

Siren Publishing

Ménage Amour



Salsa Nights

Chalee Mar

SALSA NIGHTS

Club Lava Series

Chalee Mar

MENAGE AMOUR



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DEDICATION

To Alyssa and Ashley,

You believed in me and reminded me why I had to do this, even when
you are both too young to read past this page!

I am so proud to be your mother. *You* are my dream come true.
Las quiero con todo mi corazon.

SALSA NIGHTS

Club Lava Series

CHALEE MAR

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Chapter One

Bright fluorescent lights bounced off the crisp white paper in her trembling hands. Isabel Santos blinked away the stinging glare and drew in a sharp breath, ignoring the usually soothing mulberry scent of her dying candle. Each word typed in Comic Sans font mocked her. How could anyone think this was a joke?

I AM WATCHING YOU. WILL YOU BE NEXT?

When the sickening wave of nausea reached her throat, Isabel dropped the note on her desk and stepped out of her office. *Thump kaa. Thump kaa. Thump kaa.* Her heels resonated across the high-gloss oak dance floor. Her key-lime green eyes scanned the large, empty dance school. She rubbed her arms protectively. Nervously, she licked one corner of her mouth, dragging back the salty taste of sweat from hours of instruction. Through the tinted window she could see the few cars parked near the shops still open. She locked her front door.

Many days turned to nights teaching Latin dance to her students at her beachside studio. But this was the first time she'd felt afraid to walk out alone.

“Hey, *chica*, I’m done for the night. Do you need anything?” The sound of Nik Logan’s voice jump-started her heart, and she turned to her best friend.

“Ah, no. Wait for me and we’ll walk out together.” Isabel shot one last glance over her shoulder at the parking lot encased in twilight, and hurried back to her office to grab her dance bag. Chewing her bottom lip, she snatched the note and stuffed it in her purse.

“Okay, let’s go.” She led Nik through the back of her dance school.

“I hate this back room. Gives me the creeps,” Nik murmured, stepping past the lockers and kitchen to the nearly pitch black far wall.

Isabel attempted a small laugh, hoping it would quiet her screaming nerves. It didn’t work. With her cell phone light she lit the way to the back door. “Sorry. I forgot to call someone to fix this light. I’ll do that tomorrow.”

They stepped out into the back parking lot, and Isabel set the alarm before locking the door and heading to their cars. The hot, humid September night, typical of South Florida weather, never bothered her, having grown up in this tropical climate. But tonight, it was distinctly quiet, and she walked a little bit faster.

“Isa, are you okay? I know Gina’s death shook us all up, but you seemed fine today. Then, I don’t know, something happened to you. Talk to me.”

Isabel let out a deep shuddering breath as she checked around for someone, something, *anything*.

“No, no. It’s nothing, really. It was just a long day and I—”

“Liar. I know you. Try again.”

She stopped at her car, parked right next to her friend’s, and grinned. Nik knew her too well to try and conceal anything from her, especially fear. They had grown up practically sisters, and it was comforting that someone loved her and cared as much about her as her dear friend. But that’s why she couldn’t tell her. She’d be too

worried to let her even breathe, which guaranteed she'd be on Isabel every second of every hour and drive her insane. So she came up with a half-truth that would get Nik off her back.

"Gina was scheduled for class tonight. It brought back memories of...you know." She swallowed a fat lump and dragged her misty eyes away from her friend's sympathetic ones.

It was still too recent, just five nights, and that they were part of the small group that had been the last to see her alive was just gut-wrenching. She swiped a stray tear from her cheek and looked back at Nik, whose bottom lip quivered.

"I know. I've had my fair share of nightmares. But they got the guy, and he'll pay for what he did."

Isabel shook her head thoughtfully and adjusted the heavy strap of the duffel bag where it sank into her shoulder. "I don't know, Nik. Something just bugs me about that. Something tells me he didn't do it. They were getting married and he worshipped her."

Nik leaned against her car and narrowed her eyes. "Yeah, but that doesn't mean he wasn't prone to violent behavior."

Isabel sighed. "You're right. It doesn't." She cocked her head to the side. "But the cops are trying to turn this into an act of jealousy when we know they frequented that swingers club. A man can't be a jealous psychopath and enjoy seeing his fiancée have sex with other people."

Her friend nodded. "I thought the same thing. But maybe he thought she was cheating on him."

Isabel tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear. "No, I just don't buy it."

Nik's gaze narrowed and Isabel suddenly felt uncomfortable. "Isa, do you want me to stay? I'll tell my parents I can't make it. They love you so I know they'll understand."

She had to smile at that last remark. Isabel loved Nik's parents, too. They had welcomed her as their second daughter after the death of her own parents. She'd been just sixteen, and the trauma had been

unbearable, but Nik and her parents had gotten her through it. Knowing her parents had left her Salsa Nights had given her something to look forward to. Nik's mom, her own mom's best friend, had managed it for Isabel until she took over at eighteen.

"You go. They need you. I'll be fine. I just need some sleep tonight."

"Are you sure? I can—"

"Go. I'm all right, I promise."

Nik doubted her, Isabel could tell, but gave her a curt nod and pulled her into a tight embrace.

"You need anything, I'll be down here on the next flight."

She pulled away and gave her friend a warm smile, feeling a little better. "I know. I just wish you'd let me take you to the airport. You're my roommate, and you won't even let me take you."

Nik threw her bag in the back seat of her car. "You know how this airport is, and I love you too much to put you through the hell. Besides, I have a couple of things I need to do. I love you, *chica*. I'll bother you every day, so charge that phone."

Isabel threw her a kiss back and watched Nik drive away before jumping into her Corvette and revving the engine.

Every little hair on the back of her neck stood, prickling her skin, shooting a warning down her spine. The back lot was empty, but someone was watching her. She felt it. Foot on pedal, she peeled out and headed home, hoping her note had nothing to do with Gina's murder.

But the message was very clear. *He* was watching and she *may* be next. She'd been celebrating with Gina the night she'd been killed. They'd had fun and-. *They*.

Besides Gina, Nik had gone as well as Leyna. Had they all received a note? She hadn't heard or read anything about a note left with Gina. Nik hadn't gotten one, as far as she knew. Would she tell her? Isabel hadn't told Nik, so maybe Nik wouldn't tell Isabel. *Damn*.

But she was leaving the country so she had to be safe. That left Leyna.

A second later she was dialing Leyna's number and heard her voicemail greeting. "Hey, girl, it's Isa. Just wanted to make sure you were okay. Give me a call. I have a strange feeling and, I don't know, just be careful. Call me. Bye."

She flipped her cell phone off and tossed it on the passenger seat. Damn. What if she was scaring Leyna for no reason? But the note—the freaking note—asked her if she'd be next. "*Will you be next?*" That implied there may be others.

Her fist slammed the top of the steering wheel. Who was doing this? What the hell did he want? Once again, her vision blurred, but this time, she let the tears fall.

* * * *

Veins popped in his crossed arms, stretching his bronze skin tight. The men standing before him reeked of cheap tobacco mixed with whiskey breath. The club music below dulled to a bass amplifying the sound of the cohorts' rapid, uneasy breathing. No one moved. They waited.

Brad Westbrook turned his lips up into a deadly grin. "Gentlemen, I don't like to repeat myself, so I'll say this once. Tell your boss the answer is no. And if anyone else steps into my club demanding a share, I'll personally see to it that they never walk again. Now, get the fuck out of my office." His words were quiet, deliberate, but the burly man holding an un-ashed cigarette swallowed and took one small step back.

Brad willed them to strike, to argue, to pull a knife out. He would gladly welcome the much needed exercise that would help burn off the adrenaline shooting through his vessels.

Unfortunately, the big man retreated, motioning his big-bellied partner to follow him, and they left the dimly lit office on the second floor of Club Lava.

Dale Connor watched them carefully, prepared, fists clenched at his side, until the door closed with a click behind them. He turned to his friend and business partner.

“Never gets old, does it?” he asked dryly.

Brad chuckled, unaffected by the common occurrence found at most nightclubs that catch the eye of crooked politicians and gangsters alike. “Keeps things interesting, that’s for sure.”

He moved away from where he’d stood by his desk to the glass wall behind him and watched the partying crowd below.

The men who’d just left appeared, walking past the dance floor, the couches, and the bar, toward the front door. Their head bouncer, Devin, followed closely behind. Damn, Brad had looked forward to a fight.

Dale came to stand next to him and eyed the crowd while he spoke. “My insider says the cops don’t think the man they have was the one who killed her. He was bailed out this morning.”

Brad inhaled deeply, switching his train of thought. “And Isabel?”

“She’s safe. For now. Devin’s watching her place again tonight. I say we go talk to her in the morning.”

Isabel Santos. The little girl who had spied on them from their neighbor’s house, her grandfather’s house, had grown up into a stunning woman. At least that was how she’d looked on TV four years ago at the Latin Dance Championship. Gone were the ponytail, scuffed up jeans, and Converse shoes. In their place had been glossy black hair tousling down her shoulders, a skin tight costume with tiny sparkles that stopped too high on her thighs to be allowed in public, and red stilettos that made her lean legs look miles long.

Remembering now jerked his dick, and it pressed painfully behind his fly. And *that’s* why he maintained a safe distance from her. He hadn’t trusted himself to get near her after seeing the erotic, sensual

woman she'd become. He would have just forgotten all about the promise he and Dale had made her grandfather, old man Thomas.

The old man had been convinced that Isabel's life had been in danger, somehow connected to her parents' deaths. They never doubted the old man since he was a retired cop, decorated for his heroism and remembered for his dedication. Bound by the debt they owed her grandfather, bound by honor, they'd sworn to keep her safe. Brad despised owing anyone anything and stayed far away from asking favors that would create an encumbrance. The one thing, however, that he couldn't have anticipated was Thomas saving his and Dale's lives.

The promise had been extremely difficult to maintain since he couldn't get close and couldn't speak with her. The attraction was too raw, too powerful to assume he could have a casual conversation with her without slamming her against a wall and fucking her through the night.

Instead, he watched over her from a distance through pictures—learning where she went, for how long, her acquaintances, her habits, the men around her. It'd been brutal, seeing the pictures of her dining out with some asshole panting over her. More than once Dale had stopped him from barging into a restaurant and making a fool of himself.

No one could take his mind completely off Isabel. Even when he and Dale shared a woman, as satisfying as it was, he looked forward to news of Isabel, to another picture of her. It was ridiculous.

Now he was actually contemplating speaking with her tomorrow. Being near her. She had only grown more beautiful since she'd been the nineteen-year-old he'd gawked at on TV. *Shit.*

Yet she was still the one entrusted to his care, a fact her maternal grandfather had kept from her. Thomas had believed that Isabel's father had been unfaithful to her mother and had him followed. In retaliation, rumors had been spread about old man Thomas. Rumors powerful enough that Isabel's mother and Isabel had broken all

communication with Thomas. Isabel hadn't been speaking to her grandfather at the time of his death so she'd never known he'd asked Brad and Dale to look out for her.

No matter what, he had to ensure her safety, even if the need to tear her clothes off and hear her moan his name choked him. So he'd have to keep himself in check and behave like the grown man he was. Or should be.

"There's just one problem that concerns me." Dale rubbed his jaw.

"Don't worry, I have a way to convince her we're the good guys and not the ones who killed her friend," Brad replied confidently.

Dale chuckled and pinned his eyes on Brad. "Well, actually, I was thinking of something else."

Brad blinked, surprised he missed Dale's cue, but from the looks of his friend's amused expression, Brad was right back on board, reassuring him. "Don't worry, I'll behave. If anything, I should be worried about you."

Dale shot him an innocent look worthy of an award. "Me? I'm not the one who had illegal thoughts when I saw her salsa dancing on TV"

Brad groaned, remembering the things he'd wanted to do to her that he'd regrettably shared with his best friend. Dale was by no means a good boy—far, far from it, actually. "You've had more women than I even care to know. You're the epitome of love 'em and leave 'em."

Dale laughed, holding his hands up in front of his chest. "Okay, okay, I get it. So we both behave. We're thirty-four now, not seventeen. Besides, old man Thomas trusted us, and we can't let him down."

Brad turned back to the club, packed to capacity with bodies dancing, sweating, moving to more than just music. "We can't let Isabel down. So did your girl down at the police station say anything else about the video?"

Dale walked back across their expansive office to their bar, set up mostly for any business meetings since they avoided alcohol during working hours, and grabbed two bottles of water. “No, they didn’t see anything suspicious on the footage. The girls were here, had a good time, and left. Apparently they had very little contact with any men, except for two they had drinks with. Those men were busy in a back room with three other women when Gina was killed. No one seemed to follow them out of the parking lot, either.”

Brad grabbed the water Dale handed him and replied, “So someone waited for her at her house.”

“That’s the consensus.”

Brad eyed the bustling club, accommodating swingers and single women tonight. Every couch along the far left wall was crammed with either couples or small groups. Sex was everywhere, in the open, explicit, but as always, the members were respectful and quiet.

Most of the people on the dance floor wanted privacy and were now filling every small room directly below their office, and he counted on his hired muscle to ensure everyone’s safety. Rooms would be teeming with mostly swapping couples, a few ménage à trois, and a couple of orgies.

That’s why he hadn’t watched all the footage of the night Isabel and her friends paid their club a visit. He and Dale were off that night, otherwise he would have thrown her over his shoulder and walked off with her kicking and screaming. And since he doubted she’d remember them, she would have also been freaking out about a stranger manhandling her. She had no business in a swingers club, no matter how experienced she was with sex.

He prayed she wasn’t all that knowledgeable, but having come here, it was hard imagining she didn’t engage in one of the many sexual encounters available. Hearing she had little contact with men here didn’t help now, either. She might just prefer this lifestyle in the privacy of her house and use this club as foreplay.

When they found out Isabel had been here, Brad flung a very expensive bottle of wine across their office.

“If they don’t believe it was Gina’s fiancé, then that takes us right back to square one.” Brad took a swig of the cold water.

Dale raised a brow. They knew the implications involved. If it was planned, there was a chance Isabel was in danger because of her familiarity with the victim, which meant old man Thomas had been right. Someone was after Isabel, and killing her friends was just the beginning of the killer’s sick game.

“We go tomorrow morning,” Brad stated flatly, hoping Isabel would give them no problem. It would be a stretch to believe her dead grandfather’s neighbors’ story that someone was after her. Hell, it sounded crazy to *him*.

He also secretly hoped she’d miraculously changed into an unsightly beast with a hunchback. That would make his job so much easier.

Chapter Two

“Again. And this time, I want to see those legs straight,” Isabel yelled over the first few beats of the salsa tune, knowing full well her dancers had stayed late for the third evening in a row for their rehearsal.

But that was expected when training for competitions, and her students didn’t mind. Too many had won trophies to even complain about strained ankles or blistered feet. They liked to win—so did she.

It was her competitive streak that drove her to multiple titles and helped her to run a successful studio at the age of twenty-three. This was her passion now, teaching others who loved to dance.

Satisfied with the dancers’ third attempt at the difficult lift, she sent them home and headed to her office. It was tucked in the center of the back wall where she could easily watch every one of her students.

Her old ankle injury had begun acting up, surely from the thick humidity outside, and she propped her foot up on a short stepstool just past the door. She bent over to adjust the tape keeping the joint tight, when a small cough interrupted her.

“Ms. Santos?”

Isabel froze, realizing the deep male voice belonged to a man unfamiliar to her, and this man had a fantastic view of her behind. Normally, this wouldn’t concern her because she’d be dancing and a person would get just a quick peek when she spun. But in this particular position, wearing a pink leotard with a thong crotch and a short black skirt, the man had quite a view of her ass.

She straightened, hoping her face wasn't as crimson as it felt, faced her visitor, and stopped breathing. There was also the huge possibility the two visitors could hear her heart launch out of her ribcage.

The two most captivating, ravishing men stood just inside the door, crowding the already small space. Her throat closed, obviously in anaphylactic shock to the raw testosterone assaulting her senses. Damn, they were masculine, and she knew them. But it couldn't be. This could *not* be them—the men of her dreams, her fantasies, her childhood crushes.

Brad and Dale? Her grandfather had told her quite a bit about his neighbors, avoiding any talk of the many female guests they'd received over the years. He liked telling her how they always lent a hand, sometimes stopping by unexpectedly to see if he needed anything. Isabel had been fascinated by these two kind men who just happened to be the hottest pieces of male flesh she ever laid eyes on.

She'd watch the college hunks from her grandpa's house, sometimes catching them with a pretty girl by the pool. Oh, if they only knew she'd used binoculars on a few occasions. She hadn't seen them since she was sixteen. *Wow*. Seven years later they looked even more delicious.

Both were engineered from the same athletic cloth, each sporting broad shoulders, narrow hips, and flat, hard stomachs.

Dale stood about six one, with thick muscles and a plump bottom lip to nibble. His eyes and straight short hair were a golden brown and still brought the velvety taste of chocolate to her mouth. His dimples were saved for sexy smiles and seduced more women than she could remember. While they could be boyish and charming, they were just another weapon in his arsenal of Playboy Tricks One-Oh-One.

Brad was an inch taller than Dale and just as lean. His straight brows, narrow lips, and thick short black hair would make the most celebrated male models envious. His cold blue eyes were rimmed with arrogance, and his gaze was calculating, analytical. It was what

must draw women to him in droves—the challenge to see what lurked beneath the dark shadows of his penetrating stare.

Isabel was only five four, so even in three inch heels, she was forced to tilt her head back to meet their eyes, and chastised herself for losing her voice. She noticed Dale's small grin and died at that moment. She was sure he'd noticed her rendered incapable of most human sounds at the mere sight of his gorgeous, kissable mouth. Brad looked at her like she suffered from brain damage.

She cleared her throat. "Yes, can I help you?" She decided she wouldn't let them know she knew them, or at least how they looked in swim shorts and shirtless by the pool.

The memory brought her eyes down to their wide hard chests and their biceps, bulging out of their short-sleeved silk shirts. Warm juices coated her pussy walls and oozed toward her thong. She flushed again before tearing her gaze away, hoping they hadn't noticed the heat that crawled up her neck.

"My name's Brad Westbrook and this is my friend Dale Connor. Do you remember us?" He spoke to her as if she were a child, and she decided it wasn't his eyes that made him seem arrogant. He *was* arrogant.

"No. We've met?" *Good, pretend you don't remember.*

Brad thinned his lips, probably shocked a woman could actually forget him.

Dale answered. "Not really. We were your grandfather's next door neighbors on Atlantic Drive."

Isabel felt a bit uncomfortable. They'd never paid her any attention, so this visit was definitely unexpected, but she also didn't want to hear about her grandfather. "Okay. How can I help you?"

"We know about Gina Fenelly's murder and that she was a friend of yours. We needed to know you're all right." Dale spewed that out so quickly it took Isabel two seconds to feel the impact of his words.

Defensively, she crossed her arms. “And why does that matter to you both?” She didn’t miss the look that passed between them and shifted her feet.

“Do you feel your life is in danger?” Brad asked her quietly.

The temperature in the room dove, and she was suddenly cold. She was also very aware now of just how much they crowded her office and made her feel small. The silence in the studio was so loud it rang shrilly in her ears.

“What do you want?” she asked in a harsh whisper.

“To help you. Your grandfather asked us to—”

“My grandfather’s dead, and I will not hear another word about him. Get out.” Her gaze sliced from Brad to Dale and back. Her chest heaved with mounting fear, and her heart no longer pounded because of their good looks.

“Isabel, we—”

“Get out or I’ll scream. Now.” She couldn’t handle another word or their very presence. Their faces blurred with angry tears and all she could see were the words on the note she’d received and the image of her student, her friend, raped and strangled.

They left slowly as if waiting for her to change her mind. But why would she? They had never spoken to her but now claimed to worry about her, and she couldn’t even fathom how they found her.

As romantic as it all sounded, her secret teenage loves coming to her rescue, it couldn’t be real. Things like that just didn’t happen.

They walked away, and she watched them take every step across her dance floor. It took several minutes after they exited the studio for Isabel to calm down.

What had they wanted? Were they the ones responsible for Gina’s death? Did they send her that note? *Sure, that makes sense—send me a threatening letter, then come ask me how I’m feeling.*

Still, the things her grandfather told her and how she’d seen them behave when they didn’t know anyone watched, just didn’t add up to

the makings of murderers. Of course, she was no expert, but even the police had said it had been one man.

But as she sat at her desk and thought about her two immensely sexy childhood crushes, it wasn't that she felt it had been them. It was their sheer size and seductive sex appeal that had intimidated her. Something told her she'd be seeing them again.

* * * *

"You did understand that the idea was to convince her we are the *good* guys, right?" Dale threw at Brad on their way across the parking lot to their black Hummer.

"Shut up, man. I didn't expect- She's not even close to a hunchback," he mumbled.

Dale turned to Brad, surprised. It wasn't often a woman affected his friend. He was cool, composed, and while he was not what women would consider "a nice guy," he certainly got his way with them. So the fact he couldn't even finish a sentence had Dale stifling a bout of laughter.

"Expect what? That she'd freak when you asked her if she feels that her life's in danger? Geez, man, c'mon. You had her shaking in her sexy heels."

He jumped behind the wheel and waited for Brad. The parking lot was full, and they'd seen nothing suspicious on their way into her studio. But he was sure Brad would want to keep an eye on her. *Something* wasn't right.

"I don't know what happened, man. I was cool until we walked in her office, and then damn. Her ass is ridiculous."

Dale was pretty sure he cracked a rib laughing. Brad seemed so confused at his total lack of control, Dale wished he'd had a camera. But shit, he was right. Isabel had the perfect behind—round, lean, purely amazing. His dick had gotten so hard for her he swore she'd take one look at his tearing zipper and call him all kinds of pervert.

“Yeah, well, what now?” Dale asked while turning the key.

Brad shook his head and raked his fingers through his hair. “We switch cars and watch her place tonight. Something’s just off but I don’t know what. I may have been a bit forward, but why did she just lose it like that? I didn’t even get to tell her what Thomas told me to say. She started shaking and panicking, like we’d try anything with the few students waiting in the lobby.”

Dale had to agree it was a bit much for her. They knew she was fiercely independent and ran the dance school very successfully. Entrepreneurs had to be strong by nature, or any little business problem would have them throwing in the towel.

“Okay, let’s do it.”

He took off for their house to get ready for the long night ahead. They didn’t mind changing their schedules for her, even if she didn’t even remember them. Boy, that had stung. He and Brad knew very well little Isabel had spent many weekends watching their house, even with binoculars, to get a peek in their windows. They laughed it off and pulled the curtains, thinking it cute that the kid next door liked them. But not remember them now? How couldn’t she?

Dale knew that’s what had Brad fuming next to him. That she’d been indifferent to them and hadn’t batted an eye like women always did around them. The shock on her beautiful face when she first saw them had obviously been due to the sight she’d given them as a welcome, not because she recognized them. *So much for male pride.*

Brad had always been different where Isabel was concerned. Dale had thought at first it was because they’d technically known her from the time she was a pre-teen and they cared so much about old Thomas. But it had grown into something more, although Brad refused to admit it. His friend trusted no woman except his sister, Bailey. Yet there was something that drew him to Isabel. Sometimes Dale wondered if it was possible to have a connection to someone with whom you’d never spoken.

But it didn't matter. Dale was afraid Brad would just treat Isabel with the same carelessness he showed all women. It was a matter of time. He'd never blamed Brad after all he'd gone through. How does someone get over his mother abandoning him? But he hoped someday Brad would trust a woman. It might do him some good.

Dale trusted, maybe too much at times, and that had landed him in rip tides, especially after Brad had warned him not to get too close, not to care. But it was innate in him to nurture and see to a woman's feelings, to give her what she needed.

His mother had raised him on her own after his father died while Dale was still a small child. Consequently, Dale was more in tune with the needs of the fairer sex in relation to their emotions than Brad.

Dale was also very aware of and wouldn't deny that the effect Isabel had had on him had been stronger than any woman in a very long time. It wasn't just the primal urge when he saw her bending over, immediately picturing himself yanking that skimpy thong out of the way for his cock. It had been the defiance in her eyes and the way her mouth trembled when they mentioned Gina, and he'd yearned to comfort her. When her stubborn chin thrust up an inch and she denied knowing them, he'd wanted to kiss her beautiful pink lips. His hands had actually itched to touch her.

Damn, she is a gorgeous woman. Her long black hair promised to be silk in his fingers. Those big key-lime green eyes with thick eyebrows arching neatly over each were the most exotic he'd known. According to Thomas, Isabel and her father inherited those green eyes from her father's Spaniard lineage. Her slightly square jaw was strong and adorable. Her glowing skin had a natural tan to it, not sprayed or produced with artificial light. And her breasts, shit, were enough to make a man come just looking at her.

He had to know the feel of her between him and Brad. They'd shared women many incredible times, and it was a pleasure that knew no boundaries. From the time they'd learned ménage at eighteen, it had quickly become addictive, a drug they craved more and more as

time passed. Lately it had become an aching need, lurking deep, an entity of its own now savage and demanding. They could no longer ignore it and satisfy it with just anyone.

No, no one else he could think of could soothe their ache, or even deserved their mastery of the forbidden act. It had taken years, but ultimately the addiction was the rush they experienced when all their calculated moves pleased the woman. It wasn't how many women they could please. It was how they pleased one woman.

They got their high from working in rhythmic unison to see a woman lose control and all her inhibitions and allow her body to be consumed in almost painful ecstasy. They needed their fix of pushing a woman to pleasures she didn't know she could feel, and taking dominance over her body to watch her come over and over.

They were in sync with the other's needs and style. Dale catered to their emotions while Brad focused on the physical. They were both possessive, dominant, and they mastered their rhythm. They took turns, unselfish with their lovers, setting the pace, seducing them, pleasing them in ways they never dreamed.

The times Brad had shared his sexual fantasies about Isabel, they knew sharing her would take sex to another unimaginable and fulfilling level for them. They weren't kids anymore, and they knew if they could find one woman for the two of them, then life would be nothing short of perfect. They were close, had been for half their time on earth, and two women would mean separate lives.

He didn't want to play the game anymore. He was, frankly, done with meaningless, empty sex. While Brad needed a woman to see beyond the shadows of his past and show him what real love was, Dale wanted a woman immune to his charms who loved him for who he was. He wanted someone who could appreciate his nurturing personality.

But for now, he had to focus on keeping Isabel safe. Keeping their dicks in their pants would be difficult, but they wouldn't risk her life.

One look at Brad and he knew his friend was giving himself the same pep talk right now.

Boy, this will be one fucking long night.

Chapter Three

Isabel closed her eyes. Droplets of warm water rushed down her soapy breasts, past her navel, and toward the small triangle of hair between her legs. Her fingers separated her smooth lips and pushed into her cunt, already sticky and wet. She fingered herself quickly, moaning softly, dreaming.

Brad and Dale touched her, caressed her, licked every bit of her. Oh, how she craved their bodies next to hers. *Hard. Big. Strong.* They couldn't be murderers. She wouldn't believe it. She'd watched them seduce women, arching their large bodies over them, their hands roaming, tearing off clothes, kneading. Why not her? She was so wet, so ready.

Oh, those hands on me. Four big, strong hands.

Nik had teased her for dreaming about threesomes with them, but so what? She saw it at Club Lava, and it was so raw, so carnal. Her other hand pressed her clit and circled the sensitive nub until sparks went off in her belly. She slid another finger in her pussy now, yeah, a thick cock pushing inside, fucking her.

Her back arched, and water cooled her flushed face. She'd love to taste the other dick, big and swollen in her mouth. She licked her lips. They'd grab her hair, hold her hips, pump her full with every inch of their cocks. Their muscles would strain, they'd call out her name. *Oh, yes.* Isabel came, her pussy fluttering in spasms. She breathed fast and leaned her forehead on the wet, cold tile.

Damn, how she wanted them. From the first time she saw them playing tag football in their front lawn when she was eleven, she'd fantasized about them noticing her. She'd hoped to become a woman

they'd find as attractive as they found the girls they romanced poolside.

She'd looked forward to Sunday lunch at her grandfather's just to take a look at those college boys. And when she heard the story of "those good kids, Brad and Dale" helping her grandfather decorate his house for Christmas, she scrawled their names on every notepad in her bedroom.

When her father prohibited her mom from going back to her grandfather's, she'd been sixteen and heartbroken. She missed Grandpa, and she could no longer secretly watch the hotties next door. She'd never stopped dreaming about them, wondering if they still lived in that two-story beachfront house, if they were still as gorgeous. Well, she could stop wondering about the second part.

Click. It was soft, but she heard it. Her eyes flew open, and she shut off the water. *Thump.* Something, *someone* was outside her bedroom in the living room area. Her heart caught in her throat.

She pulled the curtain open and grabbed her pink satin robe. Not bothering to towel off, water splattered around her feet and plastered the thin material to her wet skin. Slowly, she opened the door. Her moss-green bedroom was dimly lit, the scented candle casting soft shadows on her walls. She stepped out and looked around, nervously eyeing each corner of her room. Satisfied, she took a deep breath and headed for the hallway. Maybe it was the neighbor's cat outside again.

A light drizzle fell outside, and the sweet smell of rain tickled her nose. The scent was *too* strong. She stepped lightly on the balls of her feet, padding away any sound on the white tiled floor. The house was dark, save for the kitchen light she left on, which now provided the only light for her to see.

Damn it. She hadn't grabbed anything she could use as a weapon. Straight ahead at the end of the hallway, behind the closed door, was her office. She turned right, toward the rest of the house, and looked out at the rattan furniture in the living room. *Nothing.* The front door

to the far right was closed. The kitchen opposite her seemed normal, as was the hallway to the left that led to Nik's room.

But the sound of rain now fell in a crescendo. Her hair fluttered and her heart stopped. She was terrified to look. But she did. The sliding glass door to the backyard on her far left was open. She knew she'd closed it tonight. It was ajar enough that a person could easily walk through.

Tears pooled in her eyes, her mouth dried, and the bottom seemed to fall from her belly. In the corner of her eye she caught something. A movement. In the hallway to Nik's room stood a tall masked man staring back at her.

Blasted with paralyzing fear, she screamed until her lungs hurt and her throat burned. A crash to her right made her jump, and she saw a man barreling into her house. *Brad*. A second later, he pinned the masked man with a wild glare and took off running after him. But the man was fast, sprinting out the back before Brad could catch him.

Isabel shook hard, now covering her mouth and fighting jelly knees that threatened to buckle. Someone held her and whispered softly in her ear, and she let it out, crying quietly into a solid, muscled chest. Strong, protective arms helped her to her couch where she hid her face in her hands and leaned her elbows on her knees.

"Are you okay?"

He was here, in my house, watching. Waiting. Oh, God.

She'd been all alone and playing with herself in the shower. Someone had invaded her home. *Her home*. What if he had gotten to her? What if Brad hadn't come tearing through her front door? Brad. Why had he been outside?

That one of the men she'd pictured touching her, kissing her, and was responsible for yet another orgasm was here rescuing her was surreal and thrilling. It was actually heroic and romantic. Still, the pleasure of an indulgent moment and the fear of being killed left her immobile and shocked.

"Isabel? Are you okay?"

She nodded, not sure if she could speak, and wiped her tears away.

“He ran out the other side of the house, I couldn’t catch him.” Brad announced acidly, entering through the same sliding door. “How is she?”

“Shaken up, but not hurt,” Dale replied.

“Okay, you’re moving in with us,” Brad stated. “Let’s go pack.”

Her head snapped up at the matter-of-fact, remark. Brad waited, hands on hips, by the hallway to her bedroom. Dale got up and stood in front of her, arms crossed, giving her the same blank expression.

Were they serious? She was grateful for the way they’d come barging into her home and saved her, but they couldn’t just order her around. Actually, she was bouncing on puffy clouds, elated that the same two guys she’d fawned over her entire adolescent years were her heroes, but still, did they need to be so bossy?

She found she could speak now. “What? I can’t move in with you.”

“You can, and you will,” Dale told her sternly.

“No! This is ridiculous. I’ve been on my own long enough. I just forgot to lock the door and set the alarm, that’s all. I was tired. It won’t happen again.” She looked from one to the other hoping one would see reason.

Brad crossed his arms and nodded. “You’re right, it won’t. No one will try to hurt you in our house. Now, let’s pack.”

This is too much. She hadn’t fully recovered from her very private, very orgasmic moment in the shower, and now she was being ordered about, in her home, by the very men who’d she’d fantasized about in the shower.

Isabel rose to her feet a bit wobbly, but, not wanting another reason for these brutes to think she couldn’t be left alone, she did a good job of hiding her trembling knees behind the robe.

“Look, I don’t know why the hell you both think you have this responsibility to watch over me. For all I know, you’re working with

the guy. I mean, what the hell were you doing just outside my house,” she pointed at her broken front door, “to have heard me scream? You destroy my property, then order me to move in with you? You’re crazy.”

Brad took a step toward her, then stopped abruptly. “Look, Isabel, let’s just say we owe your grandfather a favor so we are just watching over you. Now, pack your things up before I do it for you. And trust me, sweetheart, I’ll only look for the skimpiest lingerie for you to lounge around in all day.”

The unexpected words dried her mouth but wet her pussy. It had the most deliciously wicked ring to it, sitting around in nothing but a bra and panty all day long in their home. Her instant physical reaction was even more shocking than his threat. If only he knew just how very much she liked his threat.

She cocked her head to the side and propped her fists on her hips. “Oh, really? A favor? You don’t expect me to believe that, do you?”

“No. Not until I tell you that your grandfather gave us the title to the building that houses Salsa Nights. In case you didn’t believe he willingly gave it to us at the time of his death, he drew something on the back of it. A butterfly. He said you’d know what that meant, and I’ll be glad to show it to you, except I didn’t think to bring it along with us tonight. It’s being held by BD Corporation until your thirtieth birthday. Guess what that stands for?”

Isabel had stopped breathing a few seconds ago. This was really too much for one night. *They* owned *her* building? Her grandfather *gave* them the title? The butterfly. She remembered the butterfly pin he sent her on her eighteenth birthday, a few weeks before his sudden death. He wrote on the card that it signified her blossoming into a woman and moving on into the world. But why did he just give the title away?

“I don’t understand,” she whispered, looking at Brad, then at Dale.

“Well, we’d love to explain more, but there’s no time right now,” Dale gently replied.

Brad stepped closer, and Isabel shook her head stubbornly. “I’m not going, and that’s final. Please, just leave,” she told them as bravely as she could.

“Fine, Ms. Santos. You now owe us rent at triple the price your neighbors pay per square foot, and it’s due next week.” Brad threw it at her so casually she thought he was joking, until his lack of emotion reminded her who she was talking to—the blue-eyed jerk.

“You can’t do that. That’s blackmail. You know damn well living with two men is just- it’s-”

Brad took the final step that brought him inches from her budding nipples.

“An experience you just may enjoy.”

Isabel wanted to slap him, she really did, but the change this conversation had suddenly taken had her hot, curious, and very distracted. If she leaned forward just a hair, her peaks would caress his chest. His cool, fresh-scented cologne cloaked her, mesmerized her. The chill that always rimmed his eyes had warmed, darkened, and sucked her in. He was so damn masculine, her arousal meter topped ten.

But of course, they didn’t know she wanted both of them *simultaneously*. God, they’d probably think she was slutty or trampy. No good girl would dream of being caressed and stroked by two male gods. But she did dream about it, a lot, and she was, always had been, a good girl. She realized it was important to her what they thought of her. Still, what chance did she ever have of being with them if she didn’t somehow let them know of these dark desires?

What made her even think they’d do that sort of thing with her? What made her think he was talking about anything sexual to begin with? He was just teasing her, probably still seeing her like the scrawny kid she once was. That’s why his face was so inscrutable and his eyes as arrogant as earlier today. And why was she even thinking

about sex with them when they obviously just wanted to order her around as a *favor* to her grandfather? *Uh, I'm such an idiot.*

"You have no idea what I'd enjoy, but I promise you, it doesn't include you Neanderthals." She hoped her clipped words sounded more convincing to them than they did to her own ears.

His gaze roamed her face, traced every curve, and lingered over her slightly parted mouth. Damn him, his very presence tested her moral code. She felt the warmth of his breath wash her face, zapping every one of her nerves. She could feel a slow pulse bang against her clit. Hungry for his touch, she licked her lips.

"I'm a man of my word, Isabel, and so is my friend. I will honor the promise I made Thomas to protect you from harm, no matter how much you want to fight us. And I will answer any further questions and ease any doubts you have when I see you safe in our house, but not until then. You will stay with us until we tell you you can return here. Otherwise, you'd better add a few classes to your schedule so you can pay the new rent. You have two minutes to pack, or I will throw you over my shoulder, as we Neanderthals love to do, and all you'll have to wear, for however long you are in our house, is that damn flimsy robe."

She didn't doubt he was dead serious. She also didn't wish to test his counting skills. Damn it, why the hell did her grandfather pick these two macho pigs? Why did she believe she was safe with them? Well, because they weren't interested in banging her brains out like she wished they were doing right now.

With a haughty tilt of her chin, she stomped to her room, grabbed a bag from her closet, and proceeded to throw clothes into it without even really seeing what she was taking. All she could see were the two faces of the men she'd grown up drooling over, wondering how she never noticed just how intolerable they were. They were obviously used to getting their way if they could just demand she move in with them or give her an inflated rent.

Well, they certainly made it easier for her because now she didn't have to worry about wanting both of them. It was better this way, to hate them. *Yes, much better.*

She grabbed a couple of her sexiest dresses, telling herself it was for work. After all, she had to show her female students how to dance in something other than yoga pants or leotards.

Now all she had to do was deal with the way her body reacted anytime either one was near. No problem. Hell, if she could compete with a sprained ankle, she could certainly ignore sexual attraction. She'd just focus on the anger, on the Neanderthals, on how they could toss her over their shoulders and drop her on satin sheets, rip her clothes off and tie her to the bed. *Oh, for heaven's sake, you're such an idiot!*

* * * *

"I don't know how I'll be able to stand being near that woman without losing my mind," Brad grumbled as he paced the living room and raked both hands through his hair.

His friend stood by the patio sliding door, ensuring no one made a second appearance, which was highly unlikely, but it gave Dale something to do.

After seeing Isabel's nipples pucker wet against the robe, Brad's crotch had nearly burst the zipper.

The sight of her pink tongue dab her luscious mouth, however, had sent Brad to hell and back, soaked in sin, dripping with painful lust, and burning with a passion that had nearly driven him to possessing her right then and there.

She was like no other. He didn't need to taste her to know that simple fact. He'd seen plenty of naked women to be able to stand around them and not fall apart. But this woman did more than that. She broke him down and built him up to a more lustful, animalistic version of himself in the time it took her to take one small breath.

He walked to the couch and grabbed a red throw pillow to treat like Play-Doh but found a black lace bra. He lifted it gently, imagining his fingers unclasping it from her back, freeing one, then the other large mound he'd then tease with his lips. Brad swallowed. He closed his eyes, brought the piece of lingerie to his nose, and breathed in the perfume it carried in its memory. *Mangoes and coconuts. Exotic and sticky.* He could taste her. *Fuck.*

While she argued with him he had visions of her on all fours, her hair whipping across her small back as he fucked her ass.

Brad seriously debated jacking off to her tropical scent, rubbing the silk over his rod, but that wouldn't go over very well when she came out carrying her bags.

Coming to his senses, he dropped the bra and the pillow back on the couch and stepped into the hallway by the kitchen. This was where the man had stood when he'd kicked the door down. Her scream had impaled him in the chest, and he cursed the seconds it took them to jump out of the truck and run inside. Fear had gripped him, and he saw blood red, not knowing what he'd find. He only knew he'd tear the motherfucker apart who dared to come near Isabel.

The bastard ran fast, too, for a tall man. He'd disappeared down the side street by the time Brad ran across the living room and dining room to the sliding door. But they'd catch him. He knew they would. Something told him this one wasn't done yet.

"He was the one who killed Gina," Dale told him quietly so Isabel wouldn't hear.

Brad turned to Dale and nodded. "I was thinking the same thing. And he was here for Nik. We need to ask Isabel where she went and tell her to advise her friend to stay away."

Devin had informed them yesterday that he'd seen Nik load luggage into her car before work, and only Isabel came home last night.

"What do you think is going on?"

Brad looked toward the hallway in the direction of Isabel's bedroom. "Whatever it is, let's hope we can keep her safe."

Chapter Four

Well, that wasn't awkward at all.

Dale offered to drive Isabel's car to their house while Brad drove behind them to make sure no one followed. While Dale was sweet enough to try some small talk with her, Isabel soon let him know she wasn't interested. They spent the remainder of the twenty-minute drive to their house in silence.

How could she have any sort of normality in her life now, when she was being forced to move in with two—*two*—mega-testosterone-loaded men?

Never mind they were the first men she sexually fantasized about, dreamed about, and gushed over for years. No one had ever matched their looks, their sensuality, or their masculinity. Not even close. The only man she'd ever slept with had been handsome, but never exuded the raw power these two did. That same man had also used her to win a bet with his friends—who could sleep with the Latin Dance champion? So no matter how good looking he'd been, he was a monster. And broke her heart.

She'd waited a long time to have sex. She'd wanted to secure her championship, finish her education, and kick-start her dance studio. Rick had been a dancer she met at different events, and Isabel thought he was the sweetest man she'd met. It had been instant, mutual attraction, so when she drank the last glass of champagne at her celebration party at the hotel, it was Rick she allowed a kiss.

Before she knew it, they were upstairs in her hotel room having sex and, naively, she assumed he'd see her again. But on her way out

of the shower, she heard his self-accolades on the phone with someone, bragging about winning the disgusting bet.

She threw him out and never heard from him again. She hadn't even seen him at the meets they usually each attended. That he'd try so hard to run into her before they had sex and then totally avoided her after, made her feel so used and ashamed.

Heart shattered, she drowned herself in work at Salsa Nights and had only been out with two guys with whom Nik had set her up. She kindly let them down by the second sip of her water during their first lunch dates and drove back to work. She realized men saw the image she portrayed on the dance floor—passionate, sensual, erotic—but nothing deeper.

She had also been cursed with large breasts. She wore large shirts to work and only took them off on days she exerted herself and became too hot. Guys talked at her, not to her, about themselves.

Her father had ignored her most of her life. It was probably the reason she absorbed herself in dancing as a child and now in her work. But no matter how hard she worked, how many ribbons or trophies she accumulated, most times he hadn't sat in the audience alongside her mother.

And although they'd died seven years ago, she still busted her ass at her dance studio. She couldn't try to impress her father anymore, and men weren't interested in her intelligence, hard work, or success, but she loved to dance.

It had been easy to ignore most sexual urges as busy as she was with her students, especially now, getting them in top shape for the upcoming meets. But ignore the way Brad and Dale made her feel tonight? She was already doubting her earlier convictions, and she hadn't even stepped foot in their house.

Which was where Dale had finally arrived. It was the same beautiful home she remembered watching as a kid—well, at least the two hunks residing there. It was a magnificent two story

Mediterranean house with a stunning Atlantic Ocean view and private beach.

While her grandfather's house had been beautiful, she'd always loved this house. From the red-tiled roof with matching red steps that led to towering front doors, the white walls, elegant arches, tall palm trees in the front, to the gorgeous Roman pool in the back, it was all stunning.

Dale parked in the circular driveway and came around to open Isabel's door. She accepted his hand but instantly pulled away when she stood, avoiding the popping spark that transferred between them. He grabbed her bags while Brad pulled up behind them. Not wanting to have another confrontation with the man, she headed up the steps.

Dale came up right behind her and let her into their home. He held the door open, and she hesitantly stepped into a round foyer. To her right towered a curved stairwell. To the left was an elegant dining area, while a large kitchen sat farther back. Beyond the stairs on her right was an arched entryway to hidden rooms. Straight ahead she admired the large living room. Off-white walls and oversized furniture were accented with blue pillows, rugs, curtains, and flowers. It was breezy, modern, and inviting. Beyond the living room, she could see romantic pool lights glimmering across the calm water.

"How about a tour tomorrow? It's late, and it's been quite a night. I'm sure you'd just like to get some sleep." Dale watched her, bags in hand, while Brad aimed for the hallway behind the stairs.

She nodded, feeling exhausted but knowing sleep would come late, if at all. He walked her through the kitchen where she stopped to admire stainless steel appliances, the blue-tiled countertops and island, and professional double ovens. She wondered which of the two was the cook, or if this was all part of their game to seduce women. Women usually loved men who could make a great breakfast in bed or a succulent candlelight dinner.

Past the kitchen, he turned down a hallway to the door at the end. She hadn't expected this house to look the way it did on the inside.

She'd always pictured it more of a bachelor hangout with black lacquer and maybe some whips and chains hanging from a ceiling somewhere. And when he led her into her room, she found she liked the all-white furniture and pale yellow walls.

While it was a guest bedroom, it must have been designed by a woman. The queen-sized bed, covered in a white comforter, was flanked by nightstands topped with beautiful purple orchids. A short palm tree stood on one side of the large window facing the back of the house while a small dresser sat across from her bed and was covered with different sized candles. She could see she also had her own bathroom.

Dale put her bags down by what looked like the closet door and eyed her carefully. "Well, I hope this works. The alarm's set so you're safe here."

So I can't escape. "Are you guys in the habit of kidnapping women? This room looks too feminine for any of your manly friends," she noted sarcastically.

"Bailey, you may remember Brad's little sister, decorated this house. She has her own interior design firm in Chicago. She figured she'd want a girly room to come sleep in whenever she flies into town." He crossed his arms, and his biceps threatened to tear the poor sleeves at the seams.

Stop drooling.

"And, yes, we usually keep our *kidnapped* women in here. I'm sure we can find the rope somewhere in these drawers," he said, with the faintest grin before pretending to scan the dresser and the nightstands for said rope.

Secretly admiring the work Bailey did on what she'd seen of the first floor, and cursing Dale's ability to disarm her with his playboy dimples and divine body, she snorted.

"And would you share with me how the poor women finally got out of here?"

Dale took one step toward her and moved his eyes over every inch of her. She'd had just enough time to throw on some black jeans and a white tank top back at her house, but she might as well be naked. By the time his chocolate eyes were back on her face, she was flushing and more than wet again. Damn these men.

"Once Brad and I were done satisfying every single sexual fantasy they'd ever had, we had to push them out the door. But don't worry. That's not why you're here. You're here so we can keep you safe. Trust me, nothing will happen."

What the hell had just happened? He went from proving why they'd been worthy of her masturbating to them to insulting her in the same breath. The charming one? Ugh, he was just a cold-blooded playboy.

"Trust me, nothing will make me happier," she retorted indifferently.

He gave her an odd look she couldn't quite figure out and began walking out of the bedroom.

"Where do you guys sleep?" she asked.

He turned, still holding the doorknob behind him. "Thinking about paying us a visit tonight?"

She raised a brow and crossed her arms. "Yes, to smother you with a very large pillow." She got another dimple-producing grin. Ugh, it wasn't fair that he was so damned gorgeous.

"I'm right above you, and Brad's in the other side of the house. However, I'll be taking the room down this hallway for now. I figured you'd want your own room, but it's too far from us for our own peace of mind."

How noble, but as much as she'd like to think they were being thoughtful, she knew it was just to look the part of the heroes rescuing the Spanish damsel. It wasn't to benefit her, to give her some privacy, or some smidgen of comfort. It was to look good. Period.

If they hadn't felt the need to threaten her with some atrocious rent, she'd believe they actually had cared about some promise they

made to her grandfather. But because they had, she knew it was just a bother. She was just a thorn in their perfect gigolo lives.

“Well, you’re too close for mine. Good night.” She locked the door the moment he clicked it closed.

* * * *

Brad was in hell. A scorching, deafening inferno reminding him how beautiful Isabel was, but he couldn’t have her.

He’d pulled Dale off to the side to discuss who drove what from her house last night, and told him to take the guest room next to hers.

While Dale was the ladies’ man, Brad just didn’t trust himself around Isabel. Dale was the emotional caregiver in their ménages. He would also respect their dangerous situation, knowing that any relationship with Isabel was bound to blind them from the apparent killer stalking her. Brad, however, would throw caution, along with all sense of logic, honor, and any other moral code, out the window for one taste of Isabel.

It wasn’t like him to lose his self-control over anyone, especially a woman. He was always reserved, cool, and distant, much to the dismay of the women who whined and complained until, fed up that their tears didn’t soften him, they walked away. Brad felt women would do just that eventually. They would leave, like his mom did when he was a child, so why bother with any type of an emotional bond? But with Isabel it was different. Brad didn’t think clearly and his heart raced when she was near.

Late last night, Dale enlightened him on the interesting conversation he’d had with her. His friend had been appalled at having to imply they didn’t want sex with her just to keep himself from touching her. As Dale put it, when he told her that nothing would happen, it was more an order for his dick to settle down than for Isabel’s benefit. But the bit about smothering them in their sleep

had Brad laughing, because he could understand her frustration, even if his was of a different type.

Seeing her naked tested his self-restraint to the snapping point. But the way she stood up to him, defiance shimmering in her stunning green eyes, her chin proudly jutting up in the air, was more emotionally arousing than he'd ever thought possible. She was strong, sensual, and stubborn. Qualities that just didn't normally fit in the beautiful little package they were wrapped in.

Damn, how he wanted to unwrap her. He dreamed of opening up that pink robe, lifting her by her ass to feel her lean legs around his hips, and pushing his aching cock inside her. He needed to hear her moan and call out his name. He had to *own* her.

Shit, he had to get through another day without touching her. The sun was rising, whipping the first ribbons of orange glow across the ocean. Seagulls scoured the empty beach in search of breakfast. The only sound was the dripping of the steaming coffee into the half-full pot.

"Ouch! Damn it."

He turned at the sound of Isabel cursing an apparent bump into something.

He crossed the living room, watching her over the countertop as she examined her hip, and walked into the kitchen behind her. Damn, she was beautiful, and so small he wanted to sweep her into his arms and keep her safe. She wore a large gray shirt and tight black yoga pants. Her hair was down, and straight black tresses fell to the middle of her back, and he wondered how it'd look splayed across his pillow.

"Are you okay?" Brad asked carefully, so as not to startle her, but she spun around, pulling the too-big shirt back over her left hip.

His chest swelled when he noticed her look at him, top to bottom, then back to his eyes. He usually wore clothes around the house, but with sexual frustration crowding every thought, all he'd wanted was some caffeine so he didn't think past the jeans. After that obvious

admiration of his physique—from which she quickly recovered—he was thankful for that oversight.

“Um, yes. I just ran into the corner of the island. I’m fine,” she reassured him while rubbing the hidden injury.

He stepped forward, ignoring the step she took back. “Let’s take a look at it.”

Her eyes opened wide, and he was dismayed to see fear. Why the hell did she fear him? Now he felt like a perverted ogre.

“Why?” she asked in a small voice.

“Are you scared of me?”

Isabel set her mouth firm. She snatched her shirt up and pinned it under her chin, lowered the edge of her pants, and yanked up what he figured was her deep green leotard. *Fuck.*

Her skin was creamy caramel. Tanned, soft, and silky. His breathing came a little faster now, and he couldn’t have stopped his fingers from reaching for her hip had someone held a gun to his temple. He raked his thumb across the curve of the bone.

Unknowingly, he licked his dry lips as he eyed what little he could of her inner thigh, imagining himself pulling aside that tight green material to expose her smooth lips. He’d run his tongue over them before separating them, spreading them wide to allow for a taste of her.

Oh hell, his dick pounded, and she was sure to notice and find more reason to hate him. When she flinched at his touch, he dropped his hand.

“Yup, you’ll have a small bruise there,” he told her, stepping back quickly as if he’d been burned. He really felt as if he’d just played with fire. “Coffee?” He turned to reach for the mugs, anything to distract him before he threw her across the kitchen table.

“Thank you, yes.”

“Milk and sugar?” He handed her the large mug.

She looked up at him curiously. “Yes. Was that a guess or did you know?”

He took the milk out of the refrigerator and set it next to the sugar bowl on the island. Then he walked to the other side, putting as much distance as he could from her. "That's how Thomas drank it, so I just guessed."

While that may have been a guess, he knew she favored the color red for her dancing costumes, that she wore the cutest pigtails when she ran errands, and when she was deep in conversation, she rimmed her wine glass with her delicate fingers.

Mug in hand, Isabel moved to the same spot where he'd been standing by the patio door.

He told himself not to follow her, to go do something, rearrange the garage or clean all the grout in the bathroom with a tiny brush. *Anything but stand near her again.* But before he knew it, he was walking toward her, and he sucked in his breath.

The morning sun cast a delicate orange light on her, creating an angelic silhouette. Just when he didn't think she could be any more stunning she managed to suck his breath away with her ethereal beauty. .

"So, what's this about you owing my grandfather?" she asked dryly and sipped her coffee while watching the sun rise.

Brad knew the question would be asked today, and he delivered his rehearsed answer as he slowly approached her. "We got into some trouble, Dale and I, and Thomas saved us. When he asked us to watch over you, we didn't hesitate." He took a drink from his own cup.

She turned to him. "That was vague. Why would he ask his neighbors to watch over me?"

Expecting the obvious follow-up question, he replied, "He loved you and figured your free-spirit personality may get you in trouble some day." That wasn't exactly the whole truth, but it was all he could give her right now.

Slowly, she nodded. "That must have been some trouble you boys got into for the favor to span a few years."

She believed him, Brad saw it in her eyes and he felt like a jerk for hiding things from her. “Yes, he was quite a man.”

Isabel’s lips turned up at the corners. “So you don’t want to tell me the severity of the trouble you two were in, or how my grandfather saved you.”

The woman was fast—he liked that. “Very good, Isabel. Now tell me, do you have any idea who was in your house last night?”

She picked that moment to fix her gaze on his mouth, and he swore he stopped breathing. “No. Do you?”

He cleared his throat. “No.”

“Then how did you know to be at my house last night?”

“I didn’t. We have had a hunch since Gina’s murder that you might be in danger, too, so we’ve been passing by your house at night. We heard you scream.” And he never wanted to hear that sound again.

She cocked her head and raised an arched brow at him. “What did my grandfather tell you, exactly?”

Brad knew he couldn’t tell her everything, yet. *All in its own good time.* “Your father made a few enemies and Thomas felt someday someone may want to hurt you to retaliate. Since the cops no longer see Gina’s boyfriend as a suspect, and they have no other suspects yet, we’re taking a few precautions.”

Isabel pursed her lips. “I remember my father upsetting a lot of people. I’d hear my mom argue with him and say something about how someone said my dad would someday pay. But I never found out what exactly he’d done. I figured it had to do with his shady business deals my mom hated so much.”

She shook her head, her eyes drifting off to a distant memory.

“I’m sorry for all this,” he told her.

Isabel turned back to him. “Tell me, how did you know about Gina’s murder, and that she was a friend?”

“Good morning. How about some breakfast?” Dale broke in quite cheerfully from the kitchen, and for that, Brad was thankful.

Chapter Five

Isabel couldn't eat. She was hungry, starving actually. The food was amazing, and she had learned Dale was the culinary genius, taught by his mother, who'd designed their professional kitchen. The problem was the men. Oh, they had impeccable manners and made sure she lacked nothing. It was their damned good looks.

And that was putting it mildly. She'd had a hard enough time since she ran into the edge of the kitchen island when she caught a half-naked Brad enjoying the sunrise. The sun had seemed to rise just for him. He was so magnificent—flat stomach, large muscular chest, chiseled arms, a perfect behind.

Isabel actually struggled to carry on a conversation with him. And he was so blasé she felt like some ugly, inadequate little girl ogling him. Just as she had felt when she used to watch him from the other side of the fence.

Then Dale walked in with exactly the same, and only, piece of clothing on. And she'd had another moment of tunnel vision, looking at his ripped abs and wide shoulders that went on to next week.

She was glad when they left to get dressed but soon realized it made no difference. Brad left his shirt unbuttoned and Dale's arms flexed invitingly under the short sleeves.

Damn! How is it possible they look even better?

So there she sat, trying desperately to listen to their conversation and keep her eyes tacked to their incredibly delicious faces. Brad's blue eyes simply sparkled in the morning. Dale's chocolate eyes made her so hungry for something other than his eggs Benedict. *Damn.*

How could she be so attracted to *both* of them when *they* were a blue-eyed jerk and a cold-blooded playboy?

All Brad did was offer to look at her bruise, and the touch of his hand on her hip actually made her dizzy. His face had been so close to her inner thigh she'd nearly moaned, and her fingers trembled to grab his black hair. Of course, he acted as if he were inspecting curtains while she was sure he read the anticipation, the want in her face.

"What are your plans today, Isabel?" She blinked at the sound of Brad's voice and drank half her orange juice to bring her temperature back down to something more tolerable.

Dale's cell phone rang just then, and he walked outside to the pool. *Probably a woman*. But why even waste her time thinking about that?

"I'm going to work." She carried her dishes to the sink.

"What?" Brad asked quietly. *Too quietly*.

She turned and repeated it slowly, in case he was confused. "I'm going to my studio to work."

Even sitting at the table he seemed so large, but his expression was blank. *Nothing*. "No, you're not."

He stated it so matter-of-factly she was stunned for a full five seconds. "Excuse me?"

"I said, no, you're not."

Isabel crossed her arms and managed to keep her composure. "Since when do I need your permission to go to *my* place of business?"

When Brad rose to his full height, Isabel almost took a step back. *Almost*. He closed in on her, but she rooted herself to the floor. Damn, he was so tall and intimidating, especially because he didn't look mad. He didn't *look* anything, actually. He wore his usual blank expression.

"Since someone broke into your house last night."

"Well, it won't be night, and I won't be at my house. I'll be at my very busy, very crowded dance studio."

She had to drop her head back now, and his face turned dark.

“Then I suggest one of us go with you or you don’t go at all.”

“That is ridiculous. But then again, you like telling me what to do. I don’t need you there.”

“If it means keeping you alive, one of us goes with you. End of discussion. Should I drive?”

“You arrogant, impossible—” Brad’s lips came down so hard on hers, she slammed against the counter behind her.

His tongue found hers and demanded a possessive dance. It dove, swooped, and pushed in and out. His hunger sucked her breath away. She tasted freshly brewed coffee and smelled his masculine scent. Fingers grabbed locks of her hair and pulled her head back, making her mouth more accessible. Her body crushed to his. His dick, large and throbbing, stabbed her stomach.

How had she known it would be that big? He circled his hips, digging his rod into her, killing her with a new ache between her legs.

Her hands explored his sinewy back and shoulders. His moved down her sides, teasing her breasts with his thumbs, under her shirt, and climbed up to palm her mounds.

Isabel moaned, a deep, wistful sound. Yes, she’d dreamed about his touch, his hands on her, kneading, rubbing. He was a savage, rough and fast. She wanted more. Whatever he needed, oh, he could take it. Her hands found his silky hair and grabbed it tightly, praying this wasn’t another fantasy.

He moved a hand down her ribs, down to her waist, and pushed under the elastic of her pants. She whimpered. He groaned. She threw her head back and squeezed her eyes shut. Her hips pushed toward him. The moistness sticking to her leotard created sensations that peaked her arousal. Waves of lust preceded his fingers, beating a path to her eager clit.

His fingers pressed against the now-swelling button, and when his fingers circled her damp labia, her entire body shuddered.

“Brad,” she whimpered, starving, urging him to push the material out of the way. She was aching, panting for release. All these years, dreaming, wishing. *Oh, please, touch me.*

But she sensed something—a presence. Her dazed eyes opened to Dale standing in the kitchen watching, and she felt as if a bucket of ice fell on her. With a strangled gasp, she pushed Brad away and ran out of the kitchen to her room.

Shit, how could she lose control like that? What would Dale think? *Damn it!* She wanted Dale too—she wanted *both* of them.

It had begun the first time she’d hung out with Gina at Club Lava. Gina had warned her that sex was everywhere, and it was explicit. Isabel went in, though, just wanting to have fun after a hard day of work. The sex had been raw, to say the least, from the dance floor to the couches to the back rooms. It was the threesomes, however, that had grabbed, no, stolen her attention. She’d instantly pictured Brad and Dale as the two lovers who would worship her inexperienced body, making her cry out in relentless pleasure. Not a day had gone by since that visit over a year ago that she hadn’t visualized her own ménage.

She’d only gone back once more, the last night she saw Gina, and the images of lovers at the club had shot her desires to a more lustful need. They’d given her a craving to experience something daring, wild, and wanton that only Brad and Dale could show her.

Yet, she couldn’t admit she wanted them, not yet. She just couldn’t accept she was the kind of woman who needed two men to satisfy her. What did that say about her? What if now that Dale had seen her kiss Brad he no longer wanted her?

That was another thing. How could she be attracted to two completely different men? Maybe it was their differences that satisfied every yearning she felt, to be dominated and to be nurtured in the bedroom. To be taught the art of ménage and to have her fears, her doubts cared for. To have them possess and own her body while ensuring her every need was met.

Still, how was it that Brad wanted her when all along he'd been a blank face shouting orders and making threats? Dale must have wanted her, too. She'd caught a glimpse of it, a lust in his eyes. No, that was crazy, wishful thinking. Yet, the thought that he'd wanted her as he watched her moan in Brad's arms was thrilling. Erotic. And if he didn't find it as exciting as she had? If only Brad wanted her? She couldn't be with one and not with the other. Not after years of crushing on them as a teenager, years of dreaming they were her lovers, months of fantasizing about them in a ménage.

Her dreams had been too vivid to ignore one of them now. But again, how could Brad want her? He didn't, of course. She was just a female in his house. He would have jumped on anyone standing there with him.

Their voices, though muffled, carried to her room, and she could tell they moved away.

She grabbed her car keys and dance bag and returned to the kitchen where she could see them talking outside by the pool. She couldn't fathom their present conversation, but gauging by Brad's purposeful stride, hands on hips, and heated discussion with Dale she guessed he regretted what he'd done. Upset that she had so many conflicting emotions and desires, ashamed that she may be wasting her time lusting after two men she may never have, she thought of one thing that always made her feel better.

She headed out the front door, jumped in her car, and drove as fast as she could to her studio. Her cheeks burned, the crotch of her leotard sticky from desire, and she could still see Dale's face. *Watching.*

She flushed at the memory of how Brad had branded her because she still felt the heat of his hands and his dick on her. She wanted Brad so badly she nearly cried when he groaned for her. But she had also wanted Dale to join them the second she saw him watching. What the hell was she going to do?

* * * *

“Look, I know you’ve wanted Isabel for a long time. But there are much bigger things at play here than your sexual frustrations.” Dale paced alongside the rectangular pool.

Brad passed him, walking the opposite direction. “I know we said we’d behave. She’s just so damn—”

“Beautiful, sensual—” Dale said.

“Stubborn, argumentative—” Brad added.

“And perfect.”

Dale looked out to the beach. He squinted as the sun shone brightly, but he knew the heat he felt came from the scene inside.

The sight of Isabel—eyes closed, back arched, mouth open, moaning—had done more for his dick than the last blow job he’d gotten.

He released a long, lustful breath. “She could be the one.”

Brad raised a brow. “You mean the one you think we could both have for the rest of our lives?”

Dale nodded. He’d mentioned this to Brad before, though Brad had been doubtful. But that was his nature, not to trust women. In his mind, a woman for the two of them would be a nympho who would stray.

Dale, however, felt a woman for them to share would be more fulfilling than anything they’d experienced. The right woman would love them unconditionally, enjoying the pleasures they yearned to give while secured in her position as much more than their lover but their equal partner as well. And while Brad had reluctantly agreed, it didn’t mean he’d immediately jump on board.

“Yeah,” Dale said simply.

Brad looked toward the house and nodded. “It would be incredible, man. One little problem. She freaked out when she saw you. That shove she gave me was not wimpy.”

Dale grinned and walked toward Brad. “That shove came after a look that I didn’t miss. It was curiosity. Her mouth, her eyes—”

“Okay, damn, I get it. I’m still suffering here with a hard-on that’s coming out of my jeans. Shit,” Brad scoffed. “But we can’t have her. We’ve stayed away all these years to better watch over her. It’s bad enough she’s here under our roof. Adding sex to this complicated situation will make it hard for us to focus,” he reasoned and walked to the edge of their open deck facing the beach.

He was right. How could they tumble in bed with her and not let their guard down at some crucial point? But still.

“We’re two grown men, Brad. And we’re smart. We’ve been watching over her for a long time and led normal lives. We had sex with other women, and that didn’t interfere with our attention to Isabel. If you ask me, I don’t know that it would be as bad as you think.” Dale walked up behind him.

Brad snorted. “Says the playboy. You were just as adamant as I was about not being near her, about not laying a finger on her. What changed?”

“The look in her eyes. I know women, Brad, probably better than you. She wanted us, both of us. And tell me right now that if we have sex with her, we won’t naturally want to protect her even more? Be more careful, more possessive?”

His friend chuckled and shook his head. “So now you’re implying that having sex with her is better for her?”

Dale ignored his sarcasm and looked him in the eye. “I’m saying it won’t hurt. She won’t fight us and she may even trust us.”

Brad grew serious and stared out to sea again. “And what about her, man? Her feelings? What if she expects more than what we—what *I* can give her?”

It was hard not to feel the loneliness in his friend’s tone. Damn it, if he would just learn to let the past go.

“We talk to her. We let her decide. She’s a big girl now.”

Brad turned to face the house, specifically her bedroom. The turmoil was evident in his eyes, and it took him a moment to answer.

“All right. She’s been in our club—she’s into threesomes. Fuck me, I can’t even imagine her with someone else. But she doesn’t know *we’re* into them. Hell, she doesn’t know it’s our club, otherwise, she would have said something by now.”

Dale covered his grin with a hand, pretending to swipe something from his mouth. He knew whatever Isabel had done that night at Club Lava did not involve sex. But the reason she could waltz into a swingers club and laugh it up with friends haunted Brad day and night. Their club wasn’t for the prude, uptight, or, most of the time, the monogamous.

People were at least curious the first time they ventured into a lifestyle club, if not already experienced. Isabel hadn’t seemed shocked so she wasn’t a novice. It didn’t mean she participated in orgies or ménages, but it did mean she had, at the very least, thought about them.

“Okay, man. Let’s go talk to her, ease her into where we work and what we’re okay with.” He followed Brad back in the house, toward Isabel’s room.

“Shit!” Brad yelled a second after he walked in her room, then hurried past Dale in the hallway, through the kitchen, and headed for the front door.

“Damn it, I’m going to kill her!”

“She’s gone?” Dale wasn’t sure, but it would be the only reason he’d be this furious.

Brad slammed the front door shut and stomped past the dining area, aiming for the garage.

“Wait, wait, no. Listen to me, you’re too mad. You can’t go into her place of business and embarrass her.” Dale spoke fast, watching Brad grab his truck keys from the hook and throw the garage door open.

“Too bad. She should have listened.”

Dale hurried past him and blocked him from getting into his Hummer. “Stop!” It wasn’t often Dale saw his friend this angry, and he actually felt bad for Isabel if Brad managed to get to her.

“Get out of my way. What are you doing?” Brad’s voice was deceptively low, a tone Dale knew well.

“Saving any chance you might still have to be with her.” *That* got his attention.

Brad huffed and hung his head, took a deep breath, and faced him again. “Okay, what have you got?”

Dale relaxed a little, knowing an angry Brad storming into Salsa Nights would guarantee Isabel never speaking to them again. “Devin,” he told him with a nod, reminding him of their bouncer who’d helped them watch over Isabel in the past. “He can keep an eye on her and make sure she gets back here safe and sound. You know Devin wouldn’t mind watching a few leotard-wearing dancing girls.”

Brad eyed him, obviously thinking this through, knowing he could blow it with Isabel.

“Fine. Make the call. But he keeps his eye on her.” Brad headed back in the house, and Dale grabbed his cell phone. *Small miracles do exist.*

For the next few hours, he and Brad ran errands for their club, drove past Salsa Nights three separate times, spoke with Devin twice, and finally headed to the club.

Dale had a meeting they couldn’t cancel and a manager to train on the busiest night of the week. Friday night was theme night and tonight’s theme—pajama party—was the hottest. Once they ensured things ran smoothly, they’d head back to the house and let Devin get back to work at the club.

“How do you think Calli’s doing?” Brad asked loudly over the blaring music as they stood by the bar and observed their new general manager handle the bartender.

“She’s good. Devin was right. She’s sharp. It doesn’t hurt that she’s gorgeous,” Dale answered, noticing how the tall blonde attracted the attention of the staff and the clientele.

“Speaking of Devin,” Dale heard Brad nearly shout and turned to find Devin approach them from the end of the bar.

“Isabel’s here,” the bouncer announced.

Dale’s stomach dropped. What the hell was she doing here? Was she here for a night out or had she figured out they worked here?

“Where is she?” he shouted.

Devin looked over his shoulder, then frowned. “She was right behind me.”

He shot after Brad, furious she could be so careless. Now she’d realize they owned the place but it may make them look like a couple of horny perverts who owned a sex club to get sex. They’d decided to tell her before she’d figure it out and assume the worst of them, but they didn’t expect her to waltz in tonight. Shit.

Chapter Six

Isabel was so angry she could taste it. Even a shower and the drive down here hadn't tempered her urge to slap their handsome faces. Why hadn't they told her? This was the last place she'd seen Gina alive, and they owned the damn club.

She'd woken up from a restless nap to find herself alone and debated between a swim in the pool or a walk on the beach. It was just too tempting, however, to be in the house she knew so well from the outside and not know the inside.

As she'd climbed the stairs, she'd chided herself for been nosy but she really couldn't help herself. Knowing their home would give her more insight into the men who'd gone from starring in her teenage dreams to knocking down doors to come to her rescue.

Dale had mentioned his room was above hers so she resisted the urge to sneak a peek and stepped into the first room straight ahead. Their office was decorated no differently than the rest of the house with blues and whites dominating the color palette. But one look at the first desk she'd reached and she'd inadvertently learned they owned Club Lava. Every piece of mail was addressed to the owners and CEOs, Brad and Dale. Stupidly, she'd thought they were in real estate when they told her about BD Corporation and the title to her building.

After sputtering a few curses at the secretive duo, she'd changed into something more club appropriate and raced to face them.

A handsome bouncer had noticed her stall just inside the door and asked if she needed anything. He offered to take her to Brad and Dale when she'd asked, but she'd detoured into the crowd.

She wanted to see Brad and Dale, to yell at them for not telling her they owned this club. It was really a ridiculous reason to pick a fight, but she was being stalked, and they had kept information from her.

But she robotically headed to a room in the back of the club. She could yell later. Right now, she wanted to go to the room where she, Gina, Leyna, and Nik had hung out that night.

This part of the club was where people could use a room for threesomes or orgies. There were many rooms, from small ones with hanging strands of large beads as faux doors to large ones with two-way mirrors for voyeurs.

The room she wanted to see was occupied. The door was closed, but she had no intention of looking inside through the mirror. Now that she stood just outside the room, a melancholy feeling dropped over her like a heavy fog.

She remembered how the girls had thrown Gina a bachelorette party. Gina had a couples' membership with her fiancé, both being swingers.

But the girls didn't come here to have any type of sex. They drank, laughed, and shared stories. That's why they'd found a room, to talk and plan their futures. It had been naughty fun in location only.

The next day, two officers showed up at her studio to tell her Gina had been found raped and strangled in her own bed. And then Isabel had received that note a few days later. Was it the same man? Was it the man who broke into her house?

Isabel blinked the tears away and walked down the hallway. Leyna had returned her call today and assured her she was fine and had gotten no threatening letter. Leyna thought Isabel was a bit paranoid but promised to not be alone at night and lock up her house. So why Gina? And why Isabel now?

If it hadn't been for Brad and Dale. *Brad and Dale*. This was how they'd known. The cops must have come to talk to them too, after learning from Gina's sister where she'd been the night of the murder.

But how? Isabel looked up and saw security cameras. *That was how.* Brad and Dale had seen her on the film footage of that night with Gina.

Why not tell her they were looking out for her? All these years, why not come talk to her? Ask her how she was doing? Now that she thought of it, where were they the night she slept with that asshole?

They ran Club Lava—a swingers club. Isabel suddenly broke into laughter. And she'd been afraid of what Dale thought when he'd caught her and Brad kissing in the kitchen. He'd probably wanted her, too. She *thought* she'd seen the want in his eyes. They were surrounded by threesomes and orgies. Hell, they made money off them.

Isabel bit her lip. This was an interesting turn of events because any fear she'd felt about them judging her desires to have a threesome with them was now canceled out. Granted, this solidified her earlier convictions that they went through women as fast as she danced the quick step, having an unlimited supply of sexy and willing female clients stepping into their club every night. They probably had a sign-up sheet by their office door with an appointment time to be with them. Yet, none of that mattered to her. Not their past, not the fact that they owned this club. It was actually very liberating. It was a license for her to lose her inhibitions and tell them how she felt, what she wanted. Would she?

She reached a smaller room, and, through the beads, she could see the ménage à trois. A woman on her knees sucked a man's dick while another took her from behind. Her body rocked back and forth. The man in front played with her hair while the man in back set the pace and rubbed her hips.

Isabel watched and felt her fears, her worries, her sadness melt with the heat that blanketed her skin. The music seemed to amplify in her ears, the bass matching the beat of her heart. The men pumped harder. The woman arched her back. Isabel's pussy fluttered, and hot cream escaped her slit.

Feeling daring, uninhibited, she slowly slid her hand under her short black skirt. The men flexed their hips, fucking the woman who cried out for more. Isabel swallowed, her finger sliding under the edge of her damp thong. Oh, to be that free and wild. To have Brad gripping her hips and slamming his hard body against hers, sending Dale's dick farther to the back of her throat.

Her middle finger slipped between her wet lips, dipping into the entrance she dreamed would one day stretch for Brad and Dale. Oh, yes, first one, then the other. She circled her pussy, her folds beginning a slow contraction and release, wanting. Like the woman on her knees, Isabel breathed faster, her nipples grazing her blouse.

Oh, to be dominated, controlled by arrogant, brooding Brad and charming, smiling Dale. To lose the need to be in charge of her emotions. Her life. They could take her. Hard. Fast. Anytime.

"Do you like to watch, Isabel?" She drew in a sharp breath and whipped around, guiltily hiding her hand behind her back.

Brad and Dale stood inches away from her, so close she almost ran into Dale when she spun. And she had been so distracted she didn't even know who had spoken.

She did know, though, that they looked absolutely hedonistic. She saw them in a new light. A dark, sinful light powered by sex, by passion, by abandonment.

Brad's eyes had turned the color of the sea beneath the beating of a hurricane. His lips thinned. Was he angry or turned on? His eyes caressed her deep cleavage, telling her he was aroused. By what he'd seen her do? The thought that they'd caught her touching her pussy while gaping at a threesome was embarrassing, yet oh so erotic.

His black shirt draped over wide, thick shoulders, and his arms crossed across his solid chest. Menacing, dark shadows played in his eyes, daring her. Daring her to what? Touch herself again? Admit she liked watching how the men pleased that woman? She swallowed, not sure she could do either. Yet, how would it feel to have them watch her play with herself? To admit that while she had watched those men

fuck that woman, it was Brad and Dale she'd visualized fucking her. The thought scared her yet her clit throbbed painfully hard at the image.

Dale's eyes heated to dark chocolate poured over strawberries. He licked his narrow lips, and her pussy constricted violently at the sight. His blue shirt, opened one more button than Brad's, reminded her of this morning and his bare chest. He was large, powerful, smooth. Miles of muscle tensed and flexed down past tight abs, lower, to the erection outlined in dark denim.

She swallowed, wondering how Dale could go from his smiling, charming self to a devil like Brad when he pinned her with a certain look. His feral eyes moved over her like she had been hunted and trapped. Caught. Was he warning her? Or promising her?

"What are you doing here?" Brad asked so quietly it was almost buried under the seductive music.

She straightened her shoulders and flicked her hair. They didn't need to know, not yet. If they hadn't wanted her to know they owned this place, then she could pretend she didn't care. Why give them reason to feel their lie was justified by showing them they'd upset her?

"I was bored," she said nonchalantly.

Dale raised his brow, and Brad looked at every inch of her. She was glad she'd chosen a red silk top with a plunging neckline that showcased her breasts. That would distract him. He deserved worse, but this was the only weapon at her disposal.

"So you came to watch people have sex? Sweetheart, I have a better idea if that's what's on your mind," Brad drawled, and Isabel swallowed.

She looked from him to Dale, and felt terrified. It had been arousing to catch Dale watching her with Brad. But she hadn't gotten past that moment. She was highly inexperienced about sex, and while watching a threesome was erotic, participating in one.

"I'm not interested. I have to go," she lied and tried to squeeze past them, but Dale grabbed her arm.

"Isabel, please come upstairs to our office with us."

She shouldn't have turned to meet his gaze because she fell into a pool of melted chocolate. His eyes swirled with the heat of the hunter who'd caged his prey and blazed with triumph. She couldn't refuse when she was aching for this wild abandon in the moist folds between her thighs.

They led her to the stairs at the far end of the hallway and up to their office. Brad held the door open, and she walked past him, ignoring whatever look he burned into her back.

It was dim and huge. The whole back wall across from her was made of glass, and she could see fog rolling from the ceiling down toward the dance floor. Two large desks sat side by side in the center, and two red couches faced each other across a black table just in front of her.

She wasn't surprised Brad and Dale owned this club, not with the parade of women she watched them entertain over the years. And from the looks of this office, decorated in the same red and black décor as the rest of the club, she was sure somewhere were the whips and chains she'd envisioned in their house.

"Why are you really here, Isabel? You—"

She turned then and cut off Brad. "Oh, I just wanted to get out of the house, do a little dancing, maybe have a little fun. I've heard this is the place for all kinds of fun."

Isabel placed her hands on her hips and waited. She saw the hurricane in Brad's eyes. So the man had emotions but, as usual, of the stormy kind.

"Let's not be coy here. You've been in this club before. Why would you come back?" Dale asked, surprising her, since he'd at least tried to be gentle with her downstairs.

She could tease them, tell them she was looking for some wild ride with strangers, but she lived with them now. They had saved her. She couldn't be totally rude.

"I wanted to see the last place I saw Gina alive." She admitted this grudgingly since she hadn't wanted to tell them. But she couldn't come up with a lie, not to them, not when she wanted to learn the feel of their mouths on her.

Brad gave her a small knowing smile. *Damn*. "Bullshit." She was really beginning to hate that about him.

He crossed his arms while Dale shook his head and stepped closer to her. Isabel matched a step back, knowing one of those large desks was right behind her.

"That's good, except there's nothing to see there. You know it's not where she died. All that's there is a roomful of naked people having sex."

She swallowed, the word sex making her acutely aware of the blatant masculinity displayed before her, starting with their bulging crotches. Theirs were dangerous, destructive bodies that threatened to consume a woman and leave her a heaping mess of uncontrollable emotions.

"And you were not looking at that room. You were watching another." Brad stepped closer now, and she closed the distance to the desk behind her.

Trapped between furniture and two perfect forms of the male species a foot in front of her spiked the sexual tension she'd felt earlier to a dangerously combustive level.

Isabel no longer heard the rhythm of the music from the club below, but the sound of her own breathing. Fast. Ragged. The pungent smell of leather dissolved, and their seductive scents closed around her.

"I was confused. It was dark." Her fingers curled around the smooth edge of the oak desk.

Brad's eyes lowered to her chest. It heaved for him. She had no control over her nipples scraping the silk of her top. They hardened and each breath pushed the budding peaks harder into the fabric. Under their vicious eyes, she loved her breasts. Loved what they did to these men. And, as the tips moved across the cool fibers, hot cream flooded her cunt.

"You were turned on. Wet." Dale told her, as if she didn't know.

"No," she countered weakly, defeated, because even as she said it, sticky juice dripped to her thong.

She caught the men briefly glance at each other and silently communicate with their eyes. She wished she knew them enough to catch the meaning, but suddenly Dale closed the small gap between them and wrapped a calloused hand around her neck.

Isabel gasped, tilting her head back to meet his challenge. She breathed harder, and her nipples met his chest, muscle to silk. Damn, it was hot.

"How about I check," Dale rasped. It was not a question and she had not a doubt she'd let him.

She wanted him to more than anything. Yes, she needed his touch. Brad was watching, rooted a few feet behind Dale. Titillating. Erotic. Isabel inched one foot farther away from the other, stretching her skirt open, inviting large, rough hands to her delicate, smooth crevice.

Dale's mouth lowered to hers and floated a breath away. He eyed her, pouring velvety ribbons of heat over her sizzling flesh. Her slit ruffled, waiting.

She lifted her face just enough to catch his lips with hers, but he moved back and sat on his haunches.

"Oh, sweet Jesus," Isabel breathed, knowing now how he meant to test her arousal.

Dale's hands went to her thighs and slid her skirt up to her waist. Her mouth dried. Brad watched her, and she met his stare, fighting to appear brave. Dale raised her left knee over his shoulder.

Brad locked his blue eyes on her, challenging, watching her reaction, testing her limits. The thong bunched to the side, and a searing breath brushed her pussy lips.

God, she couldn't do this, she couldn't. Oh, but it was so delicious, so wrong.

She moaned, still gazing at Brad.

Dale's flat tongue laved her closed labia. A rippling tremble flared up her spine, and Brad faded away as she dropped her head back. Dale flicked his way up and down her slit, then sunk his exquisite tongue into her burning cunt.

Isabel cried out, overcome with a primitive urge, an ache, oh, so deep. No one had gone down on her before so nothing prepared her for the eroticism, the torturous pleasure that one man could give her with nothing but his lips and his tongue.

And Brad watched. She felt his eyes burn her even as her flesh ignited with each stroke of Dale's tongue. It was so wicked, so arousing. While one watched her bend and writhe, the other's scorching mouth whipped her toward climax. Dale probed her pussy as if learning, tasting, and with a hum, he closed his mouth over her pulsating button and sucked.

She felt her body tense as white-hot lashes curled through her veins. On their own, her hips gyrated over the lips suckling the enflamed clit. Her pussy fired off a series of convulsions, releasing her hot cream, and her clitoral climax rippled against Dale's persistent tongue.

Her fingers wrapped around silky brown hair. "Oh, Dale."

It was a moment before she realized Dale no longer ate her pussy. He was lowering her leg and skirt, leaving her with an animalistic want. The pain in her pussy begged for a cock and an even stronger release.

How could Dale have done that with his mouth? She came so quickly, so hard. And Brad had witnessed the whole thing—Dale between her thighs, her climax. She closed her eyes for a moment,

regaining her composure, wondering how she could handle any more when she'd known so little. How could she please them? Would she be enough? They were used to experienced, knowledgeable women. Damn, she was practically a virgin who'd thought a threesome would be hot and sexy, not a test of her inhibitions and ingrained conventions.

Opening her eyes, she found Dale on his feet and Brad still watching.

"She's real wet and delicious," Dale informed Brad, the weight of lust in his voice.

"Isabel, have you ever been with two men at the same time?" Brad asked her tightly.

Her eyes found him as he came to stand just next to Dale. The turbulence in his blue eyes terrified her. They told her more than what she'd seen in this club. It was a preview of the power these men possessed and would exude over her.

His primal gaze made her want to cower from him, but her clit responded with a solid beat, unaware of the fear she presently felt for the unknown. But this was what she'd wanted—both Brad and Dale taking her and fucking her until she collapsed from exhaustion. So why the hell was she having doubts now?

"No," she whispered.

Was that a relieved sigh she heard from Brad? "We want you. And, if we both have you, it will be rough, hard, erotic, sweaty, and you'll even be sore. We won't ever hurt you. You will feel more pleasure than you've ever experienced. We will push your limits and make you scream and beg. You may even crave it and hunger for it."

His words and his promises made her so wet she could feel her juices pour down like liquid heat and coat her swollen lips. What had she gotten into? Could she handle these two authoritative men? This was no longer a fantasy, safe and far away, and she'd seen threesomes and what goes where.

The anger she still felt for having been taken from her home with threats, for having someone watch her while she worked fed this forbidden desire she felt toward them. It crackled with the need to be taken, possessed by them, and trapped between their pumping, sweaty bodies. How could anger fuel such sexual attraction?

“You need to say it. Tell us you want us both,” Dale pressed gently.

She shook her head—so many emotions and no logic. No control. Nothing made sense. There was no talk of tomorrow, no mention of feelings. It was just a need to quench a primal instinct, their desire for now, and to share her. And she’d wanted them for so long. She’d never dreamed those fantasies would be realized someday. But it was real now. They *both* wanted her.

But she had to be smart, as uncomfortable as it would sound. She cleared her throat. “I, uh, hate to sound like my high school health teacher, but what about protection? I’ve been with one man once, but, uhm.” She swallowed.

Dale’s face broke into a small grin. “We have protection here, and we both get checked regularly. We don’t have sex without condoms, but there are other ways to catch an STD. We’re both clean, and if we continue a sexual relationship, we can all go to the doctor for your own piece of mind.”

She gave them a small smile, knowing she shouldn’t believe the clean part after what she’d witnessed over the course of a few years, but she did. They were too smart, calculating. And with the lifestyle they led in Club Lava, they were well aware of the risks involved.

So was she, because to them, it would be just fucking. But to her? She’d have to think like them and not the forlorn teenager. If she wanted to experience these men, then she’d have to be brave. Hell, at the very least, she’d like it a little and have some amazing memories.

“I want you both,” she finally admitted aloud.

Those small words unleashed Brad. She saw it a half-breath before he slammed against her.

Brad kissed her viciously, possessively. His hands pulled her hips toward him, and his cock pressed into her belly. She gyrated her hips, searching, craving, her body coming to life under his hands and Dale's stare. He lifted her by her ass and sat her on the desk. When Brad left her mouth and stripped her panties off, Isabel leaned back, dazed.

Dale was there, helping to get rid of her blouse, but her arms defensively shielded her burdensome breasts from their view. He held her face and kissed her, his lips grazing hers softly before his tongue caressed hers. His gentle kiss soon turned aggressive and seductive. She moaned, her hands attacking his buttons, forgetting her tits, needing the feel of his skin under her hands. *Finally.*

His muscles worked under her exploring fingers, snapping, flexing as his arms moved and his hands palmed her breasts. She gasped, and in the second she gulped air, his lips closed over one tight nipple. He pushed her down until her back rested on the desk, and her hands frantically grabbed his hair.

Isabel moaned as Dale squeezed and kneaded. He licked, and then he sucked the whole areola. Her peak budded hard, swelling in his mouth. He found the other as he trailed his tongue across her chest.

Brad lowered himself between Isabel's thighs, and her pussy convulsed in wanton suspense. She couldn't wait. She burned. She craved. But he studied her, his gaze moving over her slit. Did he like it?

He moved closer, and when his tongue bathed her moist lips, Isabel shuddered and whimpered. He lapped up, down, teasing, torturing. His thumbs gently spread her slit apart, and his tongue dipped into her channel, tasting, feasting. Isabel was wild and free. Tears pooled in her eyes and her vision blurred.

"You taste so fucking sweet," Brad groaned.

Oh, yes. His words, his approval sent her soaring. He gripped her hips and pulled her closer still to his hungry mouth. His tongue

ventured farther, caressing her folds, licking the cream oozing for him.

Isabel couldn't breathe. Two men on her. She was intoxicated, drunk with male flesh and velvet tongues on her feverish skin. *Alive—for the first time.*

Dale rose from her bruised mounds, and the sound of a zipper jerked open turned her head. Out bobbed a large, thick cock and Dale held it for her.

"I want your lips around me, Isabel," he rasped.

Isabel leaned up on one elbow, eyes wide at the gladiator before her. His bronzed skin glistened under his open shirt. Hard pecs rose with every breath.

He trembled, having no experience with this. What if she did it wrong? What if he didn't like it? *Oh, God*, and it was so big—long, heavy, and spectacularly engorged. Hesitantly, she chewed her bottom lip and reached for him. He groaned when she wrapped the fingers of both hands around his silk shaft, and somehow his reaction to her nervous touch helped ease her doubts, though not erase them completely.

Hot. Smooth. She licked her lips and closed her mouth around the shiny helmet-shaped head, pulling it back out as if it were ice cream on a cone. She glided the satin tip across her wet lips, curiously teasing it. She wanted more. With her tongue, she traced the vein on the underside, following it up to the head, exploring and learning.

"Oh, yes," growled Dale, urging her on.

Encouraged, she circled the fat head with her tongue, then closed her mouth tightly around the throbbing tip. With a tight seal, she sucked hard. She moaned when she tasted the salty essence. It was a new flavor, and craving more, she decided to find how to please him as she devoured this new dessert.

She stroked him hard, slowly, down the rod to the base and back. Dale grabbed her hair, and she searched his face. His eyes were closed tightly, and his jaw muscles clenched. His chest rose and fell

fast. She opened her mouth and stuffed it with as much of his magnificent cock as she could.

“Isa. Fuck.” Dale stammered to her delight.

She was suddenly empowered, a wanton sexual goddess giving her body to two men. Male groans drove her, fed her appetite to please them and to learn more about how else to bring them the pleasure they gave her.

Brad slipped his middle finger inside her and flicked her clit with his tongue. Her hips automatically thrust forward, offering more for his unbelievable mouth.

Her thighs shook while her legs pressed into Brad’s shoulders where they rested. Dale’s dick muffled her cries of ecstasy as Brad found an ultra-sensitive nub in the back of her tight walls. He rubbed it, pressing it gently before flicking it hard and fast.

A kaleidoscope of pleasure and pain ruptured, and Isabel swore she’d lose consciousness. A fiery, gnawing ache for release grew and intensified until her moans turned to hoarse pleas, begging. What was he doing?

Brad drew her hot nectar from dripping lips down to her hidden passage and coated the portal. The raw sensation jerked her body. No.

“Relax. Just enjoy it,” Brad crooned before pressing a thumb into the tight channel.

Isabel exploded, the orgasm ripped so fast from her she was almost embarrassed. She cried out yet again as her body convulsed, arching as wave after wave came surging and crashing against the tropical heat rolling in her. Oh, her body was theirs to do with as they pleased.

Brad pulled away and came to his feet, now gripping her legs behind her knees. “You’re ours, Isabel. No one else’s. Do you understand?”

Isabel heard him and stared at the blue-eyed sex god standing between her legs. She found Brad’s command funny since there was

no one else for her, there never had been. It had always been, and always would be, Brad and Dale.

“Yes,” she whispered.

She crossed her ankles behind him, and he began undoing his jean button and lowered his zipper. She watched, admiring the second man undressing for her. He unbuttoned his shirt but, like Dale, left it on. Her mouth watered, realizing they knew how incredibly arousing that was. They knew women, what worked, and what seduced them to pant and beg. It was just another method of keeping control.

He was muscular, another gladiator with rock hard abs. His jeans hung below his hips. He was unconquered, wild.

The fat head of his cock stood proudly out of the top of his black boxers, and he pulled out the long, heavy rod. Oh, God. It had to be as wide in girth and as long as Dale's. She shuddered, not knowing how that would fit inside her, and the full weight of what she was about to do slammed into her.

Isabel bit her lip, her heart pounding with trepidation. She wouldn't back out of this. She'd already made up her mind. But they were so large and fierce, rugged and raw.

Whether it was the fear that her first ménage was imminent or the thrill of being looked at as if she were a delicacy, she didn't know, but she couldn't look away from the man who was ready to push between her legs.

She heard a drawer open and close behind her and saw Brad catch the condom Dale tossed him. As if hypnotized, she watched his hands stretch it over that beautiful shaft.

He held his dick to her slit and slid it up and down, spreading her tender lips open, playing with her.

She groaned. Her moist cunt pulsated, her chest heaved, and her muscles tensed. She stared in awe at the body, the man, and the control. Two clitoral orgasms had opened her appetite for something deeper, something she couldn't explain, to find those limits Brad had mentioned, and to feel her holes stuffed.

Her tongue slid across parched lips. “Brad, please take me,” she begged quietly from where she lay on the desk, yearning to finally know how he felt inside her.

His voracious gaze never wavered. His dick taunted her, passing over her soaked pussy. “Wrap those lips you just licked around Dale’s cock.”

She did as he told her, throwing Dale a fleeting glance, before opening her hot mouth to the divine dick he fed her.

When Brad inched his cock forward, Isabel’s gaze cut to him. The raw ache to fuck could not be any stronger, and for the first time, her own ravishing desire scared her.

Chapter Seven

Brad trembled. He never shook for any woman, but he wanted to tear into Isabel with such a ferocious need he was afraid he'd hurt her.

His princess lay sprawled on his desk, mouth sucking Dale's dick while her legs squeezed him closer. Waiting. And hearing her tell him to take her had pre-cum sliding down his rod. He could last hours, pleasing a woman to the point it was almost painful for her, making her come two to three times before he shot his first load. But he didn't have to be inside Isabel to know she'd be different. If a mere request he'd heard countless times before made him drip, he was in trouble.

Her liquid caramel essence still warmed his tongue. It was his ambrosia and it sizzled his brain. His balls tightened.

Pressing forward an inch, enough for his fat head to push inside, he stopped. *Fuck*. He'd only dipped in her saturated pussy, and he couldn't control his breathing.

"Can you take him, Isabel?" Dale asked.

Her reply was half moan, half cry.

"Yeah, watch him, look at his dick slide in that sweet pussy of yours."

Biting down against his back molars, Brad moved in and out, a subtle move, but one that absolutely tormented her patience. She moaned and squirmed. He knew if he didn't concentrate, he'd be done before he felt her walls spasm around his dick.

He'd dreamed about this woman for too many fucking years. He'd kissed her this morning, and it was like he had never kissed anyone in his life. But he wanted to *please* her. She deserved no less.

"Yes, Isabel. I feel you wet for me. That's it," he groaned.

Sweat rolled down his back, and his balls vibrated. He held her hips and plunged himself to her cervix, her pussy clenching tightly, almost virginal. Isabel screamed and squeezed her legs around his waist.

“Oh, fuck, princess. You’re so tight. So wet,” he told her through gritted teeth.

Adrenaline surged in his swollen veins while Brad focused on this woman. *His* woman. He pulled out and flexed back in, stretching her rippling muscles to adjust to his width and length.

“Oh,” Isabel moaned and Brad melted.

He fucked her faster as his muscles tensed and his dick throbbed. He pumped the back of her pussy, her nether lips stretched around his base. The scent of mangoes and coconuts wafted into his nose. Damn, she was an exotic beauty.

“Brad,” she moaned, undoing Brad’s resolve to take his time. “Oh, yes, take me. *Dámelo.*”

That was it. His vixen was speaking Spanish now. *Give it to me.* Brad was wild with need. He was pumping, plunging, banging her cervix. Harder. Faster. Her skin glistened while his dripped. Her folds sucked his cock, stroking him straight to insanity.

“*Sí,*” she screamed.

Her luscious mouth closed around Dale’s cock again. She moved in sync with Brad, her mouth suckling Dale’s head as Brad pulled out, then sucking it to the back of her throat with every thrust of Brad’s hips.

“Oh, yeah, Isabel. Suck me like he’s fucking you. Hard, fast. That’s a good girl.”

Brad watched her tits bounce, the muscles of her stomach clench, and her hair fall carelessly across his desk. She was passionate, sensual, and he wasn’t going to last. Hell, he couldn’t believe it. Four years of dreaming up ways to make her scream for hours, and he was ready to explode.

But shit, her body was made for his, molded for him. Oh, and she was tight, choking him. He'd never been with a virgin, but he was damn sure this was how it felt, less the membrane he knew he hadn't torn.

His cock throbbed. Finding her swollen clit, he circled it with his thumb, pressing it tightly. It was sinful magic. Her folds erupted into a flurry of spasms around his rod. Creamy caramel coated his shaft, and he groaned as the most beautiful woman on the planet came for him.

Isabel panted, one hand still wrapped around Dale's dick, and cried out to him. Spanish words he didn't know left her sweet mouth, and each thrust of Brad's hips shot his semen.

Fuck, he'd never come so fast. Slowly, he stepped back, breathing deeply. A dark, lustful time bomb began ticking in the recesses of his brain. He would need her, over and over. He'd take her, possess her. One taste wouldn't satisfy him for long. He had known it. He'd held back. But now that he knew her passion and her taste, she was his and Dale's.

"Oh, God, *sí*." She arched her back, curling in the throes of the pleasure he'd given her.

Dale came up to take his place.

"Isabel. It's my turn."

* * * *

After rolling on his condom, Dale helped Isabel up and wrapped his strong arms around her. He kissed her, a deep, soothing kiss that very quickly turned into a quest to conquer what was now his. He'd watched and nearly came when she sucked him and then again when she squirmed under Brad. He couldn't wait. As big as Brad was, Dale was thankful her pussy was ready for his size.

Her body fell into his, weak and sated, but it was his turn to make her his. *Theirs*. He pulled back and flipped her around, then bent her

over the desk. Brad came around to her to gather her long hair and pull it to one side.

Dale lifted her skirt and eyed the perfect ass he'd previewed just a couple of days ago. A dancer's muscular behind. He ran his hands up the backs of her thighs and over her soft cheeks.

"Oh, you have the sweetest ass," he groaned.

He opened her cheeks and ran his thumb over her hidden entrance. She jumped, seemingly nervous, but he rubbed it gently until she relaxed and moaned. He bent his knees and lowered his face to her swollen slit, then flicked his tongue for a taste of her.

"Oh, Dale," Isabel cried out.

"Oh, yeah, sweet as sugar cane." Dale got back to his feet.

While pressing a thumb to her tight ass, he guided his painfully engorged cock to her pussy and pushed inside. Unlike Brad, he wouldn't wait. He'd been tortured. He wanted her now, and he plunged deep inside. Her moans were throaty and animal-like. She bucked her hips and took every inch of him.

Dale had never felt anything like it. Her pussy was fist-tight, even after Brad, and every fold that massaged his veiny shaft was a new flame that burned. He was connected and whole.

He glanced up to see Brad rubbing her neck and upper back. When they made eye contact, Dale couldn't help but mouth the words, *She's amazing*. Brad grinned and nodded.

"Oh, yeah, *dámelo, duro*." She groaned and rocked back and forth.

He knew a little Spanish after seventeen years with Spanish-speaking friends and lovers. She wanted it, hard. Dale fucked her deep, stroked her fast, and she welcomed every one of his thrusts. He reached his hand around to finger her clit, and she threw her head back with a carnal cry.

The woman was incredible. Inexperienced with threesomes, but more alive and passionate than any he'd ever known. He circled her tender nub, and she rocked faster, wild with need.

He pressed his thumb deeper into her anal ring.

“Oh, God, *sí!*” She groaned deeply.

Dale could feel his balls smack her tender labia. He smelled her cum and still tasted her sweetness.

“Come for me, Isabel,” he managed to say through a clenched jaw.

He was rewarded with a sensational barrage of convulsions against his swelling rod. He knew then this sexy firecracker enjoyed anal play as it helped her reach yet another orgasm.

“Ay, *sí.*” She shouted her climax.

He gripped her hips with both hands and pounded into her cream-soaked pussy. Hot. Tight. A current ran up his back, tensing every muscle in his body, and with a final throb, he flexed his hips and emptied his seed.

Dale was stunned. The celebrated playboy had come faster than his first time. *Damn.* He braced his hands on the desk on either side of her.

“You’re amazing,” he mumbled, knowing he’d have to take her again. Soon. He had to see that it was real. She couldn’t be this perfect. He’d guessed it, and he’d sensed it, but it was too good. And he had to prove to himself that he could damn well last longer than Brad.

* * * *

Isabel was burning, scorched from her heels to her messy hair. She rested her sweaty forehead against the coolness of the desk beneath her. She turned her face, pressing her cheek and closing her eyes. She was drunk. Sated. More satisfied than she’d ever felt.

So that was a ménage a trois.

“Stay there while I get a towel,” someone said, and she was pretty sure it was Brad.

She couldn't move. Her limbs still convulsed from those orgasms that split her apart. When a warm, wet towel rubbed between her thighs, a soft moan escaped her lips. Then she realized the sweet gesture and smiled. For being arrogant jerks, they were thoughtful lovers.

"Isabel, you're never to come back into this club," Brad ordered in his typical superior tone.

Damn it. Just when she was developing warm feelings toward them. She opened her eyes to see a condensing bottle of water by her face, slowly lifted off the desk, and struggled with wobbly knees. Ignoring his comment for a moment, she adjusted her blouse, pulled her skirt back in place, and smoothed her hair as much as she could with shaky fingers.

Then she turned to face the two men standing at the bar and took a swig of the refreshing, cold liquid. "First, you threatened to impose some highly inflated rent on me if I didn't move in with you. Then, you threatened to hoist me over your shoulder if I didn't hurry up and pack. Now, you declare that your club is off limits to me. I'm sick of your threats."

They'd just had back-breaking sex and this was how he spoke to her? Her heart, far from its normal rhythm, pounded furiously once more. How could he turn back into his arrogant jerk self so quickly after sex?

As expected, Brad walked right up to her and reached around her to set his water down. This brought his face down toward her, but she stayed in place.

"I don't care if you're sick of them or not. It's not safe here for you."

"Why? Isn't your security doing their job?"

"Did you forget this is the last place Gina visited before she was killed?"

The slap crackled across the office and stung her hand. Damn, she hadn't meant to, but what he said was so hurtful. As his face recoiled

she noticed the blue in his eyes somehow looked menacing. She heard his slow breathing. Dale moved, and she could see him off to the right, but that wasn't comforting when her neck was hurting from staring up at Brad, and he was obviously fuming.

"I think about it every hour of every day. You do not know how I feel, knowing I was with her hours before she died. Laughing with her. And now, wondering why it wasn't me." She clipped each word, holding back the tears.

Brad blinked. "That's why it's important that you don't come here. We don't know if the man who killed her is the man who broke into your house. And if they are the same, he knows he can find you here and follow you back to our house."

Shit. She hadn't thought about that. How could she be so foolish? Brad backed away and rubbed his neck. Dale took a deep breath and turned to Brad.

"All right. Let's get her home. We'll go out the back."

Ten minutes later, they had Isabel in their truck and pulled out of the back parking lot. It was another silent ride, but this time Isabel could sense the heightened tension in the two men on either side of her. They watched every mirror and rubbed their jaws or shifted in their seats and raked their hair.

For some inexplicable reason, she found herself grinning. In the midst of possible danger, she had a damn smile on her face. But it was rather adorable to see these two hot-headed men dedicated to ensuring her safety. And, for the time being, she did feel safe.

The vision of Brad's head between her thighs and the taste of Dale's dick in her mouth shot a thrilling pang to her stomach. Never had she imagined it would be that decadent. They teased and they played, but they made sure she was ready for their size, and she came enough times to leave her barely able to walk.

If only Brad hadn't been so crude. It left her wondering if she was another piece of ass to him. After seeing woman after woman go in and out of their house for years, she probably was. And it was obvious

from their natural rhythm they'd had many threesomes in the past. That thought brought a painful pressure to her chest.

Brad was the mysterious bad boy she'd relish conquering and taming to make him hers. She'd enjoy each of their fights because she was learning that they fed his animal lust, thrusting him into a passionate world where sex was his release, his therapy.

Dale was sensitive and caring, knowing when to smile, and when to seduce with a dominance that rivaled Brad's. He was gentle and comforting but could transform into an animal that devoured her.

It would be so easy to lose her heart, but not very practical. Not when they hadn't spoken of anything beyond their definition of ménage. Brad had told her she was theirs, and that machismo claim should have enraged her, but no, it had excited her to know they thought of her as belonging only to them. But now that she was not consumed with the lust she'd felt when he told her that, she knew he had told her when he, too, had been driven with his own sexual need to control. That was all. There was no emotion behind those otherwise romantic words.

But really, they owned a club that served to accommodate sex and lots of it. That was the whole purpose of its existence. So, too, was the logical reason they owned it—to satisfy their otherwise insatiable lust with readily available women.

So, she could not have sex with them again since they'd never offer her more than a damn good fuck with no commitment or love. Or, she could enjoy them while she could and, if only for the moment, live. She could just forget her conventional upbringing, what anyone thought, and take what they gave her. They were, after all, the only two men she'd ever wanted. And now—if only for now—they were hers.

She settled back, her mind made up, and realized they'd arrived at the house.

Once inside, she peeked at the alarm code Brad punched in and aimed for the kitchen.

“Isabel?” Brad called.

She turned by the same spot he’d kissed her this morning. “Yes?”

Both studs walked in the kitchen with her, looking too good for words.

“Do you need anything?” he asked while rubbing the back of his neck.

She wanted to tell him to stop being so overbearing. She couldn’t forget the way she’d ended up living here, even if she reaped certain incredible benefits tonight. But, more than anything, she wanted to tell them that she wanted to sleep with them, to spend the night in their arms. But she couldn’t, not yet. Doing that would be so intimate she was sure to get too used to it. She’d come to need it, actually. So when the time came for her to leave, how would she spend another night alone? How would she get through the night without their arms holding her tightly?

“No, thank you. Just sleep.”

Brad gave her a curt nod, mumbled, “Good night, then,” and left.

Isabel didn’t realize she’d exhaled loudly until Dale spoke up.

“He’s worried, that’s all.”

Isabel snorted. “Worried he won’t be able to keep the promise he made?”

Dale leaned against the island. “Worried he won’t be able to keep you safe if you continue fighting him.”

“I fight those who try to control me. And he treats me like I’m a child.”

Looking toward the stairs Brad had taken, Dale said, “Circumstances have taught him not to trust women. Unfortunately, that rolls into thinking they can’t take care of themselves.”

Isabel narrowed her eyes. “I lost my parents at sixteen. I’ve traveled the world. I run a successful dance school. That’s not enough?”

He came up to her and took a strand of her hair in his fingers. The intimate gesture warmed her and confused her at the same time. She

looked up into his candy eyes and saw something flash through them, a feeling, but it was gone too soon. Anyway, what could a player feel besides lust?

“Give him time. He’ll come around. I have faith in him,” he murmured, his hand too damn close to her breasts.

Needing to break the spell from the playboy, she thought of something to say. “I suppose you’ll tell me *he* has to be the one to tell me why he doesn’t trust women.”

He dropped her hair and shook his head. “Sorry, but it’s his story.”

Don’t ask him, just tell him good night and go to bed. “And what’s yours?” Good job.

Milk chocolate eyes gazed at her mouth, and once again, she found it hard to breathe. Damn, he was good. “I’ve been a bad boy who’s just now finding his way.”

Isabel couldn’t believe the things he said to continue his status as playboy. She already had him pegged, but it was his nature to charm women, bed them, and bed them again. But she was too smart to fall for lines other women would drop at his feet to hear.

“Men don’t change,” she retorted coolly.

He grinned, those dimples working their charm, but she ignored them. “They do when they want to,” he told her softly and left her standing alone in the kitchen.

Isabel scoffed and dropped her head back. They were amazing lovers, as they’d shown her tonight, but they were night and day. Brad was dark. Dale was light. Brad brooded while Dale charmed. Brad had a brick wall all around him. Dale had chocolate and dimples. But they were both dangerous, deadly.

She thought about the decision she’d made on her way here tonight. If she took what they gave her, if she allowed them to be her lovers, she’d best be careful. These men played the game well. She would be another woman who’d come in and out of this house, forgotten with time.

Walking into her room, she knew whatever she took with her when she left here would be memories—pleasures of the flesh, experiences, knowledge. She would not expect one thing more than that. She simply wouldn't.

Her father had ignored her while other men had tried to use her. It was her turn to take what she could because they couldn't be trusted with more than kicking her door down and watching out for the killer.

She dropped on the bed and smiled. Never would she have imagined she'd have sex with the two college boys of her dreams. Her body flushed with the memory.

The cell phone ringer for an incoming text chimed, and she pulled her phone out of her purse to see Nik's messages, frantically looking for her. She pressed the speed dial button.

"*Chica*, where the hell have you been?" Nik yelled.

She loved how her friend, even though she was Caucasian, referred to her as *chica*, or girl. Years of being around Puerto Ricans had rubbed off on Nik. Isabel's parents were both from the Enchanted Island.

Isabel dropped back on the bed and slung the other arm across her forehead. "Are you okay?"

Her friend sighed. "Yes, I mean I'm safe. No, I've been worried about you. I got your message, and I'll be staying up here until you tell me. Where the hell have you been? I've tried calling you since your last class ended."

"I'm okay. Actually, I'm more than okay."

"Oh?"

Isabel giggled. "Yes. I have something to tell you. Remember Brad and Dale, my grandpa's neighbors? You and I watched them a couple of times?"

Chapter Eight

Isabel conducted her final class for the day. On Saturdays, she taught private lessons and an advanced Latin class, today being the rumba. The dance of lovers was just that—hot, sensual, and erotic. And from the looks of him, Brad hated every second she danced with her male student.

She hadn't been pleased at all when he announced he was accompanying her to work. Knowing she didn't have a choice unless she wanted another threat, she reluctantly got in the car with him while pondering if the threats weren't empty after all.

But now, seeing the veins in his arm pop, his jaw squeeze, and the shuffling in his chair, she felt a whole lot happier.

The male student she was now dancing with, however, avoided her eyes while his palms sweated because she never danced with students this long. She would, of course, dance with them to show them the technique or the move. But today, with her guest turning into a caged bull, she took a little longer showing him a hold, a turn, or a hip rotation.

Isabel would have never thought herself as the teasing type—the kind who would relish making a lover jealous. But she figured a little payback for his overbearing supremeness was well justified.

Because she was sweating, she took off her shirt and worked in her red sports bra and knee-length black jersey skirt. She hadn't thought about showing him her breasts, but since his face strained in pain when he glanced at them, she didn't mind one bit.

So when the last student left for the day, Isabel wasn't at all surprised by Brad's mood. She turned off the music and walked right

past him to the back, where she changed clothes, purposely ignoring him. She couldn't miss, though, the way he stood in her office and crossed his arms, eyeing her with the look of a jungle cat ready to pounce on his first prey of the day. Isabel practically skipped across the back room.

She opened her locker door and sensed him. She smelled that cool fresh cologne of his. Her stomach did two flip-flops, and her heart raced faster than when she danced salsa. Damn him and what he did to her. He closed in on her, so close she felt the prickles along her neck as his breath fanned her skin.

Then he tossed her hair over her left shoulder. His chest pressed against her back.

Fingers caressed her right shoulder, up to the curve of her neck, and a burst of goose bumps raced in every direction. Her hands flattened against her locker door for support because the man had the power to melt her bones.

His hand brushed across her throat to cup her cheek and turn her to face him. She trembled as he pushed her against the cold metal behind her. She sucked in her breath.

He was magnificent and staring at her with an intensity that burned every cell, every fiber. He kissed her. His tongue stroked long and deep. His hands gripped her hair. His dick swelled against her stomach.

She moaned and he groaned in return. He lowered his body to fit his thick rod between her legs, and she grinded her hips. His mouth left hers, and she sucked in air, needing to breathe. No, needing more. Needing *him*. She turned her face, shut her eyes, and entwined her fingers in his hair.

He yanked the top of her bra down to draw a peak into his hot mouth. Mewing sounds escaped her throat, urging him, provoking him. He squeezed her tits, bit her nipples, and blew cold air before the hot air of his mouth warmed her tips. Then he licked them again. Oh,

the change from hot to cool to hot was an explosion of sensations, and she arched into him, wet and ready.

“Oh, Brad,” she gasped, grinding and squirming.

He lowered one hand, lifting her skirt, and she opened her eyes.

“No. Wait, no, Brad.” She pushed him away.

He cast glazed eyes on her but stopped, holding the side of her thigh.

“It’s Dale. This isn’t right. I don’t know how he’d feel. I don’t--” What could she say? She felt like she was betraying him, and that made her sick.

Brad closed his eyes and took deep breaths, resting his forehead against her heaving chest. Then he stood and turned around.

“You’re right. I’m sorry. We all have to sit down and discuss a few things.”

Isabel felt relieved, glad to hear the loyalty Brad felt for his friend.

The front doorbell rang, alerting them that someone came in.

“Get dressed,” he told her and headed to the front of the studio.

She leaned back against the lockers and shuddered one last time. Her pussy had gotten wet in the time it took for him to turn her around. Her heart still pounded. But stopping was the right thing.

Isabel quickly switched her heels to sandals and threw on the white T-shirt she’d taken off earlier. Then she followed Brad.

After signing up a young bride for waltz lessons, she resigned herself to a quiet ride back to the house. Brad definitely didn’t seem to be in a talkative mood, but then, when was he? She was just glad they would all sit down and discuss this arrangement because she didn’t want to stir up any trouble.

She had no clue whether they’d only want to be with her together or they were okay with her being alone with the other. Isabel supposed it didn’t matter to her. These men were superb lovers, and from her one time with them, it was strange to know that, but she did. So being with one or both promised to be amazing.

Once back at the house, she learned that Dale was at Club Lava. Not wanting to be alone just yet with Brad, who was more tempting than Spanish desserts, she figured she might as well catch up on some sleep.

“I’m going to bed,” she tossed over her shoulder as he opened the refrigerator.

Not waiting for any sort of reply, she locked her door and started the shower. The sooner they had this conversation, the better. Isabel could only be around them so long before all she could think of was their hands all over her.

* * * *

Brad stepped out of a very cold shower and threw some clothes on. It hadn’t worked. His dick was still hard for her. She’d never know how difficult it was to stop touching her. It really would have been easier to stop breathing.

But hell, the woman was passionate. And stubborn. He’d loved how she’d ignored him all day. For being so small, she was damn proud with defiance blazing in her feminine stare. And he was sure the looks he’d sent her would get her attention, because seeing another man’s arms around her had made him come out of his skin. But the she-devil never noticed. Or she was just really good at hiding that she had.

Isabel stopping what he’d started had shown loyalty. And he liked that. Too much, actually. Every other woman he and Dale shared would have been on her back without one thought about his friend. If she kept it up, he might be telling Dale he was right—she could be the one. And Dale would rib him about it for years.

This woman was getting to him, and he wasn’t surprised. Hell, that was why he’d stayed away and watched from afar, because pictures were safe. Now all he did was think, worry, and dream about Isabel and wonder how the hell he could make her happy.

Giving her pleasure and making her smile was becoming a growing need. But he wasn't the type to use words to make a woman smile. Dale was poetic and sentimental, knowing what to say just when the woman needed to hear it most. Brad was action, preferring to use his hands and body to bring her to ecstasy. But it was dawning on him, and confusing the shit out of him, that it just wasn't enough with Isabel. She deserved so much more.

His cell phone rang, and he grinned when he saw the name on the screen.

"Hey, man, I was just thinking about you," Brad said.

"Our favorite politician's on his way here. Calli got the call, said if we don't talk to him, he'll shut the place down tonight or bulldoze it." Dale sounded as amused as Brad felt.

Brad had to chuckle. *What else?* "Isabel's sleeping, and I don't want her alone. Shit."

Dale sighed on the other end. "I understand, man. This asshole will tear the place down if we're both not here, the pompous ass."

"Yeah, I agree. I'll call the neighbor to keep an eye on the place. The moment our little chat's done, I'm racing back here."

After hanging up, Brad finished dressing and wrote Isabel a note. He hated leaving her, but he was certain no one had followed them, and their security cameras had shown no strange people around their property. He planned on taking no longer than an hour, so once he set the alarm, he took off for the club.

Chapter Nine

Isabel pulled into the Club Lava parking lot and parked next to Brad and Dale's truck. She'd woken up to find Brad gone and a note—a *note*—that he was at the club. *The nerve.*

Could the man not even have the decency to lie? They'd both been womanizers their entire adult lives, but to flaunt it around her? It didn't take too many brain cells to figure out that a man ready to have sex an hour ago, but was shut down, was at a swingers club for a reason, a *carnal* reason.

Isabel had been so angry, she scrunched the letter tightly and flung it across the kitchen. Luckily, they hadn't changed the alarm code she'd seen Brad punch in.

Brad had told her she couldn't be in Club Lava? Well, no way in hell was she staying alone with a stranger drooling on the couch.

Isabel checked her face in the mirror. Her nude lip gloss and hair were just right. She'd pulled it up in a ponytail since the short black dress was backless. It wasn't her intent to grab just anyone's attention, only Brad's and Dale's.

After checking her I.D. and informing her it was ladies' night and admission was free, the bouncer opened the door to the club and let her in. She hadn't seen Devin again and hoped he still worked here.

He'd been so sweet and kind. They had lunch together, and he collected three phone numbers by the end of the day at her studio. It was obvious by the way he quickly agreed he was never told *not* to bring her to Club Lava. All she did was tell him she would love to come and see Brad and Dale, and he'd agreed. If he was fired, she'd

have some words for the blue-eyed jerk and the cold-blooded playboy.

“Come on, senator, we’ll get them next time,” a burly man said loudly as they passed her in the doorway.

She noticed the slick-haired politician mumbling something behind him, but they didn’t seem to notice her. She found what the first man said odd, but once inside she had someplace she wanted to be and forgot about those two.

Isabel made her way to the back of the club. Cigarette smoke and the pungent scent of liquor saturated the air. The music blared and people laughed. The dance floor, as always, was packed.

Small groups crowded the couches, and she walked past a woman giving a man a blow job, a man going down on a woman who was kissing another man, and a woman riding a man while she sucked another man’s dick.

She turned down the hallway that led to the stairwell and found Dale at the end. He was talking to a very pretty blonde who touched his arm, laughed out loud, and took a little too long to kiss his cheek. She wore a beautiful long red dress, which happened to be tight. *Very tight.*

Isabel felt sick to her stomach. Damn, now she was jealous. *No, not jealous.* Just angry this was what they’d left her back at the house for.

Dale’s eyes fell on her and didn’t even seem to notice when the chesty blonde strolled away. Isabel didn’t stop, and he didn’t stand still. They met halfway, glaring at one another.

“What the hell are you doing here?” Dale shouted over the music, his eyes glowing with rabid fury.

“I woke up alone and wanted to dance!” She looked back at the dance floor, refusing to let him know why she thought Brad was here. He might get the wrong idea and think she cared about them.

He grabbed her arm and pulled her to face him. “We told you explicitly not to come here.”

She curved her lips in a shrewd smile. "I know." She pulled her arm away and turned toward the front of the club.

"Where are you going?" he shouted.

Daringly, she threw him a wink over her shoulder and strutted to the dance floor. She'd had a miserable afternoon having to turn down Brad because she didn't want to betray Dale, and now caught Dale fawning over some other woman. *Typical man.*

She caught the eye of a handsome man at the edge of the crowd and had not danced for two seconds when she flew up in the air. Her stomach landed hard against a very solid, very Dale shoulder.

Kicking her legs or pounding his back had no effect on the Neanderthal as he headed back down the hallway. Just before he turned up the stairs, he gave her a little bounce that knocked the wind out of her, effectively silencing her complaints.

"What the hell?" Brad roared a second after the office door opened and closed, and she was suddenly dropped on her back on the couch facing the bar.

"Oh, I'll deal with this, Brad," Dale said smugly, with a devilish grin.

Isabel felt quite vulnerable, especially since both men had a great view of her red thong after the short dress hiked way too high. She pushed off her crimson heels and gripped the couch to come to a sitting position when Dale was suddenly on top of her.

His face had softened considerably, his eyes back to Hershey's Kiss brown, and she was so aroused by his weight on her, she could look nowhere else but at his sexy mouth. He pinned her hands above her head and grinded his erection between her legs.

"Now. Please enlighten us. Why are you here?" He dropped a kiss on her face after each sentence and ran his tongue along her jaw line toward her ear. He expected her to speak?

"I, ah--um--"

She watched as Brad moved out of sight to lock the office door and returned to unbutton his shirt. In a feeble attempt to regain some

control, she tried pushing Dale off her, but her hips bouncing under his only made Dale groan.

His tongue traced her ear, and razor sharp pricks raked her skin. Her pussy dripped, and she was certain Dale felt it through her damp panties and his jeans.

“Tell us.” He prodded and snaked his tongue in her ear.

She inhaled sharply, and he pushed his large dick against her sensitive clit, emitting a pulse that counted down the inevitable.

“I was bored, and your guard dog was snoring,” she said hotly, unable to stop her legs from spreading open a little more.

Dale froze on top of her. He smoothed his lips across her cheek and looked right in her eyes. “Were you jealous?”

What? Uh, he has some nerve. “No,” she lied.

His eyes flashed with molten intent, and she swallowed.

“Well, I think we need to teach you a lesson. What do you think, Brad?”

“What?” she shrieked.

“She doesn’t listen,” the arrogant jerk, Brad, piped in from somewhere she couldn’t see.

“No, she doesn’t,” he whispered.

“Oh, you macho, arrogant bas—”

He kissed her, his lips warm, the taste of spearmint gum on his tongue. No, they couldn’t just kiss her when she was angry and expect her to forget why they made her angry. She tilted her hips, her body betraying her, needing his dick inside her. *Damn him.*

She’d been furious, and one kiss had her wet and panting. What the hell was wrong with her? She was moaning, squeezing his hands with her fingers, kissing him back urgently, deeply. She nibbled his bottom lip, and he groaned. Oh, she loved it when they liked the little things she did.

But he moved, releasing her hands, then leaning back to peel off her thong. Oh, the thought of his mouth on her brought fresh

moistness to her slit. She squeezed her eyes shut and pressed her head back against the couch, biting her lip.

“Suck me,” Brad commanded.

She opened her eyes to a black-haired beast standing next to her. The man was scrumptiously masculine. He’d undone the buttons of his shirt and lowered the fly from his black jeans. Her eyes soaked in the ripped pecs under bronzed skin and the lines of his stomach. He held his glorious cock for her. She licked her lips, hungry and ready for the new taste, not so shy this time. Maybe even a little more daring.

And, servant to master, she did as told. He placed one knee on the couch next to her and palmed her head. Mouth wide, she slowly took him in, one inch after another. He was huge, as big as Dale. He flexed back and forth, pushing his cock to her throat, groaning and tightening his grip in her hair.

Oh, he tastes so good. Isabel held him at the base and closed her lips around his veiny rod as much as possible, laving all of him. Her tongue stroked him back and forth, swirled around his girth, then circled his huge head. Creating a tight vacuum, she sucked the tip. Farther and farther, she pulled him into her hot mouth until he jerked inside her. Ah, yes, he liked it.

Dale took off his clothes. She knew from the sounds coming near her feet. Then he was on her, licking her cunt with an anger she couldn’t explain, but ah, she liked it. It made her cream drip onto his tongue.

He pulled her labia apart and lapped her fast. The force of his tongue on her sent all her senses into a wind tunnel. She was spinning, falling, and climbing all at once. A finger slid inside her pussy, deep inside, and he moved it around her folds, exploring her walls. *Fuck.*

Lightning struck her G-spot and she cried out. Dale’s experienced finger massaged it, rubbed it, and flicked it. His mouth closed around her clit. Isabel squirmed and groaned around Brad’s cock.

The more Dale did to her, the wilder Isabel became, sucking Brad's dick like it was her favorite hard candy. She made smacking sounds, moaning and licking every part of his silky-smooth magic wand.

Isabel neared orgasm. Her hips lifted off the couch, her thighs shook, and her pussy constricted around Dale's persistent fingers. But he pulled away, tearing an anguished cry from her chest.

"No, sweetheart, not yet. You'll learn to listen. You'll come when we want you to." Dale took something from the table behind them.

A feeling of extreme arousal infused with frustration settled atop her lust for these men, but Isabel could only wait. Brad donned protection and lay back on the couch, helping her straddle him.

She gazed into the depths of his blue eyes, wishing she knew what he felt at that moment. But she realized, when he was aroused, his ice-blue eyes darkened to an angry ocean-blue. For some reason, her chest squeezed with a strong emotion, wishing it meant that he cared for her. That it wasn't just sex and she wasn't a convenient toy. She was more. But that was crazy wishing.

He held her face gently, and she tugged on one finger, bringing it to her mouth.

Brad sucked his breath in and watched her tongue swirl around his finger.

"You're an angel corrupted," he told her softly.

His dick jerked against her ass, and she moved so he could hold his cock for her with his free hand, and she slid her tight folds around him, impaling herself with his rod.

"Oh, fuck," she moaned, surprising herself with the renewed feeling of being wicked, of the words she uttered in front of them.

He was so large his veins rippled against her walls. His fat mushroom-shaped tip throbbed deep, oh, so deep inside her. Fire lashed from her pussy up her stomach and back.

Dale moved beside her and pulled off her dress. A slight breeze suddenly tickled her areolas. Now she was completely naked atop

Brad. It was delicious to be susceptible, her flesh exposed for their eyes and their sole enjoyment. Dale reached from behind and cupped her breasts, molding them to his hands.

Isabel traced the lines of Brad's pecs, coyly at first, then more boldly. Finally, she touched him. She ran her palms down six perfect rectangles etched on his stomach wall. They had been carved for her.

"Bend over," Dale told her.

She did and went straight for Brad's nipple, licking the hard nub.

"Isabel," Brad said huskily, and Isabel continued her fun new game.

She gasped when a sticky warm thumb rubbed her tight back entrance. Nerves fired, sending ripples up her back. They had touched her there before, but without the lube she hadn't been worried. Now she was. It meant something would happen, and the thought terrified her.

"Dale," she said in a small voice, scared.

"I won't hurt you. Relax," he told her in a soothing voice that worked *somewhat*.

Brad wrapped a hand around the back of her neck. "Come here," he told her warmly and pulled her toward his mouth.

He kissed her soundly, softly. It wasn't meant to excite her, just comfort her. Relax her. She was very aware of Dale's thumb circling her rear, but she allowed Brad to continue his very tender kiss.

He slowly thrust his hips up, giving her permission to ride him. She moved, rocking her body in a quiet rhythm. Her mouth filled with the taste of spearmint, and she no longer smelled their colognes. She smelled their strong, seductive male scents.

Dale pressed something deeper, popping past her tight anal ring. Isabel threw her head back and cried out.

"It's a plug, that's all. Enjoy the tightness you'll feel now."

Her ass burned, and the pain shot up her back, tensing her already frayed fibers. She squeezed her ass, but found the burning began to

ease. The ache lessened. “Oh,” she moaned as raw animal pleasure washed away the pain.

For a moment, she actually entertained the thought that these men were very prepared in this office, but that would only make sense. Of course women would pay them visits here during working hours. Isabel just wanted them to take her. Forget logic, reason, and the past.

She bucked back, testing the sensations, and they did nothing short of making her want to fuck their brains out. Filled with a carnal need she never knew she could feel, she rocked faster. *Yes, so wet, so tight.* The tightness of Brad’s huge rod against this plug was explosive.

“Oh, yes, fuck me, *así*, like that,” she groaned.

Brad gripped her hips and grinded her pussy down and around his cock the way he wanted her. He filled her, stuffing her, setting off a combustion in her cunt. She panted, bouncing hard off Brad’s hips and squeezing her muscles around the plug, stimulating new nerves. Inciting new fires.

Oh, she couldn’t get enough. Her holes burned and stretched as her channels rubbing against each other. Brad lifted his head to catch a nipple.

“Oh.” As much as her breasts annoyed her and got in her way, she loved the way these sex beasts worshipped them. They made her feel beautiful, all of her. A full C cup never felt so good.

Brad nibbled the bud, flicking his tongue like it was her pussy, and she shivered. Her walls coated with cream, and she moaned, grinding her hips down harder. His hands pressed her tits together, and he took turns licking both nipples. Isabel was forced to fuck half his cock to enjoy the suckling of her tits.

Her juices slid down his rod. His head fell back and his eyes shut tight. He lowered his hands to her hips and pushed her down so his pulsating cock slammed against her cervix again.

“Oh, yeah. You’re ready. I want you to come, Isabel. Right now,” Brad ordered.

Isabel gladly exploded for him. Her orgasm had started when his dick rammed the back of her pussy. Her screams were lost to her ears as her body climaxed over and over, never seeming to end. Brad flexed his hips, and with a deep breath, he came with a growl.

* * * *

Dale flipped her so she lay back on Brad's stomach as he positioned himself between her succulent thighs. Brad now held the plug in place, and Dale's dick would wait no longer.

With her legs over his arms, Dale entered her in one thrust. His tip reached her cervix, and he moved inside their woman with a new emotion. He knew he was falling for her. *Fast.*

His every stroke inside her wet folds was like his first time. It was different from any woman before Isabel. There was no other before Isabel. And there would be no one after.

"How do you like his dick fucking you with this plug in your ass?"

"Oh, God, *sí.*"

"Look at him, Isabel. Watch his dick move in and out of your wet pussy," Brad murmured in her ear.

She gripped Brad's thighs and watched Dale fuck her. It was one of the most erotic moments in Dale's life. Her eyes widened in fear and anticipation, but as he flexed inside her, green fire lit up her eyes.

Her large tits bounced, and she made noises in her throat that would make him come faster than he wanted to. He toyed with her, slowing the thrusts, fucking her an inch deep, then pulling out to glide the large head of his cock around her clit.

Isabel responded to each change with a groan, with a tilt of her hips, with more sticky juice pouring down to his stiff balls.

"You want to come again, don't you, Isabel? I can see the lust in your eyes," Dale told her.

Brad rolled his free hand around her nipple, sliding his tongue around her ear. They were pushing her, wanting her to feel wild and adventurous. Free. Wicked.

Her tongue wet her dry lips. She panted heavily, her eyes drugged with the forbidden lust of her two holes being fucked.

“You want to come, princess?” murmured Brad as he nuzzled her neck.

“Please. *Sí*,” she moaned.

Dale sank to the back of her pussy, holding his breath as liquid fire bubbled around him, squeezing his cock in a clenching stroke. Then he pulled out to where just the head was at the entrance to her pussy.

“No.” Isabel cried out, lifting her back off Brad.

He had to know because it mattered. He’d never cared before, but he cared what Isabel thought and felt. “Not until you tell me.”

Her green eyes flew open, wet with pleasure tears. “What?”

It wasn’t fair, but as the saying went, *all is fair in love and war*. “Were you jealous?”

He wouldn’t tell Isabel the blonde was Calli. Calli happened to be Devin’s sister, and he would never mess with the sister of a good friend. He also felt no attraction to the woman, because all he ever seemed to want now was a green-eyed Latina with spunk.

Isabel looked furious, and he loved it. He pushed in and pulled back out. She moaned and he felt her shudder in her thighs and in her cunt. Brad licked her ear, helping his cause.

“No.”

“You lie.”

He slowly slid in, holding her gaze, and plunged as deep as he could. And stopped.

“I’ll ask again, and you should know that I can come right now. I don’t have to move. You, on the other hand, might need me to move for your orgasm. So were you jealous when you saw me talking to her?”

“I was wrong about you. You’re not a nice guy.”

He smiled. “Sweetheart, right now, your pussy doesn’t want a nice guy.” And for effect, he slammed back against her cervix and stopped, buried deep inside her. Throbbing. Pulsating. Coated in the creamy sugar of her cunt.

“Okay. *Sí*, I was. You cold-blooded play—”

He moved inside her, so elated to know she cared, and groaned as he shot harder than he ever had. Isabel came with him. Her pussy gripped him in a choking vise, and he felt every spasm in her body. Dale took in her sweet mango scent, knowing this was the woman for him and Brad.

* * * *

Isabel dressed quickly, aggravated at how Dale had manipulated her. He used her vulnerability and his power to get the truth from her, to stroke his ego.

And now they asked her to wait while they returned a phone call and met with the managers. But she didn’t want to wait. She wanted to go, scream, or break something. Preferably over Dale’s head.

The moment they told her to stay put while they went to the meeting, she took off down the stairs. She zigzagged through the crowds, ignoring the sex around her since she had just experienced something more profound and powerful.

That had scared her enough to want to leave. She stepped outside and deeply inhaled the humid night air. The feelings Dale stirred, or awakened, had caused a blinding orgasm that still pounded her heart. They were confusing because they were directed at two different men. She’d had a crush on him and Brad for years, and now to feel something more mature when all Dale was interested in was toying with her, was enough to drive her mad.

Which was why she wasn't paying attention as she approached her car in the dark parking lot. At the crunch of a footstep behind her, she turned just as a gloved hand closed over her mouth.

Chapter Ten

“It’s your turn,” whispered an unfamiliar male voice.

Every hair on Isabel’s body stood pin straight, and a coldness flooded her insides. *This is it.* While she was pinned against the car facing the possible murderer, she could not make out his features. He wore dark sunglasses and a black baseball cap.

She tried to move, but it was in vain. This person was strong and his breathing was steady. Hers was near hyperventilation. It took her a second to realize something sharp poked her ribs.

“We’re getting in your car and going for a ride. Don’t try anything.” The eyes showed sheer disdain and hatred.

Oh, God. Isabel, think. Do something.

He reached with the weapon hand for her door handle. “I have to lower my hand. Don’t make a sound.”

Isabel knew if she got in the car, she’d be dead by morning, or at least praying for death. If she screamed, the worst he could do was hit her or kill her quickly. She’d take her chances.

The moment the cold leather moved off her mouth, Isabel shouted louder than the night at her house. She caught a glimpse of the fist just before she heard a sickening crunch against her face. Her world faded to black as popping erupted nearby and someone shouted her name—a familiar, loving someone.

* * * *

He was in love with her. Dale hadn’t attempted to discern his feelings for Isabel until tonight when he’d wondered why in the hell

he'd fucking flipped when she approached another man on the dance floor. Grinning quietly to himself, he knew no woman had ever made him jealous or act so barbaric as to throw her over his shoulder. Hell, he played the game, and jealousy was not permitted or it would void the whole purpose of the chase, the fun, and the moving on to the next piece of ass.

Yet, with Isabel, he didn't want the game and he couldn't move on. There was only her, and around her, he felt whole and complete. The game ended for him, and Isabel was his prize.

Dale gazed at her exotic face as she slept, peacefully and unaware of the rage in the house.

He and Brad plotted her attacker's painful death, pacing and drinking through the night. Someone had hurt her. The killer had found her and laid his hands on her.

Shaking with a violent urge to tear the motherfucker apart, more bloodthirsty than he'd ever thought he'd feel, he turned back roughly and accidentally kicked something from under the corner of her bed.

Her dancing duffel bag fell over, peeking out from under the bed skirt, and as he reached to straighten it, he noticed one item that didn't fit in with the shoes, body sprays, or make-up bag. A lone sheet of paper, crinkled, as if tossed in there carelessly.

He snatched it out and read the typed words.

I AM WATCHING YOU. WILL YOU BE NEXT?

That fucking dog is dead. This bastard will pay.

Holding the letter, he rose and glanced at the beautiful woman on the bed. Why hadn't she told them about this? Well, probably because she hadn't come to trust them yet. Why would she? They had been overbearing pricks to her, but still. They'd told her they'd keep her safe.

Moving closer to Isabel, he bent over and brushed a soft kiss on her forehead. Then he walked away, reaching for his cell phone in his back pocket and swearing he'd do what he could to earn her trust.

Without it, what chance did they have to protect her? Or of her falling in love with them?

* * * *

Brad took a swig of the whiskey bottle, finishing the last drop, and placed it next to his gun. He looked at his watch and squinted. It was getting harder to see, but it was just past lunch on Sunday, and neither he nor Dale had slept through the night.

“Cleaning the gun?” Dale took a seat on the lounge next to Brad.

“Yeah,” Brad replied, rubbing his eyes.

“I’ll put it back in your truck. I don’t think you should be messing with a loaded weapon right now.” Dale cleared his throat. “Nothing on the surveillance tapes. The man’s good. He knew where the cameras aimed. I gave my contact the note I found in her room. I don’t know why the hell she kept that from us, but they’ll run it for prints and DNA.”

“If we hadn’t taken so long—”

“Or if I’d taken her home the second I saw her there. Or if we hadn’t had sex. Or if we’d left right after. Don’t do this, man. She’s here and she’s alive. We’ll get the fucker.” Dale had told him all this sometime in the night, but it didn’t matter. She was still hurt.

Brad and Dale had left the meeting and found the office empty. Dale decided to check the monitors to see if he saw her and recognized her walking across the parking lot. When they saw a man dressed in black crouched low sprint after her, they shot down the stairs and out of the club.

But they hadn’t been fast enough. They heard that chilling scream, saw the fist in the air, and Brad wanted to kill. They saw the gun in time and dove when he fired. That gave the attacker the time he needed to get lost in the dark. Brad and Dale had unfortunately parked along a line of trees, which was where Isabel also parked.

Dr. Ely, a good customer and friend, had checked on her as soon as they got her home and again this morning. The news hadn't changed. *Concussion. She needed rest. Call when she awoke.*

In the meantime, Brad was passing the time planning all the ways he would make the man beg for death.

"I'm in love with her."

It was three seconds before Brad grasped the meaning of Dale's words. "Please. Your idea of falling in love is going on a third date."

Dale looked out to sea, the sunny day allowing a grand view of the vast ocean. "It's real. But I won't tell her until you admit you're in love with her, too."

Brad choked. "What? Then you're an asshole for not ever telling her."

Dale sighed. "She won't hurt you. I know it like I know you're my best friend since high school."

"You're delusional," Brad muttered, shaking his head.

"And you're a stubborn prick. She's the best thing that will ever come into our lives, and you're going to let her walk away."

Brad stood then, glaring at Dale, who followed suit. The fact she'd refused him until they all spoke just wasn't enough to share feelings he wasn't ready to admit he had. All that had proven was that she was faithful and *could* be the one.

"Women just can't love two men, Dale. You're in some hedonistic dream world. Get over it. She'll want marriage. Children. How in the hell will that work with two of us?"

His friend looked at him as if he were some sad little child. "You don't know what Isabel wants. I don't either. But I know this. I see the way she looks at us. I see the way you want to be with her. Not just for a good fuck—but to *be* with her. I've known you too long, man."

"Then you know when to leave me alone."

"If you can't tell her you love her, if you won't let her choose what she wants, then you need to let her go when this is all over."

Brad huffed and headed for the doors. "Fuck you, man."

Dale followed close behind. "I'll kick your ass if you hurt her like all the others."

Brad turned back. "Well, why don't you try, Dale."

Dale expected the first punch and ducked, but Brad landed a hard uppercut on his jaw. Dale came back with a hook to Brad's face and then Brad came back to tackle Dale. Dale, however, used Brad's own strength against him and pulled him into the pool, splashing in with him.

Brad broke the surface. "Fuck, man, what the hell?" he sputtered as Dale came up and swam to the wall.

Dale leaned his head back in the water, closing his eyes to the noon sun. "You needed to cool down and sober up."

Brad pulled himself out of the water, feeling a hundred pounds heavier with soaked jeans plastered to his legs. "I could never hurt Isabel. I broke up with women in the past before they fucked me over, yeah. If that hurt them, then I accept responsibility. But I'd die before I'd cause Isabel any pain."

Dale squinted at Brad. "Then tell her you love her."

Brad shook his head, not ready to admit what he couldn't understand. It was enough that he felt something. Enough, he wanted to wake up with her every morning and live just to see her smile. Any more was just too complicated.

"I'm going to dry off and check on her."

He had to admire Dale, if not believe that he loved Isabel. It wasn't often now that they argued, but it'd been a long time since they'd traded fists. And that had been over childish shit back in their high school days.

They met in high school in Chicago. Brad had been the star quarterback, and Dale had been the new kid in school. Dale earned an offensive linebacker spot so they played alongside each other too much for their comfort. There was too much rivalry, both on the field

proving who was tougher and off proving who could get the most ladies.

It wasn't until the last ten seconds of the final game of their second year of playing football together that things changed. Brad chose, at the last second, to run the ball himself for a touchdown after his runner was blocked. Dale tackled the other school's player, barreling down on Brad as Brad reached the goal line. Brad's six points won them the game, and when he found Dale on the ground after the tackle, he helped him up and shook his hand. That sealed their friendship.

Their rivalry over women, though, continued. And as Brad peeled off his soaked pants now, he chuckled, remembering how he'd watch playboy Dale win all the girls with his sweet charm. What he admired most was how Dale always respected the ladies. He didn't cheat, and he didn't make them any promises. Brad had come to loathe cheaters and liars after his experience with his own mother.

Brad just went through women, and as the relationships built, he'd end them. He hated the old "afraid of commitment" label. Maybe that was correct. But it was better than the alternative, of loving someone who would just end up leaving anyway. He saw what it did to his father, and he swore long ago he wouldn't suffer the same fate. His father had done a damn good job raising him and Bailey, but he'd never been the same. He disconnected, lost friends, and never found joy again outside of his two children.

Brad pulled on a clean pair of jeans and headed for the stairs. He glanced through the living room doors and noticed Dale was not in the pool. When he walked in Isabel's room, he found her blinking and looking up at the ceiling.

Brad rushed to her side and took her small hand in his. "Hey, it's okay, sweetheart. I'm here."

He sat next to her on the bed and smiled when she focused her tired eyes on him.

“You must have quite a headache. I’ll bring you some soup Dale made so you can take something for the pain.”

She licked her chapped lips, and his chest swelled when she pulled the corners up into a faint sweet smile. “Sounds good,” she whispered, licking her lips again.

His hand reached out to gently caress her forehead and the uninjured side of her face. The left side had a small purple and red bruise along her cheekbone that made him sick to his stomach. He could see her head snapping, her limp body falling to the ground. Her attacker’s days were numbered.

Isabel glanced at his bare chest. “Do you ever wear a shirt in the house?” she asked in a rough whisper.

Brad grinned. “Do you want me to?”

Delicate eyes rose to his. “No.”

He leaned down to drop a kiss on her forehead, choking back something powerful in his chest. “I’ll be back with food and some lip balm, too.”

He walked out, knowing his life had changed. The need to protect her, to have her look at him every day the way she did now, to see her smile, was more potent than the urge to breathe. *There will be no one else. There will only be Isabel.* He wasn’t ready to accept anything he felt as more than a deep want. But Dale was wrong. He could not, would not let her go.

* * * *

“I’m just so glad you’re okay. I didn’t hear from you for too long, *chica*,” Nik scolded over the phone.

Isabel smiled and leaned back on the plump pillow Dale had propped on the lounge.

“I know. I should have had Dale or Brad call you, but they’ve been too busy spoiling me.”

Her friend sighed. “As well they should, so I forgive you. But I need to see those brutes and knock some sense into them.”

“For what?”

“For what?” Nik shrieked. “For not letting you come up for air, that’s what.”

Isabel burst out laughing, ignoring the instant pain that shot up her head. “Oh, stop. You are guilty of setting me up on terrible blind dates that never made it past an appetizer lunch. So now you need to let me have my fun.”

She could hear her friend chuckling. “Listen, *chica*, I never meant to make you run into the arms of *two* men. But then, if you’re happy, I take full responsibility.”

“For what?”

“For you getting banged by two studs. Lucky bitch.”

Nik’s giggles were infectious, and Isabel joined her.

“But, Isa? Be careful.”

“I am.”

Nik sighed. “No, I mean, careful not to fall in love with one, unless you know he feels the same, and the other one’s okay with it.”

Isabel was no longer smiling. She opened her eyes to the beach ahead. Night fell fast, and there were only a handful of people farther down the water’s edge to her right. The pool lights automatically clicked on, casting a romantic glow across the patio.

“I’m afraid falling in love is just not a possibility,” she said softly.

There was a pause on the line. “Why not?”

Isabel sighed. “Come on, Nik. These guys share women—they run a sex club. I’m just enjoying them while I can, no expectations.”

“Are you trying to tell me they aren’t capable of falling in love with *you*?” Nik asked sarcastically.

“Them? Fall in love?” Isabel snorted. “The odds are higher that this killer is already in jail. Brad is arrogant, and Dale’s a playboy. There’s no room for them to love anyone. They want women, and they want their freedom. Love to them is a burden.”

“Well, Isa, I disagree. I think they just haven’t found the right woman—until you. Why else would they stop their lives for you? To feed you, to change your sheets, to do your hair? Are you kidding me, *your hair*? If they were such womanizers, they would have been out with their catch of the week and hired someone to take care of their *burden*.”

Isabel scoffed. “They’re bound to some promise they made, I told you. They’re honorable, which is to be admired, but that’s all it is. I’m a promise they have to keep.”

Her friend was silent for a moment. “You’re in love with them,” she accused softly.

“What?” Isabel chuckled nervously. “No, I’m not. You don’t know what you’re talking about. Seriously, two guys? No.”

“You’re going to have to tell them, Isa.”

A swoosh behind her made Isabel jump, and she turned to see a shirtless-with-hip-hugging-jeans Dale close the sliding door and step on the patio.

He noticed the phone in her hand. “Oh, I’m sorry, please finish.”

Isabel didn’t mind the interruption. It was actually perfect timing. “No, it’s okay. Please stay. Nik? I’ll call you tomorrow.

“They need to know,” she said quickly.

“*Ciao*, love,” Isabel said, ignoring her friend, and hung up the phone.

Flustered from Nik’s assertion, she blushed when Dale plopped down on her lounge by her feet. She flushed hotter when she remembered she only wore a long T-shirt and panties. She tugged on the edge of the shirt to where it would at least reach mid-thigh.

Damn, but these men looked handsome, even with faint marks on their faces. While Brad had brushed her hair yesterday and Dale changed her sheets, they told her, in answer to her question about what had happened, that it had been while wrestling as exercise.

She didn't believe that, but she wasn't going to press. Especially if she knew it had been about her. But why would it be? She was just a sex toy to them.

"How is she?" Dale handed her a glass of Amaretto.

Isabel had refused any more pain pills since they'd knock her out for hours. So she'd had the liqueur instead, which always worked to ease any aches and pains. She took a sip now and wondered why he looked at her so intently that it made her squirm.

"She's good. Misses her dancing students but says her cousin's new in-laws are hilarious. She's been skiing up in Ontario and trying to keep busy since I told her not to come back until this is all over. I figure she's safe up there." She took another sip, hoping she was right.

Dale leaned his elbows on his thighs and looked out toward the beach before turning back to her. "You're safe here too, Isabel. I'm sorry we weren't there with you when—"

Isabel sat up and grabbed his hand. "That wasn't your fault. I should have waited like you told me."

Dale shook his head. "No. You're our responsibility."

She threw him a grateful smile. "And you're taking really good care of me. Feeding me, helping me move around, running my baths. It's actually a bit much. But I'm not the curious little girl on the other side of the fence anymore." The moment the words left her lips she regretted them. Maybe he didn't catch that last bit.

Those chocolate eyes shined mischievously. "So you do remember spying on us!"

She groaned and closed her eyes. "Yes, how could I not?"

Dale was chuckling while heat crawled up her cheeks. "So how old were you?"

He wasn't going to let her off that easily. "From the time I was eleven to sixteen."

"How much did you see?" he asked slowly, as if remembering something he wished she hadn't seen.

She wiggled her eyebrows.

It was his turn to close his eyes. “Oh, no. Don’t tell me we traumatized you, please.”

She was giggling now. “No, no. I just saw a hug here or a kiss there. Nothing wild and shocking. I guess you were smart enough to do that behind closed doors.”

“Oh, thank God. Otherwise, I’d feel like a pervert.”

Isabel smiled wide, for the first time feeling very comfortable around one at least. “So, your mom taught you to cook. Tell me about your dad.”

His eyes turned distant, and a sad grin touched his lips. “He was amazing. He loved my mother and was a tough criminal attorney in Chicago where Brad and I are from. When we found out about the cancer, it was—oh, man.” He shook his head, as if that might remove some of the painful memories.

“My mom and I just grew tighter after that. I’m an only child, so I took care of her, and she spoiled me. She also taught me how to treat women. I learned to worship them from my dad, but my mom showed me how to take care of them. Well, my dad left me some money that I saved. Brad and I came to play football on a scholarship at the University of Miami, and I put the money from my dad into this house.”

“Sounds like you’ve been close a long time.”

The sadness faded, and he chuckled. “Yeah. We always complemented each other. He was drawn to my mother because of his experiences that, well, he’ll fill you in. But my mom sort of adopted him. I instantly liked his cool control. Nothing ever bothered him, and while I was chasing girls, he just sat back and watched them crowd around him.” He laughed.

“Since we’re on topic, how is it that you guys started sharing lovers?”

Dale's smile was gone, and his face turned seductive in the time it took her to blink. "Well, Brad and I met in high school. We had this ongoing battle of who was, you know."

"The ladies' man," Isabel finished.

"Exactly. Our senior year we went to a Bears game, and then an after party that got a little wild. There was a very good-looking older woman who decided to seduce us both that night. She caught us arguing about who would be with her, and she took our hands and led us to one of the empty bedrooms. She showed us and, well, that was it."

Isabel swallowed, picturing young versions of these two studs learning the art of ménage à trois. "And you didn't fight over women anymore."

He grinned. "No reason to. We would each have a girlfriend, and sometimes we'd share. Not often, but the times we did were more satisfying."

She didn't know why, but the words were out before she could stop them. "Like with me?"

Chapter Eleven

Dale was fucked. He didn't know how much longer he could go on without telling the woman before him that he was deeply in love with her.

Her eyebrows scrunched slightly closer as if looking for an affirmation. She was so innocent she couldn't see the truth right in front of her. He couldn't mask his feelings, so apparent in the way he looked at her and touched her, yet she couldn't, or wouldn't open her eyes to it. How could she not know how he felt about her?

He took in a pained breath, his heart beating for her. "No. With you, I'm alive. I don't want anyone else."

A ghost of a smile touched her pouty lips, and her brows relaxed. His mom had always told him that when a woman's happiness meant more to him than his own, then he was in love. At this moment, he wanted nothing more than to keep her smiling forever. Her eyes shifted down, and she squeezed her lips together.

"Dale, I—"

He kissed her, not wanting to hear any doubts, any fears. She whimpered and wrapped her arms around his neck as he pushed her back on the lounge, dropping his body on hers and tangling his fingers in her luxurious hair.

His mouth told her the words he couldn't yet tell her. All the love he felt guided him, slowly, gently, tenderly. She moaned, and he pressed closer, needing her to know how he felt about her.

Her hands explored his back, and he groaned, her touch an arousing wave that crashed against his dick, tenting his jeans and pressing between her thighs.

“Oh, Dale,” she moaned, arching under him.

Softly, he pressed his lips to the delicate skin of her cheek and kissed a path to the sensitive groove of her neck. When she sucked in her breath, he grinded his rod against her slit and moved lower.

Her nipples budded under the shirt and she pulled him closer. He lowered his mouth over one and drew it into his wet cave, sucking it and flicking it with his tongue.

She was alive, her hands pulling his hair, squeezing his shoulders. He had to have her. He had to bury himself deep inside this woman he'd known would never be like any other.

He moved his hand down to her panties and began pulling it down on one side.

“No, Dale, wait.”

Dale felt cold all over. Had he hurt her? He looked at Isabel, searching her face, but she was breathing as raggedly as he and stared at him as if fighting something, a force, an emotion.

She scooted up and pushed her hair back.

“What is it?” He sat back up.

“I don't know how this works. I feel like we're betraying Brad.”

She was looking down, tugging her shirt over her panties, and missed the look Dale gave Brad when his friend stepped quietly outside. Returning his slight nod, Dale cleared his throat. “We can make love without him. I'm sure he wouldn't mind.”

Her eyes shot up, and she shook her head. “No. I won't do anything until I hear from him, and we all agree on this.”

Dale cocked his head. “You're loyal. Would you be this loyal to me?”

Isabel nodded. “Of course. Do you doubt me?”

He grinned. “No.”

“Good. Don't ever confuse me with one of your whores. I'll wait in my room until Brad returns, then we can sit and figure out how this will all work.”

She got up off the lounge, keeping her eye on Dale, and turned toward the house.

She ran right into Brad and would have tumbled into the pool if he hadn't reached out to grab her by her elbows.

Isabel gasped audibly, and Dale grinned, coming to his feet.

"Brad," she choked out.

Brad grazed a thumb across her cheek, and Dale could tell the dummy was head over heels and was too damn stubborn to admit it. "Hi, princess," he murmured.

"We were just...we were—"

"She was giving me a good tongue lashing for suggesting we have sex without you," Dale interrupted as he moved around to stand next to Brad.

Brad inhaled deeply. "I heard," he replied.

Isabel narrowed her eyes at Dale, then turned back to Brad. "And you're okay with it?"

"Dale is the only other man allowed to touch you. Preferably in my presence. But if not, I don't mind, as long as you don't." He ran his thumb across her bottom lip, an intimate touch Dale had never seen Brad do, but he remembered clearly where he'd seen it last.

When Dale's dad lay in the hospital dying, Dale and Brad had seen his dad do that same gesture to Dale's mom, quietly telling her he loved her. Dale wondered if Brad was even aware of what it meant, or that he did it to Isabel. Something told him Brad knew full well what he did, what he was silently professing.

"I feel exactly the same way," replied Dale, finally.

Isabel shook her head and glanced at both men. "Wait. You're both saying that you're okay with me having sex with each of you, without the other in the room. Is that right?"

He and Brad nodded.

"You belong to us, Isabel. We take you when we want you, alone or together," Brad said firmly.

Dale figured one of two things would happen now. Isabel would shriek about their show of dominance and possession of her or she'd like it.

For his and Brad's sake, Dale silently prayed for once Brad had said exactly what a woman needed to hear.

* * * *

Brad had come out in time to hear Dale and Isabel's conversation after their passionate kiss, and he nearly shouted to the stars glittering above. She was loyal. She was *the one*. He felt more for the woman standing before him than he ever thought he'd feel for anyone.

He could see her pondering what he'd told her. But the black-haired vixen had the uncanny ability to disguise her feelings, not letting everything reveal in her eyes. So when her luscious lips slowly curved, his chest burst. It wasn't that she'd given them permission, because he hadn't asked. It was that she wanted them as badly as they wanted her. Anytime. Anyplace.

His relief was palpable and his joy effervescent. Was this love? This feeling that he could fly simply because Isabel wanted to belong to them? This fear he felt that if he didn't touch her then he'd lose her forever?

Brad wrapped her in his arms and kissed her until her mouth burned his with white-hot surrender. He swallowed her moans and pulled her closer, molding her supple body to his.

When she flinched and pulled back, he saw his hand gripping her face and cursed himself and his damn hormones.

"Oh, God, Isabel, I'm so sorry," he whispered, hating that he'd caused her an ounce of pain.

"I know. I'm fine now. It passed," she reassured him and gave him a warm gaze.

Dale stepped closer, studying her. "Isabel, do you need anything? What can we do?"

She bit her lip, the cutest most innocent thing he'd seen, and grinned. "I'd like to sleep with you tonight. I need you both to hold me."

Brad released a deep breath he'd held since he hurt her. Hold her all night? Damn, he was sure sleep would be the last thing he'd let her do. But she'd told them the one thing she needed from them, and he couldn't refuse her anything.

"Come on. I feel like a pizza and a DVD in bed. Let's go," he told her, taking her by the hand while Dale moved ahead.

An hour later Brad pushed aside the pizza box and tried focusing on the movie but he had a difficult time getting comfortable. Just the smell of her in this room was a powerful aphrodisiac, and his erection was painful by the time he decided flat on his back might be safe.

Isabel decided to throw one arm across his chest while Dale spooned her from behind, her perfect tush contoured against Dale's hips.

Fuck, now her head snuggled closer to his arm, and if he moved his head just an inch, her hair would caress his cheek. Shit, he tried focusing on the movie but he had no idea what the hell was going on.

When Isabel moaned and caressed his naked flesh near his pounding heart, he groaned.

"Stop that, Isabel," he growled.

Her hand froze, and she looked up, sweetly confused. "What?"

"Touching me like that. You're hurt. And the things I want to do to you, princess, require you to be a hundred percent better. I need you to enjoy everything we do."

"Really? What sorts of things?" Isabel teased.

Brad counted to five, then realized a swim in the melting ice caps wouldn't cool his dick. Why would counting do anything? "Princess, you've yet to experience both Dale and I inside you at the same time. And I'm not talking about that delicious mouth of yours."

He heard her gasp and gave her a sound kiss.

"Now stop teasing me before I lose control."

When Dale chuckled he threw him a poisonous glare, which only made his friend laugh harder, and he decided he was definitely getting very little sleep tonight.

* * * *

Isabel slowly awoke, feeling so warm and snuggled she moaned happily and smiled. Then she heard a soft snore somewhere nearby and became aware of the heavy weight on her.

She peeled open one eye and focused on the large arm slung over her chest and the hand that covered one breast. When she lifted her head, she noticed Brad pressed up behind her with the hand on her chest and one leg wrapped over hers. Dale was on the other side and she had her arm across his waist.

So this was what it was like to wake up with her lovers. Oh, very nice. But what the hell had gotten into her last night, asking to sleep with them? Now she'd never be able to fall asleep on her own when she moved back to her house.

Suddenly glum, she decided to get out of bed and get back to her old routine. She needed to run, to dance, to get out of the house. She had never been one to watch TV since she spent the majority of her childhood in dance studios or traveling to the next competition. She couldn't fathom another hour in front of the tube.

Without Nik at the studio, she'd left one of her advanced dancers in charge. The phones were being answered, and her novice classes taught. But her advanced students had no one to instruct them and with just five weeks to go before the championship, she would not fail them.

She slipped quietly out of bed, indulged in a steamy shower, and dressed quickly in a white tank top and yoga pants. She then headed to the kitchen, throwing one last glance at the sleeping duo who'd now turned their backs to each other.

The automatic coffeemaker had just switched on so she decided to make some toast, wondering which of the two men would accompany her to the studio today.

Last night, something had changed between them all. She'd sensed it on the patio when she became aware that Dale knew Brad was watching and tested her. Telling her that Brad wouldn't mind if they had sex alone had been for Brad's benefit to show him he could trust Isabel with her reply, and for that, Isabel was thankful to Dale. They both respected and loved each other, and she had begun to feel a need for a piece of that love.

She spread pineapple preserves on her toast, shaking her head. It was too much to ask that they'd love her. It would have to be enough that they cared for her and were incredible lovers. She didn't have a whole lot of experience, but she knew they took the time to make sure she reached multiple orgasms before allowing their own release.

Last night she'd been tempted to climb on one of them and explore her sexuality, but she'd held back. Brad had seemed set on not touching her until she felt better, but it was her own fear that had stopped her. If she'd made love with them last night, she would have confused it for just that—making love—because she was beginning to feel things for them that went beyond lust. She may even confuse that with being in love. No, it was better to continue to see things as they did—sex and lust—and not be naïve about her circumstances in their house.

The knocking on the door startled her. No one came by this house at six-thirty in the morning. She poked her head around the kitchen wall and saw the figure of a man waiting outside. He was dressed in a suit and seemed too calm to be a killer. *Besides, would a murderer go to the home of two men to kill the girl inside?*

Isabel made up her mind, telling herself she couldn't live in fear, and headed to the alarm panel by the front door. After punching in the code, she opened the door and quickly recognized the funny little man.

His face was artificially tanned to near orange, his hair slicked back with half a gallon of gel, and his teeth white as milk. She also remembered what the man walking ahead of him had been telling him as they left Club Lava. She decided not to invite him in.

“Can I help you?” she asked dryly.

The man leered at her, looking as if he had just undressed her in his sick mind, and Isabel instantly hugged her arms.

“Well, I don’t know, little one. Who are you?”

Isabel lifted her chin a notch. “Who are *you*?”

He raised his brows. “Mmm, spicy Latina. How did you get that bruise?”

“Have a nice day,” she said through gritted teeth, stepping back to close the door.

His smile faded, and his eyes narrowed. “Wait, wait. I’m sorry. I’m a friend of Brad’s and Dale’s—Senator Mitchell. It’s just that, well, I shouldn’t say anything but, um, they have been known to get a little rough with past girlfriends. Sort of a sport, if you will. Are you sure you’re okay?”

Isabel swallowed the bile that rose to her throat. “I’ll tell them you stopped by, senator,” she said frostily and shut the door in his face.

Oh, the nerve of that slimy, pretentious creep

She fixed her cup of coffee, ignoring the little doubt that the senator’s seed had sprouted.

It couldn’t be true. They had done nothing to hurt her. Yes, they were stifling with their possessiveness and insufferable, but neither of them could possibly be a killer.

She chuckled and shook her head. *No way*. Why go through the trouble of moving her in here, feigning concern, and caring for her when she was hurt? To sweep her into a much larger, sick plan they conjured in their twisted minds? *Highly unlikely*. And yet, they had been just a shout away each time the killer had been near.

No, not possible, she wouldn’t believe it.

“Good morning. You’re up early,” Brad murmured behind her, making her nearly spill her coffee.

Before she could utter a reply, his arms circled her waist, and his lips pressed against her shoulder. The feel of his mouth on her sent a shock wave to her clit, and with a moan, she molded her backside to his bulging crotch.

His hands cupped her breasts, and he massaged them while he pushed his hard-on against her ass. His tongue licked its way up the curve of her neck, and every small hair on her body stood erect.

Wanting to get an early start at her studio, she asked, “So you’re the one going with me to work today?”

Brad stopped moving against her. “Work? You’re not going to work.”

She must have heard him wrong. She turned, forcing him to step back, and looked up at his amused expression. “Excuse me?”

“You’re not going to work.”

She hadn’t heard wrong. “You’re joking.”

He crossed his arms and leaned against the island behind him. “That man who attacked you is still out there. He knows where you work.”

Isabel huffed. “He’s always known where I work. And you’ll be there.”

“Nothing will happen to you when I’m with you but he could be waiting for you anywhere and I feel that you’re safest right here,” he reasoned calmly.

She, however, could only think about her students. “I cannot sit around this house all day with a very important competition in a few weeks. My students need me.” She raised her voice with the last statement.

He shook his head. “Your students know their routines. They can practice without you.”

Isabel raised her brows. "They can? Because last I checked, I'm their teacher, and they pay me to train them, to be there for them, to get them to a competition, and to help them win. I will not fail them."

"I will not let you get hurt," he said a little louder.

Her body trembled. "I can't be cooped up in this house all day!" Isabel finally shouted.

"We can do plenty to keep you occupied," he said softly, looking at her from top to bottom.

The suggestion of sex when she was, again, being told what to do, had her blood boiling. Her body tingled with adrenaline while her hands visibly shook. Oh, the man knew how to press her buttons. Yet, for a second, she actually visualized herself naked in bed all day with the two of them. *Damn him.*

"I'm going to work," she announced, snatching her keys and walking quickly toward the living room.

Brad came up behind her, grabbed her elbow, and whirled her around. "No, you're not."

This wasn't working. She needed another tactic. "What's the matter, Brad? Afraid you can't keep me safe at work? Or you're just afraid period?"

It was a low blow, but she had to try anything, or she'd be in an asylum by the end of the week.

His faced turned dark, and his sensual lips turned up at the corners. "Sweetheart, digs like that will just get you tied to the bed."

"And the moment I'm free I will leave, and you will never see me again," she stated hotly.

He still held her upper arm and while his jaw seemed to pop on the side, his eyes turned a frosty shade of blue.

"What's going on here," asked Dale as he walked up next to them.

"Isabel is under the delusion that she's going to work today," Brad said, glaring at Isabel.

“And Brad is a controlling fool who thinks I’m supposed to be tied to the bed until the killer’s caught. But I have news for you, boys. I have a business to run. I am not here just for your sex games.”

Brad’s nostrils flared. He was furious, and with each breath Isabel took, her nipples brushed against his steel chest.

“Brad, she’s right. Her business will suffer without her. She’ll be safe as long as you stay by her side.”

Oh, thank heavens. Dale was the voice of reason. Her chin lifted a notch, and she couldn’t help the tiny tilt of her lips.

No one said a word. Then suddenly, Brad released her arm and stepped back. “Fine. Get your things. But if I lose sight of you for one second, your ass is tied to your bed.”

Happy with her small victory, Isabel decided not to argue. She gave Dale a quick kiss on the cheek, grabbed her duffel bag, and headed to the garage. Brad might be in a sour mood all day, but she was going back to work, determined not to let the arrogant jerk ruin her day.

Chapter Twelve

Few people surprised Brad. He'd met just about every type of personality from the streets of Chicago to his swingers club. But Isabel continued to stump him. She was passionate and intelligent, sweet and argumentative. And now she sacrificed her comfort for the sake of her students.

She didn't need to tell him, but it was obvious her face hurt. The way she flinched or squinted was subtle, but he saw it. Yet she didn't complain or ask for help. She barreled through, answering questions, nursing someone else's injury, and comforting those who were nervous. And when she yelled, everyone listened. He was impressed.

The only time she came near him was when they ate a silent lunch together. Otherwise, she kept her distance but made sure to stay where he could keep an eye on her. He watched the way she strutted in high heels across the large dance floor and how her arms rose over her head, lifting her perfect tits. He couldn't help but stare when her hair, up in a ponytail, swung in the air with every spin she took.

His dick had been hard since he saw her in the kitchen this morning. He'd pictured himself taking her in every corner of this studio, which had been worse for his boner. But she was hurt. He couldn't be selfish. So he was mute all the way back to the house. Let her think it was about her going to work today. Because if he tried to explain his explosive temper, he'd do it by ripping her clothes off and fucking her until she screamed.

"I'm sore, so I'll be in the hot tub," he heard Isabel say off-handedly as she practically skipped to her bedroom.

Fuck, now he had to see her in a bathing suit? He walked to the bar off to the side of the kitchen and was pouring his second glass of brandy when Dale walked out of their office.

“Oh, hey. I’ll take the shift at the club tonight. Where’s Isabel?”

In a true display of perfect timing and a total tease, Isabel waltzed out, wearing the tiniest white bikini he’d ever seen. The thing barely covered her chest. Actually, he was pretty certain it was meant to just cover her nipples with little white triangles. The bottom scooped in the front, tied at the sides and, when she passed them and aimed for the pool, revealed her ass in a skimpy thong.

“Fuck,” Dale grumbled.

Brad finished his drink and slammed the glass back on the tile-topped bar. “Get the stuff,” he muttered to Dale, knowing his friend would know he meant their lubes, toys, and condoms.

He stripped off his clothes as he walked toward the patio. He could see Isabel test the bubbling waters with her toes, then slowly wade in.

The sun had begun to set, and the smell of salt in the air did little to disguise Isabel’s fruity perfume. She dunked her head underwater just as Brad opened the door and stepped outside. A light warm breeze curled over his naked skin. He stepped closer, his cock a stiff rod pulsating for release. Isabel’s head popped out of the water and when she caught sight of him, her mouth dropped open.

He stood by the tub’s edge watching her, his heavenly she-devil, angelic and wanton. He ached to both protect her and to stuff every hole with his cock. Her pink mouth trembled, but her piercing eyes lowered to his erection. And when her tongue snuck out to lick her lips, he took his first step into the hot water.

Brad went to her slowly, knowing he wanted to fuck his princess for hours. She scooted back on the bench, her tits bobbing out of the water just enough that he saw her budding nipples pressing against the white triangles. With one hand, he grabbed the back of her hair and

pulled so she'd look up at him. Her mouth opened, waiting for his. Her tits pressed against him.

"You were angry with me today," he told her hoarsely.

"Yes," she breathed.

"Because I want you safe?"

"Because you want to control me."

He grinned, watching her lips. "You've fought us since the first day we spoke. You had a small victory today, going to work. But now you pay the price."

He released her hair, grabbed her waist, and pulled her out of the water to sit on the edge. He pushed her knees apart and stood between her thighs. She was breathing heavily, thrusting those delicious nipples in the air at him.

"Tonight you'll beg for me to fuck your pussy. I will drive you so crazy, you'll swear to do what I tell you from now on."

Her eyes went wild with desire and her body trembled, but he knew she'd fight him. "No. I won't," she said in a proud voice, and his heart palpitated for this woman.

With the strings of her bikini top and bottom in his fingers, he pulled until the material collapsed, revealing rock-hard peaks.

"You want to be fucked, don't you?" he asked quietly, surprised he sounded so calm when every muscle in his body strained and ripped.

Hearing her heavy breathing in response, Brad lowered his head and gave a nipple one long flat lick, seeing the goose bumps cover her wet flesh. She whimpered, and he took the areola into his mouth and sucked, flicking his tongue over her peak. He took her mounds in his hands and kneaded them until she groaned with pleasure. He moved to the other nipple, nibbling and biting while she gasped and breathed faster and faster. Her thighs squeezed, pulling him closer.

"Easy, princess. I've only just begun," he murmured, his face between her luscious tits.

He heard Dale step around the tub. "Take Dale's dick in your mouth and suck him," he ordered her.

Brad heard Dale grunt and looked up to see Isabel's mouth around Dale's shaft.

Brad pulled Isabel's hips closer and spread her glistening labia open with the pads of his thumbs, groaning when he eyed the sweet essence sliding out from her cunt. Tongue flat, he licked her red entrance, sticky wet and sugary. Oh, yes. Moving higher, he flicked her clit with his tongue and watched it swell, peeking out from behind the guarding folds, then sucked it hard. Isabel jerked and moaned, her slurpy blow job muffling her sounds.

"Isabel, you know how I like it," groaned Dale.

Needing a better taste of her, Brad dipped his tongue in her pussy, diving, probing, licking her fluttering walls. Her juice flowed quickly, and her spongy muscles quivered. Damn, but this woman came to life fast. Her thighs jerked and jumped on either side of his head, and he upped the ante. He half hummed, half groaned, and Isabel cried out around her mouth full of cock.

Her fingers buried in his hair, and Brad decided to insert his middle finger inside her dripping pussy. Palm up, he flicked his digit against her drenched walls, moving against the suction of her cunt. Isabel bucked her hips and pulled his head closer to her.

"Oh, yeah, you like that, princess," he teased roughly.

Hearing her moans and deep throat sounds, he flicked her clit quickly, playing with the sensitive nub. He fingered her, loving the squishy sounds she made for him. She was nearing her climax, and he wanted nothing more than to feel her come in his mouth. But not wanting her to be too numb to beg for his dick, he backed off, loving her sounds of disappointment.

"You want me to fuck your pussy?" he asked, getting back to his feet.

His exotic vixen moaned in return. Her mouth dripped, wet from her blowjob, and Dale looked ready to burst. She was persistent. He liked that.

“On the lounge. Get on your hands and knees.”

Her eyes darkened to such raw animalism, it was a feat just to get out of the hot tub, the cooler air beating against his painfully engorged rod. The woman was killing him with her powerful sex appeal and love of their threesome.

He picked up the black duffel bag Dale used to carry their lubes, toys, and protection, and waited for Isabel to take her position. Dale eyed him, and he nodded to him to again take his place by her head.

Dale knew him enough to know he'd get his turn. Right now, it was Brad's. Isabel's wet body glimmered with the soft glow of the pool lights. Water droplets rolled down her calves, and her soaked hair stuck to her arms and back. Her spine arched, and she welcomed Dale's engorged dick into her mouth.

Brad located the numbing anal lube, and with a large amount on his thumb, he began circling Isabel's tight portal. She jumped a little, noticing the warm gel, and Brad knew she'd get nervous. He brought his tongue to her slit and licked her cunt while pressing her passage open.

Isabel dripped sticky nectar down her lips to his. He groaned and laved every drop she fed him, savoring her sweet flavor. He was pretty sure he was spurting his own cream, but he wanted to hear her scream tonight before he satisfied himself. With that thought, he pushed harder and found the plug. He replaced his digit with the toy and twisted it gently into her tight ring, stretching it slowly.

“Dale, we'll be fucking her tight ass tonight,” he said, more for Isabel than to his friend.

Her reaction was to throw her hips back so Brad could push the plug farther inside. He was surprised again today, by her passion, her strength. The toy popped in past her tight ring, and Isabel groaned,

rocking her hips. Brad was relieved he didn't cause her the pain she experienced in his office the first time they used a plug.

On his feet, he began pushing the cone-shaped toy in and out of her clenched channel, every inch widening her muscles to accommodate his large girth. Not able to stand another moment without seeing his cock stretching her mouth open, he glanced at Dale.

"She's yours," he told Dale, wanting to watch her handle Dale from behind.

Brad took Dale's place, knowing Isabel's gaze followed his every move.

He brought his dick right to her mouth. "Take it," he told her.

* * * *

Dale pulled a condom on, the sight of her little ass slick with lube up in the air for him making his balls stiffen. Holding his dick in place, he pulled the plug out, and plunged into her virgin channel, so tight it strangled his cock.

"Oh, God," Isabel shouted, dropping her face against the blue pillow, every muscle tight and trembling.

Dale closed his eyes and savored every inch of squeezing ridges that massaged his throbbing shaft. He gripped her hips and drove farther in, groaning, falling into a sea of fire that threatened to drown him. Torrents of molten lava coursed through his veins. His skin caught on fire.

"Fuck, you're tight, Isabel," he managed to grit through his grinding jaw.

He took a deep breath and began moving in and out, thrusting his hips forward. His head dropped back, and he reveled in the knowledge he was her first in the forbidden channel.

She threw him a glance over her shoulder, her eyes smoldering with ecstasy, a pleasure so intense he swelled with pride knowing he provoked it.

“Oh, yeah, fuck me,” Isabel shouted, throwing her head back and slamming her ass against his hips.

“As soon as I see you suck that dick, Isabel, I’ll fuck you as hard as you want me to.”

Isabel wrapped her hand around Brad’s rod, and it disappeared into her mouth. Brad drew a sharp breath while Isabel sucked him like a starving nympho.

Satisfied, Dale fulfilled his promise. His dick stretched the tightest walls. Faster and faster, he slapped her swollen pussy lips with his balls.

She possessed the finest ass, the sweetest essence. He flexed his hips, her ridges massaging his cock, milking him. It was the essence of ménage, plunging into the forbidden, claiming another hole.

He pounded inside her, his dick promising it wouldn’t last. She tilted her hips down and he rammed her even harder.

“Dale, the vibrator,” Brad reminded him and Dale grinded his teeth together so hard he thought his jaw popped. It was a fucking feat to do anything but pour himself inside her, but he couldn’t ignore what Brad had promised.

Dale grabbed the small vibrator by Isabel’s leg, switched it on low, and pressed it against her exposed clit.

Chapter Thirteen

Every nerve in Isabel's body jerked in rippling spasms. Her fingers curled around the edges of the lounge. Warm beads of sweat trickled down her flushed face and fell on the lounge chair. She still tasted Brad's salty pre-cum she'd sucked out of his pulsating cock. Nighttime humidity cloaked her. It was sizzling hot. But all she knew was the urgency in her pussy to be fucked by Brad and Dale.

The vibrator buzzed around her screaming clit, breaking her down, tearing her apart. In carnal instinct, her hips bucked, looking for a dick to finally drive into her cunt.

"Oh, fuck," she groaned, squeezing her eyes shut.

She couldn't remember what Brad had told her in the hot tub. Something about her begging. *Fuck, it's so hot.* Her ass burned and stretched. Her pussy dripped.

"No more vibrator. Just enough to make you beg," Dale taunted as the zapping stopped.

She had to come, and she was realizing that him fucking her ass alone wouldn't do it. *Damn, it's hot out tonight.*

She'd beg. She'd plead, whatever it took, but she knew they controlled her. They *owned* her.

"Please," she moaned, trembling.

"Say it," Dale ordered.

"Oh, please. Fuck my pussy. Take me."

Dale pulled out and she heard the sounds of a condom coming off. A moment later, her pussy opened to welcome her master. She cried out in relief, her cunt pulsating around the cock pummeling her. He

pounded against her thin cervix, setting off a violent orgasm. She screamed and cried out incoherent little nothings.

Dale wasn't finished. He continued to take her with wild abandonment, savage, rough. Her body was his, her climax, the rush of warm sticky juice, it was his and because of him.

Oh, she needed something. Her mouth opened wide for Brad. Her hand grabbed his testicles, and she sucked him as hard as Dale fucked her.

It was so hot she couldn't catch her breath. Her skin burned, the sweat continued to drip. Her pussy smacked wet with each thrust of Dale's hips against her. She moaned, sliding her lips back and forth over the rod that filled her mouth.

The men pumped into her, harder, faster. She couldn't get enough. Flames burned in her veins. Cells vibrated and fibers snapped. Everything burned and collided.

Dale played with her. He pulled every inch of his cock out, except for the huge head. He barely pushed it in and out, toying with her. Her pussy was so empty it ached to be stuffed, to be stretched.

She was begging him. She could barely make out her words. "I need. You. Inside me. Please!"

When he slammed against her cervix, another orgasm erupted. She buried her hot face on the cool pillow and screamed. Cream gushed out her slit and something swelled. Something exploded. She didn't know what, she was now a million pieces of herself.

"Turn around," she thought she heard.

Large warm hands turned her over. She was now lying face up against Dale's chest while he sat back on the lounge, his feet on the floor for support. He played with her tits, rolling her nipples in his calloused fingers. The friction sent waves across her belly, and she moaned, turning her face toward his sweaty, muscled chest.

"It's my turn, princess," warned Brad.

At his announcement, she gazed at Brad standing before her, in awe of his body as she watched him pull the condom on his heavy

organ. He was majestic—tall, muscular, a warrior ready to destroy, to conquer. Her pussy quivered at the sheer size and power of him.

He rested one knee on the end of the lounge and gripped the back of Isabel's knees, bringing her closer. Slowly and enticingly, he spread her thighs apart, then pushed his long, fat cock into her ass.

"Oh, yes."

His gaze challenged her to watch him, to watch the pleasure he took, the ecstasy he gave.

He filled her, every inch, and Isabel sucked in her breath. The sensations were wild, the level of sensitivity so heightened he had to barely drive forward for her orgasm to build again.

"Yeah, you like that, don't you?" whispered Dale in her ear before curling his tongue inside.

"Oh, yes, *sí*," she replied, goose bumps marching across her skin.

Brad pumped hard, stretching and burning her channel.

"Touch yourself," Brad ordered.

What? Now? She was suddenly shy. What was she supposed to do? They'd watch her. But he obviously wasn't waiting. Dale covered her hand and guided it to her plump lips. Hesitantly, she fingered first her clit, which was almost painful from her last orgasm, then her pussy.

"Oh, yeah, get it ready for me." Brad stared at her hand sinking, fucking her moist folds.

She moaned, the feeling of being watched so alluring, she was bubbling wet. Dale dipped his finger in her cunt and brought his shiny fingertip to her lips.

"Lick it," he told her.

Oh, God. She did. She sucked his whole finger and wondered how she'd survive this night. They were raw, animal-like, and she couldn't get enough. She was hooked, obsessed with a primal need for them.

Dale's hand turned her face so he could cover her mouth in a kiss meant to curl her toes. His tongue teased her lips, her teeth, then dove in to leave her fighting for air.

But she ached for more. Her pussy clenched, searching, needing.

“Brad,” she moaned.

“Tell me,” he countered heavily. “Look at me.”

She did. Still resting between Dale’s legs, she locked eyes with Brad towering over her. Shamelessly, she watched her gladiator work his muscles, flexing and tensing, to please her, to dominate her. And he did, oh so easily.

“Fuck my pussy. Please,” she whimpered.

Brad pushed in and out faster, grunting, and then he was out. He ripped off his condom and then pulled her hand out of the way.

“Eyes on me.” His voice was deep and husky.

She met his glazed eyes and felt a burn in her stomach when he slowly filled her.

“Oh, *sí, sí,*” she cried out, a million explosions popping through the length of her pussy.

Watching the predatory hunger, the darkness he controlled in his blue eyes, was as erotic as the fucking itself.

Dale kneaded her mounds again, pinching her nipples, rolling his palms over them. “Watch his dick, Isabel. Look at it fill you, stretch your lips open. Watch it pull out, coated, glistening with your sugary cream.”

Isabel was spinning, so aroused, so alive. *Oh, so free.*

“What do you want to tell him?” Dale asked.

She licked her lips and, looking at Brad, answered. “Fuck me harder. Take me.”

* * * *

Brad sunk into an inferno and ravaging fires ran in his veins, willing him to lose control. Violent forces whirled and collided with the swooping arms of protectiveness. Her small body demolished his thrusts, absorbing his pounding in the deep, saturated sponges of her

cushioned walls. Her feminine eyes—seductive, angelic—were glazed with the heat of a sex fiend.

Isabel had sucked his dick with a hunger that washed away his ability to speak. But he didn't let her make him come. Then he'd fucked her ass and watched her play with her succulent pussy. Now she begged him to take her. Damn it, she matched his need, met his challenge. Even when she gave in and begged him to take her, she welcomed everything else he unleashed upon her.

"That's my princess," he rasped.

He didn't know how much longer he'd last, but he sure as hell wasn't finished. He slowed down, slow enough that it was agony pulling out, slow enough to see her arch her back in frustration.

She circled her hands around Dale's neck and pushed her hips up, but Brad continued his sweet torture. Her breasts were fascinating by the pool lights, casting moving shadows over her lithe figure. Her nipples thrust in the air as her tits bounced up and down in a rhythmic wave that intoxicated his senses.

Her body undulated, and he slowly drove in, lost in the feelings of her tight walls expanding for his widening shaft. She moaned, and he fought the urge to slam inside her. His hands moved down her soft thighs, over her slim hips, and he rubbed a thumb over her swollen clit. Her pussy squeezed around him, and she sucked in her breath, pushing her tits up in the air again.

Brad moved as slowly as the waves in the pool, formed by the slight warm breeze from the ocean. He smelled her addictive essence, sweet and gentle. He clenched his jaw, telling himself to hang on. His balls tightened and his heart was close to breaking a rib. Every breath he took was one breath closer to the most powerful climax he'd had. He knew it.

"You're ours, Isabel," he grumbled.

"Sí, yes," she moaned, writhing and bucking her hips.

"Tell me," he said, amazed he could talk.

"Oh, I'm yours. I'm. Yours."

“And you’ll. Listen. Next time. And not. Argue.”

“Sí. Plea—please.”

He finally took the devil’s road, flexing and thrusting faster, deeper. His breathing raced, his heart pounded his ribs, and he felt her rupture around him.

Her liquid silk poured around his cock, her orgasm a blast of convulsions stroking, milking his rod.

Her pussy clenched around his dick, and he stroked the back of her pussy while sweat poured down his back. A current shot from his balls, and he exploded as white lights burst behind his closed lids. He couldn’t move. It hurt to breathe. And every bit of his being belonged to this woman.

* * * *

Isabel’s stomach grumbled, bringing her back to life. Her back shook as Dale chuckled from somewhere under her, and Brad dropped a kiss on her thigh.

“Time to feed you, beautiful,” Dale said softly, moving all her matted hair away from her face and gathering it to one side.

“Hmm,” she mumbled. That was as much as she could muster.

“Dinner time,” said Brad from somewhere.

Then she was flying, cradled in someone’s strong arms and whisked away somewhere.

“Brad, you clean up out here. I’ll wash her up.” Dale’s chest vibrated against her cheek as he carried her inside the house.

Isabel snuggled closer to the warmth of his protective body, but she was laid on her bed. She heard Dale move around her room and start her shower. A minute later, he held her under the warm water cascading down her flushed body. He lathered soap and washed her while she quietly admired one of her two sexual warriors, and her body sagged against his, sated.

He truly was extraordinary, his body so carefully chiseled, and the way it had taken possession of her ass burned her belly. She'd watched him for a brief moment, but it had been an erotic voyage into his well-guarded sexual dominance. He'd been gritting his teeth, his lips parted, and he'd looked at her with eyes so glazed with dark supremacy she'd begged him to fuck her, to show her his true strength as a lover. And oh, how he'd delivered. His body had flexed with each thrust, the muscles of his arms gripping her hips had bulged, and those of his chest and stomach had snapped under his sweaty, bronzed skin.

"You're incredible," he whispered, running the sponge over her bruised mounds.

She moaned, closing her eyes, and held on to his narrow hips. "Mmm, so are you."

He washed her hair and kissed her lips in a nonsexual, soothing way. She smiled, enjoying this post-ménage treatment, getting more spoiled by the second, wishing it would never end.

But much too soon, he wrapped her, then himself, in warm towels and carried her to the edge of the bed.

She flinched when she tried sitting, her ass extremely sensitive still.

"It'll be tender tonight and probably tomorrow. I'm so sorry," Dale murmured as he stood by the bed and combed her hair.

She sighed and shifted her weight on her thigh. "I'm not."

When she leaned her head on his flat stomach and wrapped her hand around his leg, he cleared his throat.

"I have to go warm up dinner. You okay now?"

The sudden shift was unexpected and awkward, but she nodded. "Yes. Thank you."

He returned her smile, his dazzling dimples in full view and left the room. Damn, her body ached, but the memory of what they'd done, of how she'd begged for it, brought a hot blush to her face.

She'd always prided herself in being on her own, taking care of herself and her business. But since Brad and Dale burst into her life, everything she knew and believed in had been flipped on its head. No matter how hard she tried to regain some sense of control, of independence, she'd gladly gave it up for a touch, a kiss—for them.

It would be difficult to walk away when the killer was caught, that she knew for sure. They'd probably ask her to stay. But how could she live with two men? Her dad hadn't been around to tell her what to do, and now she had two macho men dictating her every move. But the problem was she liked it. No, that wasn't true. She liked them. *A lot*. Okay, it was bordering on love.

How could she live with two men she liked—a lot, bordering on love—when they didn't feel the same? Could she live with them as their sex toy? Maybe, but she'd be miserable. She wanted a commitment. She needed to know she was their only one. She couldn't, wouldn't take anything less.

So stay strong and get through this short visit. Enjoy the sex. Don't expect more.

She checked her reflection in the dresser mirror in front of her. The small bruise didn't bother her anymore, not the pain or the sight of it. But she looked deeper to the woman inside who'd gone from independent and naïve with a crush on two old neighbors to a woman who now craved their threesome, begged to be fucked, and knew she was falling for them. Heaven help her.

The smell of a succulent, familiar dish drifted into her room and her stomach complained. She found Brad and Dale, shoulders bare, jeans hanging low on their hips, moving around the kitchen, setting up dinner on the table.

Her mouth watered with another hunger that surprised her. Jeez, she'd just had them, in every orifice. *But, oh, they are decadent*. Their muscles moved gracefully under all that tanned skin. Brad took a playful jab at Dale's side, and Brad's bicep curled, bulging. Dale's ripped abs flexed.

“Princess, please sit. We think you’ll like what Dale cooked up tonight,” Brad said as he reached for glasses.

Isabel blinked, snapping out of it. Curious, she sat and watched Dale grin as he set a bowl in front of her. Her mouth opened, and she looked up at Dale.

“*Asopao de pollo?*”

He chuckled. “I hope you like my version of your chicken and rice soup.”

She bit her lip and eyed the soup again. “I love it.”

“You haven’t even tasted it, love.”

She shook her head. “I don’t have to. You made a traditional Puerto Rican dish for me.” She met his eyes. “Thank you.”

He gave her a tender look that caused her heart to flutter, and she decided to focus on the meal. But, had he called her *love*? No, no, of course not. That was just wishful thinking.

Needing a distraction from her active imagination, she thankfully remembered something. “Oh, I’m so sorry. I forgot because of our, the, what happened this morning. A Senator Mitchell stopped by looking for you both.”

They both stared at her and then at each other.

“What did he say?” Brad asked.

Isabel grabbed another tasty spoonful. “Not much. That he’s your friend, and he wanted to talk to you both.” She decided not to add that jab about their violent tendencies.

“Dale, you take Isabel to work tomorrow, and I’ll head to the club.”

Isabel cocked her head, sensing a change in the atmosphere. “Is something wrong?”

Brad threw her a smile that seemed to lick her pussy. Damn, how could he turn her on with a tilt of his lips?

“No, princess.”

One of these days she'd ask him why he chose to call her princess. But not now. Right now she just wanted to enjoy his smile and this amazing meal she'd loved as a child.

"Isabel. There's something we need to talk about. I'll get right to it."

She shifted uncomfortably at Dale's sudden seriousness.

"In the heat of things, I used a condom for your backside, but not, uhm—"

"I know," she cut in, seeing him become tongue-tied at his explanation. She found that sweet of him.

"We never discussed if you're on birth control, and I'm concerned." He pinned his eyes on her.

Isabel dabbed her mouth with her napkin and sat back. She took a deep breath and gave them both a comforting smile. "There's nothing for you to worry about. However, there is something I have to tell you." Better to just jump in and tell them so they didn't need to be concerned any longer. It wasn't because they'd care, of course. She had to tell them because they would actually feel a great weight lift off their shoulders that they had one less burden to stress about.

"I can't have children."

Chapter Fourteen

The silence rang in Brad's ears. He held his glass in his hand. Dale's spoon hovered over his bowl. Isabel looked from one to the other, waiting for a question, a comment, a reaction. Anything. At least *she* seemed comfortable, if not amused, at their shock.

Brad didn't know what to say, but he had to know. "Isabel, I'm sorry. Are you okay?" *Jeez, that's the best you could come up with?*

Her tender smile was comforting, but still.

"Yes. I'm fine. I had severe endometriosis a few years ago. After different medications and treatments, the doctors felt that, well, all that was left was to remove my uterus."

He remembered when they found out Isabel had gone to the hospital when she was eighteen, but with records being private, all they could do was wait for her release. Since she'd seemed fine from the pictures, they had eventually stopped trying to learn what had happened, attributing it to a dancing injury like the ankle she'd sprained twice the year before.

"You were so young," Dale exclaimed.

"Well, my mom had it after I was born. That's why I'm an only child. It's hereditary."

Brad was stunned. "I'm so sorry, Isabel."

She laughed, and he was once again lost to that sweet sound. "Don't be. I'm fine. I've accepted it as fate. It was meant to be. Like my mom always said, things happen for a reason."

Brad admired her fortitude, her acceptance of what had been handed to her. Most people would curse life, or God, but she was

truly fine with it. She could see a purpose for her existence that made him...look up to her.

He realized children would not be a reason now to reject him and Dale. And when he looked at his friend, he knew they were thinking the same. Marriage was still on the table, however. She might still desire that type of commitment

What the hell was he thinking? Having that conversation meant she'd want to hear three words that really meant nothing. It was enough that he couldn't live without her. That he'd die for her. And that's what he'd tell her when she wasn't worried about the killer still being on the loose. He'd wait until then.

And thinking about the killer brought his mind back to the other pain in his ass—the senator. Mitchell had wanted a piece of Club Lava since he found out it was Brad and Dale who owned it. He had it out for them from the day Isabel's grandfather saved their asses. The senator, back then just a hotshot attorney, knew old man Thomas had covered for them but couldn't prove it.

Lava was also the type of club a man like Mitchell could claim to protect from any legal issues while extorting money from the owner, all without his constituents ever knowing. And in the past week he'd really put on the pressure, obviously for his upcoming campaign fundraiser. Now he was dropping by their house. Time to go talk with a few friends.

Isabel helped clean up after dinner and headed to bed when Brad told her he and Dale needed to talk and would join her shortly. He and Dale stepped outside by the pool.

"So what's on your mind?" asked Dale.

Brad took a drink of his beer. "Putting a stop to the senator."

Dale walked around to the far side of the pool, and Brad stood staring out at the quiet ocean.

"What do you have in mind?"

"We have to get something on him."

"You mean blackmail?"

Brad finished his beer. "It's the only way. If we pay him off, he'll come back for more. If we ignore him, he takes our license. If we kill him, we go to prison."

Dale came to stand by his side, admiring the same view of the moonlit Atlantic. "So we follow him?"

"Let me visit a couple of places tomorrow the senator may frequent. See what I can find."

His friend nodded. "Sounds good."

If the senator was a conniving piece of shit who tried strong-arming a swingers club for money, Brad would bet his life he also cheated, lied, or stole. And tomorrow, he'd find proof of at least one of these other vices.

* * * *

Dale understood why Brad had come home yesterday with a mission. Isabel was all kinds of sexy, sensual, and passionate on the dance floor. She pulled off her shirt earlier in the day and now danced salsa in front of a class of admiring students.

Her leotard pressed her breasts together, creating cleavage he pictured sticking his dick through. Her short skirt swirled with each spin, teasing him with quick shots of lean upper thighs and a hard ass. And her leg warmers did nothing to hide the lean legs she moved all across the floor. His dick jumped in his jeans, and he stood to pace around her office.

Last night, he'd held her until she'd fallen asleep, and Brad practically yanked her from his arms for his turn. But he didn't have long to wait before she shifted and moved her body closer to his again. Brad wasn't angry long since she turned to him again before they'd fallen asleep.

It had been as if she had to ensure they were both sleeping with her. He was surprised she'd even gotten any sleep, but she had. She'd

slept peacefully through the night and woke them up to the scent of crepes waiting for them.

When Brad left the bed, Dale admitted to his friend that he doubted he'd ever fall asleep without her. To his surprise, Brad mumbled "me too." Maybe Brad would soon open up to Isabel, and Dale could finally tell her he wanted to spend his life with her.

Finally, her day ended, and while he locked the front door for her, studying the parking lot, she headed to the back. Damn, he wanted her so bad he couldn't wait to get her home. He knew his dick had zipper imprints on it.

He walked across the empty studio and entered the back. He heard the shower run and licked his lips. Not missing a step, he entered the pink bathroom, locking the door behind him, and pulled the curtain open.

Isabel gasped and turned to look at him. Her arms dropped to her side. Water rained down on her large breasts, and her cherry-red nipples puckered before his eyes. Soap bubbles burst along the lines of her arms and her small waist. A waterfall cascaded down her flat stomach to the center of her slit.

"Dale," she whispered.

He ripped open his shirt, careless about the buttons that bounced off the floor. The shoes came off. Then he peeled his jeans and boxers off. And she watched him, licking her lips and breathing heavily. Damn, she was his.

"I need you," he told her, entering the shower.

She backed into the wall and tilted her head to look him in the eye. "Then take me."

He kissed her fast, urgently. He'd never kissed her before, not like this. Water fell on his head and his shoulders. He touched her everywhere—he had to feel her. His mouth followed his hands. Her cheeks. The curve of her neck. Her shoulders. The breasts he worshipped. He licked them, squeezed them.

"Oh, yes," she moaned.

On his knees, he caressed her waist, kissed her stomach. Water fell on his face. He pushed his chin between her thighs and licked her lips open.

“Oh, God,” Isabel shouted, her fingers digging in his hair.

He lifted her right leg over his shoulder, opened her pink slit with his thumbs, and laved her hidden clit. Water fell to his cheeks, ran down his chest, teased his dick. He slid his tongue lower, licking delicious juices that mixed with the water.

“I need you inside me, Dale.”

Fuck, he loved those words. He came to his feet, lifted her by her ass, and she wrapped her legs around his waist. He entered her in one hard thrust. She cried out, and he grunted.

“Oh, fuck, you’re perfect,” he groaned

She pulled his hair and ran her fingernails down his back, moaning and grunting. Dale threw his head back, letting the water bounce off his face. He was possessed. Rough. He’d die without this woman. He took her hard, ramming her pussy.

“You’re so big,” she cried out.

His ego burst, and he slammed into her, over and over again he undulated and flexed into her.

She kissed him as if she were starving and Spanish words he wished he’d comprehend escaped her swollen, pink lips. Her boiling cunt swallowed him whole, choking tight, stroking him.

The first spasms massaged him slowly, up and down his shaft. Her hot nectar enveloped his cock in its heated essence. Her orgasm climbed higher and higher. He helped build it with the rhythm of his hips.

“Oh, Dale. Dale,” she moaned, throwing her head back, her body desperate for release.

“Come, baby. Come for me. Now.”

She did. And he felt every shudder and every convulsion while her cream singed his sensitive rod. His cock pulsated, his skin pulled taut, and he ruptured inside her, gushing his love for her.

They stood in the shower, holding each other, gasping, trembling. He didn't want to let her go. When he brought her back down to her feet, he held her still. Languidly, he kissed her neck, rubbed her back, caressed her tush.

"Oh, Dale, I...I'm getting cold here."

No. He could swear she was about to say something else. He lifted his head from her neck and looked into her big green eyes. The emotion he read in them choked him. But why didn't she say anything? He caressed her face and gave her one long, loving kiss. She molded to him, embracing him.

"Okay. Let's go," he murmured.

He'd have to convince Brad to open up to this woman because he couldn't wait to tell her how he felt. He loved Brad like a brother, but he was a damn fool for holding back. They couldn't lose this woman, and if they didn't tell her they loved her, they would. Guaranteed.

Chapter Fifteen

It was Thursday, and Isabel was exhausted. She glanced at Brad, who gave her one of his sexy grins, and melted. She'd been with Dale yesterday in the back shower, and now she couldn't help but wonder what Brad would feel like all by himself. No less sensational, for sure.

She and Dale had had a quiet dinner and watched TV together on the couch, but she fell asleep before Brad came home. She'd woken up in her bed, smiling, happy. That was dangerous. She couldn't get too comfortable in their house. There were no promises of tomorrow, only the gifts of what they gave her day to day. The tension had been building too, as was the need to tell them how she felt about them, and the yearning to hear them tell her.

The distant thunder brought her back. A hurricane churned in the Atlantic, but the news announced it would head north, then east. The sky was gray, and a light drizzle fell, perfect weather for cuddling up with the men and drinking some hot cocoa.

But it was Dale's turn to work at the club tonight. It would be just her and Brad.

The last student had walked out the door, and she was on the phone with the championship committee director when two men came into the studio.

They were dressed in jeans and polo shirts and spoke quietly with Brad, shooting curious glances her way. She hung up the phone and eyed the three men walking into her office. She noticed the badges hanging from their necks. Her stomach dropped.

"Isabel," Brad took her hand and spoke gently, "these men are officers. Something's happened."

Her eyes darted from him to the two men, looking quite concerned, and back to Brad. “Tell me,” she prodded.

“Leyna Baker was found dead. She was killed the same way as Gina.”

Everything went numb. She couldn’t think. She couldn’t move. Brad squeezed her hand, but she wasn’t there. She was somewhere else—the club, laughing with Gina, having a shot with Leyna. Everyone had been so happy.

“Isabel, listen to me. On the video of you girls that night at Club Lava there is one other girl. Wasn’t that Nik?”

The room was spinning. She’d just seen her in class yesterday. Leyna had been alive. She’d...What was happening?

Brad stood directly in front of her and gripped her arms. “Isabel? You need to talk to her.”

Slowly, she looked up at him. And then what he was asking her registered. “Oh, God.”

Her hands trembled and felt ice cold and clammy. Numbly, she looked down and, through a haze, saw her cell phone.

She couldn’t hold it steady. The thing shook and she couldn’t focus on the numbers. After pressing the speed dial number, she waited. But got her voice mail. *Shit*. “God, Nik, it’s me. Listen, Leyna’s dead. The cops are here. I don’t know what’s happening, but please be careful. Don’t be alone. Stay there. *Tengo miedo. Adios*.”

Not wanting to cry in front of Brad or the cops, she covered her mouth with one hand and took deep breaths while putting her cell phone back in her bag.

“Ms. Santos, where is your friend?”

She eyed the cops warily and lowered her hand. “Safe. Away.”

Brad gave her a strange look while the cops looked at each other in exasperation. “Ma’am, we need to know where she is. If this man’s targeting you and your friends, we need to keep her safe.”

She took a deep breath and lifted her chin. “That’s exactly what I’m trying to do. Sorry, but I’ve heard of crooked cops. You guys

look nice, but you can't keep me or my friend alive." She crossed her arms.

Brad asked them to walk out with him, and they continued their conversation on their way to the door. Isabel grabbed her things, not really looking at anything. When Brad returned, he helped her out, locked the studio, and helped her into his truck. It was all a sick nightmare.

"How do you know Nik?" Isabel asked once Brad pulled out onto the road, eyeing the beach as it whirled past her.

"I don't, except in pictures. I told you, Dale and I have been looking after you. You moved in with her and her parents when your parents died. Now you're roommates, and she's your business partner and fellow dance instructor. The day before we went to speak with you she got on a plane to Ontario."

Isabel turned to look at him and was shaking her head by the time he finished his oratory. "You boys have done your homework."

His eyes remained on the road. "To keep you safe. How long will she be up there?"

She glanced back out at the beach. It had stopped raining altogether, and a bit of late afternoon sun broke through the clouds. "Until I tell her to come back down."

She heard his heavy sigh. Was he wondering how far away that would be, wishing it'd be sooner than later? Or if *she* would be the one making the call?

"That was real smart, Isabel. You impressed me back there."

Knowing he was now referring to her lack of cooperation toward the police, it was her turn to release a sigh. "Don't condescend to me."

"I was paying you a compliment."

"Another friend of mine is dead. I don't need flattery."

He was silent, and she regretted her attitude. It wasn't his fault her friends were being picked off and she could be next.

“I’m sorry,” she started. “My father wasn’t around growing up. After waiting for years for a ‘Good job’ or ‘I’m proud of you,’ I got used to not hearing compliments from a man related to anything non-superficial. The only thing I ever heard was ‘You’re so beautiful’ from guys who just wanted to sleep with me. It didn’t matter how intelligent I was or how hard I worked.”

“And so you don’t trust men or cops?” he asked with a tinge of humor.

She leaned back against her seat. “When I was sixteen, my mom and I and Nik and her mom went to Puerto Rico for the summer. Nik and I were taking salsa lessons while my mom reconnected with family. At some point my dad convinced my mom that my grandfather had killed an innocent man and to stop communicating with him. For whatever reason, my mom took my dad’s word for it. I think she wanted to do whatever it took to make my dad happy so he’d be home more. I never saw my grandfather again. Later that year, my parents were killed in a car crash on their way back from their anniversary dinner.”

Isabel paused to take a shaky breath, then continued. “That’s when I moved in with Nik and her family. The cops who investigated the accident found the brake lines cut but never figured out who did it and, eventually, stopped searching. Of course, when I persisted they continue their investigation they were quick to suggest that my father apparently had a history of womanizing and probably pissed off a mistress. One even told me my mom may have done it out of anger for my dad cheating on her.”

“Shit,” muttered Brad.

“My grandfather tried contacting me but I was so angry that I shut everyone but Nik out. I ignored his calls and made Nik’s parents swear not to tell him where Nik and I moved to when we left their house. But, back to cops. What made things even worse with them happened one night while I still lived at Nik’s house, not long after my parents’ deaths. One of the cops involved in the investigation

stopped by to see how I was doing. He came on to me, told me I was so beautiful, and if I told anyone about his advances, no one would believe a girl with a body like mine because it meant I was stupid. He was ripping my shirt open when Nik and her dad came out with a gun pointed at the man's head." Isabel wiped a tear, telling herself not to cry.

That incident had made it easier for her to keep her grandfather out of her life, finally believing the story that he'd killed someone. She figured if the other cops were so disgusting, then it wasn't impossible for her grandfather to have done something terrible himself.

"What happened to the cop?" Brad's voice could only be described as murderous.

"I don't know."

"What's his name?"

Isabel turned to him then. He was serious. She didn't doubt for one moment he'd go kill the bastard. And as much as she'd like to see the man pay for his lack of consideration in her parents' case and for what he tried to do to her, she could never see anything happen to Brad.

"I don't remember."

Brad held a fist over his mouth, lost in thought, when Isabel decided to distract him. "Okay. Your turn. Why don't you trust women?"

He looked at her and gave her a small smile. "You've been talking to Dale."

"It doesn't take a degree in psychology to notice." She may have spoken with Dale, but it wouldn't take much for anyone to see Brad had trust issues.

He chuckled. It was a beautiful, manly sound. "Well, my mom left my dad, Bailey, and me when I was four. Bailey was only one. My mom found another man and ran off. Never heard from her again. That pretty much did it for me. My sister's the only woman I would

trust with my life. And then a few years ago, Dale and I met a woman. We both slept with her and had a relationship with her. Dale really liked her, although something about her just wasn't right. Well, turned out she was seeing someone else."

Isabel shook her head. "She just confirmed that you couldn't trust women."

"Exactly."

After a few seconds of silence, she spoke again. "And there's more but you don't want to tell me." She spoke slowly, testing the waters and hoping her digging for more information didn't bother him.

Brad narrowed his eyes and shot her one of his incredulous expressions, then faced the road again. "Some other time."

She could wait. It had been a long day. They'd opened sore wounds and someone else who had been with her the night of the bachelorette party was dead.

Oh, Leyna. She inhaled deeply and watched the beach through the mist in her eyes. Damn it, she'd tried to warn her. She hadn't known Leyna as well as Gina. Leyna had actually been Gina's best friend, but she had been a friend to Isabel nonetheless, so sweet and kind. Her smile had lit up the room, and her jokes had carried them through the night. She sniffed quietly, thinking how unfair it was that these innocent people died so horribly, and for what? Why?

Brad pulled into the garage, and she offered to get the mail. It never ceased to amaze her how it could get any more humid after the rain. A drop of sweat already rolled between her breasts, and she'd only been out in the late afternoon heat for a few moments.

The second letter was addressed to her. Her hands shook and a wave of nausea turned her palms clammy. *No return address. Name and address typed.* It was him—the killer. She knew it.

A sharp sound made her jump, and she saw Brad move some tools around in the garage. She eyed the envelope. *Plain. Simple. What does he say now?* She didn't want to know. Why was he doing this?

But she tore the letter open. Comic Sans font danced on the page.

THEY CAN'T PROTECT YOU

No, no, no. The beat of her heart echoed in her ears. She didn't know how she entered the house or how she made it to the living room. Everything was a messy blur. Her hand crumpled the note and stuffed it in the bag dangling from her shoulder. Her mouth had gone dry. The bag fell on the white tile floor.

She couldn't live like this. She was losing her mind. One moment she was elated, the next she was trembling with deathly fear. Air. She needed air.

"Hey, Isabel, dinner will be ready soon," Brad called as she opened the sliding doors and stepped outside.

The beach was beautiful this time of day, even with the storm clouds far from shore. Her feet mashed the cool wet sand when she stepped off the pool deck. The high surf broke the stillness of the coming night. Birds flocked farther down the beach, possibly fighting for dead fish that floated nearby.

The salt in the air was therapeutic, relaxing. Holding her long sundress up to her calves, she stepped into the warm ocean water and watched the waves break against her legs. It became more difficult to walk when the water reached her thighs so she dove in. Oh, it had been too long since she swam in the ocean. She was free and alive. Her arms reached, farther and farther.

The more she swam, the more she forgot her fears, the threats, the murders. Her legs kicked hard, and her hands paddled. She finally stopped and leaned back to float, looking up at the orange sky. Salt clung to her skin. A breeze cooled her face.

Someone called to her. Her name drifted in the wind, but it was far away. She smiled sadly, wishing desperately that it were her mom. Oh, how she missed her. They'd been close, and while her father was home late many times and her mother tried to hide the tears, Isabel had comforted her.

Her parents had opened Salsa Nights, but it was Isabel and her mother who ran it. The night her parents died, she lost a father who had never been proud of her and a mother who compensated for his lack of love and attention. Isabel had died a little when she lost her mother.

Thinking of her mother now made her realize she'd chastise her for being out in the ocean, by herself, with evening turning to night. So she kicked her legs, flipped to her belly, and saw just how far she'd drifted from the house.

She saw a figure run down to shore, and was suddenly very aware of just how worried she'd probably made Brad.

With a heavy sigh, knowing a battle would wage tonight she began swimming. But, two strokes later, she was dragged underwater by a warm current lassoing around her chest.

Chapter Sixteen

Panic ensued as she struggled to resurface, knowing a rip current could be deadly.

Her face broke through the surface enough for her to take a gulp of air, but she was sucked back under. She could just make out the dark orange sky above, helping her keep her sense of up and down.

Her lungs began to burn, and she kicked her legs hard, breaking the surface again, before going under again. *Stay calm. Stay calm.* She tried remembering what she'd learned about rip currents, living close to the beach her whole life. *Swim parallel to shore or at an angle.* That was it.

But how the hell did she know which direction to swim when she was underwater, fighting for her life? Not having a second to spare, she lunged her body to the side, praying that was parallel to shore. But she was out of air and exhausted.

Funny how a killer was chasing her, and she'd die by drowning. She stopped kicking, found her dark orange sky, and tried one final time to reach the surface. But it was so far away, and she was sinking. She stretched her arm, her fingers. She couldn't hold her breath any longer. Maybe she'd see her mom again.

A hand reached to her instead, and a moment later, she was breathing again. Warm, humid, delicious air. She sucked it in and collapsed against a steel body that moved quickly and held on to her protectively. Water came out of her lungs in strangled coughs, deep and painful, but she was barely aware of it, barely aware of anything.

Then she was on her back and someone dripped water on her. She blinked, turned her face to the side, and coughed some more. A

minute later, she was carried to a familiar lounge, and she knew she was safe.

“Isabel? If you can hear me, I’m going to kill you,” Brad told her in a strange voice. It was kind, gentle, loving.

No, she was imagining things. She’d nearly drowned. Of course Brad would be yelling.

“Jesus. Isabel, can you hear me?”

“My hearing’s fine,” she mumbled, sitting up.

Brad had been sitting on his haunches and now rose to his feet. He was soaking wet and more beautiful than she’d seen him before. And very angry.

“Isabel, what were you thinking? It’s getting dark, and there’s a storm out—”

“Don’t talk to me like I’m a child, Brad,” she spat, coming to her feet.

“Then start acting more responsibly,” he snapped back.

She narrowed her eyes and looked up at him. “There was nothing irresponsible about wanting an afternoon swim. Just like there is nothing irresponsible about wanting to go to work.”

“You could have gotten yourself killed,” Brad roared.

“I can take care of myself,” she lied, pulling her matted hair away from her face.

Brad snorted. “There’s a killer out there hell bent on finding you for some reason. And you decide to go swimming out in rough waters—”

“They were not rough.”

“Why did you go out there?”

She planted her hands on her hips and sighed heavily. “Because I needed the space.”

“Space?” He looked at her like she hit her head on the tile floor inside.

“Yes! I’m tired of being cooped up in here. I’m tired of two men dictating my life. I’m tired of sitting around waiting for this psycho to

find me and kill me.” Isabel’s volume rose with each statement, until she shouted the final words.

“So what do you suggest? Go out there for him to find you?” Brad asked sarcastically.

“I want to go out there and live my life. If he finds me then maybe we can stop him.”

“I promised your grandfather I’d—”

“Oh, I don’t want to hear about my grandfather and your promise to him. He killed an innocent man then asked two guys to watch over me, so what does that say about him? I just want my life back.”

She left him standing by the pool, and she told herself the stricken look on his face wasn’t real. And it wouldn’t bother her either. She saw it when she told him she wanted to live *her* life.

She meant it. She missed her freedom, going out with the girls, coming and going as she pleased, but some psychotic killer now knew where she was staying. She couldn’t take this any longer.

She threw herself across the bed, not caring if she dripped on her beautiful comforter. But she couldn’t cry. It might help relieve this horrible tension, but the tears wouldn’t come.

It was anger she felt. Anger because two friends were dead. Anger because it was *her* the killer wanted, but he toyed with her, stalked her, killed her friends to show her he could. He wanted her to suffer just knowing how she would die. Anger because she could do nothing about the killer or her friends, except for Nik. Anger because she was feeling so much for two men who would never care for her. Anger because as soon as the killer was caught, she’d go home. *Alone*.

Not since her parents’ deaths had everything in her life been out of her hands. And never had she been able to count on a man, to trust a man. But Brad had been there to pull her from the depths of the sea. And Dale consistently stood up for her when Brad fought her.

Don’t fall for it, Isa. They’ll disappoint you. They would, in time. She remembered what she’d told Nik—she was just a promise they felt honor-bound to keep. Brad even brought that up tonight.

She may not be able to get a grip on things right now, but she would. This would all end soon, one way or the other. She'd walk out of here with her pride. Whatever she felt was a combination of her childhood feelings and the connection to two men who protected her. That was all.

She rolled onto her back, some of the tension easing off her shoulders. That made perfect sense. It was overwhelming—the sex, the fear, the fighting. It was one roller coaster after another, and she was just reading things into it that were not there. It was adrenaline and the feeling of being protected. It was nothing.

Confident she was right, she prepared for a shower. Really, how could she actually fall for a playboy like Dale? The man knew how to seduce. Heck, he'd *perfected* the art of seduction, right down to flashing his dimples at just the right time to make a woman swoon. So what if her heart palpitated when he entered the room? So what if she almost told him she loved him when he'd made love to her in the shower at the studio? Or that every time he smiled at her he erased every fear, every doubt she'd ever held about men? She had been drunk with lust, captivated by his sensual skills as a lover.

Brad was so overwhelmingly arrogant and controlling, always finding a new way to dominate her. He was a *machista* who would probably love to keep his woman in the house day and night tied to his bed. Hell, he'd even threatened her with *that* one. Okay, so she dreamed about being the one woman who could tame him, who could break down those damn walls around his heart and teach him to trust, to care, to love. Because, damn it all, when he held her in his arms, there was no chance that anything would ever hurt her again. When his gaze penetrated her eyes, he looked deep, deeper than anyone ever had, and saw her, Isabel Santos, the scared, awkward kid with annoying big boobs who'd been shunned by her father, who needed protection. Acceptance. Love.

But it didn't matter. None of it did, because it was all a result of her lack of experience with men, her naïveté, and the hormones surging through her body at her first real experience with sex.

How silly of her, thinking she was actually falling for two men.

* * * *

Dale took another swig of his beer. He never drank at work, but then he hadn't been this upset or worried about anyone in a long time.

Isabel didn't come out of her room last night except to tell them she wanted to be left alone. So he'd been up pacing most of the night with Brad. His friend was still beating himself up, wondering how the hell he hadn't noticed her head to the beach sooner. Dale had never seen Brad so angry and terrified at the same time, not that he'd felt any different himself.

Dale tossed the bottle in the trash and reached for another in the small refrigerator. Thinking of losing her had been the worst moment of his life. His dad dying had been painful. Cancer took his life when Dale had been just twelve. But it had taken the disease almost a year so he'd had time to adjust. So when the time came, it wasn't a shock. But thinking Isabel had taken her last breath, and he hadn't been there holding her.

He'd drunk half the bottle when someone knocked on his door. Bobbi, his confidante at the police station, stepped in wearing a tight pencil skirt and a sleeveless blouse.

"Hey, you look terrible. Want to talk about it?" She put down some papers to touch his arm.

He shook his head, taking a seat on the couch. She sat next to him, her eyes wide and her head tilted to the side.

"Just a long night. What do you got?"

She sighed, reaching for the papers and putting them on his lap. "Inconclusive. The person who sent the note wore gloves and used a

sponge for the stamp. No prints, no DNA. The chances are they'll find the same results for the second letter. I'll let you know. I'm sorry."

He leaned back and closed his eyes. It wasn't a surprise, but it was infuriating. He'd learned of the second message last night. Brad found the note after Isabel stormed to her room. He'd picked up her duffel bag from where she'd dropped it on the living room, and the letter fell out. The fucker had the balls to mail it to their home. *Their home.*

"I've missed you, Dale. It's been a long time," she purred, rubbing his knee.

He groaned, too tired to deal with this. He and Bobbi had gone out a couple of years ago, but she wanted to focus on work, and he wasn't ready to settle down. He sat up and looked at her. She was stunning, no question about it—dark red hair, large breasts, tall, slim. But all he could see was black hair, green eyes, and a luscious body made for him. *Damn.* He really did love her.

"I'm sorry, Bobbi. You're an amazing person, but—"

"Oh, my God. Are you in love?"

He chuckled at her incredulous expression. "That obvious?"

She giggled. "Well, really, how many times have you ever turned a woman down?"

Dale smiled. "I'm sorry. You know I care about you. But, yes, there is someone."

She shook her head. "Lucky lady. She must be real special. So does she love you?"

His smile faded, and he glanced at the papers on his lap. "I'm working on it."

Chapter Seventeen

Brad couldn't handle the silent treatment another second. She'd ignored him all day, constantly doing something to make herself seem too busy to deal with him. Even this morning, when he noticed her ready for work, she'd turned her head and avoided even accidentally looking in his direction. Between eating breakfast, cleaning up, and scribbling on a notepad while she waited for him, she was really trying too damn hard.

But heaven knew how he admired her. He could barely stand to look at himself in the mirror after nearly losing her last night, and she had bounced back like she'd tripped and needed a band-aid on her knee.

Shit, thinking about seeing her coming up for air, pumping his legs in the water, praying, begging to get to her on time, seeing her lifeless body sink.

He shook his head and raked his fingers through his hair. Isabel didn't notice. She stared out the window at the passing beach. He couldn't look at the sea just yet. It had almost taken his princess.

He pulled into the garage, and Isabel was halfway out the door before he even parked the truck. But she wasn't going to keep hiding. It was time to have a little talk.

"Isabel, come here," he barked a bit too roughly as she headed toward her room.

When she turned blazing eyes on him, he decided to ignore what it did to his insides and pointed to the kitchen table.

His dick jerked, as usual, when he looked at her. She had worn a red tank top and long black skirt today. He'd been so hard for her all

day, he almost jerked off in the back. But not wishing to get caught by some little girl looking for the bathroom, he suffered in horny agony all day.

He seriously considered knocking down the bathroom door she'd locked to take a shower, but figured she'd beat him over the head with a splintered piece.

"Well, there you go again. Should I refer to you as sergeant?" she stated frostily.

"We need to talk. Sit down. Please."

She eyed him but slowly sat across from him.

"Your grandfather didn't kill an innocent man," he started, getting right to the point. She rolled her eyes, but he continued. "Remember the woman I told you Dale and I were seeing? The one who turned out to be seeing someone else?"

At her curt nod, he continued. "This all happened before your parents died. Dale and I brought that woman here, to this house, and we ended up in my room. Sometime later, a man came in the house, pointing a gun at us. He was drunk and yelling, and we soon realized he was her boyfriend. He aimed at Dale and said he'd kill us both while she watched but I managed to grab my gun and fired just as he shot at Dale. The boyfriend didn't make it."

Isabel covered her mouth with one hand, and her eyes watered.

"When he fell we noticed Thomas standing in the doorway holding a gun aimed right at the man. In one of those perfect timing moments, your grandfather had walked in the house, like he was always welcome to, to return something he'd borrowed and heard all the shouting. He knew I kept a gun in my office, grabbed it, and, well, took the shot. Neither one of us missed."

Isabel shook her head and Brad went on. "The cops came and recognized your grandfather as the decorated retired officer who still volunteered with them. It didn't take anyone long to figure out it was self-defense, thanks to Thomas's and the woman's testimonies, and the case was soon dropped. Years later, when he became sick, he

asked us to watch over you. We unequivocally agreed, knowing we owed him our lives. It may have been a coincidence that he walked in at the right time, but the truth is we would have faced some type of murder charge if he hadn't. That asshole Senator Mitchell was a hot-headed prosecutor at the time and trying to make a name for himself. He was stirring a lot of trouble, saying we should have been charged, tried, and convicted because the victim had been drunk and not in the right state of mind. But with Thomas in the picture, no one paid him much attention. When we told your grandfather we'd watch over you, he told us why he feared for you."

He shifted then, knowing this was the hard part, but she had to know. "Around the time of the shooting he had been growing suspicious of your father's activities, his late nights. He grew tired of watching his daughter—your mom—cry and suffer. So he had your father followed and learned he was having an affair."

Isabel still didn't say a word, so he went on. "He couldn't tell your mom because by that time your father found out what Thomas was up to and used what he heard Mitchell tell the media to convince her Thomas had killed an innocent man. She stopped talking to Thomas so he never got a chance to tell her. When your parents were killed, Thomas certainly didn't believe it had been caused by your mother in a moment of rage. He fiercely believed your parents were killed by someone else."

He stopped, waiting for a reaction. She looked at him, lowered her hand, and blinked.

"By whom?" she asked in a strained whisper.

"Thomas found the only witness. An old woman living in the house by the field where the car flipped. She told him there had been a young man there after the accident. He drove up behind them, got out of his car, looked in your parents' car, then drove off. Of course, she didn't know what type of car or what the man looked like from a distance. But Thomas felt he was connected somehow."

She shook her head. "Another dead end. But you mentioned an affair."

He coughed. "Yes. Thomas had the feeling it was either a jilted husband of a woman your father had an affair with, or a contract killer hired by one of his mistresses. Either way, your grandfather believed if the killer was willing to murder your mother and your father, he may be after you, too. It may sound like paranoia to some people, but he was foremost a cop. Since you refused his phone calls and visits, sometimes he'd park down the street to catch a glimpse of you. He said twice someone else was watching you, but when he tried following the guy, he'd lose him before getting any sort of identification."

Isabel shook her head, looking so small at the moment Brad ached to hold her, to make her feel better. "Why would someone come after me for what my father did?"

He sighed. "Who knows? It takes someone really sick to do what this man is doing. When he's caught, hopefully we'll learn the truth."

Her eyes met his then. "And what if we can't catch him? What if—"

"No," Brad roared, slamming his fist on the table. He stood and came to kneel by her side, taking her soft hand in his. "We'll get him, Isabel. He won't hurt you. I swear to you, I will not let him hurt you."

She turned and cradled his face in her hands. Her eyes were carefully guarded, revealing little but the strength of the woman before him.

But for the briefest moment, Brad felt a flicker of admiration, of, no, he didn't dare hope it was this emotion he was recently beginning to define as love.

The air thickened with a wave of lust and need, carrying an undercurrent of wild surrender. It was raw. It was now. And then she looked at his mouth. His princess yearned for him. The floor felt as if it had crumbled beneath Brad. He was falling, and this time she was

reaching for him. Her head lowered, her lips parted, and she kissed him.

It was electric. Only her kiss could have the power to charge every cell in his body and make him feel like a man, whole, strong, and complete. And right now, he needed her to know him, only him. He needed to be the only one touching her, giving her pleasure, making her moan and quiver and cry out.

Her tongue drew him into a dance of lovers. Entwined, passionate, she needed him, and he responded. They breathed hard, they tasted, and each knew what the other wanted.

Her mouth left his, and her thumb grazed across his lip like he'd done to her so many times. Did she know what that touch had meant to him? What he'd told her each time his fingers touched her lips?

He pressed his head against her chest. Mangoes and coconuts. He smiled as her familiar scent engraved in his soul. His hands wrapped around her waist. Her fingers laced in his hair. He raised his head and dropped a kiss on her nipple, already peaked under the red fabric. A moan escaped her throat.

He needed to be inside her. He curled his fingers over the elastic band of her skirt. Isabel lifted her bottom, and he slowly pulled the skirt off, tossing it to the side. He focused on her smooth legs, brushing his fingers up her slim ankles, her shapely calves, her soft knees. He pushed them apart and continued his exploration up her lean thighs.

Her fingers gripped him tighter as his mouth came down to her inner knee, dropping a hot, wet kiss on her silky skin before running his tongue higher, higher, to mid-thigh. She inhaled deeply and dropped back against her chair. He repeated this on her other leg. As he neared mid-thigh, his hands cupped her ass and brought her closer, right to his waiting mouth.

He flicked his tongue against the red silk thong, dampened by the warm juices rushing from her pussy. Her scent and taste engorged his dick and it jerked impatiently. She moaned and lifted a knee. He

scooted his forearms under her thighs, cupped her bottom in his palms to tilt her hips even higher, and licked her covered clit.

“Mmm, Brad, *sí*,” she moaned, bucking toward his incessant mouth.

His dick was prodding through his zipper. It fucking hurt, he was so damned hard for his woman, but he had to slow it down.

She reached down and pulled her thong aside in a silent plea to end the ache in her cunt. Brad grinned, then he laved her slit, lapping her up and down, teasing. Taunting.

“Ah,” Isabel cried out.

Her bubbling cream poured out between her lips, and he licked every drop, finishing with a barrage of flicks across her clit. Her body convulsed and her back arched off the chair. He finally slid his tongue between her sticky lips into her wet cunt, giving her what she most craved.

Sweet. Delicious. He groaned, lost in a sea of mangoes and coconuts. He smelled her. He tasted her. Fuck, he was drunk with her. He fucked her with his tongue, fast—in, out—licking her moist walls, sucking her juices.

“Ay, Brad, *sí, mi amor!*”

She came. Her pussy muscles tensed, then broke in rippling spasms that surrounded his mouth. It was sensational. Her pussy quivered and squeezed as her hot cream dripped on his tongue. Isabel screamed, gripped his hair, groaned, and trembled.

He sucked her sensitive, swollen clit as he undid his belt, button, and zipper, freeing an engorged and pulsating dick from his tight jeans. He stood, but only to pull his pants off and throw them where they fell over her skirt. Then he lifted her off the chair and sat her on the table.

He laced his fingers through hers, bent his body over hers until she lay on her back, then raised her arms above her head. His lips pressed against the fast pulse on her throat. He ran his mouth over the curve of her neck, washing hot air over her scorching skin. She arched

her back, supple and ready under his body, tensing and flexing over hers.

When she wrapped her legs around him, he entered her slowly. *Fuck, she's so tight, so wet.* He couldn't speak. He could barely breathe. But he felt her breasts molded against his chest. He moved inside her convulsing walls, heard her rapid breathing, and smelled exotic fruits coupled with her alluring essence.

He pulled out, then thrust back in, deeper and deeper. His heart pounded and his breathing was labored. Every vein popped and every neuron fired. She moaned and squeezed his hands. He filled her and drove faster, faster.

The urge to be with Isabel, with his woman was an addiction. She was his obsession. Her body was created for his. Every breath he took was for her. Making love with her was raw and sensual. It was animal-like, and it was beautiful. It gave him power, and it exposed his bruised heart. She reached for him, and she could save him. He wanted her to.

When she exploded again in fiery spasms that stroked his cock, he came with her. He spurted his semen, experiencing a bliss possible only in her arms.

He lay against her, fighting to fill his lungs, more satisfied than he'd ever been, and having the biggest urge to share his whole life with her. He wanted to tell her things about him he didn't tell anyone, not even Dale. He yearned to grow old with her.

He should tell her. Maybe he shouldn't wait *after* the killer was caught. He moved off her to grab his pants, thinking of a way to phrase what he barely understood but felt with a fire that burned his soul. When he handed her the skirt, she grabbed it and gave him an odd look, before walking toward her room.

"Isa—" he started, but she shut the door, the sound more stinging than a slap in the face.

Good job, Brad. You're real smooth. The best sex of your life, and she walks away. Damn.

Chapter Eighteen

Isabel woke before sunrise, earlier than usual, and went through her morning routine in a daze. It was as if she were dragging herself through a sad, out-of-body experience.

She hadn't meant to call Brad "my love" in Spanish during sex last night. And maybe it was a phrase thrown around by Latin lovers to their partners in the throes of passion, whether they meant it or not. But not Isabel. She could never call anyone "my love" unless she was in love.

And therein lay the problem. How could she be in love with Brad when she was in love with Dale? How could that be possible? She was extremely attracted to both, craved them both, and loved them both.

Up until last night, she'd known she was falling for them but had waged a war with herself. First, she'd convinced herself she couldn't risk falling in love with them. Then, she'd accepted that she was, but she figured it was her hormones and adrenaline which made her emotions irrelevant. Now she finally raised the symbolic white flag.

She was in love with Brad and all of his stubbornness, and she was in love with Dale and his candy-sweet charm. Oh, how could she have lost control of her emotions? She'd told herself to be strong, to enjoy the sex, and to not expect anything more than the physical pleasure they gave her.

She needed to clear her head, to think. The only thing that ever helped her reduce her tension and think coherently was dancing. And she didn't want to wait for one of them to take her. They were the reason she had to dance in the first place.

After pulling on her yoga pants and hoodie, she checked the first floor and saw that all was quiet. The guys normally didn't wake up for about another half hour. Feeling a little hopeful that she could possibly sneak out, she remembered Dale commenting they'd changed the alarm password so she wouldn't get away again.

Shit. She stood in the middle of the living room, defeated, feeling as if the walls would cave in around her. But she heard something—a slight splash. She glanced out to the pool and saw someone cut through the water, swimming laps.

Brad. He torpedoed across the pool with such power, such elegance, it was impossible to tear her eyes away. The way the muscles of his arms and back flexed and tensed brought her one step closer to the patio door. It drew her closer to undressing and joining him under the pre-dawn sky.

No, she had to get away. And now was her chance. Since he'd turned off the alarm to go outside, then all the doors were unarmed.

She ran as quietly as she could, holding her breath as she passed Dale's door, to grab her bag and car keys from her room, then back to the front door. With a quick glance over her shoulder, seeing the powerful body move quickly across the pool unaware of her intentions, she snuck out the door.

The morning air was cool, damp, and with a spring in her step, she jumped in her car and left the subdivision in less than a minute.

The sick pangs of guilt heated her gut, but she shoved them away and focused on the road ahead. It had been a rough night, and for the past few days, she'd been within sight of the two most dominating men she'd known. She needed air.

Last night, when she hadn't been thinking about what she cried out in Spanish, she was going over what Brad told her. She didn't want to hear that her grandfather had done such a heroic thing as save their lives. She'd rather think him a fool who got drunk and killed some innocent guy at the neighbor's party, like her father had told her and her mom. It made his death so much easier to bear.

If she thought now about those last couple of years of her grandfather's life that she missed because she thought him to be a monster, instead of what he'd truly been, she'd hate herself. She was too angry at herself already for falling in love with two men who didn't feel the same way.

How could she have let all this happen? She couldn't have them both and she couldn't have one or the other, since neither looked at her with anything more than lust.

She sighed heavily, pulling into the parking lot. It wasn't true. She no longer saw Dale as a playboy and Brad as a jerk. Arrogant, yes, but not a jerk. Dale was a kind soul who loved to cook for her and seduced her with a smile. Brad was the rock in her life who had a tarnished past but made her feel like she could trust a man. It was tearing her apart that she couldn't have them both.

The door chimed when she stepped into her dark studio, and after switching on the lights, she headed toward her locker. What would they think of her if they ever knew she'd fallen for them both? They would think she was confused and stay far, far away from her. The thought was enough to choke her, and she slammed the locker door closed.

She froze, swearing she'd just heard the door chime. Did someone come in? It was too early—anyone would know that since the times were posted on the door. But if someone had opened the door, then that meant someone had been watching. And she'd been so upset she hadn't locked the door behind her.

Well, she wouldn't stand back here all day. She headed toward the doorway, craning her head to pick up any other sounds coming from the front, but it was quiet. Maybe she'd imagined it.

But someone now stood in the doorway, blocking the lights from the front to appear in a dark silhouette. It was him. Even without a mask, she knew this was the killer.

"What do you want?" she asked in a calm, brave voice that surprised her.

He took a step toward her, and she moved one back. He was slim, not muscular. His straight hair was a dark brown and down to his shoulders. She still couldn't make out the features of his face, except his smile. The cold twist in his lips made her ill.

"To see you die," he told her slowly, stressing the final word.

Isabel knew she didn't stand a chance, but not willing to die without trying something, she turned on her heel and ran toward the door. But he was fast. She'd forgotten just how fast.

She was facedown with his weight on her back, struggling to somehow turn or gain more leverage. But he found her right arm and twisted it painfully behind her back until she screamed.

If she moved even an inch, the pain in her shoulder was unbearable, so she froze.

"That's a good girl," he taunted right next to her ear.

"Who are you?" she asked breathlessly.

The man released her arm so he could flip her over, and he was on top of her again, pinning her with one hand wrapped tightly around her throat.

Isabel trembled, not sure if she wanted to know the face of the man responsible for her friends' horrific deaths. But she needed to know who this monster was.

He brought something near his face, and she heard a click. The glow of a cigarette lighter hovered above her, and Isabel's mouth went sand dry.

Green eyes. Key-lime green eyes that could be hers, except for the dark shadows swirling with hatred, with disdain. He smiled, but it never reached his gaze.

"Sorry I hid my eyes the other day. I needed the magic of shades to be a little deviant. Have a little fun."

She shook her head, confused, yet a horrible feeling churned in her stomach.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I'm so rude. My name's Eric. So nice to finally meet my half sister."

* * * *

Dale poured a cup of coffee and eyed Brad as he strode into the kitchen.

“So, get any sleep?”

Brad groaned in response. Dale had stayed up most of the night with Brad. His friend felt like shit after Isabel had gone to bed for the night. She had come out for dinner and said very little before turning in, saying she wanted to be left alone. Brad thought it was because of what she’d learned about her grandfather, and he felt responsible.

“Barely. I started swimming laps before dawn. Where’s Isabel?” Brad looked toward the hallway.

“Not up yet. She must have been really tired.”

Brad shook his head. “She’s always up before us. I’ll go check.”

Dale grinned, wondering how long it would take his stubborn friend to admit his feelings.

“Dale,” Brad yelled, and Dale ran to Isabel’s room.

It was empty and the bed made. Brad was raking his fingers through his hair, and Dale looked around. “Okay, her stuff’s still here, but the duffel bag’s gone. The studio.”

Brad shot out of the room, grabbing his truck keys on the way into the garage. Dale followed him, grabbing a couple of shirts hanging to dry as they passed by the laundry room. No sense in walking around half-naked in public.

“This is my fault. Shit.” Brad yelled as he started their truck and waited for the garage door to roll open. “I was out swimming and didn’t see her leave. She’s so mad at me, she didn’t want us taking her today.”

Dale could feel Brad’s worry, his tension. Hell, he could practically hear his blood boiling in his veins. Maybe now he’d own up to his true feelings and talk to Isabel, once and for all. Why keep torturing himself, allowing Isabel to wonder if they cared for her?

She cared for them. Dale knew she did. He didn't know for certain that she loved them. But it didn't matter. They had to tell her how they felt and fight for her. If she didn't want to listen, then they'd try harder. They could make this work. They just had to want to be together. The three of them.

* * * *

Isabel pulled and pulled, bracing one foot on the wall and ignoring the strangling pain around her wrist. It was no use. Eric had handcuffed one arm to the clothing rack. The five-foot-tall rack was nailed to the wall opposite the lockers.

"Don't cry," she told herself, dropping to her knees and resting her head on her dangling arm.

She looked up again, eyeing the metal pole, one of three she'd installed to accommodate the many costumes her students used for all their events and competitions. Both ends of every pole were secured to the wall. It was impossible for her to pull the pole off the wall, and she couldn't slide her wrist through the cuff.

Angrily, she wiped away her tears and tried pulling again, holding back a scream as the metal cuff dug into her already red skin and bruised bone.

A chilling voice echoed from the doorway. "Is my sister trying to escape?"

With a cry of despair, Isabel dropped her clammy forehead back on the numb arm that hung over her head. She turned on her knees to face him.

Eric squatted in front of her, leaning his elbows on his knees, and the revolting stench of gasoline wafted under her nose. His mouth slowly curved up into a sinister smile. Cold and heartless. She wanted to throw up.

"Please don't do this," she begged in a small voice. "You're my brother."

The evil smile never faltered. His eyes, however, were devoid of any human warmth or compassion and quickly turned deadly. “Your daddy may be my daddy, but we’re not family. Yeah, see, he met my mom twenty-one years ago and, well, you know how babies are made. When he found out my mom was pregnant, he didn’t want her anymore. Told her to stay away. What do you think about that?”

Isabel didn’t want to believe it. How could she accept that her father had another child and rejected him? But she believed because she was looking into his eyes and saw so much pain. So much pain and anguish. “It must have hurt her,” she choked out.

“Hurt her?” he whispered menacingly. “It killed her. That’s right. I found her hanging from the basement ceiling when I was eleven. Can you picture that, little sister? What were you doing when you were eleven?”

Isabel cried softly, the tears spilling down her cheeks.

“Oh, that’s right. You had your perfect life. Yes, the dancing, the trophies. Well, you didn’t deserve that. Not when your brother grew up with a poor aunt who didn’t care about him. So you know what I did? I killed your parents.” He laughed.

Isabel couldn’t breathe. Her world was spiraling, turning black and empty. Her mom, her beautiful mom, had died because her husband rejected a small child from birth. She hadn’t done anything except stay with her pathetic husband.

“I cut the brake lines, and the cops blamed your father. It was perfect.”

Her body trembled, more enraged than frightened. Her grandfather had been right. The demented psycho before her murdered her parents, her friends, and he was her brother. *Gina, Leyna.*

“Why my friends?”

“Oh, yeah, I almost forgot about them. It was just fun. I fucked them because they were just so pretty. And I killed them to hurt you,” he said.

She hadn't heard right. She couldn't have. He was crazy, sick. How could someone kill two women for fun?

"Well, sister. I'd love to continue our family reunion, but I have to kill you now. I thought about killing you like the others, but it wasn't poetic enough. This was your father's studio, right?" When she didn't answer, he went on. "So it has to go, too. You'll burn with it."

At that moment she heard the eerie sound of wood crackling and saw smoke curling through the door from the front of her studio.

He yanked her to her feet and gripped her face roughly. "I'm sorry I wasn't a better brother."

She shook her head. "Don't do this. It's not my fault what he did, please, we can—"

He slapped her hard across her cheek, his palm landing squarely where he'd hit her before. She fell, her wrist turning painfully into the metal that dug between her small hand bones.

"Don't. He wanted you, not me. *It is* your fault," Eric shouted.

Isabel squeezed her eyes shut, desperately trying to ignore the pain in her face and her arm. She had to do something because she didn't intend to die on her knees. But the smell of smoke told her the end was near. And she'd never told Brad and Dale that she loved them.

Chapter Nineteen

Brad gunned the engine. He finally saw the studio ahead. He also saw the flames burst out of the front windows and lick the front of the building.

“Oh, God, Isabel.” He’d never known fear like he did now.

“Try the back!” Dale shouted at him while pulling out his cell phone and dialing the emergency number.

This couldn’t be happening. His princess was inside. She had to be alive. It couldn’t end this way. He loved her. He had to tell her he loved her, that he heard what she told him last night. He was just a fool, scared to get hurt. He’d been such an ass, thinking he didn’t have to tell her. *Oh, God, please let her be safe.*

Before Brad came to a full stop behind the building, Dale was jumping out of the truck. He prayed the fire was only in the front, and Isabel was safe in the back.

“You get Isabel. I’ll get the motherfucker.” Brad pulled his gun out from where he kept it under his seat.

Dale didn’t break stride, running shoulder first into the back door, tackling it open. Acrid smoke curled out, instantly filling their lungs. Wood crackled, and they could hear the flames in the front quickly dance toward them along the wooden attic beams.

“Help!” Brad heard Isabel’s blood-curdling scream from his far right.

Oh, thank God and the heavens above. He couldn’t see her in the dark room through the thick gray smoke, but he saw Dale run in that direction. *Please find her.*

Brad was suddenly slammed to the ground, falling on his back and losing his gun. He threw his hips up to upset the man, then rolled on top of him. He punched the man twice in the face, drawing blood.

The man pulled his legs up, wrapped them around Brad's upper arms, and brought him down on the floor. Brad struggled to his feet but didn't have time to dodge the attacker as he came barreling toward him. He was thrown back against the wall, getting the wind knocked out of him.

Brad pummeled the man's kidneys, delivering one blow after another, until he was on his knees. Once down, Brad kicked him square in the face. The man fell back, and Brad, not done, grabbed him by the shirt and lifted him for another round.

The roaring fire began lighting the back room, throwing an eerie glow on the men. Brad cocked his arm again, and stopped cold. The man was looking at him, grinning. But the eyes. Those damn eyes. What the hell?

* * * *

Dale rushed to Isabel who was yanking on her own arm with the other and starting to cough.

"Dale, my arm, Help me"

"Fuck," he barked, quickly scanning the cuffs and the pole, testing the ends that were drilled into the wall. He pulled hard, but the metal wouldn't budge.

"Please, go. Get out of here!" Isabel screamed at him, clawing at his straining arms and shoulders.

Then he heard an ominous rumbling overhead. He looked up and saw elegant ribbons of fire roll across the wooden ceiling beams, dangerously near the steel beams keeping Isabel prisoner. When the first wooden beam exploded into glowing pieces, he slammed Isabel against the wall and felt her arm tug and her body push against him.

He looked down to see a couple of beams had hit the rack with enough force to snap it from the wall brackets. Sending a quick prayer of thanks, he set to work. He slid the cuff down the pole, and once free, grabbed Isabel's hand and led her toward the door.

Every poisonous breath he took brought more incessant coughing. The smoke stung his eyes and burned his lungs. The front of the school was blazing while flames shot into the back room. He couldn't see Brad, damn. The ceiling was burning and flames curled around things stacked against the walls. It was an inferno, and he prayed they would all find their way out.

Then he heard the sound again. In the next second, he had Isabel under his body as a beam crashed on him and he felt a thousand white-hot lashes across his back.

Amazingly, he felt no pain as he got to his knees, just the quick sting of something falling on him. Isabel was coughing and had shut her eyes, so he gripped her arm and guided her outside while dodging the falling debris erupting in raging flames all around them.

* * * *

The man grinned cruelly up at Brad, and then Brad heard the cocking of a gun. Throwing himself quickly to the side, the gun went off, and Brad kicked the weapon out of the man's hand. Brad then reached for his own gun but when he stood, the man had disappeared. *Shit*. He couldn't see Dale so he quickly decided to run outside and see if they were safe.

Morning light blinded him, and fire truck sirens screamed from the road.

"Brad!" Isabel shouted. Brad blinked the burning smoke from his eyes and found them.

Dale lay facedown on the ground, and Isabel knelt beside him. Brad's heart stopped.

“Oh, God.” Brad ran to his best friend, his brother, and dropped on his knees beside Isabel. “Dale. Talk to me, man.” He saw the charred shirt and burned skin on the back of his hands.

Dale groaned, struggling to open his eyes. “What took you so damn long?” Dale asked weakly.

Brad breathed a small sigh of relief. If he was talking, he’d be all right. He had to be.

* * * *

Isabel leaned over Dale, stroking his chocolate hair. He’d saved her life and now lay here, burned, and in so much pain it was killing her. He’d covered her face with his hands since his head had fallen against her shoulder. She now looked at the marks on the backs of those large hands and realized the pain he’d saved her face.

Something caught her eye, and she looked toward the burning building to her right. A man limped slowly toward them, grotesquely burned. Eric raised his hand, and she saw him take aim. She screamed. *God, no please.*

Brad whipped around, gun in hand. Bullets popped, and Brad fell, beside her. *No.* Isabel looked up to see her brother laugh.

No, no, this isn’t happening.

“Take it,” Brad said, his voice surprisingly calm, and she glanced down as he pushed something toward her.

No, she couldn’t. This was her brother. But he was stepping closer. She circled her fingers around the handle and lifted the heavy weapon. She aimed it. Her brother smiled. She found his chest. She saw her mother, Gina, Leyna, and her grandfather’s caring eyes. Eric raised his gun again.

“I’m sorry,” she whispered and fired. Over and over, she pulled back on the tight trigger until her brother lay on the ground.

She dropped the gun aside and found the bleeding hole on the left side of Brad's abdomen. Gently, she put pressure on it with her hand and gazed into his gorgeous blue eyes.

"Brad. Please," she whispered, caressing his smoke-stained face.

Slowly, he raised a hand toward her. She took it and brought it to her cheek. He brushed his fingers across her trembling lips. It had quickly become a gesture she'd come to need from him.

"I've loved you so long," Brad whispered, struggling to breathe.

Isabel's eyes watered, and she turned to Dale. He hadn't moved, and his eyes were closed. "I love you. Please, you can't leave me, too," she told him, fighting the lump in her burning throat.

A sweet smile touched his lips. "My princess."

His eyes fluttered closed, and his hand went limp in hers. *No. No.*

People in uniform gathered around them. She looked at Dale and floated her hand over his hair. Chocolate. She brought her eyes back to Brad. For once, his lips were relaxed, his eyes soft. He was peaceful.

"I never had a chance to tell you that I love you both," she whispered.

Sobs raked her body, and Isabel wasn't aware of her screams until someone carried her away.

Chapter Twenty

Isabel sat on her heels. Thunder boomed from a distance, announcing the arrival of a storm. The smell of rain swirled in the breeze that flowed around her, fluttering her hair.

Her fingers brushed over each petal in the bouquet of fresh flowers. The butterfly pin rested neatly against the gray headstone. She grazed her hand over his name, tears slipping down her face.

"I love you, Grandpa. *Te quiero*. Thank you for choosing them."

It pained her greatly that she'd lost precious time with her grandfather before he died. But she'd forgiven her father, and she'd forgiven herself. Somehow she knew that he watched over her. He knew she loved him.

Nik waited under the palm tree. She fell in step alongside Isabel. Slipping her arm through her friend's, Isabel rested her head against Nik's arm.

"Thank you."

"For what?" Nik asked.

Isabel sighed. "For flying here the day of the fire. For staying with me at the hospital. For being here now."

Nik snorted. "You're closer than a sister, so stop thanking me."

Isabel smiled. "Are we ready for tomorrow?"

"Yup. The studio in Orlando will be ready for us, and we're all sharing a comfortable efficiency until the night before the big day. I made the hotel reservations for two nights, just to make sure we all get plenty of sleep after celebrating our first-place win," Nik told her, wiggling her eyebrows.

Her friend was a lifesaver. She'd contacted a friend who owned a jazz and ballet dance studio in the same city as the championships. They had free use of one dance floor for the next three weeks. With only three couples competing, they didn't need any more space.

"You're the best," Isabel told her, squeezing her arm.

"I know," Nik replied, and Isabel heard the smile in her voice. "So, have you decided?"

Isabel straightened as they reached her car.

She nodded, taking a deep breath. "Yes. I'm taking a vacation after Orlando and starting someplace new. Not here. Not now."

Nik raised a brow and leaned against the door. "So you're running away from them," she said, disappointed.

Isabel scoffed. "No. I'm moving on."

"Brad told you he loves you," Nik reminded her needlessly.

"But Dale didn't. I can't choose one. I won't." She shook her head, gazing out at the ducks crossing the small pond at one end of the cemetery.

"Isa, maybe he just didn't get the chance to tell you. Regardless, you can't leave without telling them how you feel."

But she had. For three days and three nights, she held their hands in the hospital and told them over and over. But they slept. Drugged for the pain, they had been unaware of all the times she cried, of each time she told them she'd loved them since she was a child. She hadn't been able to stay past the third night when they were becoming more lucid. They'd ask questions she just wasn't prepared to answer. What if they'd made her choose?

The few times they opened their eyes and ate what they could, she smiled at them and made them more comfortable. Yet, she held back. What if Dale didn't feel the same? What if Brad didn't understand that she was in love with both of them? What if he rejected her after she confessed her true feelings? And what if Dale did love her, but they wouldn't share her?

These men were alphas. They could have sex with the same woman, the dominance over her being paramount to their control. But share the woman they both loved? She wasn't sure they could, and she wouldn't tell them both that she was in love with both. Certainly she refused to see them fight over her. She wouldn't be the end of their two-decade friendship.

She sighed again, feeling as melancholy as she had the day she packed her bags and left their house. Devin had helped her since he was bringing Brad home from the hospital that day. He'd only stayed one week. Dale needed two more weeks with therapy.

"I have to, Nik. I won't come between them. Come on. Let's go before this storm's on top of us." She hopped in her car, waiting for Nik to get in beside her.

It was better this way. They could move on, and she'd find a place to start her life over. Devin had given her the title to the building, which had been under her name the whole time, after Brad told him where to find it. She'd sadly traced the butterfly sketch with her fingers. She'd accept the loss and take the insurance money someplace far. New. Away from the childhood memories. From the loves of her life.

And maybe someday she'd convince herself that she had made the right decision after all.

* * * *

"Senator Mitchell, sit back and take a look at the screen, please." Brad switched the TV on and leaned back against his desk. The image of the senator appeared on the plasma TV, receiving a very thorough blowjob from a very pretty blonde. He grinned smugly as he watched the senator's face turn white.

"How'd you--what--" Senator Mitchell stammered, coming to his feet.

“A friend from the strip club gave me a copy. So kind of him. I wonder what your constituents, and your wife, would say about you frequenting a gentleman’s club and receiving sloppy fellatio from an eighteen-year-old stripper called Bambi,” Brad said, tilting his head and pulling his eyebrows together.

The senator shook with shame and fury, and Brad guessed the pathetic maggot was feeling defeated “You wouldn’t,” he said, his voice cracking.

Brad smiled. “I would, senator. You or your boys come back into this club or anywhere near my house, and this will be on national TV within the hour. Now get out.”

Devin smiled widely, showing his perfect white teeth, as he held the door open, then slammed it after the slimy politician left.

“It’s good to have friends,” Devin observed, standing in the middle of the office.

Brad grinned. “Yes, it is. And it’s a good thing people who blackmail are so predictable in having other bad habits.” He grabbed a bottle of Disaronno from the bar and filled a glass on the way back to his desk.

His friend took a step closer. “I told you I was at your house when Isabel was leaving,” he started.

Brad froze at the sound of her name. She’d come to see them in the hospital, but he barely remembered her telling him she was leaving. He remembered very little, actually. If he closed his eyes, he could see her beautiful, caring eyes watching over him. He could feel the warmth of her lips on his cheek a couple of times. And he could still hear her soft giggles when he’d made faces at the tasteless hospital food she fed him.

He sat, taking a long drink of Isabel’s favorite liqueur and allowed the slow heat to pour down his throat. “Yes?”

“I asked her what was next for her. She said she had to get her students ready for their championship. It’s tomorrow in Orlando. I took the liberty of informing Calli she’ll be in charge for the next few

nights and I booked a room for you and Dale where Isabel's staying, in case you need more time to persuade her. Papers are on your desk."

Two printed confirmation e-mails lay tucked next to his computer keyboard. He raised a brow and eyed his bouncer. "Oh? Anything else?"

"Yes. The morning the sleazy politician spoke with Isabel, he implied you and Dale hit women. She said she never once believed him."

Brad rose to his feet, anger ricocheting up his spine. "Why didn't you tell me before the senator came here?"

Devin gave him an amused grin. "What? And watch you open up that wound and then go to jail? Sorry, boss. I hoped you'd be working on healing so you could go win her back."

He shook his head, exasperated at his very dear, very loyal friend. "How is it that you got more out of her in less time than I did?"

Devin raised a brow. "Well, I'd like to say my charm works with all the ladies, but yours is immune to it. Actually, I believe she opened up to me because sometimes it's easier to trust someone you're not in love with. It poses a lesser risk of getting hurt."

Brad humphed. "I only wish I could believe she loves us both, my friend. That's just too complicated."

"I wasn't talking about her. You've been so upset that she left you that you haven't stopped to wonder why. Did it occur to you that she loves you and Dale, but you never trusted her enough to tell her that you both love her and you can both have her? What reason did you give her to stay when she's worried about tearing your friendship apart?"

Brad opened his mouth, then closed it. He hung his head, angry at himself. *Shit*. "How do you know all of this?" he asked quietly.

"Your job the past few years has been to watch over Isabel. My job has been to watch over Club Lava and you and Dale."

Brad raised his head and met Devin's steady gaze, seeing him in a new light. He had a hell of a lot of respect for the man. With a short nod, Devin walked out, leaving him alone in his dim office.

He leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. She hadn't believed the senator's lie. She worried about coming between him and Dale. And he'd been so worried about himself, he hadn't seen what she must have been going through.

Brad shot to his feet and hurried out of the club. Damn it, she loved him and Dale. She left because she was in love with them and wouldn't choose. He chuckled as he jumped in his Hummer and peeled out to the highway. All this fucking time she wanted them both and didn't know she could have them. Oh, she could have them until the day he died in her arms.

She'd been through so much the few days she spent with them. From suffering the death of two friends, to a near drowning, to facing her half brother and having to kill him herself. And she'd lost her studio which, for her, meant everything. And she'd still fallen in love with them!

He flipped his cell phone open and dialed the speed dial number.

Dale answered. "How did it go with the asshole?" he asked, referring to the senator.

Brad laughed again. "I'll tell you about it while we pack."

"Well, it's about time. Otherwise, I would have gone by myself to see Isabel," his friend countered.

As usual, Dale beat him to the punch line. "How did you know? You just ruined my moment."

Dale chuckled. "I have faith in you, man. You just needed time. So you're ready to convince her she can have us both?"

Brad inhaled deeply, feeling alive, strong. And happier than he'd felt his whole life. "I'll shout it if I have to, man."

"You're sure she loves us?" Dale asked seriously.

His lips turned up at the corners. “I’ll tell you more when I get home. But if I’m wrong, we can always throw her over our shoulders and bring her home.”

Chapter Twenty-One

“See you in the morning,” Isabel shouted over her shoulder at Nik and inserted her room key in the slot. At the green light, an exhausted Isabel walked into her hotel room and headed straight to a hot shower.

Her students had done well today, earning high enough marks to go into the next round tomorrow. She was proud of them and feeling melancholy already. She’d miss her students, every last one of them.

Losing her studio had been a devastating loss. But feeling her life come to a standstill, she was sharply reminded that she had to slow down, do something else, or take a break for a while. It had also symbolically represented the end of her old life. Naïve, young Isabel was gone. Brad and Dale had transformed her, maybe corrupted her, into a more passionate and stronger woman.

Hot water rushed down her shoulders, and she rolled her neck, easing some of the tension she felt. The past three weeks without them—without a grin, a touch, even a fight—had been depressingly miserable. She missed them every second, and she couldn’t stop thinking about them.

Isabel always had reasons to have such little faith in men, from her neglectful father and misunderstood grandfather to a sick cop and a cruel first lover. And then there was Brad and Dale. As Isabel learned today, they’d been protective of her while they’d watched over her.

Someone had bumped into her in line for refreshments earlier, and she was surprised to see Rick, the idiot she’d lost her virginity to years ago, turn to apologize. The man had turned ghastly white when

he recognized her, and his eyes had darted nervously around, as if ninja warriors would jump on him from all corners of the break area.

He'd started to back up and, thinking he was embarrassed by how he'd hurt her feelings the night they'd had sex, Isabel told him he needn't worry because she was over him calling his friends to brag about sleeping with her. That's when his eyes grew round, and he accused her of sending him, after they'd had sex, her two bodyguards to scare him.

Her mouth had dropped open but she quickly recovered and began denying it. But it was useless because he continued to insist that two tall, muscular thugs had beat him to a pulp that night and warned him to stay away from her. Then he practically tripped over his own feet, doing just that, and disappeared from the room.

It had taken her a few seconds after standing there with her mouth hanging open to realize what he'd revealed. The "bodyguards" could only have been Brad and Dale. She'd burst into a fit of giggles, which was how Nik found her, then took a couple of minutes to relay the story as the laughter continued.

"I'm not laughing because Rick was hurt the night we had sex, not at all. I don't wish violence or pain on anyone. It's that all this time I wondered how Brad and Dale just recently came out of nowhere to be my heroes when I'd needed them before. Or at least I needed someone I could count on. But they'd been there, watching out for me. They *had* been there when I needed them that night," Isabel said softly.

And that would make getting over them nearly impossible. She stepped out of the shower, holding back the tears. They'd kept her safe. They'd made her laugh. She'd come to trust them before they almost died for her. But she'd done the right thing. She had to let them go.

It was a physical pain she had to learn to live with, having to wake up knowing she wouldn't hear their voices or see their faces, but without the love of both of them, she wouldn't have been satisfied with only one.

She'd also visited Gina's and Leyna's families before driving to Orlando, and having to relive losing them both had been difficult. Gina's fiancé was glad the real killer was dead. He didn't know Isabel had been the one who'd killed him, but he assured Isabel he didn't blame her for Gina's death. Leyna's family was as accepting and forgiving, knowing Isabel, too, had suffered greatly.

She saw her brother's face every single day, and she felt sad for him. In time, she'd let him go, too. But she was sad for the life he'd lived. He'd done nothing to deserve what their father and his mother had done.

A knock at the door startled her. It was probably Nik checking on her again. She pulled on the hotel bathrobe and left her hair wet, dripping down the white cotton. Without bothering to check the peephole, she opened the door.

"In a robe again," muttered Dale.

"Déjà vu," added Brad.

Isabel's heart leaped to her throat, and her insides melted. My God, they were more handsome than she remembered. Blue eyes twinkled like the stars in a fairy tale night, and a swirling fondue waited to coat her and sink her in its depth.

Isabel delicately cleared her throat. "What are you doing here?"

"Well, Brad apparently already told you he loves you. I love you too. And we're not leaving here until you're ours."

Dale's proclamation took her a few seconds to process because it had sounded like she could have them both, and she dared not believe *that* fantasy.

"Can we come in, princess? Or should we take you right here in the hallway?"

She moved her gaze from dimples to sparkling stars and felt her body flush, cream rushing to her slit at the wickedly passionate stares.

Clearing her head of the seductive fog, she opened the door wider, allowing them into her room. Into her heart. Not even a category five

hurricane would have been able to keep Isabel away from her Brad and her Dale.

* * * *

Dale dropped his duffel bag in the far corner of the living room, next to where Brad dropped his, and gazed at the doorway to the bedroom. Soon he'd make love to her, the way he'd dreamed for so long. And in an actual bed.

"You can't just come in here, tell me you love me, and make everything okay. It's more complicated than that."

Swinging his gaze back to Isabel, he noticed her eyes brimming with tears, and his throat tightened. Oh, she was so beautiful, clutching her robe around herself, so delicate yet so brave. He sat on the armrest and propped a foot on the loveseat, knowing she'd want to discuss a few important issues, while Brad stood beside him, hands on hips.

"It's not complicated unless you make it so. Two men and one woman may not be conventional, but it can and will work," Brad started confidently. "People don't need to know so don't worry about the looks, the gossiping. We don't have to announce it to the world. What happens in our home is our business, and it can stay there."

Isabel chewed her bottom lip, certainly mulling over what Brad had told her, and Dale wished this conversation would end soon so he could wrap his arms around her and love her.

"What about children? I can't give you any," she reminded them.

Dale smiled, deciding to tackle her next concern. "If you want to adopt someday, then we'll be one big happy family. Whatever makes you happy will make us happy."

"Anything else?" Brad asked her as confidently as Dale felt.

She looked down, suddenly fascinated by her little French-tipped toenails, and raised her head again. "Yes. I'm moving away."

"What?" Dale asked.

“The hell you are!” Brad stated.

Dale came to his feet, and they both took strides that brought them so close, he could clearly see the tiny gold specks scattered in her green eyes. In the midst of their lovemaking, those specks disappeared into oceans of green fire. She was their angel, sinfully perfect in every way.

“I don’t have a studio anymore. I need to find what I want to do with my life now,” she explained.

Dale threw a glance at Brad in silent communication before turning a devious grin on her. “You can come teach at Club Lava,” stated Brad.

“Teach what? Ménage a trois to new members?”

Dale explained. “We asked Calli, our manager, to take a short survey at the door. An incredible number of couples and women would pay to learn the art of seduction. They’d like to learn to pole dance for their sport-fanatic husband to lure him into the bedroom. They’d like to know how to perform a burlesque striptease to keep things fun. A sexy tango, an erotic rumba. The club is yours during the day. You can charge whatever you want, all the money’s yours,” he finished, watching her eyes glimmer in interest.

Suddenly, she noticed his bandaged hand, and with a gasp, her brows furrowed and her shoulders slumped. Slowly, as if afraid to hurt him, she took his hands in her soft little ones, and he watched a tear trickle down the graceful curve of her cheek and crash against the small gauze pad.

He inhaled deeply, knowing it was time. “I love you, Isabel. I want to dedicate my life to making yours happy, to seeing you smile. No one ever existed before you. They were meaningless. My life was empty. You are my life, my future. I want to take care of you and grow old with you. I am in love with you, Isabel. I’m yours. Say you’ll have us both.”

Knowing he’d have to wait for Brad, Dale wondered if he could hang on any longer before he could feel her in his arms. When they all

got home he was not letting Isabel out of the bedroom for a week just so he could hold her day and night. God, how he loved her.

* * * *

When Dale finished, Isabel still kept her head down, her wet hair dripping. He had no clue as to what she was thinking or feeling, but it was his turn.

Brad had rehearsed what to say to her when he saw her. He hadn't slept last night going over the perfect words, and he'd even practiced the speech with Dale on the flight here. But he remembered none of it. Not a word. Just that he needed her to know how he felt.

With the most nervous breath he'd ever taken, he sent a little prayer that what he said now would at least come out in some form she could understand.

"I have loved you since I had the honor to watch over you. I'm so in love with you it tears me apart when I wake up without you. Which, by the way, will change because you're not sleeping by yourself anymore." He grinned and continued. "I trust you with my life. My heart is in your hands. It's yours. Open. Vulnerable. I'm yours."

Shit, it hurt to breathe, and his hands shook, but damn it was good to finally tell her. No matter what, she knew how he felt. Finally, and hopefully not too late, he'd opened his heart to her.

No, it wouldn't be too late because he'd convince her to be with them if that's what it took. There was no way they'd lose her now. He was damned if he and Dale were leaving here without her. He loved her, more than he could ever show her, but he had the rest of his life to try.

* * * *

Isabel was dizzy, not believing this was happening, yet they stood here, inches from her, and told her they loved her.

She'd never allowed herself to dream that they'd both one day confess their love to her, but here they were. Brad trusted her with his heart, and Dale swore there was no one else for him.

She raised her eyes to them. Dale, oh so handsome and sweet, was looking at her with his Hershey Kisses eyes, almost child-like in anticipation. Brad, not a trace of arrogance on his face, gazed at her with unguarded love.

"I've loved you both my whole life," she started with a trembling voice. "I'd watch you both over that fence and wish it were me you held in your arms at night by the pool. I grew up dreaming that someday you'd find me and love me as I loved you. And I hated myself for being with another person because all I saw were your eyes." She sniffed, trying to catch her voice again. Brad's hand was in her hair, and she still held Dale's. "And you never failed me. Even when I fought you, you were both there for me. Aside from my grandfather, you are the first men I've trusted, the first I've come to depend on. And I would very much like to spend my life with the two of you. Fighting and all."

Dale kissed her first, a slow, loving kiss that sealed her life with him. His mouth moved over hers with a gentleness that incited her desire, aroused every nerve to a peak, and rushed cream furiously down to her sex.

Brad's body pressed to her back, and she left Dale's mouth for Brad's. She committed to Brad as well, in an embrace that left Isabel breathless and feeling wanton. She was owned by two men and freed by their passionate love.

Their hands were on her, aggressive, tearing, yanking, so that she stood naked, trapped between the unleashed power of their muscular bodies.

Their need for her was fierce and the urgency to consummate her new relationship whipped through her veins. Lust and love combined in a destructive force that drove her to a torturous hunger.

Her hands found shirts and tore them from their bodies, aching to touch, to feel. They undid their belts, yanking on them to finally be rid of their pants.

Dale stepped away for a moment, leaving her cold and lonely for the warmth that only two bodies could provide. She then noticed the covered wound on Brad and brushed her fingers over the medical tape, her eyes watering.

But Brad pulled her into his arms, suddenly lifting her and carrying her into the bedroom, showing her just how well he'd recovered.

He laid her down on the bed, spreading her naked body for his eyes. Dale followed them, standing on the other side. Their naked bodies stood ready to pounce, with miles of muscles from their shoulders to their flat abs.

Her chest heaved, her body a buffet waiting to be devoured. Her nipples budded under the gaze of two starving beasts. Her cream, bubbling hot, oozed between her fluttering lips down toward the comforter.

"You're ours," Brad told her, his eyes a searing blue that singed her heart. "And we're never letting you go."

"Promise?" she asked breathily.

They were on her. Wild and hungry. She moaned in delicious surrender.

Brad lowered his mouth to a taut nipple, licking and nipping the tip. Her throat trembled with a growl like a wild cat, and her head pressed back.

"I love your breasts," he murmured between bites and licks.

Dale lay on his stomach and brought his face to the feast that waited for him.

He lapped her sugar, holding the slit closed, and flicked his tongue toward the hot button. Her body jerked at the wild sensations of his mouth on her ultrasensitive cleft.

“Oh, God,” she gasped loudly, bucking and thrashing.

Dale held her down with his arms, groaning as he licked the juices that slid between her slit.

She needed it. Oh, she wanted it. The aching. She was so wet. She gritted her teeth. Her fingers dove into their hair, each hand gripping, flexing.

Dale spread her tender labia and closed his mouth over her pussy.

“Oh, yes! Please!” She shuddered violently, lifting her hips to his tongue.

“You are my daily dose of sugar, love. I want to eat your pussy every day,” Dale told her huskily, before dipping his tongue into her moist folds.

Brad drew one peak into his mouth and lowered his hand to her clit, pinching it between two fingers before rolling a finger over the screaming nub.

Needing, hurting for release, Isabel exploded, coming as one man pushed his tongue into her channel and another played with her clit. The sensations of their hands, mouths, and tongues on her were cataclysmic, a collision of rough and smooth on her wantonly possessed body.

“You look amazing when you come, princess,” Brad told her as her clitoral orgasm receded.

He lifted and turned her so she lay on her side, facing him, and draped her leg over his. Taking his heavily engorged dick in his hand, he led the large head to her drenched cunt. He held her thigh and entered her in one thrust. She was so wet that he immediately bounced against her cervix.

Isabel’s eyes flew open, moist with pleasure tears, and as she looked up at him, he lowered his mouth to hers.

He moved inside her slowly, and she became wild with the need to feel him slam against her. But he held her still, silencing her with his tongue that swirled with hers.

Heavily lubricated fingers slid across her anal entrance, warning her of the pleasures yet to come. Dale pushed a digit in, stretching her ring, preparing her. The cool numbing gel in her rear was a sharp contrast to the liquid fire wrapped around Brad's cock throbbing in her pussy, titillating her nerves and renewing her need for release, a much deeper, muscular climax.

Dale replaced his fingers with the narrow tip of a plug and twisted it past her ring. Her muscles stretched, and her hidden fibers awakened to the welcomed invasion.

"Yes, open up. Relax. It's a bigger plug, to prepare you," Dale explained softly.

Isabel threw her head back when her heated passages came into contact with each other. Filled, swollen, she groaned, a deep sound from her throat, a desperate longing. She'd dreamed, waited. Oh, fuck, she wanted it, both men fucking both her holes, the culmination of all they'd taught her, of everything they'd prepared her body for. Together, in sync.

But Brad and Dale had tested her, prolonged the prize, to addict her. *Yes, control and dominate*. She knew it would only get better. And tonight, she'd find out how much.

"You will experience more pleasure tonight, princess, than you might think you can handle. Trust us. You can."

Brad lifted her and rolled onto his back, bringing her along to straddle him. He pulled her wet hair back and laced both hands behind her neck, lowering her down to his mouth.

"Oh, she's ready, Brad," Dale stated, thrusting the toy in and out of her burning back portal.

Isabel couldn't take it much longer. She knew what would happen. Her anticipation pulsed frantically in her simmering blood.

She moaned, feeling Brad throb deep inside and not able to move to ride him.

Flames whipped her body, her desire mounting and demanding their bodies on her, inside her.

“It’s time,” Dale said very roughly.

And when the plug slipped out and the head of Dale’s cock entered her readied channel, tidal waves of burning pleasure and sinful agony crashed and covered her. He pressed deeper, stretching her, passing the ring, and reached the point where two cocks began to fight each other for space, and Isabel screamed.

“Yes. *Sí*. Oh, *dámelo*. Give it to me!”

Dale gripped her hips tightly, pushing his way inside her slowly. Gently. Killing her softly.

“Please. Please.” She moaned, trying to break their hold on her and grind into them both.

“Okay,” Dale said through gritted teeth, alerting Brad.

Brad moved first, pulling back slowly and returning to her depths as Dale took his turn drawing out.

Isabel was wild, sizzling with euphoric pleasure as they took her, filled her. They quickly found their rhythm, an electric consortium of wicked play gloriously hers.

Her gladiators grunted, driving into her with a searing force, crackling the air around her. Sweat trickled down her feverish skin, tickling her in counterpoint to the pounding inside her body.

Brad flexed his strong hips, slamming against the walls that sucked him. She pushed down harder with fist-tight friction, panting, burning.

“Oh, Isabel, I love you, baby,” groaned Dale.

She shot him a look over her shoulder, juices sliding down her cunt as she watched him tear into her, his body tight, so sexy, and all hers.

They controlled her movements in sync, one in, the other out. She threw her head back, off in a hedonistic and savage world where she knew she was theirs and at their mercy. Oh, yes, all theirs.

“Look at me, Isabel,” Brad ordered.

Dazed, frantic with the need for release, she moaned and dabbed her dry lips with her tongue. When Brad brought her head down to moisten them for her, she was sucked into his rapturous blue eyes, loving her, oh, worshipping her.

Isabel was dying, lost in the pinnacles of ecstasy. Impaled by two thick, long cocks, she was ultrasensitive and aware of each nerve in her channels firing, every fiber frayed, and every muscle flexing. When Brad’s cock swelled, it initiated a colossal eruption that hurled Isabel into the brightest expanse of blue sky.

She screamed, and her pussy erupted in a torrent of convulsions. Her muscles were locked tight, and every thrust inside her body fueled the combustion, taking her higher and higher.

“Princess,” Brad groaned. He pressed his head back and, flexing his hips, crashed against the back of her pussy with fiery spurts that pumped deep inside. The vibrations rebounding in her membrane set off another vicious orgasm that drove her body further than it had ever been taken.

Dale was barbaric, thrusting harder and faster until he growled her name. A momentary bulge that shot through his length announced his orgasm, prolonging the spasm in her exhausted, sated body.

Isabel collapsed, vaguely aware of the movements, the mumbling, but knowing the moment each man lay next to her and showered her with tender kisses.

She moaned, truly happy for the first time in so very long. Comforting, safe hands caressed her. Male lips brushed across her skin. Oh, she loved her Brad and her Dale.

Her lids fluttered open when she heard food mentioned, and her stomach growled. Dale hung up the hotel phone and glanced back at her, facedown, resting on his forearms.

“I ordered us dinner. I’m sure you’re hungry,” he told her, two breathtaking dimples appearing for her.

“I’m starved. I hope you ordered everything on the menu,” she teased, leaning up on one arm and looking at his back.

The burns were still wrapped, protected. She swallowed and kissed the areas of his back where his skin was untouched by the burning beams.

“Thank you both for saving my life,” she choked out.

Brad continued to caress her back, and Dale kissed her forehead. “We love you,” he replied, as if that were enough.

But for her two possessive, powerful gladiators, it would be.

She remembered something and, while still brushing her fingers up and down Dale’s side, asked, “Brad, why do you call me your princess?”

“From the moment we promised Thomas to watch over you, I saw you as a princess who I’d protect because I believe in honor, and I believed Thomas. Once I saw you and fell in love with you, you were my princess and I knew, without question, that I’d die for you.”

Isabel closed her eyes, moved to tears again by this man who she’d once thought of as an arrogant jerk.

His arm snaked around her and pulled her back against the warmth of his body, and she molded to him. Dale scooted closer and lowered his lips to her nipples.

She gasped. “Aren’t you guys tired?”

They both chuckled, an erotic masculine sound. “For you? Never a possibility,” Dale said huskily before he sucked a tender peak into his hot, wet mouth.

Isabel moaned, alive once more.

“So will you come teach at Lava Club? Or do we force you like cavemen?” Brad nuzzled her neck and lowered one hand to her still swollen clit.

Isabel's body jerked, fresh nectar already soaking her swollen lips. "I thought you boys didn't want me at Club Lava," she reminded them with a sigh.

Brad snickered behind her. "Princess, we—I learned I can trust you. Of course, we'll still be there to make sure no one tries anything. You can bring Nik along with you, too. It's your gig completely."

Dale lifted her leg and rimmed her tender slit with his dick, fully engorged, his lips sealed around one peak. Brad was fingering her rear entrance, his tongue snaking into her ear.

"I would, ah, love to come teach. And boys?"

They groaned, too busy with their mouths to speak.

"Feel free to throw me over your shoulders any time. I'm all yours."

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I live near Tampa, FL with my two precocious young daughters and one adorable long-haired Chihuahua. Born in Puerto Rico, my heart beats with an exotic rhythm and I crave anything tropical. I spent my childhood splashing along the cool shorelines of the nearby beaches while soaking up the scent of salty ocean breeze and coconut fruit. Salsa dancing sizzles deep in my blood and nothing makes me happier than seeing my girls practice their dance steps while cranking up the music.

My passion for romance began at the age of twelve when I accidentally came across my first historical novel. Two days and four hundred pages later, I hungered for more. My mom allowed me to buy a new book each time she took me food shopping, and soon I had over a hundred books cramming my small closet. As I discovered different genres, I craved more and more adventures until I decided someday I'd write one myself.

Life took its course and by the time I was thirty-two I'd been married, had 2 babies, divorced, and worked as a high school teacher. It was time and I'm thankful I pursued my life-long dream. Little did I know how far the genre has traveled and how that initial hunger for another book would turn into an obsession keeping me up late into the night.

For me, nothing beats the thrill of a hero conquering all to win the heart of his heroine. I love how romance has evolved since my first read so heroes never know exactly what they're getting into with sassy, strong heroines who truly go after what they want, be it taboo, risqué, or ménage.

I hope you enjoyed this sexy adventure and are willing to take another with me as I seek to send my heroes and heroines to more exotic destinations for more erotic and sizzling fun.



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