

EXOTIKA

ELLORA'S CAVE

CINDY SPENCER
PAPE

Dani's
DEMONS

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Cindy Spencer Pape

Immortal Cravings, Book Two

Bored with her life in Chicago, vampire Dani DuBois heads to Las Vegas for a little fun. Then she meets demons Kaz Elgin and Ty Cole, and things start to get *really* interesting. Torn between the attraction she feels for each of them, Dani at first has no idea that the two men know each other. When she runs across the two of them having an argument, she can't believe they're both being such *men*, but they're both so incredibly hot. After they take care of their rogue demon problem, they decide to take care of Dani—together. Through a dungeon sex club and bondage games in a private room, they set out to discover just how much fun three immortals can have in Sin City.

Note: While part of a series, this book can be read as a stand-alone.

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



www.ellorascave.com

Dani's Demons

ISBN 9781419926914

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Edited by Mary Moran

Cover art by Syneca

Electronic book publication February 2010

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Dedication

For all my readers who've been asking for another ménage. Here you go!

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Chapter One

Forever is a really long time to be bored out of your skull.

To be immortal and faced with nothing to do isn't a good combination. It's not mentally healthy for the immortal, and it's not physically healthy for the humans around us.

My two best friends had both deserted me—Jess was away in New York on business, and Ariana was totally caught up with her new werewolf lover. On top of that, the bookstore I occasionally worked at just for something to do was closed for renovations. So here I was, a vampire with absolutely no idea what to do next. You could say I was trouble waiting to happen.

Ennui we'd called it when I'd been human. As a nun, I'd been cautioned against it as a sin. A few years later, as a courtesan in the circle of the sun king himself, we'd cultivated it as a mark of our own superiority. But we hadn't had the least idea then what boredom really meant. After well over three hundred years, I think I'd finally figured it out.

Which explained why I'd hopped the red-eye to Vegas. So, here I was, in the city of sin, and still bored senseless.

"Buy you a drink, baby?"

I looked down at the skinny vampire wannabe who'd slithered up to my spot at the end of the bar and just shook my head before turning away. God, he was so damn young—I wondered if he was in the casino on a fake ID.

"Charles, does your father know you're in here?"

Oooh, now that voice—that one had potential. I swung my head back around to see if the view was as good as the soundtrack, and damn near choked on my mojito.

Sex on a fucking stick.

The man who stood, arms crossed, glaring down at—uh, Charles, that's what he'd called the kid—was nothing short of perfection, in a dark, goth, bite-me-baby kind of way. He had to be at least six-four and probably two hundred twenty pounds of lean, sculpted muscle. I could tell about the muscle because he was wearing skintight black leather pants and matching studded biker jacket, but the jacket was open and he had no shirt on underneath. His black hair was a little long and curled over his high forehead, almost shading the most piercing bright blue eyes I've ever seen.

"Come on, Charles, it's a school night. Beat it before I call your dad." The big guy tapped the toe of his heavy black boot on the marble floor.

Grumbling under his breath, the reluctant teen slid off his stool and slunk out of the bar. Since I didn't want to compound his humiliation, I managed not to laugh.

"Sorry, ma'am," the man said to me with a wicked grin that made my pussy clench. He took a step closer and leaned one foot up on the rail of Charles' vacated barstool. There was a plastic ID tag clipped to his studded leather belt, confirming that he was an employee. "The concierge's son. Hope he didn't bother you too much."

"Not really." I shook my head and smiled. "Wish I could remember being that young."

"Me too." He tipped his head toward the stool, asking permission to sit. "Kaz Elgin, head of security for the Dark Tower."

I held out my hand. "Danette DuBois. My friends call me Dani. Please, have a seat." I figured saying *Please take me upstairs and fuck my brains out* was a little premature. But I shook my waist-length red hair back to reveal the low-cut vee of my black sweater and made sure the twins were on full display.

"*Enchanté, mademoiselle,*" he said in effortless French. Instead of shaking my hand, he lifted it to his lips and pressed a kiss on the inside of the wrist. A warm tingle skittered all the way to my pussy. "How are you enjoying Las Vegas so far?"

"It's looking better by the minute," I admitted, licking my lower lip. "How late are you working tonight?"

Those blue eyes darkened to a shade that was almost violet. Something powerful and ancient simmered in their depths, and I shivered, only half from arousal. I'd just realized Kaz wasn't human. "I'm on call twenty-four hours a day," he murmured huskily. "But I'm officially off duty as of an hour ago. Chasing young Charles up to bed was just a favor for his dad."

"How about chasing me up to bed?" My green eyes flew wide at that—I mean, I'm no prude, but I'm not exactly a slut either. I do usually take time to get to know a man before I invite him up to my room.

"You like to be chased?" His voice, already deep, had dropped almost an octave, until it was barely more than a subsonic rumble. "I think that could be...arranged."

Something about his tone piqued my curiosity. I'd chosen the Dark Tower casino and hotel for its dark, gothic atmosphere. It's a great place for a vampire to blend in and look positively normal. Though the clientele ran from emo rockers to hardcore S&M enthusiasts, I'd never heard that it offered any kind of sex club on the premises. I hoped his offer was a personal one, and he wasn't just drumming up business for his boss.

I swallowed down the rest of my drink, all set to leave with him and go take care of the ache that had been growing between my thighs since I laid eyes on Kaz. Just as I set my empty glass back on the counter though, the cell phone clipped to the waistband of his pants beeped.

"Elgin," he barked into it after flicking it on. "What?"

There was a long pause, and I could see Kaz's eyes change from the dark violet to a pale ice blue. What the hell *was* he? It didn't really matter though. One look at his stony features told me our night had been interrupted before we'd even gotten started.

"I'll be there in two minutes," he said. "Don't let either of them leave." He put the phone back on his belt and ran his hand through his tousled dark curls. "I'm sorry, Dani. Duty calls."

"Understood." I reached out my hand and he shook it politely.

"Have a nice stay in Vegas, gorgeous."

"We'll see," I whispered to his retreating back as he strode through the crowd. Turning to the bartender, I pointed at my empty glass. Suddenly the night was back to looking dull.

It was tempting to drown my sorrows, but that would have taken a whole hell of a lot of liquor. Vampires can consume alcohol—and just about every other human comestible, as far as I know, contrary to popular belief—but it has a very minimal effect on us. I'd have to drink the whole top shelf to get wasted.

My cell phone rang. Recognizing the ring tone, I picked it up to assure Ariana that I'd made it here okay and everything was fine. I may have been a bit harsh when I said she'd deserted me. When she does remember to poke her head up out of her cocoon of mutual adoration with her werewolf, she's still the same caring friend she always has been. We chatted for a moment, and I heard her giggle at the other end of the line then she hurriedly said good night. I sent my love to Jackson and hung up. I'd give the guy this much—Ari had hardly ever giggled before she'd met him. As long as he kept her this happy, I wasn't going to bitch too much about having a lot less girl time.

It was maybe ten minutes later when someone finally slid onto the stool next to mine. I glanced over, hoping it was Kaz back again, but it wasn't. Instead, it was a different tall, gorgeous male and I smothered a sigh. I hadn't even played the tables and already I seemed to be winning tonight. This one was as blond as Kaz had been dark, with a short, cropped haircut, a perfect tan and lean, patrician features. He really stood out in this place because instead of the requisite black, he wore a tan silk suit that fit him far too perfectly to have been off the rack.

After he'd ordered a shot of top-shelf scotch, he turned to me and smiled. "So, are the tables here any good?" The accent was crisp and Oxfordian, the voice a rich, mellifluous tenor.

"I don't know," I replied. "I just arrived tonight. Haven't had time to play any games yet."

"Ah, someone else with jet lag." He thanked the bartender, picked up his glass and sipped, his eyes closing in appreciation. "Nectar of the gods."

"Well, it's only a two-hour time change from Chicago, so I can't really claim jet lag," I replied. "But I just wasn't in the mood to gamble tonight." Not on cards or dice anyway.

"Oh?" One dark blond eyebrow lifted. Beneath them, his eyes were a swirl of browns, ranging from amber to chocolate. "If you're not into gambling, what brings you to Las Vegas?"

I shrugged. "Not sure." I could have stared into those fathomless eyes for days. For the second time in one night my body responded to a total stranger by softening and creaming. My nipples peaked and rasped against my bra, and I had to cross my legs to ease the ache between them. "Change of scenery, I guess."

"I know what you mean," he said with a sigh.

"So are you just here for the scenery too?" I asked hopefully, wondering if he'd like the view from my room—or rather in my room, drapes closed, me naked on the bed.

He shook his head. "Business, I'm afraid." He smiled, showing a row of gleaming white teeth that were, maybe, just the tiniest bit pointed. Was he an immortal of some sort too? More moisture flooded me at the thought. Sex with other immortals could be a lot more fun than sex with humans. It was nice not to have to hide what I am. "But that doesn't start until tomorrow morning," he continued, his eyes boring into mine. "I'm on my own tonight."

"Would you rather not be?" I held his gaze, letting him see the blatant invitation in my own.

He set his empty glass down on the bar and held out his hand. "Your room or mine?"

* * * * *

By the time we reached the elevator, it was all I could do not to jump him right out in the open. Something about this guy tripped triggers I hadn't known I had. He just stood there, outwardly stoic, but I swear his swirled brown eyes practically smoldered. The elevator was packed, so I was pressed right up against his tall, hard physique, and the scent of him had my fangs lengthening and my pussy soaked. My breasts ached almost as if they were bruised—they wanted that badly to be touched and sucked.

"What's your name?" he whispered. The heat of his breath on my ear sent a shiver all the way down my spine. "Mine's Tyran Cole, Ty for short."

"Dani DuBois," I whispered back. Good. Now I knew what to scream when I came, which I figured would be about ten seconds after we were inside my room. We'd decided on mine because it was closer.

When the elevator doors dinged and opened on the fifth floor—I don't like heights, which is a really odd quirk for a vampire, but there you go—we nudged our way to the front of the pack and took off down the hall at a walk, so fast it was damn near a run. My key card was in the front pocket of my jeans, and I had it in my hand well before we reached the door. It took three swipes to get the little light to turn green. I was shaking that badly.

As soon as the door popped open, one of us pushed the other through, and we practically catapulted ourselves onto the big bed at the center of the room. Our mouths were fused together by the time we hit the mattress.

Ty's hands seemed to be everywhere as he unsnapped my bra and peeled my black sweater up over my head. I have bright red curly hair that falls to my waist, so it tends to snag in everything. When Ty pulled my bra and sweater off, one of the bra clips pulled my hair and I yelped, though it was more in surprise than any actual pain. Ty immediately stopped frantically undressing me and pulled me close for a long, gentle kiss.

"So sorry, love. Didn't mean to be careless." He dropped tiny kisses on my cheeks and nose as he spoke.

"It's okay," I murmured. "I was just startled. I actually have a pretty high pain tolerance."

"Mmm. Most vampires do. Doesn't mean you're into pain as a recreational sport." He gently brushed my hair behind my ear and suckled my earlobe.

I swear my pussy clenched so hard at the soft, wet suction that it was almost an orgasm. I was that primed, and I still had on my pants and boots. The fact he'd pegged me as a vampire didn't even register at first as he brought a hand up to cradle one of my breasts. I have one of those old-fashioned hourglass figures, so I'm rather large on top, with flared hips and, if I do say so myself, a pretty tiny waist. My breast overflowed Ty's big hand, and when he squeezed softly on the swollen mound, I let out a breathy whimper.

"That's it," he murmured in that oh-so-proper accent. "Let me know what you like, what you desire." His lips trailed down from my ear to my throat.

"Anything," I gasped as he nipped at the tendons of my throat. One hand continued to knead my aching breast while the other was clamped on my butt, holding me tightly against him. "Everything."

We both knelt on the bed, with me straddling one thick, muscular thigh. I didn't even spare a thought to the fact that even through my jeans I was probably soaking the slacks of his tailor-made suit. I did eventually notice though that while I was naked from the waist up, Ty was not. I pushed his suit jacket off his shoulders and tugged on his tie.

"Oh love, everything sounds just about right." He let go of my ass long enough to pull his tie over his head. After undoing the top two buttons of his shirt, that came off as well. Both were tossed unceremoniously across the room, somewhere in the same general direction as my sweater and bra. I didn't watch where they went, being far more interested in the broad, sculpted chest he'd just revealed.

Mon dieu! What a chest. Small whorls of dark gold hair surrounded a pair of flat, bronze nipples that were almost as beaded as my own. A thin line of the same gold bisected his six-pack abs and disappeared into the waistband of his trousers. I leaned forward to taste his nipple, first with the tip of my tongue. With a deeper kiss, I sucked it into my mouth. My fingers followed the trail of hair down to his belt and fumbled with the buckle.

His heart beat heavily beneath his muscular chest, and I could feel the rich, thick blood pounding through his veins. The scent of him was potent, exotic. I didn't know *what* he was, but I sensed power—almost enough to scare me away. Unable to resist, I nipped with my fangs just outside of his nipple. The tiny taste of blood was spicy and warm, and I swear it damn near made me come in my jeans. I needed him now. Dragging back away from him to catch my breath, I moved my hand to my waistband, only to have him ask, "Do you care about those jeans?"

"Not in the slightest."

With a feral grin, Ty nudged me onto my back. He took the waistband in both his hands and ripped the fabric right down the middle. Once he'd split them all the way to the crotch, he extended one pointed claw from his index finger and very carefully ripped a line down the front of both legs all the way to the hem. He retracted the claw, pulled away the scraps of black denim and licked his lips as he gazed down at me. Without shifting his gaze, even a little, he stood and stripped off his pants, socks and shoes so quickly I could barely follow his movements.

I shivered as he loomed over me. Part of me wished, just for a moment, that I could lie back and let him ravish me. But something in me was broken when it came to that. Instead, I rose to sit on the edge of the bed, which put my face level with his utterly magnificent erection. It wasn't freakishly huge, just long, straight and fully erect. The dark, plum-shaped head pulsed with blood. Reaching out my hands, I placed one on either side of his hips and pulled him closer.

The scent of him hit me like a brick. He'd smelled good in the elevator. Now, naked and only inches from my nose, he smelled fucking incredible. I inhaled deeply and closed my eyes, enjoying the scent of blood and the heavy musk of aroused male. Taking the length of him in one hand, I held his cock up against his stomach and nuzzled the base of it, kissing the point where his shaft met his heavy balls. Cradling those in my other hand, I licked a line up the thick ridge to swirl my tongue around the underside of the tip.

He didn't have much hair down here either, just a small tuft of dark blond curls that tickled my nose when I kissed my way back down his shaft. My fangs were fully extended, so I was careful not to use my teeth, tempting though it was to sink them into the strong artery pulsing on his inner thigh. Instead, I closed my lips over the very tip of his erection and tasted the drop of pre-cum beaded there. At the cinnamon-spicy flavor, my pussy walls shuddered again.

"You're a demon," I whispered, finally remembering where I'd heard about a race with blood and other fluids that tasted like spice.

"Zendir," he agreed through clenched teeth. Demons came from all different planes and were really many different races. I'd heard of the Zendir but didn't know much about them. "Does it matter?"

I shook my head, allowing my curls to caress his thighs as I did. "No."

"Then please, love, suck me before I explode." His hips pulsed, pushing his cock against my wet lips.

"Gladly." I slid my lips down until I'd enclosed the entire crown of his penis. Wrapping one hand around the base of his shaft, I stroked the length of him while I sucked, taking him deep into the back of my throat.

Both of his hands fisted in my hair. That wasn't something I usually allowed, but with his head thrown back and his cock in my mouth, I didn't feel threatened. Weird how old scars can come back to haunt you, even after centuries, but I couldn't help it. A few years of abuse as a teenager and even now that I was a vampire, I just couldn't give

up control. I loved sex, enjoyed it even more with a powerful male, but I was simply unable to let go and fully submit. Which was a shame, really, when I was alone in a hotel room with a lover like Ty. I'd bet he knew all about how to take charge and make a woman enjoy every second of it.

"Dani, if you keep that up much longer, I'm going to come down your throat." Ty's words came out with a rough moan.

I paused, pulling my mouth off him and licking my lips as I looked up at his beautiful face. He looked like such a clean-cut preppie, but his intent, sensual expression was filled with pure sexual hedonism. My tongue darted out to circle his tip in a teasing little gesture.

"Are you going to be good for more than one round?" Now I was on comfortable ground, being the one teasing, the one in control. "Or are you going to fall asleep on me after I swallow all that hot, thick cum you've got stored in here?" I gently squeezed his full, taut balls, eliciting another moan.

"One good thing about being Zendir," he said, licking his lips and gazing at me through half-lowered eyelids. I could almost swear those amber eyes were actually glowing with their own light. "Multiple orgasms aren't just for girls."

With a low groan of my own, I took him back into my mouth, sucking strongly. Even using both hands, I could barely enclose the full length of his shaft, and though he looked slender, his girth filled my hand nicely. I stroked my hands up and down the smooth skin in time to the pull of my cheeks and throat and used my tongue to massage the underside of the head.

Every muscle in his lean, strong body was tense. With an inarticulate shout, he came, hot fluid filling my mouth and spilling down my throat. I swallowed repeatedly, the muscles of my throat caressing the head of his cock as he spurted. When he was finished, I licked the tip of him clean, savoring his spicy taste, and so aroused I'd damn near come just bringing him off. The fact he was still rock-hard made me quiver.

“Now it’s your turn, love.” He slipped his hands under my knees and pulled them up, which tipped me onto my back on the bed.

I shrieked as I fell—my control issues flared up at the most awkward times—but when he dropped to his knees beside the bed, I relaxed at once. He tugged my legs until my waxed pussy was right up to the edge of the mattress and licked a line along my slit, ending with a teasing little circle around my clit.

“Lovely,” he murmured. “So sweet and hot.” He licked again, pushing his tongue deeper this time, just inside my puffy pink lips. I leaned up on my elbows to watch, fascinated by the sight of his glossy blond head bent between my legs. Without thinking, I brought my own hands up to my nipples, pinching and rolling the pebbled nubs between my fingers almost hard enough to hurt.

His hands came up to rest on the insides of my thighs while he settled in to seriously feast, using lips, tongue and even little nibbles from those pointed teeth to torment me with sensation after sensation, all wonderful but none of them quite enough.

Just when I was about to scream from the sensory overload, he closed his lips around my aching clit and sucked. He popped both thumbs into my pussy, stretching me wide.

I did scream as my muscles clenched and my body shattered. The orgasm hit in long, rolling waves, tremor after tremor racking me from fingers to toes. Ty continued to suck my clit, prolonging the bliss, and he replaced his thumbs with two—or maybe three—long fingers, sliding them deep with slow, gentle strokes until I settled.

“I want inside you,” he growled, looking up at me from my lap with his amber eyes glowing. He licked his lips. He reached over to the nightstand and pulled out a sample-sized box of assorted condoms, shredding the cellophane and cardboard in his haste to get to the contents. Fortunately, he was much more careful opening the packet and putting it on. Vampires aren’t particularly fertile beings, and we’re immune to disease, but we’re not entirely sterile either. Precautions are still important.

It didn't even occur to me to laugh at the day-glow orange sheathing that glorious cock. I couldn't have cared less if he painted it green with purple polka-dots. I just wanted it inside me—now. I scrambled back to my knees, pushed the blankets out of the way and patted the sheet, giving Ty the most smoldering look I could pull off. "Come here."

He raised one eyebrow at the command but did as I asked, lying back against the pillows, his still-rigid cock pointing straight up in the air, neon orange condom and all. With a happy moan, I straddled him, laid my hands on his shoulders and settled my soaked, still-twitching cunt over that sturdy pole and lowered myself onto it. Ty's hands came up to cup my breasts, squeezing lightly as he let out a groan of his own.

"Damn, you're tight, love."

"Especially for being over three hundred years old," I teased, astounded that I felt secure enough to be playful with a man I'd only just met.

"Ah, you're just a young thing," he quipped back. "But all grown up, to my immense delight."

I began to rock slowly back and forth, exploring the way we fit together. He filled me perfectly, and every movement I made caused a wonderful friction along my inner walls. His thumbs strummed on my sensitized nipples, and soon I'd picked up the pace, riding him hard and fast. We were both breathing heavily, both straining toward another, bigger climax, but I needed more, and Ty seemed to understand—and he'd also picked up on my fear.

Instead of dumping me onto my back so he could pound into me, he sat up against the headboard and pulled me closer. I was still on top—well, on his lap, at any rate—but we were pressed together from groin to chest. His cock was pressed even deeper in my cunt, taking my arousal up another notch. Oh yes, this would work.

Ty tipped his head to the side, offering his throat. "Take what you need, love. You won't hurt me."

Fuck! Just the magnitude of his understanding was enough to bring tears to my eyes as I slid myself up and down on his erection. I buried my nose in the curve of his shoulder and inhaled the musky scent of male and the rich, spicy fragrance of the blood rushing beneath his skin. Finding a thick vein just beneath the skin on his upper shoulder, I bit as gently as I could.

The exotic flavor of his blood burst on my tongue, making my pussy clench around him. Vampire fangs aren't hollow—they don't work like soda straws. Once the punctures are made, an anti-coagulant in our saliva keeps the blood flowing while we drink. There's also something in it that makes the experience pleasurable for the donor, though Ty didn't seem to need it. As soon as my teeth pierced his skin, he cried, "Yes, love, yes," and thrust his cock even harder into my cunt. One of his talons may have bit into the flesh of my ass—his grip was tighter than I would normally have allowed, but I was too turned-on to care. I knew any wounds would heal, and right now my senses were just absolutely flooded with the feel of Ty's powerful cock and the erotic taste of his blood. I sucked hard as I rode him, confident he could take it.

The combination of that potent blood and the incredible feel of him inside me were more than enough to send me flying again. I wrenched my mouth away from Ty's shoulder to call out his name as my cunt clenched tightly around him, holding him deep. Sparks flashed behind my eyelids and all the breath whooshed from my lungs.

Ty gripped my ass even harder as he shuddered and held himself deep. A low moan seemed to be wrenched from his throat, and I hoped the condom had a lot of room in the reservoir, based on how long he sat there, shaking with release. When he finally relaxed, he stroked his hands up and down my spine before cupping the back of my head to bring my face to his. The kiss this time was long and tender and sweet.

"Welcome to Las Vegas, Dani DuBois," he said as he shifted to fall onto his back, bringing my unresisting body down on top of his. His penis was still firm and lodged inside my twitching pussy.

"Mmm," I sighed. "The Chamber of Commerce should put one of you in every welcome packet." I ran one hand through his short, silky blond hair, mussing it just for fun. It would be so easy to lose myself in those gorgeous amber eyes.

"I'd say the same, but I'm rather sure you're one of a kind." He kissed me again, a little more ardently this time, before rolling me to the side so he could pull out and hop off the bed to head for the bathroom.

I felt the loss immediately and wished, just for a moment, I was the kind of girl who did long-term relationships. I didn't though—that gave a man too much power over your heart.

"So, are you tired?" Ty asked, coming back into the bedroom minus the orange condom.

I lay splayed on the bed, looking up at him, and shook my head. If anything, I was rejuvenated. The raw power in his blood had hit me like a jolt of caffeine did for humans. I crooked one finger, inviting him back down to the bed.

"The night is young, demon."

Chapter Two

Late the next afternoon I lay by the side of the indoor pool, basking in the warm glow that came from a night filled with amazing sex. One of the reasons I'd chosen the Dark Tower was their subterranean "grotto" with pool, several small hot tubs and two bars all in a great facsimile of a natural cave. I saw a few other vamps among those lounging around, along with the occasional shifter or other immortal and a number of humans. Even the staff was mixed, which meant that if any of the furry or fanged patrons got out of line, there'd be someone who could deal with them. I kept hoping for a glimpse of Ty, but I hadn't seen him since he'd left my room with a smile and a kiss shortly before dawn.

I'd discovered a lovely side benefit of having sex with a Zendir demon. Even though I hadn't taken much blood from Ty during any of our romps, I still felt full, like I'd just fed. Immortal blood is more powerful than human, but I'd never had any that was as energizing as his. Looking around at the other pool denizens didn't even make my fangs elongate.

Until Kaz walked in.

Ah, Kaz.

After leaving the bar with Ty, I'd almost, *almost* forgotten the handsome security director. When I met those blue-violet eyes across the pool, my fangs emerged at the same time as my bikini bottoms got soaked — and I wasn't in the water.

He grinned at me and sketched a wave. He was having a brief word with the security guard stationed by the locker rooms, and apparently couldn't take time off work for fun. With a wicked wink in my direction, he turned and strode back out of the pool area.

Damn. After the night I'd had with Ty, getting this wet just from looking at another guy across the cave made me feel almost—dirty. I'd been a prostitute at one point in my human life, but not by choice, and I prided myself on the fact that though I was definitely a free spirit, I'd never been a slut. Getting this hot for two guys at the same time was a totally foreign experience for me, and I wasn't sure I liked it.

Still, Ty had left me this morning without so much as giving me his cell phone number or room code. We hadn't come close to mentioning seeing one another again—there was certainly no sense of commitment, implied or otherwise. Just because the sex had been fucking phenomenal didn't mean he wanted more.

Thinking about either one of them made my pussy ache, and if I'd been alone, I could have done something about it, but there were way too many people here in the grotto for me to even think about getting myself off—even if the couple in the corner hot tub were going at it hot and heavy, just out of sight of the guard. With a sigh, I set down the book I'd been pretending to read and walked over to the deep end of the pool. Ignoring the posted rules, I dove in, picking an empty lane, and began swimming laps. Sometimes cool water and exercise are the best way to clear your mind of two mouth-watering hunks.

Sometimes even that doesn't work.

Twenty minutes later, I gave up. I flopped back on my lounge chair until my swimsuit was mostly dry. After a while, I wrapped my sarong around my waist, slid on my flip-flops and dumped my stuff into my canvas tote bag. My long, damp braid hung down my back as I made my way toward the bank of elevators. The hotel had cleverly designed it so half of the lifts never opened onto a room with windows, making them safe for vamps to use any time of day. Even the glass in the guest rooms was UV treated, so I could open the drapes and enjoy my view of the sunset.

Yeah, modern technology has sure as hell improved vampire living.

I was halfway down the hall to the elevators when Kaz stepped out of an office labeled *Security* and smiled that wicked smile. Instead of the leather pants and jacket,

today he was dressed in a pair of painted-on black jeans and black t-shirt. A silver hoop glinted in each earlobe as he stood in front of me, arms crossed over his chest, and blocked the hallway.

“Enjoying your stay?” One black eyebrow lifted.

I smiled back, even as I felt myself creaming and my nipples harden. “So far. I like the grotto.”

“I’m sorry about last night.” He took a step forward and leaned one shoulder on the wall of the corridor. “Had to break up a fight—two high rollers accusing each other of cheating.”

“I imagine that happens now and then.” God, I sounded as breathy as a high school cheerleader talking to the quarterback. How embarrassing.

“Dani—” he began, and I’ll admit I got a thrill just knowing he remembered my name.

I stepped closer. “What?”

“Just...this.” Moving so fast I didn’t even see him shift, he had both hands on my shoulders and his mouth was on mine. The kiss was hard, demanding, and I didn’t feel any threat. Instead, he just seemed to be coaxing my response. I dropped my bag and grabbed hold of his shoulders. When his tongue traced the seam of my lips, I opened, welcoming him inside.

Licorice—aniseed, really—was what he tasted of, mixed with strong black coffee. His tongue sought out every hollow of my mouth, traced every ridge. His hands slid down the bare skin of my back, still holding me close. I rubbed my breasts against his broad chest, trying to ease the need that had welled up in them to be touched.

One of his hands slid under my sarong and under the bottom of my bathing suit to cup my ass as our mouths ravaged one another’s. His other hand found the tie to my bikini top and tugged on the string.

"So, you want to head out on the strip for dinner?" The high-pitched voice cut through the sensual haze in my head just as I also registered footsteps approaching from around a bend in the hallway.

"I was thinking downtown," a male voice replied. The footsteps moved closer.

"Shit!" Kaz wrenched his lips from mine and looked around while I clutched at my undone swimsuit top. His grin was feral as he moved a few steps up a hallway, wrenched open a door and tugged me inside, shutting the door and pressing my back up against it almost before I could register that we were in a supply closet. Two stocked cleaning carts were pushed up against one wall. Moments later, his mouth was on mine again as his hands came up under my dangling bikini top to palm my breasts.

It felt wonderful, but I wasn't thrilled with being pinned to the door. Spying a cluttered steel desk in the corner, I slipped away from his grasp and ducked around him, stripping out of my bikini panties as I went.

"Over here." I sat down on the edge of the desk, legs splayed, and beckoned him over.

He gave me a feral smile, showing a little of those pointed, predatory teeth. His eyes were a swirl of indigo and lavender. Definitely not a human. In fact, he reminded me a lot—but I couldn't think about Ty right now. Not when Kaz was stalking toward me with his hands on the fly of his jeans, slowly undoing each button until his thick, heavy cock sprang free, making me lick my lips.

Fully erect, his shaft was dark and heavily veined, with its fat head almost purple with blood. Now my mouth watered and my fangs emerged as I imagined sinking my fangs into the artery that pulsed on the inside of his thigh.

A look up into his eyes and I forgot about blood—all I wanted was to feel Kaz's dick pounding into my pussy. I widened my legs and reached behind my head to untie the last string holding my top up, tossing the scraps of fabric aside. Now it was Kaz licking his lips. Passing the cleaning cart, he snagged one of the sample boxes of

condoms, ripped it open and grabbed one, dropping the box to the floor. In another two long steps, he was sheathed and standing between my knees.

“Fast or slow?” he growled as he stroked one finger between the swollen lips of my cunt. He lifted his finger to his mouth and sucked off the juices that glistened on his thick digit.

I didn’t have to stop to think. I’d almost come just watching him lick my cream from his hand. “Fast.” Widening my legs, I planted my hands behind me on the desk for support. Fascinated, I watched as Kaz guided the tip of his sturdy cock to my entrance and it slowly disappeared from view.

My tissues were puffy and aching with need, my apricot-colored nipples peaked with desire. He filled me, pushing deep, and leaned over to suck one of my nipples into his mouth.

“Kaz,” I gasped, my hips pulsing as he started to move, sucking on my tender nub as he began to thrust in short, fast strokes. The position didn’t allow a big range of motion, but Kaz didn’t seem to care, and I sure as hell didn’t. He switched breasts, raking those pointed teeth across the first nipple before he left it, not hard enough to break the skin, but just enough to send a shudder through my entire frame. He sucked hard on the second nipple, picking up speed as he thrust into my pussy, my inner walls clasp him tightly.

Putting all my weight on one hand, I used the other to clasp his head to my breast, threading my fingers through his long, silken hair. He rewarded the caress by slamming into me even harder and lifting a wrist above his head to my mouth.

“Bite,” he said, taking a moment to switch breasts.

A mini-orgasm shuddered through me at just the thought. I let go of Kaz’s hair and held his strong wrist up to my mouth, smelling the blood pounding just beneath the surface of his tan skin, mixed with the scents of sweat and sex. My fangs extended fully, and I pierced the skin as carefully as I could manage. His blood was rich with iron and that aniseed flavor I’d tasted on his skin—he was another demon—Zendir again, or

something close. Was every last member of that race a fucking sex god? I sucked hard at the punctures, which had already started to close, but it was enough. Just that small taste had ratcheted my arousal to a peak, and when Kaz surged deep and shouted his release, I joined him, coming harder than I would have believed possible from a quickie in a supply closet.

We were both gasping for air moments later. I'd fallen back onto the desk, surprisingly unbothered by the fact Kaz's big form was looming over me as he braced himself up on his elbows. He kissed me deeply, his cock still twitching inside my cunt, which was shuddering with aftershocks.

He pulled back, gazed down into my eyes and opened his mouth to speak. Then his phone vibrated, rattling the pocket of his jeans against the edge of the steel desk.

"Shit." He stepped back from me and groped for his phone, pulling his pants up so that just his cock – still encased in a bright blue condom – was hanging out. He held the phone with one hand and rolled the rubber off with the other, utterly unselfconscious about me lying there on the desk where he'd just fucked me senseless.

"Get Frank over there now and I'll be there as soon as I wrap things up with a guest complaint," he said into the phone as he tossed the used condom into a trash bin. "Probably ten minutes, okay?"

He hung up, shoved the phone in his pocket and grabbed a washcloth off one of the carts. There was a sink in the corner and he cleaned up before handing me a fresh damp cloth and buttoning his jeans. While I wiped the cream off my thighs, he bent and picked up the spilled box of rubbers. With a grin, he dumped the remainder into my beach bag, which was on the floor just inside the door.

"Duty calls," he said with a shrug. "You okay?"

I found my bikini parts and pulled them into place, managing a nonchalant grin. "Never better."

“Here’s my cell.” He pulled a pad and pen from the desk, wrote down a phone number and handed it to me. “During the day, I’m based out of the security office, but I live in apartment 3230. If you leave a message there, I’ll get it when I’m off duty.”

I scribbled my phone number on another sheet and handed it to him. “You probably know what room I’m in. Feel free to stop by.”

He leaned over me for one last kiss, brief but deep. “See you around, Dani DuBois. That’s a promise.”

After he left, I gathered up my bag and gave myself a few minutes to muster some semblance of normality before following him and making my way up to my room. When I got there, I flopped down on the bed and stared up at the ceiling.

Ty.

Kaz.

Oh my fucking god!

What the hell had I gotten myself into?

* * * * *

I almost didn’t leave my room that night for fear I’d run into Kaz or Ty. Actually meeting up with either one of them would be fine. But I was pretty sure they were the same variety of demon, or at least closely related species. The odds of them being in the same hotel at the same time and not knowing one another were pretty slim. If I’d really thought either of them had been just a quick fuck, it wouldn’t have been so bad—I could handle one-night stands—preferred them to relationships, actually. With both Kaz and Ty though, I’d felt the possibility for something more and that scared the daylights out of me.

So I stalled. I called Ari and chatted for half an hour or so, then had another good long talk with Jess, who was wrapping up her business in New York. We both laughed and groaned, placing bets on when Ari and Jack would be announcing a wedding. I shuddered a little at the thought of being a bridesmaid at my age—especially since

Ariana's favorite color is pink—but I was honestly happy for my friend. I didn't tell either of them about Kaz or Ty, mostly because I had no idea what to say. The whole situation was just too weird to talk about.

By about nine o'clock, however, I'd run out of excuses to stall, and I was getting really bored staying in my room. It was time to check out the action in the casino and maybe a show. I'm not a huge gambler, but I can have fun at the tables for a few hours and not notice the dent in my pocketbook. A couple hundred years on your own gives you plenty of time to build up a bank balance.

Two hours later, to my surprise, I was ahead by a couple thousand dollars. I'd fended off two drunken salesmen from Billings and a local rocker who was killing time before his ten o'clock show. I turned down the offer of a private backstage party but did buy a ticket for the performance. The local boys were opening up for a death-metal band I'd actually heard of, and I was in the mood for a little mosh-pit action. Headbanging and slam dancing would help me work off my tension, I figured. It would also be easy to sneak a feeding from one of the partiers afterward, though after my snack on Kaz's rich blood, I still wasn't particularly hungry.

Thirty minutes into the concert, I looked around me, sighed and left. It was still with me, the boredom, the ennui that had brought me to Vegas in the first place. Unfortunately, it seemed like rock and roll wasn't going to make it go away. *Damn it!*

As I walked out of the club, back into the main area of the casino, I reached into the pocket of my jeans and fingered the card Kaz had given me. It was late, and he probably wouldn't be in his office, but it might be fun to do a little reconnaissance.

According to my map of the hotel, the security headquarters took up a large portion of the fourth floor of the complex, forming the heart of the administration area. While most of the inner workings were labeled as off-limits to guests, the director's office did have direct access, presumably so high rollers could check in with the boss if they needed something. While there weren't too many people buzzing around at this time of night, the area wasn't empty either. Running a place like this was clearly a twenty-

four/seven kind of operation. Nobody stopped me as I cruised past the various offices though. One thing I'd learned as a courtesan was how to look like I was exactly where I was supposed to be. The aura of power that most people sense emanating from vampires probably didn't hurt either—though I detected one or two other immortals among the staffers I passed. No wonder the Dark Tower was so popular with the not-quite-human crowd.

Though the map didn't show it, his lair proved to be a suite, with a desk in the outer area for a gatekeeper. He or she was clearly off-duty. The outer area was unlit and empty. Lights and voices—loud male voices—were coming from the inner one though.

Being a curious sort, of course I paused to listen. Vampire hearing certainly has its advantages from time to time.

"Listen, Kazmir..." I recognized the voice as Ty's, and my curiosity ratcheted up to a whole new level.

A surreptitious turn of the handle showed the door was unlocked, so moving as silently as I could, I slipped into the outer office and shut the door behind me.

"I listened to you before, *friend*." The last word fairly dripped with sarcasm. "And where did it get me? Exiled for the rest of my bloody life. So you listen to me..."

"You would have rather given up Lily?" There was incredulity in Ty's retort, and maybe something else. My nose was picking up strong hints of licorice and cinnamon—the scents both men had given off when they were turned-on. Holy shit, were Kaz and Ty hot for one another? My pussy spasmed and creamed at just the thought.

"I shouldn't have had to choose," Kaz boomed. "They send us here, leave us for years, but get pissy if we get involved. Well, fuck that. And fuck you too. I'm not going to help you with another witch hunt."

"It's not a witch hunt this time." Ty sighed, and I could almost see him running his hand through his hair. "We're talking about a stone-cold killer. If you really want that on your conscience, fine, don't help me."

"If there's a killer using my hotel to hunt, then damn straight I'm going to do something about it. But I'll take care of it myself. I'm not going to turn him over to you, to the Council's fucked-up version of justice."

"Look, Kaz, I've been working on the Council for over forty years now on this. I finally got them to agree to review your exile decree. If you work with me on this..."

"No. Why the hell would I want to go back there now? And how dare you take it upon yourself to speak for me after you were the one who testified against me in the first place?" Kaz's voice had risen to a shout that was damn near shaking the walls. The emotions layered in his tone had my eyes watering—pain, betrayal and, yes, lust. Maybe even love.

"I did it for your own good," Ty replied, his own tone raw with hurt. "You loved Lily, but you couldn't have her and Zend. I swear, the day after she died, I recanted my testimony and started trying to bring you back."

"Too little," Kaz said. "Too late."

"Is it?" Ty asked quietly. "If it's too late for us, why do you have a hard-on you could cut steel with?"

"I didn't say I wasn't still attracted to you," Kaz replied evenly. "I still like vodka too, and you know how bad that is for me."

"I know we used to be good together," Ty countered. "And I know how hot that ass of yours would look if I bent you over that desk right here and now."

I couldn't help the small moan that escaped me as I pictured the two men fucking on Kaz's desk. My cunt ached and my nipples were drawn up tight. I hadn't been part of a threesome in ages. Hell, with those two, I'd be happy just to watch.

Of course they heard me.

Their argument with each other apparently forgotten, they burst through the door to the inner office with Kaz only one pace behind Ty. Both of them stopped dead in their tracks when they saw me.

"Dani?" Identical expressions of shock showed on the two vastly different faces.

I sketched a wave. "Hi, guys."

They turned to glare at each other, eyes narrowed. It was like watching one of those circus "mirror" acts, but with totally dissimilar participants.

Kaz spoke first. "You two know each other?" His voice was deep and silkier than I'd ever heard it, and it gave me the shivers. It takes a *lot* of menace to scare a vampire, but Kaz pulled it off.

"Funny, I was just thinking the same thing," Ty muttered in the clipped British accent of his. "Care to explain, Ms. DuBois?"

I squared my shoulders, drew in a deep breath and looked up at two of the hottest guys I'd ever met. Why the hell did they have to know each other? And have a history? Damn, maybe I should have stayed in Chicago.

"I guess I'm just a slut," I answered with a shrug – though I don't typically consider myself in that light. I'm usually pretty damn picky. "I got into town yesterday. Met you both last night in the bar. Kaz, you'd left to go back to work, so I hooked up with Ty. Ty, you didn't say anything about a repeat, so this afternoon I hooked up with Kaz."

"And you had no idea we were connected?" Kaz raised one dark eyebrow skeptically.

I shook my head. "Not until I tasted your blood this afternoon and picked up the similarities. You're not exactly the same, but I figure you're from the same world."

Ty nodded. "We're both Zendir but different races." They both continued to study me like an insect on a pin.

"And you're both on the same side of whatever it is you were arguing about," I added. "Just in case there was too much testosterone flying about for you to have figured that out. And apparently you're both more into each other than either of you are into me, so I don't know why you're both staring at me like I did something wrong."

"No," Kaz barked.

"Not true," Ty argued.

They looked at each other, and I saw them start to grin, Ty first, but soon even some of Kaz's anger started to dissipate and shortly thereafter he was grimacing ruefully.

Ty turned to me and shrugged. "Maybe equally, but not more."

Kaz nodded. "That was always part of our problem. We liked each other, just not exclusively. We both like girls too much for that."

The strong lines of Ty's face softened and he laid a hand on the other man's arm. "But you fell in love with Lily—and I didn't. She was a one-man kind of woman, so I bowed out—but Kaz, she's been dead for fifty years."

"I'm sorry, Kaz." I could see the pain that still lingered in his lavender eyes. Without stopping to think about it, I moved to stand on his other side, clasping his hand in my own. "I've been there, in love with a human. It sucks pretty major ass, doesn't it?"

"It was wonderful—for a while," he said on a ragged sigh, glaring at Ty. "Except for the part where my best friend turned against me."

Ty shrugged. "You know I hated to do it. Betraying you cut out a part of my soul. But you had a choice. Lily or Zend. It was killing you to make it, so I did it for you."

And it had killed Ty to do it. I could see that grief etched into the lines of his face.

I tilted my head at him. "But something has changed now?"

Ty nodded. "There's a Zendir killer loose on Earth, and I've tracked him here to the Dark Tower. On top of that, it's taken me decades to do it, but I've talked our ruling council into reconsidering Kaz's banishment. If he helps me find the killer, he'll be able to go home to Zend."

"Why would I want to go back there now?" Kaz asked. He pulled his hand to cross his arms over his chest and glared at the other man. "There's no one left on that plane who I give a flying fuck about anymore."

Ty winced as if he'd taken a physical blow. "Fine. Just help me because it's the right thing to do."

"I told you I have no intention of letting a killer hunt in my hotel. *Especially* a Zendir one. But you're the only other Zendir I've seen around here lately. Don't suppose you've slipped over to the dark side, lover?" What should have been an endearment was said with so much venom that I winced.

"Ah, darling, you know better than that." Ty smiled sadly, looking directly into Kaz's eyes. "Any time you want to do a mind probe to check for the truth, you're welcome to do so."

"Mind probe?" I hadn't meant to interrupt them, but that startled me. I'd never heard of a species who could do that.

"Maki Zendir have the power to meld their thoughts with another being," Ty answered. "I can't do it, but Kaz can. The only problem is if he looks into my mind, he'll see everything. Even the stuff he doesn't really want to know about."

"Maki Zendir?" I didn't like not knowing what they were talking about.

"My race," Kaz answered with a deep rumble. "We come from the northern continent on our world. Ty's people, from the southern continent, are called Sawa Zendir. They can't mind-probe or use mind control, but they can, sometimes, exercise telekinetic force."

"Wow, those are some pretty impressive powers," I said, my overwhelmed mind whirling. "Plus you both regenerate, don't you?"

Ty nodded. "And apparently, we've got a Zendir killer on the loose who has learned somehow to mask his scent from another Zendir—something we didn't know was possible to do. Both Sawa and Maki can usually detect one another by scent."

"Licorice and cinnamon," I murmured.

"Something like that," Ty agreed. "To us, the spices you use are a fairly pale imitation."

That made sense, I supposed. It was all a matter of reference points. But that wasn't what was important here. I looked up at Kaz. "And you didn't even know there were murders happening here? I find that kind of hard to believe."

Ty shook his head. "They're not happening here at the Dark Tower. He wouldn't have missed that. It's that human women have been killed *after* visits here."

"So why aren't the local cops involved, or the FBI? How did the demon police get into it first?"

A hint of a grin flitted across Kaz's stern expression. "Go on, Tyran. Explain it to her."

"Why don't we all sit down first?" Ty gestured to the waiting-room-styled chairs—simple plastic ones, not designed to be comfortable to any size frame.

Kaz jerked his head toward the door to the inner office. "Be more comfortable in there."

As long as the two of them were talking and not fighting, I didn't care where we were. I exchanged glances with Ty; we both nodded and turned to follow Kaz into his inner sanctum.

The office was comfortable, but with a dark gothic vibe. A black leather sofa ran along the wall under the window, which was covered with heavy black slatted blinds. His big desk was matte-finished stainless steel, and in front of it were two chrome and leather chairs. I plopped down on one end of the couch, Ty sat on the other, while Kaz swung one of his visitor chairs around to face us both.

"So start at the beginning," Kaz snapped at Ty. "Maybe this will make more sense the second time around."

"In the last six months, at least five young women have been killed," Ty stated calmly. "Three from the US and two from Canada. Because they've been spread out so much over time and distance, nobody in human law enforcement has noticed the one common denominator, other than cause of death, at least. Within the last year, each one of them has visited the Dark Tower."

Kaz nodded. "So okay, it looks like someone is finding his victims here and following them home. But what makes you think it was a Zendir?"

Ty grimaced. "The manner of death in at least one case was total dehydration of the body." He looked over at me. "Not exsanguination, like it might be from a vampire. The blood cells themselves are still in the body. Total desiccation—all the bodily fluids missing, but no wounds of any kind."

Kaz squeezed his eyes shut and his jaw tensed as he gave a curt nod. "Yeah, that's a Zendir, or else something that's learned to mimic a Sawa's telekinetic ability."

"You mean he somehow teleported all the moisture out of the body?" I couldn't help but play the skeptic. Even to a vampire, that just sounded weird.

"It's an old Sawa assassination method," Ty told me.

I turned to Kaz. "So, you're helping him, right?"

"Of course I'm going to investigate," he snarled. "I'm not going to let some asshole use my hotel for a hunting ground."

"Kazmir..." Ty's voice was low and strained. "You don't need to go vigilante here. We'll just take him back to Zend, get your banishment rescinded."

"I don't want to go back," Kaz roared. "Get that through your thick head."

"Look, boys..." I tapped the toe of my boot on the carpet as loudly as I could. "At the risk of repeating myself, *you're on the same freaking side here.*"

They both stopped glaring at each other and turned to look at me.

"Honestly. Quit playing who's got the bigger dick and get to work. You," I pointed to Ty, "give him the list of dates you've got on your phone or PDA or whatever."

Ty pulled a pocket computer out from his suit coat.

I stabbed my finger at Kaz. "You, get on that damn computer of yours and compile a list of all guests who were here when each of the victims was and not here the day of each of the killings. Worry about the politics of it after you find the damn killer."

Kaz nodded grimly and stood, moving behind his desk to fire up his desktop computer. "It could be one of the staff."

I shook my head. "No. You'd have picked up on a Zendir working here. I assume you make it a point to meet each new staffer personally."

"She's right," Ty replied. "A guest though—unless he was a big winner or a big loser—a guest could hide from your notice."

"True." Kaz took the handheld and typed the dates into his computer. "We've got three possibilities—make it two. I know Mrs. Ginsbruck. She's eighty and a high roller at the blackjack tables. She's not Sawa. I've watched her take her diabetes meds—her blood definitely doesn't smell like cinnamon."

"Either of the other two here right now? You could do your Vulcan mind-meld thing and question him," I pointed out.

"You should hire her, Kaz. You'd be able to fire half your security team." Ty's laugh was only half sardonic. The other note in his voice was almost a caress. He quirked one eyebrow at me. "And for the record, mine's longer. His is thicker."

I smiled back, licking my lips, and winked. "I know." When both men groaned, I smiled even wider. "I'll make you two a deal. Go find this guy, haul him back to your little council of nasty-assed demons, and then come find me. Both of you. I promise I'll make it worth it."

"I said I wasn't going to take him to the Council," Kaz reminded me even as he reached down to adjust himself beneath his skin-tight pants.

"You are and you know it. You're a bad-ass, sweetie, but you're no vigilante." Though I was pretty sure he had it in him to deal out final justice if he needed to, I also knew him well enough, even after just this short acquaintance, to know it wouldn't be easy for him. Far better to let someone else handle that end of things.

"Marvin Jones is in room 1546," Kaz said. "*Jones?* That's almost too easy to be our guy. And what self-respecting Zendir would call himself Marvin?"

"One who didn't want to draw attention to himself," I offered, though I knew both men were perfectly well aware of that. "So this death-by-telekinesis thing. Will he be able to use that on you two?" I knew they were both big, tough demons, but I still didn't like the idea of them walking into danger.

Ty shook his head. "It's not quick. He probably knocked them out somehow first. I doubt he'd be able to take down both of us, especially since I can do the same thing right back."

"I'll take a couple of my staff too," Kaz added. "We add in a vamp and a wolf, and he's going to go down fast—assuming this is our guy."

"Just be careful." I thought about offering to go as backup, but didn't. They would both spend more time worrying about me than about themselves.

"We will," Ty assured me. He tipped his head toward Kaz and added, "And thanks. You make a good mediator."

Kaz made a pained face but nodded. "Yeah. You do." He got up from behind the desk, walked over to the couch and pulled me to my feet so he could plant a big, hard kiss on my lips. "Thank you." He turned to Ty and held out his hand. "Shall we do this?"

Ty's grin lit up his entire face. "Yeah." Instead of shaking Kaz's hand, he leaned in and kissed him. "Damn, man, it's good to see you again."

"Okay, boys, promise you'll come let me know you're both okay? I'll be waiting to hear what happens." Waiting. *Ha*. I'd be pacing the floor.

Kaz hesitated until Ty elbowed him and nodded. With a sheepish bow of his head, Kaz agreed. "We'll stop by your room once all of this is wrapped up. Promise."

Ty wiggled his eyebrows and grinned. "Get some sleep if you can. You'll need it."

Chapter Three

I really did try to sleep, but of course I didn't—even though it was six hours later when Kaz and Ty finally knocked on my door.

Before I even let them in, I scanned them both to make sure they were each in one piece. Though their clothing was a bit the worse for wear, the men themselves seemed to be unharmed, so I stepped back from the door and let them enter.

Of course they both stared at me. I doubt either of them had expected me to answer the door in a garter belt, black fishnet stockings, a demi-cup bra and matching lace thong, all covered with a tiny robe so sheer it was barely a wisp of a black shadow against my pale skin.

"How did it go?" I moved over to the bar and pulled out the bottle of fifteen-year-old scotch I'd had sent up, and three cut-crystal glasses.

"It's done," Kaz said, dropping onto a chair by the table-computer desk. He peeled off his leather jacket and hung it over the back of the chair. The room boasted a little sitting area to the front of the king-size bed. Ty took the other straight chair, leaving me the single, oversized easy chair. While Ty shrugged out of his suit coat, I handed each of the men a drink before curling up in it, tucking my bare feet up under the flimsy robe.

"It did turn out to be Marvin Jones," Ty elaborated. "He had another tourist up in his room when we showed up and had already gotten her home address. Woman will never know how lucky she is. Kaz had to alter her memories a bit, but we got her out safe and sound and back to her room. Jones—real name Mavaz Joag—has been delivered to the Zendir Ruling Council for judgment."

"And you're both okay?" I watched Kaz tip his head back and down the three fingers of scotch in a single swallow. Wordlessly, I handed him the bottle.

He poured a single this time and sipped it slowly before nodding. "I'm officially unbanished from Zend. Not that I have any intention of ever going back again."

"And you two are—all right with each other again? I mean, any idiot can tell you really care about one another." It was none of my business, but I hated to see the two of them suffering. Sometimes guys, of whatever race, could be so dumb about this kind of stuff.

"I don't know," Ty answered carefully. "Are we, Kaz? Can you ever forgive me for what I did?"

Kaz took another sip of the scotch then set the glass down. He reached across the table and took Ty's hand in his. "Yeah. We're okay. I know you did what you thought was best for me at the time. And I appreciate it. It couldn't have been easy to be left on the outside when I married Lily."

Ty shrugged. "It happened. She wasn't the kind of woman who could handle two men in her life. And when it came down to it, she needed you a whole lot more than I did."

A short bark of sardonic laughter erupted from Kaz's full lips. "No. I just thought she did. I figured out that I'd made a mistake about a year into the marriage. I loved her, don't get me wrong, but what we had—it was never whole. There was always something missing."

"I was sorry to hear she'd died," Ty added. "I tried to tell you, but you wouldn't answer my calls."

"I know. And I can appreciate that—now," Kaz told him. He looked at me. "Here's the story. Both Ty and I were sent here by our government to keep an eye on other Zendir—make sure none of them went off the deep end like Joag, or messed around too much in human politics, or let on to the humans that we exist. The problem is, some members of our Council don't like it if a Zendir gets too involved with humanity. They call it contamination. When I married a human, I was considered contaminated and banished."

"It was the '50s, when we met Lily Bernard. She was a newspaper reporter who'd discovered our secret. She fell in love with Kaz but could never quite come to grips with the idea that he was bisexual. So I stepped back, out of the picture," Ty added. "And yeah, when the Council was going to force you to choose between returning to Zend and staying with Lily, I told them it was too late. You'd have chosen your people, Kaz, and you'd have regretted it for the rest of your life. I'd much rather have you hate me than hate yourself."

Kaz picked up Ty's hand and kissed the other man's knuckles softly. "I get that now."

Tears misted in my own eyes, and I hated feeling like I was intruding on a private moment. "I...think I need to go somewhere," I said, starting to stand as I stifled a snuffle.

"No." Both men spoke at once as they swiveled to look at me. God, they were both so hot, so intent, that my pussy was drenched and my breasts throbbed. I dropped back into my chair. Even my fangs ached, wanting to taste their rich, spicy blood again.

"You promised us a reward," Kaz said in a soft, sexy tone.

"And it's because of you that we're even speaking to each other," Ty added. "We both want you to stay."

"Besides," Kaz pointed out with that wry twist of his upper lip that I'd already come to adore, "it's your room, sweetheart."

As one, they stood, making their way to me in slow, measured steps. When they reached my chair, they split, each sitting on one arm of the wide easy chair. Kaz trailed one finger down my cheek while Ty leaned over and nipped my ear. The dual sensations made me shiver. I arched my back in a sensual stretch as each of them brought a hand up to cup one of my heavy breasts.

"Both of us, sweetness," Ty whispered in my ear, his breath warm and teasing. "Think you're ready for that?"

"Dani was born ready to handle us," Kaz murmured. He nudged my nipple up out of the shallow cup of my bra, rolling it between his fingers through the filmy silk fabric of my negligee. "Weren't you, sweetheart?"

"Yess," I hissed as Ty pinched my other nipple. The idea of taking both these demons at once had me soaking my thong. I shifted in the chair so I was reclining on the back of my butt, my pussy angled out toward the room.

"Look at that perfect cunt," Kaz said, having shifted to kneel between my legs. "Told you she wanted us, Ty." He hooked his arms under my knees and pulled me forward in the chair. Ty darted over to the bed to grab a pillow, which he tucked behind my back to keep me from straining in the awkward position. Once they had me settled, reclining with my spine arched upward, Kaz leaned forward to lick my dripping slit while Ty untied my robe and leaned over the arm of the chair to pop my other breast out of the confines of my demi-bra. His tongue traced circles around the outer rim of my areola before moving in to capture my nipple between his lips.

I arched up at the soft suction, moaning in need when Ty's hand captured my other nipple, pinching it in time to his mouth pulling on its mate. Kaz used one finger to push the string of my thong aside and used the tip of his tongue to toy with my erect clit. With his other hand, he slid two thick fingers inside my needy pussy. He held them still while my walls clenched around him in a mini-orgasm just from that slight a penetration. I closed my eyes, soaking in the feel of these two strong, horny males lavishing attention on my body.

"So wet, so lovely," Kaz said. He began to move his fingers slowly in and out, fucking me gently. Ty sucked my nipple deeper into his mouth, increasing the pressure. "Come for us, Dani. We want to watch you come apart."

Ty left my breasts and lifted me away from the pillow, sliding behind me on the chair and pulling me onto his lap, my knees draped over his, which opened me even farther to Kaz's penetrating gaze. It also allowed me to watch as his dark head bent again and he buried his face in my pussy. Ty bent his head to suckle the tendon on the

side of my neck as he cupped both my breasts in his hands, rolling the nipples between his fingers and thumbs. His tan skin contrasted with the milky whiteness of my flesh, though not as much as Kaz's black hair between my creamy thighs. Watching the two of them pleasure me was the sexiest thing I'd ever seen.

"Do you like this, Dani? Do you like how he fucks you with his hand while I hold you open for him?" Ty's husky voice made me quiver. "Add another finger, Kaz. Make sure she's good and stretched for your cock."

Kaz sucked at my clit then pulled back and grinned up at me, blatantly licking my juices from his lips. He slipped his hand out of my cunt and held it up to Ty. "Taste her."

I groaned right along with him as Ty leaned his head forward over my shoulder and sucked Kaz's two fingers into the heat of his mouth. He slurped every drop of my cream from the digits and added a few laps that I knew were just for Kaz. Oddly enough, knowing they wanted each other as well as me only made me hotter.

When Kaz pulled his fingers back, he didn't immediately return them to my pussy. Instead, he licked them himself before licking his thumb. When he brought his hand back down, it was his thumb he pressed into my core, wiggling it around while the index finger of his other hand toyed lightly with my swollen clit.

After a moment of stroking me with his thumb, he switched back to fingers, this time impaling me with three. After a few gentle thrusts, I felt his thumb, wet with my lubrication, pressing against my anus.

"Yes," I cried on a gasp. "More."

"Oh yeah, darling, stretch out that ass for me, will you? My dick is just aching to be buried in that dark little hole."

I hadn't done anal with either of them yet, and I cried out again at just the words. As much as I wanted what they were doing to last forever, I also couldn't wait to have both of them inside me, filling me front and back.

“Soon, angel,” Ty said in my ear. “All you have to do first is come.” He tightened his hands on my nipples and went back to sucking my throat at the same moment as Kaz pressed his slickened thumb inside my sphincter.

I whimpered—I’m not proud of it, but there was no other word to describe the little sounds of pleasure that emerged from my throat. I watched the intent expression on Kaz’s face as he fucked me with his hand, fingers in my cunt and thumb in my ass. When Ty nipped hard on my throat, I exploded, screaming out my climax as my cunt convulsed around Kaz’s fingers and my spine bowed, forcing my breasts against Ty’s hands. He maintained the pressure on both my nipples and my throat while Kaz continued thrusting his fingers in and out of my pussy. His thumb he held firm, breaching my tender ass, extending my orgasm even longer.

When I finally stopped coming, Ty stood, lifting me in his arms as he did. Kaz pulled back the covers, exposing the fresh white sheets. Ty set me down on the edge of the bed as the two men stepped back a couple feet, each bending down to remove his shoes.

“Kiss,” I told them as they both straightened. Ty had begun to unbutton his shirt while Kaz merely pulled his tee off over his head. “I want to see the two of you making out.” I lay on my side, propped on one elbow. My other hand drifted down to play with my pussy. I didn’t put any effort into it, just let my fingers trail through the drenched folds while my eyes soaked up the vision of these two big, strong males gazing at each other with heat practically steaming off them.

“Well?” Kaz held his arms wide and I stared hungrily at his naked chest, broad and sculpted with well-defined muscles.

Ty shrugged his shirt off over his own trim shoulders and stepped closer to Kaz, taking the other man’s face between his two large hands. “We can’t disappoint the lady, now can we?” he murmured, leaning in to lay his lips over Kaz’s.

I swear I came a little at the moment their mouths fused in a kiss so hot and yet tender at the same time it belonged on a movie screen. Kaz was just a little taller and

broader than Ty, but Ty's commanding presence made him an equal partner in the kiss. Even though Kaz was the one in leather and denim while Ty wore tailored wool, there was no question that these were two equally dominant males. I strummed my clit harder, more turned-on than I could remember being. I *loved* dominant men. I just couldn't handle it when they tried to dominate *me*. It wasn't an easy combination to live with, believe me.

Kaz's hands came up to rest on the bare skin of Ty's waist, and Ty tunneled one back into Kaz's long, dark hair. I could see their lips move against one another and knew their tongues had come into play. I was close to another mind-blowing orgasm from watching them and masturbating when they pulled back from each other and both turned to me, dark, seductive intent clear on both handsome faces.

"Now," Kaz began, stepping up to the bed. "How do we work this so you're not restrained?"

"Wondered if you'd figured that out," Ty said to Kaz. He gazed at me, his eyes swirling gold with desire. "Somebody's hurt our sweet Dani pretty badly. She can't stand being confined."

Unbelievable! Some lovers I'd had for years had never quite figured that out, but these two had *each* nailed it after only one encounter—and in Kaz's case it had been a single quickie in a closet. How had he—? "Hey, wait," I tipped my head at Kaz. "Did you use your mind-mojo on me?"

"Of course not," he said with a shake of his dark head. "But sometimes, in the heat of the moment, I pick up stray impressions. That's all it was—an impression."

"Damn good one," I muttered.

"It doesn't matter," Ty said softly. "We just want to make sure this is as pleasurable for you as it is for us."

"If anything makes you uncomfortable, just tell us," Kaz added. "We'll stop. No questions." His hand lowered to the fly of his jeans and he began to push the tight pants down his legs, freeing that magnificently aroused cock.

I was almost as touched as I was horny, but horny won out when Ty also dropped his slacks and boxers. I looked from one to the other, like a starving woman at a smorgasbord. They were both so utterly gorgeous. Where was a girl even supposed to start?

Kaz picked up the leather jacket he'd left hanging over the back of his chair and pulled a tube of lube out of one pocket. From another, he drew a handful of condoms—not the same brand as the hotel provided—and he set all of it down on the nightstand.

"I made a quick stop by my apartment," he offered. "I didn't feel like being green or purple."

"So that's what you were up to." Ty grinned and stepped over to pull a plastic baggie from his suit coat's inside pocket. "I swung into my room while I was waiting for you." He tossed the packet full of condoms onto the stand as well. "My own fit better."

I shook my head. "You two are almost scary, you're so in tune."

"Mmm. And right now we're both tuned in..." Kaz began.

"On you," they finished in unison.

My chuckle was deep and hungry. "Lucky me."

Logistics is something I'm good at and, well, I've had a few hundred years to figure out how to enjoy sex without setting off my freak-out triggers. I sprawled back onto the bed, propped up with my elbows behind me and my legs splayed just enough that I knew they could both see my waxed, glistening pussy. With my hands, I patted the space on each side of me on the sheets.

"Come here, boys."

They both moved with preternatural speed. Yum. I was already developing a real fondness for Zendir demons. They sprawled on either side of me, both lying on their sides, facing me, both rock-hard and ready. I lay back, taking my weight off my elbows, and reached down to clasp each rigid cock with one of my hands. The velvety skin over

solid hardness excited me even more, especially when I felt the small drop of fluid leaking from Kaz's tip. The idea that both of them wanted me this much—and together—was a huge turn-on. Maybe more arousing than anything I'd known in my life.

Without any noticeable signal they each lowered their heads to suck one of my nipples. My breasts were already swollen and tender from the first round, so their strong pulls on my nipples made me moan and made my pussy clench and ache. I needed so badly to be filled by them—now.

"Here," Kaz said as he pulled his mouth from my breast. He snagged a packet off the nightstand and tossed it to Ty, taking another for himself. "Suit up."

"Hell yeah," Ty agreed, leaving me for a moment to do so.

They seemed already in accord over who got which entrance, so I pushed Kaz down on the bed as soon as he was sheathed and straddled him, lowering my soaked pussy onto his thick, upright cock.

Lord, I felt stuffed. He filled me just about perfectly—but so had Ty, and they were different. Maybe it was that both of them knew exactly how to make a woman feel cherished—even when they were sharing her.

Once Kaz was all the way inside me, I leaned forward, and he lifted his head to give me a kiss. The position basically put me on my hands and knees with my ass in the air, which was exactly what I'd intended. Ty understood. From behind me, I heard the sounds of him popping the cap on the lube and squirting it out into his hand. Wet squelches told me he was coating his latex-covered cock with the slippery gel while Kaz and I kissed.

Finally, I started to rock gently back and forth, feeling the incredible friction as my inner walls rubbed along Kaz's erection. As I moved forward, Ty laid his hand on my ass, sliding one lubed-up finger along the crack, just pressing the tip into my anus.

"Do it, Ty," Kaz murmured when I broke off from our kiss to gasp as he breached my sphincter fully with the finger. "Fuck that pretty ass of hers."

“Yeah, Ty,” I said. “Do it.” His finger felt good, but it wasn’t enough, not even when he added a second.

I continued to move lightly over Kaz while Ty stretched my rear, making sure there was plenty of lube inside and out. When he pulled back his hand and knelt between my feet, I stopped moving so he could position the tip of his cock at my rosette. Stuffed as I already was with Kaz, the additional penetration from behind was likely to be painful, but everything so far felt so damn good, I didn’t care.

Ty pressed against my anus, not roughly, but with firm, even pressure. I pushed back, opening myself for his invasion. He slid steadily in, breaching my sensitive hole, filling me more thoroughly than I could ever remember being. When he was fully seated, we all froze in place for a bit, just adjusting to the overload of sensation.

I held myself still and the two men started to move in tandem. I swore I could practically hear a choir of angels, the moment was that profound and that hot.

With smooth, steady strokes, Kaz pulsed his hips upward, thrusting in and out of my claspings cunt. Meanwhile, Ty fucked my ass, plunging at the same measured pace. It was all I could do to hold myself up on my arms and soak in the pleasure as another climax began to wind itself into a coil in my core.

Kaz lifted his hands and cupped both my breasts, adding another layer to the onslaught of stimulation while Ty gripped one of my hips and brought his other hand around to play with my clit. “Bite me, sweetheart,” Kaz offered. “You know you want to.”

Of course I did. My fangs were fully extended. I lowered my face to the crook of his neck and inhaled the rich, licorice scent of him. First I kissed the spot where the thick artery throbbed just beneath the surface of his skin then I sucked it lightly before grazing it with the tips of my fangs. Just as both men impaled me fully with their cocks, I punctured Kaz’s skin with my fang tips, sucking strongly for a taste of that hot, potent blood.

"That is so fucking sexy," Ty murmured from behind me. "Dani, is it okay if Kaz bites you back?"

Zendir liked to bite during sex too? I hadn't known, but the idea ratcheted my arousal up another notch. I tipped my head as best I could without dislodging my mouth from Kaz's throat and hummed my agreement. Kaz didn't go for the artery, instead closing his mouth over a muscle at the top of my shoulder. With exquisite care, he used his own pointed canines to pierce my skin. I picked up just a faint scent of my own blood, and the coppery tang added one more nuance to the entire sensory experience. Ty took his hand off my hip and laid it next to my mouth on Kaz's neck. He'd nicked himself somehow, and the whiff of cinnamon mingled with the fragrances of sex, sweat and blood to form a cocktail more powerful than any drug I'd ever encountered.

My consciousness shattered. The orgasm took over my body as I shook, and lights flashed behind the eyelids I didn't remember closing. Through the shuddering climax, I still felt them both fucking me and heard their mingled shouts of release as they both shoved themselves deep and came. Tremors racked all three of us for long, magical moments until finally, spent, we all slumped in an ungainly heap on the bed. My fangs retracted but my face stayed nuzzled into Kaz's neck.

I barely had time to register Ty's weight against my back before it was gone. He'd somehow summoned the strength to pull out of my anus and roll to the side, pulling me up and off Kaz's cock, so now I was sprawled across the two of them. Somehow, I felt their hands link beneath me while each kept his other hand on me—Kaz's tangled in my hair while Ty's was clasped on my ass.

Chapter Four

The next thing I knew it was late morning. I woke in the middle of the bed with Kaz spooned up against my ass, and me up against Ty's. Someone had dragged the blanket up over us all at some point.

There was an irritating beeping sound I couldn't identify at first, followed by a volley of profanity from Kaz. He rolled away from me and out of bed. "Shit. Duty calls."

"That sucks," Ty responded, rolling to face Kaz and me. "What time are you done today?"

"Six," Kaz replied. He hit a button on his cell phone and pulled on his jeans. "Why don't you two give me a half-hour or so to change then meet me in my suite? I'll have the restaurant send up some dinner this evening."

"Sounds good to me." Ty sat up, tugging me with him. We both scooted to the side of the bed. "How about you, sweet thing?"

"Sounds perfect," I said around a yawn. Even as a vamp, I'm so not a morning person. "And you can count me in for dinner. I do eat regular food, you know. Just not very much."

"We know." Kaz leaned down and gave me a long, lingering kiss before turning to do the same to Ty. "Talk to you later. You two don't have too much fun without me." He slipped into his T-shirt, picked up his jacket and shoes. Just before he closed the door behind him, he called, "Or if you do, take pictures."

Ty laughed, giving me a big hug. "Thank you, Dani. Last night was the first time I've seen him really smile since before Lily died."

"That's a shame," I said, my breath stirring the golden hairs on Ty's chest. "I'm glad you two are friends again."

"So am I, honey, more than I even imagined." We just held each other for a while, the embrace more comforting and sweet than erotic for a change.

"Now as much as I hate to disillusion Kaz about us staying in bed together while he works, I really need to get going too." Ty pulled back enough for me to see the reluctance in his brown eyes, which for once weren't swirling with arousal.

So, it wasn't playtime again. Drat.

He must have seen the disappointment in my face because he laughed softly and just a hint of the amber swirled in his chocolate irises. "Don't worry. I just have to go deal with some follow-up to last night's business. I'll be back in time for our dinner date. Pick you up at six fifteen?"

I smiled and nodded. "A little more sleep wouldn't hurt me anyway," I said wryly.

"Good, because you won't be getting *any* tonight. I promise you that." His features tightened into a serious, intent expression. "And, Dani? Tonight, would you at least think about telling us why you're so skittish about being on the bottom? You've heard all our dirty laundry – and it worries us both that we might inadvertently do something to hurt you."

I bit my lip, even nicking it a little as a fang popped partway out at my sudden turmoil. I looked up into Ty's patient, tender gaze and nodded. "I'll think about it," I promised, even though I'd never told another soul – not even Ariana or Jess. "I'll try."

His smile was brilliant, and even though I knew he had to leave, I couldn't help getting wet all over again. I rubbed my hand against his erection, proof that he wasn't immune either. It was better, knowing he was leaving because he had to, not because he wasn't interested.

"You cheat, vixen." He pulled my hand off his cock and lifted it to his lips. "Sleep. I'll see you later." He disappeared into the bathroom, grabbing his clothes as he went. I heard the shower start and briefly considered joining him, but I didn't. Part of me was just too comfy in the big, warm bed to want to move, and part of me just understood. Ty wanted to wait until Kaz was with us again. As deeply as those two cared about

each other, I could respect that wish. Hell, I considered myself lucky they were including me at all. I thought back on the sex the night before and grinned—very, very lucky. I lay back against the pillows, replaying the previous night in my mind. I dozed off, barely waking when Ty bent over me, fully clothed, to kiss me goodbye.

* * * * *

I dressed carefully that evening in the sexiest outfit I'd packed. When Ty knocked on my door, I was as nervous as a schoolgirl on a date—not that I'd ever been one, but I'd watched enough television to get the idea.

Tamping down my anticipation, I opened the door and stepped out to greet Ty in the hallway. I knew if I let him in the room, I'd jump him, and I'd already decided to go along with his wish to wait until we were with Kaz. I felt his gaze burning as he took in my outfit.

The black velvet halter dress was just long enough to be legal, leaving most of my thighs bare, except for sheer black stockings that were held up by a garter belt. The garter clips were just barely hidden under the hemline of the dress, so as I moved, the occasional glimpse of pale skin would show between stocking top and hem. High-heeled red velvet pumps were matched by my crimson fingernails and lipstick. Diamond studs—three on each side—glittered on my earlobes, and a single diamond teardrop was suspended from a black lace choker around my neck. The front of my hair was pulled back with a black velvet-covered clip while the rest hung down my back to my waist, curling wildly. I held a small red clutch purse in my hand, completing the ensemble. Slowly, I spun in front of Ty, waiting for him to comment.

He just stared for a while, golden glints swirling in the brown of his eyes as he drew in a deep, shuddering breath. "Damn, sweet thing. Let's get out of here before you cause a riot in the hallways." He wrapped one arm around my waist in a grip so possessive, I was reminded that Zendir are essentially predators—even ones in Brooks Brothers suits. Tonight, though, he'd left off the jacket and was wearing a pair of perfectly tailored black slacks and a black silk dress shirt, sans tie. It was the most

casual look I'd seen for him, other than buck-naked, and I liked that he was figuratively letting his hair down.

"So how was your day?" I asked as we waited for the elevator. "Get all your paperwork taken care of?"

"Mission accomplished," he replied with a cryptic little smile. "And yours? All rested up?"

"I had a lovely, lazy day in bed followed by a few glorious hours at the spa," I replied. "Manicure, pedicure, massage and hair—nothing makes a girl feel more like a girl."

We stepped into the elevator and Ty typed a code on the keypad rather than pressing one of the numbered buttons. We started zooming upward, and the destination floor showed as 32, which surprised me a little. There were no number buttons for floors thirty through thirty-two, which were off-limits to most hotel patrons. While some of the staff were housed on the floor below me, apparently Kaz rated one of the penthouse flats on the second-to-top floor of the building. The top was devoted to a revolving restaurant and lounge. My perception of Kaz's status as director of security operations shot up significantly. Not that it mattered. In my eyes, he'd already been at the head of the pack—right beside Ty.

Another couple entered the elevator and exited two floors higher. I noticed with a frisson of proud excitement that Ty held me close when there were strangers nearby and stepped away a few inches when we were alone. The sexual tension was practically sizzling off the two of us, but so was the anticipation of seeing Kaz again. We didn't speak at all, but every so often our eyes would lock and our breathing would hitch. If I'd been wearing panties, they'd have been drenched.

When we reached Kaz's flat, Ty lifted his hand to knock, but Kaz was right there, opening the heavy oak-paneled door before Ty could even tap. He wore a pair of black jeans and an untucked, silky, button-down shirt in almost the same red as my shoes. The three of us looked like we'd all compared notes.

Kaz smiled broadly as he stepped back and ushered us inside. "Mmm, you two look better than the food. Welcome."

"Something sure smells good." Ty leaned in and kissed Kaz lightly then stepped back so I could do the same.

"Besides you," I added as I went up on my toes to press my lips against Kaz. "And your place is beautiful."

I looked around, soaking up the atmosphere, the perfect backdrop to my two glorious dates. The open floor plan of the living area showed a sleek stainless steel and black granite kitchen in one corner and a gorgeous fireplace in the same stone on the other end. The far side was a solid wall of windows, tinted and UV protected like all the glass at the Dark Tower. I loved being able to look out without going all crispy in the sunlight, but I was afraid of heights, so I hung back toward the inside wall. Yeah, I had a lot of hang-ups for a blood-sucking immortal.

"Here, let me close the drapes," Kaz said with a quick look of concern, stepping over to the far wall and pressing a button. A set of tailored black drapes slid across the entire wall, closing off the window and turning the big room into a cozy nest. "I thought we'd eat out here—it's more intimate than at the table."

There was a sturdy cherry-wood dining table near the kitchen area, but the feast had been spread on a square coffee table in front of the fireplace where a log crackled cheerfully. Black leather loveseats surrounded the table on the other three sides, with corner tables poised in between. All had been pushed back to make room for thick, sheepskin floor cushions on each of the sides. Fat white candles burned on the mantle and on each of the tables, casting the room in a warm amber glow.

Kaz took my hand and led me to the center space, the one facing directly toward the fire. I sat carefully on the pillow, my legs curled to one side. My skirt was tight enough that it rode up my thighs, and I smiled when both men glanced appreciatively at the wide strip of skin revealed between stockings and hemline.

Ty sat on one side of me while Kaz pulled a bottle of champagne from an ice bucket and popped the cork. He poured three flutes, handed one to Ty and one to me before he gracefully slid into a lotus position on the remaining cushion, without even tipping the liquid in his own glass.

"To friendships — old and new." He raised his glass to each of us as Ty and I echoed the sentiment.

"And to lovers new and rediscovered," Ty added just before our glasses touched.

Feeling the need to add something, I smiled wickedly. "To tonight."

"To tonight," they chorused. We clinked our glasses and sipped.

My taste buds sat up and sang. Kaz had definitely sprung for the good stuff. Alcohol may not have had much effect on me, but damn if I didn't love the taste of Dom Perignon.

Next, Kaz began scooping caviar onto toast points with a tiny ceramic spoon. He handed one to me and reached across the table to offer one to Ty. The blond demon winked and took it with his mouth instead of his hand, his tongue swiping across Kaz's fingers in the process. I nibbled on my own, savoring the rich, salty flavor even as I enjoyed the interplay between the two men.

We made our way through the meal chatting about nothing important and taking every opportunity to touch one another, feed one another and make each other laugh. I'd never been more comfortable and yet more aroused at the same time. Nobody brought up a single serious topic to ruin the simple pleasure of good company and good food. Aside from the caviar, there were oysters, a lobster bisque and juicy, rare filets mignon—one small one for me, two big ones for the men. Finishing things off were fresh pears and a smooth, smoky gouda. Even taking only a few bites of each course, I ate more normal food than in the whole past month. My stomach felt pleasantly stretched, enough that for the first time all day, I wasn't thinking immediately of sex.

Kaz and Ty piled the used dishes onto their trays and moved them to the kitchen counter, returning with a silver and bone china demitasse service. We all lounged back against the loveseats, sipping espresso and smiling, when Ty cleared his throat and spoke.

"Before we move on to the more...athletic portion of tonight's entertainment, I wanted to tell you both about my day." He gazed mostly at Kaz as he drew in a breath and continued. "I finished the reports on my final mission. I'm officially retired as an enforcer."

"What?" Kaz's bellow filled the room. "Why?"

Ty shrugged. "It was just time. I've been ready to get out for a while, but I wanted to make sure I got your banishment revoked before I quit."

"Are you returning to Zend, then?"

I heard the tension in Kaz's voice, saw the subtle tightening of his spine.

"No." Ty reached across the mostly empty table and clasped Kaz's hand. "The rules have changed. We can make this our permanent home now, without fear of banishment. I'm staying on Earth—at least for the foreseeable future."

"What will you do?" I asked the question mostly to break the silence as Kaz absorbed this news.

Ty shrugged. "I have a number of investments—real estate mostly. I can take a more direct hand in managing that if I don't come up with something more interesting." He gazed at Kaz. "I thought I'd stay here in Vegas for a little while."

"I'd like that," Kaz answered. "I have news too, though it's a lot less dramatic. I managed to swing some vacation time for the rest of this week. I'm off for the next four days."

"That's great," Ty and I caroled together.

I wrinkled my nose. "I feel like such a slacker—I have no news at all. All I did today was loll around at the spa."

"Notice that we're not complaining," Ty replied.

"Hell no. You just being here with us is more than enough," Kaz added, reaching over to squeeze my shoulder gently. "Though what we'd really like is to hear more about you. All we know is that you're originally French."

"It's not a cheerful story," I said with a grimace. "But if you're sure you want to spoil that marvelous meal with gloomy conversation, I guess I can tell it."

They shared a look then both scooted around the table until we were all on the same side, facing the fireplace. They edged close but didn't pin me in, already sensitive to my quirks. If I'd been the kind of girl who believed in happily ever after, I think that's the moment when I'd have fallen in love with both of them. Ty took one of my hands while Kaz leaned an arm behind me on the loveseat, idly toying with my hair.

"I was born outside Paris during the reign of Louis XIV to a family with too many titles and not enough money. I was the third daughter and there was nothing left for a dowry, so my parents gave me to the church when I was eight."

"You?" Kaz barked incredulously. "A nun? Ridiculous." His fingers tightened on my shoulder.

"Apparently that was the general consensus," I admitted. "One particular bishop took a liking to me. Let's just say he never quite bought into the whole celibacy thing. He was a distant cousin of the king, so he spent a lot of time at court dragging me along as his private 'attendant'." I used finger quotes to mark the last word.

"Please tell me he's also a vampire so I can go kill him," Ty said quietly.

I shook my head. "No, quite human, the poor dolt. Eventually he got caught with his fingers in the royal cookie jar—in other words, diddling the queen. They hung him for treason, and during the upheaval I got tossed out of the church. Fortunately for my continued survival, one of the noblemen had taken a fancy to me—by that I mean raping me in the palace courtyard where, of course, we were caught, cementing my status as a fallen woman. Antoine kept me on until he got tired of me then I was passed

around like a trophy from this courtier to that one for several years. I was all of fifteen at the time of the bishop's execution."

A low, rumbling growl emerged from Kaz's throat.

"We can't go kill *anyone*?" Ty grumbled.

"Not really," I said with a bitter snort. "Eventually—I think I was twenty-two by that time—getting ancient for a courtesan—I was sold off to a visiting Russian noble. Gregor took me back to St. Petersburg. He's the one who turned me, just a couple years after that."

"And which one taught you to be afraid of restraints?" Ty's voice was soft but lethal.

"The bishop, at first. He liked sex but believed it was a sin, so there was a lot of 'penance' involved, mostly for me." I shuddered but kept going. "Gregor had similar tastes. He did like dangling me off the parapets of his castle when I tried to fight back."

"Which is why you're afraid of heights," Kaz added.

"Actually, that one was always there—Gregor just took advantage of it. Anyway, to make a long story short, I was with him for a long, long time, totally under his thumb. Among vampires, a sire can wield a lot of mental control over someone he turns. Eventually though, he managed to get himself killed by one of Napoleon's soldiers who took his head off with a sword during a nighttime sortie. When he died, his control over me broke and I scooped up as much cash and jewels as I could and lit out for America. I've been on my own ever since."

"Aww, sweetheart, I'm so sorry." Kaz laid his head on my shoulder and gave me a half hug with the arm around my back. "But I'm so glad you're here with us now."

"Me too," Ty whispered, bringing my hand to his lips to cover it in kisses. "You're an amazing woman. You know that, don't you?"

"I'm just a survivor," I said simply. "No more, no less."

"Was Danette your original name?" Kaz wondered. "It seems to suit you so perfectly."

"Lady Danielle des Champs," I replied. "My mother was also Danielle, so I was Danette for short."

"And you changed des Champs for DuBois—fields for woods."

"With a handful of other ones in between," I agreed. "What about you guys? Are your names your real ones?"

"Our first names are," Kaz told me. "Both of us. We've used fake ones before, but right now, oddball first names are accepted, so we've both gone back to them."

"The last names we just picked at random. Surnames don't really exist in Zendir society," Ty finished up.

"So, did you meet before or after you were both assigned as enforcers on Earth?"

"Before," they chorused.

Kaz chuckled and motioned for Ty to continue.

"We went through our training together," Ty added. "We've known each other for what—three hundred years or so?"

Kaz nodded. "About that."

I tipped my head. "So how old are you guys?" I had no idea how the Zendir aging process worked.

"Five hundred, give or take," Ty answered. "I had a couple other careers before my stint as an enforcer."

"I'm younger—just about three and a half centuries," Kaz added. "I guess that makes me the baby of our little triad."

"We're pretty much like vampires when it comes to aging," Ty continued. "We hit our physiological peak then more or less stop. Fortunately we have a very minimal reproductive rate or Zend would be overrun."

"Yeah, plus the fact that Zendir soldiers are in high demand as mercenaries in a bunch of other dimensions. We don't age much but we can be killed." Kaz grinned.

I finished my espresso and set the cup down on the table in front of us. "Enough of the depressing stuff. I've got four days left in Las Vegas, which coincides nicely with your vacation."

Kaz shrugged and I knew he'd checked my reservation status, which made me feel all warm and fuzzy inside.

"So, any ideas on how we should spend them?"

I looked at Kaz but it was Ty who answered, "Naked."

At that we all laughed, breaking a lot of the tension of the last few minutes.

Kaz nuzzled the top of my shoulder, licking at the tooth mark he'd left there the night before. "Well," he said. "We *could* go down to the Dungeon Club for a while. I did reserve one of the private playrooms, but our reservation isn't until midnight."

"The Dungeon Club?" I asked. That wasn't listed on the hotel floor plan. The idea of a private playroom—now that sounded intriguing since I was certain neither of these guys would try to make me do anything I didn't like. Midnight, however, was a few hours away.

"Invitation only," Ty noted. "Basically, I assume it's simply an exclusive sex club."

"It's anything goes," Kaz confirmed. "There will be people dancing, people fucking, people just sitting at the bar, drinking."

"It wouldn't break my heart to take you two out in public," I answered carefully. "As long as we agree up front that the three of us only play with each other. I've got no problem with you watching anyone else, but I don't want to share you tonight."

"Hell no," Kaz grumbled. "You're ours tonight, sweetheart. Nobody else gets to play."

"Be fun to show her off though," Ty chimed in. "Let everybody else see what a pair of lucky bastards we are."

Shivers shot up my spine. Could these two be any better at making a woman feel special? I didn't think so. "Sounds like a plan. Let me use the little girls' room and freshen up my lipstick."

Yes, vampires have to use the bathroom. It kind of goes with being able to eat and drink. It never failed to amuse me when people took the eating with a grain of salt but were shocked by the other.

Both of the men scrambled to their feet and each reached out a hand to help me up. I looked up into their handsome faces and grinned. The next four days were going to be a hell of a lot of fun.

Chapter Five

We took the elevator down one level past the pool grotto, again using codes typed in by Kaz rather than a normal button. I was glad this club was at the bottom of the hotel instead of the top—the revolving lounge didn’t hold any appeal for me at all.

The Dungeon Club was private enough that meeting health codes was obviously not a concern. Kaz didn’t even bother to put on shoes. He also suggested I leave my purse in his apartment so I didn’t have to keep track of it downstairs. I agreed readily—with two men by my side, I might have far more interesting things to do with my hands.

Kaz used a code on the keypad to get in, though the enormous bouncer in black leather pants and matching dog collar tipped his head respectfully as we entered. Inside, the club was dimly lit and noisy, with maybe twenty people out on the dance floor and about twice that either at the bar or on couches scattered around the edges of the room.

The décor was exactly what one would have expected from the word dungeon. The walls were stone blocks, the floor was tiled in granite, and the ceiling was supported by rough-hewn beams. Electric torches flickered in wall sconces and candles in iron holders burned here and there on the tables.

Kaz stepped up to the bar, and I saw the bartender nod. Ty and I followed Kaz to a booth in the far corner, a three-quarters circle banquette that had been blocked off by a black velvet rope, hurriedly moved by a waitress in a corset and fishnets. She smiled, flashing a trace of fang as she did. Nice to know the club was an equal-opportunity employer.

“I’ll be right back with your champagne.”

"You called down while I was in the bathroom." I settled into the center of the booth with the men on either side. This time Ty slid an arm possessively along the top of the banquette behind my back. The leather seating was butter soft, and I wondered out loud how they managed to keep it clean, given what the foursome on a long bench across from us was up to. One woman was sprawled on her back with her head hanging over the edge, sucking the cock of the man who stood beside the bench at her head. He was long and thick, and she could only fit the tip in her mouth, so she was massaging the rest with her hands. Another man knelt between her legs, fucking her, while a third man stood behind him, his cock shuttling in and out of guy number two's ass.

"Trust me, the staff moves in with disinfectant the instant someone leaves a bench. And the leather is synthetic, so it doesn't absorb fluids at all," Kaz replied. His hand rested on my thigh under the table, absently rubbing the strip of skin just above my stocking tops. Without thinking, I splayed my legs a bit, giving him more room to play.

Ty leaned over and licked at the mark left by Kaz's teeth the night before. "I'm going to bite you tonight," he warned. "I want you wearing both our marks."

"About that," I said. "How come it's still there? Normally I'd heal a small puncture like that in minutes." I'd been pretty shocked to see the four purple dots on my shoulder this morning—two top canines and two smaller ones from his bottom teeth. Shocked, but excited too, in a weird sort of way.

"It's a stain that's formed when our saliva mixes with blood," Ty answered. "It'll last maybe a week or so on you, same as on a Zendir—kind of like a hickey on a human."

"On a human, it's as permanent as a tattoo," Kaz added. "Though I do know Zendir who've had it spelled for permanence if they can find a witch powerful enough to cast it."

"Bummer that I can't leave a mark on you," I added, reaching out to undo the top two buttons on Ty's shirt. "It only seems fair."

"We can work it out." Ty ran his fingers down my bare back. I followed his gaze to the dance floor where a woman was gyrating topless while her partner, wearing a pair of leather assless chaps, stroked his own cock. "If one of us licks the skin right before you bite, it should work."

"You want to?" Kaz moved his fingers up my inner thigh to just inches from my dripping pussy. "I wouldn't mind a bit." He leaned forward to look at Ty. "You too, babe. Mark me anywhere you want."

"Later," Ty rumbled just as the waitress arrived with the champagne and three flutes.

She popped the cork, poured three glasses then walked away with a swish of her pert, rounded ass. "Not bad," Ty noted as she moved away, weaving through the crowd. "But not as hot as Dani."

"Nope," Kaz said, lifting a glass with the hand that wasn't tormenting me. Ty and I did as well. "I've definitely got the two sexiest partners in the room."

Just then, the man in the middle of the group across the room bellowed out an orgasm, followed closely by the man behind him.

"Does it turn you on to watch?" Kaz whispered in my ear, though loudly enough for Ty to hear as well.

"A little," I admitted. "I mean, there's nothing here I didn't see at Versailles, but it is different knowing I can get up and leave if I want to. It leaves me a lot more freedom to relax and enjoy."

"Would it bother you if I popped one of your breasts out of that dress and started sucking it?" Ty asked. "Or would you rather just watch for a while longer?"

"Or we could dance," Kaz offered just as his fingers brushed against the bare skin of my pussy lips.

Instead of answering, I spread my legs for Kaz and reached behind my back to unclasp the straps of my dress. The triangles of fabric dropped to my waist, leaving

both of my breasts fully exposed, my nipples already drawn up and hard. I lifted one, offering it to Ty. Looking out over the dance floor, I met the gaze of a few dancers looking our way, unabashed. The topless woman gave me a thumbs-up before turning her eyes back to her partner.

"Beautiful," Kaz murmured, watching as Ty's golden head bent to my breast. He shifted, switching hands to give himself more mobility, which allowed him to slide his between my wet labia to rub my clit.

Ty sucked my nipple into the hot recess of his mouth, supporting the weight of my breast in one big hand. The air was cool on my other side, leaving that nipple aching for attention. Knowing the sight of me playing with myself would only make the guys hotter, I took that taut nub into my own hand, pinching and rolling the coppery flesh between my red-tipped fingers.

"We are going to fuck each other until none of us can stand tonight," Kaz said huskily. "It's my turn to take your ass while Ty fucks your pretty pussy."

Ty paused the tongue-lashing he was giving my swollen nipple long enough to say, "Or I can fuck her pussy while you pound into *my* ass. There's lots of permutations I'd like to try."

I moaned at the idea of watching while Kaz and Ty fucked one another, and it got louder when Kaz slipped two fingers into my slick, hot cunt. Ty gave me a sharp nip to my nipple, followed by a long, hard suck.

"You want to see us fuck, don't you, sweetheart?" Kaz was either reading my mind again or my body. I didn't care which. "I promise before the night is over, you'll see me suck his cock, and him suck mine. Mine will be buried in Ty's ass and he'll fuck me too – and we won't be neglecting you for a moment. We're going to take care of you better than anyone ever has."

"Anything you want, love," Ty agreed, his breath hot on my wet nipple. "We're all yours."

"I want it all," I assured them. "Harder, Kaz, please." I pinched firmly on my own nipple, so close to coming right here in front of everyone and not minding a bit.

"You've got it, Dani." Kaz stuffed another finger in my pussy and thrust harder while pressing against my clit with his thumb. "Come for us."

Ty didn't pull away to speak, he just sucked harder and hummed his agreement.

My eyes flickered open and I caught sight of another couple watching us intently, the man's hand on the woman's breast while hers was inside his pants, stroking. Their open admiration fueled my excitement, and I came, the muscles of my pussy clamping down hard on Kaz's hand. I didn't even try to suppress my cry of release, letting the entire club know that these two gorgeous males had just gotten me off.

"Oh yeah, that's it," Kaz crooned as he petted my pulsing inner walls with his agile fingers. "You are so fucking hot, Dani."

Ty's hand behind my shoulder had tightened, and he pulsed his hips as though close to coming in his pants. I slipped my hand into his lap, closing it over the bulge beneath his tailored trousers. I did the same to Kaz, though his tight jeans held his erection constrained against his abdomen. I couldn't do much in the way of fine motor control as my orgasm faded, but I held them both, reveling in their arousals.

When I was finally done, Kaz pulled his fingers from my pussy and licked them clean, maintaining eye contact with Ty as he did.

"Cheater," Ty said. He dropped to his knees under the table between my legs. Pulling my legs toward him, he brought my cunt to the edge of the seat and licked my slit in long, slow slurps. "Mmmm. Perfect."

I couldn't reach Ty anymore, but I could reach Kaz. With fumbling fingers, I unzipped his jeans until his thick sex sprang free, already leaking pre-cum onto my fingers. Desperately wanting a taste, I bent over to take the plump, dark tip into my mouth. The flavors of aniseed and semen burst on my tongue, rich, bitter and addictive.

"Oh yeah, suck him, love." Ty dabbled his tongue around my clit as I licked Kaz's length and took the tip into my mouth. "Make him come down that lovely throat."

"Not going to take long," Kaz muttered. "Oh sweetheart, just like that." I wrapped my hand around his shaft while I sucked the head deep into my throat. His hips lifted up off the seat, pushing him deeper into my mouth.

I was squirming too as Ty flicked his tongue across my clit. When Kaz stiffened and flooded my mouth with semen, I came again, clamping my thighs around Ty's ears. I swallowed Kaz's cum, licking him clean while Ty drank down my cream before making his way back up to the bench.

"Sit on the table," Kaz growled at Ty. "My turn to taste."

The table was a sturdy construct of oak and iron. It held Ty's weight without even shaking as he slid up onto it in front of both Kaz and me. I watched avidly as Kaz reached out and unzipped Ty's pants and lowered his head to slurp Ty's long, engorged cock between his lips.

Needing to be part of things but thrilled just to watch, I slipped one hand under each man's shirt, palming the warm skin of their backs. "This is so sexy," I whispered. "I love watching you two together."

"It's even better with you here," Ty said. He tangled one hand in my hair and one in Kaz's raven locks. "Not sure why, but it is."

We didn't talk any further as Kaz continued to work his mouth and hand on Ty's erection. I saw a few people watching, some with amused interest, others as turned-on as we were. The scents of sex and spice filled our corner of the room, and the dim, flickering light danced across Ty's handsome face, his neck thrown back in passion. Soon he groaned loudly, and I saw Kaz's throat work as he swallowed the hot rush of Ty's seed. I lay my head on Ty's thigh and drew in deep breaths as we all pulled ourselves back together.

"Well," Kaz said as we all readjusted our clothing and sipped the champagne. "Now that we've taken the edge off, anybody want to dance?"

Chapter Six

We danced for a couple of hours, taking turns during the slow songs and clustering together for the fast ones. Both of the guys were excellent dancers, and I was spun, twirled, dipped and even lifted to my heart's content. I couldn't remember ever having such a good time at a club. Nobody else made any overtures, though several sent us approving looks after our earlier escapade, and one couple, I'm not sure which, even sent us over another bottle of champagne. Of course none of us was tipsy on anything but each other, even after several glasses of wine. Still, we were all breathless and happy when Kaz noticed the clock had just reached midnight, which meant our private playroom was ready.

I was a little nervous, wondering what it would be like. My imagination had been conjuring up a bondage paradise, and I hoped it wouldn't disappoint Kaz or Ty when I was too chicken to play.

We moved down a long hallway, lined here and there by doors. It was no surprise that the spacious suite Kaz led us to did, indeed, boast its share of bondage equipment – there was a glossy wood St. Andrew's Cross, a padded bench with arm and leg cuffs and a black leather swing suspended from the ceiling. What did surprise me was that the dungeon theme hadn't been carried through, and aside from the specialty furniture, the suite was tasteful and understated. The floors were wood, with fluffy white throw rugs scattered about the big room. The side opposite the equipment was dominated by a king-size bed with a sturdy wooden frame that was set with heavy metal rings along the posts. A fluffy duvet was folded back, revealing snowy white sheets. A fairly normal-looking chaise lounge and a couple of easy chairs were clustered around a coffee table in the far corner, near a wet bar and a large flat-screen TV. An open

doorway revealed a luxurious bathroom, giving me a glimpse of a glass-enclosed shower and a tub that was probably big enough to swim laps in.

"Nice," Ty said with a low whistle. "All the comforts of home."

"Hey, the Dark Tower aims to please the customers," Kaz joked. He closed the door behind us and leaned back against it. "You okay in here, Dani? We don't have to use anything you don't want to, but I thought you might have a little fun tying us up."

"Me?" My voice squeaked. "You want me to use this stuff on you two?"

Ty nodded. "Good idea. I'm always up for a little game playing. I imagine this stuff is designed to withstand immortals?"

"Yep," Kaz replied. "All heavy-duty and magic reinforced – except the silk scarves I asked them to stock in the cupboard. Any of us could rip through those like tissue paper."

I narrowed my eyes at him. "So what's the use?"

"They're just for fun. That's the whole point, after all," Kaz reminded me. "Sex is supposed to be fun."

"I'll go first," Ty offered. "Anything look interesting?"

I swallowed hard and studied the various pieces, imagining Ty's powerful form bent over the bench or cuffed to the cross. The problem was, I couldn't envision any way for all three of us to play in any of those scenarios.

"If I can make a suggestion," Kaz said. When I nodded, he continued. "If we cuff him face up on the bench, you can ride him while he sucks me off."

"Or," Ty added, "you could lift my legs and fuck my ass while she rides my cock."

"Ooh, that sounds like fun," I agreed. As nice as it had been to give each other oral in the club, this time I wanted a cock inside me.

"There should be plenty of lube and condoms in that cabinet," Kaz said, pointing to an oak armoire near the cross. "Also a variety of toys. Feel free to get out anything you'd like to play with."

I crossed to the cabinet, feeling a bit like a kid in a candy shop. Before I opened it, I turned back to the guys and said. "Both of you have more clothes on than I do. You could at least lose the shirts." Of course I had to watch while they did. Kaz tossed his casually on the bed, but Ty picked it up and hung it in the closet alongside his own. He toed off his dress shoes and set those and his socks neatly inside as well.

Meanwhile, I took out boxes of condoms—I found a new one of each of their favorite brands—Kaz had been thorough when he'd had the room stocked. There was also a big, sealed tube of lubricant, plus some warming and cooling gels. A couple of different vibrators and a soft flogger were also inside, still in their original packaging. Everything a trio needed for a wild and crazy night. "Nice."

I set the condoms and lube on the bench and sashayed over to the closet where I peeled off my dress and placed it on a hanger, being sure to wiggle my bare ass as I went. I still wore my garter belt, stockings and heels. The two men both eyed me hungrily as I moved. I put my hands on my hips and grinned. "Okay, Kaz, lose the jeans."

"Yes ma'am." He shucked off his jeans and tossed them onto a chair.

This time Ty didn't object. Like me, he was too busy eyeing Kaz's toned body and rampant erection.

"You too, Ty," I ordered.

He shook his head to clear it before stripping out of his slacks, which he did take the time to hang in the closet. Meanwhile, I watched, along with Kaz. Ty's cock was swollen and long, the head dark purple with blood. He turned back to us, his eyes swirling with golden glints.

Kaz went over to the cabinet, withdrawing a pair of leather cuffs—which I imagine were lined with steel. "All right, babe. Lie down on the bench with your ass right at the end."

"See me not arguing," Ty teased as he lay down. He stretched his arms up over his head. "Do your worst."

I caught my breath at the absolute trust in his expression, torn between lust and envy. A big part of me wished I could be the one helpless with two lovers waiting to pleasure me.

Kaz handed me a cuff and nudged me toward the bench. "Go ahead, sweet thing."

Carefully I cuffed one of Ty's strong hands to the bench while Kaz watched indulgently. Then Kaz gave me the other cuff and I moved around to latch it on the other side. Ty lay against the black leather padding, a broad smile on his face and his cock pointing straight at the ceiling. He tested the cuffs, his muscles shifting powerfully without budging the metal rings or straining the chain. "Good work, Dani. Now put a rubber on me and do whatever you want."

What I wanted was obvious—the tops of my thighs were slick with moisture already. I swiftly took a condom out of the box, unwrapped it and rolled it over Ty's cock while Kaz donned one of his own. I leaned over and kissed Ty hard on the mouth, running my hands through the whorls of golden hair on his chest, enjoying having him spread out for my delight.

Kaz offered me a hand as I climbed onto the elevated bench, straddled Ty and eased down to impale myself on his rigid length. I sighed at the fullness of having him inside me. I leaned over and kissed him again, this time long and slow.

"Oh man, it's a tough call," Kaz murmured as he moved up behind me. "Two beautiful asses to fuck and I only have one cock."

"Do Dani first, I don't mind," Ty said, smiling up at me. "Only if she wants you to, of course."

"I do and I don't," I admitted. "I loved being filled by both of you, but I don't want to deprive either of you of being fucked either."

"I booked the room for twenty-four hours," Kaz assured me, nibbling on my shoulder. "We have all the time in the world."

"Then fuck me, Kaz," I whimpered, desperate to move. "I need to feel you both inside me again."

“With pleasure, sweetheart.”

I heard him squirting lube and felt his fingers massaging the warm gel into my anus. He fucked me slowly with his finger then two, stretching me gently before pressing the crown of his cock against my hole.

I pushed back to ease his entry and felt the slow intrusion as he eased himself inside. Kaz was thicker than Ty, and even after last night, his invasion stung a little, though my body wouldn't be at all damaged by the process. Ty was still grinning up at me, holding himself still until Kaz was seated.

I propped my hands on Ty's chest and began to glide back and forth on his erection while Kaz moved slowly in my rear. Just like before, the sensation was amazing, feeling their two sturdy cocks sliding against one another with just my thin internal membrane between them. I could see Ty's enjoyment—he was biting his own lower lip and his neck was corded and taut. Kaz's fingers dug into my hips as he pushed in and out of my ass, moaning softly when he thrust deep.

Even after our little fun in the club, we were all primed again. The time we'd spent dancing had been a couple of hours of extended foreplay, and hell, just being with these two got me going. It wasn't long before I was whimpering with every stroke, my senses aflame with pleasure. When Kaz let go of my hips to reach around and grab my nipples, I screamed out his name. Ty flexed his hips to pound into me deeper and I yelled out his name as I shattered, collapsing down onto his chest while the ripples of my orgasm coursed through me. My inner muscles hugged his cock tightly as I came down, and I know my sphincter must have gripped Kaz like a vise. I felt both of them tense as they came, felt the fluids pour into the condoms.

Kaz stroked my hair as I lay there on top of Ty. Minutes later, he slid out of my ass, peeled off his condom and tossed it in the nearby trash can. He fetched a couple of damp washcloths from the bathroom and cleaned us both off. I turned my head and watched him as he grabbed a fresh condom from the box, rolled it over his still rock-hard erection and began to lube it up.

"Ah. Ty's turn."

"Uh-huh. Want to make it even better for him?"

"Sure." Pleasing these two was as much fun as having them take care of me. I loved the fact Zendir seemed to require almost no recovery time.

"Turn around so you're sitting on his chest. You can play with his cock while I fuck him," Kaz suggested.

"Great idea." I sat up and reversed my position, scooting backward so my butt was at the broad part of his chest. My legs were spread wide, but I was too loose after coming to care. When Kaz stripped Ty's condom off, I leaned over and kissed the plump, purple tip, taking his engorged shaft in both of my hands. My eyes remained fixed on Kaz as he lifted Ty's knees up over his shoulders and pressed the head of his cock against Ty's ass.

"Oh yeah," Ty's low groan filled my ears. "You have the prettiest damn ass, Dani, wiggling right there on my chest." He dragged in a breath before adding, "Oh yeah, Kaz, that's it, fuck me."

As Kaz pushed forward, I took Ty's cock into my mouth. His salty, cinnamon flavor was a delight, though I had to force my fangs back in. I wanted to sink them into the artery in his thigh, but this part wasn't supposed to be about what I wanted.

I should have known Kaz would sense my needs.

"Bite him, sweetheart. Use your talented hands on his cock and sink your fangs into his skin."

"Hell yes," Ty agreed huskily. "That would be so fucking hot."

Kaz leaned down, bent nearly in two since his cock was still lodged in Ty's butt. Damn, I'd known he was flexible, but this was impressive even for a demon. He licked the line where Ty's leg met his hip, right where a thick artery pulsed near the surface. He laved the skin until it was glistening and damp. "Mark him."

That was too much temptation to resist. My fangs extended fully as I pulled my mouth off Ty's cock and began to work him with my hands instead. I hovered over the crease of his groin for a moment, smelling the rich tang of his blood until I found the perfect spot. My fangs sunk into his flesh and I sucked, filling my mouth with his spicy, potent flavor.

Apparently the jolt of pain was enough for Ty, or maybe I instinctively clamped down with my hands on his shaft, but he came. Hot jets of semen sprayed over his stomach and my hands, even covering a good bit of my left breast and side. I pulled my fangs in and looked up in time to see Kaz's eyes go almost lavender as he rammed his cock deep into Ty's ass and shook. His talons had extended, digging tiny holes into Ty's thighs as his orgasm ripped through him. When he drew a deep, shuddering breath and retracted his claws, I leaned up and licked away the tiny droplets of blood from the crisp, tiny hairs on Ty's legs. The little wounds had already begun to heal, just like the punctures from my fangs.

I ran my fingertips over the marks on Ty's groin—two tiny purple dots where my fangs had entered. Knowing they'd be there for a week or so made me smile. This might not be forever, but for right now, these two were mine and it was nice to have a little mark to show it.

"Mmm, not that I'm complaining, but any time you two wanted to uncuff me, that would be okay," Ty teased. "Of course if you want to go around again, that would be just fine too."

"I was thinking it was my turn to be tied up," Kaz said. "I thought maybe we could give Dani a break and let her watch while you fuck me this time."

"Damn, Kaz. Now I'm hard again." Sure enough, Ty had stiffened almost fully again beneath my hand. "But I don't want to leave Dani out."

Kaz withdrew and disposed of his condom before offering me a hand to help me down from my perch. Unfazed by the smear of semen on my skin, I simply rubbed it in before moving to uncuff Ty's hand.

"It's okay with me," I assured them. "I think watching you two is hotter than hell."

"If you're sure," Kaz said, leaning over to kiss me. "Wait right here." He zipped across the room and easily lifted the upholstered chaise, which he set about five feet away from the cross and just slightly to the side. Lounging there, I'd have a perfect view.

The chaise was slip-covered in soft white cotton—I assumed so it could be completely cleaned between each use of the room. I moved over to the cabinet and helped myself to a small silver vibrator, which I unwrapped while I watched Ty use the same cuffs to strap Kaz's arms to the upper crossbars of the giant wooden X that was the St. Andrew's Cross. Another pair from the cabinet secured his ankles, leaving him spread-eagled against the wooden structure. His wide-legged stance took a couple inches off his height, putting his ass right at the level of Ty's cock.

"Have you ever seen anything so gorgeous, Dani?" Ty asked as he stepped back and rolled a condom over his rampant erection.

I looked over them both and shook my head. "Nope." Turning on the little thimble-sized vibrator, I splayed my legs on the sofa and lowered it to my cleft as I watched Ty lube himself up and use his fingers to insert the thick gel into Kaz's rectum. The tiny silver egg buzzed as I ran it along my slit before bringing it up alongside my clit. With my other hand, I pinched and plucked at my nipple. My gaze remained firmly fixed on the men as Ty slowly pushed his long cock into Kaz's puckered hole.

"Take me, love," Ty demanded as he began a steady thrust in and out. "Take all of me, damn it."

"Everything," Kaz agreed thickly. His hands clenched around the beams of the cross, his knuckles white with the strength of his grip. "Anything, babe. Damn but you feel good inside me."

Oh shit! The intensity of the moment sent me over again, a small climax rippling through me. Even as I eased the vibrator to the side for a moment, I kept my eyes on Ty, fucking in and out of Kaz's tight, muscular ass.

"All these years, I've missed you," Ty gasped. "Damn, I wanted to make it last, but it's too much, I can't hold back."

"Don't," Kaz muttered. I could tell he was gritting his teeth. "I want you to lose it. Fuck me harder."

With a guttural cry, Ty did, pounding into Kaz with sharp, fast strokes. I slid the vibrator back toward my clit again, fascinated by the scene in front of me. Just as another, stronger climax coiled in my belly, I heard Ty yell, "Kazmir!" right before he leaned forward, burying his sharp teeth in the thick muscle of Kaz's shoulder.

"Ty!" Kaz's spine bowed and droplets of semen splattered the wood of the cross and the wall behind it. My body convulsed as well, as I held the silver egg against my clit, prolonging the orgasm.

* * * * *

Sometime later, after we'd all lounged in a cloud of sandalwood-scented bubbles in a bathtub big enough to play water polo in, the boys introduced me to the sling. I was a little worried at first, but once I was in it, I didn't feel confined at all. I lay back against the faux leather straps, arms and legs swinging freely while the guys took up positions in front and behind me. Kaz stepped up between my legs while Ty positioned himself at my rear. Before we got started though, they pushed me back and forth like a kid on a swingset, until I was laughing and relaxed. Then Ty leaned in and nibbled on my neck while Kaz took his time kissing and sucking on my breasts. Both of them seemed to understand that even accepting this light form of bondage was a big step forward for me, and they were going out of their way to make sure I enjoyed every second.

The small amount of blood I'd drunk from Ty had been more than enough to revive any energy that might have been flagging after such a marathon of sexual activity. Sometimes it's good to be a vampire—or a demon, apparently. All of us were still jazzed and ready to play.

This time Ty went first, lubing himself up and easing into my rectum while Kaz continued paying homage to my swollen nipples. Once he was inside, Kaz pushed his own sheathed cock home into my drenched pussy, taking the opportunity to lift his head and capture my lips with his own. His kiss was deep and tender. Our tongues dueled as both men began to pump inside me, in and out in perfect sync. I was so needy my fangs extended, and I must have accidentally nicked Kaz's tongue—the taste of his blood made me gasp with excitement, which broke the kiss. I leaned my head back, which exposed my throat to Ty. Taking advantage of the opening, he leaned in and bit the tendon at the base of my neck, marking me on the side opposite of Kaz's purple dots. Even with both of them pressing close, I didn't feel confined or restrained. I felt free, soaring, in fact—maybe it was the sense of being suspended by the swing, but I didn't care. I came hard, every muscle in my body spasming at once, all the air wooshing out of my chest.

"Aww, yes!" Kaz cried, and I felt him erupt into his condom inside my cunt.

Ty released my neck and sighed his own release into my ear. "Beautiful."

With an ear-to-ear grin, I let them help me out of the swing. After another quick clean-up, we all finally tumbled together into the big, comfy bed. We lazed and petted each other for a while. Eventually I drifted off to sleep.

* * * * *

I woke with the suffocating sense of something on my chest.

My first instinct was pure, blind panic, but as I gasped in a breath, consciousness surfaced and I realized two things. First, I could still breathe, so I didn't need to freak. Two—I didn't need to freak. Somehow in our sleep, Ty had rolled on top of me while Kaz was pressed snugly at my side, one strong arm draped around us both.

And I wasn't afraid.

Oh. My. God. I wasn't afraid.

The magnitude of that shook me to the core.

Ty's eyes flew open above mine and he hurriedly rolled away. "I'm so sorry, sweetness. I didn't mean..."

I placed my fingers over his lips and shook my head. "It's all right. *I'm* all right." I could hear the wonder in my own tone.

Kaz leaned up on one elbow. "You sure?"

I nodded. "Yeah. It's the weirdest thing, but yeah." Suddenly I wanted something I'd been unable to enjoy for centuries. "Can you guys just close in tight—and hug me?" I knew if I started to freak, they'd sense it and let me go.

"If you're sure," Ty said.

"She is," Kaz affirmed, lavender glints glowing in his eyes.

They closed in from either side, each half on top of me, so I was pinned beneath their weight. I waited for the fear, but it didn't come. Instead, there was just the most glorious sense of warmth, caring and desire. It was wonderful.

We stayed like that for long moments. Without speaking, they each rolled off and grabbed a condom from their respective nightstands. A moment later they were back, with Kaz rolling me on my side so I faced him while Ty positioned himself behind me, popping the cap on a bottle of lube.

I lay there, sleepy and content, as Ty penetrated my rear just before Kaz slid his cock into my already-soaked pussy. Both men pressed deep, snuggling in close, until I was pressed tightly between them. I wrapped my arms around Kaz's neck and smiled into his eyes.

"I'm still not afraid."

This lovemaking was slow and tender. After several long, glorious minutes of them gliding in and out of me, Kaz wrapped his arms around me and Ty together and said, "Roll." He shifted, pulling us all on top of him in one big pile with me in the middle. Now Ty's weight on my back pressed me down into Kaz's chest.

I grinned. "Nope. Still not scared." I settled in to enjoy the fucking. Just before I came, Kaz tipped his head to the side, inviting me.

Ty saw the motion, and before I could bite, he leaned over and licked the side of Kaz's throat—the side he hadn't marked the night before. He licked it repeatedly until it was wet and glistening then pulled back. "Go ahead."

I bit down on the strong muscle, finding a vein not far beneath the surface. I drank, even while they held me pinned, coming in long, slow, ripples of unimaginable bliss. Kaz groaned as he released, and Ty just went stiff before slumping over my back.

With languid contentment, we gradually rolled apart, with Ty being the first to jump up and go fetch a washcloth. He returned to the bed and cleaned off my backside before leaning over to kiss first Kaz and, when I rolled onto my back, me.

"Good morning, lovers."

My eyes filled with tears as I took in the magnitude of the moment. Whatever else these guys might come to mean to me, wherever else this relationship could go, right now they'd given me a gift that was truly and utterly priceless.

"Thank you," I said, sniffing back a sob. "Thank you both so, so much."

Kaz gathered me against his chest. Ty climbed back into bed and wrapped his long arms around us both.

"Thank you, Dani," Ty began.

Kaz finished. "You gave us back each other and so much more."

* * * * *

The next few days flew by in a haze of lovemaking and just plain fun. Kaz hired a limo and showed us all the sights—indoor ones by day, others by night. We tried all kinds of positions, though I never quite got up the nerve to let them tie me up, I knew I wasn't far from being able to do that. Finally, it was the night before I was due to leave.

Ty and I had moved our things into Kaz's apartment to save time when we wanted a change of clothes or something from our suitcases. For a little while, Kaz had run

down to his office, and Ty and I were lounging, cuddled up on a loveseat, watching a silly movie on TV when Kaz returned.

He plopped his butt down on the coffee table in front of us and gazed into our eyes.

"I don't know if you were aware of this, but I don't just work for the Dark Tower, I actually own twenty percent of the company."

We both nodded. Ty had known before he came and I'd figured it out over the last few days.

"My partners and I had been talking about branching out—establishing hotels in a few other major cities. New York. Miami." He drew in a deep breath and looked at me. "How about Chicago?"

My heart stuttered almost to a stop. "Chicago?"

"Ty and I have talked about the fact he can live anywhere, but he'll need something to do. I proposed to my partners that I head up the new Chicago branch hotel—with the help of a new investor or two who might be interested."

"Of course," Ty replied eagerly. He too turned his gaze on me. "Dani?"

"You'd like me to invest?"

"Only if you want to," Kaz said with a shrug. "If you want us to stay out of Chicago, we will. But we'd like to keep seeing you. The choice to invest would be an entirely separate matter."

"What the three of us have together is pretty special," Ty noted. "It might be nice to see where it can go from here." He tried to sound casual, but amber sparks swirled in his eyes.

I fought to catch my breath, gave up trying for words and simply nodded. They both caught me in their arms, hugging me tight.

A minute later, I finally managed, "Boys, you're going to love the Windy City."

About the Author

Cindy Spencer Pape has been, among other things, a banker, a teacher and an elected politician, though she swears she got better. Her degrees are in zoology and she currently works in environmental education, when she can fit it in around writing. She lives in southern Michigan with her husband, two teenage sons, a dog, a lizard and various other small creatures, all of which are easier to clean up after than the three male humans.

Cindy welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at www.ellorascave.com.

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