



# DIRTY LOVE

LACEY SAVAGE

Dirty Love  
*by Lacey Savage*

**Amber Quill Press**

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## **CONTENTS**

[Also By Lacey Savage](#)

[Prologue](#)

[CHAPTER 1](#)

[CHAPTER 2](#)

[CHAPTER 3](#)

[CHAPTER 4](#)

[CHAPTER 5](#)

[CHAPTER 6](#)

[CHAPTER 7](#)

[CHAPTER 8](#)

[CHAPTER 9](#)

[CHAPTER 10](#)

[CHAPTER 11](#)

[Lacey Savage](#)

[Amber Quill's Rewards Program](#)

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Steel-Tipped Velvet

Wild, Wild, Mother Of The Bride

Dirty Love  
*by Lacey Savage*

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

## Prologue

Isabel Warren has never seen water so blue.

The river's azure ripples morph into striking sapphire the closer they come to the orange glow of the horizon. The colors remind her of other vibrant hues, of eyes she can picture so vividly that the faces of the men who haunt her seem real, even now.

*But they're not real.* They're mere shells of heartbreaking memory.

A hundred feet directly below Isy, the water shines the color of a robin's egg. When she glances down, she can make out the reflection of the suspension bridge, black and wavering. If she stares hard enough, she can also trace her own mirrored visage, no more than a slash of black across the river's surface.

As Isy watches, the thin line representing her shimmers and pitches forward. She gasps, gripping the railing hard enough to send a jolt of pain into her wrists.

She isn't ready. *Not yet ... God.* Soon. But not yet.

*Coward. Lousy wimp. When have you ever been brave? When have you ever lived your life the way you'd wanted to, instead of doing what you thought would keep you safe?*

The taunting voice creeping around the edges of her mind continues to punish her as it has during the last seven months. This time, she's ready for it.

*The night I gave myself to Connor and Trevor. I was brave then.*

Dirty Love  
*by Lacey Savage*

For once, the voice of her subconscious has no reply. She'd gloat, but summoning even the slight energy necessary to do that much would take more effort than she cares to give.

She gulps deep, anguished breaths of exhaust-tainted morning air. The streets are no longer as crowded as they'd been in New York's glory days, yet the steady flow of morning traffic still manages to create a wall of noise that shields Isy protectively from a city teeming with anger and loathing. She can almost feel hateful eyes boring into her back, as though the city itself wants to condemn her for behaving in a way that goes against the morals and beliefs of its citizens.

All that despite the fact she's done nothing more dirty or dangerous than follow her heart.

Yet, to the rest of the world, issues of the heart are irrelevant. The only thing that matters is the future of mankind. But Earth's fate is no longer Isy's concern. Her own future vanished seven months ago, like smoke in the breeze.

A wave of dizziness rushes up and pummels her temples, forcing her to jerk her gaze from the tiny speck that is Isy, but soon won't be.

The rising sun's glow dances off the metal bridge railing and hits her eyes, stinging them. She blinks rapidly to banish the surge of unwanted tears. She hasn't shed one teardrop in longer than she can remember, and she won't start now for fear that once she does, she'll never stop.

Since learning the heartbreaking news about Connor and Trevor, Isy has refused to let herself grieve. Her men are dead, and no fit of crocodile tears will bring them back. Loneliness, her constant companion, engulfs her. Endless



Dirty Love  
by Lacey Savage

horrible scenarios paint striking pictures of blood and broken bodies to terrorize her thoughts.

She's made so many mistakes in her life. But the one action she can't bring herself to regret is the one that has cost her the most. She knew what she risked when she gave in to forbidden feelings for a man sixteen years her junior. So did he.

And she was no better off admitting to the depth of her need for another man, one who stole her heart and gave it back to her in shattered pieces. He knew the risks, too. Accepted them willingly to be with her.

The reality of the consequences the three of them have brought upon themselves tears strips out of Isy's soul each time she inhales. She wishes she was brave enough to face each new day without them, but she isn't. Besides, where would she go? She's lost her home, her livelihood, her reputation. There's nothing left here for her now. Nothing but shadows and dust, and more memories than she cares to remember.

*Coward. Cow-ard. Cooooow-aaaaaard.*

Yes, she responds. Yes.

Once more, the voice in her head goes quiet.

Her breath comes much too fast, too shallow. The wind kicks up and lifts her hair away from the damp nape of her neck. She leans into the breeze, sucking in a gulp of cool morning air. *So beautiful.* Of everything the world has to offer, she's missed dawn most of all these past few months.

While she could do nothing but stare at the dark walls of her cell, she often wondered what Connor and Trevor would

have looked like sprawled beside her in deep slumber, their muscled bodies painted gold by the rising sun.

*Did I hurt you? I'm so sorry, Isy. I don't ever want you hurt you.*

This isn't the maddening voice of her subconscious anymore. It's a different voice now, one she has trouble recalling at times. But at this moment, it's clear, resonating in her head as though Connor had just leaned over to whisper in her ear.

She can't answer him, though she wants to scream to the heavens that he didn't just hurt her. He destroyed her. What was the use of showing her what she could have only to take it all away in the blink of an eye?

Who'd be that cruel? And why?

Those are the questions that haunt her endlessly. Questions with no answers.

And still she can't stay angry at him. At either of them.

Isy's eyelids flutter closed. Despite the chill, she can feel the warmth of Connor's skin as his arm snakes around her waist and pulls her close. Trevor's muscled chest presses against her breasts, stiffening her nipples. For a moment, she can't remember if this really happened or if she's just imagining it.

And then, in a flash, it all comes rushing back. The night they'd made love now seems like a lifetime ago. She remembers, bit by bit.

Connor had pressed a kiss to the nape of her neck. If she concentrates hard enough, she can feel his lips, warm and soft, brush her skin. He'd parted her ass cheeks and slipped

his cock inside her tight passage, while Trevor's shaft had pulsed deep in her pussy.

Isy had squirmed in their arms, but they'd held onto her firmly, easing her through the flash of pleasure/pain that brought with it wave after crashing wave of pure ecstasy.

There'd been doubt, too, that night, but by the time they made her theirs it was long gone.

God, she'd been so terrified of the consequences. They all knew it would only take one pointed finger, one whispered accusation, and she'd be painted with the red-stained brush of morality. The world would label her a whore, or worse. Much worse.

A sinner. A miscreant. A depraved beguiler who thrives on seducing men and convinces them to participate in wicked acts of dirty love.

A few decades earlier, it wouldn't have been a crime for a forty-four-year-old woman to take a virile twenty-eight-year-old man and his friend into her bed. A taboo, maybe, in some circles. But not a crime.

Over the past five decades, ever since the outbreak of the S.O.S. virus killed ninety-five percent of Earth's human population in the span of ten months and left most of the surviving males infertile, things had changed faster than anyone could have predicted.

Today, women like Isy, women over the age of forty who fall in love and give themselves over to the emotion fully, pay the highest price to ensure humanity's survival.

Dirty Love  
by Lacey Savage

Isabel's lower lip trembles. Tightness gathers in her chest and swells up in her throat. She opens her eyes and glances, once again, at the East River stretching out below her.

Sirens wail in the distance. The high-pitched sound breaks through the monotonous traffic noises, the honks and tired motors, and creeps closer with every strangled beat of Isy's heart.

Along the river's edge, old structures stretch their massive concrete heads into the sky. Between two long-abandoned high-rise office buildings hangs a sign. Words have been painted in black streaks on white canvas.

*Female? Over 40? Fuck yourself. No one else will.*

It doesn't say that, but Isy thinks it might as well. The slogan is much more artfully phrased. "*Celibacy is the gift women over 40 give the world.*"

She turns her head a fraction and catches a glimpse of the blue nose of an old-style Crown Victoria vehicle. Someone must have seen her and called in city officials. She can't endure another day of interrogation, another night spent in a dank cell surrounded by the scents of mold and rot.

It's just as well. She's dallied here long enough, wasting precious minutes dredging up the past. *So many mistakes...*

She was wrong earlier, when she thought she wouldn't change a thing about that night. She would. She'd never fall asleep. She'd cling to her men with the ruthless desperation of a woman clutching life itself. In the morning, they'd still be there, with her, where they belonged.

But she doesn't have any such supernatural abilities, which leaves her only one choice. History, or fate, or whatever

Dirty Love  
by Lacey Savage

universal power propels people down paths etched in stone  
has messed with her for the last time.

It's Isy's turn to take control of her destiny. For the first time in months, she can make a choice that's hers and hers alone.

The anxiety tightening her chest bears down on her heart. This is more difficult than she expected. Taking that final step toward oblivion takes more strength than she anticipated.

But she can do it. And maybe, just maybe, she's braver than she gives herself credit for.

Nearby, someone in a vehicle slams on the breaks. Tires screech on the pavement. A car door slams shut.

Sucking in one last deep breath for courage, Isy scales Manhattan Bridge's metal railing. Pain shoots up her right knee, but what's one more ache when measured against a thousand others?

The sound of harried footsteps echo hollowly in her ears. A male voice calls out her name. Then another. Familiarity nags at her brain.

*Isabel. An accent. Eee-sah-belle!*

*No, it can't be.* It's just her mind playing tricks on her, as always.

She spreads her arms, feels the sun warm her face. Connor and Trevor's ghostly forms envelop her, hold on tight. Their voices whisper sweet nothings in her ear.

She was loved once. What more matters?

The uncertain beginning of a smile tugs at her upper lip. Her heart thuds, heavy and laden with sorrow, against her

Dirty Love  
by Lacey Savage

chest. It tugs and urges her *down, down, down*, with every thrumming beat.

At last, she lets the insistent rhythm pull her forward, toward the eternal blue of the bottomless river.

Air rushes out of her lungs. Pain crashes into her chest, squeezes her heart.

Distant, dim echoes of church bells accompany her fall. The sounds penetrate the veil of memories wrapped around her. She can hear their metallic clang competing with the whoosh of wind rushing past her ears.

And then her head strikes the surface of the water, and she can't hear anything at all.

But she can see. Oh, God, in a flash, she can see everything...

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

## CHAPTER 1

*Seven months earlier*

"You belong with me."

"You don't know what you're saying! We'll be fugitives. You deserve to live a normal life. A life free of prejudice, free of hate. Free of me."

"If you think I'm going to let you go because someone, somewhere, considers you too dangerous to be with me, you don't know me as well as I thought. You're mine. And if we have to live our lives on the run, it'll be worth it. We'll be together. Forever."

Blue and red lights flashed across the stage. The endless whine of a siren echoed through the small theater, setting Isabel's teeth on edge. She gripped the seat's armrest tighter with her right hand. In her left, she clutched a moist tissue. Tears streamed down her face and splashed onto her silk blouse, but she was way past caring.

Beside her, a woman sobbed. Someone else blew her nose. Isy tuned them out and focused on the actors who, for the past two hours, had wrung more emotion out of her than anything or anyone had done in years.

She hadn't cried on the day her divorce had been finalized, or the next morning when she read the newspaper announcement heralding her ex-husband's upcoming nuptials. Yet the Brooklyn Community Theater Group had managed to make her weep uncontrollably.

Dirty Love  
by Lacey Savage

The end of the story unfolded on stage, and Isy watched, barely able to breathe. The depth of feeling between the hero and heroine struck a chord deep in her soul. It ignited a blaze that stirred unfathomable longings she'd thought long buried. The plot was absurd, romanticized to the extreme, yet she couldn't help but crave the kind of love portrayed on stage.

Too bad she knew better. That kind of love between an older woman and a fertile man, with its weepy, happy ending, was a myth. It simply didn't—*couldn't*—exist in today's society. Not when the survival of the human race trumped everything else, including love.

No. *Especially* love.

Halfway through its opening night, the play had been shut down by outraged officials for undermining and demeaning society's morals, not to mention for encouraging illegal behavior. Only widespread outrage and a slew of complaints had caused it to reopen. Now, six months after that auspicious debut, it was the highest grossing play in the city. This morning's edition of the *City Times* reported the play would officially change venues in three weeks and open on Broadway.

A red velvet curtain collapsed from the ceiling, draping the front of the stage in voluminous folds that hid the actors. The house lights came on and Isy blinked, forcing herself to focus. The play had been a pleasant distraction, but she had work to do, and she needed to concentrate.

Applause stormed through the audience like booming thunder, deafening in its intensity. Isy dabbed her eyes, blew her nose, and stood. She elbowed her way past a group of



women seated close to the aisle, then snuck out through one of the side doors leading backstage before anyone could notice.

She dug into her purse with one hand and pulled out a piece of paper. Unfolding it, she glanced at the ID-style picture of a young man. He could have been anyone. His features were handsome, with a boyish charm about them. The small cleft in his jutting chin added strength and character to an all-American face. Pale hair she assumed had to be blond hung low over his forehead and draped his shoulders, setting off his slanted cheekbones and full, sensual lips.

The image stared back at her. There was something about the picture ... something she couldn't put her finger on. It fascinated her and frightened her at once.

She leaned in, only to pull back with a start. It was his eyes, she realized. Even in black-and-white, she could make out the blazing willpower and tenacity so clearly etched in the man's gaze. Those pale eyes, wide and framed by impossibly long lashes, weren't those of a man who took orders from others.

A shiver of anticipation ran through her. Well, if that were the case, it would be too damn bad for Connor Flynn. She'd sought him out for a reason and she wasn't about to let herself be scared away by a striking pair of eyes.

Besides, he could have simply been in a bad mood when that shot was taken. Surely, the man wasn't violent. With any luck, he'd be reasonable and would comply with the court order she carried.

*Only one way to find out.*

She took a deep breath and rounded the corner into a narrow hallway. A gray carpet that had seen better days covered the floor. She walked past a row of beige doors, silently reading the names scribbled in messy handwriting on slivers of paper taped to the walls.

When she found the one marked with Connor's name, she gripped the handle, took one last look over her shoulder to ensure no one had followed her, and went in.

The room smelled like the ocean. The scent startled her, and she took longer to close the door behind her than was prudent. A quick scan of the small area confirmed the place was empty, just as she'd expected. Connor would be with the rest of the crew, basking in the adoration of his fans.

Well, that was fine with Isy. She'd wait.

The aroma of seawater and sun-blazed sand masked the musky odor that usually accompanied the interior of aged buildings like these in New York. Contemporary structures were expensive to erect, and resources were needed for scientific studies.

She stepped inside, looking for the source of the scent. She expected incense or an old-fashioned candle, but could see neither. The heels of her shoes sank into more frayed gray carpet, though this one appeared to have been recently vacuumed. In fact, the entire room was neat and orderly, much more so than she'd expected.

A desk had been placed against the left wall, taking up almost half of the space in the small room. A worn, butter-

Dirty Love  
by Lacey Savage

colored leather couch sat directly in front of it, where an office chair should have been.

Reams of paper, all arranged neatly by thickness, covered the surface of the desk. Pens gathered in a coffee mug in a corner, and a small lamp blazed close to the wall. Above it, a framed playbill announced the debut of *Dirty Love*, the "highly anticipated first play of up-and-coming playwright Connor Flynn."

Well, at least she hadn't walked into the wrong room.

Anxious jitters made their way through her system, causing her knees to wobble. She dropped onto the couch, which hugged her curves with more pliant bounce than she'd anticipated. She leaned back against the headrest and allowed herself to relax for a brief moment, preparing for the battle to come.

Connor Flynn had to be a reasonable man. He just *had* to. The future of her clinic—*her* future—depended on it.

"There's only one thing I like better than that couch ... and that's a beautiful naked woman on that couch."

Isabel jumped to her feet and whirled around. Connor Flynn stood in the center of the room, hands thrust in his pockets, a grin curving his lips.

And oh, God, what gorgeous lips. The picture hadn't done him justice. She saw now it had obviously been taken years earlier. The man standing in front of her resembled the image she'd studied, but there were marked differences as well. His hair had been cropped in a modern style and slicked back, though a couple of wavy locks escaped and spilled over his broad forehead. He sported a light tan, and the smile that

captured her attention seemed fluid and genuine, making the corners of his eyes crinkle.

Gone was the obstinacy that had shocked her in the photograph. Now, his blue eyes sparkled with amusement and his gaze flittered over her from head to toe.

"You're not naked." His lips turned down in feigned disappointment, but the humor didn't fade from his features. "We'll have to change that."

Isy's hand flew self-consciously to her chest. She'd worn a square-style blazer over her silk blouse, and matching brown slacks. She'd gone for a neat, professional appearance, but seeing herself through his eyes, she realized she probably only managed to look drab. And old.

The thought stung. She straightened her spine and narrowed her eyes. "Where did you come from?"

He moved with a smooth grace that contrasted with his powerful frame. The small room seemed to shrink in around her when he neared.

Placing both palms on the back of the couch, he leaned toward her. "I could ask you the same thing."

She pointed to the door, pleased when her hand didn't shake. "The hallway."

"Ah. Well, then. Me, too."

Isy had the distinct impression he was toying with her. The knowledge made an odd sensation stir in the pit of her stomach. She ignored it. "Look, Mr. Flynn, I'm here—"

His grin returned and deepened. "Connor, please. Any woman who's about to get naked for me should call me by my first name."

Isy's chest tightened. Arousal blossomed in an instant, unwanted and completely unprofessional. It arched straight between her legs, causing her pussy to flinch at the unexpected sensation. She fought to ignore that, too, and pasted her best woman-in-charge look on her face. "I'm not the one who's going to get naked here, Mr. Flynn. You are."

"Oh?" His gaze turned sultry. "That's fine by me, too."

"Mr. Flynn!" She struggled to filter as much outrage into her tone as she should have felt. But no righteous indignation flared inside of her. Rather, her body had responded to his words with quick and heated approval. Lust blazed a path through Isy's veins, awakening a frenzy of long-dormant sensations.

Oh, this wasn't good. In fact, this was very, very bad. She had to work with this man. Once he submitted to the court order's demand for testing, she had to examine him intimately. This improper attraction would make the job a hundred times more difficult.

Not that she could ever act on his flirtation. Even if he'd been attracted to her as well—which wasn't going to happen, no matter how much Isy deluded herself—consummating a relationship with a man who could potentially be fertile would land her in jail. Or worse.

Mild teasing was generally considered harmless, but nudging this relationship one step beyond good-natured verbal sparring could take her down a path that would prove ill-conceived, if not outright dangerous for both of them. That's assuming the Medical Board's suspicions about him

proved correct, and Isy had every reason to believe a court order would not have been issued otherwise.

Connor had to know the risks as well as she did, so the sooner they put a stop to this absurd game, the better.

Avoiding his probing gaze, Isy dug into her purse and pulled out a small plastic container with a screw-on lid. She thrust it out at him. "For you."

He took it and glanced at it warily. "What is this?"

She locked her hands together in front of her to steel her nerves. "I have a court order for your semen, Mr. Flynn."

His head snapped up. "My ... what?"

"Your semen. You *do* produce semen, don't you?"

Even though she stood safely behind the couch, Isy could swear she felt the scorching heat in Connor's gaze as his eyes narrowed.

"You're accusing me of being fertile."

She reeled back as though she'd been slapped. "*Accusing* you? Being fertile is a gift. If you are able to produce semen, you have a moral obligation to—"

"Spare me. The only obligation I have is to myself." The stubbornness she'd glimpsed in the photograph returned, frenzied and electrifying. Up close, it was even more menacing than she'd imagined. "Is that clear?"

Isy resisted the urge to grind her teeth. She tilted her chin a fraction of an inch. "You're either the most idiotic man in the entire world, or the most deluded. Do you have any idea what this means? If my tests come back positive, you can spend the rest of your life nestled between a woman's legs." Her voice dropped an octave. Heat rushed into her cheeks.

"Practically any woman you want, Mr. Flynn. As many women as you want. Unless ... you don't like women."

*Shit.* She hadn't thought of that possibility until the words fled from her mouth. Homosexuality hadn't been banned in the United States. Infertile males could find their pleasure anywhere they chose. Fertile males, however, were a rare and precious commodity. Their ability to create life depended not only on their capacity to produce semen at the moment of climax, but also on their level of sexual arousal. Or at least, that was the accepted theory these days.

The more aroused the man, scientists agreed, the greater the chance of conception. It was a simple equation, but one that depended on heterosexual human behavior. The same explanation had been given to account for the reasons all attempts at artificial insemination had failed. Thorough analysis of each case showed that sperm needed to travel directly from one person to the other without intervention. Shortly after that discovery had been made, condoms were outlawed.

"Oh, I like women very much."

Connor's low, sultry voice vibrated through Isy, making her want to squeeze her thighs together. Her pussy lips turned aching sensitive as they rubbed against the cotton of her panties. Deep inside, her cunt clenched with the need to find out just how much he meant that.

She cleared her throat. "Good. Then it's settled. You, Mr. Flynn, have come to the attention of the Medical Board as a healthy male with the potential for semen creation. Upon further investigation into your medical history, I discovered

you've never been tested for fertility. The court order indicates you must return with me to my laboratory, where I will conduct the test and report my findings. If you are deemed to be a likely candidate for natural fertilization, you will be asked to submit to the Medical Board within a week's time to begin your conception activities."

She took a deep breath and held it. Her nails dug into her palms and her knuckles ached from being pressed together. She waited for his outburst, dreading having to report him if he didn't come of his own accord.

"I see." He turned over the plastic container in his hand. When he glanced at her again, the fire in his eyes had gone cold. "And you have no issue with turning me into a stud? In the hands of the Medical Board, I'll be no better than a stallion tethered to a barn door. Told whom to service. When. How. I'll be watched. Examined like a fucking animal."

She flinched. "It's my job, Mr. Flynn. It's not my place to have an opinion. If you carry within you the seeds of life, then it's my responsibility to make sure those seeds aren't wasted."

For a moment, neither of them moved. A shimmering warmth played around Isy's breasts as Connor's gaze slid down to her nipples, which tented the fabric of her blazer.

"Ah. And you think I'd be ... wasting my seed if I made love with a woman of my choosing?"

"If the woman in question was of legal conception age, then no." She opened her hands, pleading with him to be reasonable. "There are plenty of women under the age of forty who would be more than willing to be your ... your..."



"Whores," he finished when she faltered.

Coming out of his mouth, the word seemed filthy, deplorable. But it wasn't like that. Having spent eight years in medical school, she knew as well as anyone how important it was for fertile males to spread their seed to as many wombs as possible. The greater the number of couplings, the higher the chance of a successful pregnancy carried to term.

Of course, there were other factors. Sperm levels. Stages of arousal. That's where she came in.

"It's just a series of tests, Mr. Flynn. You and me, in a laboratory. No one else and nothing more. For now."

He seemed to consider that. Unfortunately, he pondered by running his gaze from her face to her chest, then down lower, over her belly and between her legs, where heat flared in her pussy. His assessing glare scorched her skin like a ravenous touch.

"Let me see if I have this right ... A beautiful woman invites me to take off my clothes? I'd be a fool to say no."

Isy's nipples beaded, chaffing against the material of her bra as she shifted from one foot to the other. Her heart gave an unsteady lurch. For the second time, she had the impression she was being toyed with. "Wonderful. Then we agree. If you'll follow me to the lab, we can begin immediately."

He tilted his head, but didn't budge. "On one condition."

A shiver of unease traveled up her spine, but the apprehension did little to quell the fire he'd stoked inside her. For a brief moment, she wondered whether she made a grave mistake by agreeing to take this case. It had seemed like a

Dirty Love  
*by Lacey Savage*

godsend when she'd found the fax lodged in her machine earlier that morning. Her clinic hadn't been credited with locating a fertile male in almost ten months. It wouldn't be long before the Medical Board shut her down and reassigned her funding to a more promising practitioner.

And when that happened, Isy would be relegated to waiting tables, or scrubbing toilets. Not only did a woman past the age of forty no longer qualify for health benefits—those were reserved for women who could conceive—but once demoted from her scientific post, she'd barely make enough money to feed herself and maintain a roof over her head for the rest of her days.

That was not a life Isy wanted for herself. She'd worked too hard, sacrificed too much, to end up living in a trailer park on the outskirts of the city, discarded like a used dishtowel.

Whether he knew it or not, Connor Flynn was her only hope. Her salvation. She had to treat him as such.

"Name your condition." She hoped the trepidation didn't show in her voice.

Connor moved around the couch and came within touching distance. Isy stiffened, though what she really wanted to do was lean against him and let him engulf her in those powerful arms just once.

Would his body feel as strong and athletic as it looked? Would his mouth taste as lush and soft as she imagined?

She didn't know, but she'd bet money he smelled like the ocean. The scent probably clung to him, as sexy and inviting as the rest of the man.

When he reached up and tucked a lock of her long blond hair behind her ear, Isy nearly jumped out of her skin.

"Mr. Flynn. Please." God, she was pathetic. The words had come out on a trembling sigh, like a needy, desperate whisper.

He stepped forward, closing the remaining distance between them. Isy's heart thumped so hard she could feel it in her throat.

She could smell him now, too, that rich aroma of salt and wind and fresh air. The scent flooded her veins with electric need that set her senses on edge. She knotted her fists at her sides to keep from touching him.

"Two conditions, then."

Connor's deep, sexy voice rumbled through Isy. He stood too close, smelled too good. Alarm bells rang somewhere in the back of her head. She tried to pay attention, she really did, but then he spoke again, and she found it difficult to concentrate on anything but the way his full lips parted on each word.

"One." His voice was a velvet whisper, infinitely tempting. "You call me Connor."

She swallowed past the dryness in her throat. Relief numbed her legs. She'd expected an impossible request, one with which she couldn't possibly comply. "Done. And two?"

He dropped his head another fraction of an inch. His mouth was close enough now that his lips brushed hers when he spoke, sending trembling shivers of arousal down her skin.

"Two ... You administer every test. Not with the clinical touch of a practitioner, but with the soft, tender caress of a woman in love."

She'd misheard. She had to. "You want me to..." She licked her lips, which was a mistake, because her tongue came into contact with his bottom lip, and oh, God, he tasted like beer and salt and something sweet, like honey, and she couldn't think, couldn't breathe—

She was about to lean in, to cross that threshold into forbidden territory, when he stepped back abruptly and headed for the hallway.

"For research purposes, of course." He yanked the door open. "For my next play."

Isy stood in front of the couch, shaking, her head buzzing with what she'd almost done, what she *would* have done if he hadn't stopped her.

"Coming?" he called from the hallway.

Isy wiped her damp palms on her slacks and nodded once, curtly. A spark of determination lit in her veins and she clung to it with all the tenacity she possessed.

She'd do her job, and do it well. If Connor thought he could distract her with a sultry glance and a hot body that made her think of sweaty, frantic sex, well, she just had to make sure every bit of that male virility came through in her test results. With a bit of luck and a lot of hard work, she'd end up impressing the hell out of the Medical Board.

If testing went as well as she hoped, by the time she finished with Connor Flynn he'd be the most wanted "stud" in

Dirty Love  
*by Lacey Savage*

New York City. Women would be lining up around the block for a chance to ride him.

That thought should have invigorated her. Instead, she might as well have poured ice water on her libido. The flames he'd ignited inside her cooled at the image of hoards of women straddling Connor's powerful waist as his cock pounded into one tight pussy after another.

A flicker of doubt tugged at Isy's mouth as she swept past him. "Conditions accepted, Mr. Flynn."

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

## CHAPTER 2

Isy planted the heel of her palm against Connor's chest. "Stay here."

They stood on the steps in front of the renovated Manhattan brownstone that housed her clinic and her apartment. Behind Connor, three skeletal frames that had once been cars lined the sidewalk. Flowers bloomed through the rusted metal and moss covered their wheels.

"I'll call you inside when I'm ready for you."

Connor reached up and traced the tip of his thumb across Isy's lower lip. "Oh, I'd say you're more than ready for me right now."

A shiver of anticipation snaked its way down Isy's body. Despite the surge of arousal that burrowed between her legs, she kept herself in check and smacked his hand away before darting a glance up and down the street. She hadn't expected to see anyone, but confirming the lack of possible eyewitnesses out at this hour allowed her to expel a sigh of relief.

In the old days, New York had been a bustling metropolis. Since the S.O.S. virus had its way with most of Earth's population, cities had grown significantly quieter. Some had been abandoned altogether, but people still congregated in chosen areas and tried to lead lives that were as normal as possible.

Dirty Love  
by Lacey Savage

Manhattan remained inhabited, though significantly quieter now than it had once been. Some old habits died hard, however, and vicious gossip remained a favorite pastime.

Luckily, it seemed no one had gotten a glimpse of Connor's overly intimate gesture. *Good*. The less explaining Isy would have to do, the better.

"Your little research experiment hasn't started yet, Mr. Flynn." She uttered the last two words slowly, deliberately, hoping to infuriate him. No such luck.

It had taken close to forty minutes to get here from the theater, and in that time, Connor's irritability had vanished. In its place, the hint of amusement had returned, which only served to annoy—and arouse—her further.

With a lift of a shoulder, he leaned against the railing at the top of the steps and crossed his arms over his chest, drawing her attention to the smooth, lean curve of his rock hard bicep as it bulged beneath the short sleeve of his black T-shirt. As her gaze followed the lean lines of sinew and muscle, she also noticed an old-fashioned watch clasped to his left wrist. Its golden face glimmered in the rapidly fading sunlight.

"I won't move from this spot," Connor said. "Cross my heart."

Isy made a disbelieving sound in the back of her throat and pushed the front door open. The waiting room, with its checkered-pattern tile and boxes of toys stacked neatly in a corner, was empty, as it had been for the last few months. The reputation Isy had worked so hard to create had

shattered, little by little, with every day that passed without a genetically fertile male discovery.

Connor was her last chance. The second fax earlier that morning made it clear that if she failed again, she'd be out of a job. The Medical Board had enough practitioners, novice and experienced, beating down their door. They didn't need to fund her pathetic clinic a day longer if they thought she lacked the necessary skills to locate a fertile man.

"Vicki?" she called out as she strolled toward the reception area at the back of the room. "You still here?"

A bouncing ball of dark curls popped into view behind the plastic sliding window. Victoria Burns rubbed her eyes, smearing her thick eyeliner down her right cheek. "Sorry, Ms. Warren. I must have dozed off for a minute. It's been quiet." She blew out a deep breath. "As usual."

Isy glanced at her watch. Almost 6:00 P.M. The matinee showing of Connor's play had run longer than she'd expected. "It's just about closing time anyway. Why don't you run home a few minutes early? I have a potential client waiting outside, and since it doesn't look like anyone else is going to need our services today, go do something fun."

"Really?" Vicki's brown eyes grew as round as the silver amulet she wore nestled between her breasts. "Do you really think he's—"

"That's what I'm paid to find out."

Vicki grabbed her purse. "Is he hot?"

A sudden flare of jealousy threatened to burn a hole in Isy's gut. "Handsome enough. Now go, have fun. I'm sure



you have better things to do on a Friday night than hang out here with me."

The younger woman wiggled her ass in a provocative manner. "I could help."

Isy forced herself to gulp a deep breath. "I bet you could. No, thanks. Go."

Vicki tossed her curls over a shoulder. "Suit yourself." She started toward the front door. Halfway there, she spun on a red high-heeled shoe and almost lost her balance before reaching out for a wall to steady herself. "I almost forgot. Mr. Jones came by earlier. He said he'd return later to see if you're available for dinner."

Isy swore under her breath. Trevor Jones had been taking her out a couple of times a week for the last month. Usually, she was thrilled to share his company. He was fun to talk to, easy on the eyes, and unlike most men who either discounted her or clutched their balls the moment they sized up her age, Trevor seemed to genuinely care about her. And that was the major problem.

Lately, Trevor's veiled flirtation had grown less subtle. He'd hinted at taking things to the next level, but she'd been deftly dodging his innuendos and feigning ignorance when his arm "accidentally" brushed her breast, or when his fingers trailed too close to the apex of her thighs during dinner.

Despite the strict laws and the Medical Board's propaganda that urged older women to remain celibate, some still refused to surrender their femininity the moment they blew out their fortieth candle. The risks were significant, however. For a few moments of bliss, a woman past her prime caught in the

midst of a sexual act could be fined or imprisoned, depending on the gravity of her crime.

As a med school graduate, Isy knew the reasons for the extreme caution. Some days, she even agreed with them.

Tonight, when her sensitive pussy pulsed with trembling desire, Trevor Jones was the last thing she needed. "Well, I'm not. Testing this new potential client could take a while. Can you call Mr. Jones and let him know not to come?"

Vicki wrinkled her nose, looking like she was about to argue. Isy slanted her a pointed glare, and the younger woman ran back to the reception area.

She reached for the phone. "I'll tell him. Then I'm outta here."

Isy fought back the rising envy that threatened to pound against her chest. Vicki had turned twenty-one the previous month. On her birthday, she'd chosen to add herself to the Conception List, which made her one of the young women who took turns spending their free evenings with fertile males. These days, the girl lived for the buzzing in her pocket that told her she'd be needed for a night of frenzied fucking.

When she'd been Vicki's age, Isy had chosen to marry instead of making herself available to any man with a cum-spewing cock. Back then, marriage was still seen as a virtuous choice.

Only Isy hadn't cared about virtue, or about what other people thought of her. When she'd married Max, she'd dreamed of happy endings like the one in Connor's play. But real life didn't turn out that way. She wished someone had told her it rarely did.

"Hello, Mr. Jones? It's Vicki Burns from Ms. Warren's clinic."

Isy waited until Vicki's back was turned and her brow wrinkled in concentration before walking to the gleaming silver terminal that housed all their security equipment. Sneaking a peek over her shoulder to make sure Vicki didn't glance her way, she typed her ID code into the small keypad, cringing when she noticed her hands shook. As soon as the pad flashed green to indicate the code had been accepted, she flicked off the surveillance cameras that kept constant vigil over the clinic, the lab, and the upstairs apartment.

"Yes, yes, I'll tell her."

Vicki hung up and fluffed her thick curls. Her eyes sparkled with mischief. "Mr. Jones says he's very disappointed. I think he had something planned for tonight."

Curiosity niggled at the back of Isy's mind, catching her off guard. *Something other than dinner?* Had Trevor finally gotten tired of hinting and decided to try something a little bolder than dinner to show his interest?

Considering her body's current state of confusion, it was better she didn't find out. Besides, she'd be otherwise occupied for the next few hours ... tending to the intimate needs of another man.

The memory of Connor leaning against the railing sent a ripple of dark yearning across Isy's skin.

*Damn.* Okay, so what had seemed like a lucky break in retrospect wasn't much better. She'd handle Connor. And Trevor, if it came to that. She had to.

"Thanks for taking care of that bit of business for me." She waved at Vicki, trying to keep her nervousness from showing in the swish of her fingers. "Have fun tonight."

Vicki grinned and practically skipped her way to the exit. Before she could reach the handle, the door flew open from the outside and Connor's powerful frame filled the doorway.

Highlighted against the backdrop of early evening sunlight, he looked massive and dangerous. Light enshrouded him, projecting a golden halo around his blond hair. His face remained hidden in shadow, but his blue eyes blazed as they stared across the room, catching Isy's gaze through the plastic slide-window barrier that separated the reception area from the rest of the waiting room.

The overall effect seemed eerie and momentous, giving Connor a wicked, almost otherworldly edge.

Isy fought back a shiver. There was something about Connor ... something behind the playful, easy banter he'd shown her earlier. Something altogether darker and more seductive than she'd imagined.

Vicki yelped and pressed an open palm to her heart. "Holy mother! You scared the shit out of me!"

"Sorry." In a flash, the easy grin and nonchalant manner returned as though nothing else had ever lurked behind the surface. Connor winked at Vicki. "Got tired of waiting."

Unreasonable irritation streamed through Isy at the sight of that wink. "I thought you didn't even want to be here."

It took less than two seconds for Connor to cross the room, shove through the side door and come to stand beside

Isy in the small reception area. "Are you sending me away, Isabel?"

Her breath caught in her throat, along with a healthy dose of twin scents of ocean and man. "I never told you my name."

A dimple flashed in his cheek as he offered a decadent smirk. "It's written on the sign outside the clinic. Isabel Warren, CFP. It's been a while since I've studied my abbreviations, but I believe that one stands for Certified Fertility Practitioner."

She barely heard a word past *Isabel*. Her name took on an exotic edge when it spilled from his lips. *Eee-sah-belle*.

Isy shot a helpless look at Vicki, who'd already pulled the door midway shut. The younger woman mouthed the word *wow* and bit down on her bottom lip in pure feminine appreciation before closing it entirely behind her.

*Yeah*. Isy knew that feeling. And while Vicki could drool all she wanted knowing she could have Connor if he turned out to be fertile, Isy had to keep all that desperate desire bottled up tight.

Her career was more important than a good fuck, anyway. She just had to remember that.

With a quick shake of her head, Isy turned away from Connor and strolled back into the waiting room. A bright blue door led to a narrow, no-frills examination room. Beyond it was Isy's lab, where she could analyze the test results herself without having to send them to an off-site facility.

She was gathering her courage to invite him inside the exam room, where it would be just the two of them in a tiny enclosed space, when warm flesh slid against her palm. She

jumped and tried to yank her hand away, but Connor linked his fingers with hers and refused to let go.

"Relax, Isabel. I won't hurt you."

She swallowed the lump that rose in her throat. "That's a lie, and we both know it. If I let you, you'll tear my life apart."

He seemed taken back by that. His brow furrowed. Leaning in close, he looked at her—really *looked* at her—as though seeing her for the first time. "Why are you so afraid of me?"

She could have lied. She *should* have lied. But the words spilled forth before she could stop them, and they felt right.

"Because you do something to me." She pressed her hand to the butterflies swirling in her lower belly. "Here." Her fingers drifted down to slide between her legs. She rubbed her pussy through the fabric of her suit pants before she could gain full control of her actions. "And here."

"Ah." He didn't look surprised, or appalled, like she'd feared he would. But she felt his assessing gaze in every cell in her body. Energy hummed between them, hot and undeniable. "You brought me here. Say the word and I'll go."

Was he playing her again? He'd made it clear he didn't want to submit to the Board's testing practices, or to what came after a positive result. Still, could Isy let him turn around and walk out that door because he turned her on so much it scared her senseless?

*No.*

*Maybe.*

She didn't know.

While grappling with a flurry of emotions, Isy grabbed handfuls of Connor's T-shirt. The warmth of his skin tickled

Dirty Love  
*by Lacey Savage*

her fingertips and grazed her knuckles. Desperate hunger rose in her chest, making her yearn to touch him underneath the shirt, to twine the curls dusting his chest around her fingers and place soft kisses around his flat male nipples. Desire whipped through her with the force of a hurricane.

"Yes. No." She shook her head, dizzy with arousal and confusion. She couldn't move away. Hell, she could barely breathe. "I want you to stay. I need you."

Isy flinched when she realized how sexually suggestive that sounded. She opened her mouth to take apologize, or to explain. She wasn't sure which.

That was just as well, because she never had the chance.

"I need you, too," Connor said, and crushed her lips with his.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

### CHAPTER 3

*Wrong. Wrong. Wrong. This is sooooo wrong.*

*Right. Soooooooooo right.*

Isabel's lips parted in sweet surrender. The million reasons not to kiss Connor and the myriad doubts that had been swirling in her mind just seconds earlier fled the instant his tongue pressed against the seam of her lips. Emotions she hadn't felt in almost two decades tore through her, startling her into remembering what it felt like to want, to crave, to *need* someone with such desperation she was willing to lose everything for one more taste of him.

Panic tickled the back of her throat. It mingled with the other primal, animalistic feelings surging inside her, blending with lust and raw hunger. When Connor's tongue swept inside her mouth and brushed her own, Isy groaned. Her hands splayed across his chest, no longer fisted, but eagerly caressing the firm line of rock hard muscle beneath the fabric.

His arms came around her waist, pulling her close. She melted into his fierce embrace and let him kiss her with a single-mindedness that shouldn't have surprised her, but did. The hard thrust of his erection against her stomach caused a jolt of heat to zing into her cunt. She pressed her thighs together and rubbed herself wantonly against him.

"Isabel," Connor whispered against her mouth. "Isabel."

She'd heard her name spoken a million times, but never before had the sound sent a wave of longing and desperate burning need through her system. She couldn't get enough.



Dirty Love  
by Lacey Savage

Connor kept murmuring the word like a mantra, hypnotic in its intensity.

His lips angled downward, trailing soft kisses across her jaw, her throat, pausing to nibble at an earlobe before moving down again. And still he kept saying her name, lulling her into a mesmerizing dream.

Because that's exactly what this had to be. A dream. A fantasy. At some point between stepping into the Brooklyn Community Theater and this moment, she'd left the real world behind. New York, with its harsh laws and the Medical Board's insistent demands, no longer existed. It had fallen away, dropping into shadow, someone else's problem now.

Only Connor existed in Isabel's world. Only his kiss. Only the feel of his hands as he caressed her back and cupped her ass. Only the sound of her name on his lips.

And the knock on the door.

Isy yelped and pulled back. Stars dotted her vision and her head swam. Euphoria made her skin tingle. She had the urge to lick her lips, to taste Connor again ... and again and again. She wanted to kiss him all day, all night, into oblivion and beyond.

Terror stopped her. When the knock came again, fear slammed into her chest with an abruptness that caught her off guard.

Connor looked as startled as she felt. They stood there for a moment, staring at each other. When he reached out to her, Isy pulled back and lifted a hand to stop him.

Not that she *could* stop him if he insisted on continuing what they'd started, but it was the only defense she had. God

knew she couldn't trust her heart, or her own ability to deny him anything he wanted to take.

"No. Stay."

*Fuck.* Had that been her voice? It had quivered, and worse yet, it had sounded husky and wanton. She cleared her throat. Another knock echoed through the empty clinic, louder this time.

Her heels tapped on the linoleum floor as she made her way to the front entrance on shaky legs. Sucking in a deep breath for courage and running a hand through her sleek locks, she pulled the door open.

"Hey. Glad I caught you."

Isy nearly sobbed. Trevor Jones stood on the top step, a bouquet of organic roses in his hand. The electric blue glitter on the petals and their enriched sweet scent marked them as biologically enhanced but naturally grown. And horribly expensive.

Pulling the door closed behind her, Isy stepped outside. Her heart threatened to pound out of her chest. Her lips tingled. She could still feel Connor's mouth on hers, devouring her, bringing her to the brink of ecstasy with each stolen kiss.

"Why are you here?" The question came out harsher than she'd intended, but she didn't apologize. The man had probably taken lessons in bad timing and achieved master status. "Vicki told you I wasn't available tonight."

Trevor's brows wrinkled. "She said you were working, but you have to eat, don't you?" He lifted a paper bag she hadn't noticed gripped in his other hand. "I brought take-out. Dim sum and sweet-and-sour chicken balls. Your favorite."

Dirty Love  
*by Lacey Savage*

Oh, she wanted to run her tongue along some balls, all right, but they weren't made of chicken.

The absurdly inappropriate thought nearly made her laugh out loud. She held back the snort before it could escape, but Trevor must have noticed her amusement because he dropped his hand at his side. "I guess that's a no."

She sighed, and the hint of mirth vanished. There was obviously something very wrong with her.

Forty-four year old women didn't wantonly lust after younger, or older, men. They didn't lust. Period. Or at least, they weren't supposed to.

Ever since scientists had discovered what happened when women over forty coupled with a fertile man, there'd only been thirty-seven documented cases of such infractions. Of those, newspapers reported that thirty-two had been accidental. The rest, intentional. It didn't matter—they all ended the same way.

One time was all it took. Once a man spilled himself inside a woman past the magical age, he never ejaculated again. Ever. If he was fertile, then his ability to create life was also permanently obliterated.

Doctors couldn't explain how it happened. They assumed the virus was to blame for the appalling consequences of giving in to lust after a certain age. At first, older women had been called black widows, then praying mantises. Eventually, such names gave way to terms like hag, witch and crone.

Lately, in part thanks to Connor's play, people had taken to calling such intimate forbidden relationships "dirty love." They whispered the term under their breath, as though

referring to a contagious disease. Men guarded their crotches when they came within ten feet of an older woman—some by literally grabbing on and holding tight.

On good days, such ludicrous behavior amused Isy. On bad days, it horrified her.

Laws had been passed to prevent older women from becoming intimate with a fertile man. And when that didn't stop human nature from taking its course, the laws became more severe, until any woman past legal conception age could be fined or imprisoned if she was caught fornicating with a man.

*Any man.*

The sanction got worse depending on the age of the lovers. Since younger males were considered to have greater potential for insemination, being caught with a man under the age of thirty carried the most severe penalty.

Isy had never been a risk taker. She couldn't chance being turned in for pursuing a relationship with Connor, but giving in to Trevor wouldn't be much better. The law was too strict to circumvent. At best, she'd lose her clinic. At worst, her freedom.

Isy ground her teeth, then forced herself to relax her jaw. Not for the first time, she wished she'd been born a century earlier. Life must have been so much simpler in the 1980s.

*Damn.* Connor was sinful, but Trevor was no less tempting. He was thoughtful, intelligent, attractive. Very attractive, if she had to be honest.

Chiseled cheekbones and a sharp, angular jaw dominated a classically handsome face. Light eyebrows nearly blended

into his tanned skin. Blue-gray eyes, faded in contrast to Connor's blazing sapphire, could make any woman melt under their scrutiny.

He kept his hair trimmed short, only about a quarter of an inch above his smooth scalp. The military style appeared to age some men. Not Trevor. Clean-shaven, he looked a decade younger than his forty-five years. His trim build and the effortless way his loose jeans hugged his lean hips added to the allure.

It would have been so easy to give in to his smooth seduction, yet she'd resisted. For weeks, she'd been pushing him away, coming up with excuse after excuse not to invite him inside. Not to be alone with him.

At the time, she'd convinced herself she was simply done with men. That ship had sailed, as her mother used to say. Society demanded she play the role of celibate spinster the day she turned forty, and she'd been happy enough to act the part.

Hadn't she?

Apparently not, judging by the way she'd practically thrown herself at Connor just minutes earlier.

Every muscle in Isy's body tensed as she prepared to push Trevor away again. "I'm sorry, I really am. Maybe some other time." She forced a smile, but she could feel her lower lip quiver. It wouldn't take a genius to figure out she was nervous, so she dropped the act. "I'm tired, and I still have testing to conduct tonight."

"I see." Trevor made no effort to hide the open interest that lit up his eyes. "Anyone promising?"

She chalked it up to professional curiosity. "Perhaps. I'll let you know."

He looked like he wanted to argue, but nodded instead. "Well, why don't you keep the food and flowers anyway? Think of me while you're eating." He winked. "I'll think of eating you."

Surprise jolted Isy's system into full awareness. "What did you say?"

Heavy-lidded desire shadowed his pale blue eyes. "I said, I'll think of eating with you."

He lifted the bag and the bouquet. She took them both. Her hand trembled and she thought about thrusting the gifts back at him, but knew that was another argument she wouldn't win. He'd brought her things before—a bottle of wine, a potted organic neon violet plant that still sat on her balcony. Each time she'd tried to refuse the generous presents, but he'd insisted.

At this very moment, she lacked the energy to enter into another battle she'd lose. She wanted to skip the argument and get back inside. To safety. To Connor.

Heat rushed into her face and a jolt of tumultuous arousal knotted in her stomach at the thought of the man waiting just behind the door.

Trevor's eyes narrowed. He traced a path with his gaze from her flushed cheeks down her throat. She followed his assessing trail and noticed that the top two buttons of her silk shirt gaped open. The same fevered scarlet she was certain dotted her cheeks also tinted her chest. Her nipples beaded,

tenting the material of her shirt, and to her embarrassment, the blazer, too.

"Thanks for stopping by," Isy said, before he could call her on her disheveled state. Reaching behind her, she unlatched the door and then slipped inside quickly, but not before she saw the blazing heat in his eyes, the burning flames unmasking every bit of his desire.

The door clicked into place. She turned the lock with a sigh of relief. When she spun around, she collided with Connor's broad chest and gasped. The sudden contact made her want to throw the stuff in her hands on the floor and lose herself in the pleasure of Connor's touch.

"Friend of yours?"

She held up the bouquet and the food. "Colleague. He's a fertility practitioner as well. Works a few blocks down."

"Awfully neighborly, isn't he?" Connor slanted a pointed glance at the flowers.

Isy dropped them on the nearest surface, which happened to be a low children's play table. She hadn't seen a child inside the clinic in three years, but that didn't stop her from collecting toys and setting out books.

"Trevor knew I was working late, and he wanted to make sure I had dinner."

"You eat organic roses? That must cost a fortune."

She scowled and placed the bag of Chinese food on the table beside the flowers. The savory aroma of dim sum wafted through the room. Connor could surely tell that Trevor had brought food, too, not just roses.

She straightened to her full height and was about to deliver a pithy comeback when a thought struck. *Was he jealous?* God, was it possible?

A zing of excitement created a low throb deep in her pussy. It had been so long since she'd let herself take pleasure in being wanted, and now, strangely, two men desired her.

*If only I could let you have me.*

A sigh of longing escaped her lips before she could stop it. Embarrassed, she turned toward the exam room door. "This way. We should get started."

She pictured Connor smiling as he fell into step behind her, his delectable lips curved slightly, inviting her to lean in for another desperate kiss. It took all her self-control not to turn around and confirm her impression. It was bad enough her entire body practically thrummed with pent-up feverish arousal. She didn't need to do anything else to humiliate herself further.

Her palm closed around the door handle. *Shit.* A twist of wariness coiled in her belly, triggering a ripple of uncertainty.

What if humiliation was exactly what Connor intended? Maybe he had a bunch of buddies who waited back at the theater for him to regale them with stories of the pathetic old woman who couldn't keep from throwing herself at him.

Shame and crushing disappointment washed over her. She'd been so stupid. Of course Connor wasn't interested in her as a woman. He'd said as much himself. This was research. And sure, he was known for writing a sappy play with a happy ending, but there was a first time for



everything, wasn't there? His next play could just as well be about a pathetic older woman who ends up dying of a broken heart.

Isy rushed into the room, leaned against the porcelain sink and turned on the tap. "Please sit."

She couldn't face him. What would she say if she had to look into his startling, knowing eyes? How could she act like nothing had happened when they both understood just how foolish she'd been?

Hell, for all she knew, Trevor probably had ulterior motives for toying with her, too. She had to be careful. One misstep, one bit of misplaced trust, and she'd be the one paying the price. Not them.

She heard the standard-issue clinic bed creak beneath Connor's weight and she closed her eyes, trying not to imagine him draped across it naked.

As though even her mind conspired against her, that's exactly what she pictured. Connor's body glistening in the pale overhead neon light that bathed the tiny room in its sterile glow. Except when it touched him, the harsh light wouldn't look nearly as jarring. It would make his gold-tinted skin shine and play over the curls on his chest, and through the dusting that led down the narrow trail of hair to his beautiful groin.

And when it touched his cock, it would highlight the throbbing length of the shaft. The light itself would guide her, sliding like a tiny spotlight from his soft sac to the tip of his silky rod.

Dirty Love  
by Lacey Savage

*Fuck.* She was losing it. Fast. And she still had so much work to do. So much intimate, up-close-and-personal work.

Her tongue swept out to lick her suddenly dry lips. She had to get herself under control sooner or later, and there was no time like the present. She was stronger than this. She'd tested dozens of men over the years, and none of them had such a keen and overwhelming effect on her.

But it wasn't just Connor. The memory of Trevor's heated, sultry gaze stirred raw desire in her veins. Need licked up her thighs. Electric pleasure cramped in her cunt.

She wanted them both. Badly.

*Focus, Isy. Focus.*

She took a deep breath, held it. One problem at a time. One *man* at a time.

And despite his considerable attributes, Connor was still a man. *Just a man.* She could handle him. She could handle herself around him.

Pasting a smile onto her face that felt as forced as the one she'd tried to summon for Trevor, she spun around, clutching every remaining strand of courage to her like an invisible lifeline.

When her gaze landed on Connor, Isy's mind reeled. Shock slammed into her belly and caused her pussy to spasm.

He was naked. And she was screwed.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

## CHAPTER 4

Isy knew her mouth hung open, but she couldn't bring herself to close it.

Connor was a woman's wet dream. Worse, his desire was evident in every sexy inch of his body.

She couldn't keep herself from drinking him in. Broad shoulders gave way to a sculpted chest, a toned, chiseled stomach, narrow hips, powerful thighs. He leaned against the powder-blue wall, legs splayed open in a confident pose. Her gaze fell on his cock, where it lingered on the thick, perfectly formed shaft. Rock hard, his beautiful rod lay against his stomach, the tip glistening wetly with undeniable arousal.

For her.

*Damn.* Was it possible she'd been wrong about his intentions?

How could a man like Connor, who looked like a Greek god torn from the pages of a panty-wetting myth, be aroused by her? She was sixteen years his senior. A little too thick around the middle, sporting a few too many wrinkles around her eyes.

And then there was her potential to rob Connor of his precious seed if she let him fuck her senseless, which, absurdly, was what she wanted more than she'd ever wanted anything in her life.

He smirked as if he could read her doubts and had already dismissed every one of them. The delectable curve of his lips dared her to demand he cover up.

"Well, isn't this an interesting turn of events?" He held her gaze, forcing her to stare into his distractingly handsome face. "I distinctly remember saying you were going to get naked for me."

She blushed all the way to the tips of her ears. Heat engulfed her, sweeping in torrid waves from her cunt to her breasts and everywhere in between. Connor looked at her as though he wanted to devour her, and God, she wanted to let him.

"This is still a clinic, Mr. Flynn. There are rules to be followed. If you'll pay no attention to the letter of the law, then perhaps morals and ethics will mean more to you."

*There. That was better.* By falling back on the comfort offered by her professional persona, she'd been able to regain a small measure of control. And now that she had it, she clung to it with all the tenacity she possessed, stiffening her spine, thrusting out her chin. If the façade slipped, even a little, if she gave in to the desperate woman inside of her yearning to climb onto the bed and ride Connor until he screamed her name, she was lost. They both were.

His hands tightened at his sides. Muscles corded, roping his powerful arms. "Come here."

She flinched from the unmasked challenge in his voice. Her pulse threatened to hammer right through her ears. "W-Why?"

"Because we had an agreement. You need my seed." His brow furrowed. A hint of the darkness that lay behind his startling blue eyes played in their sparkling depths. "I know how this works, Isabel. Just because I can ejaculate doesn't

automatically make me fertile. It only gives me a ninety percent chance of passing your test. So, until you have what you need from me, you're going to have to play along with my conditions. At the theater, you'd agreed to do just that. What's changed?"

*Nothing. Everything. I can't get the image of us making love out of my mind, and it scares the hell out of me.*

She took a deep breath, bolstering her courage. "You said it yourself. I'm afraid of you."

He grunted, then swore something low under his breath. "I won't hurt you."

Isy shook her head. "Not intentionally, no. But I can't make that same promise to you."

He rose from the bed in a fluid movement that caused Isy's heart to climb into her throat. She stood her ground, torn between throwing herself into his arms and bolting for the door.

"I didn't ask you to promise a damn thing, Isabel."

There it was again. That sultry, enigmatic edge to his voice, the one that told her he wasn't simply amusing himself. No, this was something else. Something more insatiable. She had the eerie sensation of being toyed with by a large, hungry predator intent on claiming her at any cost.

He took a step forward. Then another, until his chest pressed into her breasts. He stood so close, she could smell the intoxicating aroma drifting from his bare skin. The scent of the ocean mixed with a spice she couldn't name. An ancient cologne of some sort? That must have cost a fortune.

When Isy looked up and glanced into his eyes, she saw herself reflected there, looking small and frightened. And unmistakably aroused.

Connor's hands curled around her waist. He pulled her tight against him, letting her feel the steel length of his erection as it bore into her stomach. A pang of need surged into Isy's pussy, as potent and charged as the first time he'd held her this way.

"It's the play." The words slipped out of her mouth on a velvet whisper and hung between them like an ethereal reminder that what was happening in this room wasn't real. She needed to ground herself with a heavy dose of common sense. This thing between them ... everything Connor did and said. It had nothing to do with her. It couldn't.

"Your research ... it's important enough to do all this. You have to get the details right. The emotions of your characters. The desperation of an older woman so eager for a man who makes her feel special that she's willing to circumvent the law for a few minutes of bliss."

She knew she was babbling, but it didn't matter. She understood now. Things finally made sense.

Connor sighed. He lowered his head and placed a soft kiss on the tip of her nose. The feel of his lips against her skin, even in such a chaste way, made her reach up and splay her palms against the firm muscles of his upper arms.

"You saw my play. Did it seem to you like the emotions between the characters lacked realism?"

She shook her head, mutely. There'd been more passion on that stage than Isy had experienced in her entire life.

Somehow, Connor had managed to capture the fire, the obsession, the suffering of forbidden dirty love, beautifully. It was as though he'd experienced it for himself.

Isy's head reeled as if she'd been slapped. "That's it! Oh, God! Why didn't I see it before? You had an affair with an older woman, and she ... you..." She shook her head, trying to make sense of the thoughts reeling through her mind. "You're in love," she said at last, satisfied she'd come to the only logical conclusion.

"Give the lady a prize," he murmured against her lips. His thumb traced the line of her throat, sending a trembling shiver into her body. His caress continued, drifting down to one shoulder before sliding along the length of her arm. When his fingers curled around hers, she held on tight.

*A substitute.* That's what she was. Someone who reminded Connor of what he'd once had, and what he'd lost. She'd always suspected he didn't want her. Not really. But fuck, suspecting something and having it confirmed were two different things. And, absurdly, knowing it hurt like hell.

"You don't want me." Saying it aloud, hearing the words ricochet back into her head, cemented the truth. She was in no danger of being ravished by a younger man. And as soon as he realized she was a poor stand-in for the woman he'd lost, he'd let her do her job and then he'd get the hell out of her clinic.

With that thought firmly fixed in her mind, she shoved at his chest. Connor didn't budge. She tried again, pushing harder this time.

Connor narrowed his eyes. He growled, slipped his hands under the globes of her ass, and hauled her into his arms. Before she could utter the slightest noise of protest or marvel at the way he lifted her as though she weighed nothing at all, he crushed his mouth to hers.

She tried to fight him ... for all of a split second. The erotic force in his kiss undid her the moment his tongue swept past the barrier of her lips and thrust into her mouth. It met hers with a sweet, heart-wrenching glide. He tasted like wanton passion and pure male desire. The intoxicating flavor made her head reel.

She clung to his bare shoulders as he spun them both around. She had the vague sensation of moving backward before Connor shoved her up on the small countertop by the sink. Her thighs parted of their own accord and she wrapped her legs around his waist. The kiss deepened, and with each stroke of his tongue, her own exploration of his body grew bolder and less rational.

Her palms swept across his shoulders, down his chiseled back, along his ribs, until she reached his ass and cupped the firm globes, kneading the muscled flesh. He growled into her mouth, a sound of pure satisfaction. She kissed him back with more fierce fury than she'd thought herself capable of, pouring every bit of anger and disappointment, every ounce of need and want and electrifying erotic desire, into the slip of her tongue against his.

Why couldn't it have been her? The fingers of her right hand slipped between them. She found his cock, gripped it. Why couldn't he have fallen madly in lust with *her*?



She broke the kiss first, panting, and couldn't help but glance into his eyes. Gone was the fierceness she'd grown to expect in their depths. All she saw there now was desire as passionate as hers.

For a moment, she allowed herself to believe he did want her. Warmth traveled through her body, settling deep in her core. Her inner walls pulsed with awareness and excitement. It felt right, and oh, so good.

She could pretend. Just for now, just until she could get the sample she needed. He'd wanted her to act like a woman in love. Suddenly, it was no hardship at all.

He took half a step back, putting just enough distance between their bodies to nudge the blazer off her shoulders. She let it fall, hating to unwrap her palm from his erection even long enough to take off the blazer entirely.

When she did, her palm tingled with the memory of his heated rod throbbing against her skin. She wanted to grab it again, to stroke it, to pleasure him until he shuddered in completion.

In her fantasy, the sample-gathering container didn't exist. It was just Connor and Isy, loving each other.

A moan slipped from her lips. She must have let the make-believe scenario gain even more control over her than she'd anticipated, because she found she liked this fantasy enough to keep pretending it could happen.

He leaned in and nudged the side of her throat with his nose, then placed a playful nibbling bite on the curve of her shoulder. His fingers undid the buttons of her silk shirt in record time and flung it off at the first opportunity. Clad in

only a matching silk chemise, Isy should have felt exposed. But she wasn't. Not yet.

"Let me," she whispered when Connor's hands went to the hem of the chemise.

He nodded, his gaze raking over her body.

Strangely, her hands no longer trembled when she lifted the soft fabric and bared herself to him. Her nipples stiffened as cool air danced across the tips. Connor's eyes flashed something carnal and indescribable, but then she lost sight of them as he lowered his head and took one hard nipple into his mouth.

A zing of electricity flared from her breast to her clit, connecting the two sensitive spots with an ethereal glow that seemed to hone in and respond to every flick of Connor's tongue. With soft but insistent pressure, he licked around the stiff nub, then sucked it deep into his mouth, drawing a strangled scream from the depths of her throat.

His free hand found her other breast. Long, tapered fingers pinched the needy nipple. Molten desire exploded in her core, making her cry out again and again. Tiny, little whimpering pleas turned to gasps of bliss as he cupped her breasts in his large hands and squeezed, kneaded, rubbed. Every nerve ending in her nipples came to life, sending an array of frenzied pulses to the apex of her thighs.

Isy squeezed her legs together, feeling the slick material of her panties cling to her enflamed pussy lips.

"The world is so focused on conception, we've forgotten how to give pleasure simply for the joy of it."

Connor's voice, deep and rich, slid through the remainder of her crumbling defenses. She arched her spine, urging him to take her nipple back into his mouth. He swirled the tip of his tongue around it, content for the moment to offer an occasional lick while he spoke.

"Have you ever had a man focus all his attention on bringing you orgasmic bliss, without thought of conception or even of his own pleasure?"

Isy gulped down the instinctive giggle that choked her at the absurd thought. Mankind's survival depended on the males of the species. They took what they wanted, when they wanted, with no thought beyond spilling themselves in a waiting womb. For fertile males, there were no barriers to their lust. Males who'd never produced sperm, and thus had no chance of impregnating anyone, took their aggression and frustration out on their partners, somehow making it *their* fault the men couldn't create life.

Her ex-husband had been infertile, yet he'd believed that if she'd been less of a "frigid bitch," that would have changed. As though she possessed the power to grant him a jet worthy of a vintage porn star in the depths of her cunt and simply refused to bestow upon him the gift of cum.

"Never? No one's touched your breasts..." Connor ran the tip of his index finger around her areola, making the skin tighten and pucker. "Your belly..." He lowered his hand and traced a slow circle around her bare navel. "Your sexy little pussy..." He found the metal fastening on the waistband of her pants and deftly unhooked it. His knuckles grazed her pubic bone.

Isy's skin tingled. Everywhere he touched, he lit sparks of blazing desire. She bit down on her lower lip, hard, desperate for something that would anchor her to reality. Much more of this and she'd float away on a blissful fantasy and by the time she'd awaken, it would be far too late to keep from making a colossal mistake.

Connor pinched a tender nipple between thumb and forefinger. Tingling streams of erotic energy pulsed through Isy's body in instant response.

"No one's done that for hours just to watch you climax, again and again?" he asked, relentless. "No man has made you his world, able to survive on nothing but another taste of you?"

She shook her head in jerking, feverish motions. Long strands of blond hair fell into her eyes. Connor tucked them behind her ears with one hand, while the other glided beneath the waistband of her panties and found the wet heat of her soaking sex.

This was supposed to be about him. She needed his seed, and that had nothing to do with her ability to orgasm, with or without his help.

She opened her mouth to protest, but he decided to choose that moment to curve his index finger and nudge it between her soaked, aching pussy lips.

She stifled a gasp and angled her hips, urging him on. Her clit throbbed, a hard little knot of needy nerves that all pulsed and flared, begging to be touched.

Connor yanked on the waistband of her panties. She obeyed the unspoken command and lifted her ass from the

countertop just long enough to let him slip the panties and slacks down her legs.

As she watched him kneel before her and glide his lips down every inch of skin he revealed, she was absurdly grateful she'd shaved her legs. She'd had no reason to do it, yet somehow it had always seemed important that she keep up good grooming habits.

Absurdly, she'd always hoped celibacy wouldn't be her fate, no matter how much the world wanted to thrust it upon her.

Isy's heart raced. She knew what Connor intended to do, down there on the floor, his head even with her groin. She knew, and she didn't care.

Oh, no, that was an outright lie. She cared ... *so much*. She wanted his mouth on her engorged sex lips, wanted him sucking on each delicate fold, needed him to graze her swollen clit with his tongue.

What would it hurt? She was still pretending she was the one he wanted, and for now, that was enough. Besides, it's not as if she was breaking any law. She wouldn't let him penetrate her—even if he wanted to, which, surely, he didn't.

He used the flat of his palms to spread her thighs apart and gaze at her parting lips. "So beautiful," he murmured, and Isy imagined that was true reverence she heard in his voice.

She glanced between her legs, assessing the appearance of her pussy with the clinical eye of a practitioner. *Not bad for a forty-four year old*. The inner labia looked dewy and pink, peeking out from a neatly-trimmed thatch of pale pubic hair.

Not a gray strand in the bunch, she noted with foolish pride. She could smell her musk, more delicate than she'd expected considering cream seeped between her folds and dripped onto the counter.

Connor pressed the tips of two fingers against her clit and rubbed slowly in small circles. His gaze pinned hers. "Good?"

She said something incomprehensible. A cry and a moan and his name, all rolled into a sigh of breathless wonder.

He grinned, and the sight of that genuine smile made Isy's heart do a summersault.

"More?"

Like he had to ask. She licked her lips. "Please."

So polite. Her voice so damn steady, despite the fact she felt as though she was coming apart at the seams from the inside. The urge to clamp her thighs around Connor's handsome face and grind her pussy against his mouth knocked the air from her lungs. She fought for control, each breath coming in a harsh, ragged gasp as potent need clamped down on her belly and twisted.

Lust knifed her, and still, Connor went slowly. Maddeningly slowly.

He placed sweet, soft kisses to the inside of her thigh. His warm lips caressed her skin and the tip of his tongue left a wet trail in his wake. Each brush of his mouth felt like a sensual embrace, engulfing her flesh, driving deep inside her where the taut need and the silly girlish fantasies had been lying dormant for so long.

The progress of his mouth wasn't even a kiss any longer. It was a getting-to-know you exploration, each erotic lick branding her, claiming her.

When he finally reached her pussy, he hovered there, his lips tantalizingly close to her aching center. She felt his breath, every puff stoking flames of raw need, making her quiver while her emotions spiked and spiraled out of control.

One more second. She only had to hold on for one more second and he'd give her what she craved. He'd cover the remainder of the distance and clamp his mouth to her pussy in a soul-shattering, mind-numbing intimate kiss.

She ground her teeth together so hard her jaw hurt. Her fingernails dug into her palms. Her breath jerked in tiny little spasms that held her on the edge of climax. One touch of his lips, one fleeting dab of his tongue, and she'd come so hard and so fast that she'd howl with the endless pleasure of it.

Lightning-fast, before she could even fathom the cruelty of it, Connor rose to his full height. His chin grazed her cheek when he leaned in again to whisper in her ear. "I can do this for hours, Isabel. *Hours*. And then, just when you think you can't take any more, you'll beg me to fuck you. You'll be so hungry for my cock that you'll plead with me to shove it inside you and take you, again and again and again."

"No." A croak of denial, but she meant it. She couldn't succumb to the maddening sexual urges. No matter how agonizing they were, or how tantalizing Connor was. She *wouldn't* give in.

"No?"

Not Connor. Another voice. A man, somehow familiar.

Isy struggled to make sense of what she was hearing, but her body betrayed her, quaking and making it impossible to think past the agony in her clit and the throbbing heat inside her clenched cunt.

"No," she repeated. *Too dangerous. Too easy to fall, too hard to let go.*

Her hands flew to the acute twinge between her legs. She knew her body. One touch would relieve the temporary madness, but she couldn't do it without her fingers, or Connor's fingers, or his tongue, or—

Connor was faster. He grabbed her wrists, pushed them together and yanked her hands over her head, holding them there.

Pleasure and pain mingled inside her. She tried to twist out of his grasp and shift on the now-warm surface of the counter. Her pussy left a slick trail of cream along the glossy finish.

"Well, then..."

That voice again. The *other* one.

"If you won't take Connor's cock, have mine."

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)



## CHAPTER 5

The jolt of recognition surprised Isy even more than the suggestive allure of the newcomer's words. She jerked her head to the side just enough to make out something other than the broad, sexy chest blocking her line of sight.

She gasped, and her heart plunged into the pit of her stomach. "Oh. My. God."

"Hello, Isy."

*Trevor.*

She froze, caught between wanting to scream and, urged by her body's demanding erotic buzz, wanting to throw herself at him.

Instinctively, Isy tried to bring her hand down to cover herself, but Connor's grasp proved too strong. He held her arms firmly, high above her head. The force of his grip caused her to arch her back and thrust her breasts forward. Her nipples hardened, throbbed. Connor squeezed her flesh where his thumb and index finger encompassed both her wrists with ease. The insistent pressure could have either been a gesture of reassurance, or a warning. Isy was too dismayed to try and figure out secret signals.

Trevor's gaze skimmed up the length of her naked body, starting at her toes. Her skin tingled as she writhed under his assessing stare. He lingered on her pussy, still splayed open in wanton invitation. With a groan, Isy brought her thighs together, sending a waft of her musk upward to tickle her nose.

Dirty Love  
by Lacey Savage

Unmistakable yearning blazed in Trevor's blue eyes. "So beautiful," he murmured, echoing Connor's words.

Isy trembled. She couldn't make sense of any of this. Surely they weren't both turned on by the sight of her. She was nothing special. On the contrary, she was ... she was ... God, she couldn't even say the words in her mind. *An old crone*. There. She'd heard the description enough to know it fit. So what if her breasts were still firm and high, her skin mostly smooth, her pussy neatly trimmed and a pretty shade of pink? And what if her body still burned with the same desires she'd felt in her youth? Society said she needed to lock her fantasies away for good. The world believed it—why didn't Connor and Trevor?

She shook her head to banish the threads of insanity still lingering there, the ethereal flickers that urged her to bare herself to these men and let them do anything they wanted to her.

"How—" Her voice was a squeak of breathless wonder. She swallowed and tried again. "How is this possible? You can't be here. I locked the front door."

In fact, even the door to this room remained closed. She remembered Connor latching it into place after he'd followed her in here. She might have been lost in euphoric bliss, but she'd have heard the door opening and closing when Trevor entered, and she'd have jumped out of her skin at the prospect of being caught, literally, with her pants down.

Wouldn't she?

Fear crept into her throat, dislodging the lust that had, until now, kept such a firm grip on her mind. She shot a

mutinous look at Connor. "I think you need to let me go. Now."

He grinned, showing those perfect dimples that made her body catch fire. "Sorry, sweetheart, no can do. Not until you hear us out."

*Like hell.* Adrenaline swept through her veins. She kicked out with her left foot, bringing it toward Connor's groin. He caught it easily in his other hand. When she jerked her right knee toward his belly, he flinched and stepped back, narrowly avoiding her clumsy swipe.

"Damn." Trevor moved forward, closing the distance between them. "I'd hoped this would be easier."

"You'd hoped what would be easier?" A scream of frustration caught in Isy's throat. "Breaking into my clinic? Abducting me? *What?*"

Connor adjusted his grip. He now had a firm hold on her wrists and both feet, which he'd tucked under one arm. She wriggled, but his bicep felt like solid steel, and her toes remained trapped between his muscular arm and his ribcage.

Trevor stepped close, until she could smell the inviting scent she'd come to associate with him. Something slightly spicy, like sandalwood, combined with natural male musk. Inhaling it caused a desperate hunger to twist in the depths of her core.

God, what was wrong with her? These men were bigger than she was. Stronger. They had her cornered in her own clinic. She'd been a fool to turn the cameras off. Now no one would come to her rescue.

Clearly, she was in danger. And yet her mutinous body hummed with arousal, practically begging them to take her in rough, frenzied ways.

Trevor trailed his knuckles down her cheek. He was shorter than Connor, and lean where the other man was muscular. His gentle touch caused a jolt of pleasure to shimmer through her.

"We'd never hurt you, Isy."

She opened her mouth to protest. Her gaze flew from Trevor's chiseled face to the open warmth and honesty in Connor's eyes. She found nothing in either man's features but concern, eager sincerity and the unmistakable glaze of raw lust.

"Then prove it. Let me go."

Trevor sighed. His head lowered and his eyelids drooped as he fixed his hungry gaze on her mouth.

Isy held her breath. Frissons of excitement shimmered through her. She wasn't sure she'd ever breathe again.

It felt as though time slowed to a crawl while she watched, waiting for Trevor to close the remaining distance between them and bring his lips on top of hers. At last, the soft, insistent pressure of his mouth drew a strangled moan from her throat. She'd dreamed about this, night after night, when she'd left him standing on her doorstep after dinner. She'd wanted nothing more than to twine her arms around his neck and fall against him while he devoured her mouth. In her fantasies, he was always naked, pressed against her, driving his hot erection into her belly. Every swipe, every lick, every soft kiss, was an unspoken promise of things to come.

Dirty Love  
by Lacey Savage

Now, Trevor kissed her like she'd always wanted him to. Softly, hungrily, with a passion he didn't bother hide. Beside her, she felt Connor stiffen and risked opening her eyes and darting a quick glance sideways. Connor's cock throbbed, hot and hard, only inches from her shoulder. Clear liquid glimmered at the tip and his velvety sac had drawn up tight against the base of his shaft.

She let her eyelids drift closed again while Trevor's tongue glided and applied silky pressure to her own. She kissed him back, past caring whether she was making a mistake. Everything about her orderly world had been turned upside down the moment the Medical Board sent the assignment that took her to Connor's theater. Since then, she might as well have been living someone else's life because things like this didn't happen to Isabel Warren, CFP.

Hell, she wasn't sure things like this happened to *anyone*, except in books, or maybe in one of Connor's plays.

Thoughts of Connor's research danced through her mind, but she pushed them aside. Even if she and Connor had planned to use each other at first, the dynamics of everything happening in this room had changed with Trevor's entrance, perhaps more than she'd imagined.

She was no longer in charge—assuming she'd ever been. The illusion of control had been snatched from her in the blink of an eye and, frankly, she wasn't sure she minded.

Trevor's fingers speared through her hair and cupped the back of her head. He broke the kiss and pulled back, still holding her, his thumb forming small circles at the base of her neck. "Let her go."

Dirty Love  
by Lacey Savage

Isy blinked. Connor released her, and she found herself looking into Trevor's aquamarine eyes. She rubbed at one sore wrist while a stream of never-ending questions flew through her mind.

*How did you get here? Who are you? Did you plan this together?*

A dozen great questions vied to be the first out of her mouth. She considered them all briefly, and settled on the most important one.

"Are you going to fuck me now?"

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

## CHAPTER 6

"Yes."

Never before had Isy been so happy to hear an affirmative answer. Then again, never before had one word held the key to unlocking every hidden desire she'd thought sealed away forever.

Two men—if that's even what they were, instead of figments of her depraved imagination—wanted her. *Her*.

She wasn't a risk-taker. God knew she'd never done anything more hazardous in her entire life than cross the street without looking both ways. She should have been trembling, terrified of the consequences that always came with being caught.

But being caught wasn't nearly as frightening as it had once been. She'd already been captured. Her body, her mind, her soul, now belonged to Connor and Trevor. As irrational as it sounded, even to her, she could no longer be satisfied existing from day to day, simply going through the motions.

She had a chance to really *live*. To experience pleasure, to be worshipped in ways she'd only dared dream about. How could she turn all that down for mere lackluster survival?

"We have things to tell you." Trevor's hand glided from her neck down her back, and lower still until he could cup her buttocks and pull her to him. Her legs wrapped around his waist. Unlike her and Connor, Trevor still wore the beige trousers and black turtleneck he'd sported earlier, when he'd brought her food and flowers. Moisture from her pussy

dampened the fabric of his pants, but he didn't seem to care. Neither did she.

He lifted her into his arms and she sagged against him, feeling comfortable and secure. Her fingers swept up to touch his face, fearing for a heartbreaking moment he'd shatter and go back to fantasy land, where he belonged.

A soft touch on the base of her spine made her turn in the strong arms that held her. A glimpse of Connor's smile, now so predatory and full of carnal promise, caused a wave of anticipation to crash into her.

In a lightning-quick flash, she realized she was tired of anticipating. Tired of waiting. She'd been put on a shelf for far too long and expected to stay there until dust covered her from head to toe. Until she no longer knew what she was supposed to do when feminine urges—*natural* urges—tingled from her nipples all the way down to her pussy.

Well, she wasn't dead yet, damn it. And she wasn't a crone, or a black widow, or anything else the world wanted to call her.

She was a woman. At that moment, a woman cradled between the strong, delicious bodies of two men. And she knew damn well what to do with *that*.

"Take me upstairs," she whispered against Trevor's neck. "My apartment's at the top of the steps."

"Anything you want." Connor curled a large palm around one of her exposed buttocks. "We're going to do this right. We've waited so long."

*They'd waited?* "For what?" she asked before she could stop herself.



Dirty Love  
*by Lacey Savage*

Trevor's grin crinkled the tanned skin around his pale blue eyes. "For you, sweetheart. Some days, we feared you'd never be ours."

The honesty in his voice made her shiver. "I'm yours now."

Trevor hugged her close. Isy melted against his solid muscles as his chest pressed against her bare breasts. He leaned in and traced her cheek with his, making her skin tingle. The coarse prickle of stubble sent a shock of need through her system.

Just then, Connor squeezed her ass, adding another tumult of excitement to the ecstasy already threatening to overcome her.

"Upstairs," she urged again before reality could settle in and jolt her from this beautiful dream. "Now."

Connor chuckled. He rushed to the door and swung it open for Trevor to carry Isy through. They made it two steps beyond the threshold and into the waiting room before movement from the left caught Isy's attention. She turned her head in time to see Vicki dash out of the reception area.

All four of them froze. Trevor yanked Isy even tighter to his chest, scraping her distended nipples against his shirt. Connor stepped behind them, shielding his body as best he could. Not that Vicki wouldn't realize in an instant that he was as naked as Isy. And the way Trevor carried Isy would leave no doubt as to the professionalism of the encounter Vicki had stumbled across.

"Vicki..." Isy began, helpless to explain, but knowing she had to. "This is ... It's..."

Vicki lifted a hand and averted her eyes. "It's none of my business, that's what it is." She hitched the strap of her purse over one shoulder. "In my rush to get out of here, I forgot my wallet." She patted the bulging leather bag at her side. "Got it. I'll leave you to your *test*."

Isy clung to Trevor's shoulders, her fingernails digging into his skin. The men made no move to keep Vicki from leaving. No one stirred until the younger woman stormed through the front door and slammed it hard behind her.

"Shit," Trevor said.

Isy licked her dry lips. "Vicki won't say anything. She's got everything she could possibly want. Besides, she knows me. She understands—" A silent gasp accompanied the abrupt snap of her mouth falling closed. The torrent of lies came to a blissful stop.

Connor swept his palm over the crown of her head in a gentle caress. She didn't have to see him to know his gaze was fixed on Trevor. "She'll report us, won't she?"

Trevor nodded grimly. "First thing tomorrow, most likely."

Connor cursed low under his breath. Anxiety bit into Isy's chest, knocking the air from her lungs. This was it, then. Her erotic delusion would end before it even began.

"You have to get out of here," Isy murmured, her thoughts whirling with the consequences of her actions. She'd pay the highest price, of course, but the men would also be taken into custody, interrogated, possibly fined or imprisoned, depending on how well they cooperated with city officials.

She couldn't let that happen. She wouldn't let them suffer for her mistakes. It wasn't as though they'd forced her to do

anything she didn't want to do. At every turn, she'd had the option to say no, but she hadn't. She'd wanted to be with them more than she'd ever wanted anything in her entire life.

And as always when Isy went after something she wanted, it ended badly.

"We're not going anywhere." Trevor leaned in for another kiss. "Except upstairs."

They still wanted to be with her? Even after all this?

"You have to understand what you're doing." Her tongue snaked out to wet her suddenly dry lips. "If you take me, you're damning yourself, too. There are dangers, risks." So many risks, of which both of them were all too aware. And yet here they were. "You can't—"

"We can, and we will." The rough, dominant sound of Connor's voice boomed through the room. "But only if you want us."

"Say you want us, Isy," Trevor whispered.

The open, trusting look in his eyes rattled her to the core. God ... when had her life turned into one of Connor's plays? Every fiber of her being told her this couldn't end well. Happily-ever-afters didn't exist in a world torn apart by devastating viruses. People no longer believed in the power of love to heal all and see them through rough times.

Folks counted upon medicine and science now. They depended on governments, court systems, laws. Authority figures were entrusted with the task of keeping Earth turning as it always had. Intimacy, pleasure, love and a million other things that had power over a century ago no longer merited a second thought.

"I ... I want you. So much," she whispered.

A predatory grin curved Trevor's mouth. "Good. Hang tight."

Isy's head reeled as Trevor spun and rushed up the curved steps leading to her apartment. She held on, though her heart threatened to pound right through her chest.

The door to her apartment was unlocked. These days, there was no need to bother with archaic security precautions. The cameras she'd had installed throughout the clinic connected to a surveillance system that automatically sealed every door in the place if it detected an unauthorized entry attempt. Since she'd shut everything off earlier, Connor and Trevor had the run of the place, which also explained how Trevor had gotten inside so easily. She'd been careless, and she knew she'd eventually have to pay for her recklessness. But not now.

Connor pushed the door open, and Trevor carried Isy across a threshold for the second time that evening. Outside, darkness had fallen. A fat yellow moon hovered just beyond the window, framing Trevor's beautifully sculpted head like a golden halo.

Trevor easily navigated the sparsely furnished room. He made his way past a bamboo coffee table, a worn leather couch, a mahogany dining room table and two mismatched chairs. A narrow hallway opposite the living room led to a small bathroom and the bedroom.

Isy guided him by pointing. She didn't speak—she wasn't even sure she could. Blood roared in her ears and her heart

Dirty Love  
by Lacey Savage

thumped so hard she heard its deafening drumbeat with every breath she took.

She'd never been fond of decorating. The bedroom looked barren, sterile, as lonely as she was. Its stark white walls stood out in sharp contrast to the colorful painting of New York circa 2020. Her only indulgence. An image of a world long gone, when people were free to love and live as they wished. She wondered what it must have been like to live in those times, to follow your heart no matter where it led you—or into whose arms it led you.

Such fancy. She lived *here*, in this time, and no amount of wishing otherwise would make the impossible happen.

If this was her last chance—hell, her *only* chance—to experience ecstasy, she'd take it. And she'd be grateful, always, that she'd had this much. One mind-blowing indulgence was more than most women her age could ever dream of.

To her surprise, her hand remained steady when she pointed to the mattress on the floor. She'd never bothered with a proper frame. What would have been the use, since she was the only one to ever sleep on it?

Trevor laid her down gently, carefully, then released her. She was only alone for a moment. As Trevor stepped back, Connor took over, falling onto the mattress with her, covering her body with his.

Bliss enveloped Isy from head to toe at the feel of his strong, masculine body pressed hard against her own. Her hands glided over his rippled back, across his arms, down to his buttocks. Fingers flew everywhere, squeezing, gripping,

pinching, exploring. She wanted to memorize every dip, every curve of his spectacular body.

Connor chuckled in her ear. "That's it, baby. Touch me."

As if she needed encouragement! She could hear the ticking clock as loudly as if it counted down inside her head. Vicki would file a formal report against Isy the moment the Medical Board offices opened in the morning. They had maybe twelve hours until men in black came to investigate.

Plenty of time, and yet not nearly enough.

"I want to taste you," she murmured breathlessly. "Let me. Please."

Connor lifted his head. A soft sigh escaped his lips as he looked at her, devouring her with his gaze. She felt self-conscious under the scrutiny, and still he stared, as though he wanted to memorize her just as she wished to remember him. At last, he winked, and a hint of mischievousness tilted his mouth.

"I have a better idea." He jerked his head in the direction of Trevor, who'd all but blended into the shadows a few steps away. "Taste Trevor. I have some unfinished business."

Before she could ask what he meant, he slithered down the length of her body. His palms left ribbons of heat along her ribcage, then branded her inner thighs as he pushed them apart, spreading her open. She caught a glimpse of his tongue as it snaked out to lick his lips. "I bet your cream is as sweet as your scent."

Trevor moved to Isy's side and sank to his knees beside her. She turned her head, wishing she could see him better.

Moonlight streamed in liquid gold, painting Trevor's body with strips of pale light.

"Your clothes are gone," she whispered, awed by the sight.

Trevor leaned in and grazed her lips with his. The intensity in his eyes made them appear as predatory as Connor's, entirely focused on claiming her. "It seemed only fair."

He towered over her, his lean frame draped in shadows, like a creature who'd materialized right out of a dream.

She couldn't hold back any longer. She had to ask—needed to know.

"Why me?" she finally managed to squeak, though Connor had chosen that exact moment to part her labia with his fingers and blow a stream of warm air along her slit.

For a moment, she wasn't sure Trevor would answer. Then he took a deep breath and said, "We're not from around here, Isy."

She nodded. She'd suspected as much. Their ability to appear in the center of a locked room without making as much as a sound should have been enough to tip her off. Logic had blamed the inactive surveillance system, but now she could admit the truth. Their attraction to her, their absolute lack of fear or concern for what she could do to Connor—to *both* of them—if they went through with this ... well, no modern New Yorker would act the way either of them did.

Trevor rocked on his heels, bringing Isy's attention to the magnificent thickness of his cock as it jutted out from between his legs. She stared at it for a full five seconds

before reaching out and grasping the hot steel of his erection in her hand.

Trevor sucked in a breath between his teeth. "For four years, we've been watching you. Wanting you." His voice sounded shaky, uncertain, but whether because she'd started moving her fist up and down his shaft or because he feared what his admission might do to her, she couldn't tell.

"Why?" she asked again.

Warm lips fused to her pussy, sending an electric jolt of heat into her core. She arched her hips, bringing her clit into sudden contact with Connor's mouth.

"You're the key, Isy. The key to saving humanity."

A laugh bubbled forth from her throat and echoed eerily around the room. Her head spun with the absurdity of the words flittering through her mind. Connor laved a slow, determined path through her slit, parting her pussy lips, driving her insane.

"Connor and I are from the past. In our time, the S.O.S. virus is no more than a speck of dust on the wind. It doesn't exist yet. Only a few of us know of its impending arrival. We've been sent here to learn how to stop it before it occurs."

Isy's throat squeezed. Her palm trailed across the tip of Trevor's cock, spreading a bead of moisture down the length. The shaft was thicker than Connor's, she realized. She stared at it, entranced by the glistening cream she'd slid down the velvety skin.

"You're fertile, too."

That made sense if she chose to believe his crazy story about being from the past, she supposed, but it only



complicated things further. She was about to make love to two fertile men. As if her crime wasn't depraved enough already.

"Does that matter?" Trevor asked softly.

It should have. If she had any common sense left, she'd bolt to her feet and run far, far away from both men. She'd not only be saving herself, but them, too.

Even as she thought that, Isy knew she wasn't going anywhere. Connor and Trevor had accepted the risks that came with fucking her. How could she be any less brave?

Isy shook her head. "When they find me, the Medical Board won't care whether I've fucked one fertile man or an entire football team's worth."

Connor lifted his head from her depths. "They won't lay a hand on you," he snarled between clenched teeth before returning his attention to her moist core.

Isy's eyes rolled back into her head. His mouth on her pussy felt so incredible, all the dark thoughts that had been gathering like a coming storm scattered at the feel of a slow, soft swipe down her slit.

*Focus, Isy. This is important.*

Her chest rose and fell rapidly with each shallow breath. Connor speared her opening with the tip of his tongue, and need knifed through her, strong and unwavering.

"You watched me." She'd meant it as an accusation, but it came out like an aroused whimper.

"Every day," Trevor said. "At first, we knew nothing about the virus, or about your culture. You were a practitioner and seemed like a logical ally. And then I forged paperwork and

passed myself off as a Medical Board certified practitioner as well, gaining access to experimental data I wouldn't otherwise have had. When we learned more about the virus's true effects on the human body, we knew we needed a woman. Someone just like you."

Isy rose on her elbows and fought to suppress the shiver that started low in her pussy and fluttered over her entire body, tightening her nipples to stiff nubs. And still Trevor kept talking, telling her of things that made no sense. Of laboratories that no longer existed, of DNA tests long considered archaic and unnecessary. Of the one discovery that would lead them to this moment. It was all gibberish to her passion-clouded mind, but she let him talk.

"The Medical Board has been lying to you."

Connor's kisses on her pussy deepened, punctuating each one of Trevor's words. A sigh flew from Isy's lips. Her chest heaved as heat gathered in her cunt, bringing her closer and closer to climax.

"They've been lying to all of you. Women over forty do not steal the seed of fertile men. That's a myth, hell, a whopper of an outright lie. But by mating with a man with potent seed, some of you gain enormous power. More power than the Board can explain. It scares them, Isy, because they can't understand or control it. *You* scare them."

She shook her head, helpless to respond with anything resembling a hint of logic.

"For the longest time, we weren't sure whether what we'd stumbled upon was real. Even now, it's only a hypothesis. One we think you can prove, Isy."

She slid her hand up and down Trevor's shaft, considering his words as best she could. "But *why*?" she asked for the third time. "Why me?"

The delicious pressure on her pussy eased, and Isy darted a glance Connor's way. Moonlight flickered over his chin, now slick with her juices. His lips glistened. A tremor made the muscles in her belly clench. It drifted lower, to her sex, and lodged there, causing her inner walls to pulse.

*Damn.* It wasn't fair that he could elicit the same response from her body with a mere stare as he could with his talented mouth.

"We fell in love with you," Connor murmured, so softly Isy had to strain to hear him.

She barely stifled a gasp. Moonlight didn't quite reach his eyes, but she knew they had to hold that same touch of darkness she'd glimpsed earlier. Only now she understood—it hadn't been arrogance or obstinacy at all. It had been longing. Deep, tumultuous longing for someone he couldn't have.

For her.

"The play," she heard herself say, though the words no longer formed inside her mind but simply streamed from her lips. "It was about me."

*Dear God.* The woman she'd been jealous of, the one Connor loved and longed for, was *her* all along.

She caught sight of Trevor nodding. "We had multiple candidates at first, women we thought might be persuaded to believe us. You were one of them. I had a small camera on me each time we met, and a microphone. We wanted to learn

everything about you. But the more we got to know you, the more things changed for us. None of the others compared to your intelligence. Your beauty. Your inherent sweet nature."

"This is insane," she whispered. "You're mad."

"Madly in love with you," Connor said. His thumb formed tiny circles around her hardened clit, sending multiple tremors deep into her cunt. "You have no idea what it felt like to watch you with Trevor, to hear your voice, to know I couldn't touch you or be with you."

"Since I'm older, we knew I'd attract less attention by being in your presence." Trevor pinched one of her nipples between his fingers. Isy moaned and tossed her head back. "Letting Connor near you would have raised too many questions, sparked too much gossip."

"So you made sure I went to him instead," Isy said, all the missing pieces finally clicking together in her head. "You sent the fax this morning."

"I knew you wouldn't question the assignment, so I made it look like the Medical Board sent it. Forgive me."

*Forgive you? But you haven't done anything wrong.*

Trevor must have read her response in her eyes because he bent his head and claimed her mouth in a smooth glide. Infinitely gentle, he trailed his tongue along the seam of her lips, urging her to open to him. As she did, she felt Connor's mouth on her pussy again, his tongue caressing her cleft, delving deep into the slick, swollen folds of her pussy.

They thought she was the answer to mankind's prayers. That by fucking her, they might unleash some dormant supernatural power inside of her.

It sounded like they'd come up with a far-fetched theory, something right out of the yellowed pages of an old comic book. Where was the science? The proof?

Liquid warmth seeped from her channel. Connor's talented tongue swirled around her entrance, while his fingertip slowly rubbed the tender flesh around her pebbled clit.

Trevor slanted his head, deepened the kiss. Isy moaned into his mouth and gripped his shaft harder, tugging on the delicate skin.

She broke the kiss first and pushed him away. He didn't fight her when she leaned in and framed his groin between her hands, or when she gripped his hips and pulled him toward her.

Connor adjusted to her movements without protest. Her thoughts continued to whirl, to doubt everything they'd told her. But what other explanation could there be for the way they treated her? If this were an elaborate scam, surely they wouldn't have gone to such lengths to convince her they cared for her. They'd have nothing to gain by humiliating her so thoroughly. She was no one important.

Yet these two men treated her like she was a priceless artifact, delicate and fragile, worthy of the utmost care. They'd showered her with pleasure and had struggled to show her that they adored everything about her.

Did she need proof to believe them? She used to take things on faith, once. Long ago, she'd married for what she'd believed to be love. She'd trusted in its power and had followed her heart.

Yes, she'd ended up heartbroken and jaded, but would she let one mistake keep her from risking everything again? And what if, by some miracle, they were right? What if she could prevent the devastation the S.O.S. virus wrought on the world?

She owed it to them to find out. And she owed it to herself to let Connor and Trevor make love to her.

As she welcomed Trevor's cock into her mouth, she realized that sometime between their revelation and this very moment, her thoughts had taken a different turn. She no longer thought solely of fucking them, or of the bliss they'd bring her. Now, she considered the pleasure they'd bring each other, and found she liked that even more.

Trevor tasted like salt and musk, an all male flavor that seeped into her senses and added to the carnal bliss already coursing through her system. His muscles tensed, and he gripped the back of her head. She took his cock all the way into the back of her throat, her hand fisting around the base and gently cupping his balls. Over and over again, she slipped the thick length into her mouth, bringing his cock as far back as she could before sliding her lips back again.

Now that she no longer had to focus on their words, she could give herself over fully to her men. The taste of Trevor's pre-cum filled her mouth. Connor's silky kisses taunted her cleft. She'd never been so aroused, so filled with wanton yearning.

Her pussy tightened and her channel pulsed hungrily, needing to be filled, aching for the frenzied thrust of a cock. It had been so long ... so damn long.

Dirty Love  
by Lacey Savage

Her tongue curved around the soft underside of Trevor's cock, nudging the tempting undulation of a thick vein. His hips answered with tiny thrusts and his shaft glided into her mouth on smooth strokes that mimicked the act of fucking.

Something slipped inside her pussy and she cried out around a mouthful of cock. Fingers, oh, God. *Sooooooo good*. She hummed her pleasure against Trevor's shaft and felt him stiffen and buck against the roof of her mouth. Hands gripped her hair, yanked, and then held her steady as he took over, setting the rhythm, fucking her mouth.

Someone pinched her nipple. Squeezed. Tugged. Another finger slid inside her, widening her entrance. A jolt of pain careened into her belly, followed by pleasure so deep it unfurled deep in her core and pulsed outward until she could no longer control her body's reactions. She came so hard that every inch of her skin sizzled with the heat of release.

Tremors shook her violently. Trevor eased his cock out of her mouth and cradled her head, guiding it back down to the mattress. She couldn't stop shaking. Her pussy fluttered and spasmed, over and over. A soft smack against the swollen folds of her labia jolted her into another frenzied orgasm.

This time when she screamed, stretching a sob of delight into an endless whimper, there was nothing to stop the sound from filling the room.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

## CHAPTER 7

When the trembling finally subsided, Isy risked a peek between her legs. Hell, the way her cunt felt, she half expected to see flames erupting from her tender core. But instead of fire, the first thing she glimpsed was a cock, long and thick, positioned a mere inch above the curved arch of her pubic bone.

She gulped a mouthful of air and tasted the flavor of her own arousal, which hung heavy and pungent in the room. She swallowed it back, tasting fear this time. Panic had risen on its own, ingrained in her by a lifetime of propaganda.

*This is wrong,* a tiny voice inside her said.

*It's right, Isy. So right,* murmured another, a little louder.

Isy pulled her lower lip between her teeth. Her body still buzzed with the ecstasy of release, but she was nowhere near satisfied. The place inside her core that wanted her men the most still felt needy and hollow. Empty.

She missed Connor's fingers inside her, preparing her for his cock, stretching her wide. Yet those fingers had been nothing compared to the way she knew his shaft would feel when it bore into her, thrusting inside her eager channel.

"You have to want us, Isy. Want this."

Trevor's voice. So patient and deep, yet edged with a strained undertone she recognized. *Need*. Acute, terrifying need that also made itself known inside her, thrumming and flaring with every beat of her heart.



How could she say no? How could she deny them—deny herself—the final crest of this blissful seduction?

She couldn't. More importantly, she didn't want to. Whether they were right about her DNA and the massive Medical Board conspiracy no longer made the slightest difference. Isy was no martyr, sacrificing herself for the good of mankind. She was only a woman.

A woman who ached for the feel of her men.

Connor crawled up the length of her body, propping his weight on his splayed hands. When he came to rest fully on top of her, he lowered himself in a pushup-style and brushed her lips with his. "You're not an experiment, Isy. You might have started out that way, but you're special to me." He sucked in a shaky breath and glanced up at Trevor. "To us."

Happiness unfurled in Isy's chest. She didn't know why, but she believed him. The sincerity in his voice, the way he'd devoured her pussy with worshipping licks of wildfire ... it was all too good not to be real.

She spread her legs wider, feeling her pussy lips part through the sticky cream coating her labia. Trevor's hand snaked between Connor's body and hers. His fingers glided through her moist sex and she arched her back, a moan tearing from her throat.

Connor caught it with his mouth, trapping the sound, sucking it inside himself. His cock pressed into her pubic bone as he kissed her with fierce fervor, his tongue sliding against hers, his teeth occasionally slamming into hers. She pumped her hips, bringing her moist folds into closer contact with Trevor's hand while returning the frantic, desperate kiss.

Her arms came around Connor and she dug her nails into his shoulders, trapping him close to her. Heat suffused her body as he pressed tighter. Suddenly, this intimacy, this wild closeness wasn't nearly enough. She wanted—*needed*—him inside her.

"Please. Oh, Connor. Please." She whimpered, her thoughts whirling.

Could she take such a risk for her own pleasure? If they did this, she could hurt them. She didn't know for sure that the warnings about women like her weren't true. For that matter, neither did Connor or Trevor. All they had was a wild hypothesis and their feelings for her.

Trevor removed his hand, leaving her pussy bare of all sensation but the tremulous agony spearing her clit. God, she *burned* for them. Only a few hours ago she'd have considered such thoughts foolish and romanticized, but now she knew without a shadow of a doubt that it was possible to feel as though she'd burst into flame if she didn't have these men inside her.

Connor tore his mouth from hers. Shafts of moonlight spilled soft ribbons of illumination over his face, making his sapphire eyes glint with undisguised hunger. He shifted downward, and his heavy cock brushed against Isy's sex, settling between her thighs like it belonged there.

She gasped. "Y-you're sure?"

"We're sure."

It was Trevor who answered. At least with words.

Dirty Love  
*by Lacey Savage*

Connor only slid down lower, positioning the tip of his shaft against the entrance to her pussy. Before she could ask again, he thrust forward, sliding inside her welcoming sheath.

She whimpered. Or perhaps she screamed. She wasn't sure. What she did know was that the world started and stopped with the feel of his big, solid rod stretching her passage and slipping inside her with heartbreaking ease.

The breath left her lungs. She clutched Connor's shoulders like she clung on for dear life. She wanted the moment of entry to last forever, but her body had other ideas. Even before he'd pushed inside her completely, her hips started rocking of their own accord, urging him to go deeper, faster, harder.

He was so big. So hard. So perfect.

His name echoed off the walls, a trembling vibration that filled the room with her voice. She didn't remember calling out, but she must have, because he was already pumping, moving inside her, filling and stretching her with his incredible cock.

"That's it, Isy. Let go." Trevor again. Always Trevor, urging her on, guiding her to exactly where she needed to be. Only this time she didn't need his help. She needed him.

She glanced to her right and her gaze found Trevor, still kneeling beside her, his hand molded around his rod. The tip shone a deep purple, and she yearned to feel it stretching her wide, too, to know the bliss of having two incredible men inside her body. She'd been so damn isolated, so incredibly alone, all these years. It felt as though she'd been wandering

aimlessly through a forlorn desert, only to come across a fountain spouting water that was finally hers. All hers.

Connor hadn't spontaneously combusted when he'd slid inside her. In fact, he seemed to be suffering no ill effects from having her heated cunt clenched around his shaft. Emboldened, she stretched out her hand and cupped Trevor's balls. The heavy weight of his velvety sac settled in the palm of her hand and he hissed in a sharp breath.

"Both," she ground out between clenched teeth. "Both of you."

His lips flattened into a thin line. "You're sure?"

"Yes!" This time, she knew she screamed. Her womb swelled as pleasure swirled and filled her from the inside.

Connor continued to pump inside her, giving her everything he had with each frenzied thrust. And still it wasn't enough. Not nearly enough. God, after the dry spell she'd endured, she wasn't sure that fucking Connor and Trevor three times a night for the next twenty years would be enough to soothe the insatiable need gnawing at her soul.

"Oh, baby, I knew you'd be like this," Connor murmured. A vein stood out in his jaw, evidence of his struggle to hold back from spilling himself inside her. "So hot for us."

Before she could answer, he retreated. The slick pop of his cock as it slipped out of her made Isy gasp. She clutched his shoulders and fought to pull him back to her, but he was stronger. With no effort at all, he shook free of her grasp and rose to his full height at the foot of the mattress, leaving her writhing and so damn *empty* it made her heart break.

Dirty Love  
by Lacey Savage

The mattress sagged when Trevor placed his full weight on it, and Isy nearly sobbed with relief. He filled the spot where Connor had been, but instead of plunging his shaft inside her, he wrapped his arms around her and gathered her to him.

Isy gave in, her pliant, needy body obedient to the last. She couldn't resist anything they asked of her anymore. She'd move with them, crest the waves of ecstasy with them, go to the ends of the world with them. When she allowed fragmented images of her life before this day to surface in her mind's eye, they felt hollow and meaningless. It was as though her entire existence had led her here. To these men. To this moment.

She settled on Trevor's lap, her cunt seeking the hot ecstasy his solid cock offered. She found the tip, a round helmet of velvet-covered steel, and sank down on it in a fluid glide that left them both breathless.

"Oh. *Oh!*" She'd taken him in balls-deep without a moment's hesitation, and now the head of his shaft nudged her womb, causing pleasure/pain to blossom deep inside her core.

"More?" Trevor asked, a smile stretching his full lips.

She didn't answer. Rather, she leaned forward and took his bottom lip between her teeth, biting down hard.

He gasped and started to pump. With every thrust, Isy would swear she could feel every ripple and vein throb against her inner walls. She was so attuned to her men that it didn't surprise her when Connor knelt behind her and parted her ass cheeks with his broad hands.

"Yes. Yes, yes, yes ... pl—please." God, could she babble any more?

Connor's hand swept around her belly. He brushed his knuckles against the plump curve of her stomach, but instead of embarrassment, only heat and desperate need surged inside Isy.

Connor and Trevor had both seen her naked, and they found her beautiful. Despite her age, or her physique, they wanted her. She had to trust that. Trust them.

When Connor's thumb pressed hard against her clit, she bucked into his hand, grinding Trevor's cock deeper inside her pussy. The sensation sent bursts of raw ecstasy through her veins. She trembled as her muscles spasmed violently and an unexpected orgasm made her buck in a frenzy of wild motion.

Trevor held her and murmured soft words in her ear while she shook and shimmied on his lap. Her stiff nipples brushed against Trevor's muscular chest with every bounce of her breasts. With questing fingers, she cupped his scalp and leaned her head back, loving the way his shorn head felt beneath her hands.

He was so different from her ex-husband. Both he and Connor were. Before this night, she'd had no point of reference, nothing to compare her wild fantasies to. Now, if this were all she had, it would be more than she ever thought she deserved.

Connor's fingers delved into her folds. He gathered some of the cream dripping around Trevor's cock and used it to slick up her slit and around her back entrance. She was past stiffening when he forced his thumb inside her tiny rosette.

Instead, she pushed back against the intrusion, feeling her muscles relax beneath his careful exploration.

Something hot touched her neck. Connor's tongue, she realized as she closed her eyes, giving in to the sensual feel of licks and nibbles traveling along the side of her throat and down her shoulder. At the same time, Trevor bent his head and claimed one of her nipples, sucking the tender bud between his lips.

Sensation swept up and down Isy's body, pulsing into her breasts, her cunt, her ass, her neck. Everywhere hands, teeth, tongues and cocks touched, she felt herself bloom. Doubt fell away with every potent thrust, while each tender lick, kiss and nibble emboldened her, making her feel wanted and cherished.

And ... inexplicably powerful.

Strands of feminine power tugged at her soul, threatening to unleash something wild and primal inside her. She felt the delicate pull of emotions transform into a buzz that hummed softly at first, then louder, demanding to be noticed.

Stunned by the unexpected sensations, she didn't notice Connor remove his thumb and replace it with the stiff length of his cock. The feel of his large shaft forcing its way inside her anal passage brought her crashing back down to earth.

She cried out and clung to Trevor, digging her fingernails into his scalp. He made no attempt to push her away, but gathered her closer to his chest and slowed his rhythmic thrusts, allowing her time to accommodate her ass to the foreign feel of a thick cock.

"Did I hurt you?"

She sensed Connor's frustration in the slight quiver of his deep voice even before he continued, and she ached to reassure him.

"I'm so sorry, Isy. I don't ever want you hurt you."

She heaved a sigh and answered with a wailing combination between a sob and a wretched moan. "No. Yes. It doesn't matter. Fuck..." She licked her lips, hardly believing the words were coming out of her mouth. "Fuck me. Please."

*You'll be so hungry for my cock that you'll plead with me to shove it inside you and take you, again and again and again.*

The memory of Connor's words sparked a new cascade of desperate need inside her. She would have begged if she had to, but her men wouldn't let it come to that. They seemed to know exactly what she wanted, and had every intention of giving it to her. Slowly at first, while her body relaxed and welcomed the blissful invasion of two large shafts pulsing deep in her channels, then faster, with an eagerness that perfectly mirrored her own.

And then she was soaring, lifted in powerful hands, cradled between hard bodies as she moved up and down both cocks. Her pussy and ass felt stretched to capacity. It should have been painful, but it was erotic and wonderful. Torrents of pleasure cascaded down her skin, nudging every nerve ending to full awareness.

She felt Trevor and Connor's bodies slam against hers with each thrust. Their grunts and moans filled the small room and she reveled in the sounds of passion, sounds she never thought she'd hear inside her tiny apartment.



Isy's heart fluttered. She belonged here, sheltered between two powerful men. *These two men. My men.*

Because in that instant, they were hers. And she was theirs.

For as long as they wanted her. *Forever. Please. God. Forever.*

Hands cupped her breasts, her buttocks, slid over her ribcage. They trapped her and held her close in the most delicious manner imaginable. She closed her eyes and gave in to the bliss streaming through her veins. The flames they'd fanned inside her soared into a blazing fire that warmed her core. When she felt the wave of raw sensation creeping up through her cunt and ass, she clung fiercely to Trevor's shoulders and let her head fall back against Connor's chest.

A connection formed. Tentative at first, but Isy swore she could feel it binding them. Ethereal and magical, so fragile it could tear if her orgasm made her tremble the slightest bit, it curled around all three of their bodies and united them in a way that even their physical coupling couldn't match.

Isy opened her mouth to say something, to ask the men if they could feel it, too. But Trevor misunderstood and crushed his lips against hers, and the moment his tongue touched hers, she shattered.

A primal, feral orgasm simmered and flared deep inside her. Every muscle in Isy's body, except those in her pussy and deep in her ass, tensed and froze. Her inner walls pulsed frantically, milking the two cocks, setting off the men's climaxes like a well-orchestrated ripple effect.

Dirty Love  
*by Lacey Savage*

Both Connor and Trevor stilled as well when they came, their hoarse grunts music to Isy's ears. She drank in their pleasure, memorizing the harmony of their voices as they sang their bliss. This much cum had never drenched her inner core before. She'd forgotten what it felt like, but she was certain welcoming hot spurts of molten pleasure deep into her body had never felt this good.

The buzzing euphoria clenching her belly calmed and eased as her powerful orgasm gave one last determined surge. The strange sensations she'd been feeling drained away, leaving her spent and fully satiated.

Despite the ache in her pussy and ass, she refused to move. Instead, she squeezed her inner muscles to signal she wasn't letting either man go. Not now. Maybe not ever, if she had her way.

They sheltered her, their strong, protective bodies soothing her fears and calming her doubts. She wanted to keep her men right where they were for all eternity, safely hidden in her sanctuary, away from the accusations and the fury that would no doubt follow in the morning.

As always, they seemed to know just what she needed.

No one moved. No one spoke. And Isy—strong, independent Isy, who thought she knew so well what the world demanded of her and had been only too glad to give it—allowed herself to feel loved.

Hours later, she awoke to sunbeams playing across her face, warming her skin. Through a haze of sleep and satiation, she wondered when she'd passed out and how she'd

Dirty Love  
by Lacey Savage

ended up sprawled on her mattress with a blanket lovingly draped around her naked body.

*Something's wrong.*

Her eyelids popped open, she gasped and heaved herself into a sitting position all at the same time.

It took Isy all of two seconds to realize her men were gone. It took her slightly longer to understand they were never coming back.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

## CHAPTER 8

"Preliminary test results are inconclusive, doctor."

"Damn. Cancel whatever plans you've made for the night. We'll be here a while."

"Figures. Some crone decides to fuck half of New York and I have to suffer."

"Hey, Michaels, we're all in pain here, all right? You think I don't have better things to do than poke and prod this woman all night?"

"I don't know, doc, she's got nice tits. Maybe this won't be so bad."

Pain shafted through Isy's womb, knifing into her chest cavity. She heaved a ragged breath through the plastic tube attached to the bottom half of her face. Panic surged, slammed inside her head.

She tried to move, but couldn't. Plastic restraints cut into her arms, her legs, her chest. She'd been strapped down to a bed. Her legs were in stirrups, splayed obscenely. A bright light bore into her eyes when she tried to squint them open.

"She's awake, doc."

The harsh male voice was closer now. To her right? Behind her? Where was the other one?

Someone's hand squeezed her breast.

A burst of pure, icy fear pierced the confusion clouding Isy's head. Her thoughts hurtled back to that morning. Or had it been yesterday? She couldn't remember. She'd been in

Dirty Love  
by Lacey Savage

bed, hugging a pillow to her chest, breathing in the twin scents of male desire, when the door burst open.

City officials had flanked Vicki in the doorway. Isy's former assistant had only to point. Immediately, two men stormed into the room and yanked Isy up by her arms before escorting her outside without even giving her time to dress. As they shoved her into the back of a van marked with the green Medical Board logo, Isy struggled to drown out Vicki's screeching shouts. Even pressing her hands to her ears had been of no use. The foul names Vicki had spat at her kept repeating like an old, broken record.

*Bitch. Crone. Shrew. Harpy. Dirt.*

She'd clung to that last one, remembering Connor's play. He'd transformed *dirty love* from something sinful and obscene into a beautiful act. And then he'd not only shown her how wonderful such a relationship could be, he'd proven it to her, too.

He and Trevor. The memories of their faces, their hands, their voices, lingered in Isy's thoughts. Surely they hadn't meant for this to happen. They wouldn't have left her here to be tortured by these cruel doctors. Not on purpose.

They won't lay a hand on you, Connor had promised. But he'd been wrong. Oh, so wrong.

"Up the dosage. We don't want her lucid."

Isy clung to the mental pictures of her men. So beautiful. So perfect. They would come for her. They had to.

She almost smiled as a hard ache flashed between her legs.

Dirty Love  
*by Lacey Savage*

Then her mind spun out of control and she couldn't grasp on to any memories at all. Before the world went black, she heard her voice boom through the laboratory. With her last cognizant thought, she realized she hadn't uttered words, but screeched a howling, primeval scream.

\* \* \* \*

"Who were these men?"

"Where did they come from?"

"Did you learn their names?"

"What did they tell you?"

"How many were there?"

Isy's fingernails dug into the armrests of her chair. She'd been handcuffed to them, and the metal edges bit into the inside of her wrists. Yet the pain assaulting her flesh hurt no worse than the barrage of questions, which had been hammering at her for weeks. Months, maybe. Years. She wasn't sure.

It felt like she'd been in here for eons. This was her home now, her prison, the site of her eternal rest, as far as she was concerned. These people would never let her go. They interrogated her for hours on end, only to drug her and bring her back to the lab, where they'd begin endless tests all over again.

God, is this what happened to every woman over the age of forty who gave in to her forbidden impulses? Or was she special? Were they treating her differently because she'd made love to Trevor and Connor, and not to men from her own time?

"I..." She licked her parched lips. "I don't know anything else. I've told you all I can."

She hadn't at first, but then, as the days turned into weeks, and the weeks flittered away into months, there'd been no reason to hold onto her secrets any longer. Not that it had helped. She'd expected to be laughed at, scorned for her flights of fancy. Instead, her confession had only encouraged her captors to punish her further, to test the limits of her endurance in ways she wouldn't have imagined before being brought here.

Wherever "here" was. She didn't know anything about the place beyond its sterile white walls, its laboratories with endless chrome surfaces and its barren, dark cells that reeked of mold and despair. A small shaft of sunlight would sometimes stream through the narrow window at the top of her cell, so she knew she wasn't underground. Beyond that, she had no idea where they'd taken her. Perhaps she was no longer even in New York.

"How did they convince you? Did they coerce you? Did they use drugs?"

Isy wanted to laugh, or cry. Neither would get her anywhere, so she gnawed the inside of her lip and forced her head up. Across from her, lined up along the opposite side of a long conference table, sat six people. Four men, two women. She'd never seen them before, but that didn't mean anything. She was a lab rat in a display case, poked, prodded and examined by anyone who cared to do so.

The irony of it all came from knowing Trevor and Connor had been wrong about her. Being with them, loving them,

had given her no magical powers. She was still ordinary old Isy. These people knew that, too. For all their testing, they hadn't found anything that marked her as even remotely unusual. But they tried. Oh, God, how they tried.

"They abandoned you. Left you to us. They hate you. So why would you do it? Why give up your life for them, when they clearly don't care about you?" This new barrage of questions from a woman. Surely, another woman would understand.

"For love," Isy heard herself whisper, knowing the words were as insane as she must have been at the time she'd let her desire get the upper hand over her reasonable, logical mind. And what if these people were right? What if Trevor and Connor had discarded her like a soiled shirt when they realized she had no magical powers after being with them?

"Dirty love, you mean." A young blond man sneered and watched Isy with eyes so cold she imagined they could cut glass.

Memories of gentle caresses and softly whispered words sliced through the chaos in her mind. She clung to the shadow of warmth those memories evoked.

"Yes," Isy murmured. She remembered Trevor's big hands cupping her face, Connor's teasing kisses. The memory gave her courage. She thrust her chin up a fraction of an inch. "And given the chance, I'd do it again."

At the looks of horror that crossed the faces of those seated before her, she felt her face stretch into a grin. "And again, and again, and again."

\* \* \* \*



"Your men are dead."

Isy had just taken a bite of toasted bread when the news slammed home like a bullet that ricocheted inside her skull. She tried to swallow, but the food stuck in her throat, making it hard to breathe.

She coughed, reached for the plastic cup of filmy water that had been placed in front of her, and forced herself to drink. The lump of soggy bread finally glided down her throat, but her eyes still swam in an unfocused haze.

"You're wrong," she croaked out. "It's impossible."

"We found their bodies two days ago in a parking lot behind an abandoned warehouse. Tough luck, huh?"

The world stopped. Froze. And Isy with it.

Her lungs couldn't draw air. Images of Trevor and Connor covered in blood, their bodies battered and twisted, crept into Isy's mind and burrowed there.

Pain simmered through her, so sharp and acute it made it impossible to breathe. Something stirred in her gut. That same elemental rush that had shifted deep in her belly while her men had been deep inside her now nudged itself awake.

The room spun. Faster and faster, until it sped to a dizzying pace. Air left her lungs in shallow gulps, until she thought she might pass out, and welcomed the thought.

*Maybe it'll all end now.*

"Get up." Cruel fingers seized her armpits, heaved her out of the chair. She lost her balance and crashed against a solid wall of muscle.

Dirty Love  
*by Lacey Savage*

The man lifted her. She closed her eyes, desperate to give in to the streaming rush of molten despair that filled her mind and body. After long minutes, whoever carried her pushed her away, then shoved her, hard. She landed violently on her knees. The flesh of her kneecaps scraped against rough concrete.

"Get out of here. Go!"

She splayed her palms out in front of her and rose, unsteadily, on all fours. Blinking up at the man silhouetted in the doorway of a massive red brick building, she shook her head, not understanding.

"You're the most unremarkable woman we've ever tested. There's nothing dangerous about you, except the way you cling to your delusions. A psychotherapist can do more for you than we can. Freak," he added for good measure before slamming the door and leaving Isy kneeling on the street.

A sharp chill drifted up her body like icy tendrils, making her shake. Her breath whooshed out in frosty puffs. She sat back on her legs and ran her hands up and down her arms in a feeble effort to warm herself. She wore nothing but a tattered pair of shorts and a shirt that was missing a sleeve.

All around her, New York slumbered. The whirr of an occasional motor reached her ears, but otherwise, the city lay dormant. Even the building that had been her prison all these long months appeared harmless as it blended in with the shadows of night.

A streak of purple at the edge of the horizon announced the coming dawn. Against it, silhouetted like a metal behemoth, stood the old Manhattan Bridge.

Dirty Love  
*by Lacey Savage*

Groaning, Isy rose. A throbbing twinge speared her knee. She gritted her teeth against it, and headed for the bridge.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

## CHAPTER 9

Connor thought he understood pain. He'd felt it before, countless times. Passing Phase Travel Investigations' rigorous training program meant that even a social anthropologist like him would be subjected to numerous bullet and knife wounds. He'd mastered weapons training and had sailed through armed combat like he'd been born with an automatic rifle in his hand. And yeah, he'd spent his share of time in PTI's private hospital wing, getting patched up and hitting on the nurses.

But nothing, *nothing* had prepared him for the agony of seeing suffering etched on the pale features of the woman he loved. It blazed through him like ripples of electric shock, setting every muscle on edge.

"Close up! Damn it, somebody get me a close up!" His roar echoed like that of a provoked lion through the surveillance room.

On the third screen from the left, someone zoomed in on Isabel's face. She looked straight up as though gazing deep into his eyes. Except she was eighty years away, and he knew she couldn't see him. The haunted flickers he glimpsed in her gaze practically tore his heart in two.

"Fuck! What have they done to her?"

He whirled, fists clenched at his sides, looking for someone to punch. At this point, anyone would do.

"We don't know, Con. No eyes in there, remember?"

Flickers of red tainted Connor's vision. He stalked toward his boss and had the distinct pleasure of seeing the older man flinch. Bobby Braddock was in his mid-sixties, just months away from retirement. His motto, at this point, was "Don't rock the boat." He'd do whatever it took to sail under the radar until he could earn his pension check. The longer he could go without drawing attention from the big boys in Washington who funded the operation, the better.

"We should have never left her in there. I should have gone back, should have—"

"We took your phase teleportation device away for a reason. You couldn't have gone back."

Anger surged in Connor's chest. He'd never felt as impotent in his entire life as he had in the past seven months. Not knowing what was happening to Isy raked at his soul, until he couldn't sleep, couldn't eat. It took effort just to tear himself away from the surveillance screens, which were fixed on the building that housed a secret branch of the Medical Board. A building they'd only discovered six weeks earlier.

"I should have stolen the motherfucking device." He rammed a finger into Bobby's chest, then fought the urge to step back from the reek of old sweat and cheap cologne that assaulted his nostrils. "And you know what kills me? That I let you convince me she wasn't in there."

Bobby lifted a shoulder in a half shrug. A shimmer of anxiety showed on his ruddy features, and a fine sheen of perspiration glistened on his forehead. "You know the rules, Con."

"Fuck the goddamned rules!" He spun and pointed to the screen, which had been paused on Isy's beautiful face. "Look at her! Look!"

His heartbeat hammered his chest. His pulse thrummed in his ears and pressed against his eardrums, wild and incoherent. He couldn't stop looking at the image showing a mere shadow of the woman he loved. She looked nothing like the vibrant, gorgeous Isy he'd made love to all those months ago. The skeletal figure who'd rolled onto the busted concrete when pushed out by a gruff orderly could have been anyone.

But she wasn't. She was *his*, damn it, and he was going to bring her back to him if he had to bulldoze his way through the entire PTI agency to do it.

Bobby cleared his throat. At the unnaturally loud sound, Connor realized the rest of the room had gone quiet. The eight other agents sat deathly still, and all eyes were focused on Connor and his boss.

He fought the urge to growl at all of them and bare his teeth.

Instead, he loomed over Bobby, leaning in so the other man had to take a step back. "You're going to give me the phase teleportation device. I'm going to get Isabel, and I'm going to bring her here. If you have a problem with that, report me to the fucking president, because I'm going to get this woman if I have to pummel you into the ground to do it."

The color drained from Bobby's face. Something in Connor's eyes must have told him he meant every word, because the man turned and headed for the doors. Connor followed him out.

They walked down a gleaming marble corridor, past a series of laboratories framed in floor-to-ceiling glass, and turned left at the end of the hall. At the elevators, Bobby shoved his hands in his pockets. He wouldn't meet Connor's eyes.

"It wasn't my decision, you know. Pulling you out."

Raging fury simmered just below the boiling point, but beating the man's face bloody wouldn't solve anything now. "I don't care."

Bobby lifted his hands, palms up, in a gesture of surrender. "Look, what were we supposed to do? You know the first rule of PTI."

"Yeah. Don't get caught." He practically spat the words through gritted teeth.

Bobby nodded. "Your orders were to blend in and observe. Trevor was supposed to analyze DNA samples and report back here so we could all make a decision on the next necessary steps. You failed when you decided to make a simple mission personal."

Connor scrubbed a hand over his face. Four years. He'd spent four years in that forsaken phase. Watching Isabel from afar, loving her from a distance, had been his only salvation. If he hadn't had her, he thought he might have gone mad living in a society that had lost touch with the base elements and emotions that had made them human in the first place.

*Personal? Of course it was fucking personal.* She was so much more than a mission. She was everything.

And he'd abandoned her. Not on purpose, but what difference did intent make when it meant she'd had to suffer because of it?

He and Trevor had been literally yanked from her arms by a phase transportation device that had been activated here at PTI headquarters. She'd been asleep, but they'd been watching her, caressing her pretty face, touching her flawless skin. Connor didn't think he'd ever seen Trevor look as happy as he had that night.

The memory made a lump form in his throat. He tasted salt, swallowed it, and forced the anger back to the forefront of his mind. It was so much more useful than regret.

The gleaming elevator doors slid open. Trevor took a step forward, then halted when he saw them.

Dark shadows hovered beneath his pale blue eyes. Strained frown lines bordered his wide mouth. His white shirt and black pants were rumpled, as if he'd slept in them. His normally smooth face sported a three-day-old beard, and even the short hair on his head looked longer and unkempt.

"What?" Trevor barked, fixing Connor with an instantly alert glare. "Is it Isy? What's happened to her?"

He moved as though to step out of the elevator, but Connor's arm shot out, stopping him. Heat from the other man's body traveled into his skin. He could feel the same sizzling fury that had been his constant companion emanate from Trevor, too.

"Come." Connor shoved Trevor back into the car. The man stumbled, but didn't protest when his shoulder made impact with the wall. "We're getting her back."



Dirty Love  
*by Lacey Savage*

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

## CHAPTER 10

With his emotions swirling out of control and his worry for Isy dominating every last thought, Trevor couldn't be bothered to pay attention to the phase landing. Time and space whooshed past him as it always did, in a blur of midnight black and brilliant white. He closed his eyes against the sensory onslaught and waited for the world to slow.

Pain shot up through the soles of his feet as the New York of 2080 flashed to life around him. He couldn't get his bearings quickly enough. The ground slipped beneath the soles of his feet, then tilted, and he ended up sprawled on his belly in the middle of oncoming traffic.

A horn screeched as the pointed nose of a modern Toyota veered a sharp left and missed running over his outstretched arm by a mere inch. The cracked cement bridge beneath his body rumbled on a deep tremor, announcing the impending arrival of another vehicle. A much bigger one.

He swore and rolled sideways, knowing he wouldn't reach the safety of the railing before the oncoming bus turned him into flattened road kill.

A hand grabbed the back of his shirt. He gave in to the momentum of the violent yank and got to his feet a fraction of a second before someone shoved him, hard, toward the edge of the road.

*Connor.*

Trevor slammed into the bridge railing. His fingers wrapped around the cold metal bars and he allowed himself a moment of self-pity.

A flurry of feelings roiled together in Trevor's gut. Though he was only a social anthropologist and not a field agent by trade, Connor had always been the leader of their little partnership. At first, Trevor had resented Connor's need to take charge and influence the course of every task they were assigned. As a molecular geneticist, Trevor was the brains behind their dynamic duo. He should have been in charge.

Younger, faster, stronger, better looking, Connor had everything going for him. It would have been so easy to hate him. In truth, Trevor had just done that for months. Right up until he realized that Connor didn't have it all.

He couldn't have Isy.

For that matter, neither could Trevor. Unexpectedly, they'd bonded over their forbidden longings. Instead of rivalry, they'd developed a friendship. A tentative, tumultuous friendship at first, but one that deepened into a solid bond.

No one understood better than Connor how much Trevor loved Isy. And Trevor, for his part, knew Connor would risk his life for hers. They shared a common goal. A common love.

And in the process ... well, Trevor had fallen a little bit in love with Connor himself.

Not that he'd ever admit it. Especially not when the big lug hovered over him like a worried mother, brows wrinkled in concern. "Hey. You okay? That was rough back there."

"Fine." Trevor made himself unlatch his fingers from around the bridge's railing. "I wasn't expecting to land in rush

hour traffic on Manhattan Bridge." He brushed at the clumps of dirt clinging to his black pants. "Whose bright idea was it to program the phase transmission—"

The words died on his tongue when he glanced up and realized he was alone.

"Isabel! Isabel!"

The sheer terror he heard in Connor's voice set Trevor's pulse to frenzied hammering. He whirled around and took off at a sprint with speed he hadn't known himself capable of, echoing Connor's cry.

*Isy. Oh, God, Isy.*

Trevor pumped his arms and ran along the edge of the bridge, fully aware of the enormous drop into the river below. His gut twisted, clenched in a frigid fist. He hated heights, feared water. But nothing terrified him more than losing Isy.

A tingling feeling at the back of his neck told him to look up. He did, just in time to see Isy dive from the top of the highest railing.

That's when his world exploded into chaos.

He didn't remember scaling the bridge, but he must have, because the next thing he knew he'd almost caught up to Connor. A moment later they were both flying, soaring through the air, hurtling at breakneck speed toward the glassy surface of the water after the woman they loved.

The woman who'd jumped into the river just seconds before they could have wrapped her in their arms and taken her home.

\* \* \* \*

Dying should have hurt less.

It wasn't the torment of water filling her lungs, or the agony of being pulled beneath the strong current that stifled Isy. No, it was the nagging thought at the edges of her consciousness that told her she'd been moments away from true freedom.

Sure, the Medical Board had let her go once they'd realized she had no magical powers, but New York was as much a prison as the structure in which she'd been held for the past seven months. She'd tasted real freedom, long ago, in the arms of her men.

At once, desperate realization slammed into her. She suddenly understood she hadn't simply given in to her raging libido. She loved the way Connor and Trevor had made her feel. Trevor talked to her, for hours, about everything and nothing at all. And all Connor had to do was hold her and the rest of the world would drop away like it never existed.

She yearned for all that again, hopelessly, knowing she couldn't have it. They were gone. Dead.

Weren't they?

Her heart clenched, squeezed, tumbled inside her chest. Water sloshed in her ears, making it impossible to hear anything but the screams inside her head.

*No. No, they aren't! They aren't dead!*

She'd know it if they were. She'd feel it.

Something had happened to her when they'd made love that night. Connor and Trevor might not have unleashed any supernatural abilities inside her, but they'd awakened a part of her that had been locked away for far too long. And now,

that natural feminine power shimmered and blazed, refusing to be quelled.

Her feet touched the bottom of the river. Her lungs burned, and she knew it wouldn't be long before the river did its job and claimed her as its own.

*Like hell.*

Fury raged up inside her like a storm. Determination fueled her muscles. She pushed off the silt and dirt gathering at the bottom of the river and launched herself upward.

*I'm going to find them. Save them. Mine. MINE!*

The voice inside her head screamed with rage and terrified fury. What if the Medical Board's minions held them, too? What if they were in danger? What if they needed her?

Willpower sizzled in her veins, so foreign and unlike her that for a moment, she didn't recognize the emotion as her own. But then, in the span of a mere heartbeat, it became a part of her. Something else shifted, right down the center of her body. It felt as though her lungs were expanding, her body growing stronger, more unified.

Her mind felt clearer, too. Suddenly she could think, compartmentalize the endless doubt and fear, push them all away.

*Hang on, guys. I'm coming.*

She didn't know how she understood they needed her, only that at that moment, she'd never been more certain of anything in her entire life.

Her body hummed with an energy she didn't recognize but embraced all at once. *This* was her. The real her, the woman

Dirty Love  
by Lacey Savage

who'd been hiding behind a façade created by living a life filled with anxiety, fear and dread.

Her head broke the surface. Then her body. She didn't just float along the surface, she skyrocketed past it, until she hovered a foot above the river like a long-lost water nymph.

*But by mating with a man with potent seed, some of you gain enormous power.*

More power, indeed! She'd unleashed ... the Goddess within her!

Rivulets of moisture ran off her limbs to flow back into the water. Around her, liquid turned to steam, warming her frigid muscles. Ripples of pure energy snapped and sizzled along the surface of her skin. She wiped away the water still clinging to her eyelashes and scanned the churning river. It took less than a second to find her men.

Connor swam like his life depended on it. At his side, Trevor tried to do the same, but there was no mistaking the way he sank and stayed under the surface a little longer each time. On their pale, unbelievably handsome faces, terror warred with misery and raw, unmistakable guilt. And longing, so much longing it damn near killed Isy to see it.

Relief flooded her veins. The Medical Board had lied to her. It shouldn't have been a surprise, but the realization still stunned her.

She'd almost lost them. She'd almost given up everything because she believed she'd been abandoned. But if the Medical Board had lied about Connor and Trevor being found dead, what else had they lied about?

Dirty Love  
*by Lacey Savage*

Isy drifted along the river's liquid sheen. She didn't know how it was possible, but the ability came as easily to her as breathing. She wanted to smile and cry and howl with relief all at once.

They'd come for her, just like she knew they would. And they'd been right. About her. About everything.

She didn't quite trust her voice, but she tried for a teasing tone and, to her relief, nearly managed it. "Looking for me?"

Connor looked up and saw her first. He splashed water onto Trevor as he fought to control his shock. Trevor followed the line of his gaze. Joy, pure and unmasked, lit his face. She didn't think she'd ever seen anyone look more radiant.

Trevor clung to Connor and the two of them treaded water as they gaped at her.

Isy snapped her fingers. "Hold on, boys."

A gradual breeze kicked up, gathering force around them. She lifted her hands and molded the erratic little gust of wind into a round ball. Gently, she let the ball glide across the surface of the water. When the tamed puff of air tumbled across Connor and Trevor, it softly picked them up and deposited them in the center, then lifted its cargo from the river.

At her command, the ball of wind swirled, higher and higher, until it flew past the stricken faces of the curious onlookers who'd gathered to watch the spectacle from the top of the bridge. Screams reached her ears, but she was past worrying about what New Yorkers thought of her.

Isy flew past the assembled spectators, giving a little wave as she went. Laughter broke from her throat as she followed



her men to the highest roof of an antique skyscraper. There, she deposited them in a wet heap on the faded marks of a helicopter landing pad.

And still they gaped.

Isy might have giggled, except at that moment she realized she could *feel* their fear. The night they'd made love, she hadn't had enough time with them to understand the depths of their emotions. But now, a frenzy of unfiltered responses slammed into her. Terror, guilt, frustration, anxiety. She sorted through all of them in a mad rush, focusing on the only one that really mattered.

Love. Real, true love.

That hadn't been a lie. She'd always been more than an experiment to them, just as Connor had said.

Isy's lower lip quivered as she fought to sort out her own emotions from those of her men. In the span of a few minutes, the agony of the last seven months had faded into the background. She wasn't able to read Trevor or Connor's thoughts, but she understood their emotions as though they were her own. She knew without a shadow of a doubt that she hadn't been abandoned.

Not on purpose, anyway.

She walked toward them with slow, determined steps. Connor rose first, meeting her halfway. Trevor hovered just a step behind him, looking more uncertain, but just as eager to touch her and reassure himself she was real.

There were a million things she could say to them. A million accusations, or words of love, or explanations.

When she reached them, the ripples of snapping energy drained away like water in the desert sand. Her knees buckled. They caught her as one, squeezing her tightly between walls of muscle, holding on like they never wanted to let go.

Trevor's lips found hers in a kiss that held nothing back. There was no restraint in the way his mouth ravaged hers, or in the way his tongue thrust between her lips and devoured her, swipe after sweet swipe. She let him kiss her within an inch of her life before she found herself gently prodded sideways, so that she turned and met the hungry claim of another mouth.

A second kiss, just as harsh, just as powerful. Connor poured every bit of his frustration and desire into the press of his soft lips against hers. God, she could *feel* his need, and not just in the hard length of his erection stiffening against her stomach.

Connor nibbled on her lower lip, tugged it into his mouth, sucked gently, traced the swollen flesh with the tip of his tongue.

A sob broke free from Isy's throat. Her newly awakened powers hovered just within reach. With no more than the tilt of her head, she could probably demolish this entire building.

Yet what she wanted—*needed*—more than anything else, was Trevor's gentle touch, Connor's passionate kiss, and endless days of lovemaking.

"Take me away from here," she murmured against Connor's mouth. "Anywhere. Nowhere. Just take me."

An old-fashioned watch closed around her wrist. She lifted her head and glanced at her hand, which she'd fisted around the soaked material of Connor's shirt. Trevor's fingers expertly fastened the black leather strap so it hugged her wrist. Early morning sunlight glinted off the golden face of the watch.

"Hang on to us, baby." Connor's voice soothed her, adding to the sweet comfort of his touch.

Her hands glided around his neck. Trevor pressed against her from behind, his arms circling both Isy and Connor. Her body molded to theirs. She laid her head on Connor's chest, closed her eyes, and waited.

The watch vibrated, sending shooting tingles all the way up her arm. Then the rooftop dropped away, and she plunged into endless darkness broken only by shimmers of white light.

For once, fear of the unknown didn't even enter her thoughts. She was safe. Sheltered in strong arms that would never again let her go.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

## **CHAPTER 11**

The fall was never-ending. Isy kept tumbling through nothingness, hurtling through space and time toward some unseen destination. She should have been terrified, except she'd never felt safer in her entire life.

Connor and Trevor shielded her body from the icy air currents scraping her exposed skin. Their combined warmth flowed into her, soothing her raw nerves, calming her frenzied senses.

Connor pressed his lips to her temple. The scorching heat from the sweet caress shot a direct bolt of heat to the apex of her thighs. Her pussy tightened, inner walls trembling with frantic need.

Isy rubbed her cheek against Connor's soaked shirt. She could feel the steel of Trevor's erection fused to her back, yet she yearned to be even closer to them both.

She'd spent endless nights at the Medical Board facility dreaming of the moment she'd be reunited with her men. No matter how many times her captors said that Connor and Trevor didn't want her, she had only to remember the way they'd made love to her, and she knew the truth.

Now they were here, and they'd risked their lives to take her out of harm's way. She'd waited so long to be with them. Suddenly, she wanted nothing more than to feel their hands on her bare skin and their cocks thrust deep, deep in her body.

Dirty Love  
by Lacey Savage

Her pulse quickened. Stiff pebbled nipples rubbed against Connor's firm chest. She closed her eyes against the flickering light scintillating around them and gave in to the ripples of need setting every nerve ending ablaze.

Desire filled her senses and she lost track of time, reveling in the feel of hardened flesh beneath her fingers, against her skin. The only thing missing was the true closeness she craved.

The endless fall stopped without warning. She landed with a startled gasp, splayed on top of a muscled body that seemed only too happy to bear the brunt of her clumsy touchdown.

Hands cupped her ass, drew her close. A hard cock dug into the thin material of her shorts, thrusting against her pussy. Another body landed on top of hers, infinitely gentle in contrast to her own harsh drop.

And then there were voices she didn't recognize, coming closer. *Too close*. She wasn't ready to give in, or to give up the closeness she'd found. She needed to be alone with Trevor and Connor, at least for a little while, before letting the rest of the world intrude.

The fantasy novels she'd read as a young girl made it seem as though magic needed words of power to yield results. Yet Isy didn't have to open her mouth to create a barrier between the three of them and the outside world. No archaic language or strange symbols gave her the ability to summon the privacy she needed.

Only a mere thought.

Dirty Love  
*by Lacey Savage*

When she opened her eyes, she found herself looking into Connor's. Her heart gave a little leap as her gaze drank him in, focusing on the curve of his cheekbones, the slant of his jaw, the sharp line of his nose. God, he was gorgeous. And he was hers. All hers.

Before Isy could say anything, Connor sucked in a breath and glanced to his right. She followed his line of sight to a space approximately three feet away, where a slight hum gave the only indication that Isy's projected barrier even existed.

On the other side, three men in dark suits splayed their hands against thin air. Then they pounded their fists and tried nudging the space with their shoulders, but it was clear by the way their shirts flattened as though hitting glass that they couldn't penetrate the blockade she'd erected.

She looked around the rest of the room. They'd landed on a raised dais that resembled a round stage, about eight feet by eight feet, if she had to guess. It was made of metal, and the only piece resembling furniture in the entire place. There were no chairs, no desks, nothing to give any indication that this might be a workspace of some sort. Against the walls, electronic panels blinked red and green lights. There were no windows, but bright neon bulbs spilled unfiltered light throughout the dome-shaped room.

"Isabel Warren, welcome to the Phase Travel Investigations Headquarters." Trevor's voice rustled the hair over her ear as he whispered, sending a sharp thrill down her spine. "This is our phase transference room. All missions deploy from this spot. Coordinates can be punched into those

panels to determine an exact landing location. There are only two minor snags. One, the coordinates must point to an outdoor location or we risk fusing ourselves into a brick wall. And that wouldn't be good for anyone."

She found herself chuckling. Her gaze remained locked with Connor's. "Then how come you could ... what did you call it? Phase yourself?" When Connor nodded, she continued. "How come you could phase yourself into my examination room?"

"Ah ... well, I'd been there before." Trevor shifted slightly, nestling his cock against the seam of her ass. "You gave me a tour of your place the day we met, remember?"

Isy nodded, smiling at the memory. "So you had the coordinates of the room, right?"

"Smart girl," Trevor said, then pushed her hair out of the way and placed a soft kiss on the nape of her neck.

She trembled as a new wave of lust rippled through her. "And the second snag?"

Connor's fingers drifted down her arms in a smooth caress. "So far, the phase transference device can only take us to 2080. Best we can tell, it functions more like a wormhole than a time travel machine. As time passes here, in 2018, time also passes in 2080. We can phase exactly sixty-two years into the future, to the day."

She considered that for a moment. "And your job is to figure out how to stop the S.O.S. virus before it breaks out here, too?"

Dirty Love  
by Lacey Savage

Connor angled his jaw, rubbed it against her chin. He nipped her lower lip between his teeth before murmuring, "Now that you're here, that shouldn't be a problem."

A frisson of excitement shimmered down her skin. Unlike at the Medical Board institution, she didn't feel like an experiment or an aberration in this place. Instead, for the first time in her life, she felt ... special. Needed. Wanted.

And if her DNA would help stop a worldwide epidemic, then she was more than happy to offer herself up for any experiments necessary.

Especially if those experiments involved making love to Connor and Trevor, over and over again.

Ah, well, who was she to stand in the way of science? In fact, if it helped, she was willing to start *experimenting* right this very second. She'd do the same even if it didn't help.

She snuck a glance at the men outside the energy barrier. There were more of them now. Men and women, huddled around the humming trickles of magical force that she—*she!*—had summoned with nothing more than the will to make it so.

What had Trevor and Connor done to her?

And more importantly, what could they do to her again?

"Love me," she murmured against Connor's mouth. "Right now."

"Here?" Trevor and Connor spoke at once, their voices mingling into a sultry aphrodisiac that sparked a desperate need deep inside her.



"Yes." She wiggled out from between their bodies, rolling onto the floor. There, she rose in one smooth movement, already shucking clothes as she went.

The knowledge that she was stripping in front of strangers emboldened her. A laugh caught in her throat. She'd spent the last four years living in fear of merely being seen standing too close to a man, and now here she was, about to fuck two of them in plain sight of anyone who cared to watch.

And she felt wonderful!

Her torn shirt hit the metal dais first. The shorts followed. She wore no underwear and in less than ten seconds, she stood naked, looking down at her men.

Their slack-jawed stares stiffened her resolve. Now *this* was true power. She'd never thought she could elicit such a response from anyone, much less two men who could have any woman they wanted. Younger women, more beautiful women, could be theirs for the asking.

Yet they wanted *her*. Isy could still feel their desire, like undulating tremors of heat pulsing through her.

She reveled in the fusion of power thrumming down her veins for a moment longer, but her dominance was short-lived. With a groan, Connor lunged to his knees, grabbed her hips and yanked her back to the ground. She landed with an oomph and a soft squeak on top of him, her thighs splayed on either side of his strong, muscular legs.

"Naughty, naughty, Isabel." His luscious lips quirked upward in a grin. "Your beautiful body is ours. Only ours."

Isy licked her lips, eager to provoke him further. She'd never felt so wanton, so in control of a situation. Even though

both Connor and Trevor obviously loved to be in charge, she knew she could end this with a simple word.

Except that was the last thing she wanted. Instead, she cupped her breasts in both hands, thrusting them forward. Her pebbled nipples stiffened a little more, causing the tight little peaks to ache. "So take it already."

Connor shot a glance over her shoulder at Trevor, then shrugged. "Small talk around the water cooler may never be the same again."

The sound of her men's combined laughter sent a shimmer of warmth to pool low in her belly. She wanted to bask in their happiness forever.

Her hands glided between her legs, found Connor's zipper, and tugged. Within moments, she'd delved inside, intent on unleashing his cock. She guided the sculpted length of his shaft through the opening in his tight briefs and lifted herself off his groin just enough to watch his rod stand at attention among all those clothes.

"What about me?" Trevor asked, coming to stand beside her.

When she looked at him, she couldn't help but glimpse the wall of people that had assembled just a few feet away. A sharp thrill nudged her core, turning her on even more.

"C'me here," she ordered on a low whisper.

Connor's fingers delved between her legs. He gave a sharp groan when he found her folds already slick with moisture. "You're ready for me, aren't you, baby?"

She moaned her assent as her hands flew to Trevor's waistband. It didn't take long before she had his pants down

around his ankles. His boxers followed, leaving him naked from the waist down.

His cock thrust up proudly toward his stomach, curving in slightly at the tip. Isy's mouth watered. She gripped the solid shaft in her fist and brought the bulbous head toward her lips.

At the same time, Connor guided his cock along her slit, gathering some of her moisture on the tip. When he positioned the thick shaft at the entrance to her pussy, her inner walls gave a razor-edged spasm that made her stomach clench.

She glided down on the powerful rod as Trevor's cock skimmed the surface of her tongue. In the span of a frenzied heartbeat, her men filled her pussy and mouth, claiming her once more.

Bliss enveloped her from head to toe. She could hardly think straight. The potent musk of Trevor's cock drenched her senses in slightly salty, purely masculine taste. She sucked him deep, swirled her tongue up and down the length, hollowed her cheeks on an exhale. She couldn't get enough.

Her pussy felt stretched, widened to accommodate Connor's thick girth. He went slowly, and she didn't have to look at him to know it took all the self-control he possessed to keep from filling her cunt in one savage thrust.

"Ours," Connor grunted as he seated himself, balls-deep, inside her. "We're not letting you go again, Isabel."

Relief rumbled through her at the sound of those words. Relief and something more primal, like longing and possessiveness all rolled into what could only be love.

Her stomach flip-flopped. How strange. She'd never felt love before. Not like this.

Trevor's shaft slipped from her mouth. She didn't want to deny it one second longer. Whatever happened next, she knew she'd regret it for the rest of her life if she didn't give voice to the depth of this emotion.

"I love you," she said, looking up at Trevor. "I love you so much."

Trevor's big hand cupped the back of her head. He smoothed down her hair as his cock, glistening with her saliva, rubbed her cheek. "And I love you, Isy. I've loved you for so long."

Her gaze misted. She hadn't cried the entire time she'd been held prisoner by the Medical Board, but now that she had everything she wanted, she couldn't help the fat tear that rolled down her face.

Connor reached up and wiped it away. She leaned into his hand and then lowered her head so she could whisper against his lips. "And you ... I love you, Connor."

He grabbed her ass, pulled her closer, thrust deeper inside her. The tip of his cock nudged her womb and she gasped as a stab of pleasure/pain shafted up through her stomach and into her heart.

"I love you, too, Isabel."

*Isabel.* Always her full name, always spoken with that soft accent and the reverent tone she'd grown to crave.

Connor's hands moved to the inside of her thighs. They kneaded the soft flesh there, then his thumb moved up, parted her folds. When she glanced between her legs, she

could see her glistening pussy lips enveloping the base of his cock as it plunged into her.

The scent of their combined desire reached her nostrils. Her heart skittered, then did a flip-flop as lust flashed through her like lightning. She didn't think she'd ever seen a more erotic sight, smelled a more sexy scent.

"Take him, Isy. Lean over him and take Connor's cock. And let me have your ass."

She hadn't seen Trevor move behind her, but there he was, parting her ass cheeks just like Connor splayed her pussy open. She was bare, fully exposed to them and the rest of—*what did Trevor call it?*—Phase Travel Investigations.

She beamed a smile over her shoulder at Trevor, then spared a similar grin for the assembled audience. When her gaze scanned the faces assembled on the other side of the barrier, she didn't see any anger, or fury, or disgust. None of the emotions that would have been so blatant in her time were present here.

Instead, she found mirrored desire, a few flickers of jealousy, and a tremendous amount of admiration, mostly from the women. She winked at one particular woman who looked to be in her late fifties and who watched Connor and Trevor with hungry, desperate eyes.

Here, in 2018, anything was possible. If Isy could have men like these, then this woman could find her own partners, at any age.

The thought filled Isy with warmth and comfort. She turned her attention to Connor and splayed her hands on

either side of his head before letting her pebbled nipples slide through the soft curls dusting his chest.

Trevor reached around her hips and rubbed her pussy with two fingers. She moaned as knuckles glided along her clit, bringing her a breath away from climax. Before she could shatter, he took his hand away and trailed the moisture he'd gathered along the tight crevice between her butt cheeks.

Her muscles squeezed together on reflex. Oh, God, she remembered this. Remembered being penetrated in such a provocative way, remembered loving every thrust.

She arched her back and offered herself to Trevor. He gathered more of her juices and slathered his cock before pressing the tip of his well-slicked shaft against her anus.

"Relax, Isy. Let me have you."

"Yes," she murmured, hardly coherent. "Yes."

She felt herself being lifted. Four palms balanced her, held her in place. Trevor's cock at the entrance to her ass made her whimper. She wanted him in her already, fucking her, filling her, possessing her.

He went excruciatingly slowly, giving her time to adjust to the round tip of his shaft first. Then, when his glans slipped inside her body, he pressed a little more, giving her another half an inch, then another.

By the time he was fully inside her, she couldn't control the desperate sobs breaking free from her chest.

"Oh, God, Isy. You okay?"

She laughed, a howling sound that surprised all three of them.

"Yes!" she shouted, shoving her ass backward so the base of her spine slapped against Trevor's stomach. "Yes, yes, yes!"

Her breasts bounced as they set an easy rhythm, slow at first, then harder and faster. Fingers bruised her flesh. Nails dug into her skin. And still she wanted *more*. The overwhelming sensations of ecstasy edged with a hint of pain felt better than anything she'd ever imagined.

They pulled out, pushed back in as one. The tiny strip of flesh separating the two cocks from one another felt sensitive and sore, yet she couldn't get enough of their thick cocks spearing her body. She imagined Connor and Trevor feeling each other's rods gliding together, kept from touching by the sheerest of membranes.

Some day soon, she wanted to see their cocks come together without barrier. Would they like it? She didn't know, but she vowed to learn. If her men could give each other as much pleasure as they gave her, then she owed it to them to find out.

Sobs turned into hiccups, mingled with whimpers and moans and giggles. She couldn't contain any of the emotions flooding her. Sensations that were hers and theirs melded as one, just like their bodies.

Her clit ground against Connor's pubic bone with every one of Trevor's thrusts. The men went faster, deeper, taking her to the edge of bliss so potent she didn't think she could contain it all inside her.

And then, at once, she didn't have to. Pleasure spasmed outward, blossomed inside her like a flash of light that flooded

every recess of her soul and bared her deepest longings. She keened her pleasure as her pussy clenched and milked Connor's perfect shaft.

He clenched her hips, came with a guttural howl. She could feel his cock pulsing deep inside her as his seed soaked her channel. Only Trevor held on, continuing to pump inside her ass.

She let him take her back to the brink of climax as she held Connor's spent cock inside her. Connor's lips found hers, kissed her deep. And still she arched and thrust backward, taking Trevor in once, twice, before he, too, lost control.

The climax seemed to take him by surprise because the cry he gave was more of a groan than a shout of release. He dug his nails into her hips and held her steady while his cock undulated in rhythmic waves deep inside her back passage.

She collapsed, spent, against Connor's chest. Trevor didn't crush her, though he must have wanted to crumple against his lovers, too. Instead, he continued to hold onto Isy, their bond uniting them like before.

Only this time was different. They weren't going anywhere.

Isy closed her eyes, laid her head against Connor's chest and listened to his heartbeat.

It wasn't until she felt tentative hands touch her skin—too many hands to be those of her lovers—that she started and blinked her eyes open.

The barrier was down. The audience that had assembled to watch them take pleasure in one another had closed in around them. There were voices again, but they weren't shouting or demanding things of her.



The whispers were quiet, almost reverent.

"Ma'am, we need to examine you."

"We should run some tests."

"Would you like a bath? Some clean clothes?"

She smiled at the last question and lifted her head. Her eyes met the dark gaze of the older woman she'd seen earlier.

The woman thrust a hand through a mop of silver hair and offered Isy a tentative smile. "I have some spare clothes in my locker. I can get them for you, though they might be a little big."

"Please," Isy said, touched by the unexpected kindness.

Trevor was already moving to stand. His cock slipped out of her ass with a soft pop, but far from being embarrassed, Isy just grinned at Connor.

"I think your friends need me."

He growled and rumbled something deep in his chest. His voice sounded gravelly, like he hadn't used it in much too long.

He cleared his throat and tried again. "Just as long as they remember you're *ours*."

Happiness unfurled inside Isy's chest. She laid a soft kiss on the tip of his nose, just as he'd done to her all those months ago. Or all those years in the future? It was all so confusing, but she looked forward to figuring it out.

"Oh, I think you made that clear enough," she said, then kissed him again.

Reluctantly, Isy finally freed herself from Connor's grip. The concerned whispers and questions continued, but no one

made any move to push her, or force her to do anything she wasn't ready to do.

She rose, a little unsteady on her feet. A moment later, Connor and Trevor flanked her on either side. Their arms glided around her back, forming an impenetrable protective barrier.

She gave a happy sigh before placing a kiss on Trevor's cheek, then another on Connor's. The three of them walked out of the phase transference room as one.

A grin spread over her face. She couldn't help it. Her cheeks hurt from all the happiness blooming inside her, making itself known in a silly smile that just wouldn't go away. This was where she belonged.

With her men at her side, Isy thought, a woman could do anything. Maybe even save the world.

She'd started by saving herself. Then Connor and Trevor.

Three down, a few billion to go. For once, Isy didn't doubt she might just be up to the challenge.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

## **Lacey Savage**

Lacey Savage began her love affair with romance at an early age. In high school, she checked out steamy romance novels from the public library and would often be found reading them in the middle of class.

Lacey still reads more than she cares to admit, and probably more than her husband would like, considering how many books she keeps bringing into the house. Her favorite genres have always been erotica, romance, fantasy, science fiction and mystery, so she tries to incorporate a little of each into her writing.

She initially majored in Marketing, then went back to school to major in English Literature. After earning her degrees, she decided to turn her efforts to her true passion: writing. A hopeless romantic, Lacey loves writing about the intimate, sensual side of relationships.

She currently resides in Ottawa, Canada, with her loving husband and their mischievous cat.

You can learn more about Lacey by visiting her website at: [www.laceysavage.com](http://www.laceysavage.com) and can reach her at: [laceysavage@rogers.com](mailto:laceysavage@rogers.com)

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Don't miss Dirty Love, by Lacey Savage,

available at [AmberHeat.com](http://AmberHeat.com)!

Dirty Love  
by Lacey Savage

*Isabel Warren wouldn't dream of defying the morality statutes that forbid women over forty from ever making love again. As a medical practitioner, she understands the need for laws preventing "dirty love." The S.O.S. virus of 2030 left most of the male population infertile and turned human DNA into something resembling a microscopic jigsaw puzzle. The virus itself is undoubtedly dangerous, but older women are perhaps the most significant threat humanity has ever faced.*

*Yet knowing what's forbidden and keeping her feminine urges under lock and key are two different things. Especially when Isy's most recent assignment requires her to run intimate tests on Connor Flynn, a man sixteen years her junior, who seems determined to prove she's not the monster everyone else thinks she is. And if such delicious temptation wasn't bad enough, she's also got Trevor Jones to worry about. It seems he, too, is willing to risk everything to be with her.*

*Two sexy men, and one woman who could destroy them both ... if they don't destroy her first...*

\* \* \* \*

Don't miss Orientation, by Rick R. Reed,

available at [AmberAllure.com](http://AmberAllure.com)!

*Robert and Jess may just be the world's most unlikely couple—a gay man and a lesbian. But there is something more complex going on here: Jess may be the reincarnation of the lover Robert lost to AIDS more than two decades ago.*

*Can they transcend sexual orientation and find true love ... again?*

*But before this question can be answered, both must confront a deadly peril just waiting to pounce...*

\* \* \* \*

Don't miss *Dressed For Dying* by Janet Quinn,

available at [AmberQuill.com](http://AmberQuill.com)!

*In 1892, reporter Sean Madigan is pitted against the New York police when he's assigned his first high-profile murder story, the slaying of the wealthy Marshal Haversham, clothing industry mogul and sweatshop owner. While Sean hunts for the killer in order to prove his worth to his newspaper editor, the madman goes on a violent spree, burning down Haversham's warehouses and sweatshops and killing young women who work within them. Each victim is found dressed in a fancy ball gown that was secretly made within the sweatshops themselves.*

*When Madigan's sweetheart, Bridget, becomes the killer's next target, Sean determines he will find the man and his connection to the ball gowns. But the murderer has other designs, and it soon becomes a race against time and the police to discover the fiend's identity before he silences Sean or Bridget ... permanently...*

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

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Dirty Love  
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