baby, she won't like what I'm going to do to her. Or, rather, what I'm going to have my men do to her."

Mac chuckled but felt anything but humor. It scared the shit out of him that Sweetheart would be able to get to Cyn. Kevin would give his best attempt at protecting her, but in the end, if Mac wasn't there to save her, she'd be as good as dead.

"You'll have to find yourself some new drones."

Sweetheart shrugged. "Men flock to me. They can't help it. I'll have twice as many men eager to please me before this is all over."

Mac shook his head at her arrogance. "You really do think a lot of yourself, don't you?"

"You could have been one of my men, you know." She reached up and combed her thin fingers through his hair. "We could have been great, you and me."

She leaned in closer, her lips at his chin. "It could still happen. I'll get rid of all the rest of my men for you. It will be just you and me, Mac. Think of it." She kissed his chin and ran her tongue along his jaw. "I'll be your slave, your sub. Be my master, Mac. Control me, and in turn, I'll give you absolutely everything you could ever want."

Mac lowered his chin so his lips hovered above hers. "Is that a genuine offer?"

Sweetheart's eyes lit up at the thought of Mac even so much as considering the bullshit falling from her pretty, little, lying mouth. She kept lifting her chin to try to kiss him. "Without a doubt. Stay with me, *Master*."

"Prove it," Mac ordered and nodded once toward Tommy.

Sweetheart, breathless from the anticipation of Mac becoming her Dom, stepped back from him. She brought up her gun and, with a smile, shot Tommy in the head. He dropped like a pile of shit.

Sweetheart's shoulders rose and lowered as she turned back to Mac. "Well?"

Mac raked his hungry gaze up and down her body, nodding appreciatively. "Sexy as hell and can handle a gun. You are just full of surprises."

"Let me please you. Step into my limo. It has several unique modifications. I'm sure we can make use of the restraints."

Mac thought about that. Could it get any easier? Sweetheart killed the only two men standing in his way, and now she actually wanted him to tie her up.

"I'll require you to put your restraints on yourself. Prove to me you really want me to be your Dom." He motioned at his arm in a sling. "And you will be punished for what Tommy did to me."

She let out a shaky breath and nodded quickly.

"Words, Sweetheart."

"Yes."

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, *Master*."

"Get inside the limo and call out to me when you have yourself bound. I will come in and finish, and then I will start your punishment."

Her eyes widened. "Y-you won't leave me, will you?"

Mac grinned at her. "Sweetheart, I'm not going anywhere, not until I make sure you are severely punished for what you've done."

Nodding quickly, she jumped inside the limo and left the door open, no doubt so she could make sure he didn't run off. After all, she still had a gun on her. Of course, as soon as she restrained herself, she'd lose the gun. Mac would make sure of it.

"R-ready," Sweetheart called out after several minutes. Mac closed his eyes and transferred into Dom mode. Thinking on Cyn, of

how sexy she looked walking out of Kevin's bedroom in nothing more than his shirt, her hair a complete disaster from making love to him and Kevin all night. He'd never seen a more beautiful sight.

"I'm coming in." He stepped inside the limo and had to swallow down a chuckle. Sweetheart had somehow lost her clothes and replaced them with chains and leather. Interesting. She had each ankle restrained with her legs spread eagle, and one wrist restrained. In the other hand, she held the gun on him. Apparently, she'd need a little more convincing.

Mac licked his lips as he eyed her body, fighting to hold in his disgust and instead turn that feeling into lust. It was hard, but he did it.

Reaching over, he slowly traced her rib cage with his finger, running it down her arm and slowly toward her hand. He could easily overpower her right now, but he wanted to have a little fun first.

"Lose the gun, Sweetheart."

"Not until I know you aren't doing this to trap me. Eat my pussy, Mac. There are several cameras in here with feeds to undisclosed locations. If you overpower me, if you take me anywhere other than to unbelievable heights, the men watching the feed have orders to find your girlfriend and kill her and that stupid journalist I brought in to cover my raves. If it's any consolation, they've been instructed to dump the bodies together."

Shit. Shit, shit, and double shit. He curled the corner of his lips into a sultry grin as he looked at her, his finger still tracing around on her body. Chills peppered her golden skin.

He'd only have one chance at this. It was going to hurt like hell, but if he lost Cyn, it would hurt even worse.

"I make the rules, Sweetheart. I don't take kindly to orders." He reached up and spanked her pussy, secretly cussing himself for even touching her. He'd have to shower for weeks.

"Ah!" she cried out and writhed. "Again!"

He didn't want to do it again but had to put on a show for the

cameras. He smacked her. Hard.

She rocked her hips. "Yes!"

Spanking her bare pussy again and again, he watched her as she grew closer to orgasm. He felt like a piece of garbage cheating on Cyn like this and swore to himself that he'd make it up to her. *After* he showered and removed every layer of skin that came in contact with Sweetheart.

"Oh, just a little more. Please, Mac. Oh, please!"

He stopped. He couldn't do this, undercover or not. She blinked out of her delirium and looked at him. "Why'd you stop?"

"I tell you when you can come. You didn't ask my permission."

She wiggled in her restraints. "Please?"

"I require my subs in full restraints before they are allowed to come."

She looked at him, clearly deliberating. With a quick nod, she released the gun. It fell to the floor of the limo. Before she could change her mind, Mac grabbed her wrist and wrapped the final restraint around her, completely binding her and making her quite a sight.

Reaching into her bag of tricks, he pulled out a ball gag and held it up. She looked at it and widened her eyes.

"No, I—"

He didn't let her finish. After tying the ball gag nice and tight, he then reached in and grabbed a blindfold. Grinning, he placed it over her eyes despite her whimpers of protest.

"Don't worry, Sweetheart," he told her in a gentle yet firm voice. "I promise this will all be worth it." *For me and all the other people you've fucked over.*

Once he had the ball gag secure, the blindfold tight on her head, he searched for the cameras. He found one and yanked it down from the corner of the limo ceiling. When he saw the absence of wires on the back, he got pissed.

"I don't see a feed from these cameras. You wouldn't be lying to

me, would you, Sweetheart?"

She shook her head quickly and whimpered as she rocked her hips. Unbelievable. She actually thought this was all part of the Dom/sub act and looked ready to explode from it.

He reached over and felt for another camera in each corner but didn't find one. Goddamn her. Not only did she lie about multiple cameras, but she lied about the feed and made him do something he never wanted to do, like touch her.

Enough screwing around.

"Oh, Sweetheart?"

"Hmm?"

He moved over and leaned above her. She cocked her chin toward him. He reached down and pulled the blindfold up so she could look into his eyes when he delivered the final blow.

Leaning toward her, making sure she stared up into his eyes, he let her know exactly what he intended to do.

"Did you honestly think I'd want something like you when I have someone like, what did you call her, my *little girlfriend*, waiting for me? Do you think I'm really fucking stupid?"

Her eyes widened, and she struggled to break free from her restraints. The lust in her eyes grew cold when she realized he'd trapped her. She glared up at him, breathing heavily through her nose and causing her nostrils to flare.

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do for you, my dear Sweetheart. I'm going to do to you what you did to Arthur Casey all those years ago and let your prison cell mate do to you what you've been doing to all those innocent ravers."

She screamed behind the ball gag and thrashed, now clearly pissed as hell. How quickly she went from sexy kitten to raging lioness. Beads of sweat sprouted up on her upper lip. Now breathing fast, she finally stopped struggling and glared at him.

Mac simply smiled when he heard noise outside. "I believe my backup has arrived. Have a nice time as someone's bitch in prison,

even though that's better than you deserve."

He ignored her screams of protest and stepped out of the limo. Spotting members of the teams, he waved them down.

Wayde Davis walked up to him first. He glanced around at the two bodies on the ground and snapped his brow into a frown. "Do I want to know?"

"Sweetheart's bodyguards."

"Did you have to kill them? We could have used them to find her."

"No need," Mac stated and nodded toward the limo. "She's in there. And, for the record, she shot her own men. I didn't even touch the gun."

Davis, still frowning, walked over to the limo and peeked inside. He stood back and cocked his head as he looked over his shoulder at Mac. "That's a first for me. Is that Sweetheart?"

"Yep."

Davis walked back over to him. "You couldn't find any cuffs?"

Mac laughed and shook his head as he slapped Davis on the shoulder. "I think she would have enjoyed it too much."

"What do you want to do with her?"

"I want to take pictures."

Davis looked at him.

"She is going to be front-page news."

"Who would be willing to put that on the front page? Most papers already have their headlines for tomorrow."

Mac smiled. "I have an in with *The Seattle Herald* and an amazing PR specialist who is very talented."

Davis put up his hands. "Say no more. I don't want to know."

Chapter 18

The candles set the ideal ambiance. The light from the flame danced along the walls and off the water inside the bathtub. Taking in a deep breath, Cyn let the lavender and vanilla-spice aroma sweep into her senses. She wiped her hands on her robe and tested the temperature of the water again. Perfect.

Now she just needed her men.

Speak of the dirty devils, they both walked into her apartment at the same time, Kevin with the wine, Mac with the food. They laughed and joked with each other the way they used to. It brought tears to Cyn's eyes to see them finally getting along again. Over her. *Because* of her.

Kevin folded up the paper Mac handed him and set it down on the table near the door. "Honey, we're home."

Cyn smiled when Mac rolled his eyes and groaned. "Do you have to make it sound so cheesy?"

"What? It's true. We are home."

"One of three," Mac muttered.

"Okay," Kevin amended. "Honey, we're at *one* of the homes."

"I get it." Cyn walked out of her bathroom and over to greet each of the men. She kissed Kevin first and then Mac. Cyn picked up the paper and glanced down at the picture below the headline. *Drug Dealer and Rave Rapist Caught in Own Scam*. "Sweetheart looks ridiculous tied up like that. Mac, did you do this to her?"

Mac shrugged and grunted at the pain. "I was only following orders. If you read the story, you'll see. I'm an innocent man."

Cyn gave him a sly smile. "You are far from innocent."

"I still can't believe *The Herald* gave me the front-page headline," Kevin mentioned. "I've had stories worthy of the Pulitzer, and yet some washed up Domme wannabe ends up my cover story."

"Do I smell vanilla?" Mac sniffed the air. His comment shocked the hell out of Cyn. Since when did he have a clue what vanilla smelled like?

"And lavender," Cyn added. "I've drawn us a bath."

"But what about the food?" Kevin nodded toward the paper bag in Mac's arm.

"Are you really that dense?" Mac shook his head. "Who the fuck cares about take-out when we can eat in."

Kevin nodded. "Good point. I'll pour the wine. I know." He stopped and put up his hand, halting Mac's protest. "Wine is for pussies. Cyn gets the wine. We get whiskey, straight up, no ice."

"Toss a couple cubes of ice in the drinks." He then slid his gaze over to Cyn. "I have a feeling it's going to get hot in here."

Her body hummed from his words. Dear God. How did he do that? A simple look, a few words, and he had her pussy gushing. Her nipples pinched and ached as they peaked.

"Let's not let the water get cold," Cyn purred and took Mac's hand. Kevin curled his lips into a grin as he opened the wine and took care of the drinks.

"Save some for me," Kevin called out as Cyn led Mac into the bathroom.

"We wouldn't have it any other way," Mac growled, his dark gaze never leaving hers.

She shuddered and stopped next to the tub. Mac reached over and slowly pulled her robe down off her.

"Easy access," he commented. "Just the way I like it."

He took her hand and helped her into the tub. She sank down and sighed as the heat from the water and her anticipation seeped into her system. Quickly undressing, Mac threw his clothes everywhere in his haste to join her in the tub.

He settled in and hissed when the water touched his balls. "Jesus, woman. Are you trying to boil my balls?"

"What did I miss?" Kevin walked in and handed everyone their drinks.

"Mac was just bitching about the temperature of the water." Cyn spiked her brow at him when he scowled at her.

"Let me see." Kevin scattered his clothes all over the bathroom and stepped into the tub. "Holy shit. This is hot."

"I'll say." Mac kept his gaze on her as he made his comment.

"You two are both such big babies." Cyn slid down in the oversized tub and placed a foot on each of her men. "I think it feels great. Very relaxing."

Kevin reached up and started rubbing her foot. Mac did the same with the other foot. Cyn audibly moaned and closed her eyes. It didn't get any better than this.

"Let's shave her," Kevin suddenly announced.

Cyn's eyes flew open. "What?"

Mac grinned and flicked his gaze down at her pussy. "I like the idea."

"Wait." Cyn sat up. "Shave me? As in, down *there*?"

"I'm not talking about your head," Kevin teased with a wicked gleam in his eye.

She never shaved her pussy. She had a friend in college who did, and she told her about how much it itched when the hair grew back. She didn't want to itch.

"I don't know."

"I promise you," Mac said and leaned toward her, moving his lips closer to hers, "you'll like it."

"What if you cut me?" Cyn didn't like the idea of two men with a razor going anywhere near her pussy.

Kevin reached under the water and lazily stroked up and down her slit, relaxing her. When his thumb flicked across her already swollen clit, she jerked.

"Not fair."

"Mac, grab the razor." Kevin continued to run his fingers up and down her pussy, all the way to the tiny hole of her backside, and back up. "I'll make sure she's nice and relaxed."

"Kevin," she tried to protest, but it died on her lips when he thrust a finger into her cunt. She arched her back and cried out. "This is not relaxing me."

"Oh, it will." He laid his thumb over her clit and started to move it in slow, lazy circles. "You are so beautiful when you come, Cyn. I want to watch you when your orgasm takes you."

She hummed in the back of her throat. "Then keep rubbing me like that."

Kevin did. Oh, how he did. He pulled his finger out of her pussy and pushed in two while still concentrating on her clit. The tight energy pulsed inside her, surrounding her womb and fisting the channel of her pussy.

"Just a little bit more," she whimpered and closed her eyes.

"No," Kevin stopped, and she opened her eyes again. "Keep your eyes open. I want you looking at me as you come."

Oh, wow. Having the new level of their relationship really brought out another side to Kevin. She loved it. Rocking her hips, she moved Kevin's fingers in and out of her cunt, fucking his hand as his thumb started moving faster and faster.

Mac reached over and cupped a breast, teasing and rolling a nipple in his fingers. He, too, had his gaze transfixed on her.

"So close," she murmured and rocked her hips faster. Kevin matched her pace and quickened the movement of his thumb on her clit. "Oh. Oh, God. I'm... Oh!"

She exploded around his fingers, crying out as she rode out her orgasm, melting into the water when the peeks finally ebbed.

"There," Kevin said in a thick voice. "Don't you feel better?"

"Much."

"Relaxed?" Mac held up the razor.

She didn't care. Let them shave anything they wanted. Her body was their body. As long as they continued to make her feel this good, they could shave her head if they wanted to.

Slowly, seductively, Mac shaved her right side. He took his time on her legs, making sure not a single hair remained after he finished. He then handed the razor over to Kevin, who took his own sweet time shaving her left side.

By the time they finished shaving her legs, she was so wet and excited from their touch she could barely stand it.

"Now for the pussy," Kevin mentioned.

Cyn stiffened.

"Relax," Mac told her and rubbed his nose with hers. She lifted her chin, and Mac took her lips with his. It wasn't a kiss to drive her wild, but that might be why it did exactly that. The gentleness in his touch, the tenderness she tasted in his kiss, almost brought tears to her eyes. She'd wanted to have Mac like this for as long as she could remember.

He swept his tongue between her lips and tasted her, relaxing her. As he explored the recesses of her mouth, she felt Kevin shaving her pussy. It made her quiver from anxious and erotic excitement.

"All through," Kevin announced. Mac pulled back and turned to examine Kevin's work.

"Very nice." Mac reached down and ran his hand along the bare skin. Cyn jerked and spasmed. Dear God. It was so sensitive now. He strummed over nerves she'd never touched.

They took their time washing each other. Cyn washed both her men after they cleansed her body. The water started to turn on them, and they all got the giggles as they looked at each other.

"How about we take this to the bedroom?" Mac suggested.

Cyn and Kevin exchanged glances and grinned.

"I want to try something new," Cyn said and stepped out of the tub. After drying herself off, she walked into her bedroom and waited for her men to join her.

Kevin walked in first. Perfect.

"Sit down on the edge of the bed," she ordered him. His gorgeous cock bobbed as he walked over and sat down. She knelt down and took his dick into her mouth, sucking him, tasting him, licking up every last drop of the precum.

"Hey! You started without me." Mac hurried over to them and spanked Cyn's bare ass.

It stung, but in such a good way it startled her. Standing up, she turned around to face Mac and, never taking her gaze from him, lowered herself down on Kevin's lap.

"Grab the lube, Kevin. Smother your cock."

"Ready."

Instead of having his engorged flesh sink into her pussy, she directed it to her backside and rotated her hips until heat flared as the slippery tip of his dick pushed past her tight rear entrance.

She took no prisoners, no consideration for the fact she'd had very few encounters with anal sex. She didn't want soft. She didn't want slow. She wanted it all, and with her men.

Pushing all the way down, she buried Kevin's cock inside her ass and let out a low, guttural groan. Mac's eyes darkened to almost black as he watched.

"Now, lie back," she ordered Kevin. "Let Mac join the party."

Kevin straightened out on the bed, his legs still on the floor. She opened her legs, straddling either side of Kevin's legs, opening her bare pussy to Mac.

He growled and wedged himself between her legs. When she felt the blunt head of his cock nudge up against the entrance to her pussy, she shuddered.

"Yes," she hissed when he slowly sank inside her.

"Jesus, Cyn." Mac tossed his head back and let out a growl. "So fucking tight. It's like paradise inside you."

The heat inside her tickled her nerve endings. Kevin's dick filled her, but then when Mac joined in, she'd never felt closer to her men

than she did at this moment.

"God, yes. Fuck me, baby." Kevin grabbed her hips and directed her, lifting her up and down on his dick. The clenching depths of her pussy pulled Mac deeper, ever so deeper. "I love you, Cyn."

"And I love you," Mac added. "Take me all the way. Fuck me with that sweet, bare pussy."

Taking them both, she rode them faster and faster, grinding against their cocks again and again until she could no longer make the distinction between pleasure and pain. Her release coiled deep inside her, building ever higher.

And then she shattered. Her orgasm slammed into her, dissolving her. She screamed and reached for Mac, digging her nails into his chest as she came over and over. Kevin jerked and stiffened as he allowed his release to take him, filling her with thick semen.

Mac erupted and shot his life into her, filling her other side and sending her into another wave of dizzying peaks.

She loved them. Dear God, how she loved them. Tears streamed down her eyes as she collapsed onto the bed.

Shivering from the cold and the aftermath of her release, she shuddered almost violently. Kevin curled up behind her and pulled her up against him.

"Are you okay?" He reached up and smoothed her sweat-soaked hair away from her face.

"Don't leave me," she told him, her voice cracking. Why would she be crying? It didn't make any sense. She loved them. They loved her.

So why cry?

"We won't ever leave you," Mac promised her.

"How do I know?"

Kevin turned to Mac. "Show her."

"Are you sure? You think this is the right time?"

"Show me what?" Cyn stiffened and tried to move. Kevin held her in place without effort. She could barely move after their recent

lovemaking.

Mac walked into the bathroom. After several seconds, he walked back out with a little velvet box. Cyn gasped. He straightened out on the bed next to her and opened it.

The most beautiful, perfect diamond ring caught the light and winked up at her. "Oh, my God."

"Cyn, it may not be the proposal of every girl's dream," Kevin started and squeezed her tight, "but Mac and I have thought long and hard about this. We want you to be with us forever."

Cyn's eyes flooded with tears of joy as she looked over at Mac. She squeezed Kevin's hands and pushed closer to him. "Is this for real?"

Mac grinned sheepishly. "I know you've always wanted the fairytale. Will you accept us instead?"

She laughed and threw her arms around Mac and then turned to pull Kevin close to her, as well. "What makes you think this isn't my fairytale?"

Together, Mac and Kevin placed the ring on her finger and claimed Cyn as theirs.

THE END

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Eve Adams is the alter ego of romantic suspense author Allie K. Adams. When a story requires blistering hot ménage romance, Allie releases Eve and gives her free reign.

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