

Siren Publishing

Ménage Amour

Laura Ashton



Victoria's
SECRET LIFE
Sensual Awakenings 3



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MENAGE AMOUR



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DEDICATION

Victoria's Secret Life is dedicated to my readers around the world, both old and new. I hope you had as much fun reading *Victoria's Secret Life* as I did writing it.

VICTORIA'S SECRET LIFE

Sensual Awakenings 3

LAURA ASHTON

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Chapter One

Returning from a doctor's appointment, Vickie was surprised to see a medium-size U-Haul truck in the driveway next door. After being absent for several months, her neighbor, Jasmine, had apparently returned from wherever she had been, and two men were moving things into her townhouse.

As she drove slowly to get a better look, she noticed the men looked oddly familiar. When one of them turned and gazed Vickie's way, she was flabbergasted.

Oh, my God. It's... Gabriel!

Jaz waved and started walking toward her car. *Damn!* She had to get away. She smiled and waved back before taking off in her PT Cruiser. Glancing in her rearview mirror, she saw Jaz standing in the street, her hands on her hips.

No doubt, what she had done was rude, and she felt bad, but she just couldn't talk to them.

This is terrible.

She would come back when they were gone. Then, she remembered many of the items they carried were men's clothing. One of them had to be moving in. This was worse than terrible. Her brother or uncle would be living next door. How did this happen? What could she do?

After Vickie drove around for a half hour, her cell phone rang. She reached in her purse and pulled it out.

“Hello?”

“Vickie, it’s Jasmine. I hope you don’t mind my calling.”

“No, that’s fine.”

“Are you angry with me?”

“Of course not.”

“Then why did you drive off like that?”

“I can’t talk about it. Jaz, who are those men?”

“They’re my husbands.”

Victoria did a double take. “Husbands?”

“Well, not officially, but we think of ourselves as being married.”

I have to think.

“Jaz. I have to go. I’ll call you back.” She had no idea where she would go.

Maybe it’s a sign that I should try to reconcile my awful life.

At a stoplight, she dialed a number she hadn’t called in years.

“Hello.”

Water welled in her eyes, forming tears that ran down her cheek.

“Hello. Is anyone there?”

It’s Mum. Just say hello. She couldn’t do it.

“Hello. I know someone is there.”

Victoria disconnected.

Now what? Without thinking, she headed to her home away from home. Thirty minutes later, she pulled into The Men’s Club parking lot. Four women milled around carrying signs.

THEY DANCE NAKED IN HELL TOO!

TWO FOUR SIX EIGHT—DON’T COME HERE TO MASTURBATE

EVERY NUDE DANCER IS SOMEBODY’S DAUGHTER

LAP DANCES HUMILIATE WOMEN

Shit, the pickets are back.

It was almost four thirty p.m. Her shift wouldn’t start for an hour and a half. Maybe the pickets will leave by her shift. She rolled down

her window for fresh air. She didn't want to wait in the club, but she had nowhere to go.

Suddenly, a hand reached through the window and touched her arm. "Vickie? Is that you?"

She recognized the voice but couldn't place it. She turned her head and recognized a man she hadn't seen in seven years. It was Les Patton, her best friend's older brother.

"Les! Fancy running into you."

"It is you? I barely recognized you. What are you doing here?"

She felt dreaded heat flush through her. A picketer walked by the hood and glanced at them. "I...ah, I'm picketing. And you?"

He sucked his lips in. After removing his ten-gallon hat, he raked his fingers through his thinning hair before replacing it. "You're going to be mad at me. I was just going to go in here and check this place out. Neva was here before. Why don't you come in with me? I'll buy you a drink, and we'll catch up."

She shook her head, but he wasn't swayed. "Julie will be dying to hear what you've been up to."

I'll bet. "I can't, really. I'm picketing."

His eyes narrowed. "If you're picketing, why are you sitting in the car?"

She raised her hand and slipped the forefinger between her teeth. "Ahh...I'm on a break. My break's almost over. It was nice seeing you again."

He put his hand on her arm again. "Well, at least give me your phone number."

She nodded, reached in her purse for her scratch pad, and wrote the first group of numbers that popped into her head. "Here." She kissed him on the cheek. "Give my love to Julie."

He held the Post-it Note and said, "I will, and I'll give her this, too. She'll be thrilled."

Vickie felt rotten to the core as she so often did when she deceived people. "I can't wait to hear from her." Remembering her

shift was going to be in less than an hour and a half, she continued, "Are you going to be in there long?"

He shrugged and wagged a single eyebrow. "Who knows? I may be in there fifteen minutes, or I could be there all night"

He walked briskly to the building and disappeared inside. What a pickle she was in. Her shift began at six, and her best friend's brother just walked in the club. The manager wouldn't be happy if she called in sick this late.

Then she brightened. Les walked out of the club, but his eyes averted her gaze. *Thank God*. His posture appeared hunkering as if it was cold out. He hustled into his truck and sped away.

* * * *

Sitting at her desk in her office, Camilla picked up the ringing phone. "Hello."

"Mrs. Dewhurst?"

"Yes."

"This is Julia Abernathy. My maiden name was Patton. I don't know if you remember me."

"Yes, Julia, I remember you well. What can I do for you?"

"Do you remember my brother, Les? He took Vickie to the prom, just before sh—"

"Yes, I remember Lester."

"Well, there's something I think you should know."

"Go on."

"Les sometimes likes to go into these topless and nude bars, and about two hours ago, he started to go into a nude bar called the Men's Club when he ran into Vickie."

Camilla snapped to. She sat up straight, her eyes wide. "My Victoria?"

"That's what he says. Anyway, he said she was sitting in a car in the parking lot, and they started talking. There were some women

picketing the place, and Vickie told him she was one of the pickets. Before he went in, he got her phone number.”

Camilla was so excited that she could barely sit still. After seven years and an intermittent hunt, Victoria had surfaced. “Good. Let me have it.”

“It’s no good. I called it. She must have made up a number. Anyway, that’s not what’s important. Les went into the club, and after his eyes became accustomed to the dark, he looked over a photo gallery of the performers on the wall by the front door. Vickie’s picture was in the gallery. Mrs. Dewhurst, I think Vickie’s a performer there.”

Camilla’s heart sank. “Is there anything else?”

“Just that Les went back two hours later and Vickie’s car was there but empty. He stepped inside once more and looked around as best as he could without paying the cover charge and spotted her in a bikini serving drinks to two guys.”

“Thank you, Julia. And thank Lester for me, too. I’ll take over from here.”

* * * *

Vickie dreaded her three-song set. True, this was when she made the most tips. However, she hated taking her clothes off and despised the three minutes of nudity when all the gash hounds ogled her, wiggled their tongues, trying to look up her vagina.

Four years ago when she had been first sent here, she picked all two-minute to three-minute songs and played the shortest song last, but Tony, the manager, had curbed that. He pulled her two-minute final song and played an eight-minute marathon to teach her a lesson. It had been an eternity. Afterward, he cornered her.

“From now on, I want nothing but three-minute-plus songs and the longest played last.”

She had nodded and tried to leave, but he grabbed her arm.

“I know you’re Joey’s personal stock, but you’ll get no favoritism over the other girls. Starting tomorrow, I want to see that pussy shaved or, better yet, waxed. The customers come in here to see your cunt, and you’re not going to hide it with hair.”

She had crossed her arms. “Is that all?”

“No. I’ve seen you playing around on the pole, and you’re good. Very good in fact. I want to see that worked into your routine. Is that clear?”

She’d nodded, and he’d swatted her bare butt as she walked to the dressing room.”

Ever since then, she followed Tony’s rules, barely. All songs were just over three minutes with the longest last. Her pussy was hairless, but she spent most of the last song on the pole where it was less exposed. Only for the last third did she interact with the lechers sitting beside the runway.

Today was no different from her normal routine. Before she went onstage, she had her friend Russ, the bartender, make her a spiked drink. After downing that, she went into the dressing room and donned her easily removable striptease costume over the bikini she wore on the floor. She never took anything off before the second song, making the bawdy patrons sweat before displaying her goodies. She always started with Motley Crew’s “Girls, Girls, Girls.” For her second and third songs on this set, she picked Britney Spears’s “Baby One More Time” and “Continental Shuffle” by the Rolling Stones. When the music started, she began her routine.

* * * *

Camilla arrived just as Victoria came out on the stage to a smattering of applause, and eased into a shadowy corner where she could watch without being observed. Her heart swelled at the sight of Victoria. She was still beautiful, if anything even more so than when she had been Texas Junior Miss. Her long chestnut hair was up, and

she wore a tight, shimmery, ankle-length gold gown with white gloves up to her elbows. For the first song, she didn't do much except pace around the stage, each step in front of the other in time with the song as a runway model might. Occasionally, she would make a spinning dance move to one side and then the other.

When the second song started, she began to provocatively shed items. Camilla knew that this was a nude men's club, but she hoped against hope that her grandniece didn't have to take every stitch off. That hope was dashed when, to enthusiastic applause, Victoria took off her thong and tossed it from the runway back on the stage.

Victoria reached up high on the pole, pulled herself up, and revolved down the pole slowly in a beautiful combination of dance and athleticism. Then she lifted her feet up the pole, crossed them, and raised herself up again. In an amazing exhibition of strength, Victoria turned at a right angle to the pole as if she were a flag. As her flawless performance continued, patrons were clapping, whistling, and catcalling their approval, but apparently, it meant nothing to Vickie because she never smiled. Camilla gloried in the beauty and grace of Vickie's routine, and honestly, her beautiful naked body enhanced the elegance of the routine. It was not tawdry. It was artistic.

She recalled how Victoria had always been so graceful and athletic, taking dance and gymnastics for eight years, plus martial arts for four years.

* * * *

The last song was two-thirds over. This was the time that Vickie loved and dreaded, the time she interacted with the patrons, collecting tips for her performance and exacting a toll in the form of pinches, fondles, and grabs.

She noticed one guy had a hundred dollar bill out in front of him, but he had the look of trouble she'd learned to avoid. She picked up all tips but his.

Apparently irritated, he reached up on the runway, grabbed her ankle, and jerked her toward him. She lost her balance and fell. The man yelled, "You think you're too good for my money? Well, I'm going to shove it up your pussy."

With her lying flat on the runway, but struggling, he laid an arm across her belly and proceeded to insert the C-note, folded between two fingers, into her vagina. She laid there helpless as other patrons, taking advantage of her vulnerability, roughly grabbed parts of her, like her breasts, arms, legs and hair.

Vickie started screaming, and the bouncer headed her way to help, but before he arrived, a big heavy purse smashed Vickie's attacker in the face, knocking him backward to the floor, chair and all.

"Take your fucking hands off my daughter, you perverts."

It was a woman, one whose voice Victoria knew. However, she couldn't look because some guy with bad breath had a hold of her hair and was trying to kiss her. Then he suddenly disappeared, and Vickie was able to see and recognized the enraged grandmotherly woman who beat off her attackers, one by one.

Where had she come from? *God bless you, Mum!*

As each of the other attackers looked up toward the woman, they, too, received a purse or a fist from the irate lady who'd apparently been infuriated by their boorish behavior.

One by one, the remaining assailants backed off and removed their hands. As Vickie bawled inconsolably, Camilla helped her to her feet. Up close and still sniveling, Vickie threw her arms around her. She fell apart. Tears and snot running down her face, she blubbered, "Mum. I'm so sorry."

The bouncer and Tony, the manager, arrived. Tony asked, "Is she all right?"

"I think so. No thanks to you. I want charges filed against these men. If you don't, I will."

"Who are you?"

"I'm her mother."

Tony shook his head. "No you're not. Her mother is in Las Vegas."

Camilla raised her chin. "I raised this child from the age of two to sixteen. *I'm* her mother! I want charges filed against these men, especially the ringleader, or I will personally talk to District Attorney Walker about shutting your establishment down as an unruly nuisance."

Contritely, Tony nodded.

"Good. Victoria's obviously in no condition to stay here, so I'm taking her with me."

Tony raised his eyes skyward, as if he were making a decision. "All right, but make sure she's back by Friday night."

With her arm around Vickie, Camilla led her to the dressing room to dress. They took the side door out to the parking lot. "Where are we going?"

"To the ranch. Which car is yours?"

Vickie pointed to her metallic green car near the entrance. "It's the PT Cruiser over there."

"Lock your car up. We're taking my car."

In Camilla's Lincoln Town Car, Vickie's blubbering lessened to a snivel. They drove in silence for long minutes. As soon as she regained her composure, she let Camilla know how much she appreciated her help.

"Thank you, Mum. God, I hate to think what would have happened if you hadn't been there."

"You would have been all right, sweetheart. The manager and bouncer were on their way over with baseball bats. What makes you do it, baby—dancing naked in front of dirty men? You're much too good for that, and you weren't raised that way."

Vickie frowned and snarled back. "You think I want to do that? I have no choice." Then her effusive nature asserted itself. "I'm sorry I jumped on you like that. It's just that my life seems to have fallen apart today. It really, really is good to see you."

"And I cannot tell you how happy I am to see you. Look at you. You're all grown up." Camilla laid a hand across the console onto Vickie's knee. "I missed you so. And I've been so worried about you."

She set her hand over Camilla's. "I never knew how much you meant to me until I ran away. I love you, Mum."

They drove the rest of the way in silence. They got to the ranch around eight-thirty and entered the house holding hands.

"Come, let's sit down." Camilla looked at her right-hand man. "Chen, would you bring some iced tea."

He nodded and left.

Camilla and Vickie sat next to each other on the couch in the great room, just off the foyer.

"Sweetheart, I want to hear how you came to work in The Man's Club. Can you tell me about it?"

Vickie felt a gnawing feeling in her stomach. "I was forced to work there. It's nice to know you care after me running away and everything, but you may not want anything to do with me when you find out the life I've been leading."

Camilla lifted her hand and cupped her chin. "Is it the life you chose? Is it the life you want to lead?"

Chen brought a pitcher of iced tea, two tall glasses, lemon slices, and a sugar bowl and set it on the coffee table.

Vickie answered quickly with staccato-like speech, "Of course not. I've been a tramp...an embarrassment to the Gregory family...and...to you...who I love as much as my real mother. I hate it, but...it's all I know. Mum...I'm so confused. I don't know where to turn."

Camilla picked up the pitcher, poured two glasses, and handed one to Vickie.

She took it. "Thank you."

Camilla raised her chin. "Well, you're home now, and I'll help you. I take it when you ran away you went to your mother?"

Without looking at Camilla, she nodded.

Camilla sipped her iced tea. "How did you know where she was?"

"Remember Jinella?"

"Yes, she was one of our housekeepers."

"Mother contacted me through her when I was fifteen, and we stayed in touch by e-mail until I left."

"You went to Vegas, didn't you? Your mother is a kept woman, isn't she? She's Joey Bertollo's girlfriend."

Vickie's mouth opened in disbelief. "How?"

"Your father, Jonathan, loved your mother until the day he died. After his death, I came across papers that indicated as much. He hired private investigators to track her down. I blame her for Jonathan's untimely death."

Vickie suddenly stood and began pacing. In an agitated voice, she asked, "Mum, did anyone named Gordon ever live here?"

Camilla inhaled deeply. Her eyes widened. "Why would you ask that?"

She stopped pacing and, with her hands on her hips, stared at Camilla. "My mother told me someone named Gordon raped her when she was here."

Camilla's usual in-charge demeanor slipped a notch. She leaned back in her chair and placed her palms to her cheeks. "Oh, no. All these years I've misjudged her. I thought she was a selfish...never mind."

Vickie's eyes grew wider. "So, there was a Gordon?"

"I'm afraid so. He's in jail now. He was a cousin of Ted's father, Roger. Three months after your mother left for the last time, the sheriff's department arrested Gordon for two counts of sexual assault

of one of the housekeepers. At first, Roger tried to shield him. I wonder if..."

"What?"

She shrugged. "Oh, nothing. I was just speculating."

Vickie nodded. "I know what you're wondering. She was raped, and you think your husband covered for him."

Camilla hitched her chin for a single nod. "Yes, I can see that now, possibly more than once."

"Sweetheart, you said your life started falling apart today. Was there something else before the incident where you work?"

"Yes, I saw Gabe and Ted. They're apparently moving into my next-door neighbor's townhouse."

Camilla leaned back into the couch and chortled. "Jasmine is your neighbor?"

Vickie nodded. "You know her?"

"Yes. You may be surprised to know your brother and my son are in a ménage à trois relationship with Jasmine."

"Jasmine mentioned that when she called after I drove off in a hurry. She called them her husbands." She found the idea of Jasmine in a threesome surprising. Unlike her, Jasmine had always seemed so grounded, so conventional. Still, she couldn't say that she blamed Jasmine. Both men were catches, handsome and upstanding. "Is that all right with you?"

"Surprisingly, it is. I've grown very fond of Jasmine. I guess she took your place as my girl."

When Vickie frowned, Camilla changed the subject back to her.

"How is your mother? She's still a young woman. Fifty-three, I believe."

Vickie blanched. "Joey B keeps her locked up in a suite in the Odyssey Hotel, drunk and drugged as if she were a possession. When I first got there, he was nice to me, but after a couple of years, he forced me to have sex with him. When my mother found out, she was furious. That's when he put her in a virtual prison. He would do the

same with me except his wife found out about us, so he shipped me here to work in The Man's Club. He visits me at the club occasionally, usually unexpected. Sometimes he's nice—he flew me to Paris for a week once and Disneyworld another time—but usually he's mean. He claims he loves me, but I hate him.”

Camilla's jaw dropped. “Why didn't you come to me?”

“I was embarrassed and didn't want to drag you into my mess. Plus, I didn't know how he'd react. He does have my mother.”

“Is that what you've been doing all this time, working in a men's club?”

Vickie gave a nod.

Camilla closed her eyes and raised her head as if addressing a higher power. “Well, providence led you back to us. The tawdry little secrets you have you can withhold. Your lawyer may want to know more, but I only want to know enough to extricate you from your debauched life. Assuming that is what you want. You did seem unsure.”

“Oh, yes, definitely. I need to get away from Joey and keep them from finding me. I've been taking a class here and there and managed to accumulate forty credit hours, about two and a half semesters' worth at Southern Methodist University. I'm registered under my real name, which I don't think Joey B knows. Mother managed to get me a social security number under Gregory. They think my last name is the same as Mother's—Armstrong.”

“All right, Victoria, don't worry. I'm going to get you away from Joey B. I'm going to start by calling my lawyer in the morning to see what he thinks we should do. Why don't you get a good night sleep, and we'll talk in the morning?”

Vickie was confused. “But where will I sleep?”

There was a sparkle in Camilla's eyes as she smiled. “In your room. Where else? It hasn't been touched since you left.”

Vickie's eyes grew wide as she realized what her grandaunt and surrogate mother said. Excited, she rose and kissed Camilla on the cheek. "I should have known. Thank you."

"For what?"

"For being you. I may sleep in a little. I'm still shaken. Is that all right?"

"Of course." Camilla waved her away. "Go."

Chapter Two

The next morning, while Matilta, the chef, fixed Victoria breakfast, Camilla went in her office and called her lawyer.

"Law offices," the young receptionist answered.

"This is Camilla Dewhurst, is Dominic in?"

"Oh, hi. I believe he is. I'll ring you through."

"Thank you."

"Dominic de Salva. Can I help you?"

"I hope so."

"Camilla, to what do I owe the pleasure of your call?"

"I'll cut right to the chase. "

He laughed. "Don't you always?"

"I guess. I don't have time for chitchat. A large problem in the form of the Las Vegas Mafia has been dropped in my lap, and I need your advice."

"The Mafia? Christ, what are you—"

"I don't need that kind of advice. It's a family matter, and I'm in it, like it or not, so listen. My grandniece, Gabe's younger sister, whom I raised and think of as my daughter, Victoria, has emerged after running away seven years ago. She lives and works here in a men's club owned by Joey Bertollo. Dominic, she's his mistress. How can I get her away?"

"My God, Camilla. Are you sure you want to get involved?"

"She's Gabe's sister. I raised her until she was sixteen. Need you ask?"

“Yeah, you’re right, sorry. I remember Victoria, and I remember how frantic you were when she ran away. You must have spent a hundred grand trying to find her.”

“Two, but the money doesn’t matter, I’d spend a million to get her out of Joey B’s claws.”

“You may have to. I suppose they know where she lives?”

“Of course.”

She heard him sigh. “Of course. Let me make some phone calls. In the meantime, I suggest you find her a new place to live and not with you. Hire some people to watch over her. I’ll warn you, though, it’ll be expensive.”

Camilla laughed. “More expensive than you?”

“Maybe not, but it’ll be twenty-four, seven. It’ll add up. I know three ex-Navy SEALS who’re just getting in the security business. They’re young, hungry, and good. They’d probably work for a little less. Give them a call. Atlas Security Services, 972-555-4242. Ask for Zachary Coles. He’s my godson. Tell him I sent you. In the meantime, I’m going to make some discreet calls.”

“Thanks, Dom. I’ll give Zachary a call right now. Bye.”

She disconnected and then dialed the number he’d just given her.

* * * *

Victoria had just finished eating the shrimp omelet that Matilda had fixed for her when Camilla came in.

Matilda asked, “Can I get anything for you, Mrs. Dewhurst?”

“No, Victoria and I have to run. Are you ready, sweetheart?”

She looked up. “Where are we going?”

“I’ll tell you in the car.”

Vickie jumped up. “I’m ready. Matilda, that was delicious. Even better than I remember.”

Matilda beamed. “Thank you, missy. It’s so good to see you again. Come by anytime.”

"I will." She put an arm around Camilla. "I already feel better. Shall we go?"

Heading down the access road to Cow Trail Boulevard in Camilla's Lincoln Town Car, Vickie asked, "Where to?"

"First, we're going to try to find a new place for you to live. I thought since you've been attending classes at SMU, we'll look around there."

"What will I do with my townhouse?"

"Do you lease it or own it?"

"Lease."

"You'll have to sublease it. Maybe Jasmine can help."

After viewing a half-dozen so-so rental houses, Vickie shouted, "Wait, stop! Pull over!"

Camilla stopped in the middle of the quiet street. Vickie pointed to a darling older home with an open house sign in front.

"That one. I love it. Can we go in?"

Camilla pulled over. "But, Victoria, it's not for rent. It's for sale."

Vickie would not be deterred. "I know. I just want to see it. The market is slow and maybe they'd take a lease option. Can we just look? Please? It's even within walking distance of the university."

They went in, Vickie and Camilla both fell in love, and just as she suspected, the owners accepted a lease-purchase.

Camilla plunked down a sizable deposit to hold the home, and then they headed for their three o'clock appointment with Zack Coles.

They parked on the street, and after Camilla inserted a handful of coins in the meter, they went up the stairs of the low-rent district office building to the second floor location of Atlas Security Services. The logo below read "Let ASS cover your BUTT."

Vickie laughed, but Camilla rolled her eyes as Vickie pulled the door open. They walked through the door and looked around. The front desk was unattended.

Camilla sat down and patted the seat next to her. "Take a seat until the receptionist returns."

When no one came out within a reasonable time, Vickie stood, walked around the desk, and looked down the hall. "Is anyone here?"

A deep voice resonated from an office down the hall. "Yeah, sure."

She heard a desk drawer slam and a chair scrape along the tile. A man who must have been a movie star stuck his head out the door.

"May I help you?"

"I'm Victoria."

He stepped out of his office, and her heart leaped as he walked toward her, hand extended. He was tall and buff, with a capital *B*. As she shook his offered hand, he flashed what her daddy used to call a five-thousand-dollar smile, referring to the cost of an orthodontically perfect smile.

"I'm Zachary Coles. Call me Zack, please."

Zack had wavy, dark brown, almost black hair and dark brown, almost black eyes. His face was among the most handsome she'd ever seen with eyebrows that almost touched topping a perfect Roman nose. His lips were a bit narrow but fit perfectly with his angular face and cleft chin.

Camilla must have been approaching, drawn by their voices, because he looked past Vickie and reset his winsome smile. "You must be Camilla. Amazing resemblance."

Camilla stepped up and shook Zack's hand while returning his pleasant smile with one of her own. "Thank you. We're only related by marriage, but Victoria is like a daughter to me."

"Why don't we go into our makeshift conference room?" He turned and led them into the next room, which held a rectangular conference table about the size of the average dining room set. "Please have a seat. I'm going to see if I can round my partners up."

* * * *

Zack walked down to Scott's office and stepped in. As usual when he had nothing to do his partner played *Hand to Hand Combat* on his computer.

"Hey, Zack. I just got my personal best, five hundred twenty-seven million."

"Damn that beats mine by a hundred million. Too bad you're not that good in real life."

Scott frowned and Zack laughed. "Just kidding. Listen, we have a new client."

"Good, we need something to do."

"I know, but here's the best part. She's a real cutie."

With a broad smile, Scott set the controls down and rose. "Let's go!"

"Hold your horses." Zack picked up the phone and dialed the third member of the team.

"Lee."

"Hey, Lee, can you come upstairs? The gal Dominic sent to us is here, and she's real purty."

"Be right up, pal."

He hung up and nodded at Scott. "Let's go. Her name is name is Victoria, and I have first dibs."

"You know we don't work like that."

* * * *

Camilla and Vickie sat next to each other on the far side of the table. Camilla reached over and touched her arm. "What'd you think?"

"A ten." She giggled.

Camilla flashed her a look of reprimand. "He's supposed to guard you."

Vickie wiggled her brows. "I can't help it. He's hot!"

Camilla smiled. "He is rather nice looking."

“And that ass. My God, I just wanted to wrap my hands around each bun.”

Camilla snickered. “You are not acting very ladylike, dear.”

Vickie giggled. “I can’t help it. He brings out the beast in me.”

As they heard two men coming down the hall speaking, they stopped whispering and grinned at each other.

Entering, Zack introduced his partner. “Ladies, this is the martial arts expert in our little company, Scott Lewis. Scott, the lady to your far left is our client, Victoria Gregory, and the lovely lady next to her is her aunt, Camilla Dewhurst.”

He shook both of their hands. “I’m pleased to meet you both, and, Victoria, we’ll take extra good care of you.”

There was nothing sexual about what he’d said, but the way her core clenched, she’d never know it. Scott was just as hot as Zack. “Please. Call me Vickie or even Vic.”

“All right, Vic.”

Scott looked like a bookend to Zack, except where Zack was dark, Scott was light, and maybe his features were a little rounder. Zack sat at the end of the table by Vickie, and Scott sat directly across from her. She got a good look at both of them.

“You guys are both so tall. How tall are you?”

Scott smiled. “Zack is six-four, and I’m a half inch less.”

Scott had the California surfer look. Medium-length sandy blond hair, deep blue eyes, and a little bit of a hawk nose on an oval face. Dimples formed to the side of his mouth when he smiled.

Zack flipped to a fresh page on his legal pad. “I’m hoping our third member will join us shortly, but we may as well get started. I understand you’re like an indentured servant and sex toy for Joey Bertollo and you want to get away.”

Vickie flushed at the sex toy reference, and Camilla answered his question. “Yes, it’s a long story how she ended up that way, but she was his mistress and the wife found out, so he shipped her here for

safekeeping and forced her to work in his so-called gentleman's club."

"What a creep," Scott said. "So does Joey come visit you, or does he leave you alone?"

Vickie rolled her eyes. "I wish. He comes up every month. He thinks he loves me."

Zack touched Vickie's arm to regain her attention. "I have a question. Vickie, do you maintain contact with him? Do you get any notice of these visits or does he just show up?"

"I've never tried to talk with him because I don't want to talk with him. Sometimes the club manager will tell me he's on his way, but mostly he just shows up, and he takes me to his hotel room."

Scott straightened and, leaning forward, rested his elbows on the table. "Mrs. Dewhurst, do you have a plan of any kind to get her away from the Mob?"

Camilla wrapped an arm around her. "We hope so, but it's unlikely they wouldn't try to track her down."

Zack stopped writing and looked up. "What's your plan?"

"We're changing her identity and moving her into a new home we leased near Southern Methodist University, where she hopes to take a full schedule of classes."

Scott shook his head. "And you think that'll fool them?"

"Not forever, if they really want her. We're both hoping Joey B is tired of her and decides she isn't worth pursuing. If he isn't, we have another idea or two. Plus, that's where you gentlemen come in."

Scott glanced at Vickie. "Vic, have you had any self-defense training?"

Vickie nodded. "As a matter of fact, I have. I took Taekwondo for four years during my teens. They said I was very good."

That seemed to get Scott excited. "Excellent. When do your college courses start?"

"Next month."

"And when are you planning to break away?"

Camilla moved her hands around animatedly. "I'd like to see her do it right now. Poor thing just went through an ordeal at the club last night. One pervert got her down on the runway and a half-dozen other creeps held her down and groped her."

"Is that right?" Scott asked.

Vickie nodded. "Some of the patrons are getting rowdy. That never happened before that I know of. What do you guys think? Should I never go back?"

Vickie looked up. Another handsome devil had stepped into the room. He had short brown hair, a square face, and brown eyes with rimless glasses.

Where does the Navy get all these gorgeous men?

Zack waved him in. "Come in, Lee. Ladies, this is our third partner, Lee Taylor. We call him Doc. He's kind of the brains of the outfit."

Lee shook his head. "Don't listen to him."

He took a seat next to Scott, who told him, "Doc, this is our new client, Victoria Gregory, who wants to be called Vickie or Vic."

"Ah, Vickie, I'm so glad to meet you. You are by far the prettiest client we've had yet."

Vickie flushed but managed to look the newcomer over. She liked what she saw, and she shook his offered hand. "My pleasure."

Zack continued. "And this other pretty lady is Vickie's aunt, Camilla Dewhurst."

Lee nodded and offered his hand to Camilla, who shook it. "It looks as though beauty runs in the family."

Camilla smiled. "Oh, Mr. Taylor, you needn't flatter me."

Lee held his hands outward. "I only spoke the truth."

Zack hitched his chin toward Vickie. "Before you got here, Doc, we covered some things. I will fill you in later, but we are at the point where we were deciding whether she should even go back to work. It seems some zealous customers roughed her up last night, and Camilla doesn't want her to go back."

Lee rested his on his hand. "Tell me, Vickie, how long have you been at the club?"

She looked at her mum. "A little over four years."

"Is there some reason you never made a run for it?"

Camilla spoke. "I can answer that. Victoria's mother is a virtual captive of Joey Bertollo."

Vickie added, "Yes, he keeps her locked up, high on drugs and alcohol. I just don't know what he'd do if I disappeared."

Lee pursed his lips and cocked his head. "If he is tired of you, he most likely wouldn't do anything, but if he loves you, I doubt he's ready to give you up. That means he would probably put out the dogs to find you, and if he didn't, he could retaliate against her."

Camilla seemed upset. "What can we do? We can't just let her keep working there."

Scott smirked. "Well, if Joey B would die or if someone would kill him, that would solve your problem. However, what Zack's godfather, Dom, is trying to verify just might be the perfect answer."

Camilla leaned forward as if to hear better. "What is that?"

Zack spoke, "Well, we don't want you to get your hopes up, so we'd rather not tell you until it's verified."

Camilla frowned.

"I think our clients know the difference between a possibility and a certainty," Lee said. "Why don't you tell them?"

Zack laid his pen down and clasped his hands together on the table in front of him. "All right, but remember, none of this is confirmed. The information Dominic got from a usually reliable source is that the U.S. attorneys in both New York City and New Jersey have been quietly building a case against on Joey 'the Brat' Berlotto for various mob-related crimes."

Vickie wasn't sure how that helped her. "What good will that do? He never goes back there anymore."

Her pulse sped up as Zack laid his hand on her arm.

“Well, sweetheart, it isn’t going to be easy, but if we kidnap him and take him back to New York or New Jersey, they will indict him.”

Scott stared at Zack. “You’re right. It isn’t going to be easy. In fact, it’s going to be darned near impossible. He lives in the penthouse of the Odyssey Hotel, with what I imagine is an army of henchmen, and if he goes anywhere, he takes an armed guard with him. Ask Vickie. I’ll bet she knows.”

“I don’t need to ask her. I know you’re right, but our little Vickie here is his Achilles’ heel. Vickie, when Joey B comes here and takes you to his hotel room, how many men are with him?”

Vickie’s eyebrows furrowed. “I can’t remember. Five or six.”

Zack dipped his head once as if to say, “There you go.” “I don’t want to sound cocky, but if Joey B shows up here wanting to bed our little honey with only six guys, he’s as good as indicted in New York.”

The three of them nodded and verbally agreed, and Vickie began to feel a glimmer of hope. “When would you know if this is true?”

“Tomorrow or the next day, for sure. We want you back here tomorrow, anyway. Doc needs to perform a procedure on you.”

Vickie’s eyes widened. “A procedure? What kind of procedure?”

Lee shook his head. “There’s nothing to worry about. It’s a very small procedure, one that will allow us to know where you are anytime we want. All three of us have had the same procedure, and it hasn’t hampered us in the least. It won’t hurt a bit. I’ll be happy to show you how it works tomorrow. Can you be here at eight in the morning?”

Camilla joked, “She’ll be here if I have to drag her here myself.”

“Good. We’ll see you tomorrow morning, and don’t eat or drink anything after midnight.”

Chapter Three

Vickie spent a restless night in her teenage bedroom at the ranch. Her mind centered on two things, the mysterious procedure and the godlike security men, Zack, Scott, and Lee. She had never been so attracted to any men. Of course, she hadn't really been free to look. At her meeting with the three succulent beefcakes, she hadn't looked bad, but she could have looked a lot better, and she planned to do just that.

She rose at five a.m. Since Camilla had dropped her off to get her car after meeting the security team, she saw no need to disturb Camilla. Before anyone woke, she drove to her townhouse and grabbed her makeup bag and several outfits, including her strip outfits. From there, she headed to her newly rented home, where she showered, dressed, and applied her makeup.

Pleased with her appearance, Vickie smiled when she glanced in the full-length mirror. She looked good and was anxious to let the Atlas hunks see her at her best. Arriving at seven fifty-five, she waltzed in and went straight to Zack's office.

"Hello, Zack. Here I am, as promised."

His eyes grew as he glanced at her and flashed his five-thousand-dollar smile. "So you are. Wow, you look spectacular. Let's get Scott, and we'll head downstairs."

He rose, and her legs grew wobbly at the magnificence of him. "Ah...downstairs? All that's there is a fitness studio."

"Yes, we're tied in with them. Doc's medical offices are situated in there." Zack picked up his phone and pushed two numbers. "It's me. Vic is here, and we're heading downstairs. See you there." Then

he called Lee. “Hi, Doc, it’s Zack. Vickie is here, and I’m bringing her right down. Be there in a jiff.”

Her pulse sped as Zack took her hand.

“Let’s go.”

They zipped down the stairs and went into a side entrance for the fitness center. Then they turned right, went down a hall past the locker rooms, and into a small, unattended reception office. From there, Zack took her through a door, down another hall, and opened the first door on the right.

“Step in here, get undressed, put this hospital gown on, and lay down on the gurney.”

“Where is Dr. Taylor?”

“He’s not a doctor. He’s a medic.”

“But you call him Doc.”

He laughed. “Medics always get called Doc. It’s a term of endearment.”

“And he can do this procedure?”

“Absolutely. He did both Scott’s and mine.”

“Excuse me for being skeptical, but can you show me exactly what this procedure will accomplish?”

“Of course.”

Her stomach leaped when he smiled and wrapped an arm around her. She shivered.

“Are you all right?”

“I think so. You just have this strange effect on me.”

“I know what you mean. You do things to me, too.”

He took her hand again, which sent goose bumps up her arm.

“Come, I’ll show you what the procedure is for.”

He led her into a room that contained a lot of electronic equipment and Lee.

Zack slid over, allowing Lee to stand next to her. He wrapped an arm around her. “You looked nice yesterday, but I had no idea how beautiful you are.”

"Thank you. I wasn't looking my best yesterday, but since I'll have three handsome men guarding me, I decided to look better for you today." She tried to pull her hand back, but he held on to it.

As Vickie gave him a bemused glance, his lips curled upward into a mischievous smile.

"You can have your hand back as soon as I kiss it. I want to see if you taste as sweet as you look."

He turned her hand over and bent down to kiss it. His moist kiss nearly seared her flesh. As he raised his head, he let go, and she shook her hand as if it were on fire.

"Yes, you taste sweet. Now, let me show you what the procedure will do."

They walked over to a case that had a screen on it about the size of a regular-size TV. He hit the power button, and a map of the Dallas metro area appeared. Then he scrolled down a drop-down box until he came to his name and clicked on Blue, then Enter. Immediately, a blue light showed on the Dallas map.

He pointed to the small blue dot. "That's me. At any given time, day or night, someone can locate me with this device." He repeated the steps, this time choosing Scott Lewis and green. A green light appeared beside the blue. "The green light is Scott."

He enlarged the map until just the building they were in appeared and the blue and green lights separated. The blue didn't move, but the green one did, closing in on the blue.

In a few seconds, the lab door opened and Scott was there. "Ah, there you are. I was looking for you both. Hi, Doc."

He nodded in greeting. "Scott, I was showing our little lady how our tracking system works.

She glanced at the screen, and the blue and green lights were almost touching. Vickie gasped when Scott walked up to her and embraced her.

"Vic, don't you look fantastic today." He kissed her cheek. "What do you think? When we install the chip in you, if someone were to,

God forbid, take you, we'd know exactly where you were and would come after you with a vengeance."

Vickie was impressed. Glancing at Lee, jokingly, she asked, "If I were to do this, what color would use for me?"

Before Lee could answer, Scott answered for him. "Red, what else. You're so hot no other color fits you."

Vickie smiled and touched Scott's nose with her forefinger. "You're pretty hot yourself. Next question. Where would you put the chip?"

Lee looked at her and shrugged halfheartedly. "I usually put them behind the ear."

Vickie couldn't think of any reason not to do it, and these guys had already done it, so she felt confident about it. "Okay, let's do it. What now?"

Zack smiled. "We'll go in the procedure room and lay you down on the patient table. Then after giving you a sedative, we give you gas, like you would get at a dentist."

Her brows rose from her eyes growing wider. "Really, laughing gas?"

"Uh-huh."

"All right, lead the way"

* * * *

Ninety minutes later, Vickie started to come around. She saw three gorgeous men and smiled.

"Hi. When are you going to do it?"

Lee smiled. "I already did. It's behind your left ear like we talked about."

She felt back there and felt a bandage.

He touched her arm. "Leave the bandage on as long as possible."

"Can we go to that room so I can see my light?"

"Absolutely. We call it the STR, for Satellite Tracking Room."

Zack edged up next to her. "Let me help you down."

He lifted her up and set her down, but when she tried to walk, she almost collapsed. "My legs are too unsteady."

"Okay, I'll carry you." He placed an arm on the back of her thighs and one around her back and lifted her in his strong arms. "Get the doors, will you, Scott?"

Scott ran ahead and opened the first door, then ran ahead to open the second. As they crossed the threshold of the first door, Vickie knew something was amiss. Because she was wearing a hospital gown, the back was open, so both his arms were on her bare skin. In addition, she could feel a hard object digging into her buttocks, which could only be one thing. The thought of Zack's stiff cock digging into her backside made her pussy swelter. Finally, they made it into the STR, and he set her down. Still, she had to hold the backside of the gown closed so her rear end didn't show.

Lee handed Scott a slip of paper. "Would you type the data of her sender into the computer?"

"Sure." Scott typed the data in and in less than a minute looked up. "All set."

"Thanks." Lee hit the power button just below the screen again, and a map of the Dallas appeared once more. He scrolled down to a drop-down box until he came to Victoria Gregory and hit red, then enter. A red light showed. "That's you." He found Scott Lewis and hit green, then enter. A green light piggybacked the red. "Like before, the green light is Scott." He enlarged the map until it showed just the building they were in. "Scott, walk away from us." The red and green lights separated. The red didn't move, but the green one did, moving away from the red.

"Okay, Scott. You can come back now."

Vickie laughed. "That is so cool." She kissed each of them lightly on the lips. "Thanks, guys."

Lee studied her. "How do you feel now? Are you still woozy?"

Vickie's eyes narrowed. "I don't understand?"

“Well, if you’re feeling up to it, I’d like to examine you.”

“Like a doctor?”

“Like a medical practitioner. Maybe tomorrow would be better. Can you come back at, say, nine a.m.? And if you can get them, bring your medical files.”

She smiled. “Nine a.m. tomorrow. I’ll see you then.”

“And, Vic,” Scott smiled when she looked at him, “I’d like to work with you and see how good you are at Taekwondo.”

Zack cocked his head. “And if you’re up to it, I’d like to give you some tests tomorrow when you finish with them.”

Vickie felt weighted down. “I guess I better plan on making a day of it.”

Lee put an arm over her shoulder. “I’m afraid so. We’ll make it up to you, though.”

Vickie looked at her three expectant dreamboats and smiled. “All right. I’ll be here. Right now, I better dress and get going to see if I can get my medical files.”

Chapter Four

The next day, Vickie felt on top of the world. She really liked her security men and had confidence they would get her out from under the yoke of Joey B.

She walked into Lee's offices where he stood against the counter with an older, distinguished-looking man. "Hi, Doc, I'm here."

He looked over and smiled. "You know I'm not an M.D., don't you?"

"Oh, yes. Zack explained it. But since he called you Doc, I thought I would, too." She sat down and picked up an old copy of *Cosmopolitan* to read while she waited.

"Vickie, why don't you come into my office?"

She rose, picked up the medical files she had brought, and followed the gentlemen through the door to the second office on the left.

They both stared at her as she entered. "Vickie, this is Doctor Wyman, an associate of mine. He's going to perform your examination."

Vickie furrowed her brow and shifted her gaze between the two men. "But, Doc, I thought you were going to examine me."

"I was but—"

Her nostrils flared. "No," she insisted like a petulant child. "I want you to examine me. I just got used to the idea of you doing it, and no offense, but I don't want some stranger fooling with me."

He looked at his colleague. "Adrian, why don't you go into the exam room while I talk to Vickie?"

Adrian tilted his head and grinned. “Hmm, I’ll tell you what. I have some paperwork to get out. I’ll be in my office if you need me.”

“All right. Thanks.” He turned to Vickie. “Vickie, I decided that under the circumstances, it would not be appropriate for me to examine you.”

“May I ask why?”

“For starters, I would see you naked.”

“So would he, and he’s not my type.”

“You didn’t let me...Am I?”

“Uh-huh. All of you are.”

He sat on the corner of his desk. “Are you aware that I am strongly attracted to you?”

She nodded. “I had a hunch.”

“And you would have me examine you, knowing I’d like to take you in my arms and make mad, passionate love to you?”

She laughed. “The saying’s a little old, but, yeah, I wouldn’t have it any other way. Look, until you and your buddies get me out of that dive, anyone with enough money to pay the cover charge and buy a bottle of juice can see me in my glory.”

She could see his jaw clench.

“Yeah, we need to get you out of there for once and for all.” He reached a hand out and took her medical file. “All right, since you know how I feel about you and you want me to go ahead anyway, go in the exam room directly across the hall. Take your clothes off and put the hospital gown on like you did yesterday. Let me read these, and I’ll be in to examine you in a few minutes.”

She nodded and kissed him on the cheek before she left.

* * * *

Once he began his exam, Doc finished the exam in twenty minutes. He felt her breasts for lumps, pressed into her abdomen for obstructions, examined her pelvic area for signs of STD, and took a

Pap smear. He was a perfect gentleman, even though his hands often shook.

She laughed. "You know, Doc, physicians don't get erections while examining their patients."

"They do if they're under seventy-five and examining you."

She giggled, but in truth, she was as nervous as a cat in a dog kennel having this sexy, virile epitome of manhood poking, prodding, pinching, fondling, and caressing her erogenous zones. Propriety was the only inducement that kept her from jumping him.

Following her exam, Scott found a white martial arts uniform for her, and they worked out. He was clearly her superior, but he seemed pleasantly surprised overall and delighted by a few of her unexpected offensive and defensive moves. She even knocked him down once.

When they were finished, he walked up to her. "You are very good. Are you sure you haven't practiced for a while?"

"Seven years."

He shook his head. "I would say you already have the skill of a red belt and could be a black belt within a year or two if you stayed with it."

She smiled. "I just might do that when you guys free me. Thanks for the workout and words of encouragement."

Lee walked in carrying two large pizzas. "It looks like my timing is good. Let's go into the lunchroom. Scottie, would you get us some soft drinks from the Coke machine?"

"Sure." He waggled his eyebrows at Vickie. "What'll you have, sweet thing?"

She giggled. "Diet Sprite."

As they headed to the lunchroom, Zack walked around the corner. "Get me a root beer, would you?"

"You bet. What brings you out here?"

Zack walked over to the counter and put two slices of pizza on a paper plate. "I just received an answer back from my godfather who'd been talking to the U.S. attorney. Now, we can formulate a plan." He

went and sat down at one of the lunchroom tables, and the rest joined him.

Lee spoke first. "What'd you find out?"

Zack took a bite of pizza and washed it down with a sip of root beer. "He told me that the U.S. attorneys in both New York City and New Jersey have the indictment against on Joey B almost complete."

Her pulse sped up as Zack swung an arm around her.

"Well, sweetheart, it looks like the next time Joey comes to visit you, we'll kidnap him and take him back to New York City or New Jersey."

"But there's only three of you, and he brings five or six guards with him."

"Humph! Only six guys. He's as good as indicted in New York."

Zack nodded. "I agree. One SEAL is worth four thugs. That gives us a two-to-one advantage."

Vickie laughed. "You're all so funny. I love you guys."

Lee pulled her in a little closer. "And we love you. Just to prove it, the three of us are going to start guarding you every night at the club. We don't want any more groping incidents, and we have to be there when Joey B shows up looking for his squeeze."

The thought made her shiver. "Oh, great. I'll be performing."

Scott smiled. "We know."

"I'll be naked."

Zack laughed. "We know. Don't worry, we won't laugh."

She threw a slice of pizza at Zack and hit him in the face.

"Good throw," Scott shouted.

She purposely showed anger, but the coquettish smile she couldn't restrain betrayed that. "See if you get a lap dance."

Zack raised his brows. "I was only joking. I'll bet you look fantastic without your clothes."

Lee nodded. "She does."

Scott shifted in his seat. "You're going to give us lap dances. That's fabulous."

"No—o—o. I misspoke. I wasn't planning on it."

Lee leaned over and spoke under his breath. "Aww, c'mon, sugar. How can you deny three guys who love you something as simple as a lap dance?"

Vickie whispered back. "I would, but the three of you turn me on so much, I'd probably lose control and do something I'd regret."

"Never regret having fun."

"Are you sugg—"

"I'll talk to you more about this tonight."

"Oh, didn't I tell you. I don't start back to work until tomorrow night, and since you each want lap dances, I would like you to do me a favor."

"And what would that be, sweet thing?" Lee winked.

"Before I ran away, my brother and uncle took me a few times on picnic to a warm spring that was located on our ranch. When I was pretty much a prisoner in Las Vegas, I used to dream of going on a picnic for a date, 'cause, you see, I haven't been on a date since my junior prom. I want to take all three of you on a picnic date tomorrow before I go into the club. Is that all right?"

Zack spoke first. "Sounds like fun."

"I'm all for it," Scott chipped in.

"Let's make it three." Lee winked again.

Vickie wore her excitement on her face. "Ooh, this is going to be so much fun. I'll pick you guys up at eleven in the morning. Wear casual clothes."

* * * *

As Vickie drove to her new home, Camilla called. "Hi, sweetheart."

"Hi, Mum."

"I haven't heard from you. Is everything going all right?"

“Yes, it’s going great. Lee put a tracking device in me, behind my ear. It’s really neat. Also, Zack got word that the indictments have been prepared, so I have to continue to work at the club. I guess I’m bait for Joey, but don’t worry about me because the three of them are going to be at the club whenever I am. I really feel like they’re going to get me away from Joey. And, Mum?”

“Yes.”

“They’re all so good-looking. I just feel all tingly when I’m around them. I’ve never even had a boyfriend, and now I’m experiencing sensual feelings toward three men.”

Camilla giggled. “It seems to be a sign of the times. Women are finally free to follow their feelings.”

“But what if they want me as much as I want them?”

“Let me repeat. Women are finally free to follow their feelings. It sounds like everything is going well.”

“I’m really glad you called. I’m taking the three of them on a picnic tomorrow morning and afternoon. Could I ask a favor of you?”

“Oh, that sounds like fun. Of course, dear. You only need ask.”

“I’m picking them up and taking them to White Rock Lake Park, and my car is too small for three big men. Can I borrow the one of the ranch’s pickups?”

“Sure, you can have one of the trucks. I’m sorry, but I must go.”

“One more thing and then I’ll let you go. Could you have Matilda make up the picnic lunch for the four of us?”

“Absolutely. I’ll set it up. It’ll be ready when you come for the truck. Stay in touch and remember, I love you.”

“I love you, too. Bye.”

“Good bye.”

* * * *

After Vickie left, Lee cornered Scott and Zack. “Come into my office, will you? I think there’s a couple things we should talk about.”

They nodded and followed him. Lee sat behind his desk, and Scott and Zack each took a guest chair.

Scott raked his fingers through his blond tresses. "What's up, Doc?"

"I thought maybe we should clear the air. I suspect you both have eyes for our pretty little client. Am I wrong?"

They both nodded, but Zack spoke first. "I know Scott likes her, but I saw her first."

"And if he saw her first would you back off?"

Zack scrunched his nose and mouth. "No, I suppose not."

"I thought not and neither would I."

Scott and Zack's eyes widened as their mouths drew open.

Scott asked, "You, too?"

Lee laughed. "You didn't think I was going to let you have clear sailing with that little sweetheart, did you? Obviously, Vic has a say on this, but I have been unable to get a reading if she prefers one of us over the other. She may be open to a shared romance."

Scott raised his hand. "You mean a ménage?"

"Yes, that's an option. We've never hoarded the good things we came across. We've always shared. Does that extend to our women? That's why we have to have a serious discussion about our feelings for Vic. How deep is our attraction? Do we love her? What we're willing to compromise on, if anything, while never forgetting she is foremost our client."

Chapter Five

She got to the ranch around nine a.m. with hopes of visiting with Camilla, but she was tied up with Jasmine's friend, Brenda, who she found out was working for Camilla. Matilda didn't quite have lunch ready, so Vickie grabbed a cup of coffee and sat down while Matilda finished up.

"So you're gonna have a picnic with three boys?"

"That's right and they're all great looking, too."

Matilda chortled. "Damn, baby doll. Sure sounds like you're trying to make up for lost time. With three, no less, and dressed skimpy like that. You're not trying to outdo Jasmine and Brenda are you?"

"Matilda, it's supposed to be in the nineties today. What do you mean 'Brenda'?"

"Yeah, she's got one of them, what'cha call 'em...ménages going, too, plus, and this is hush-hush, word is Camilla has taken up with two men, too. Oh yeah, I forgot. Remember the Finch brothers, Jeff and Rodge?"

"Yeah, what about them?"

"They took up with a Dallas Cowboys cheerleader named Jo Ann."

"Really?"

Matilda chuckled. "Yep. I guess she wanted some real cowboys to tickle her *fancy*. Seems like we're having an epidemic around here." She roared at her in-house joke.

"Who did Brenda take up with?"

"Two ranch hands. Billy Joe Watkins and," she rubbed her good-sized tummy, "that gorgeous Salvador Rivas."

"I know and like Billy Joe, but I don't know Salvador."

"He came after you ran away. Why'd you go and do that for, anyway?"

"I wonder that myself."

"Well, if you were mine, I'da tanned your butt 'til you couldn't sit."

Vickie slid her chair back and stood. "Whoa! Don't get any weird ideas."

"Don't worry, you ain't mine. Here you go. Have a good time."

Vickie went and grabbed the picnic basket and two containers of drinks and kissed Matilda on the cheek. "Thanks, Matilda. I will."

* * * *

Vickie pulled up to the office building and took up two spaces with the extra-long, king-cab truck. She was going to turn the engine off and run in when her bodyguards exited the building. She had to laugh. They all wore navy blue T-shirts that had the letters A-S-S boldly displayed across their broad, muscular chests.

Zack yelled, "Shotgun," and got in front, while Scott and Lee crawled in back. When she got to see Zack's shirt up close, she noticed the words Atlas Security Services was written in smaller lettering under each corresponding letter.

"Where'd you get this?" Lee asked.

"It belongs to Aunt Camilla's ranch. I just borrowed it because you three hulks couldn't possibly fit in my car."

Vickie pulled out, and Scott said, "Cool ride. Where're we headed?"

"I thought we'd go to White Rock Lake. I know this great place near the lake where we can watch the sailboats as we eat. Afterward,

we could hike or even play touch football.” Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Zack do a double take.

“You know how to play football?”

“Sure, I grew up with two boys, so I sort of became a tomboy. We could play volleyball or basketball, too, but I don’t remember ever seeing any courts.”

Scott laughed. “You’re a far cry from a tomboy now. You are a raving beauty.”

“Aw, c’mon, guys.”

Lee put his hand over the back of her seat. “Vickie, you’re amazing.”

* * * *

Vickie laid the blanket she’d brought on a slight rise with a view of the lake, and Zack and Scott set the picnic basket and the two drink jugs down. Everyone sat cross-legged, and Vickie prepared plates for everyone.

Scott cut a piece of the chicken and took a bite. “Umm, this is some fine cooking. Did you make this?”

Vickie was tickled. “Not hardly. Matilda, the ranch chef, made it. She’ll be pleased to hear you like it.”

Scott raised a forkful to his mouth. “Like it? I love it.”

“Me, too,” Lee said. “What is it?”

Zack nodded. “Yeah, what is it?”

“The entrée is chicken piccata, the side dish is lobster ravioli, and, of course, garlic toast is garlic toast.” She tittered.

Scott handed the plate back to Vickie. “Well, you can tell Matilda she is a hell of a cook. Can I have some more?”

Lee and Zack nodded and mumbled their agreement.

* * * *

The guys had eaten so much that afterward, all they wanted to do was lie there watching the sailboats on the lake. They didn't want to hike or play football, but Vickie was not deterred. She went back the truck and grabbed the football she'd brought. Two of the guys lay on their sides, their heads resting on their palms, and the third, Lee, lay between them on his stomach, his head propped up by his joined hands. They were all staring out at the beautiful lake, but their gazes shifted to her as she approached. Their stares revealed open admiration, and she basked in it.

She stood in front of them, her legs spread roughly thirty inches apart and threw the football from hand to hand. "C'mon guys. We're talking about football. Who wants to be on my team?"

All three raised a hand and yelled, "Me!" but that was it. They didn't budge.

She purposely exaggerated her frown. "Well, that narrows it down." She took the football and bounced it off Zack's head. "Let's go, men of action."

But the football being shaped as it was, it bounced in odd direction, and she missed the rebound. As she bent over to pick up the errant ball, Zack tackled her from behind.

"Eeeeeek!" she squeaked as she fell to the ground with him on top.

"You want action?" He turned her over, straddled her thighs, and began to tickle her. "How's this for action?"

Vickie, extremely ticklish, kicked, screamed, and beat on Zack the whole time while laughing. Realizing she was getting nowhere, she resorting to begging. "Please stop! I'll do anything you want. I beg you please stop."

So he did. Just like that.

Surprised, she looked up at the NFL-linebacker-size man. His stare was so intense, she had to avert her gaze. When she looked back, his gaze had drifted lower, devouring her tanned skin, which contrasted sharply with the fluorescent orange scrimmage shirt and shorts she wore. Clothing that left her midriff and legs exposed to his

scrutiny. She sighed as he touched the diamond pin that adorned her navel and writhed as he fingered the fleur-de-lis tattoo that surrounded it.

“I love your tattoo. I’m half French, you know.”

What is it they say about French lovers?

Breathing hard and barely able to speak, she answered in a sultry voice. “No, but it doesn’t surprise me.”

The hunger behind his dark, obsidian-like eyes was palpable. And those lips, she couldn’t help but wonder what they would feel like.

Zack’s longing gaze returned to her eyes. “You know,” he paused, “you have *two* of the prettiest,” his torrid gaze roved sensually up and down her torso like a slow, heated caress, “eyes!” He grinned like a con man after pulling a big caper.

Things were happening to her. Wonderful, but sinful things. Warmth and moisture pervaded her inner workings, and her panties felt damp. Suddenly, she wanted his large, sexy hands to explore where his gaze had traveled. She had never felt like this about a man before. She had never allowed it.

Then she noticed both Scott and Lee were on their knees beside her. Together they stoked a fire within her, one that could easily turn into an inferno. She suddenly perceived the inevitability of her lying with her three handsome bodyguards. But not yet.

“What are you guys thinking?”

Zack’s stare was intense. “You said you’d do anything I want.”

By the heat that flushed through her, she knew she’d turned red as her lipstick. “I know what you’re thinking, and that’s not what I meant. Besides, I said that under duress.”

“What about a kiss? I’d settle for a nice passionate kiss.”

She glanced at the other two, who seemed to be waiting expectantly. “If I kiss you, will you play football?”

He didn’t answer. Instead, he lay beside her, wrapped an arm around her, and gently pulled her in until his lips touched hers

tenderly, and then he pulled away. "You are like a porcelain doll. I would always be gentle with you, unless you wish otherwise."

When his lips returned, his tongue pressed through the seam between her lips, and a pleased sigh escaped her throat as they parted. After his tongue made sweeping, swirling swings in her mouth, it tenderly engaged hers, sending salacious thoughts to her mind and expanding the intensity of flame within her core.

After a languorous kiss, a kiss during which Zack not only grew hard, but let her know it by pressing his hard bulge into her abdomen, she broke the kiss. "Okay. It's time for football." She rose, ball in hand, and tossed it underhand to Zack. "You are my teammate."

She heard Scott wonder out loud, "What about us? Don't we get a kiss?"

Yes, what about them? "How about if you and Lee beat us, I kiss you both?"

Lee said, "Sounds good to me. Let's play."

They played for not quite a half hour when they quit from exhaustion, score tied six to six. The big joke of the game was that every time Vickie got the ball, instead of tagging her, they would gently tackle her and pile on, even Zack, her teammate. They made sure she didn't get hurt, but each time, they would grope her as surely as those men at the club. Little touches here, a feel there, an occasional squeeze. The difference was that they weren't doing it purposely—at least she didn't think it was on purpose—and this time, with these men, she welcomed it. She was getting turned on, edgy with need.

Wouldn't be something to go from having had sex with only one partner in my whole life to having had sex with three in a single night?

Regrettably, the fun had to end, and she dropped off her heroes at their office. "See you at the club."

"Are you still going to give us lap dances?" Scott asked.

"I think so."

His arm shot up in the air. “All right. I can’t wait.”

Lee came up close right next to the door, reached around her neck, and pulled her mouth toward his for a short, but very nice, good-bye kiss. She got an example of what a polyamorous life would be like when Zack and Scott lined up behind Lee for their kisses.

After they’d finished the kisses and she put the truck in drive, she remembered. “I almost forgot. I have some VIP passes for you so you don’t have to pay the cover charge each time.” She handed three passes she had pulled from her purse to Scott. “I’ll see you at the club.”

Chapter Six

Lee, Scott, and Zack entered The Man's Club after avoiding the steep twenty-dollar cover charge with their passes. Coming from daylight into near darkness, they waited for their eyes to adjust before proceeding. Lee scrutinized the room, which was virtually square with the bar to the right of the entrance. Directly across from the entrance was the stage from which an eight-foot-wide by twenty-foot-long runway jutted into the room. On the runway, a mildly attractive woman in an almost naked state of dress gyrated to an old Guns 'N Roses song. This must've been the middle song where they took most of their clothes off, leaving just enough on to tease the customers.

There was a hallway on the far right, which likely led to the stage entrance, lap dance room, dressing rooms, and offices. Since it was only six-thirty, still early for a club like this, there seemed to be more scantily attired girls standing and walking around with drink trays than actual patrons. Three shady looking customers had taken their places in the individual seats that lined each side of the runway. That had to be where the hard-core meat hounds congregated.

Scott nudged Lee and pointed to their left where eight rounded booths lined the wall. "Why don't we grab a booth?"

After nodding, they headed that way.

A pretty waitress in a thong and skimpy top threw a couple cocktail napkins down in front of them. "Hi. I'm Misty. What can I get you?"

Lee glanced around. "Is Vickie here?"

She frowned. "Vickie? There's no Vic...oh, I'll bet you mean Tory. I'll send her over."

Lee watched Misty sashay toward the bar right up to Vickie, who waited for an order to be filled. In what looked to be an animated conversation, Misty pointed to them. Vickie looked over at the booth and smiled. Misty said something else, and Vickie nodded. After she served her order to another customer a half-dozen tables away, Vickie sauntered over. She looked scrumptious.

Scottie apparently agreed. “Man, look at that lissome little frame with just the right amount of curvature in all the right places. I don’t think it can get any better than that.”

* * * *

Acting as if they were strangers, she approached them and said, “Hi. I’m Tory. What can I get you guys?”

They scanned her up and down, smiles painting their faces.

Vickie glanced left to right and admired the patrons who had come exclusively to see her. Vickie began to enjoy their stares. “What’ll you have?”

Lee slid over a couple feet and patted the seat he’d just vacated. “We’ll get to that. I know you can sit with customers, so why don’t you sit for a while.”

“I will, but house rules say you can’t sit without a drink.”

Scott spoke up. “Okay, what kind of beers do you serve here?”

“Near beer and no beer. This is a nude palace. Nudity and alcohol aren’t allowed together.” She sat down and spoke *sotto voce*. “Most customers bring a pint or their own beers in. We don’t serve any alcohol, but for emergencies, I have a bottle of vodka. Lemonade is good spiked, or the fruit juices.” She rose. “What’ll you have?”

Lee winked. “I’ll have your delicious lemonade, yum, yum.”

He rubbed his tummy exaggeratedly, and Vickie burst out laughing. Vickie looked at Zack.

“I’ll have some yummy lemonade, too.” He winked.

She snickered and turned to Scott.

"Sure, why not? Lemonade."

Vickie smiled. "Thank you. That wasn't so hard, was it?"

They all shook their heads. Vickie turned and headed to the bar. She laughed internally as she heard one of them say, "Check out her ass. Isn't that a beautiful sight?"

"Look at them gorgeous legs, too, Zack."

Maybe work will be fun for a change.

Ten minutes later, Vickie returned with three spiked lemonades and one bottled water. "I took it easy on you guys and got three-buck bottled water for myself. That comes to fifteen dollars."

Zack tossed a twenty out. "Keep the change."

"My hero." She went over and nudged him with her hip. Move over so I can sit down.

He moved over, but before she could sit, Lee stood and was by her side. "What do you say we do the VIP dance?"

Butterflies fluttered in her stomach.

I may as well get it over with. Like Misty always says, it's better to make it with Adonis than the Hunchback of Notre Dame.

She grasped Lee's hand. "Let's go."

Instead of walking clear to the other side of the club, Vickie led Lee along the booth to a wall of curtains. They slipped through the curtains and into a hallway. Halfway down the hall was a door with a sign that read Lap Dances. Vickie opened the door, and they walked in. They were the only occupants.

"Take a seat while I pick out some music."

"What's best?"

Scanning the list of available music, she said, "I like the middle of the couch, but it's really up to you."

"Looks good to me."

He sat down and waited while she selected the music.

"I love your ass."

"So do I."

He laughed. "Touché."

She continued to speak while looking at the music. “You get three songs with the VIP dance instead of one like the regular dance. Before we start, let me explain the rules. I can touch you, but you cannot touch me. If you touch me inappropriately, I’m supposed to end the dance. Understand?”

“God, you’re beautiful. Will you marry me?”

“Ha-ha! I hear that line every night I’m here.”

Finally, with songs selected, she turned and sashayed the few steps toward him. She stopped in front of him.

“How about this one? My, what great legs you have. What time do they open?”

Vickie chortled. “That was funny.” Then she wagged a finger in his face when music began. “Okay, I’m ready to start.”

Vickie started slowly swaying to the music. Turning away from him, she reached behind, undid the hook on her top, and held the front as the straps fell to the side. Still facing away from him, she slipped her arms through the shoulder straps. Nothing was holding her red top up now except her hands. With the top across her breasts, in time with the music, she turned toward her VIP dance partner.

Lee screeched, “C’mon, baby, don’t tease me.”

Laughing, she threw her head back, her long chestnut hair draping down to her butt.

He urged her on, clapping and whistling. “Let’s see those gorgeous hooters.”

She flashed her breasts for two seconds, and his lips formed a pout. Vickie smiled coyly and turned back away from her audience, shedding the top to his applause. When she turned back, a hand covered each breast. He frowned, his disappointment obvious. She winked and, scrunching her nose, quickly covered both breasts with her arm and hand. She blew him a kiss with the other hand. He laughed.

Continuing to shake her hips with the music, she edged up to Lee and lifted her right foot up and onto his lap. Referring to her red high heel, she instructed, "Take it off, baby."

After he removed it, she lifted her other foot.

Now barefooted and naked, except for her skimpy bottom, she hopped back and looked her handsome spectator over. He shifted around and straightened his burgeoning cock. She placed her forefinger between her lips and giggled. Once more, she turned her back to him. With her hands on her hips, she spread her legs and bent down. She peeked back at him from the right and the left, affording him a sideways glimpse of her breasts. She took hold of the edge of the bikini bottom with her fingertips and, teasing it side to side, down over her hips and ass, dragged it down to the floor.

She rose, bikini bottom in hand, and once more turned to face him, an arm across her breasts and the garment held in front of her mound. His expectant smile deflated from her contrived modesty, so she strutted up to him, removed the hand, and shimmied her breasts inches from his gaping mouth. Her nipples were very sensitive, and having them suckled had always given her a great thrill. Grinning at his open mouth and rounded eyes, she straddled his hips as the first song wound down and settled the hollow between her legs directly over the phallic bulge in his slacks.

Brimming from her naughty dance, she decided that he wasn't the only one who would enjoy their remaining minutes together. Slowly, Vickie began to move back and forth, grazing her naked bottom against his clothed groin. The sensation spreading through her made her picture Lee eating her pussy. As she increased her movement, her sex against his groin, she could feel his erection through his slacks, and she pretended that he was making love to her in her bedroom. Craving Lee's husky cock inside her, picturing it moving in and out of her was making her wet. Her salacious movement inflamed her libido.

As the last song began, she ran her hand around the back of his head and dragged his sweet, moist lips toward her nipple. When those

gorgeous lips encircled her hard nub, he ran a silky tongue in circles around it, and she moaned her bliss as erotic sensations pulsed to her core. She undulated against him, moving her pussy even harder back and forth along the stiff ridge in his pants. Shivers shot through her as his hot breath in the form of a deep throaty moan tickled her ear. Only a thin layer of fabric separated his cock and her deep well, and she imagined it inside her. She imagined him fucking her, and it seemed right.

Breathily, she whispered, "You can touch my breasts and ass."

He wasted no time. Clenching a buttock in one hand, he guided her movements over his rigid sex while his other hand attended her free breast. Squeezing her nipples, he rolled them between his fingers and pinched the hardened tips. Her breathing grew heavy, her moans continuous. Everything seemed surreal, and a haze of felicity settled over her. She couldn't believe that she could get this much enjoyment out of a lap dance.

Vickie's hands grasped Lee's shoulders, her soft little mewls urging him on. The sugary anguish that coursed through her made her whimper with need. Her breath now came in short gasps as erotic sensations developed in her center and spread throughout her being. Vickie's every nerve seemed charged with energy. Sensation pulled from her extremities, building as the jolt of desire burst from her center and her loud exuberant scream burst free.

Suddenly, she felt sweet pain in her nipple as he bit down. He was convulsing in his own rite of ecstasy while she gasped and panted as orgasmic release slammed through her. Barely knowing where she was, Vickie couldn't stop it, and she screamed as the sensations crested in her womb. She collapsed against him, and he wrapped his arms around her. Shivers surged through her when his long, silky tongue parted her lips and invaded her mouth.

She snuggled tightly against Lee and enjoyed the shudders of pleasure when she heard the door open accompanied by two gasps. Still kissing Lee, she opened her eyes and looked in the mirror that

hung above the couch on which they'd practically made love. Zack and Scott stood frozen, with shock all over their handsome faces.

She lifted her leg over Lee's thighs and turned to face them. "I suppose you would like to have lap dances, too?"

Their mouths were open, but nothing came out.

"Hey, Scott, Zack. Do you want a turn?"

She started to walk up to them, and Lee joined her. They didn't say anything, but their eyes followed her, lustfully moving up and down her frame. Suddenly, Scott moved, pointing at Lee's crotch. Zack, then she and finally Lee looked at the dark spot in Lee's trousers just below his belt.

"He came. She made him come," Scott blurted out.

Vickie felt a mild flush quickly wash across her face. "I know. It was an accident. I came, too."

"We know. We heard. So did most everybody else."

Mortified, she felt another longer flush course through her. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to."

She thought about her situation. It was almost comical. Here she stood, completely naked in front of three of the most glorious specimens of manhood she'd ever seen, with her pussy heating up like a forest fire and weeping juices, some of which tickled her thigh on the downward trek to the floor. She wanted them, all of them. And all three of them wanted her.

Zack looked at Lee. "Did you ask her?"

Vickie turned to Lee. "Ask me what?"

He shook his head. "Not yet. I didn't get a chance."

Scott reached up grabbed her right breast and flicked the nipple with his thumb. She should have brushed his hand away, but she was so horny, and it felt so good that she didn't care. Instead, closing her eyes, she moaned. Soon, she felt talented fingers between her legs and again did nothing. They buried themselves in her warm, wet well and teased her nub. She knew she was treading dangerous ground with three virile studs, but something told her to let them have their way

with her. Stopping them no longer seemed to be an option as euphoric strands of joy meandered through her to every outpost of her body.

Lee whispered, "I was supposed to ask you if you would be our girlfriend."

What he had said didn't even register at first because she was preoccupied with the unfolding events. Every ounce of breath that was in her lungs escaped when Zack, down on his knees, darted his tongue over the bud of sensitive flesh at the vanguard of her sex. Lee grasped her other breast from behind as he buried his face in her neck, his hot breath sending ripples of achy desire down her spine.

Scott's smooth tongue ventured past her teeth and made sweeping, swirling swings inside her mouth. Vickie gasped when two of Zack's thick fingers reamed her sexual tunnel. She raised a leg over his shoulder to give him increased access to her sopping wet pussy.

Zack paused long enough for him to exclaim, "Aw, Vickie, I love the way your pussy tastes. Give me all of your cream."

After that, she boldly pushed her sex against Zack's mouth even harder. Pleasure pulses washed over her so completely she felt them in her toes. It didn't matter what they did. Her heart beat crazily, and her pulse surged off the charts.

Cocks! Their cocks? Her hands reached out around waist high and were rewarded with two rigid shafts. Tugging down their zippers, she had their weighty, blood-gorged members in hand and began stroking them without abandon. Lee and Scott initially gasped and paused in their ministrations, but soon returned to pleasing Vickie. She raised her other leg over Zack's shoulder and was off the floor, resting on his shoulders with her pussy buried in his face. Her breathing became an abnormal mixture of gasps and pants intermixed with throaty moans. Her head flew back in reaction to the wild sensations coursing through her. She basked in the blissful feeling of his luscious pink lips surrounding, sucking her swollen nub.

Every nerve of her body felt sensitized, ready for the exquisite climatic finish that seemed imminent. As she moved closer to release,

she began to undulate. Tremors of joy flowed through her as her impending orgasm built. Suddenly, climax number two slashed and burned across her mind as she went orgasmic from the erotic sensations speeding through her entirety.

Lee whispered. "I think you're ready for us. Let's go back to the couch."

Out of breath and barely able to speak, she said, "I am ready for you...but not here. They...have cameras that film...in here."

"Where, then?"

"There's a bedroom next door."

Zack stood. "Are you all right with this?"

"Yes. Please don't think poorly of me."

Scott answered, "Don't worry. It's what we want. We want you to be our woman."

She started to tear up. "And I want to be your woman." She squeezed their cocks. "Let's go next door so we can put these healthy specimens to work. Do you have condoms?"

Lee laughed. "Marines are always prepared."

Vickie frowned. "I thought you were Navy?"

"We were Navy SEALs, but we started as Marines. Many SEALs were Marines."

A knock came on the door. "Tory, are you in there?"

What now? "Yes, Misty. What do you need?"

"Are you going to be much longer? Your set is up."

"Shit. I'll be right out."

"Okay."

She addressed her men. "Look, I have to do my set. It'll only take fifteen minutes so go into the bedroom and wait for me. The combination is sixteen-sixteen."

She hugged them all, retrieved her discarded outfit, and left.

* * * *

They slipped out of the room a couple minutes later and went to the next door down the hall. As she said, it had a combination doorknob and they got right in.

Initially, they joked around about how hot Vickie was and how much fun they were going to have, but after a while, they began to worry.

Zack looked at his watch. "She said that she'd be fifteen minutes at the most and it's already been twenty."

Scott rose, went to the door, and peeked down the hall. He closed the door and shook his head. "I'm worried."

Lee said, "She's only five minutes late. Let's give her five more minutes."

Chapter Seven

A knock came on the bedroom door, and Scott rushed to open it. But it wasn't Vickie. It was Misty. She stepped just inside the room. Lee and Zack came up to her, too. She smiled knowingly.

"Looks like you guys were planning on having a wild party. She must really like you guys because she's never done anything like this before."

"Where is she?" Scott demanded.

"The club's owner sent for her. Here, she gave me a message to give you."

She held out a folded slip of paper, and all three of them grabbed it. They laughed.

"Let's not rip it, guys," Said Lee.

Scott and Zack let go, and Lee unfolded it.

Looks like this is it.

Camilla 214-555-2345

"Well, I gotta go, guys. Sorry about your girl disappearing."

As she closed the door behind her, Scott said, "Not half as sorry as we are."

Lee laid a hand on each man's shoulder. "Look, I know you're disappointed. We had big plans, but let's look at this as an opportunity. Now, we can get the asshole who made a love slave out of our girl."

Zack pushed his pursed lips to the side. "I know that, but we didn't even get enough time to plan what we're going to do."

“True, but now we don’t have to wonder when the miscreant will show up. And, lookee here. Our little girl is using her old noggin. Making sure we have access to Camilla, which means we have access to a private jet. Zack, tell me you have the portable tracker in the Hummer.”

He smiled. “I do.”

“Good. We have an operation to run. Just like the old days. Let’s get outta here.”

* * * *

Lee’s stomach was in turmoil. “Scott, since Zack is driving, dig out the portable tracker and see if you can locate Vickie while I call Mrs. Dewhurst.

He punched in the number Vickie had left. “Hello, Mrs. Dewhurst? It’s Lee Taylor with Atlas Security.”

“Hello Mr. Taylor. Call me Camilla, please. What can I do for you?”

“We’re in the middle of an operation right now to try to get Victoria away from Joey B once and for all.”

“That was quick. I thought there would be a lot of planning first.”

“Well, we would have liked more time, but we play with cards we’re dealt. The reason I’m calling is there’s a ninety percent chance we are going to need to charter a private jet to New York. Can you line that up for us? We need to be ready to go on two hours’ notice. Try Texas Air Charter for starters, five passengers, no luggage.”

“Hey, I found her.”

Lee covered the phone mic. “Just a second, Scott.”

“Did you get that, Camilla?”

“I did. When do you think you’ll need it?”

“I need the plane to be on call for the next twenty-four hours.”

“All right. I’ll see what I can do.”

“Good. Ask for Al Goodwin. Tell him Lee Taylor said to give you the Navy SEAL price.”

“I’ll do that. Good luck.”

“Thanks, I have a feeling we might need it.”

He ended his call and looked over the seat. “What’d ya have?”

“Apparently, she’s still en route. Looks to be heading to the Dallas-Fort Worth Airport.”

“God, I hope not. I don’t want to chase him back to his home turf. That could be real messy. Remember that deal last year at the Elixir Hotel.”

“You mean with the helicopters crashing and falling out of the sky. Boy, that was something. Oh, wait. I think they stopped. Looks like the Grand Hyatt”

“Good. Head there and step on it.”

“You got it, boss.”

“She’s in the hotel. She’s standing still, could be in an elevator. Ah, there she goes. She turned right down the hall. I don’t know what floor she’s on, but it looks like she’s going in a corner room. Oh, shit!”

“What?”

“I might be wrong, but I suspect somebody smacked her. Her light just jumped three or four feet.”

“Shit is right.” Lee looked out the windows and saw they had entered the airport grounds. “There’s the hotel about a mile ahead.”

“Yeah, she’s getting roughed up. It happened again!” exclaimed Scott in a panic. “How will we know which floor they’re on?”

“I imagine a guard or two will be posted in the hallway outside the door. Pull up near a side door. We need to look through our arsenal to determine what we need.”

Upon arriving, they jumped out of the SUV, ran around the back, and opened the lift gate. Lee pushed a button on the side panel, and the floor of the storage compartment opened from the center, exposing a hidden cache of weaponry below.

Lee glanced at his friends. "Choose your weapons carefully. We don't want to cause a disturbance."

Each man looked over the array and chose the weapon of their choice. They already carried nine millimeter Walther P99s with ten-shot magazines, but they each added a sound suppressor and night-vision goggles. Scott and Zack picked ninety thousand volt Tasers. Lee and Zack each took dart tranquilizer guns. In addition, they each grabbed a handful of nylon flex-cuff restraints, rope, and eight-inch folding knives.

Grabbing his last choice, the mini-crossbow, Scott said, "I'm ready. Let's get those S.O.B.s."

Lee added, "Amen."

The threesome took off. They entered the building and stealthily maneuvered up the emergency stairs. They were pleased the doors had eight- by twelve-inch wire glass windows and they didn't have to open the doors to look down the halls of each floor. On the sixth floor, they found their target. Two men sat in chairs outside suite 649. The trouble was they sat within twenty feet of the stairway door and opening it would alert the guards.

Lee got them together and whispered, "We need a decoy, so I'll go back down and take an elevator up. Keep a lookout for other henchmen. Remember, Vickie said there's usually five or six with the boss."

They nodded, and Lee slipped down the stairs. When he was on the main floor, he furtively exited the stairs and headed for the lobby and the bank of elevators. It was roughly eleven o'clock, and except for inside the cocktail lounge, few people wandered around. He was the only one in the elevator lobby, and when he pushed the up button, the doors of an elevator immediately opened. He stepped in and pushed six. As the elevator rose, he opened his collar and messed his hair.

When the elevator lined up with the sixth floor, the doors opened and he staggered out. He turned right, occasionally banging into the

wall as he stumbled down the hall giving an Academy Award performance as a drunk. He saw them, two brawny men wearing dark suits and ties, and they saw him. They were about a hundred feet away. As he continued, they stood. He stopped about thirty feet away, leaned against the wall, and pointed toward them.

"Hey, what'cha standing by my room fur. Ya waiting fur me?"

The closest one spoke. "This is our room."

Looking confused, he hiccupped. "Mus-s be the nex ro-om den."

"No, that's our room, too."

He pointed at the room across from him. "Sis forty-five. Dat mus' be it."

"That's also our room."

Practically falling, he edged closer and held up two fingers. "Two guys ne-e-d thwee rooms. What da fuck da ya need thwee ro-oms fur?"

The guy who'd spoken glanced at the other one and smiled. "Man, this guy is wasted. Hey, there's someone on the stairway." Reaching for their guns, they turned toward Lee, weapons in hand. However, before they could aim, each of them reached for their thighs where Lee had shot them with the dart gun.

Lee pulled his own silenced weapon and rolled on the ground to avoid being a stationary target. He felt some consolation when he saw his cohorts rush through the stairway door, but guards were still drawing down on him. He had the bad guys in his sights, but held off, not wanting to warn anyone. Finally, as they adjusted their firearms to his new location, he saw their eyes roll back in their heads and their legs gave way. Scott and Zack each caught one and, after taking their guns, lowered them to the floor.

Lee walked up to them and spoke under his breath. "Thanks, guys. I know that tranquilizer only takes a second or two, but it always seems like a lifetime before it works. Check them for card keys and then let's take them out on the stair landing. They should be out at

least two hours, but put the flex cuffs on them anyway. And wrap an arm around the lower pipe rail so they can't wander off.

After Joey B's first two thugs were safe and sound on the stair landing, Lee tried a card key on room 645, the second room down from Joey B's. The first card worked like a charm. Entering the dark room, they donned their night-vision goggles. Having sneaked in on two sleeping hoods, Zack tranquilized them while they slept, and Scott cuffed them.

When those two gangsters were safe and secure, they went back into the hall and used the last card key on 647, the room adjacent to 649. The card worked, and they slipped in again wearing night goggles. A single thug had apparently woken, fired a shot toward the silhouettes in the backlit doorway, and hit the open door. A second thug joined the first, firing a shot that barely missed Lee. He quickly shut the door and they all ducked down.

Lee whispered, "Take your goggles off, guys. I'm going to blind them with light. And when I do, Zack, I want you to dart them."

"Gotcha."

The light went on, and the men covered their eyes. Zack rose and drilled them each with a dart. In two seconds, they were in la-la land and the guns fell from their hands as they collapsed like rag dolls.

As Lee secured the last guard, he reflected, "Well, we lost the element of surprise and Joey will be waiting for us. In addition, I'm sure those gunshots are going to draw some attention and we may even be reported to the police. Therefore, I suggest we get this over with and *fast*. Zack, you take the front door, and Scott and I will go through the adjoining door."

"What if it's locked?" asked Scott.

"I'm sure it is. We'll probably have to shoot the lock off. Remember we need this guy alive. Use the dart gun, but if you have to shoot, aim to wound. Are you ready?"

"Absolutely," Scott and Zack said simultaneously.

As Lee had suspected, Joey B had locked the door from the other side. Scott shot knob twice with his silenced Walther, and Lee kicked it in. They saw big, tough Joey Bertollo shaking in his boxer shorts but aiming a Mini Uzi assault weapon right at them. To his right and behind him, they saw Vickie, still wearing her skimpy strip outfit.

They heard Zack yell, "Drop your weapon, Joey. I have you covered."

Joey turned the assault gun toward Zack, fired a burst of deadly projectiles, and then quickly swung the Uzi back toward them.

Lee yelled, "Give it up Joey. We have you trapped."

Joey frowned. "You're not Feds. Who are you guys?"

"It doesn't matter. Throw down your weapon and you won't get hurt."

As Lee and Scott ducked back, a half-dozen bullets sailed through the vacated doorway or imbedded into the doorjamb. "Fuck you. What are ya, bounty hunters? Well, you won't take me alive."

Suddenly, Vickie swung out a quick jab of her leg and knocked the loosely held weapon to the ground with her foot. As Joey bent down and scrambled to retrieve his only defense, Vickie clobbered Joey with a bone-shattering three-sixty kick to the jaw, and he fell to the floor like a sack of laundry, out cold.

Excited, Lee laughed, and he and Scott rushed in and hugged her. Then as Zack came up to them, Scotty looked at them. "What'd I tell you? She's a natural. We ought to hire her."

Lee raised a hand. "Calm down. There's no hurry. We haven't even been to bed with her yet."

Vickie stuck her fists on her hips in an alpha pose. "Yes, and that's what really pissed me off. I finally got the nerve to bag you three beefcakes and this yokel whisks me away and proposes."

The jaws of all three men dropped. "He proposed to you? He's married," exclaimed Zack.

"Yeah, isn't that a hoot. I guess he filed for divorce. Check this out." She held out her hand and wiggled her long, slender fingers. The

men's eyes widened at the sight of a seven-carat diamond engagement ring. "You guys showed just in time. He was demanding an answer."

They laughed, and Scott took her hand for a closer look. "You're not going to give that back, are you?"

"Hell no. I figure I earned it for putting up with him for seven stinking years."

Lee handed his phone to Vickie. "Call Camilla while we get Joey ready to travel, and tell her we'll be at Love Field in an hour with our package and ready to leave."

"Scotty, see if you and Zack can get his clothes on him and then cuff him. Also, there should be some hotel robes in the closet. Grab one for our baby, will you? I'm going to pull the Hummer around by the outside stair exit."

Scotty stared at Zack. "You heard the man. Let's get cutting."

In twenty minutes, they were moving. Zack drove and Vickie, wearing her designer robe, had shotgun. Joey, still unconscious, sat in back between Scott and Lee.

Vickie turned in her seat so she could see the three of them. "I want to thank you for what you did for me. You guys were magnificent."

Scott laughed. "You weren't so bad yourself."

Zack snickered. "I only heard the first kick where the gun hit the floor, but I saw the final blow. It was sensational. Even now, I'm picturing it in slow motion. The way his head seemed to compress as it rolled to the side, saliva flying out of his mouth and his eyes rolling back in his head."

* * * *

Her mind went back to the glorious time she had with the three of them. "Lee, you remember in the lap dance room when you guys were driving me crazy and you asked me to be your girlfriend. What did you mean?"

“Just that, baby. The three of us all talked about it, and we want you to be our live-in girlfriend. When you’re a SEAL, you get very close to your comrades. We’ve been through some hairy things, in Iraq and Afghanistan together, and we’re as close as brothers. And when one of us finds something real good, we don’t hoard it. We share it with the others. You are like that, something special. Too good for only one of us. You understand now?”

“I think so. You know, I didn’t get a chance to give Joey an answer, which obviously would have been no, but I’m ready to give you guys an answer.” She shouted, “Hell yes, I’ll be your girlfriend, and I can’t wait to see what someone besides Joey feels like inside me.”

Scott leaned forward to get a better look at the woman of his dreams. “You mean you’ve never...a lover...beside him.”

“That’s right, and I couldn’t help that.”

“Well, now you can have three.”

Her heart swelled as they cheered and whistled. She just hoped they loved her half as much as she loved them.

Chapter Eight

Al Goodwin met them as they arrived at Love Field at two forty-five a.m. With a giant smile, Lee walked up to Al. “You didn’t have to wait here for us. Any of your pilots would do.”

“Look, Lee, don’t give me any lip. If you’re going to fly with Texas Air, I’m the one who’s going to fly you.”

Lee shook his head.

“And don’t fucking shake your head. You guys saved my bacon in ‘Stan.”

“Yes, and that was our job.”

Al put his arm around Lee. “I know how you guys were called back because it was too dangerous and pretended you never heard the order. Tell my wife and kids you were only doing your job when you saved me from certain death at the hands of them eighth-century-throwbacks. And then after you saved me from those nutcases, dressed my wounds, and saved my leg through sheer determination. I could never do enough for you, brother.”

Lee embraced Al. “Al, you were one of us. You pulled us out of some scrapes, too. What you’re doing for us tonight is plenty good enough to pay us back.”

“Well, I’m just happy I finally get to do something back for you. The plane’s ready whenever you are.”

* * * *

Twenty-five minutes later, they were in the air. After they gained the needed altitude, Al turned the controls over to the copilot and

went back to visit his comrades. He walked up to Scott and shook his hand. Scott stood and embraced Al, as did Zack.

Al sat in a vacant captain's chair and turned around to face everyone. Vickie had fallen asleep. "Who's the pretty girl?"

Scott laid a hand on her shoulder. "She's our client, Victoria Gregory."

"Lovely."

Joey B had wakened, but they tranquilized him immediately.

"Who's the package?"

Lee raised an eyebrow. "Are you sure you want to know?"

He nodded. "Just in general. No details."

"He's a mobster we're taking to the New York U.S. Attorney. How long will it take to get to La Guardia?"

"Roughly four hours."

"So with the time change, it ought to be about right. Excuse me while I call my friend and tell him we have the package so he can make arrangements to take him off our hands."

* * * *

At seven a.m., Lee's phone ringing woke him out of a well-deserved sleep. "Mr. Taylor?"

"Yes."

"Could you hold for the Attorney General?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Lee? Hi, this is Ted Thompson. Our mutual friend called when he ran into trouble. The New York U.S. Attorney was called away on an emergency, so I have arranged for Jason Gaylord, the New Jersey U.S. Attorney to take your very valuable package off your hands. If you would divert to the Newark Airport, Mr. Gaylord will be able to take custody of your package at ten o'clock."

"That's great sir. I'll tell the pilot right away. Thank you."

“You’re welcome. Just in case you need it, Gaylord’s direct line is 609-555-1001.”

“Got it, and thanks for your help.”

“It’s my job, and, Lee?”

“Yes, sir?”

“Job well done. Congratulations.”

“Thank you, sir.”

“Sorry, but I have to run now. The president is waiting. Good day to you?”

“Good day...” Lee stopped when he realized the line was dead. He rose and went to the cockpit. “Change of plans, Al. Can we land in Newark Airport instead of La Guardia? Got a call from the Attorney General saying the New Jersey U.S. Attorney will pick up our package there at ten.”

“A.G., huh? You’re going to have to tell me sometime who your package is.”

“I’m sure you’ll be able to read about it in the newspapers soon enough.”

“Yeah, maybe. We’ll be landing by eight-thirty, so we’ll be waiting on the tarmac for ninety minutes, unless you want me to keep flying for a while.”

“No, land when you can. We’ll keep our guest sedated.”

* * * *

When they were on the ground, Lee called Gaylord.

He answered, “Gaylord.”

“I’m Lee Taylor. I hope you don’t mind me calling. Mr. Thompson gave me the number.”

“Ah, you must be the one that has Mr. Bertollo.”

“Yes. My partners and I have him, and we’d like to get rid of him.”

“And I’d like to take him, except no one seems to want to help on this short notice. Tell me, do his people have any idea where he is?”

“Not a chance. Even he doesn’t know where he is because he’s been unconscious since we caught him.”

“What if my deputy and I came and got you in one of the government Suburbans. Could you accompany us to the Newark FBI office?”

“I reckon. We’re all very tired, though. I don’t suppose you have a safe house for four weary travelers, do you?”

Lee heard the U.S. Attorney laughing. “Do I have a safe house for you? How does a suite in the Park Central Hotel sound?”

“Sounds fantastic. How do you happen to have a suite at Park Central available?”

“It’s a long story. I’ll tell you when we get there.”

* * * *

Thirty minutes later, the Suburban pulled up right by the plane’s exit. Scott and Zack stood their unconscious package up and wrapped his arms around their shoulders. Lee and Vic exited first with assault weapons and covered Scott and Zack as they made the trek from the plane to the suburban.

In three minutes flat, the five of them were in the long, black SUV heading out of the airport. After introductions, the party settled in for the twenty-minute drive to the Newark FBI office.

On the trip, Jason explained how they happened to have a ritzy safe house. “Corruption seems to be endemic in New Jersey. We had this guy who was going to flip on the mayor and a couple councilmen of a large New Jersey city. We arranged everything, but when we took him to one of our standard safe houses, he balked. Said he wasn’t going to stick his neck out and live like he was the criminal. Therefore, we leased a fancy suite at the Park Central for him and his guards.

“After a week, he changed his tune and chickened on us. So, he left protective custody and we still had the suite. We’d leased it for six months at a discount, but the hotel settled for a month’s rent. And that’s how we ended up with a swanky safe house.”

By one-thirty, Joey Bertollo was safely ensconced in the New Jersey FBI office in Newark. Jason notified the concierge at the Park Central Hotel that his guests were to have use of the government-rented suite.

Jason smiled. “This has been a very big day for my colleague and I, and we are going to celebrate. I would consider it an honor if you’d join us.”

“Jason, trust me, under normal circumstances, we would love to join you, but we are beat. How about if you take us to the hotel and I buy you and your deputy a drink?”

He shook Lee’s hand. “It’s a deal, and I’ll buy you and your friends a drink in return.”

Lee wagged a finger at the young prosecutor. “Two drinks total, and that’s it.”

“Get your people, and I’ll pick you up in front.”

* * * *

Neither Vickie nor her boyfriends had ever been to New York before. Of course, they’d seen photos and movies of it—who hasn’t? But it’s one of those things like the Grand Canyon. The pictures and movies are nice, but the sweeping majesty of the reality was mind-boggling.

As they drove across the bridge over the Hudson River to lower Manhattan from Newark, Vickie was mesmerized. The vibrancy and energy around them felt contagious. She was all eyes as they drove in and among the man-made colossuses.

When they pulled into the valet at Park Central at two-thirty, she was embarrassed to get out. Mr. Gaylord must have noticed because

he said, "Come with me." He led her straight into a ritzy boutique, pulled a credit card from his wallet, and, handing it to her, smiled. "How would you like to get rid of that robe?"

She smiled back. "What do you think?"

"I think you would, and I'll buy it from you. Take my card and buy yourself a classy outfit in trade, all right?"

She nodded.

"Good. When you're done, join us all in the lounge. And don't worry about the cost."

Forty minutes later, she walked out of the boutique in a very chic black-and-white strapless dress with tulle and a pair of Nina three-and-a-half-inch heeled evening sandals with rhinestone decoration and ankle strap. In addition, she bought a matching clutch, had the resident makeup specialist make her up, and topped it off with a black, wide-brimmed hat with a white band and feather.

The minute she strutted though the lounge portal, testosterone-laden gazes followed her. As she approached the booth where her five companions sat, they rose, their expressions flowing with admiration. Two of the men on each end of the booth vacated their seat to allow her to sit. She sat next to Mr. Gaylord and returned his card.

"Thank you so much. I hope you don't mind. I spent too much, almost a thousand dollars."

He laughed. "Is that all? You look like a million."

She laughed so hard that she almost choked. "Oh, thank you." She kissed his cheek, and when she lifted a cocktail napkin to wipe the bright red lipstick mark, he grabbed her wrist.

"Please leave it there. Scott has been telling me how you disarmed and knocked Mr. Bertollo out. That must have been some kick coming from a little thing like you."

She entwined her fingers and rested her chin on her joined hands. "I'm not that little."

"No, I know that. Your size and weight are perfect. I meant in comparison to him. He must weigh a hundred pounds more."

“He does, but he was distracted. With gunmen facing him from two sides, he didn’t pay attention to me.”

Lee, on her left, heard the last part of the conversation. “I wish I had a film of that kick, Jason. It was a thing of beauty. After the kick, his head turned left, his eyes rolled back in his head, and he fell like felled tree.”

Scott picked the conversation from the other side of Gaylord. “He was unconscious before he hit the ground. What’re you drinking, Vic? Lee is buying.”

“I’ll have a strawberry daiquiri.”

* * * *

The group had a second round of drinks, as promised, and one more. They partied for another half hour, until Vickie announced. She was hungry. As soon as she said it, everyone realized with all the excitement they hadn’t eaten a thing, so they adjourned and headed to the Café New York.

Chapter Nine

As they got in the elevator, an elderly couple joined them. "Three, please," the woman said, and Zack pushed the button.

After the couple left, all three of them lavished kisses on Vickie, their hands roaming her electrified body. From behind, Zack nuzzled his face in close and peppered Vickie's neck with tiny, moist kisses, which triggered a rush of lustful craving in her nether regions.

"God," he whispered, "I wish you were naked so we could make you feel like a goddess."

She combed her fingernails through Lee's bushy mane as he managed to expose a nipple and sucked on it. She moaned as Scott, with his clever fingers, lifted her skirt, shunted past her panties, and probed the deep, moist heat within.

"I will take care of that when we get to our room."

Without warning, the elevator doors opened wide and exposed their delicate situation to two gaping mouths and four expanded eyes. When they realized what had happened, everyone quickly got proper, though she had to pull the dress top and bra over her nipple. As Zack dragged her past the startled young couple, she couldn't help but smile and quip to the girl, "And that's just the beginning."

As they stepped into the elevator, she heard the girl say, "I'd like to do that."

To which her boyfriend replied, "What? In an elevator?"

"No, three men."

"Well, I'd like three women."

The last thing Vickie heard as the doors closed made her laugh. "Sure, we can do that next."

As Lee opened the door, Zack, who was almost a head taller than her and a hundred pounds heavier, yanked her off the floor and carried her over the threshold. “Whooooooweee!”

She glanced around. They were in some sort of ritzy living room. Still in his arms, she looked at Zack. He stared at her and slowly lowered his lips to hers until their mouths fused. Temporarily engulfed in a haze of lips, tongues, and twisting, slick friction, she suddenly wondered about Lee and Scott.

Then she felt someone removing her beautiful, sexy shoes. She separated from Zack’s lips. She looked down to Scott and Lee. Sitting on a couch, they were each removing one of her shoes.

She joked, “Does Zack carrying me over the threshold mean we’re married?”

Lee removed her shoe and kissed her instep. “Something like that.”

“Really?”

He nodded. “If that’s what you want?”

She beamed. “It is, but maybe each of you should carry me in.”

Scott, who’d removed her other shoe and was sucking on her toes, jumped up. “That’s a good idea. Zack, set her down.”

Zack set her down and Scott grabbed her hand, said, “C’mon,” and jerked her to the door.

After Scott had taken her into the hallway and carried her back through, they kissed as she and Zack had. Little by little, she was regaining the lust she’d felt in the lap dance room of the club.

Lee stood and edged up to them. “Pass her to me, will you?” He took her from Scott and carried her through the door and back. Unlike the first two, he murmured, “You may kiss the bride now,” before he kissed her.

Then he took her into one of the bedrooms and deposited her on the bed. He unzipped and took off her dress. Then, with Scott and Zack’s urging, he removed her undergarments. Meanwhile, Scott and Zack titillated her with their hands, lips, and tongues. When everything was off, Lee pulled her toward him so that her sex was near the edge of the bed, and spreading her legs wide, he rested her feet on his shoulders.

“Place a pillow under her pretty little head, boys. I’m going to eat her fine pussy, and I want her to watch me feast on her.”

The anticipation was killing her. “I’m so turned on I feel as if I’m floating.”

Lee threw a pillow on the floor. “Be prepared for a trip to the moon, baby.”

His arms circled her thighs, convening at her sexual nexus. He spread her legs even wider and splayed her vaginal lips with his fingers. His hungry eyes seemed to devour her privates, and she felt a tingly, frisky feeling all over. When the corners of his lips curled up into a smile of appreciation, she grew inflamed.

“Your pussy is pretty like a flower. I like it smooth, too. It’s better for between meal snacks.” He chuckled then dipped his nose near the gateway of her deep recess and took a deep breath. When he rose, he wiggled his long, glistening tongue at her. “I love the heady aroma of aroused pussy.” He wagged his tongue and touched the tip of his nose.

She gulped, suspecting that the second that tongue licked her down there, she would melt from carnal lust. She shuddered and held her breath as his lips opened over her pulsating bud. His velvety tongue lapped the depression formed between her inner folds from anus to clit. She took a deep breath as he stoked the flame that ignited in her. She panted, moaned, and whimpered as his tongue flicked across her clit.

“Oh, my God,” she groaned and bit down on her lower lip as Zack’s and Scott’s moist lips each surrounded a nipple and sucked it. Fingers streaked through their hair. She reached down and held Lee’s head. She moved his head in concert with the rocking motion of her body. A high-pitched moan emitted from deep within her throat as his tongue intimately concentrated on her clit, running over it and sucking on it. Nearly out of control, she arched her back and pressed her steamy vessel tightly against his handsome face.

Scott, the only one who hadn't tasted her pussy, paused in his sensuous labor. "How is it, Lee?" He plucked her nipple.

He raised his head from between her legs, flashing a wicked smile. His mouth hovered directly over her screaming clit, his lips and chin wet with her juices. "It's fantastic. I just love to make Vickie moan and writhe."

Her breath abandoned her when Lee's tongue returned and teased the tender tip of her swollen bud. Then she gasped as his eager tongue eased down to circle the rim of her wet recess, she stiffened and pushed, offering her sex farther into his mouth while moving her head slowly from side to side. Her juices flowed freely, and his noisy tongue lapped up the cream that formed and brought forth from her a series of throaty whimpers.

Within minutes, she reveled in a glorious sexual release. "Oh, God, baby. I'm coming. This is it!" For half a minute, she had a gigantic orgasm. It had come not gradually, but out of nowhere, like a dust devil materializing out of nothing. She grabbed his head, pulled him closer to her channel, and, bucking upward, pushed it firmer against his mouth. The sensations floated through her mind like debris in a tornado. A series of tickly, shivery waves of ecstasy followed. Rocking from side to side, she clutched Lee's hair in her fists and screamed, moving his head in time with her heaving motion.

It took a while for her shaking and pleasure tremors to subside. She'd just had a mammoth climax, her strongest ever, yet her need increased. The sweet torment in her pussy increased. She craved something long and hard, and her men had what she needed. She sat up. "I'm ready to get fucked. Any volunteers?"

Scott shook his head. "Are you kidding? We're all dying to dip our cocks into that sweet pussy of yours."

"And I want you all, but I don't know where to start." She was naked, but her lovers were still dressed. "Would you come here and stand in front of me?" They did, and they all had erections. "I'd like

to undress each of you in the future, but for now, could you please undress yourselves?"

She watched with undisguised hilarity as they raced to be the first man naked. When they were standing in front of her naked, she felt intimidated. Three lean, strapping Navy SEALs with healthy-sized staffs, all of which were larger than Joey's, stood before her. Vickie felt overwhelmed. A plethora of gorgeous man flesh was within her reach, and suddenly, she felt inadequate. These were three big virile men with big dicks, and she was...well, she just wasn't very worldly when it came to sex.

Vickie touched each one of their throbbing, upright appendages. "What if I can't satisfy all of you?"

Scott said, "Why would you think that?"

If her mind had doubts, her vagina had none, since large quantities of cream seeped from the walls of her pussy. "I don't know. Maybe it's because up 'til now, I've only had sex with one man, and he wasn't as big as you guys. And maybe it's because I have to satisfy not one, but three, of you."

Lee knelt in front of her and laid a hand on her mound. "May I?"

She looked up at him and nodded. He spread her legs and eased two fingers into her. She whimpered.

"Look, sweetheart, you only have to have one of us in you at a time, and you certainly are ready. I suggest you start with Scott and make love to him. When you're done with him, if you feel like it, you do Zack. We'll go slow, and when you're used to the idea of three of us, we'll see if you want to continue. All right?"

"How?"

"We'll start with a way you're used to. Like a lap dance. Shall we start with Scott?"

"Okay."

"All right, baby, stand up. Scott, sit on the bed and put a condom on. Now, darling, when he's ready, straddle him as if you're going to

do a lap dance, only this time insert his cock inside you. I guarantee it'll feel so much better, you may never want to go back to regular lap dances."

Vickie slapped his arm but laughed. "I'm out of that business, remember."

She straddled Scott and lowered herself on his shaft. It did feel good, so good that they both gasped. She moved slowly in a circle, moaning as her sensitive pearl rubbed against his pelvis. Then she began to move up and down. They wrapped their arms around each other. She could feel his hard cock thrusting deep into her, and Scott's heartbeat felt as though it was slamming against her chest wall.

She was tight enough that her pussy stretched around him as he pushed into her, then gripped and clenched around his shaft as he pulled back. The more they fucked, the more confidence she gained. She looked for Zack and Lee and didn't have to look far. Sitting on each side of her, they fondled and kissed her.

"If you guys feel like oral sex, I have a mouth that's going to waste."

Zack's dick was beside her mouth in record time, and Lee's wasn't far behind. She unwrapped her arms from around Scott, grabbed a dick in each hand, and stroked them. It excited her when she heard Zack and Lee groan. Just as she was about to take Zack into her mouth, she gasped because Scott started sucking on her nipples. He switched back and forth between each breast and licked, sucked, nibbled, and flicked until she thought she'd die from the sensations that coursed through her.

Zack held her head in his hands and began feeding her more cock than she was used to, so she pulled away. "Lee's turn."

As Scott continued to pummel her warm, wet pussy, she sucked on Lee. Anchoring his hands on her hips, Scott drove into her, trapping her clit between them in a welcome caress. Stroking Zack, she sucked Lee's cock eagerly while feeling absolutely nirvanic between her legs and on her breasts. Sex with Joey B had never been

like this, so much happening. She felt herself getting wetter, felt her juices coat Scott's cock as he slid in smoother with each luscious stroke.

Unexpectedly, Lee shot a squirt of semen into her mouth, followed by several more spurts. While wondering what to do with the sperm in her mouth, Scott began acting erratically and had his own climax. The convulsive actions of both men affected Vickie. She was on the verge of another orgasm, and when Zack shoved a thick finger in her anus, her release surged forth. Blood simmered beneath her skin, and Scott thrust through the waves of her orgasm, catching her throbbing clit on every down stroke. Her pussy rippled along his length, sucking at him as she erupted into a ball of shuddering emotion. She dug her nails into his shoulder and held tight as he tilted her hips and ground his hilt against her clit.

Seconds later, an orgasmic aftershock quivered through her.

Remembering Lee's semen, she found it was gone. She must have swallowed it when she screamed. Everyone rolled into a pile and held each other. Zack, who hadn't climaxed, edged up to her.

With his fingers teasing her clit and pussy, he asked. "Do you feel up to giving me a go?"

She was tired and worn-out, but not so worn-out that his actions and unabashed machismo didn't have an effect on her. "Can we do it with me lying down?"

"Sure thing, baby. My cock just wants to say hi to your sweet little cunt."

She giggled.

They scooted to an unused corner of the bed, where Vickie opened up for him by spreading her legs wide and holding her ankles. Zack plunged his pulsating hardness into her. Her delicate softness had opened so much and become so wet that his oversized shaft glided into the slippery cushions of her channel with ease. Gasping as she accepted his rigid cock, soon she reveled in his hard thrusts. She moved her hips with him, arched her back to take him deeper,

encouraged him to plunge harder. “Oh, yeah, baby. God, you feel good. That’s it, fuck me hard.”

Taking her at her word, Zack slid off and stood at the edge of the bed. Wrapping his arms around her thighs, he pulled her to him and pummeled her. She wrapped her legs around his back, crossing her feet just above his sexy tush. Lee and Scott joined in, each taking a swollen nipple in their mouths and caressing her with their hands. His pelvis rammed into her sensitive button tirelessly, relentlessly, sending pleasure darts to the farthest outposts of her body. Reeling from a plethora of erotic sensations, she felt overwhelmed with the elation three men could provide. The sweet torture, seemingly endless, sent her to the brink of orgasm. Slowly, the itchy ache deep within her retreated and was replaced by a compelling hunger for release.

She could sense it. Like an unstoppable runaway train, it came barreling through her. A shockingly strong wave of tingly, tickly feelings pulsed through her. She gasped, panting as orgasmic release slammed through her. Radiance exploded behind her eyelids as pure ecstasy raced through her and caused her to scream out her gratification. She couldn't hold it. She shrieked her exaltation as the erotic sensations crested in her womb.

But that wasn't the end of it. Just warming up, Vickie and her three bears kept at it until the wee hours, when they all passed out, probably from exhaustion.

To Vickie's absolute delight, she accommodated all her men, and not just once, but several times. She surprised herself in that the more sex she had, the more she wanted. She'd never had more than one orgasm before, but her he-men lovers had delivered six screaming, biting, scratching, thrashing orgasms. It was as if she fed off them and they fed off her. It was heavenly. It was sinful!

Chapter Ten

Vickie awoke sandwiched between her menfolk like a sardine in a can. Even the king-size bed they slept in was not enough to accommodate three broad-shouldered men and little Vickie. They were going to have to figure out a reasonable sleeping plan.

Light glimmered through the sliding door, and she was anxious to see the view of Central Park. Lee and Scott were to her left and Zack to her right. She sat up, pulled her legs out from under the covers, and got on her knees. Lifting her left leg over Zack's narrow waist and bottom, she managed to get her feet on terra firma, well, sort of, without waking them.

Vickie loosened up, stretching her arms and moving her head in a circle. Then she slipped on one of the hotel robes and strolled into the living area. Finding a small patio balcony, she stepped through the door and walked across the cool tile in her bare feet toward the solid waist-high railing. It was a beautiful, coolish, sunny, late-summer morning. The view of Central Park was amazing. The spectacular view only added to Vickie's giddy state of mind, after having the major problem in her life solved and finding love with three gorgeous, loving men.

Running a hand over a chair back from one of patio table chairs, she smiled and went back inside. She picked up the handset on the phone and dialed room service.

"Room service."

"Hi, I'm in room nineteen thirty-three, and I'd like a carafe of coffee, bacon and eggs, and a *New York Times*."

"Sure. How would you like your eggs, and what kind of toast?"

“Scrambled and whole wheat.”

“Yes, ma’am. Someone will be there in fifteen minutes.”

“Thank you.”

She went into the opulent bathroom and turned on the shower valves. She brushed her teeth, removed her robe and stepped into the stream of warm water. She was in, but a few minutes when she heard her phone ringing. By the time she turned the water off and got out the ringing had stopped. She dried off, slipped back into the robe, and then checked her phone for missed calls. There was one and it was from Camilla.

She started to return the call when a knock came at the door. She put the phone back in her purse and went to open the door. As expected, it was the room service waiter.

He pushed the cart inside and handed her the check. “Would you be a dear and roll the cart onto the balcony for me?”

He smiled. “My pleasure, ma’am. Just set the cart in the hall when you’re finished.”

She added an eight-dollar tip onto the expensive thirty-two-dollar check and signed it with the room number. He took it, bowed and said, “Good day, ma’am. Enjoy your stay,” before he left.

She laughed internally.

Boy, am I enjoying my stay. I may not want to leave.

She stepped back onto the terrace and set her breakfast, the carafe, and the newspaper on the table. Before sitting down, she glanced once more at the inspiring view.

She poured a little cream in her coffee and removed the lids from her breakfast. She picked up a slice of bacon and, while taking a bite, opened the paper. She almost choked when she read the headline, “Former East Coast Mob Head in Custody.” She went on to read the article.

The U.S. Attorney for New Jersey, Jason Gaylord, working in concert with Jim Hightower, the New York U.S. Attorney, are set to indict reputed mobster Joey “the Brat” Bertollo. The FBI in Newark,

New Jersey, took Mr. Bertollo into custody yesterday. Mysterious circumstances surround the delivery of the reputed gangster...

Suddenly, as she read the article, a pair of hands started to knead her tight shoulders.

"Ummm, that feels good."

Lee bent down and kissed her. "Not as good as you felt yesterday, I suspect."

"And not as good as you felt yesterday, either."

He came around and took a seat next to her. "Are you all right? No complaints?"

Vickie shook her head. "None that I can think of. I'm just a little sore, which, frankly, I'd be surprised if I wasn't."

Lee smiled. "So would I."

"There is one thing that makes me sad, though."

His brow furrowed. "Really? What?"

She looked at Lee, a tear in her eye. "My mother. She's still a prisoner at the Odyssey Hotel."

"I know. Let's hope with Joey indicted they'll release her."

Vickie picked up a napkin and wiped her eyes. "I hope so."

Lee got a serious look on his face. "Tell me about your mother."

She sensed her lips curling into a smile. "She's a wonderful, loving person. She was distressed when I originally joined her, and after a couple years I found out why, but by then I was stuck."

When Vickie's mind wandered, Lee interrupted her reverie, "Tell me about her background. Who was she? Where was she from? What did she do?"

"Oh, didn't you know? She was a movie star. A beautiful movie star. My father had dozens of pictures of her in his bedroom. I suppose, now that he's dead, Camilla has them."

"What's her name?"

"Rebecca Armstrong."

"I remember her. No wonder you're so beautiful. Tell me more."

"Other than my father Jonathon, was awarded custody when I was

four, that's about all I know. Even when I was with her, we didn't talk about her past, and Camilla, thinking she abandoned Gabe and I, wouldn't say boo about her."

Lee's forehead wrinkled. "Gabe. Who's Gabe?"

"He's my older brother. He could probably tell you a lot more about her than I can."

"All right." Lee glanced at the headline of the *New York Times* and chuckled. "I see Joey B made the front page."

She snickered. "I know. I almost choked on a piece of bacon when I saw that. We're out of this whole thing now, aren't we? We're not going to have to testify, are we?"

"I hope not. We have to leave here by noon. Al stayed on the New Jersey side overnight. I'll call him and tell him we'll be at the airport around two o'clock."

"Sweetheart, now that we've determined you are going to be our live-in girlfriend, I'd like to talk about the next step. Since we all live in apartments and you live in a house, we thought we should move in with you. What do you think?"

After taking a sip of her coffee, she set the cup down. "Would you guys pay your share of rent and expenses?"

Lee stuck his hands out. "Of course. In fact, the three of us should be able to cover all the expenses, which leads me to the next question. You can still go to school if you want, but we'd like you to go to work for us, too."

Vickie leaned forward, her eyes widening. "Really, all of you?"

"Uh-huh. We think with proper training you could be a real asset."

She pursed her lips. "You guys aren't, ah...saying this 'cause of last night, are you?"

He shook his head vigorously. "Hell no. It's because we can use a woman in the company, and we feel you would be a good fit. The only problem is we wouldn't be able to pay you much to start."

"How much?"

Poor Lee, he scrunched his nose as if he was ashamed to say it.

"Twelve bucks an hour, but remember we're going to pay—"

She laid her hand across his. "Yeah, I know rent and expenses. Well, if you're serious, I'd be happy to work with you. I will still go to school, though. Maybe I'll change my major from pre-law to criminal science."

"That would be super. I better go and call Al. Be ready to leave by twelve."

"Yeah right, like I have so much to pack. All I have to do is get dressed and I'm ready."

After Lee left, she got back to her breakfast and newspaper. The breakfast had grown cold, and remembering a microwave in the bar area, she went to heat the food. Five minutes later, she returned to the terrace with her warmed breakfast. As she took her last forkful of eggs, she heard her cell phone ringing through the screen door. She rose and ran through the door, into the bathroom, where she'd left her purse, and pulled the phone out just as it stopped.

Walking back to the terrace, she checked the missed calls and discovered that Camilla once again had called her. This time, she returned her call.

"Hello?"

"Hi, it's Victoria. I saw you called me twice."

"Yes. I just called to see how it went the night before last. I see in the newspaper this morning that the New Jersey U.S. Attorney took Joey Bertollo into custody. I take it that's what you needed the plane for."

Vickie laughed. "Was that only thirty-six hours ago? It seemed like three or four days. Mum, you are not going to believe what's happened since the last time I talked to you. It would take a half-day to cover everything, but let me give you the highlights. While they were there, Joey sent his men for me and took me to his hotel room."

"Oh, my God. What happened then?"

"Lee, Scott, and Zack came after me. Using the chip they'd just implanted, they found and rescued me. I still have trouble believing

what happened after that.”

“Like what, Victoria? Tell me.”

“Let me tell you that as I’m speaking to you, I’m standing upon a balcony of the Park Central Hotel in New York City, enjoying the most amazing view of Central Park.”

“Victoria. Stop teasing me. I know you flew to New York. Tell me what happened.”

“I am. We captured Joey and brought him to New Jersey, where they’re preparing to indict him on a laundry list of crimes.”

“Then how did you end up at the Park Central?”

“We needed a place to stay, and the U.S. Attorney had it available. This suite is the place where I experienced to most wonderful night of my life. Mum, I hope you won’t think poorly of me, but I followed my feelings like you said and had sex with all three men last night, and it was amazing.”

Vickie could hear Camilla, uncharacteristically, squealing on the other end of the line. “Ooh, Victoria, I’m so happy for you. Obviously, you liked it. Are you going to be their girlfriend?”

“That’s the plan. I have even more to tell you. I will tell all when we get back.”

“All right, I’ll be patient. Can you have lunch with me tomorrow?”

“I’d love to. Where? On the terrace?”

“No. I have to go into town tomorrow. How about Houston’s at eleven thirty?”

“I’ll be there.”

* * * *

On the plane ride home, Vickie slept. Lee pulled Zack aside and they went to the back of the plane. “I want you to do something when we get back.”

“Yeah, go head.”

"Vickie has a brother, Gabriel Gregory. I want you to find him and talk to him about their mother, Rebecca Armstrong. Find out everything he knows."

Zack smiled. "No problem, partner."

"And after you finish with that, why don't you do an internet search on her, too, all, right?"

Zack nodded. "You can count on me. I got it handled."

He patted Zack on the shoulder. "I know I can."

* * * *

They arrived at Love Field at five p.m. and jumped in the company Hummer. Since they were all hungry, Zack drove to the nearest Outback Steakhouse. After they placed their orders and the waiter served their drinks, Vickie asked Lee if he thought she could break the lease on the University Park home she and Camilla leased.

His brows dipped. "Why would you want to do that?"

She sipped on her iced tea and set it down. "The main reason I was moving there was so Joey didn't know where I lived. Now that he's safely in jail, it doesn't matter, right?"

Zack put a hand over hers. "Wrong, dear. He's not above sending someone to hurt, kidnap, or do worse to you. You better keep your lease."

"You really think he'd do that?"

"No, but it's a possibility."

Scott asked, "Does the new house have security system?"

She flipped her hand out as she pursed her lips. "I don't know."

"I'll check it out when we go over there tonight."

Vickie shook her head. "I hate to disappoint you guys, and you're more than welcome to stay there tonight, but I'm afraid I'm not going to be able to do anything. I got sorer than I thought."

Lee flashed an avuncular smile. "That's okay. We understand. I think I'll go to my apartment, collect my things, and move in

tomorrow morning.”

Zack patted her hand. “Since our baby needs to recuperate anyway, that makes the most sense.”

Scott nodded. “Yeah, all right. I’ll bring my stuff early in the morning, too.”

* * * *

When Zack got back to his apartment, he tracked Gabe’s phone number down with the help of his godfather and called him.

“Hello.”

“Is this Gabriel Gregory?”

“Yes, who’s this?”

“This is Zachary Coles. My partners and I are under contract with Camilla Dewhurst to protect your sister, Victoria.”

“Oh, yeah. I’ve heard rumblings about that. What can I do for you?”

“I’m trying to get information on your mother, Rebecca Armstrong. What can you tell me?”

“Hmmm. Not much, I’m afraid. My father died about ten years ago without ever saying boo about her and neither has Camilla. Over the years, this is what I gathered and pieced together from various sources.

“My mother was an up-and-coming movie starlet. Back in 1981, a movie company made a deal to use our ranch for a month as the backdrop to make a movie called *Gabriel’s Gun*. I assume that is where my name came from. My father went for the lovely actress in a big way. There was a whirlwind courtship while the movie was being shot, and, afterward, my father seemed have conned the movie studio into retaining him as an Old West consultant.”

Zack’s brow dipped. “Was he...was he an expert on the Old West?”

“From what I understand, he knew enough to get by. In the two months he stayed in Hollywood, he apparently consolidated his

courtship of my mother. They ran off to Las Vegas and married in the Little Church of the West. The newlyweds spent an additional week in Vegas, then my proud father brought his lovely new bride back to the ranch, the marriage a *fait accompli*.

"From this point on what I tell you is conjecture. At first, Camilla and Roger Rawlins, Ted's father, welcomed my mother warmly. I understand that Camilla even midwifed me while she was seven months pregnant with Teddy. Then sometime after my second birthday, my mother got a big part in a high-charged movie, and though she'd promised to give up acting, she went back to Hollywood. My father and I went with her. After the release of the movie, my mother, pregnant with Victoria, my father, and I came back to Dallas. I believe she was later nominated for best actress for the movie.

"She was less welcome now because Camilla and Roger thought she was jerking my father around. Victoria was born in a Dallas hospital five months after they came back. About six months later, Rebecca and Victoria left for Hollywood without my father. A year and a half later, she brought Vickie back to celebrate her second birthday and left without her. That was the last time I saw Rebecca Armstrong, my mother. I was six."

"That's too bad. Well, at least you had your father and Camilla."

"Camilla, yes, but not my father. Poor Jonathan Gregory was heartbroken. Oh, he tried to be a father to both of us, but there was nothing left for us. Rebecca had stolen all his love. He died on September 12th, 2001 of a delayed broken heart at the age of forty-eight."

Zach felt his eyes widen. "The day after nine-eleven?"

"I'm afraid so. After the funeral, Victoria wasn't the same, even when she won Texas Junior Miss. A year and a half later, a couple weeks after her sixteenth birthday, she disappeared, leaving a note that said she was going to find her mother and that's all I know."

"Thanks, Mr. Gregory."

"Anytime and call me Gabe."

“I will. Thanks again, Gabe.”

When the phone call ended, Zack got on the internet and searched for Rebecca Armstrong. She was born in 1956 in Kokomo, Indiana to Deacon and Mrs. Wilfort Armstrong. She moved to Hollywood in 1977.

Rebecca’s photograph revealed how lovely she was with long blonde hair, obviously contributing to Gabe’s and Vickie’s good looks. Her agent, William ‘Billie’ Baggs, got her small parts at first, but with her appearance and talent, she rose fast. Her crowning achievement was the nomination for best actress in the 1985 movie *Larger Than Life*. After the Academy Awards, Rebecca’s fortunes seemed to slide downward. In 1989, she married a movie producer, which garnered her a couple more decent parts, but after their 1993 divorce, she dropped off the map. Her current whereabouts were unknown.

Zack wrote down everything he’d found out and emailed it to Lee, then went to bed

* * * *

Zack showed up first that morning, about ten. They hugged, and Vickie showed him around before he brought his things in.

“How old is this place?” he asked.

“Sixty years, but the house has been updated.”

“Yes, it’s very nice. I love the mature trees and landscaping. I’m just wondering how we’re all going to fit in the master bedroom.”

“I’ve been wondering about that, too. Four of us in a bed even seemed awkward at Park Central.”

“I don’t suppose you have a tape measure?”

“Sorry. Not here.”

“Let me think about this.”

He walked into the master bedroom just as Scott arrived.

Scott hugged and kissed Vickie and started to look around just as Zack requested his presence. Lee came in at eleven, looked around, and embraced Vickie.

"I've got to go. I have lunch with Camilla. Why don't you make yourself at home. Zack and Scott are in the master bedroom."

"Oh, okay, sweetheart." He kissed her good-bye. "Have fun."

* * * *

Vickie arrived ten minutes late. She walked in and looked into the restaurant for Camilla.

The hostess smiled and asked, "Can I help you?"

Glancing around, Vickie answered, "I, ah...am not sure. I'm meeting a friend here for lunch and I'm late. Pretty lady with white hair."

"Yes, I know where they are. Come with me please."

They? In thirty seconds, Vickie was seated with Camilla...and Jaz.

After the hostess led her to the table where Camilla and Jasmine sat, the waitress said, "The waiter will be right here. Can I get you something to drink?"

"Iced tea?"

"Sure. Lemon?"

"Please." She turned to her lunch partners. Jasmine, what a surprise." She hugged Jaz, then Camilla, and took a seat between them.

"I hope you don't mind my inviting Jasmine. I thought it was about time she found out what happened to her friend and neighbor, so I've explained some of what's going been going on."

Jaz laid a hand across Vickie's. "And let me tell you, I'm thrilled. To think we're sisters by marriage. And what an exciting escape you made."

"I'm thrilled, too. I'm sorry I was so rude driving off like that, but I didn't know what to say, so I panicked."

Vickie glanced at Camilla. Her eyes were bright and jocular, and her grin seemed permanent, rather like the Joker in *Batman*. "What are you smiling about?"

"Oh, I can think of *three* or *four* things to smile about."

Vickie rolled her eyes. "Very funny. I seem to remember someone telling me I should follow my feelings."

Apparently, Camilla hadn't shared that part of Vickie's situation with Jasmine. "What are you talking about?"

"Oh, she's just being silly. I have taken up with the men that saved me."

Jaz's eyes grew wide at that news. "You and the three men?"

"Uh-huh."

"Vickie, that is fabulous." She raised her glass. "A toast."

Vickie and Camilla both raised their glasses.

"To Vickie's new family. May happiness abound."

They clinked glasses, and afterward, Camilla sipped on the straw. "Don't get me wrong, dear. I'm extremely happy for you also. I hope you're up to the task you're assuming."

"Frankly, so do I. One admittedly special night with them and I can barely walk."

Jaz laughed. "I'll bet. Ménages are a lot more work. Sort of like twins are more work than single babies. Women who have twins can barely keep up. Women who have triplets can't keep up and get outside help. Only *you* can't get help."

"Nor would I want to. I guess I'll just have to become a nymphomaniac."

"That's the spirit, but if that doesn't work, set some parameters. I'm sure they love you and want what's best for you, just like you want what's best for them. Now, tell me all the details on your fabulous adventure that Camilla omitted."

Vickie relayed a blow-by-blow description of the most exciting thirty-six hours in her life. "What's more, they want me to go to work for them. They think with the proper training I would be a real asset."

"What makes them think that?" Jaz asked.

"I don't know. For one thing, I'm pretty good at Taekwondo.

"I worked out with Scott and I did knock Joey B out."

Camilla waved her hands as if to say time out. She had an incredulous look on her face. "Hold on. Wait a minute! Did you say you knocked Joey B out?"

"Yeah, I did it right after I kicked the gun out of his hand. Oh, Mum, it felt so good. It was therapeutic."

Jasmine's eyes grew wide. "Wait, hold on. You kicked the gun out of his hand first?"

"Uh-huh, and when he bent down to pick the gun up, that's when I plastered him. The guys were really quite impressed."

Camilla snickered. "So am I, and I didn't even see it. Wait 'til I tell your brother."

Vickie giggled and nudged Jaz. "I had a good teacher. Did Mum tell you how she rescued me single-handedly at the club from a horde of wannabe rapists?"

"No." Jaz turned and looked at Camille with what looked to be newfound admiration.

"Auf. That was nothing."

"Nothing! Jaz, your mother-in-law was magnificent. There I was, naked and helpless on the stage as a dozen men restrained me, fondled, and groped me until Mum came to my aid. I'll never forget it."

Jaz turned to Camilla again. "How did you manage that?"

Modestly, Camilla explained. "The ringleader I wanted to kill, so I hit him over the head with a beer bottle. Then, using my heavy shoulder bag like a weapon, I started to wield it like a club, knocking the scallywags off Victoria. Then, the bouncer showed up, and I took Victoria, who was bawling, out of there."

Jaz snickered. “Well, if I ever get into a fight, I know who I want on my side.”

Vickie giggled. “Tell me, Jaz, are you going to tell Gabe about my foursome?”

“Sure. What’s he going to say? ‘Do as I say, not as I do’?”

“It is a little different with him.”

Camilla waved her hands in the air. “Not really. It’s just different sides of the same coin.”

Jaz leaned forward. “Are you going to be living together?”

“Uh-huh. They moved in, and Zack talked about making some changes.”

Chapter Eleven

When Vickie got home, she discovered her three men were remodeling. They'd removed the wall between the second and third bedrooms to create one giant bedroom and had knocked a doorway into the original master bedroom walk-in closet. Then they'd enlarged the closet that served bedroom three. The result was one long bedroom with a closet for each of her men, a built-in computer desk, and access to the larger walk-in closet for her.

Vickie surveyed their work with approval. "Where's the bed going to go, honey?"

"Scott and I are going to build a special bed, using the king-size bed in the master and one of the long twins that was in here. I'm planning on setting it between the two windows. We'll have to have special sheets made, though."

"We could probably sew the existing sheets together," Lee pointed out.

Vickie looked around and smiled. "Very nice. You guys do remember this house is a rental, don't you?"

Zach nodded. "Oh, yeah. We didn't do anything here that we can't undo in a day or two if we have to move out."

Scott added, "As far as I'm concerned, I wouldn't mind staying here forever. It's a great little house on a large lot and in a great location." He smiled and lifted an eyebrow. "If we were to need more space in the future for...you know, whatever, there's plenty of room to add on."

Vickie suspected Scott was thinking of babies. She took his hand. "If you're thinking visits from the stork, sweetheart, I'm all for it, but not for a few years. I just got my freedom, and I want to live a little."

Lee put his arm around her and kissed her cheek. "She's right. We just formed this family, and there's plenty of time for *bambinos*. We also have to be careful with our woman. She tells me she's still sore. I know the night in New York was a special event, but obviously, she can't take six-hour marathons."

Vickie shook her head. "That doesn't mean you're going to go without. Tonight will be *fellatio* night. I'm going to set the three of you side by side on the bed and work on my oral skills. I figure when my period comes, it'll come in handy."

Zack exclaimed, "Halleluia! Baby's going to hob my knob. I can hardly wait," and the others laughed.

* * * *

The next day, Vickie went into the office for the first time as an employee. They suggested that when she had nothing else to do, she act as the receptionist and do bookkeeping, something she'd never done. Therefore, when she finished an hour-long martial arts workout with Scott, she settled in at the front desk. Answering the phone and taking messages were easy, but she really was at a loss with paperwork and bookkeeping.

Vickie was so confused about what to do, she called her new sister-in-law, Jaz, to ask what to do. About an hour after her ten-minute phone call of woe to Jaz, her personal assistant, Gloria, the pretty black girl who sub-leased her townhouse showed up to help Vickie out.. "Hi, Vickie. Remember me?

"Of course. You're Jaz's personal assistant."

Her vivacious smile was infectious. "Right, and don't forget renter. My roommates and I moved in yesterday, and we are thrilled.

Jaz mentioned you were having troubles organizing their files and doing basic bookkeeping, so I volunteered to help.”

Vickie was delighted. “Oh, God, you’re a lifesaver. Pull up a chair and show me.”

“With pleasure.” She grabbed a chair from the conference room and sat next to Vickie. “I think my employers think all women are natural-born secretaries, and I’ve never been behind a desk except in a classroom.”

She touched her forearm. “Really? Men make a lot of assumptions about women, and ninety percent of the time they’re wrong.”

Vickie shook her head. “I know. I signed on to learn the security business. Apparently, they don’t know where to begin. This desk was empty, so here I am.”

“Don’t worry. I’ll get you going. It’s easy once you get the hang of it.”

Zack stepped up to the desk holding a paper in his left hand. Immediately, he offered a hand to Gloria. “Hi. I’m Zack Coles.”

Her eyes widened as she looked him up and down. “Gloria Westbrook. Pleased to meet you, Zack. I volunteered to come over and give Vickie some basic pointers.”

“Well, thank you. I for one really appreciate that, however, we just put Vicky here until we can organize her training. We will be looking for a clerk–typist receptionist when we move Vickie. Would you be interested?”

“Thank you, I’m flattered, but I work for Jasmine Harper.” Gloria seemed to think for a minute, then raised a finger. “I do have a sister, Robin, who’s just been laid off. She might be interested.”

“Send her over to fill out an app. We’ll probably need someone soon.” He handed the paper to Vickie. “This is a bill for Abbott Technologies. Type it up and mail it to them.”

“Sure thing, *boss*.”

He laughed. “Now don’t get smart on me or I’ll take you in my office and spank you.” He winked and left.

Gloria picked up a pamphlet and started fanning herself. “Whooowee. That is some serious hot stuff. He could spank me anytime. Is he one of yours?”

Taken aback, Vickie moved her head back and tucked her chin against her neck. “You know about it?”

“Uh-huh. Jasmine mentioned it. Is it a problem?”

“Not unless it’s a problem for you.”

“It isn’t. I can see how happy Jasmine is and how good her marriage is. In some fashion, I’m a bit envious. If you don’t mind my asking, how did you manage it?”

Vickie laughed. “You mean *ménage* it, don’t you?”

Gloria snickered. “I guess I do.”

“I just lucked into it. Apparently, all three of them were as attracted to me as I was to them. They’re very close, having served together in Afghanistan, and they didn’t want to fight over me, so they asked me to be their live-in girlfriend. Like Jasmine, we feel married because each one carried me over the threshold that first night.”

Gloria laid a warm hand over Vickie’s. “That sounds so romantic. Now, I’m jealous of you.”

Vickie smiled at her. “Let me get this bill out, and then you can show me the ropes.”

As Vickie began to type the invoice on the computer, Lee walked up. Once again, Gloria admired one of her men. “Oh, hi. I didn’t realize Vickie had company. I’m Lee Taylor.”

He held out his hand, and Gloria shook it. “Gloria Westbrook. Actually, I’m trying to give her some pointers on being an effective secretary. Her friend Jasmine sent me.”

Lee raised an eyebrow. “Ah, you work for Jasmine?”

“Indirectly. I’m her assigned personal assistant.”

“Ah, I see. Vickie, that’s why I came to see you. We have this job that sneaked up on us. The three of us have to leave town, and we don’t want you to be alone. Camilla suggested your brother and sister-

in-law. Therefore, I made provisions for you to stay there while we're gone. Is that all right with you?"

"Wow. That was kind of sudden. When are you leaving? How long will you be gone?"

He shook his head. "I'm sorry. I should have told you earlier. We're leaving at three o'clock, and if everything goes all right, we'll be back tomorrow. Worst case, it'll be the following day."

Gloria's fingers brushed her wrist. "Vickie, you could spend the night with my roommates and me. We could have a slumber party." She looked up at Lee. "I live next to Gabe and Jasmine in Vickie's old townhouse. Would that be all right?"

"Sure, as long as she's not alone. What do you think, sweetheart?"

What she thought was she wasn't looking forward to finding out whether or not Gabe was unhappy with her living arrangements. "I think staying with Gloria would be fun."

"Great. Don't bother coming back after lunch. Go to the house and get what you need to spend a night or two away. We'll put the on-assignment sign out so no one has to be here until we're back."

* * * *

When Jasmine found out Vickie was spending the night with Gloria, she decided to join the party. Gloria's sister, Robin, and two other girls, Laurel and Beverly, were also there. Jaz wore a nightshirt while Vickie and Gloria wore long nightgowns and the others wore PJs.

They started with pizza and salad in the living room. As Jasmine fixed her salad, she closed her eyes and breathed in. "Ummm, that pizza smells tempting."

"You look like a few extra calories wouldn't kill you," Robin, who not surprisingly looked like Gloria, suggested. "Go on. Live a little."

Jaz smiled at Robin. "I think I will."

Beverly, who was plus-sized said, "I'm beyond worrying about calories."

Jasmine took exception. "None of us are beyond worrying about calories. I have a friend who lost twenty-one pounds in two months."

Beverly waved a dismissive hand at Jaz. "Twenty-one pounds is nothing. I'd have to lose fifty pounds."

Jaz smiled but seemed serious. "Beverly, if you didn't have a pretty face, I wouldn't say a thing, but with a little discipline, you could be darling."

Beverly swallowed before answering. "Is that right? Would I be able to get two men like you did?"

"If that's what you want. You never know. My friend did."

Her brows rose. "Did she now? Maybe I should meet her."

"Maybe you should. I'll give you her phone number."

Gloria gritted her teeth and sucked in a breath. "Okay, you don't have to answer if you don't want, but how did you ladies land two guys?" She glanced at Vickie. "Excuse me, two and three guys. And not just any old guys but bona fide hunks."

Apparently, Jasmine and Vickie, who laughed, were the only ones who thought that was funny.

Jasmine straightened. "I think in all three cases a lot of luck was involved, plus I believe our partners were predisposed to accept the concept of sharing a woman."

Laurel looked at Vickie. "What about you?"

Vickie rolled her eyes. "I'm so new at this I couldn't possibly have an opinion. It's only been four days since our family was formed."

"Wow. That is brand new. Just tell us how it formed."

She smiled and tilted her head. "I'll try. I found myself wildly attracted to them. I had talked myself into sharing a bed with at least one of them when one of them asked me to be their live-in girlfriend. My circumstances were different from Jaz's. You might say I fell into it."

Laurel, wide-eyed and open-mouthed, shook it off. "Wow. I hope you don't mind my questions, but I'm still learning about sex. My parents were so overprotective I was sixteen before I learned how babies were conceived. I've since experimented twice, and it was unrewarding."

"How old are you now?" Jaz asked.

"Twenty. I have a question for both of you, but more for Vickie. Do either of you have trouble satisfying your men?"

Jaz swallowed a piece of her pizza. "So far no, but I could see where it could happen. In my case, there's twice the demand and twice the responsibility. But...that's offset by twice the reward. I should tell you I'm new at this, too, having just returned from a Hawaiian honeymoon. There was a time in Molokai when I didn't think I could keep up the pace, but I gritted my teeth and plunged ahead."

All the women seemed mesmerized, and then Gloria looked at Vickie. "What about you? Any problems yet?"

Vicky felt a flush surge through her and just knew a glass of tomato juice was no redder than she was. "I, ah...we...overdid it on our first night, and I haven't been...ever since. That was four nights ago. Last night I held them off with oral sex. Tonight they're gone and, hopefully, when they come home tomorrow, I'll be back to normal."

Robin raised a hand as if she were in class.

"Yes, Robin."

"I'm sure if we should happen to fall into a threesome like you did, all of us would like to know what constitutes 'overdid'."

"Six hours."

Everyone's jaw, save Jaz's, dropped.

Wide-eyed, Robin blurted, "Six hours straight! Girl, working girls don't get that much action." She snickered. "No wonder you're walking so gingerly."

“Well, it wasn’t continuous. I imagine someone was inside me half that time.”

Once they got on the subject of sex, they couldn’t seem to get off the subject, and when they would, Laurel or Robin would lead the conversation right back.

Finally, around one a.m., they were too tired to continue and split into three groups to sleep.

Chapter Twelve

The next morning, Jasmine forced her to do something she dreaded. Jaz took her next door for breakfast with Gabe and Ted.

She sat with her brother and uncle, sipping on a cup of coffee, while Jaz fixed French toast. Gabe put a hand on hers. "You're awfully quiet. Is something wrong?"

"No, no, everything is hunky-dory. I'm out of the strip club, my captor is in custody, and I'm starting a new life."

Ted smirked. "So I hear."

Vickie felt that familiar flush coursing through her.

Jasmine set the plates down hard in front of her husbands. "Come on, guys, you said you would be supportive. She's worried sick about what you're going to think."

"You're right, sugar," said Gabe. "Listen, baby cakes, the most important thing in life is happiness. Happiness isn't always easy to find. Some people never find it. Some find it and let it slip away. For some, happiness is as rare as a solar eclipse, so when it comes, you better recognize it for what it is and be prepared to snatch it."

Ted drew Vickie's attention with his hands. "What he's trying to say is if your new relationship makes you happy, we're behind you."

Vickie drew a sigh of relief, then smiled, rose, and hugged their heads at the same time. She kissed them each on the cheek. "Thank you. I feel much better now."

Jaz set Vickie's and her plate down, then sat. "Okay, dig in before it gets cold."

Jasmine poured syrup over her French toast. "What do you think of Gloria?"

“Oh, I adore her. She’s a real find.”

“I think she’d make great model, too. Don’t you?”

Vickie thought for a minute. “Why? Is she thinking of taking up modeling?”

“Uh-huh. How about Brenda? Do you think she’d make a good model?”

“I do,” Ted volunteered.

“Yeah, Ted, we know she’s your second favorite woman in the universe. If she wasn’t my best friend and I didn’t love her so, I’d be jealous.”

Ted patted her arm. “Aw, come on, baby. You know you’re number one. I just happen to like her. Gabe does, too.”

Jaz raised an eyebrow. “Is that right? Gabe?”

He nodded. “Yeah, I like her. Nothing sexual or romantic. More like kid sister.”

“Okay, fine.” She turned back to Vickie. “You never answered my question.”

Vickie scrunched her nose. “You know, I only met her a couple times, a year ago. She seemed a tad heavy to be a model to me.”

“Oh, I hadn’t realized you hadn’t seen her lately. She lost some weight.

“Is that the friend you talked about last night?”

“Yep, that’s her.”

“What’s this all about, Jaz?” Gabe demanded.

“Yeah,” echoed Ted, “what’s this all about?”

But Jaz didn’t answer them. “What about you? You were in beauty contests. You must have done some modeling?”

Gabe nodded. “Oh, yeah, she did some modeling. She was damn good, too.”

Finally, Vickie wanted to know too. “Why are you asking about modeling?”

She sighed. “Camilla and my boss, Ian, have sprung a charity fashion show on me at the ranch in *three* days.”

Vickie straightened. "What are they modeling?"

"It's not what are they modeling, Vickie, it's what are *we* modeling. My designs, that's what. While we were tooting around Hawaii, Kit and Ian had some prototypes of the designs our new store is going to offer made, and they want to have a big fashion show debut for the new stores."

Vickie laid a hand on her shoulder. "Okay. Calm down. How many models do we need?"

"There's twenty outfits. If I model—"

Vickie waved a hand. "Wait a minute. Why wouldn't you model?"

"I'm expecting."

Vickie's brow frowned. "Yeah, but you're not showing."

"I am a little."

She sighed. "Ted, Gabe, is she showing?"

Ted shook his head. "Not that I've noticed."

"All right, like I said, if I model, that makes four models with five changes. It would greatly speed things up to have five models and four changes."

"What about Laurel?"

"Who?"

"Laurel, Gloria's roommate."

"She was cute." Jasmine grabbed her phone and dialed her personal secretary.

"Glory, this is Jaz. Could you and Laurel come over here?"

Five minutes later, the doorbell rang. Jasmine ran to the front door and brought the two attractive young ladies into the kitchen. "Okay, here's the fifteen-second version. Our boss and my mother-in-law have scheduled a charity fashion show at the family ranch, and I need models. Gloria, I know you've done some modeling. How about you, Laurel?"

"Of course. That's what I do at Madison's Avenue. I model their clothes for store buyers that come in."

Gloria laughed. "I could have told you that. You better start using your high-priced personal assistant."

Jasmine took a deep breath. "Thank God. Next Thursday at one p.m. We'll all go together."

Vickie's cell phone rang. After retrieving it and placing it by her mouth, she said, "Hello."

"Hello, baby doll. It's me."

"Scotty. Did you miss me? I miss you terribly."

"Oh yeah, baby, I miss you. We all do. I want to smell your clean hair, your fresh breath, and your tangy, sweet perfume. We're here waiting for you, baby."

"Are you back?"

"Yeah, we are. We're at the house. If you're up to it, we'd like to try the big new bed out."

"I'll be there in thirty. Start getting ready, bye." She ended the call and looked at Jasmine. "Jaz, can I talk to you alone?"

"Sure." She rose, and they went into the living room.

"You've been at this longer than I have, so I'm looking to you for a little guidance. You can tell me to mind my own business if you want, but have you ever tried anal sex?" Vickie felt relieved when Jaz smiled.

"Uh-huh. It's a normal part of our repertoire. Let's go in the bedroom where it's a little more private."

Vickie followed her into master bedroom.

"Anal sex was very hard at first. They had to prepare me, and it hurt as much as it felt good. Now that I'm used to it, I need very little prep. I take it you want to try it."

"Correction. I intend to do it. What do I need?"

"You need an anal plug and lubricant. I have an extra plug, which I never used, and if I have an extra tube of lube, you can have that, too. If I don't, regular Vaseline works." She reached in her nightstand and pulled out a heavy rubber object in a plastic wrapping and a tube of butt lube. "Here you go. Have fun."

Vickie threw the items in her purse. "Oh, thank you. I won't forget this." Vickie hugged her sister-in-law and left in a hurry.

* * * *

When she arrived, each of her men gave her a long, tongue-filled kiss. They had taken everything but their underwear off, apparently not wanting to be naked in front of the others without her there. They were in the living room. Two watched TV and one, Lee, read the newspaper. "So are we ready to try the custom bed out?"

Zach, never shy, got up, hugged her, lifted her into the air and over his shoulder, purse and all, and carried her, like a cavewoman, into the bedroom. Scott and Lee followed, and she felt like a prehistoric woman about to be ravaged by the entire tribe. After setting her down, Zack sat on the supersized bed.

"Come here. Let me undress you. I can't wait to see that fabulous body of yours again."

She edged over to him.

"Turn around, please."

She did, and he unbuttoned the back of the halter and slipped it off her shoulders.

"I missed that fine ass. Turn around again."

She turned around. Scott and Lee both watched intently as Zack removed her halter and took a quick suck on both of her jutting nipples. He smiled in approval and then, after unzipping her jeans, dragged them to the floor.

"Lovely, just lovely. Vickie, you are truly a beautiful woman." Zack stood, pulled his underpants off, and sat back on the bed.

"Thank you. You're all beautiful, too. Oh, guess what I brought?" She reached into her purse and held up the bright red anal plug. "Are you ready to take our love making to the next level?"

Scott scrunched his nose and mouth as his whole demeanor cringed. "Anal? You want to try anal?"

“Why not? There’re three of you, and that way you could all be in me at the same time.”

Scott took the plug from her hand and looked over the wondrous object. “Won’t it hurt?”

“Jaz says it’ll hurt for a while, but after you get accustomed, it feels good.” She handed the tube of lube to him, too. “Since you’re the keeper of the plug, you can warm me up and install the plug when I’m ready. Meanwhile, I’m going to warm Zack up.”

She pushed Zack back, and he reclined onto the bed, wrapping his long arms around her as he went backward and pulling her down on top of him. As he nuzzled his face into the crook of her neck, his warm breath caused a stirring of hunger to emerge between her legs. He was not quite hard. She grabbed his cock and began stroking it. As his lips wandered over her neck and shoulders, leaving moist kisses, she pressed a breast into him. The masculine tang of his cologne fired her senses and forced her heart to leap and flutter. He reached for and groped a breast in his large hand, teasing and tweaking the nipple with the thumb.

She tilted her head downward so her lips and tongue could dance around his hard nipple. She felt his racing heartbeat as it pounded against his chest wall. Tingling manifested in her lower regions and slowly expanded and increased from an ember into a flame of desire. She moved from a sitting position to kneeling. Bending over, she took Zack into her mouth. As she moved her hand and lips over his silky cock, he placed a hand on her head and breast.

“Oh, baby. That’s it. Suck on that mutha. It loves what you do to it.”

Sucking on Zack’s manhood was getting her as excited as it had at the Park Central when two hands on her ass surprised her. She paused and turned her head to see Scott, with Lee beside him, now naked. He saw her looking and smiled. “Keep going. I’m going to give it a try.”

Returning her attention to Zack’s cock, she felt two fingers slowly penetrate her pussy, thrust in and out, and a solo finger began to ream her anus. She remembered how Zack had shoved a finger up her anus

as she came at New York. The feeling expanded into a deep ache building inside her wet pussy and anus, threading her body with hunger. Suddenly, she felt the increased pressure of an additional digit in both openings.

After a few minutes, he shoved something large up her butt. "Oooh." She paused. "What was that?"

"The plug," Lee answered. "We'll let it rest in you for a while. Now, Scott and I are going take turns sampling your sweet pussy that has been winking at us since you got on your knees."

Lee spread her legs wide and ran his fingers down the length of her slippery slit before sliding two thick digits into his cream-sodden target. Vickie gasped from the smooth intrusion, feeling it clear to her toes. The pleasure she felt made her whimper, but when he shoved his driving need into the moist heart of her womanhood, stretching her, Vickie's whimpers turned into hungry moans. Spasms of tingly sensations ripped through her as he, anchoring his hands on her hips, glided every inch of him in and out of her hot center in a slow and casual manner. As his hold loosened on her hips, she moved with him, lifting her ass to meet his languorous incursions.

She found it hard enough to concentrate on Zack's blow job, but when Lee's strokes cruised into overdrive with piston-like speed, building toward a sexual crescendo, her body heat soared as if someone had turned her thermostat to high. All of a sudden, his breathing and groans increased. His thrusts slowed down, but grew more pronounced, almost brutal. He pushed hard into her, both crushing and inflaming her tender clitoris.

Shortly after she felt the first spurt of come from his pulsating cock inside pussy, Lee yelled, "Jesus Christ, baby. I'm coming."

A smile formed on her lips with the knowledge that she'd once more pleased one of her men. But this was no time to gloat. No sooner had Lee pulled out than Scott filled the void by sliding his thick hardness into her passion-moistened depths. Wrapping a hand around her thigh, he complemented his hard, pounding cock by

dancing his fingers across her swollen bud. She gasped at the touch of his wet digits, which had become slick from an abundance of wetness trickling down from her pussy. He began rolling and swirling his fingers around her clit. Scott was assaulting her from the rear as he teased her from the front, even while she sucked on Zack's tasty cock. She had never dreamed sex could be so wonderful.

The achy sweetness seemed endless but eventually pushed her to the threshold of an orgasm. With thousands of her nerves charged, sensations drawn from her extremities built as the jolt of pure bliss burst through her sexual nexus, and a scream of ecstasy came forth. She wiggled her ass and pushed back into him for maximum cock and finger penetration as a giant hurricane of delightful feelings flooded her. She moved frantically and erratically as a solitary white light encompassed her mind while a painless explosion delivered delirious bliss through her.

Thankfully, Scott's climax followed hers by seconds. She tried to continue sucking Zack's cock, but she lost her concentration, and her arms and legs became so wobbly that she collapsed.

Zack would not be denied. He moved her to the head of the bed and propped her up on some pillows. Then, straddling her chest, he pushed his throbbing hardness between her lips and began to shove it in and out of her mouth. Having his silky manhood stroking into her mouth seemed to revive her as she stroked his staff with one hand and cupped his scrotum with the other. In no time, Vickie had Zack pumping his seed into her mouth. A smile formed on her lips around his cock from the knowledge that she had satisfied all her men.

Lee jumped up off the bed. "That made me hungry. I bought some ham and rye bread yesterday. Scott, let's go in the kitchen and make some sandwiches."

Vickie shook her head fervidly. "No, I should do that."

"All right. Let's go in the kitchen, and I'll help you."

She scrambled out of bed, and Lee wrapped an arm around her shoulders.

After they'd padded into the kitchen, Lee got the ham, mustard, and mayo out of the refrigerator, and Vickie took the bread out of the breadbox. As she spread mayo and mustard on four slices of bread, Lee asked, "Can I ask you a question?"

She looked at him and smiled. "What do you think?"

"Do you like it when we come in your mouth?"

"Isn't it part of the job description?"

"Not necessarily. If you don't like it, we'll stop."

"You don't like to come in my mouth?"

"Oh, sure I do. What I don't like is that I don't want to kiss you if someone else does. Because of that, it interferes with our flow, our libido."

She shrugged, and Lee smiled as her breasts jiggled up and down. "Whatever you guys decide, I won't miss it if you stop, and it won't kill me if you don't."

He put the plates and napkins on a tray. "I'm going to ask them. Get drinks together for everyone and come in about two minutes."

She smiled. "It's a deal."

She got the drinks they like together and put them on a tray, then quietly walked up to the room. "So you see, if I shoot a load in her mouth, you and Scott won't kiss her anymore. It's not fair to her or you or Scott."

"You're right." Agreed Scott, "I'll pull it from now on. Give her a sexy pearl necklace."

"There you go."

Zack nodded. "Me, too, Lee."

"Good, I'll tell her when she comes back."

Vickie rolled her eyes when Zack said, "I hope she's not disappointed."

She walked in set the tray of drinks on the bed and took the last remaining sandwich off the other tray. "Vickie, Zack, Scott, and I have been talking. We decided it's best for everyone that we stop coming in your mouth."

She took a bite of her sandwich and swallowed. "It's fine with me." Only Lee saw her wink.

* * * *

After lunch, everyone, especially Vickie, wanted to see if the anal experiment worked. Her guys sat on each side of her and began caressing her as a prelude their lovemaking.

Naturally, Vickie felt anxious. She reclined onto her back.

Will it work? What if it hurts? What if I hate it?

Lee, Scott, and Zack lay down beside her. Lee said, "If it hurts or if you hate it, don't keep it a secret. You're our sexual partner, and we need to know these things. Okay? Understand?"

"Yes."

"Good." He straightened a wayward strand of hair. "You realize if the anal plug works you will have three cocks buried in you at once."

She shivered at the thought. "I can think of *nothing* sexier." Reaching between their legs, she grabbed the closest shafts and smiled as they tensed. She felt warmth slowly building under her skin and deep in her womb. Her pulse sped when Zack's sensuous lips surrounded her jutting nipples. Scott's fingers descended to her nether regions, and her breathing became heavy and labored.

Cream seeped from the walls of Vickie's hungry channel. The achy feeling in her pussy had her craving something long and hard. The onslaught of erotic titillation in the form of lips, hands, and tongues pressed her libido to the limit. All she needed were cocks and *triple penetration*.

"I can't wait any longer. I'm ready. What do I need to do?"

Zack stopped sucking her nipple. "First, we need to take the plug out to see if you're ready. If you are, then Scott needs to lie on his back near the edge of the bed, and you should straddle him. Once he's in you, then I or Lee, can enter you from behind. Why don't you assume the position you took when we installed the plug?"

After Zack moved out of the way, Vickie rolled over and rose to her hands and knees, her head and chest down and her ass in the air. Zack got behind her and manually spread her knees and feet wide apart. His fingers slid under the lip of the plug and twisted it out.

The moment of truth was upon her. She wanted to do this for her guys.

When Zack checked the opening in Vickie's anus, he said excitedly, "Oh yeah. It looks good to go. The opening is big and round."

Vickie shook her head. "I did some embarrassing things in my stripping days, and I want you guys to know this is about as embarrassing as it gets."

"I'll bet. Just remember, we love you." He inserted a finger as he said he would to see if the channel was lubricated enough. "How does that feel?"

She turned her head ninety degrees and glanced behind her. "Good, better than before. Let's go, baby. I'm ready."

"Patience. We don't want to get careless."

She watched as he took the tube of lube jelly, and after pouring a good amount on his cock, spread it around. Lee handed him a tissue to wipe his hand, and then she felt Zack's cock nudging into her expanded opening. Slowly, she felt him pushing into her until it slid in a couple inches.

"Uh-ooh! Vickie gasped, cringing in pain and shivering to her toes.

"Did it hurt?" asked Lee.

She knew if she told them they'd stop. "It stretched me a little. I'll be all right."

Zack slowly pushed in again, and he went in a couple more inches.

Vickie was still getting used to the initial thrust so she didn't notice the second.

He pulled back an inch and pushed again almost all the way. "I'm almost all the way in, baby. How does it feel?"

Breathing hard, she stretched the truth. "Fabulous. I can't wait to have Scott's cock in me at the same time."

"Good. Once I stroke you a half-dozen times, we'll try it."

After they were satisfied that she was truly ready, Scott lay on the bed nestled next to Vickie, his legs off the edge with his feet on the floor. Vickie anxiously clambered aboard him and lowered herself upon his upright shaft until she could feel it deep inside her.

Then she stuck her ass up nice and pretty for Zack. "Ummm. That feels soo good. I'm waiting, baby."

Zack slowly pushed his lubed hardness into her open anus. She arched her back as waves of searing heat shot through her. She had done it. Two cocks were in her. She tried to move her bottom with their thrusts, but it threw off their timing, so she remained static and enjoyed their relentless pummeling. Like a recurring three-car collision, Scott's sweet shaft pounded her from the front and Zack's pride and joy rammed her from the rear. Each collision sent nirvanic sensations of joy through her mind and body.

Looking for Lee, she glanced to her left. When she turned the other way, his bulging need stared her in the face. "Oh, there it is." Her right hand reached up and seized the mouthwatering object. She stroked it, which elicited whimpers from him. "Come closer, baby. I want you in my mouth."

He edged closer and gasped as her mouth and lips surrounded his sensitive organ. As groans emitted from deep in his chest, she reflected how sex-obsessed she'd become. One unwanted cock in her entire life and now she had three cocks in her *at once*. Wasn't it amazing what attraction and love could do.

My, how full she felt and numb from the barrage of carnal sensations coursing through her. She was on the threshold, near release, moaning and waiting for the big explosion that was so near.

She took Lee's cock out of her mouth and exclaimed, "Oh, God! You guys feel so fucking good. I wish I could record this and play it back."

Zack laughed between groans. "You can, baby. Just tell us and we'll play this back anytime you want."

She was on the cusp of an orgasmic adventure. She suspected her first climax with three cocks would be spectacular.

First, Lee came. "Jesus, I think I'm coming." He pulled out of her mouth, and spurts of thick spunk spewed forth. "I am-m-m. I'm coming-g-g." Some hit her on the chest and breasts for her first pearl necklace. A drop hit her chin, and the rest landed on her arms and the bed.

Then, as the first electrifying sensations coursed through her, she sensed that Scott was coming. Tensing, Scott yelled, "I'm coming, baby." Scott began to jerk erratically, and she felt spurts of his semen shooting into the latex barrier.

As the blinding light behind her eyes morphed into a million tickly, floating feathers, Scott's hard cock pumped his seed into her. "Oh, fuck, baby. I love your cunt!"

The idea of his thick, white fluid shooting into her intensified her climax. As the whirlwind of carnal emotion swirled around her, she screamed her joy. "Oh, my fucking God, what a climax!" She whimpered, then pleaded, "That's it, keep it up harder, faster!"

In response, Zack pounded her even more rapidly, but Scott didn't. Instead, he ground himself deep into her and caressed her sensitive bundle of nerve endings, which sent magical impulses crashing through her. She raised her head and rocked it back and forth until the erotic sensations diminished.

Seconds before she'd calmed down, Zack climaxed. "Jesus Almighty. I'm gonna shoot a big one in you, baby."

With his large hands on her hips, he pulled her ass tight against his pelvis with each thrust as he pounded her rectum. She could feel his cock pulsating for what seemed like an eternity while he

convulsed behind her. At the end of his climax, he collapsed on her back, where he scratched her and bit her shoulder blade. When he finished, all four of them rolled onto the bed in a pile.

Vickie, though exhausted from her sexual adventure, thought the experiment was wildly successful. After a few minutes of rest, she looked forward to going again. “Okay, I’m ready for some more. Are there any other ways two of you can be in me at once?”

Lee kissed her. “Sure, baby, and we’ll do them all, but for your first time we’ve done enough.”

Chapter Thirteen

The morning of the fashion show, Vickie answered her phone.

"It's Jaz. I just wanted to remind you to be here at noon."

"Okay. We'll be there."

"I'm sorry I'm acting like such a nervous Nellie. It's just that they sprang this on me."

"I understand. Everything will go off without a hitch. I have confidence in you."

"Thanks, little sister. Oh, I meant to ask you. Did you do the...back-end thing?"

"I did."

"And?"

"It's a little awkward, so we don't do it all the time, but we do it. I feel really full when we do it."

"Yeah, me, too. Well, I'll see you at noon."

* * * *

Lee, Scott, and Zack wanted to go, too, so at eleven, they put the "On Assignment" sign out and came home. After snacking on egg salad sandwiches, they headed the eight miles to Jaz's place.

When they arrived, Vickie could see Jaz relax a little. All the models except Brenda sat in the living room while the men shot the bull in the kitchen oven beers.

Jaz made eye contact with all the models. "I'm guessing we're all either size six or eight. Am I right?"

Everyone nodded.

“Laurel, what are you?”

“Five-six.”

“Shoes and cup size?”

“Six-and-a-half shoe and between A and B cup.”

“Gloria?”

“Size seven or eight, seven-and-a-half shoe, and B or C cup”

“Vickie?”

“Same as Gloria”

Jaz nodded. “Okay, that leaves me and Brenda. Brenda is five-six, seven shoes, and C cup. I’m the biggest at size eight, seven-and-a-half shoes, a C or D cup. We’re not going to assign the clothes because we have no idea which outfits will fit who. When we get there, look at the outfits. If they look like they might fit, try them on. If it fits, start a pile and put everything that fits in it. If it’s too big or too small, pass it to a bigger or smaller girl. Any questions?”

They all shook their heads.

“Good. By the way, the company is paying you eighty dollars an hour starting now, twelve-twenty. Does that sound all right?”

They all nodded.

“Good. Let’s go,” she yelled. “Ted, we’re ready to go.”

“You go ahead, sweetheart. Gabe and I will ride with Vickie’s guys.”

* * * *

When Jaz and the girls arrived, they went straight to the changing room. After shifting through the clothes, it looked like Laurel was going to have to wear a sixth outfit so she would be first and last. Jaz was going to wear four. When she was satisfied, she and Vickie went outside to check out the runway the ranch hands had built.

They walked out on the runway and looked at each other. Vickie bounced up and down. “Built to last.”

“Yes. It’s good.”

Vickie looked out at the sea of folding chairs. “How many guests are expected?”

“Two hundred guests at two hundred-fifty a pop. Plus, they’re raffling off the outfits at five bucks a ticket.”

At two p.m., the runway music started—“Bring Me to Life” by Evanescence.

Shortly thereafter, the first model, Laurel, strutted out confidently in a bright pink dress featuring sleek lines and a shallow scoop collar with a decorative gray, white, black, and beige belt. The beautiful accompanying synthetic coat would keep her warm through the fall season.

Brenda paraded out wearing a print dress resembling peacock tail eyes arranged in triplicate against a metallic, copper-colored background. The dress had a folded collar with four buttons in the front, and the skirt stopped just above Brenda’s knees.

Gloria sashayed out next in a lined red sleeveless dress with oversized shoulders and slits on the sides of the skirt for leggy women. The V-neckline was sensual but could be covered with a silk shell. A narrow brown leather belt finished the look.

Jasmine glided out wearing a lovely black suit with beaded decorations. She wore a pretty magenta silk blouse underneath.

Vickie strolled out last in a stunning sapphire knee-length cocktail dress with king's robe style shoulders. The fabric was sheer but had a luminescence to it. The black fabric belt with the bow completed the outfit.

The ladies sauntered out three more times, and the models and fashions seemed well received. When the show was over, the audience stood and applauded.

The smile on Jasmine’s face and the enthusiasm she exhibited as she went and hugged everyone for the wonderful job they did, made it obvious how relieved she was. Ian and Kit brought out champagne and started passing flutes of the bubbly around. Ted and Gabe came in and hugged Jasmine. Then Vickie’s men suddenly appeared, as did

Brenda's. She certainly had lost weight and looked darling. Gloria and Laurel, not knowing many of the guests, hung with each other. Jasmine called them over, then hugged and thanked them. Vickie hugged them, too. Afterward, Gloria joked with Brenda.

"Do you know that you Vickie and Jasmine are hoarding seven of the best-looking men I've ever seen? You should be ashamed of yourselves."

Laurel wagged a finger at Vickie. "Yeah, you should."

"I'm sorry. Do you want me to see what I can find for you?"

Gloria's eyes grew wide as she nodded. "Now you're talking, sister. White, black, blue, it doesn't matter as long as they're good-looking, nice to me, and treat me with respect."

Jasmine edged over. "I told you I'm already looking for you."

"Doesn't hurt to have Vickie looking too."

Vickie liked Gloria and Laurel. "Would you settle for one nice man?"

Gloria looked at Laurel, who nodded.

"I guess we would if there's not ready made ménages available."

Suddenly, everyone stopped talking and looked toward the door. Jasmine whispered to Vickie, "Camilla's here."

She started to turn and saw her brother Gabriel's startled look. The champagne flute slipped out of his hand, and tears formed in his eyes. He ran toward the entrance, and she followed him with her gaze as he ran up to Camilla. It was then that Vickie saw the woman standing next to Camilla. Both looked as happy as clams. It was Rebecca Armstrong, her mother.

"Oh, my God! It's Mom!" Gabe hugged her, but she was looking at Vickie, holding an arm out for her. She ran to her.

"Mom-m-m-e-e-e!"

Epilogue

Although the show was over by three, the revelry continued into the evening. Ian, Camilla's beau and Jasmine's partner in Jasmine's boutique, was so pleased that he vowed to retain the models for all future fashion shows.

They spent the night and the next morning, and Vickie and Gabe attended the special invitation-only breakfast with their surrogate mom, Camilla, and their biological mom, Rebecca. The presence of their five consorts, along with Brenda and her consorts and Gloria and Laurel, expanded the group to fourteen, so two more tables were added and breakfast was served buffet style.

When everyone finished eating, Camilla clinked her teaspoon against her water glass, and while everyone turned to listen, she stood. "Attention, please...Thank you. I have an announcement. We have this morning someone Gabriel and Victoria have not seen, until yesterday, for several years, their mother, Rebecca Armstrong."

The group began to clap, and Camilla reached down and urged Rebecca to stand. She stood briefly and nodded at each table.

"Rebecca is not yet a hundred percent, but she will be. Some of you know, many of you don't, the ranch was started by two brothers. Ted and I are the product of one branch, and Victoria and Gabriel are the result of the other. Recently, I discovered that Rebecca suffered a great injustice from my side of the family. Unknowingly, based on suppositions and without full knowledge of the facts, I participated in that injustice. Rebecca was denied help by my own husband, Ted's father, and ostracized from our branch of the family.

“After having Victoria, she returned and tried to make a life here with her family. She needed help, and again, he denied it. Rebecca returned to Hollywood once more, without her husband and children, most likely bitter. Eventually, almost inevitably, she fell in with the wrong crowd and became a gangster’s moll. This was not only tragic for her, but was also equally tragic for her daughter, Victoria. Unknown to me, they had been corresponding over the Internet. When she turned sixteen, she ran away, seeking her mother. Upon finding her, this man drew Victoria into the tangles of his tawdry web, too.

“However, this story has a happy ending. With the help of three brave and resourceful men, our Victoria is back, free of her tormentor, who currently rests in jail awaiting trial, and as a bonus, while Victoria attended a pajama party with some of her friend’s, three nights ago, they went to this mobster’s home turf and rescued Rebecca from detention. Gentlemen, would you stand? Please meet Scott Lewis, Lee Taylor, and Zackary Cole of Atlas Security Services.”

Vickie’s heart swelled as her men stood and nodded to sustained applause. They deserved it. She wished she were with them. She loved them, and she wanted them.

When Vickie’s men sat, Camilla continued. “Don’t worry. I’m almost done.”

Laughs erupted sporadically through the crowd.

“Now that we have Rebecca back home, we’re not going to let her go.” She looked down at Rebecca. “In warmer times, we used to call her Becca. Becca, I’m afraid you’ve exchanged one form of detention for another, ’cause you *ain’t* going anywhere.”

More laughs circulated at Camilla’s outburst.

“This ranch has always had two families, and it still has two families, so by God, it will have two matriarchs.”

Vickie felt tears running down her face as more applause erupted for even longer.

“Our boys, Ted and Gabe, will continue to run the ranch as they have, but from now on there will be two titular chairwomen of the board.” She bowed her head to each table as they rose and clapped. “Thank you. Thank you.”

She reached down and helped her co-matriarch up to stand and the applause increased. Vickie wondered how twelve people could make so much noise, and when she looked around, she saw Chen, Matilda, the maids, and the caretaker by the house. She looked behind and saw the Finch brothers, Carlos, and the seven or eight other ranch hands she didn't know all clapping.

A stab of pride gushed through her for being part of such a great family. She'd seen the bad in the world and didn't want any part of it. She only wanted good and her men, now. But where?

An epiphany struck. *Wild Horse Spring*.

While the group dispersed, she slipped off to her lovers. “In an hour, go to the stables and have Carlos saddle horses for the four of us.”

Lee asked, “Why, where are you going to be?”

“I have to talk with my mother and Camilla some more. Just do as I ask. You'll like it. We're going to get naughty.”

That apparently was enough to assuage her guys as they walked away with smiles. Camilla walked up and hugged her. “I want you and Gabe to meet with Becca and me in my office. We have some more things to discuss.”

“Now?”

“Please. I've already told Gabe. He might be there now.”

* * * *

When she got to the office, everyone had arrived. Camilla sat behind her desk. Three chairs sat in front with Gabe and her mother occupying the left and center. She sat in the last remaining chair. Her mother took and held her hand. Vickie looked at her. She was still a

beautiful woman, but her eyes were very sad. Before Camilla spoke, her mother whispered in Vickie's direction. "I will never forgive myself for the mess I dragged you into."

Vickie glanced at Camilla. She had an understanding look on her face while they talked. "You must. We are both finally free. Practically my whole life and a good portion of yours lie ahead. Don't ruin it by reliving the past. I forgave you years ago. Forgive yourself for me."

She reached over and embraced her. "I love you and Gabe. Although you're both grown up and don't need a mother anymore. I hope I can finally be a good mother."

Vickie laid her other hand over their joined hands. "You'll do just fine."

Her other mother, Camilla, smiled. "If you're finished, I can say what I have to say and then you can leave."

They both said, "We are."

"Good. I mostly wanted to apprise you of your mother's condition. We've had her for three days now, and she's had two physical exams, an eye exam, and a dental exam. Surprisingly, for a woman in her fifties, she's in good health. Becca has minor problems with stomach ulcers, blood pressure, and a cataract on one eye, which is easily corrected."

Gabe nodded. "That's good."

"Yes, it is. Now, for the bad. Your mother is seriously addicted to psychotropic drugs and alcohol. I want your permission to enroll her in an intense rehab program for a month or whatever it takes. Brenda has done the research, and the best place for your mother is about a hundred sixty miles from here in central Oklahoma."

Vickie stared at her mother. "Is that what you want?"

She averted her gaze. "I want to be normal, again."

Vickie gazed at Camilla. "Guess that's your answer."

* * * *

When Vickie left her mother, brother and aunt, she rushed to the stable. She felt the swelling feeling of love in her chest and her lips curved into a smile when she saw her handsome trio astride their horses, smiling at her.

Scott held the reins for her horse and after lifting her left foot into the stirrup, she swung her right leg up and mounted the mare. She patted the mare's neck and said, "Whoa girl," when the horse seemed agitated.

Scott eased his horse around so the horses were side by side. "Where are we going, baby?"

"Do you remember when I asked you to take me on the picnic, I said my brother and uncle used to take me swimming at a hot spring right on the ranch?"

Scott nodded

"Well that's where we're going, Wild Horse Spring."

Zack bleated, "We're going swimming? We don't have any swimsuits!"

Lee chipped in, "Calm down brother. I don't think we need swimsuits for what our girl has in mind, Right Vickie?"

"Right on Doc. I'm already heating up all over from thinking about what we *are* gonna do. Let's go." Vickie dug her heels into the mare's belly and the four rode off together.

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Having my book published is a dream come true. My first book, *Jasmine's Urban Cowboys*, is the first of a series entitled Sensual Awakenings. I write about ménages because, although I've never participated in one, nothing seems sexier or stimulates my imagination more than my heroine enjoying two or more hunky partners of the opposite sex. Grrrr!

I spend winters in Sin City and summers in Northern Arizona. Don't be surprised if I use those places as settings for my upcoming books. I lived near Dallas a few years ago, so that's why I used it as the setting for my Sensual Awakening series.

My second book of the Sensual Awakening series was released in October 2009.

Also by Laura Ashton

Sensual Awakenings 1: *Jasmine's Urban Cowboys*

Sensual Awakenings 2: *Sharing Brenda*

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