RomanceDivine



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Dedication

I would like to say a big thank you to ALL my readers.

Sassy, thank you for all your help. Joyce, thanks for loving the story. Reba, thank you for your support from the beginning of the first book.

To the readers in my Yahoo Group, you are the best! Thanks for the encouragement I receive from everyone.

Raining On Sunday

Jodi Olson

One

Mike Radford stood back and surveyed the efforts of his crew; the house completion was ahead of schedule, no thanks to the lousy weather. It had rained for days, something that always put his crew in a foul mood. He shook his head, rivulets of rain dripping off his hair and running down his back; he'd bid and won this contract in spite of the risks. There was an incentive if he completed the house early, and Mike was counting on it; he was confident in his ability and that of his crew.

Some days he had to pinch himself when he thought about being the owner of his own construction company. He was well known for his personal emphasis on exquisite hard wood features throughout each structure he built; the carpentry skills of he and his crew were in demanded by customers seeking unique and quality work. He wiped the rain from his eyes, not bad for a guy who grew up in a small town in Washington.

His life was a whirlwind of anomalies. Last year he'd been voted Bachelor of the Month for the August

issue of a popular women's magazine. When he was approached by the magazine's owner, he'd emphatically declined. But after numerous telephone exchanges with the editor, that included a hefty pay day, he reluctantly agreed. He'd posed nude, holding a two by four, and wearing nothing but a sexy smile. His dark brown hair, highlighted naturally by the sun, was described as porn star perfect and was surpassed only by brilliant azure eyes. Eyes only appreciated, or so the article alluded, in the soft atmosphere of candles and satin sheets.

The experience had been fun, but Mike knew if he were approached today, his answer would be "no" without exception. Remembering the photo spread put a smile on his face. He remembered fighting hard for the wearing of his normal office attire versus being completely nude in all the photo shots. He wore his typical work outfit a black t-shirt that hugged his massive chest and muscular arms, with his small waist further emphasized by black jeans that fit him like a second skin. In reality there had been little left to anyone's imagination. The article had given its readers basic statistics like his name, age, what he did for a living, what his hobbies were and what he liked and didn't like in women. Given more time his responses would probably have been different but at the time he responded as honestly as he could. Unfortunately, hind sight being 20:20, it wasn't always wise to say the first thing that came to one's mind... I like a woman who loves to try new things sexually. Thinking about the stupid things that were the result of that single article, that single misstate in judgment made him grimace.

Looking around the job site Mike spotted his roommate, Kevin Johnston. He was drenched and looked

like a drowned rat rather than a construction worker. The rain had been falling heavy all day and he knew Kevin wasn't going to be in the best of moods. He knew he was in for a tongue lashing as Kevin hated working outside in this type of weather. Their friendship, beginning in high school, was as strong as ever. Pondering some of the crazy things they'd tried brought a smile to Mike's face. In fact Kevin was the one that had introduced him to one of his most sought after sexual experiences, threesomes. His best friend had been right there to help him make it through that initial encounter.

They'd become roommates a few years back when Kevin had fallen on hard times. Being there for each other was their stock in trade. Describing Kevin to anyone was simple. He loved women and had no problem getting dates. He had that bad boy look about him, dark blonde hair that hung down his broad shoulders, tall slender frame with nothing but muscles in all the right places. Taking his dates on motorcycle rides was one of his greatest thrills. The women he dated were continually touching him, running their fingers through his golden locks. It was really quite disgusting when you thought about it. Yuk.

Approaching his men, Mike yelled, "Guys we need to step up the pace in spite of the weather. We have a deadline to meet; there's no time to stand around today."

"But it's raining so damn hard," Kevin complained.
"My ass is getting colder and wetter by the minute just in case you're interested."

"I know these aren't the best conditions to work in but the owners are planning to move in right away, so

stop whining and get it done." Kevin's a big baby when he doesn't want to do something, Mike thought.

Kevin threw his arms up in the air, looked up at the clouds and asked no one in particular, "Why me?"

Mike shook his head, droplets flying like shiny crystals. Kevin was a major pain in the ass and if they weren't the best of friends he'd fire him on a dime. He was a hard worker, but he was high maintenance.

The rain showed no signs of stopping as their lunch break approached. Kevin looked at Mike, "Race you to the truck!" Laughing, he jumped over puddles making his way to the comfort of Mike's truck.

Mike followed him to the truck, trying as best he could to miss the biggest puddles of standing water. Once inside the truck Mike started it up to turn on some heat. They both just sat there letting the warm air surround them in an attempt to dry out their soaked clothes, both were chilled to the bone. Neither one of them moved, sitting silently as the rain loudly pelted the roof. They were too tired and wet to eat. Leaning back in the seat, they both relaxed enjoying the rain from the warm comfort of the truck cab.

Looking out the window Mike noticed a car had pulled up along side him, but the driver, a female, was not someone he immediately recognized. He knew she wasn't someone he'd ever forget meeting. She was beautiful, with copper ringlets curling along her forehead and down past her shoulders. From his top level view he couldn't tell where the curls ended but he'd definitely like to find out. He loved redheads, they were his worst vice, especially long haired redheads. He watched her get out of her car and sprint past him to the job site. She moved like a dancer, the way she avoided the

puddles, her long legs going on forever. What a vision she displayed. Within seconds he saw her come out of the house and look around. She saw the truck and ran across the site stopping next to his window. She tapped on the glass.

Mike rolled down the window, "Lady, you're interrupting our lunch break, what could you possibly need that is so important you had to come out in this weather?" He'd watched her run into the house and now knew her hair hung down past her waist. Based on where she stood next to his window he'd estimate she had to be five-six five-seven easy. Though he wanted to know more the rain was coming in his window and he was getting wet all over again.

Amelia started to shiver; more so from nerves then the rain. "Hi, I'm Amelia Larson. The house you're working on, well it was supposed to be mine but I can no longer afford to go through with the deal. I just thought I should let you know."

Mike stared at her. Suddenly it felt too surreal, the rain, a beautiful woman and a failed job? "Look lady, I don't know what you're trying to pull here but this house is almost finished, it's too late to get out of the contract now. My men expect to be paid for the work they've performed."

She didn't know what to say except what she said already. Her hair was slick with rain and her shoulders dropped under her wet clothes. "I'm sorry but I really don't have the money. Maybe we can work something out, hell maybe I could work for you to pay it off."

Kevin couldn't stop staring. The scene developing before his eyes would be funny if it wasn't happening to his best friend. The woman was beautiful and all he

could think about was running his fingers through those copper curls; her face was pale but there was just enough color in her cheeks to add a nice contrast. She was like a porcelain doll with the cutest little nose. He imagined she had a killer body under all those wet clothes too. Yes, she would fit into their world just fine. Kevin watched Mike and Amelia in silence. He had several ideas about how she could work off the balance owed. It'd been several years since they shared a woman, and if Mike would agree, it could be a lot of fun for a few days.

Mike's thoughts were going a mile a minute. There were several different ways, in his mind, that she could pay off the house debt. "What did you have in mind for fixing this problem of yours?"

Amelia thought about it for a few minutes before committing herself to something she might regret, "Well, I'm sure I could do the kind of work you do; pound nails into wood or something."

"I don't want to burst your bubble lady, but I don't think you'd last one day. Have you ever done anything like this before; it isn't as easy as you might think?" The image of her performing simple carpentry tasks stark naked would not leave Mike's imagination. He shook his head, trying to focus on the issues.

"No, can't say that I have." Amelia's eyes shifted from driver to passenger and back again for the hundredth time. She was soaking wet, in more ways than one, her nipples straining against the white cotton fabric of her low cut blouse.

Mike ran his hands through his hair and held his head for a moment. *This day has gone to shit.* "Ok, here's the deal. You can start work today, right now,

doing some basic carpentry work. If you show you can do the work then I'll work with you on salary and the amount of time you'd need to work to pay off the debt." Sighing heavily, he knew she didn't know what she was doing but for now he'd give her the benefit of the doubt.

"That sounds good to me. Where would you like me to start?" Amelia started to walk away before Mike could give her instructions.

"Go in and tell the foreman you're a new hire and that I want him to work with you on basic construction projects since you're an apprentice."

"I'll do that, thanks." With a cocky jaunt, swaying her hips as though she knew from the minute they started talking Mike would let her work off the debt, Amelia move toward the house.

Kevin looked directly at Mike, shaking his head in disbelief. "Bet she doesn't last an hour. Hell did you even notice the heels she had on? I can't get my mind back on the job because all I can think about is her wearing nothing but those shoes, she'd drive a man crazy if you let her. I mean the vision of those long legs wrapped around my waist, wow what an image. Fuck, I need a cold shower in spite of the fact I'm soaked to the bone and freezing."

"Kevin, you're always thinking with your dick, and yes, I noticed her long legs, tight jeans and great ass. I also noticed her bodacious breasts. Hell I could see the outline of her nipples straining against that thin blouse of hers." Damn, I can't take much more of this and still accomplish what has to be done today, shit, shit, shit.

Almost as if it'd been choreographed, Mike and Kevin exited the truck at the same time, shutting the doors, zipping their coats, and proceeding to the bricks

they needed to finish the chimney. They worked in unison, stopping every few minutes to glance at Amelia, watching her progress, or lack thereof. It was hard to stay focused with her on the job site. They stopped what they were doing, looked over at Amelia, then at each other and burst out laughing. Amelia's trainer's face told the true story; he was in pain. She just couldn't do it; Amelia kept missing the nail, hitting every place else instead. Within minutes Mike's entire crew had stopped working to watch her attempt to hit a single nail.

Carl, Amelia's trainer, finally shook his head and took the hammer away from her. He pointed to a stack of four-by-four beams and told Amelia to get one and bring it over so they could get started on the open beam ceiling design. She tried, but she couldn't move a single beam on her own. She was now as frustrated as Carl. The crew were laughing and whispering to each other,, definitely not working, as they watched her attempt at moving the beam.

Amelia was embarrassed. She stood cold, wet, with her finger throbbing where she'd hit it instead of the nail; it had to be one of her worst days ever. She couldn't even blame the asshole next to her for laughing. She tried to make light of the situation, and laughed at herself as well, but was at a loss as to what to do next. I'm trying to pay off a debt that isn't even mine, damn you Brad! She'd had enough; she wasn't going to take any more of this humiliation. It was best to quit before she hurt herself or someone else. She turned to look for Mike. She had to tell them she just couldn't do this type of work; they'd have to think of another way she could work off the debt. Her tears only added to her problems but she couldn't control them.

She started to walk to Mike and tripped on a piece of wet roofing tile. A blood curdling scream escaped her lips as her feet slipped out from under her and she landed on her backside with her ankle twisted precariously under her. She sat on the muddy ground, holding her ankle, and crying harder than ever. As Mike approached she completely lost it and fell into gut wrenching sobs. *I'm a failure at trying to make things work out.*

Mike and Kevin rushed over to her, speaking at the same time, "You ok Amelia?"

"No damn it! I twisted my ankle and it hurts like a son-of-a-bitch. To add insult to injury I've broken the heel off my best pair of shoes and I can't even afford to get them fixed or buy another pair for that matter. Today has turned out to be shit!"

Kevin picked her up, walked her out to the truck and placed her in the cab. "We'll take you to our place so we can look at the ankle and then, together, we'll decide what to do next."

Mike informed his crew that they were leaving to take care of this medical emergency. He told them to take the rest of the day off as it was unsafe to continue work under the rainy conditions.

With his wet sleeve, Kevin tried to wipe some of the moisture from his face. "Mike, I think we should take Amelia to our place versus the hospital. I'm pretty sure the ankle isn't broken or she'd be in a lot more pain. We can do a better examination at the house and then decide on how to proceed." I wonder what she'd think if she knew both Mike and I have a sexual interest in her?

Amelia looked at Mike, and then Kevin, and even

though she knew these two gorgeous men were up to something she didn't care. Even if she wanted to, which she didn't, she couldn't walk away in her current condition. Glancing at the men who continued to exchange knowing looks with each other, she began to shake, not only from the cold and wet, but in trepidation of what was to come once they reached their destination.

Mike had a plan, a plan he was pretty sure Kevin would agree with. What he wasn't sure of is how Amelia would react to that plan. She'd probably want to leave, but maybe not. She might be scared, especially since she was dealing with two men versus one, but he hoped not. Mike wondered if she'd ever made love to two men at once. All I have is questions; I can't do much else without some answers. Right now we need to deal with her injured ankle.

Two

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

Mike removed her shoes, letting his long lean fingers slowly massage her ankle and feet. He was trying to assess her injuries, but the softness of her skin was distracting him.

Amelia felt the shivers up her body as he caressed her ankle, working his way up her leg. His touch felt fantastic and she moaned from both the pleasure and pain of it. She always enjoyed a massage; and she had a feeling Mike would be great at giving full body massages as well. I wonder what else he could do with those fingers.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Amelia relaxed a bit as the ice started to numb the pain. She silently studied the two handsome men before her. "I'm not the best of housekeepers, so what's the other option you've been considering?"

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

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

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

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

Leaving her to think about their offer, Mike and

Kevin walked to the kitchen to start dinner. From time to time Amelia made eye contact with one of them seeing only anticipation in their eyes. Hell what will it be, I know they want an answer but I don't know what to do. I'm an okay housekeeper but that's no fun. Sex slave, now that's a profession I haven't tried. I just don't want to be humiliated when all is said and done. Hell what if my ex-husband was right, what if I don't know what a man wants? I need to get out of here. She tried to stand, but the pain that shot from her ankle up her leg was excruciating. She sat back down with a plop. I can't even walk out of here, what am I going to do?

"You need to stay off that foot at least for tonight," Kevin offered. "We'll make dinner. We have a spare room that you can stay in and after dinner one of us will help you up the stairs. If you need to use the facilities just ask, we'll help you." He was more than willing to carry her anywhere she wanted to go in the house.

"I'm sure I can do it myself, I'm not that helpless." She hobbled into the kitchen and ate like she hadn't eaten for days. It seemed funny actually as lately she didn't have much of an appetite, but then again you can only eat so many peanut butter and jelly sandwiches before you make yourself sick. After dinner she hobbled back to the sofa and sat down.

Kevin and Mike cleaned up the kitchen and when they walked into the living room they found her sound asleep, *like Goldilocks*, thought Mike. He lifted her into his arms and carried her up the stairs to the spare room. Her perfume swirled around him, enveloping him in roses and cream. She felt right in his arms, and Mike realized how much he truly wanted to be with

her. Just having her close tugged at his heart strings. He realized he wasn't the only one with those thoughts, as he hadn't missed the fact that Kevin couldn't take his eyes off of her during dinner. They both had it bad and in some ways that was good. Now all they had to do was figure out how to get her to agree to take care of both of them...at the same time, he smiled to himself.

Amelia was having the most wonderful dream, or was it real? She was lying naked on her bed; a strange man was kneeling between her legs, his tongue licking her clit, the other man stood next to the bed watching, while he stroked himself. As she pulled herself from the dream, she noticed the pale green walls realizing she wasn't in her own bed; she was in a stranger's bed. Her ankle was still wrapped, and she gingerly placed it on the floor and stood. Though still a little painful, she managed to get to the bathroom on her own. When she walked back into the bedroom, she didn't notice Mike and Kevin standing just inside the door.

"So, Amelia..." Mike asked and she screamed as she twisted to get away, falling to the bed, and then to the floor. Kevin and Mike were there immediately. "Are you okay?" Mike asked as he picked her up and placed her back on the bed.

"You scared me to death. Don't you two ever knock?"
Mike ignored the comment; it was after all, his house. He didn't feel he had to knock on doors in his own house. With a heated stare, he questioned, "So what's it going to be? Clean my house for six months,

or be our sex slave for a week?" Mike's impatience was obvious as he stood over her waiting for an answer.

Amelia stared out the window, watching the rain come down. She turned slowly and smiled, "I'll be your sex slave, on one condition."

Mike had been sure she would talk herself out of it, but she was considering it, definitely a step in the right direction, "And your condition?"

"If I don't want you doing something to me, you'll have to stop."

"Honey, you won't want us to stop, you'll beg for more I promise you," Kevin said with a smirk on his face.

Amelia grunted thinking they were both too cocky and over confident for their own good.

"So, have you decided Amelia?" they asked her in unison.

"Yes, I'll be your sex slave. You didn't really leave me with a lot of options. I sure don't want to be anyone's housekeeper for six months." The three looked at one another in silence. Now what? she wondered. Who makes the first move? Sex really wasn't on my agenda, I'm hungry. "I'm starving, what's for breakfast?

Kevin turned to leave, "I'll make scrambled eggs, bacon and toast. Go ahead and get out of those clothes since you did sleep in them. There's a white robe, just like ours, hanging on the door in the bathroom. You don't need to put anything on underneath it. In fact it would be better if you were naked under the robe." Smiling, he left the room.

Amelia mumbled as she hobbled towards the bathroom to change. She looked back at the two men who had propositioned her. From the way their robes clung

to their bodies she could tell they too were naked underneath. She locked the door and took her time in the bathroom, not really sure she could go through with this; she had never been with two men before. Her confidence in sex wasn't what it should've been for a divorced woman. Her ex-husband's comments still lingered in her mind and all the baggage that came with that type of cruelty.

"Amelia honey, what's taking so long? Your breakfast is getting cold," Mike said as he tried to open the bathroom door.

"I'll be down in a few minutes; you go ahead and start without me," She said from behind the door. After she heard their groans and was sure they'd gone, she came out of the bathroom and started down the stairs, still slowed by the pain in her ankle.

Breakfast was a silent affair; Mike and Kevin sensing Amelia's nervousness. When they reached across the table to grab her hands, she pulled away from them as if she'd been burned. Kevin again took her hand and ran his thumb softly over her wrist. Mike leaned over, tracing the soft curve of her upper lip with his tongue. Amelia was shocked, but her body yearned for more.

Three

In her peripheral vision she saw Kevin approach. Still holding her hand in his, he gently pulled her up. In the arms of men she'd only met yesterday, she allowed herself to be escorted to her bedroom. Once there, Kevin untied her robe and slowly lifted it from her shoulders. She felt the tingling of her skin, from the coolness of her nudity or excitement of her impending pleasure, she didn't know.

Kevin turned her slowly and pulled her close, his velvet erection rubbing against her ass. One strong arm snaked around her waist, as the other coiled over her shoulder, his hand finding her nipple and gently taking it between his fingers.

Amelia shuddered at his touch. Her eyes closed to the thrill and excitement; it was pure heaven. She could only imagine what else he could do with those fingers.

"Amelia," Mike asked as Amelia slowly gazed in his

direction. He smiled and placed his rough hands on her hips, giving her a gentle kiss.

His kiss left her breathless and wanting more but she didn't know who to ask for what. Kevin's hands skillfully, masterfully, intimately massaged her breasts, sending currents of desire through her entire body as Mike's hand slowly moved from her hip down to the center of her thighs. His hand touched her swollen labia, wet with her desire to have one of them inside her.

Mike dropped to his knees, his tongue tracing a line down her torso, his face so close now he could smell her desire. Slowly he teased her clit, making her quiver with unreleased excitement. He spread her legs further apart, his tongue continuing the long slow strokes, bringing her to the edge, then sucking her clit, his teeth teasing, his tongue exploring every inch.

Kevin watched Mike as he brought Amelia to her peak. There was no way he was going to be left out. He circled to her front brushing his lips across her breasts, first one then the other. He took a hard nipple in his mouth, flicking it with his tongue, nipping at it gently with his teeth, moving from one breast to the other. He pulled back, releasing her breast, and Amelia let out a soft cry. Kevin teased her, leaving her wanting more.

As he stepped back Amelia focused her eyes on his erection. It was huge; it scared and excited her at the same time.

Her hands reached for his cock; her fingertips tracing the length of it. She wrapped her fingers around his shaft, slowly moving her hand up and down its length. Amelia stopped to caress his balls, tight and swollen. She was happy to know he was in the same condition as she. Kevin groaned loudly as her tiny

fingers danced across his swollen member, playing him like a musical instrument; he was losing control.

Mike felt the tension rise and yielded his position, if only momentarily.

Amelia lowered her head to place her lips around Kevin's cock, her tongue gliding along his shaft as he moved in and out of her mouth. Kevin closed his eyes and gritted his teeth.

As Kevin erupted into her mouth, Amelia stood up and Mike once again moved so his tongue could fuck her. She's just satisfied Kevin with her pretty little mouth and Mike wanted to bring her to orgasm as well. He continued to lick and suck her clit as he placed first one, then two fingers in her dripping pussy. Adding one additional finger he circled her swollen passage, going deeper then pulling out again. Amelia moaned and Mike continued his aggressive assault. She moved with him, falling into a rhythm with his fingers: in and out, in and out. Mike felt her shiver and heard her moan. Amelia started bucking into Mike's hand; she wanted to scream "don't stop" but was afraid if she spoke he would. No one had ever given her so much attention and pleasure before, not even her ex husband. In fact he thought it was disgusting to slip his fingers inside her, let alone use his tongue.

As Kevin regained his composure he moved behind Amelia and started kissing the back of her thighs, moving up towards her round ass. Slowly he kissed a trail up her back, stopping at her neck, gently caressing her body. He'd never felt this way before, his heart never raced this fast. Kevin realized this day would always be one he'd remember, in fact he knew just from this one experience that he wanted to know Amelia

better. If only I can get her away from Mike.

Mike pressed his thumb against Amelia's engorged clit, his fingers inside her wet slit, still penetrating her, fucking her faster. The sounds of her moaning filled the quiet room. The bucking of her hips and the tensing of her pussy told Mike she was just about to cum.

"Go easy Mike," Kevin cautioned.

"Please don't stop," Amelia pleaded.

Mike circled her clit a little harder and a little faster easing her over the edge.

She screamed with her climax. Breathless she watched as both men, put condoms on their shafts. She didn't want to think about how many times they've done this, or how many women they've shared. All she could think about was how aroused she was. Amelia felt the tip of Mike's cock between her legs. She needed him, she didn't care about 'Mr. Right', only about Mr. 'Right NOW!'

They touched her everywhere, using their hands, mouths and fingers. Mike and Kevin took turns driving her over the edge. Amelia let out a moan, moving her hips to first one and then the other's even thrusts. Her thoughts drifted to the one time she'd had sex with her ex, it was nothing like this. It wasn't erotic or even slightly enjoyable. These two definitely knew how to please a woman in every possible way

Mike growled, as he drove deep into her pussy again and again. He couldn't get enough of her.

Amelia's body shuddered, every muscle tensed and her moans grew louder, she climaxed for a second time. Mike's release came shortly after. Giving her no time to recover, Kevin placed his engorged cock into her dripping pussy. She cringed and whimpered but knew she

wanted this too. She moved with Kevin, in out, in out, and at the same time he kissed her passionately, rubbing her nipple between his fingers. Slowly Kevin eased his hand between them and even though he continued to enter her body, his fingers played with her engorged and very sensitive clit. Again Amelia shuddered as she began to orgasm and within minutes Kevin's release matched hers. Exhausted, completely depleted, she closed her eyes and was instantly asleep.

When she began to stir and hour had passed. She looked up and found both men sitting close by watching her sleep.

"I'm starving," she said with a smile.

"It'll be a while before lunch Amelia. I'm hungry too but not for food," Kevin said with a wink.

Amelia chose to ignore Kevin's innuendo, as she reached across the bed to get her purse. "I think I might have a candy bar in here. I usually have a few just in case I get a craving." She dumped the contents onto the bed. She didn't find any candy bars, but she did find a glow-in-the-dark penis sucker. She unwrapped the sucker and began to slowly lick it. With both men were watching her every move Amelia circled the top of the sucker with her tongue. She licked the back of it the way she'd licked Kevin's cock not long ago. By the looks of Mike and Kevin's erections, her sucker teasing was getting them ready for another round.

Mike glanced at the items she dumped from her purse to see what other kinds of candy she had. He picked up what looked to be a candy necklace. Seemed

like everyone wore those necklaces back when he was a kid, "I remember candy necklaces as a kid, got sick one time from eating too many. Never did touch them again."

Amelia's feminine giggle caught Mike's attention.

"What's so funny?"

She circled the sucker around her lips. "That's not a candy necklace, it's a candy thong. I have the matching bra somewhere."

"Fuck, are you trying to kill us!" By the glazed look in Kevin's eyes, Amelia could tell he was picturing her wearing the candy thong.

"Hope you're going to model it for us later."

"Maybe I will." Amelia inserted the full length of the sucker into her mouth, then slowly removed it. She didn't know why, but she wasn't self conscious sitting naked on the bed with two gorgeous men. Her fingers began to caress her nipple. She raised her eyes to find Mike and Kevin watching her hand as it slowly moved down her stomach to her core.

Kevin couldn't stand the teasing anymore. It's bad enough she teased us with that sucker, now this. He was hard and ready to take her again. He grabbed his cock and pulled her to him. "Do you want this? Do you see what you did to me watching you lick that damn candy?" He pressed his very erect cock against her lips.

"Yes, I want you again Kevin, in fact I need you to fuck me right now, right this minute, what are you waiting for?"

Kevin tore the wrapper off a condom and pulled it over his swollen cock. Not taking his time he shoved it deep inside her pussy. He shuddered and began to move pumping his hips rapidly against her. Amelia arched her back. "Faster, please."

Mike enjoyed watching the two of them, but silently wished he was the one inside her. He groaned and started to stroke his cock. His desire made him tremble, he needed her so badly. He leaned forward and took both her breasts into his hands.

Amelia groaned at his touch, his hands were rough, but his touch was gentle.

Mike let his robe drop to the floor. He took his cock in his hand and placed it to her lips; he needed those sweet lips around his cock.

Kevin's body tensed as he let out a growl on reaching orgasm. Finishing with a final thrust, he pulled out.

Amelia's hands went around Mike; she grabbed his ass pulling him closer to her lips, opening her mouth for him. Mike slipped his cock inside; she took him deep, taking his cock in all the way.

Kevin groaned as he watched Mike and Amelia together. He was still hard, wanted more of her and impaled her again.

Amelia, near her peak, started to tremble. Her pussy squeezed Kevin's cock, moving her hips, riding him, as she continued to please Mike.

A groan came from Mike, his balls tightened and he threw his head back, his release sliding down her throat, Amelia swallowed every last drop. She gave another shudder as Kevin's finger rubbed her pussy.

Mike pulled out of her mouth, Amelia rocked back and forth on Kevin's lap, squeezing his erection. Her orgasm came with very little warning, slamming through her hard and fast. Kevin followed shortly with his release.

"Wow!" Amelia tried to get her breathing back to normal.

Mike, fell into the chair, sated, but exhausted. This had never happened before, when he'd shared a woman with Kevin This time it was different. He really wanted time alone with Amelia; he was falling for her and he needed to see if she felt something too.

Kevin stood up and donned his robe, leaving it hang loose, exposing his semi-aroused cock. "I need to get a shower and get dressed, I'm meeting someone for dinner, its business and I can't get out of it. So you two will be on your own for a few hours. I know Mike would like you to himself for a while."

It was as if Kevin was reading Mike's mind. He didn't know why he should have been surprised. Kevin gave him a big smile and a wink; then rushed upstairs to shower.

Mike handed Amelia her robe, reaching over to brush some strands of red hair from her face. "Kevin usually makes most of our meals around here. How about we go out for a quick bite to eat, then come back here?"

"Sounds good to me, I'm starving, give me half an hour to shower and dress up."

"I need to shower too, maybe we could shower together?" Mike winked at her.

"If we did that we wouldn't go out, I need to eat and rest. Don't you two ever rest?"

"Not when it comes to you, we seem to never get enough of you."

After Amelia had finished showering, she wrapped a large fluffy yellow towel around her torso. She walked into the bedroom and was moved to see clothes laid out for her on the bed. There was a gorgeous black dress accented with sequins on the hem; a black lace bra with

matching thong; and a pair of exquisitely decorated black heels to finish the look.

When she looked in the mirror Amelia knew she looked good. The looked wasn't exactly how she had planned, as she had to opt for her low-heeled sandals instead of the beautiful black stilettos. Her ankle was still sore. She walked down the stairs as if her prince charming was waiting to take her to the ball.

Mike stood at the bottom of the stairs smiling as she approached. "Looks like I guessed right on the sizes, you look great."

"Yes, it's a perfect fit; I've never had anything this elegant before, thank you."

"I know if I stand her staring at you any longer we won't ever leave. Since I'm starving we need to go...we need to go now." Mike quickly took her hand and led her out of the house.

Four

Mike was concerned how Amelia would feel about where he planned to take her for dinner. He didn't care much for fancy food, his favorite hangout, when there was time, was Sal's bar. Not only did the place have great food, he knew many of the regulars who frequented the establishment. A lot of his friends came here after a hard day's work, and he knew they'd be green with envy when they got a look at Amelia.

He glanced at Amelia as he parked his truck. "Hope you don't mind eating here, I know it's probably not what you're used to, but they have great food."

She put her hand on his, "it's perfect; I'm not much for fancy dining either, but don't you think I'm a little overdressed for a bar?"

"No, you're beautiful, the dress is perfect. The guys will be drooling over you." Mike opened her door helped her down from the truck.

"Your friends...are you sure that's such a good idea?" Amelia wasn't sure she wanted to go inside now. Would they be able to tell I had sex all day with two men?

"Yea, hope you don't mind, I wanted to show you off."

As her eyes adjusted to the interior, Amelia was shocked to see her ex-husband sitting in the corner. He was sitting with another man, a man dressed in an expensive black suit. She didn't recognize the other man, but she guessed it didn't really matter. It was a shock to see Brad in a place like this, as he was pretty adamant when they were married that he didn't think spending time in a bar was his idea of fun. He never wanted to go when she wanted to play darts, something she enjoyed and excelled at. She noticed a dartboard right above his head and smiled to herself. *Oh, this could be an interesting night after all.*

"Hey Mike," a couple of the guys at the bar yelled as they walked in. One of them recognized Amelia, and acknowledged her by saluting coyly with two fingers, "How's the ankle Amelia?"

Amelia remembered him from the job site. "It's alright, mending nicely," she said.

Mike couldn't help but notice the way his friends looked at her, but he wasn't sure their assessments actually pleased him. They were obvious in their infatuation with her and he didn't care for their attention at all. "We'll see you guys later," Mike said as he abruptly took her hand and led her to their table.

The table he'd picked was close to where Amelia's ex-husband was seated. As Mike pulled out her chair, she was pleased that she had full view of her ex and his friend. *I couldn't have planned it better myself.*

Mike turned to order their food and drinks. "I'll be right back, hey Joe, could we get a couple of cheese burgers, fries and two beers?"

"Sure Mike, I'll have Sue bring them over." Joe wrote down the order and whistled for Sue. "Get Mike and the lady a beer." Joe's hair was beginning to gray. He was a big man, a former wrestler weighing in at two hundred forty pounds easy. Joe ran the place his own way and nobody messed with him, but he'd known Mike a long time and they'd always got along great.

Joe eyed Amelia appreciatively. "Your tastes are getting expensive Mike."

Mike looked back at the table, appreciating Joe's assessment. Mike turned to Joe and gave a wink, "Yes, I think it's time for a change of pace."

Amelia smiled at Mike as he took his seat. She had a great view of Brad and the guy he was with, and it was obvious he was shocked to see her in a bar. Who is the guy he's with? What business does he have with Brad?

"Amelia, are you feeling okay, you look pale." Mike followed her stare to the men in the booth.

"I'm fine Mike, really."

"Do you know that guy?" He didn't like the way the bastard was looking at her, in fact he felt as well as saw the anger in the man's cold eyes.

Lowering her head, she replied, "I'm sorry Mike, that guy staring at me is my ex husband. I just find it odd that he's here. When we were married he'd never be caught in a place like this. It doesn't make any sense to me."

So that was Brad Larson. Mike had only seen him once and talked to him a few dozen times. He'd met him but hadn't made the connection when he sat down.

"Why is that? Doesn't he like bars?" Mike stood, straddled his chair and at the same time faced the table across from him.

"No, he hates bars. At least he did when we were married. I tried to get him to take me out bar hopping a few times, but he never wanted to hang around with my friends."

"Why, what did you and your friends do at these bars?" he teased.

She focused her full attention on Mike, loving all the attention he gave her. "We'd play pool, shoot darts, and have some laughs, but he never wanted to go."

"Was he open to playing with your friends?' he asked with a wink and mischievous smile.

Mike's insinuation was well taken. Amelia smiled in spite of her growing concern for her ex- husband's presence. "Are you kidding, he didn't even play with me. Another thing...the guy he's with, I've never seen him before. Do you know him?"

Mike looked closer at the man, "Actually yes, his name is Andy Squires. He's the one that I dealt with when there were issues with your house."

She drummed her fingers on the table, "I just find it odd."

Mike moved his seat closer to her putting his arm possessively around the back of her chair. "Maybe he's gay," Mike jested making Amelia laugh out loud. I don't like the way this creep looks at her. He had his chance and now it's my turn. He leaned over so his lips brushed against hers as he spoke. "You taste so good Amelia." Raising his mouth from hers, he gazed into her eyes.

She felt a warm glow flow through her. forgetting

her ex-husband and everyone else in the place. She felt a presence as someone approached the table.

Brad stood over her, "Hello Amelia, nice dress. What are you doing with this guy? Isn't he the guy who..."

She didn't let him finish. "Yes he's the guy who was building our house. His name is Mike Radford. Who's that guy you're with Brad, your new lover?"

Mike spit out his beer as he laughed at her insult. She's good. Hell, maybe what I said about the guy is the truth.

"Shut up, Amelia! You're embarrassing us by your inappropriate comments. Besides," Brad looked over his shoulder to make sure no one was watching, "you know I'm not that way."

"Well Brad, I really don't know if that's true or not, since you and I only had sex one time. As I recall, you were a lousy lover. No, that would mean you were in love with me at one time and that wasn't the case, so let me clarify that by saying you had no idea how to properly fuck a woman," she spat, making sure everyone heard.

Not wanting to make this any worse than it already was, Brad turned to leave. "Good night, Amelia."

"Leaving so soon, home to the little lady?" she teased, laughing as he stormed away.

Mike was grinning, big time, as he watched Brad slink back to his table. He didn't realize she was so feisty. When he'd first met her she looked like a scared rabbit but now she was ready to take on the world. Day after that she'd be gone and he definitely didn't want to think about that other than coming up with a reason for her to stay.

"So Amelia, tell me what you ever saw in that jerk?"

Remembering fondly, she explained, "He used to come in every morning and have coffee at the bakery where I worked. We'd talk about anything and everything. He seemed sweet at the time, and then one day he brought me flowers with the card inside asking me to marry him; so I did."

"What happened? Why did you kick him out?" Mike began to move his hand up her thigh and inside her dress. He knew Brad was watching them and intended to give him a real show.

"Well it's a long story, but a common one I'm sure. Brad started to come home late almost every night, then the phone calls at all hours asking for Brad with no explanation. One time this woman called and said she was his sister. He'd told me before that he didn't have any family and I guess that is what started it. A week later I got a call saying Brad was already married.. When I questioned him about it he wouldn't deny it... exactly. He told me I was imagining things. Finally it just got to be too much, so I kicked him out."

"So...did you ever find out if he was already married?" Mike was really beginning to hate this jerk.

"Yes, my lawyer said that he was." She fidgeted with her napkin, looked up and smiled, "That's quite enough about him okay?" Amelia paled as the bitterness of the entire experience seeped through her. She hated talking about Brad, as it always made her feel like she'd been the one who failed. Amelia needed to change the subject. "So, Mike, do you play darts?"

"No, I don't play. Usually I just come here, have a beer, and talk with friends. On Sundays Kevin and I stop in here once in a while, maybe the next time we come you can show me how to play, what do you say?"

"I don't want to wait until then, let me show you a few tricks now. It's been a while but I'm sure I can still hit the mark." Amelia rose and took the darts off the board beside Brad. She began to throw one, two, and three. All on the mark. She didn't miss Brad's attempt to move out of her way. He had the most terrified look on his face, as if she threw one at him directly or something. Amelia looked directly at Brad before she took aim with the next one. One more inch to the left and his hair would be pinned to the board.

Mike laughed, this was better then watching sports on TV.

Amelia looked over her shoulder at Mike. "I'm ready to leave, if you're ready to go Mike?"

"Anytime you are, baby." Mike took her hand as they left the bar.

The drive home was quiet, neither of them saying a word. Mike hoped she was okay after the run-in with her ex. The rain was coming down even harder than it had been if that was possible; Mike was having a hard time seeing the road. He was also worried about Kevin being out in the weather on his motorcycle. Hopefully Kevin had taken refuge at some friend's house in town. Mike didn't want him driving in this mess. I hope the idiot is wearing his helmet.

Five

On entering the house Mike called Kevin's name, but there was only silence. He was worried; it was late and Kevin was always good at calling if he was going to be late. Mike looked at Amelia, but she was in her own zone.

She sat on the sofa, a blank look on her face, staring out the window at the rain. Mike lightly touched her hand, bringing her attention back to him. "Amelia, I know this sex slave thing was a fluke, and short term in nature, but I was wondering if you'd be interested in coming to work for me in my office. I could definitely use the help, and I know Kevin would like you to stay as much as I would. We both have a lot of problems keeping all the red balls in the air when we have to monitor multiple job sites. You could work in the office and help keep us organized. I can't tell you the number of things I've misplaced over the past few weeks. What

do you say, would you consider it?"

"I can tell you I'm honestly much better at office work then carpenter work," she laughed. "I do need a job, that's for sure. Can I think about it for a while? Really, I'm interested, and it sure would help me pay the bills Brad stuck me with. But what if that doesn't work out...then what'll I do?"

"Let's just take it one day at a time, okay? The job is yours if you want it." Mike's ringing cell phone rang interrupted the moment. He took out the cell phone, keeping his eyes on Amelia. "Hello, yes, this is Mike Radford - yes I know Kevin - is he all right? Which hospital? Was he wearing a helmet? Is he conscious? Hello, is anyone there?" Mike realized the connection was broken and he slammed it shut, "Shit!"

By the look on Mike's face, Amelia knew there was something seriously wrong. "What happening, Mike?"

"It's the hospital, Kevin's been hurt. They didn't tell me anything else, just that he got hurt. I need to go; they said he's ready to come home. Do you want to stay, or come with me?"

"I'll come with you, but how bad is it, did they say what happened?"

Mike's cell phone rang again. "Hello."

"Yes, Is this Mr. Mike Radford?" a female voice asked.

"This is he."

"My name is Sylvia Smooth; I'm the charge nurse at Northwest Wound Center. Your friend Kevin needs to be picked up. He'll be in the lobby waiting for you." Then she clicked off not giving Mike a chance to say a word.

Neither of them spoke on the drive to the hospital. The rain was still falling, a continuous drone, like a long train on the railroad tracks. It came in sheets, almost sideways due to the strength of the wind. Mike had a hard time seeing the road markings, and it seemed to take forever to get to the hospital even though Mike knew he'd only been driving a few minutes.

Amelia spotted Kevin sitting in a chair, with his head against the wall. He sat alone in the corner, his ankles crossed in front of him. If the dried blood on his jacket wasn't so evident, anyone would think he was simply waiting for someone, and not an accident victim. As she stepped closer, she noticed the right side of his head was a mess. Even with the bandages, there was evidence of an accident from his right temple to his ear. At the edges of the bandages she saw where he'd had stitches shaped like a half moon running along his face. His ear was a pretty shade of purple, one of her favorite colors, but not an appealing shade on Kevin. She put her hand on his sleeve, letting him know he wasn't alone. He looked at her and she could tell he was heavily medicated. She wanted to hold him and comfort him, but was afraid she'd hurt him even more. He didn't say a word.

Mike looked at his friend, and tried to lighten the mood, "Hey, buddy I told you that motorcycle was a bad idea in this rain. One of these days you're going to get yourself killed. You need to listen to me more often."

Kevin could see Mike was shaking. He knew he'd scared him. In many ways it lightened the pain to know

Mike cared so much about him. "Mike, it wasn't my motorcycle that did this to me. Some men jumped me outside of Sal's tonight. They said Brad Larson paid them to take care of me. My problem is who the fuck is Brad Larson?"

Amelia shuddered and clutched her throat. "I'm so sorry Kevin, Brad is my ex. I don't..."

Mike couldn't believe this was happening. "That's right, you haven't had the pleasure because every time Andy Squires showed up, you were out of the office. The goons must've figured you were an easy way to get to me."

Amelia sat clenching her hands until her nails dimpled her palms. "I don't understand, why would these men jump you? When Mike and I were at dinner earlier we ran into Brad. He wasn't very pleasant, but I didn't think he'd do anything like this."

"I was told to tell you to quit harassing Brad. He wants it stopped, or you'll be next." Kevin looked directly at Mike, trying to tell him without saying anything that there was more but he couldn't discuss it in front of Amelia.

Mike looked around, uneasy with the sounds and smells of the hospital, "Let's get out of here. We'll get you home and to bed."

Amelia got in the truck, and helped Mike ease Kevin in the back seat, his head resting on her lap. As Mike pulled out of the parking lot he watched Amelia in the rear view mirror. She looked worried, he knew she was afraid. She kept whispering to Kevin that she was sorry this happened, it was all her fault.

Kevin was out and never heard her concerns. When they got to the house Mike and Amelia struggled to get

him out of the truck and into the house. They knew they weren't going to be able to get him up the stairs to his room, besides being heavily medicated he was no small man. They got him into the living room and Kevin collapsed on the sofa.

"Amelia, could you get a pillow and blanket out of the closet?" Mike asked.

She made Kevin as comfortable as possible, while Mike removed Kevin's shoes, knowing full well his friend was oblivious to what was happening around him. All-in-all that was probably best, as Kevin needed his rest.

As if on cue Kevin lifted his head and grinned at both of them. "You know, I like you both a lot but I'm just not in the mood right now." Smiling, he rolled over and was instantly asleep.

Mike and Amelia smiled at Kevin and then at each other.

"Kevin's got me all twisted inside. I hate what's happened to him. And damn it, I need him. It's going to be a long day tomorrow. I have two men out sick already, and now Kevin is hurt. I'm short of workers and I have a house that needs to get finished." He glared at Amelia, "if we'd never met you, this wouldn't have happened!"

"Mike, that's not fair." Amelia defended herself, though she knew he was right.

"I know it's not fair, but what the hell? Do you think this is fair?" he pointed at Kevin.

"I never wanted Kevin to get hurt, or you for that matter. I just wanted you to know I couldn't pay for the house."

Mike couldn't believe how mean he was being but

he couldn't help himself. He knew she didn't deserve the blame. To keep himself in check, he turned to go to his room, stating, "Let's both get some sleep."

Amelia hesitantly followed him up the stairs. Alone, in her bedroom, she closed the door and cried. What have I done?

She couldn't sleep; for hours she tossed and turned, haunted by the image of Kevin covered in blood. She finally drifted off to a fretful sleep, awaking in a cold sweat chilled to the bone. *Maybe a hot bath will help me relax*.

The steam from the hot water enveloped her. Smiling, she lifted Mike's shirt, her impromptu nightgown, over her head;. She scrunched it up to her nose, taking in the masculine, musky scent before putting it down. Securing her hair, she lowered herself into the tub laying back into the soapy bubbles. They surrounded her helping to melt away the stress.

Mike couldn't sleep; he paced the floor, agonizing over the events of the evening. Remembering how he'd treated Amelia only made him feel worse. She'd handled everything so well tonight, yet somehow the evening had gone to shit. Based on what Brad had done to Kevin, there was no telling what he'd do to Amelia if he caught her alone. Mike shuddered; he couldn't imagine what that man was capable of. I don't want anything to happen to her. I really do owe her an apology for what

I said. This is such a mess. He decided to make it right and walked to her room, but it was empty. Where is she?

When he heard the water in the bathroom he moved over to the door. Mike quietly entered and saw her naked form reflected in the mirror as she lowered herself into the bubble bath and sighed as she engulfed herself in the hot water.

Candles around the bathtub cast flickering light and shadows about the room. Her hair was loosely knotted on her head, a few strands escaping to lie seductively on her shoulders as the water sensuously stretched them. Mike watched her reflection as soft waves of water rushed over her breasts. Her pink nipples, hard and inviting, peaked above the bubbles. His cock strained against his jeans as he imagined taking one of them into his mouth. She reached for the soap, rubbing it across her breasts in slow, agonizing circles. Her hand moved the soap lower over her belly, under the bubbles. Amelia closed her eyes, as the soap slipped down to her thighs. The soap eased from her hand and floated to the tub bottom. She made no attempt to find it, instead she began to finger her clit, letting the soap work as a lube. Her other hand moved to her hard nipples; stroking them in turn with her fingers, pulling on each. Amelia moaned and Mike heard her whisper his name, and then Kevin's. A cocky grin played across his face as he realized she was thinking of him and his friend while she massaged her clit.

Suddenly Amelia stopped moving her hand and stuck two fingers inside her pussy, pumping like she wanted a cock. Her whole body suddenly shuddered as her orgasm overtook her. She moaned and Mike noticed her wet skin had a slight blush. Leaning back she laid

her head on the rim of the tub and let her body relax.

Mike decided he'd watched enough, it was time to join her, but as he stepped into the room he met Amelia stepping out of the tub. He took in her naked form, and stuttered, "I'll wait for you in your room." With that he turned and left.

She wrapped a towel around herself and followed him. "How long were you standing there?"

"Long enough to watch one of the most sensuous baths I've ever seen; watching you in there made me..." he grinned and pointed to his swelling cock. "I need to make love to you, now."

"You were watching the whole time?" Amelia blushed.

"Yes, baby, I watched it all, now let's make love." Mike removed his jeans, pulled the towel from her and dropped it to the floor. "Let me make love to you." He could see she was as hungry for him, as he was for her.

"Don't you think we should check on Kevin one more time, Mike?"

"No!" Mike's hands began to move up her torso.

"I really think you should look in on Kevin, one more time," Amelia said as she moved them both back to lie on the bed.

"No, those pills the doctor gave him should keep him out for the night, no more talk about Kevin. I finally have some time with just you and I want to take full advantage of it." Snuggling closer, he asked, "Did anyone ever tell you that you talk too much?" He pulled her closer and caressed her skin, pausing long enough to suck her nipples. He tasted the curve of her ribs, his hands touching her knees, then to her center; he parted her even more, his fingers dipping lightly

into her. She thrust forward to meet him as he placed one and then two fingers within her inner lips.

"Do that again," she said breathlessly. "I want you inside of me Mike."

He didn't have to be asked twice to accommodate this beautiful, deliciously sexy woman. He positioned himself between her thighs, his erection sliding straight in, his moans telling her how good it felt to him. He began to pump slowly, picking up speed with each move.

Pleasure surged through her nerve endings with every thrust, and they both released at the same time.

His groans of pleasure were long and low growls. Rolling to his side he leaned in and gave her a slow, all consuming kiss. "You're killing me. I want you again already, but I know I can't do that as we both need to get some sleep. I have to be up in two hours for work. Will you be able to handle Kevin tomorrow by yourself?

"Yes, I can do that. It's the least I can do."

"Amelia, this isn't your fault and I'm sorry for what I said earlier, I was out of line. You're beautiful and your ex is an ass. Don't worry I'll take care of this. Sleep now my little minx. It'll be better in the morning."

Within a few minutes both fell into an exhausted sleep. Amelia felt safe in his arms, *I hope he's right*, but the guilt over Kevin's injuries wouldn't go away. She knew she'd be leaving soon; that was the deal. Unfortunately, no one told her she'd be in love with both of them. It was probably best that she leave, day after tomorrow to be exact, because she was the cause of the troubles they were having, and neither of them deserved it. *I can't be a burden any longer*. With that last thought everything was forgotten, at least while she slept in Mike's arms.

Six

Amelia slowly awoke, opening her eyes to a room filled with sunshine. It was going to be a beautiful day. She rolled over to where Mike had been only a couple hours earlier and found, to her surprise, a single red rose laying on the pillow. How did he know it's my favorite? He's so sweet! Damn! I need to check on Kevin. She wasted little time dawdling over her good fortune, and quickly showered and headed down stairs.

She quietly approached the couch, surprised to find Kevin wasn't there. Looking around she noticed he'd rolled off the sofa some time during the night and was sprawled on the floor, his feet partially under the coffee table. When she looked at his face she saw the sweetest expression and imagined he was having a nice dream. She knelt down and gently tapped him on the shoulder to wake him up.

Kevin opened his eyes and looked up to see her watching him. He blushed knowing he'd just woken

from a dream of Amelia wearing a nurse's uniform and giving him a sponge bath. *Man what a dream, it was hot!* Trying not to smile, he asked, "Amelia, how about giving me a sponge bath?" He didn't wait for her response, "I think you'd be great at it and to get you into the right frame of mind Mike has a nurse's uniform hanging in his closet...you could put it on for me?" Kevin questioned her with a wink.

Without answering his foolish questions, she helped him get up off the floor and back on the sofa. Doing so, she noticed his erection, but felt he wasn't up for that type of activity, yet. "You need to rest, maybe if you're feeling better later, we'll see about that bath. Do you want me to make you something to eat?"

"I'd rather eat you Amelia." His voice simmered with passion.

Amelia laughed, "Feeling better already, I see." She had no idea where they kept things, so she started checking what was in the refrigerator and in the cabinets. The kitchen was huge. Amelia found eggs and a frying pan. As she cooked she watched Kevin, noticing he was still in considerable pain. It was her fault for getting him involved in her problems. If only things were different, but then if they were I might have never met Mike and Kevin."

After breakfast was served and the kitchen cleaned up, Amelia sat down next to Kevin. "I've got a couple of questions if you don't mind."

"Not at all, ask away." Kevin responded.

"How'd you meet Mike?"

"Mike and I have known each other since high school; we played football together, hell, we've done almost everything together since becoming friends. Even went to the same college and shared a room there. Mike didn't party as much as I did though, but I have to say he was always there to bail me out."

"Have you always shared a place with him?"

"No, but we've lived together for quite a while. Mike took me in when no one else would have anything to do with me, and to me that makes him priceless."

"Mike does seem like a great guy, can I ask you something else?"

"Sure, shoot."

"Do you and Mike do this stuff often?"

"What stuff? You mean share women?

"Yes, that."

"Not really, we've done it one other time back in college. You know Amelia, Mike is crazy about you. I'm pretty sure he intends to ask you to stay with us for a long time."

Amelia smiled, this was exactly what she hoped would happen. When she looked at Kevin she noticed him staring out the window. They both watched a car pull into the driveway and three men got out.

Kevin saw it was the two thugs from the bar, and the third one must be the infamous Brad Larson. "Amelia go call Mike's cell phone, it looks like we have guests." Gingerly he got up from the sofa and proceeded to the front door.

Amelia was shaking more from fury than nerves. She called Mike, relieved that he answered on the first ring. She didn't let him speak but gushed out, "Mike, you have to come home now!"

"What's wrong Amelia?" He could tell by her voice something wasn't right.

"Brad and his goons are here. They just got out of the car and Kevin is headed to the door, please hurry."

"On my way," he screamed, closing his cell and running for his truck. I'm getting tired of this shit; it has to stop and it has to stop now.

Mike drove as fast as his truck would allow, the good news was he was only three blocks away. He knew Amelia was scared, but he also knew Kevin would stall until he got there. No one would be allowed in the house.

Mike drove right onto his lawn, jumping out of his truck and landing right next to Brad. "Hello Brad, can I help you with something, or did you come to pay me the money you owe?"

"I don't owe you any fucking money, asshole. I don't need the house anymore so I'm not buying it dickhead. I heard Amelia is paying it off by fucking the two of you. Hope she gives you more then she did me, she was worthless in bed," Brad bellowed.

Kevin walked out of the house and stood next to Mike. He could tell by the look on Mike's face that he was angry. The urge to kill was written all over both of their faces. The scene unfolding was like a bad movie. Kevin threw a punch at Brad but the goons stepped in and grabbed his arms keeping him in check.

Mike was worried, he knew Kevin wouldn't back down, especially when he was defending a woman's honor. .

Kevin spit hitting Brad's polished shoe. "So, Brad the Ba...ba...bozo," he sputtered. "Why the hell are you even here?" With all the pain evident on Kevin's face he wasn't backing down from Brad.

"I want her to back off. I know she's snooping into my personal business, and she doesn't have any right to know anything about me."

"Brad you need to get a life. Amelia doesn't want anything to do with you. Why can't you just leave us alone?"

"She's making up ugly lies about me," Brad whined.

"Give it up already; do you think she really gives a shit about you, and that guy we saw you with? " Mike was boiling now.

Amelia watched from inside the house. She'd seen enough. No one was going to hurt any one she cared about, not any more. Walking outside, without saying a word to anyone, she grabbed Mike and Kevin's arms and pushed them toward the house. No one moved to stop her. She closed the door behind her, and watched through the window as their intruders drove away.

Kevin collapsed onto the couch. "Amelia, I'm really ready for that sponge bath now." He slipped out of his clothes and sat naked on the sofa.

"You never stop do you?" Amelia laughed.

"No, once Kevin has something on his mind he doesn't stop," Mike said.

"I know, this is the second time today, he has asked for one. He even told me you had a nurse's uniform for me to wear?"

Mike grinned. "Yea...uh...I forgot about that, but you'd look great in it. Especially if you really intend to give him a sponge bath."

Kevin sat watching the exchange in nothing but his birthday suit. "Well what do you say, are you willing? Because if you are, I'm definitely interested."

Mike laughed; he could see from the looks of things that Kevin was feeling better already. Mike took the lead, walked over to the closet and removed the uniform. He handed it to Amelia and grinned.

Amelia shook her head in amazement and went upstairs to change. When she returned, both men stood with the silliest grins on their faces. The outfit was so short and Amelia's long legs seemed to go on forever. The costume was erotic, and the fact that she wasn't wearing any underwear only added to the seductive effervescence.

Both men felt they'd died and gone to heaven. "Wow! Amelia, you look so hot in that outfit." Mike said as he wiped his forehead with his sleeve.

She noticed that while she'd been changing, Mike had brought a sponge and bucket of soapy water for her to use on Kevin. Soaping up the sponge, she rubbed Kevin's shoulders. Going lower, toward his tummy, she rung it out some more, watching the water drip down and disappear under the sheet.

Kevin let out a growl, his cock stiffening and lifting the sheet from around his body.

Amelia glanced at Mike and noticed his erection as well. Kevin brought her attention back to him as he slid his hand up her thigh to the triangle between her legs. She opened up so Kevin could slide his fingers across her clit, rubbing back and forth making small circles. She was finding it hard to concentrate on finishing his bath. She let out a moan as Kevin continued stroking her, placing one finger in her moist entrance.

Kevin knew how to bring her over the edge. "Amelia, I want you to wash me lower now." He dropped the sheet for easier access.

"I can't, not as long as you're touching me like you are. I can't think of anything else but you inside me, you have me dripping wet with need."

"Amelia, I want those beautiful lips around my cock now," Kevin ordered. He saw Mike tearing off his clothes, and putting on a condom so he could join in the fun.

Holding Kevin's cock in her hand, she took him slowly into her mouth, nipping it just a little. Mike came up behind her, lifting up the sexy nurse's skirt and caressing her ass. She gave a little wiggle; she wanted them both, right now.

"I like watching you swallow Kevin's cock, it's so erotic," Mike whispered as he rubbed her ass again.

Mike positioned the head of his shaft into her dripping pussy and slowly entered her.

Amelia stopped short with the entry but regained her composure and resumed sucking Kevin's cock.

"Suck me harder babe, I'm almost there." Kevin growled.

She did what he asked; catching his spilled seed in her mouth. Amelia shook as her release gripped her hard, sending shivers all the way down to her toes.

Mike was next, a minute later his body tensed behind her with one final, hard thrust.

"I don't know about you guys, but I'm starving." Amelia looked at both of them. They were still trying to catch their breaths.

"You're always starving after sex," Kevin laughed.

"Kevin, how about we go to Sal's tonight, I'm not

much for cooking," Mike said, as he dressed.

"Only if you're buying big spender," Kevin chuckled. "Of course I'm buying." Mike zipped his jeans.

As Amelia hurried up the stairs, she remarked, "Let me grab a quick shower guys, I can be ready in fifteen minutes." She wasn't kidding. She was showered, dressed and standing by the door ready to go all in fourteen minutes and ten seconds.

By the time they arrived at Sal's bar, they were starving. As they entered, Kevin indicated Mike and Amelia should grab a table, as he wanted to talk to some of his work crew who were seated at the bar. He told them he would place a drink order with the bartender.

Once they sat down, Mike leaned over, giving Amelia a kiss.

Amelia was embarrassed, but pleased with the attention Mike showed to her in a public place. Brad had never done that, and for that simple kiss she felt very special. *I wonder what else he'd be willing to do in public.*

Kevin joined them just as the food was delivered. Amelia was the first one done, leaning back in her chair, exhaling with nothing short of utter satisfaction. Kevin and Mike looked at her and laughed. They appreciated her lustful appetite in several different venues.

Amelia rose, "Hey guys, I'm going to the ladies room, be right back."

They watched her hips sway as she walked away, enjoying her every step.

"Mike," Kevin began, slowly getting his attention. "We need to talk about Amelia. I can see how much you

love her and I think you need to tell her tonight. The problem is that I care for her too. I know I'm not in love with her, but I think you are, so I'll back off." Kevin hoped he was doing the right thing.

"Kevin, you know I'll be good to her. I really appreciate you stepping aside and giving me this chance." Mike was glad Kevin was okay with everything and hoped his friend would meet someone very soon.

Amelia stopped short to the door of the ladies bathroom, distracted when she heard moaning from the men's room, as if someone was hurt and needed help. She didn't see anyone close to assist her, so she slowly pushed the door open. The room seemed empty, so she cautiously ventured further in. As she turned a corner she saw he ex-husband, Brad, on his knees in front of a man. In shock she gasped, Brad's tongue was licking the other man's cock. *Oh my God! It's the guy I saw him with the other night? Oh My God! The rumors are true, Brad is gay, damn!* Amelia realized she was in the wrong place and began to back out of the room.

Brad heard the soft intake of her breath and turned looked around, locking eyes with Amelia. "Damn it Amelia, get the hell out of here. Stop following me!"

"I thought you got rid of her, Brad," Andy said while zipping up his pants.

"She's a nosy little bitch," Brad said a little too loudly.

Amelia vainly tried to keep a straight face as she smiled on the scene unraveling before her. "Who's your friend Brad? I really don't understand why he would show any interest in you; after all, your penis is quite

small. Now, looking at Andy's dick and from strictly a woman's perspective I could suck his dick all day long." She licked her lips and smiled wantonly at Andy.

"Amelia, you keep your mouth shut or else," Brad warned. He'd never heard her talk like that and it was embarrassing.

"Or else what Brad, I'm not afraid of you one bit. You know you've actually done me a huge favor. If it weren't for you, I'd never have met Mike and Kevin. Those two men are amazing; they even think I'm great in bed. Both are great lovers, and just so you know, you were the one that was lousy in bed." She turned and she walked out of the room, a grin of satisfaction on her face.

Amelia finished her business and walked back to the table. She couldn't stop smiling. Mike and Kevin stood as she approached the table, waiting for her to take her seat. They could tell something was up, but seemed afraid to ask.

"What took you so long, and why are you smiling like that? Are you okay? Kevin questioned. "I was just about to call out the dogs to track you down. In fact Mike and I were getting concerned. Come on give, what's up?"

"Well," she leaned closer and whispered. "I was heading into the ladies room when I heard this moaning from the men's room. I thought someone might be hurt so I went inside to see, you know maybe someone needed help." Licking her lips, and smiling again, she continued. "You're not going to believe this, but I found Brad and his friend Andy in a very compromis-

ing position. Brad was licking Andy's cock and Andy was the one doing all the moaning." By the looks on their faces, Amelia knew she'd shocked them. "I'm smiling because I told Brad he had a small penis and that Andy had one all the ladies I knew would love to suck. That really seemed to piss him off. Then he called me a nosey bitch." She smiled and laughed out loud.

Mike and Kevin laughed too, but as they looked at her and then each other, concern filled their eyes. They hoped that Brad would now leave her alone, but they were afraid her comments may only set him off again. They didn't want any more trouble, but knew if there was they could handle it and they'd be ready.

Mike stood up. "Let's go home, we have lots to talk to you about Amelia, but we'd prefer to do it at the house. Kevin and I realize that our agreement is almost over and we think there's some things that need to be settled before we go our separate ways." He was worried she wouldn't like what he had to say, but it had to be said.

Kevin stood too, and together they walked out of Sal's bar. They rode home in silence, once again all thinking about what was to transpire when they reached the house.

Mike opened the door and they all walked in and took a seat in the living room. Both Kevin and Mike knew convincing Amelia to continue their current arrangement wasn't going to be easy but it was something they wanted desperately, and they hoped she'd agree.

Mike was the first to speak. "Amelia, I'm in love with you. I'm not sure when it happened, but it did. I know it's only been a few days, but I'd like you to move in here permanently. The job I offered you earlier as administrative support is still open if you want it."

Amelia couldn't believe it, Mike wasn't kicking her out. "I love you too Mike, but what about Kevin? I don't want to leave him out of this." Amelia was in love with Mike, not Kevin, but she didn't want to hurt Kevin.

"Darling, I'll still be around just not in your bed. Mike and I discussed this while you were taking your tour of the men's room at Sal's," he laughed. "Mike will be good to you and will treat you like the special lady you are. You deserve the best Amelia, and Mike is the best." Kevin leaned over and kissed her warmly on the cheek. He stood and left the room leaving them alone.

"Will you marry me Amelia?" Mike waited for her answer, feeling his stomach churn in knots.

"Yes, I'll marry you. You had me worried for a while. I thought maybe you guys were trying to find a way to get rid of me for good."

Mike pulled her up from the sofa, lifting her into his arms. He carried her up the stairs to his room. "No just the opposite."

Mike made love to Amelia until sunrise the next morning. She couldn't believe her luck. She lightly feathered her fingers along his chest, feeling his heart beating fast. Finally a man who loved her for who she was, in spite of all the troubles she put him through.

Amelia's stomach was growling and she whispered softly to Mike, "Did you buy any snacks yet? I'm starving." She sat up in bed.

Mike was laughing hard, "baby I'll buy you all the snacks you want after we take a nap. I didn't think it was possible but you've wiped me out, I can hardly move." He felt her soft body tremor as she laughed. Pulling her closer, he demanded, "Now go to sleep and I promise I'll take you out for a big breakfast."

"Promise?"

"If you let me sleep first," he laughed. "Ouch! That hurt," he complained as he felt her sharp elbow in his gut.

"Serves you right," she smiled, snuggling even closer as she drifted off to sleep.

Mike felt her relax and watching her he realized she looked peaceful. With that they both drifted off to sleep. When he awoke she was in his arms. Smoothing her hair away from her face, he whispered softly, "I love you Amelia." His mouth covered hers hungrily, demanding a response.

She didn't hesitate but matched his urgency with her own lusty, wanton needs. "I love you too, but you did promise me breakfast," she reminded him when her nipple went into his mouth.

"After my wake up call, I need this first," he teased.

Kevin stood beside Mike, contemplating the turn of events that had him standing in this church as a best man. He turned as he saw Amelia approach, the woman he'd come to love, her smile lighting up her face,

especially her eyes. Here he stood, getting ready to witness the exchange of vows between Amelia and his best friend Mike. He was stunned by her inner beauty and the angel-like image he held of her in her wedding gown. Her copper ringlets tumbled carelessly down her back; she was beautiful. Mike was a lucky man.

"If there is anyone here who gives just cause why this couple should not be wed, speak now or forever hold your peace." There was nothing but silence.

Even if Kevin wanted to object he knew he couldn't. He saw the tears of joy tumble down Amelia's face and the look of peace in Mike's, and knew without a doubt, he'd made the right decision about these two being together forever. "The first person that does will face me." Kevin scanned the crowd and with no response, he nodded toward the preacher, "Go-ahead reverend."

The wedding concluded, the happy couple gone on their honeymoon, Kevin sat back with a beer in his hand and relaxed. He was happy for his two best friends and was also glad he'd played a part in getting them together. Maybe someday soon I'll get that lucky too and find someone who will make me as happy as Amelia makes Mike. Closing his eyes he let it all go. Within minutes he was dreaming of someone very much like Amelia taking care of his needs.

END

About the Author

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

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