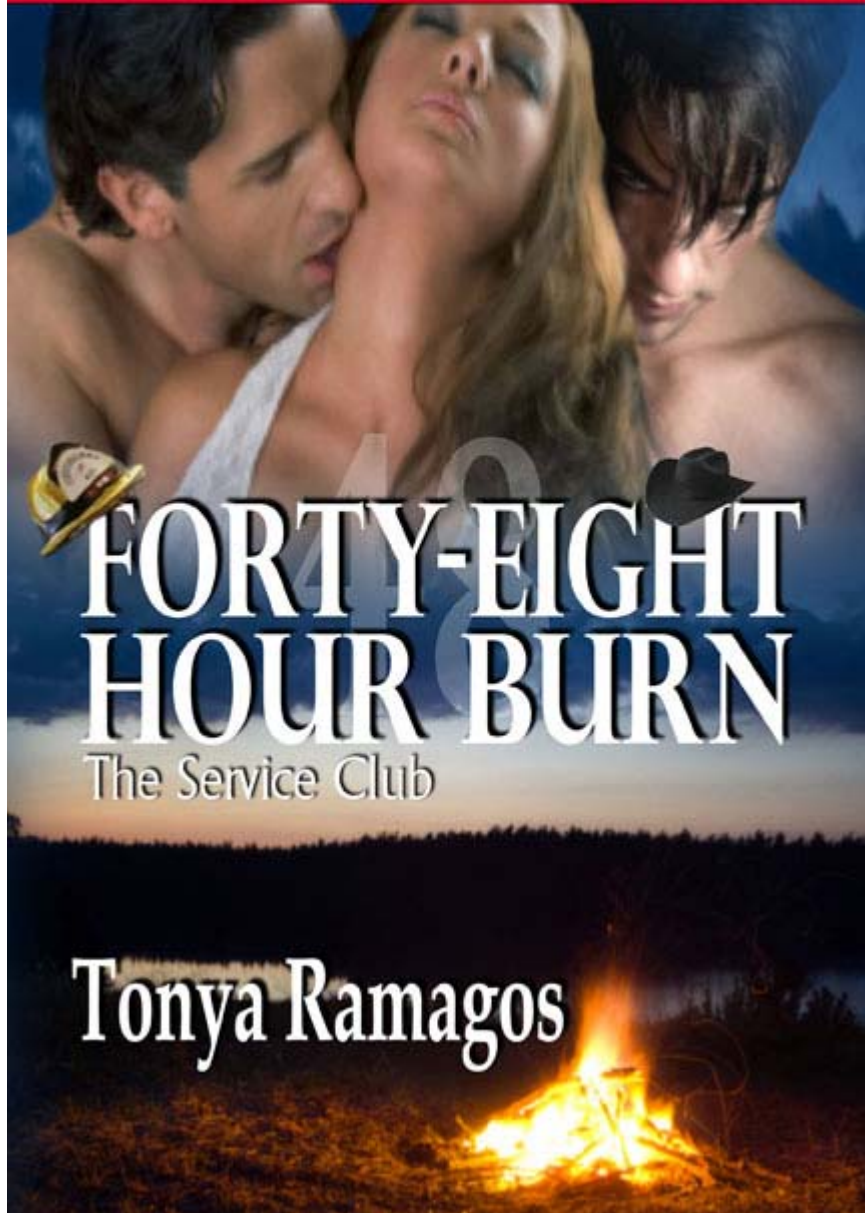


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Ménage Àmour



FORTY-EIGHT HOUR BURN

Tonya Ramagos

MENAGE AMOUR



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Letter from Tonya Ramagos
Regarding Ebook Piracy

Dear Readers,

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With deep gratitude,

Tonya Ramagos

DEDICATION

To Gavin. You begged me for years to use your name as a hero in a novel. Now you have to wait eight more years before you can read it.

FORTY-EIGHT HOUR BURN

TONYA RAMAGOS

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Chapter One

Flames licked the night sky with the intimacy of a man's tongue slipping between a woman's sodden pussy lips. Georgia Cooper folded her arms beneath breasts sensitive with need and swallowed a moan. Her clit pulsed with each crackle of the fire. Her desire escalated. Her resistance slipped.

What would they do if they arrived to find her pleasuring herself by the glow of the fire? Would they sink to their knees between her legs and devour her pussy the way the flames fed on the cool evening air? Would they put out the fire and leave her wanting, burning within from an inferno only they could extinguish?

The sound of sirens drifted closer on the wind, putting an end to her questioning and elevating her anticipation right along with her fear. Flashes of clear and red lights blended with the yellowish-orange flames, creating a beauty only firefighters and those close to them could truly appreciate. The airbrakes of the fire engine whooshed as the truck came to a stop in the street out front.

Georgia didn't turn.

More sounds floated to her ears, accelerating her heartbeat and stroking her nerves. She heard the truck doors slam, heavy steps of booted feet making their way around the house, and male voices she would recognize anywhere. She sensed them closing in behind her.

Any woman with an ounce of estrogen in her veins would feel the intoxication oozing from them.

The cowboys are in the corral, exactly where I want them.

She dared to make a move, but only her eyes. Her gaze slammed into Gavin Scott's unreadable green eyes and then slid to Randy Pope's darker, more mysterious pair. When she first met Randy, she took him for an ally in her quest to tame Gavin. She got the impression she could count on Randy's help in reaching some sort of compromise with the cocky, dominate firefighter who ruled her every fantasy. Instead, she fell in love with Randy, too, even as her impression of him went up in smoke. How many times had her father warned her about these rough, rowdy cowboys?

Georgia looked back at Gavin, at his wavy dark hair, at the permanent crease just above his forehead where his Stetson always sat when off duty, at the sexy lock that perpetually fell over his left brow. Even the dimness of the night didn't hide the faint lines around his too-kissable mouth and eyes. Shoulders made for a woman to hang on to led to a solid chest, rigid abdomen, narrow hips, and long legs. He gave new definition to tall, arrogant, and built for distraction.

She said a silent apology. *Sorry, Daddy, I tried, but I want them too much.*

"Evening, Miss Cooper." Randy's tone sounded conversational enough and deceptive as hell.

"Evening, Firefighter Pope." Georgia returned his greeting with the same inflection, but her attention remained focused on Gavin. The telltale intensity of his stare raised goose bumps all over her body. It was a look that told her he wanted her in a variety of naughty ways and devilish situations. Moist, little tugs of arousal stirred between her legs. She shifted her weight, attempting to alleviate the rapidly growing ache. She didn't miss the flicker of keen knowledge that moved through his eyes.

“That’s some fire you’ve got there,” Randy drawled. He hooked his thumbs in the pockets of his jeans, drawing her attention down to the impressive bulge lovingly curved by the denim.

Some fire indeed. The sight acted like a poker, stroking the burn in her cunt.

“Care to tell us how it got started?”

Georgia figured it began about the time she turned fifteen. She remembered all too clearly realizing the expression on Gavin’s handsome face she previously took for disgust ran more along the lines of a bone-deep, roguish lust. The flames only continued to grow from that point on, disintegrating her cowboy-proof armor and sending her body on a rapid climb of ecstasy. But she knew that wasn’t the fire Randy spoke of.

“With gasoline and a match.”

“You started it then.” Randy’s syrupy tone made it more statement than question.

She glanced at him. Her attention glided over short black hair she rarely saw given he generally kept it hidden beneath a low-riding cowboy hat. Her gaze lingered on his straight nose, the sensually ripe curl of his lips, and the masculine curve of his jaw. With a body made for loving standing next to the devil incarnate, a woman didn’t stand much of a chance of maintaining her scruples against these tag-team cowboys. She already decided ethics were overrated, anyway.

Both men wore boots, worn Levi’s, and navy T-shirts with the Maltese cross and Horn Hill, Alabama Fire Department embroidered above their left pecs. She locked her gaze with Gavin’s once more and nodded.

“With full knowledge and intent.”

Comprehension swept through Gavin’s expression like a tumbleweed in a tornado. Words he spoke to her at her father’s funeral reverberated through her memory. *Whenever you’re ready, just give me a sign. Make sure you know what you’re getting into, and you better be willing to see it through.*

The men stood close enough she didn't need to look directly at him to catch the wickedly slow rise of Randy's right brow in her peripheral vision. He had been standing right next to Gavin the day of the funeral, too.

"Would that knowledge be of the burn ban currently in effect in this area?" Randy asked.

"Part of it."

Gavin exchanged a look with Randy that made her belly execute a somersault of excited trepidation. "Why don't you take care of that fire? I'll handle this one for now."

His choice of words sent a creamy stream gliding down Georgia's inner thigh. He motioned with a jerk of his head for her to step aside with him. Georgia shot a glance at Randy, but he had already started for the water hose near the house. His hips rolled in a delicious steady stride that made her want to lock her legs around his waist as he screwed her like a power drill. She followed Gavin. The cocky confidence in the way he watched her drove her hormones up the scale to danger overload.

"You know we could call the sheriff and have you brought in for this?"

Georgia felt the first pang of real fear race down her spine. Yes, she knew she could go to jail for starting the bonfire even if she did it on her own property. Prolonged dry conditions with no hope of rain on the radar instigated a county-wide burn ban. She took the chance because she needed a way to give him that sign he asked for. She never dreamed he would consider turning the law loose on her.

"You could," she said evenly, "but you won't."

A muscle ticked in Gavin's jaw. "You sound pretty certain of that."

"I am. You have nothing to gain by calling the sheriff."

"And I have something to gain by not turning you in?"

"Yes, m-me." Damn it, she hadn't meant to stutter.

Gavin stepped close enough to touch her, but his hands stayed straight at his sides.

Because he doesn't trust himself not to touch me?

Ha! Not likely. The man possessed more control over himself than any human on the planet.

His voice dropped to a seductive baritone that did funny things to her. Fingers of desire stroked her nipples to beaded points. Her belly fluttered in devious excitement, and a thicker arousal gathered along the folds of her sex. “What would you have done if Randy and I hadn’t responded tonight?”

Georgia couldn’t think how to answer. Her body went all wonky when he got this close to her. Authority radiated from his pores. The innate male scent of spice and confidence surrounding him left her feeling drunk. The cool tension in his voice delivered an ounce of alarm.

“Would you have made the same offer to Ben or Justin?”

“They’re cops not firefighters.” The absurdity of the question gave her a moment’s clear thought.

“The call came through as a controlled burn.” He circled her in slow, interrogating steps. She stood stone still but for the rise and fall of her chest growing more labored by the second. “If a patrol car had been in the area, it would’ve responded rather than the fire department.”

She knew that, though it didn’t occur to her at the time. Protocol required the violator to be issued a warning and an order to put out the fire. It didn’t matter if said warning came from the fire department or the sheriff’s office.

“Ben and Justin are on duty tonight.” He stopped behind her, his breath lifting the fine hairs on her ear as he bent his head to whisper. “Would you have made them the same offer you’re making me?”

“Of course not,” Georgia spat even as the sensuality of his desire-laden voice wrapped around her. Ben and Justin were part of the Service Club, an exclusive club of men with two things in common:

they all worked in a public service profession and got off on the BDSM scene.

“Would you have let them touch you?” He came back around to her front, touching her for the first time, a light trace of his fingertip to the outline of her breast.

Georgia turned the bubbling whimper into another snappy reply. “Certainly not.”

“Would you if I told you to?”

That question stopped her cold even as a hot thrill skated from her breasts to her pussy. She heard the rumors of what went on among the members of the club, how they sometimes shared their women or made them perform in front of all the guys in the club.

“Would you right now if I told Randy to come over here and touch you?”

Georgia swallowed. Her nipples throbbed beneath the thin material of her blouse. Gavin’s finger continued to trace that feather-like line around and around her breast, staying maddeningly away from her nipple, where she needed to feel his touch most.

“If that’s what you want.” She wanted it. Boy howdy, she wanted it, wanted Randy. Her heart belonged to Gavin from the start, but somewhere in the last few years, Randy moved in and claimed a large chunk of her heart and body for himself.

Gavin slowly nodded. He wrapped an arm around her waist and yanked her against the hard wall of his body. The move surprised a gasp out of her. The feel of his rigid muscles against her pliant curves brought the whimper bubbling back to her throat. He didn’t give the sound a chance to escape, silencing it when he crushed his mouth to hers.

The kiss bruised even as it soothed. His tongue drove between her lips, taking possession of her very soul through the depth of her mouth. She’d waited for this moment for years, to be body-to-body with this man, to taste him, feel him, and belong to him. The reality of it all proved much sweeter than any fantasy she entertained.

Gavin's hand dropped to cup her ass as he plundered the recesses of her mouth. He pulled her closer, arching his body into hers until she felt the clear outline of his hard, thick cock against her belly. She gasped breathlessly when he broke the kiss a heartbeat later. He licked his way along her jaw, trailing his tongue to her ear, and then drew her lobe between his teeth for a light nip.

"My shift ends at seven in the morning." The warmth of his husky words in her ear sent slivers of heat whipping through her womb. "I'll be here by seven thirty. Leave your hair down, don't put on any makeup, and wear something blue. I like you in blue."

The compliment came from so far out of left field that Georgia blinked in surprise. "You do?"

"Yeah, I do. It matches your eyes. Make sure whatever you choose is short and easy to get out of." He eased back, his expression as unreadable now as when he first arrived. "Any questions?"

Georgia licked her lips. His gaze dropped to her mouth and followed the path of her tongue. She experienced the wicked urge to fall to her knees, free his cock from his jeans, and wrap her lips around his hardened flesh.

"I'm, um, expected to be at work at nine." She worked for a private daycare in town and often couldn't wait to get to work the next day. Eight to ten hours of vivacious, spunky children and all the fun they could dream up. Next to being with the two cowboys she craved most, she couldn't think of a better slice of paradise.

"Do you have sick leave?"

"I, well..." She mentally ran through the Friday roster. It was the one day of the week they tended to be overstaffed. "Yeah."

"Use it." And with that, Gavin kissed the tip of her nose, released her so abruptly she stumbled back a step, turned, and walked away.

* * * *

“You get that fire out?” Gavin tipped his chin at the still smoldering pile of rubble and wood Georgia used for her signaling bonfire.

Randy hooked the nozzle of the water hose on the rack off the back of the house and turned. His gaze skipped past Gavin, no doubt straight to Georgia. He nodded. “Yeah, tell me you didn’t extinguish the other one.”

Gavin chuckled and kept walking. “Naw, I went for a different plan of attack there.”

“Oh?” Randy shot him a crooked grin. “Do tell, Lieutenant.”

Gavin shrugged but couldn’t stop his lips from twitching in a smirk of his own. “Nothing complicated. I just tossed a few gallons of accelerant on the flames.”

And drove himself friggin’ nuts in the process. He walked away from her taking with him the lingering scent of her lavender shampoo, of her acute arousal, of the heat that burned a raging fire within her. He would be smelling her for the rest of the night, right along with picturing her long blond hair falling around her angelic face and desire-filled blue eyes.

“Good man.” Randy slapped Gavin on the back as he double stepped to keep time with Gavin’s longer strides. “Think you’re going to need some help controlling her?”

“I think she wants you to help.” Gavin struggled to tamp down the jealousy that rose at her response to the idea of Randy touching her. He doubted she even realized the way her breath had hitched or the way her nipples beaded to points tight enough to poke holes through her blouse. He noticed, though, and he enjoyed the reaction even as the green demon of envy reared his ugly head. He shared women with Randy before. They made a helluva good team at flying a woman to the sweet island of pleasure.

His cock stirred at the thought of delivering Georgia such pleasure. The only woman to ever instill in him the want to keep her

all to himself while, at the same time, driving home the need to take her to levels of ecstasy he could never do alone.

“If that’s a problem, Lieutenant, I’ll back off. Can’t say I’ll be happy about it, but you staked first claim on her long before I came to town. You’re calling the shots here.”

Gavin’s respect for his fellow firefighter and friend grew. “Isn’t it our job to see to the woman’s fulfillment? Protect, serve, and pleasure, they’re all part of the vow, aren’t they?”

Randy laughed. “Saying it like that makes us sound like part of some teenage boy frat club.”

“Never said guys like us can’t be pretty immature at times.”

Randy pushed a breath through pursed lips and glanced over his shoulder. Gavin didn’t have to turn to know Georgia still stood exactly where he left her. “I’ve gotta be honest, man. There’s nothing immature about the things I want to do to that woman.”

“Same here, buddy.”

“I gather you gave her a small dose of what she’s asking for just now.”

“You could say that.” Gavin curled his fingers into a fist. He still felt the electricity of her natural warmth on his fingertip. “I call the shots, huh?” He angled Randy a look. “Well, the first round gets fired at seven thirty.”

Randy’s expression turned surprised. “Getting started a bit early, don’t you think?”

“I figured that’s about as long as either of us will be able to last now that the signal has been sent and accepted.”

“You got that right. It’s gonna be a helluva night.”

It wouldn’t be the first one Gavin spent with his cock in his hand, imagining Georgia’s sweet lips stroking up and down his shaft. The way he figured it, jerking off a few times in the night would only make his control over his own release stronger, allowing him the ability to dish out the pleasure that he had in mind.

* * * *

Wear something blue. I like you in blue. It matches your eyes.

“Lucky for me, I have a closet full of blue,” Georgia muttered as she shuffled hangers back and forth on the bar in search of the right outfit. “Unlucky for me that most of it is conservative, drab, and long.”

None of which, she knew with absolutely certainty, would please Gavin. His instructions explicitly stated something short and easy to get off.

“Which leaves you out,” she told the cotton, ankle-length dress that buttoned all the way down the front. Visions of Gavin becoming frustrated enough to tear the dress from her, sending buttons flying through the bedroom, flashed through her mind. “Tempting and fun, but we better save that for another day.”

She pushed several more articles of clothing aside before her fingers latched onto the perfect dress. A deep river blue as instructed, short enough to brush her legs at mid-thigh, and a cinch to remove seeing as it wrapped around and tied with a sash at the waist.

“Perfect.” She pulled the dress from the closet, reaching with her free hand for the cup of coffee she put on the shelf, and sipped while she turned. She grimaced at the assault of tepid coffee but swallowed it anyway. She'd drank three cups since sunrise. If she didn't stop soon, she would risk caffeine overload.

“That's what you get for not sleeping.” A tummy full of rioting butterflies and nerves strung so tight she wondered she didn't snap made the night seemingly endless. Rather than sleep through it, she tossed and turned, paced, ate, and burned. She couldn't get the feel of Gavin's possessive touch, of his rock-hard body, of his claiming kiss out of her memory. It lingered in the forefront of her mind. It teased and tormented her until she grew so wet and hot and ready she couldn't help but relieve the pressure, even if only by the smallest of amount.

She ran a tub of nearly scalding water, added bubbles of a strawberry-mist scent, and let her imagination fly. In her mind, Gavin pressed the pad of his palm over her clit as his fingers found the tender entrance to her pussy. Randy's hand curved under her breast, his thumb flicking her nipple to a hardened point that pulsed in time with her clit as Gavin applied a delicious pressure to the swollen nub. Three long, strong fingers plundered her channel. More fingers on her breast rolled and squeezed her nipple until together they turned the sensations to lightning surges of pleasure. She exploded in a jerky and mindless, screaming orgasm. An orgasm that did very little to quench the true burn.

She masturbated twice more in the night, each with the same outcome of a vigorous release that left her unsatisfied and wanting more. She wanted them, their hands, their mouths, their cocks, and nothing else would suffice.

"And soon, very, very soon, you will have them," she told her reflection in the mirror over her dresser.

She dropped the towel she wore sarong style and retrieved the black lace bra and matching thong panties she bought for this very occasion. Forget that she purchased the lingerie over two years ago in a moment of attempted defiance toward her father that she never carried through. Jordan Cooper wanted only the best for his adopted daughter. Georgia understood that. She admired, respected, and loved her father for it. She also knew their beliefs and definition of the best collided when the names "Gavin Scott" and "Randy Pope" came up.

Through the mirror, her gaze found the picture of her father on her nightstand as she donned the dress she picked out. Jordan Cooper's smiling face lit the room. She doubted he would be smiling now if he knew what she intended to do.

"They're what I want, Daddy," she told his picture. "They're what is best. I'm a big girl. I know what I want, and I'm going after it."

The doorbell chimed. Her eyes widened as twin slivers of excitement and apprehension stabbed the lining of her belly. She

allowed herself a second to run a brush through her hair—left down, her face with no makeup as instructed—and bounced down the stairs.

She opened the door to a stern-faced Gavin Scott still dressed in his navy fire department T-shirt, jeans, and boots, looking no less sexy than he had hours before. A streak of what appeared to be soot or some other black dirt streaked his left cheek. She started to wipe it away when his expression changed.

Gavin nodded slowly, his eyes glinting with approval as his gaze caressed her front in a leisurely slide that milked a layer of wetness from her channel to soak her pussy. He stepped inside, his front bumping into her and not stopping until he backed her against a nearby wall. He didn't touch her, not with his hands, but the feel of his body proved enough to draw a small whimper from her slightly parted lips.

"I like the dress." He spoke low, his tone raspy and sexy as hell just like the man it belonged to. "Good choice. What are you wearing under it?"

"Bra and panties." Georgia managed to speak without drooling on herself or him. He stood so close she had to tip her head back to meet his gaze. Heat and arousal formed an almost tangible bubble around them. "Both black lace."

"Mmm, and the panties, are they thong?"

"They are." Somehow, she took him for a thong man. She was immensely pleased to discover she had been right.

"Open the dress, and let me see." He moved back a fraction to allow her room to do as he bid.

Georgia untied the sash that held the dress closed with quivering fingers. Breathing deep, she slowly parted the material to reveal her lingerie.

"Damn, that's hot." He whispered the words, following them with a low growl that sounded as if it came all the way from his balls. "The contrast of the dark color against your pale flesh, I like it. Take them off."

Georgia blinked. “I...” Confused, she stopped. Didn’t he just say he liked them?

“You won’t need panties or a bra for the next twenty-four hours. Take them off, and leave them here.”

Georgia started to argue but decided against it. She would save her fighting power for other more important battles she knew would come later. She didn’t care if he kept her stark naked for the next twenty-four hours. Well, okay, maybe she did a little. The idea of going to his house where she would parade around without a stitch of clothing for a full day brought her an impious sense of embarrassment. Forget she wanted it. Forget she asked for it in a roundabout way of bonfires and sultry innuendos. Giving in, however, didn’t mean she couldn’t have a little fun with it.

She looked at him from beneath the brush of her lashes. “Are you challenging me?”

“Are you defying me?” he countered in a tone of cool authority that sent a thrill dancing through her womb.

Deciding not to risk pissing him off, she reached behind her back, thrusting her breasts out as she pretended to fumble with the clasp of the bra. She wanted to see if his gaze would follow the movement of her breasts. It did, and a primal growl left his throat.

“Your nipples are hard.”

“I’m cold.” His lips almost slid into a grin. Almost.

She wanted to see him smile. God, the man’s smile could make her nearly as wet as his touch. She peeled the bra from her breasts, lowering it slowly until she let it drop to the floor at her feet.

“You’re toying with me, Georgia.” His cool warning told her she might be pushing him a little too far. That didn’t stop his gaze from following the slide of her hands down her sides to the thin strip of lace on either hip. “Is your pussy wet? Have you soaked those panties already?”

Georgia didn’t answer as she wiggled out of the thong.

“You are. I can smell the sweet, warm scent of your juices.”

Georgia felt her face heat with a blush. She couldn't say why his blunt words embarrassed her. How could they make her feel so uncomfortable but heavily aroused at the same time?

"There's no need to be ashamed." His tone boarded gentle even as it held the unyielding power she knew. "I want to know if you are wet for me, baby. I want to hear you say it. Tell me you're creaming for me, Georgia."

"I am." She bit her lower lip and struggled to find a bit of the bravado she started with. "I'm wet for you, very wet."

"How many times did you finger yourself after I left last night?"

The heat in her cheeks intensified, rivaling that in her channel. "How many times did you jerk off after you left here last night?"

A muscle in Gavin's jaw jumped, but he didn't say anything. He simply stared at her and waited. The man could wait out a dead man. She knew that and didn't bother wasting either of their time.

"Three times."

"Three? Did you come all three times?"

"I certainly didn't leave myself hot and bothered without an orgasm like you left me last night."

"Who gave you permission to come?"

Georgia swallowed hard. *Permission?* The question threw her for a loop. She blinked at him, once, twice, and still her brain couldn't quite compute an answer.

"You did not have my permission to come."

"I didn't know I needed it." She bristled and narrowed her eyes. "You're being difficult. You never told me I had to ask for it."

He expected her to go the entire night with a pulsing clit and throbbing cunt so slick and burning that insanity threatened to claim her very soul? Not a chance! She did what she needed to do. Not that it did much good in the overall scheme of satisfaction. That didn't change the facts. She couldn't have held off until this morning if she tried.

“I didn’t tell you,” he agreed, “which is why I’ll go easy on your punishment this time.”

Punishment? Before she could question, he went on.

“Take this and insert it in your pussy.”

Georgia’s gaze shot to the egg-shaped object he held out for her. Refusal warred with the need to obey. The submissive in her wanted to do anything and everything he asked of her. The strong-willed soul in her wanted to prove to him she wouldn’t be so easily controlled.

She licked her lips again, loving the way his attention followed the path of her tongue, the way his eyes turned to darkened pools of lust. “I don’t suppose you could make it sound a bit more romantic.”

“Take this in your pretty, little hand and slide it through that syrupy cream I can see glistening on those bare, pouty lips. Put it inside you, and know the next thing that invades that weeping cunt will be a hard, thrusting cock fucking you to oblivio

“Jesus,” Georgia whispered as his words sent fingers of electric heat slicing from her breasts to her pussy.

He lifted a brow. “That romantic enough for you?”

Georgia swallowed. “You certainly have a way with words.”

His lips twitched, but his tone held no inflection of amusement. “Do it.”

“I would rather you do it for me.”

“I’m sure we both would.”

It surprised her that he admitted that. “Then why torture us both?”

“Because my hands aren’t clean enough to touch you right now.” He shoved his fingers knuckle-deep in his pockets and rocked back on the heels of his boots. “And because I want to watch you.” Hunger blazed in his expression. His tone lost all semblance of sweetness as he issued his order a third time. “Take this, and insert it in your pretty pussy.”

Georgia took the egg-shaped object from him with fingers that shook from desire as much as nervousness. Her channel ached with a burn so acute she wondered she didn’t burst into flames. Using the

wall behind her to support her weight, she spread her legs, touched the tip of the egg to her thigh, and slowly painted an invisible path to her sex.

“Georgia.” The warning in his tone sent a splinter of triumph through her. She dropped her gaze and bit back a smile. Her attention landed on the distinctive outline of his cock, enormous and perfect, beneath the denim of his Levi’s. She wanted to do all sorts of things to his hard, tough body, to that delicious, thick cock.

She drew in a breath as she slipped the cool plastic egg between her sopping pussy lips. Her clit pulsed as the tip grazed over the sensitive flesh. Her opening greedily took the invasion of the oval toy, her inner muscles closing around the unforgiving shell to securely lodge it in place with little worry of it slipping out.

“Goddamn,” he breathed.

Her thighs quivered, and she let herself rest on the wall a moment longer, her body adjusting to the fullness of the toy before she pulled her feet together and stood straight.

“How does it feel?”

“Not as good as your cock will.”

That got her a soft chuckle from him. “I should hope not. The day I can’t compare to a toy, darlin’, is the day you might as well slice it off.”

She winced. “Ouch.”

“Tell me about it. Where are your keys?”

She grabbed them from the foyer table beside her and dangled them in the air between them. “I packed a small overnight bag. If you’ll give me a minute, I’ll go get it out of my bedroom.”

“You won’t need it.”

“Oh.” He really did intend to keep her naked until morning. The naughty idea of it stirred a primal hunger for endless passion and debilitating pleasure in her womb.

“Listen to me, Georgia.” Sternness settled in his expression as he closed the minute distance between them. His tone held a softness that

mingled with the authority in a way she never thought to hear. “You walk out that door, and you’re mine for the next twenty-four hours, mine and Randy’s. Anything we say, anything we do, and anything we want.”

Sweet Jesus. Georgia’s muscles weakened as his words did funny things to her insides. She should slap him for his arrogance. She should run screaming with sheer fear. Instead, she rose to her tiptoes, putting them almost nose to nose. “If you’re attempting to frighten me, Gavin, try harder.”

“The only promise I’m making is not to hurt you in any way that doesn’t render you mindless from pleasure.”

“The only promise I’m making is to enjoy every second of the next twenty-four hours.”

He flattened his hands on the wall on either side of her head, his face so close to hers that she felt the warmth of his breath fan her lips. “Second thoughts aren’t an option. Once you step out that door, there’s no coming back.”

“Do I look like I’m having second thoughts?” She could barely entertain a first thought with his mouth a tongue’s reach from hers. Brazenly, she licked the outline of his lips, committing to memory their shape with the tip of her tongue.

His lips didn’t part. He didn’t move, but for his gaze that danced with hers. A flash of amusement and a keen awareness swam in the desire-darkened depths of his eyes. “You look like a woman who’s in need of discipline. You have a lot to learn about me, darlin’.”

She knew enough about him to understand when she left her house with him, he expected her to submit to his every desire. She burned to do exactly that, to follow his order, to do anything he bid, to give him anything he wanted. Then, she would take what she wanted in return.

“Then I suppose you better start teaching. You’re wasting valuable time standing here, cowboy.”

Gavin stared at her for so long she started to squirm beneath the intensity of the look. Then, he shook his head, stepped back, and gestured for her to lead the way through the door. “Valuable time, indeed,” he chuckled and followed her out.

Chapter Two

Randy sat in the truck, tapping a steady beat to Blake Shelton's *Hillbilly Bone* on the dashboard when Georgia came out of her house with Gavin close at her heels. The devil of all fears died a quick death, leaving an utter stupidity in its place. He feared she wouldn't follow through with the little signal she gave them last night. His balls tightened at the knowledge that he'd been wrong.

"Let the loving games begin." The foolish relief spread his lips in a wide grin that slowly faded as he studied her.

He tipped back the brim of his cowboy hat to get a better look as he peered through the windshield. She moved stiffly toward the truck as if each step were somehow difficult or uncomfortable. What the hell happened between last night and this morning?

Gavin opened the driver's door, cupping her elbow in his hand as he helped her inside. She slid gingerly across the bench seat toward Randy.

"Good morning." She tried to smile, but something dimmed its usual cock-stroking wattage. Nerves? Pain? Damn it, what happened to her?

"Hey there, sweet thing." Randy rested his elbow on the back of the seat, finding the silken strands of her hair with his fingers to toy and twist. He couldn't wait to feel that silk cascading over his thighs as she took his throbbing erection in her adorable, little mouth. But first, he needed to figure out what bothered her. "Glad you could join us today. Are you..." okay, he started to ask, but caught sight of the little rectangular box Gavin held out for him.

"I thought you might want to get started while I drive," Gavin said mildly.

Randy didn't miss the way Georgia couldn't seem to look away from the control as he took possession of it. With the mystery of her stiff movements solved, he relaxed. "Don't mind if I do."

He waited as Gavin backed the truck out of the drive, watching Georgia as she watched him. He purposely caressed the control in his fingers, but didn't turn it on. Each time his fingertip neared the on button he heard Georgia suck in a slow breath.

"You're wound mighty tight." He grazed the backs of his fingers down her bare shoulder. Her skin felt as creamy as it looked, soft and sensual like the woman it covered. "Relax, sweetheart."

"I'm not tense," she countered far too quickly for believability. She was strung so tight he could strum her like a box guitar.

"Do you know what this does?" When she nodded in answer, he asked, "Why don't you tell me? I'm not sure I do."

Georgia made a raspberry sound at that. "Please, you know exactly what it does."

"The please is nice. It's not exactly in the context I plan to hear it from you, but we'll get to that in a bit. The rest, well, whether I do or I don't is irrelevant. I asked you to tell me."

She glanced at him, a tinge of red rising to color her cheeks. It didn't take much to turn her sweetly pale complexion the tempting color of a delicate rose. He couldn't wait to see her lovely ass the same color that washed into her face.

"It controls the vibrator in my pussy."

Christ, hearing her make such a simple statement shouldn't sound so damned sexy, but it did. Her words lassoed his cock and squeezed tightly enough to make his balls sting. "Do you want me to turn it on?"

Her tongue slid along her bottom lip, and his cock turned to stone behind the zipper of his jeans. "I think so."

“You *think* so?” He wanted her to *know* so. Gavin didn’t tell him exactly what his plans were for the day, but Randy had a few plans of his own. Making sure Georgia felt comfortable expressing exactly what she wanted, no matter what it turned out to be, topped his list.

“Come here.” He pulled her into his lap, careful not to jar her sex and push the egg too deeply inside her. When something went deep enough to pierce her tight womb, he wanted it to be his cock, not some friggin’ toy. Able to reach her better now, he delved his free hand between the folds of her dress, pulling it open and bearing her breasts.

“Randy!” Her gasp turned to a moan as he caught her hardened nipple between his thumb and forefinger and gave it a little twist.

“Yes, sweet thing?” He gave her other nipple the same treatment, biting back a moan of his own when she squirmed, her delectable ass grinding on his rigid cock.

“We’re in the truck. What if someone sees?”

“What if they do?” He cupped her breast in his palm and lifted it, dipping his head to take the nipple between his teeth for a tender nip.

“Damn, that’s hot,” Gavin whispered.

“It tastes hotter,” Randy said around the hardened point.

“I can make sure someone sees,” Gavin offered. “We could go for a spin through town rather than keeping to the back roads.”

Randy expected Georgia to protest. When she didn’t, he lifted his head to study her. “You don’t really care who sees, do you? You want people to see me having my way with these beautiful tits of yours.”

“I want you to turn on the vibrator inside me.”

Bingo. Randy let himself grin as he repositioned the controller in his hand. “That’s all you had to say.” He pushed the button, adjusting the vibration to start on its lowest setting. A soft hum filled the cab of the truck.

“Ooh. Ahh.” Georgia’s head fell back to rest against the window, her eyes closing as the toy worked her channel in an easy rhythm.

She looked, Randy decided, more beautiful than she ever had in his fantasies with her head slung back, her dress open, and breasts free. He wanted to be that egg inside her, to feel her inner muscles as they convulsed around his throbbing shaft.

He increased the vibrations and felt his jeans grow damp to the left of his zipper. Not from his own pre-cum. No, those were her juices that wet his pants. "Are you creaming, Georgia?"

"Yes." She didn't hesitate to answer, drawing out the sound like a snake ready to strike.

"You can't come."

Her head came up at Gavin's words, and her eyes widened. "But..."

"It's all about control," Gavin cut her off. "Consider this your first lesson."

Georgia's gaze snapped to Randy as if she expected him to say something to help her out. He helped her out, all right. He pushed the vibrations up another notch.

She caught hold of the dash with one hand, her other digging into his shoulder as a mewling sound rumbled from her lovely throat. She squeezed her eyes shut, intense concentration taking over her expression. Randy knew she fought with all her might not to come. It was a battle he felt certain she would lose the first time around.

He shot a glance at Gavin, saw the other man's knuckles had grown white from his tight grip on the steering wheel. Watching Georgia's pleasure, hearing it, drove Gavin as insane as it did Randy.

In his lap, Georgia squirmed, her breath coming in short bursts as the moans escaped her sultry lips. She was so close to release. Randy knew women, could sense by their movements and sounds when they were but a breath away from coming.

He turned off the egg. Her head jerked up again so fast she nearly caught him in the chin.

"No!"

"No." He repeated and lifted a brow.

“I was...” She began, but Gavin cut her off again.

“About to come without permission, weren’t you?”

“You’re being unfair.” Her protest sounded half plea and half venom.

“Darlin’, you really don’t want us to show you how unfair we can be.” Gavin steered the truck onto another road, still not looking at her. Randy never knew the other man to be so close to a loss of control, but damned if he didn’t get the impression Gavin was struggling hard not to burst.

“I don’t know.” Randy fingered the control box, drawing Georgia’s attention and watching as the expectance formed in tiny beads of sweat on her forehead. “She might find pleasure in our unfairness. How about we test the theory?” He pushed the button, ramping the vibrations to their highest setting and eliciting a wickedly sinful cry from her throat. She sounded so freakin’ sexy he nearly came along with her.

And she did come. He couldn’t mistake the jerking of her body coupled with the death-grip on his shoulder and the panting that followed. He waited for her to go limp against him before silencing the egg. Then, he hooked a finger beneath her chin and tugged her face up to meet his gaze.

“Were you given permission to come?”

Her eyes lowered, and she shook her head.

“Do you know what that means?”

She met his gaze, glanced at Gavin, and nodded. “You’re going to punish me.”

“We won’t go easy on this one, Georgia. You knew the rule this time.”

Something in Gavin’s tone told Randy he missed a vital part of the conversation. “This time?”

“She masturbated three times last night.”

“Georgia, Georgia, Georgia...” Randy tsked as Georgia looked back at him. “Three times, huh? Were you hot, sweet thing?”

“I couldn’t help it,” she said in a small voice that made him want to cuddle her close and tell her everything would be okay. It would, of course, once she was trained to control herself, trained to serve them as they expected of her, trained to prolong her release so they could bring her insurmountable pleasure.

“You will.” He allowed himself a tender kiss to the tip of her nose. “We’ll teach you. Gavin is right, though. We can’t go easy on you for this one.”

* * * *

Georgia didn’t mean to come. How could they expect her not to when her channel vibrated like an off-the-scale earthquake? Add to that the feel of Randy’s stiff erection pressing into her rear, his mouth and hands working her breasts to a point of pure ecstasy, and she experienced one of the best orgasms of her life. Now, they wanted to punish her for the pleasure she took.

Anger and trepidation warred for paramount emotion as Gavin preceded her through the front door of his house. Her unease got a moment’s reprieve as she walked inside and stopped. She had seen the house from the outside many times through the years, always admired the ranch-style, rustic red wood trimming the brick, the oak fence that surrounded the tidy yard. Inside, she found the same country theme with leather furnishings, animal fur rugs over hardwood floors, and trophies of game mounted to the paneled walls.

“I know what you’re thinking.” Gavin’s slightly amused words splintered through her thoughts.

Georgia snapped her head around to find he stood barely an inch in front of her. “I’m sure you think you do.”

“Bambi over there got in the way of the bullet. There wasn’t much I could do to save him.”

Georgia bit her lip to keep from laughing. “White-tailed deer, I take it. Yeah, not much you can do to save one after you’ve blown a

hole clean through him. My father used to say the only thing left is to bring him home, skin him, and eat till your belly pops.”

Gavin smiled, a slow curve of his lips that kicked her heart into double-time and milked a stream of cream straight from her pussy. “I always loved your father.”

“So did I.” She looked away, unable to hold the gaze. She had loved three men in her life. One of whom, her father, spent years attempting to shield her from the dominance of the two who now stood in front of and behind her. “It’s not what I expected. You’re house,” she clarified. She started to take a step further into the living room but realized the men closed the distance between them so securely they sandwiched her. “I figured it would be more, well, messy.”

Randy chuckled but didn’t say anything.

“I’m not a pig, darlin’.” Gavin’s lazy drawl sounded a bit wounded.

“No, but you’re a man, a bachelor,” she pointed out. “I spent enough years cleaning after Dad to know how sloppy you guys can be.”

“And I spent enough years listening to my mother to know better than to let my house get out of hand.”

Georgia grinned. “Good woman.”

“She is.”

“I would love to meet her.” She knew Gavin’s parents lived in Montana, though exactly where she couldn’t say.

“I’m hoping you don’t change your mind about that before sunrise.”

Georgia blinked at him, stunned that he allowed even a speck of insecurity to show. Silence fell between them and, for the life of her, she couldn’t think of a thing to say to break it. Randy’s fingers glided down her arm, and he moved in closer at her back.

“Are you hungry?”

The warmth of his breath to the sensitive flesh of her ear brought goose pimples to the surface of her flesh even as her hormones danced another jig for release. Her stolen orgasm in the truck proved as ineffective as the three she gave herself last night. Until she got their cocks inside her, she knew a true release, one that would bring her real satisfaction, would not be found.

Yes, she was hungry all right, but not for food. Still, she answered, "A little."

"Let's grab a shower, and then we'll rustle up some breakfast." Gavin took a half a step back, his attention focused over her shoulder. She knew he and Randy were exchanging one of their wordless looks that conveyed all the conversation the two men needed for understanding.

"I could cook while the two of you get cleaned up." She liked to cook, especially when she had a man to cook for, or in this case, two.

Gavin shook his head. "You're going to join us." He didn't take her hand, didn't gesture for her to follow, but spun on his heel and walked away.

Georgia stared at his retreating back, getting lost in the delectable view of his tight ass clad in second-skin Levi's. Her palms itched to curve around the muscular cheeks of his ass as he drove his thick cock in her aching cunt over and over until she begged to come. She never begged for anything in her life, but she wouldn't be too proud to plead with Gavin if that's what he wanted of her.

"You might want to go after him." Amusement laced Randy's words, proving he knew exactly what captured her thoughts.

She tore her gaze from Gavin's ass and shot Randy a look over her shoulder. "I'm working on it."

Randy chuckled, a low, rumbling sound that sent prickles of sensation traveling through her even as it stroked her funny bone. "Come on." His hand moved to the small of her back, and he propelled her forward with a gentle push.

He led her down a long hall to a bedroom where she stopped short. Quite possibly the largest bed in the world, draped in black satin sheets with blue throw pillows, occupied the center of the room. An oak dresser hugged one wall, while a high-back chair took up space in the far corner. The walls, painted a utilitarian white, were bare save for a mirror hanging above the dresser. Thick, dark blue curtains covered the single window, cutting out any outside light. Gavin stood beside that bed in front of an open doorway that obviously led to a large bathroom. Her mouth watered and perspiration gathered along her body as he started to undress. *Sweet baby Jesus*. The man did sumptuous things to her insides when clothed. As he removed his shirt to reveal an impressive array of corded muscles and tanned flesh, she felt herself start to drool. Wiry, dark hair speckled his chest, circling his flat, hard, male nipples. Georgia licked her lips, wanting to flick her tongue over those tight points. She wanted to lick her way down the path that led to his six-pack abs and flat stomach before disappearing beneath the waistband of his jeans.

“Enjoying the view?”

Georgia pulled her attention back up to Gavin’s strong, confident face. “I’m starting to. That bed is huge.”

“I’m a big man.” He shrugged and reached for the button of his jeans.

Her focus fell down, her thoughts scrambling over the combination of his actions and words. Yes, she could tell how big through the straining denim attempting to contain his cock. Her womb convulsed with the need to feel that thick wedge of heat and hardness.

“I like room to move without worrying about falling off,” Gavin added. “I also needed a bed large enough to comfortably accommodate three.”

Georgia wondered how many threes the bed accommodated before they brought her here. She didn’t ask, but decided her expression gave her away when Gavin spoke again.

“No, you don’t want to know. I will tell you only that from here on out, if you want us, it will only be us, me, you, and Randy.”

Georgia turned enough to see Randy and caught the same promise echoing in his gaze. She nodded. “Thank you.” She looked back at Gavin. “Both of you.”

He left his jeans unbuttoned, the fly spread to reveal a thick patch of dark curls. Apparently, Gavin didn’t do underwear. The realization made Georgia’s mouth water. The intense craving to put her mouth on his cock made her weak.

He moved to the master bath doorway and held out a hand.

Georgia went to him without hesitation. The first real contact he gave her all morning zinged through her center before striking her clit and moving on to her nipples. She breathed deep to steady herself and caught a whiff of dark male lust that sent her mind reeling and her pulse soaring.

“How about that shower?” Gavin squeezed her hand, his tone husky and heavy with desire.

Georgia nodded and allowed him to pull her into the bathroom. It didn’t surprise her in the least to find the room designed in a way to provide enough space for three the same as the bed. A double sink and spacious countertop separated the toilet from the enormous, glass enclosed, standup shower. A mirror spanned the wall behind the sinks.

The reflection drew her to the treat of watching Randy undress for the first time. Erotic power sizzled in his eyes as his gaze locked with hers in the mirror. He fisted his shirt in his fingers, wrenching it over his head, and teasing a moan out of her at the play of muscles the movement created.

She licked her lips.

He paused, his fingers halting on the waistband of his jeans. “Thirsty, sweet thing?”

“Parched.” Georgia swallowed, realizing the truth of her answer. Her mouth went from drooling wet to desert dry in an instant. She

knew of only one way to quench this thirst. “But don’t let that stop you. Continue, please.”

One sexy brow lifted as he worked the button of his jeans free. The sound of his zipper lowering reverberated in the silence of the bathroom. The easy way he shucked his pants down his strong thighs to hug his ankles captivated her attention. She nearly swallowed her tongue at the sight of his rigid length barely contained by his briefs, the engorged head peeking out the elastic waistband.

A bead of pre-cum glistened on the slit. Her tongue parted her lips, but stalled in the act of licking again. It rested on her bottom lip, that droplet of tantalizing semen offering up the only antidote for the sudden paralysis.

“He’s hard for you.” Gavin’s breath fanned the fine hairs just behind her ear as he leaned in to whisper. “That’s what you want, isn’t it Georgia? You want to feel that cock ramming inside your hot, wet hole?”

Unable to speak, Georgia simply nodded. Her pussy clinged at the image Gavin’s words created in her mind, the picture of Randy between her legs, his cock lodged impossibly deep in her slick channel. Her mouth tingled, giving evidence to another hot, wet hole that wanted to lay claim on his thick meat.

“Take off your dress for me.” Randy kicked off his boots and jeans, his briefs following in rapid succession, but his gaze never left her body.

Georgia watched him watching her, noted the appreciation that swam in his eyes, mingling with the lust as she untied her dress and let it fall in a pool of material around her feet. It made her feel empowered, seeing that level of want overtake his expression. She might submit to the desires of these men, but she held a strength of her own that would bind them to her. She could only hope that force she wielded proved intense enough to gain her all she wanted.

“Jesus, you’re beautiful,” Randy said softly.

The way his gaze skimmed her body felt like fingers of passion to her breasts, her belly, the apex of her thighs. Her head raced with ecstasy as arousal gathered along the folds of her sex.

“Such a sultry mouth,” he murmured and growled when she dared to lick the pad of the thumb he glided over her slightly parted lips. “That’s what I want. It’s what you want, too, isn’t it?”

“As if I haven’t given you enough of a hint already.”

“Hints are nice, but I’m not a man to read between the lines. Tell me.”

Georgia fought the urge to drop her gaze. She met his head on. “I want to taste you. I want to feel your stiff cock in my mouth, down my throat.” Carnal hunger turned his eyes a vicious ebony. She rode on the power it gave her and yearned for more. She turned her head, finding his thumb and licking it into her mouth, closing her lips around it as she wanted to do his cock.

“Christ, that’s enough.” He jerked his hand away, his expression as tortured as his tone, and backed toward the shower. A bench jutted from one inside wall, and he sat down, his cock fully erect and pulsing with life. “Come here, and drop to your knees.”

It didn’t occur to Georgia to hide her smile. She did as he bid, sinking to her knees between his parted legs. Her smile faltered at the hardness of the cold tile to her tender knees.

“Spread your legs wide,” he instructed her. “I want you to feel the cool air slipping inside your hot pussy lips. You are hot, aren’t you, Georgia, horny and ready for a hard cock to replace that toy?”

The toy? She’d actually forgotten about the silent egg in her channel. Her attention focused solely on the man in front of her and the magnificent specimen he meant to give her.

“You know I am.” Her pussy felt blistered with need, slick and pulsing. Her inner muscles contracted, reminding her now of the object inside her and ramping the need for the vibrations Randy denied her. He turned it off the moment she reached orgasm in the truck. What did he do with the control box?

“In due time, sweet thing. I’m still waiting.”

The cocky lift of his brow coupled with the tap of his toe to the side of her leg explained what he waited for. She spread her legs, wincing slightly at the uncomfortable pain in her knees. It heightened the growing sensation of embarrassment with her pussy opened to the elements of the room.

“Does it hurt?” Despite the concern of his question, his tone held no sympathy.

What happened to her friendly, compassionate Randy, her ally? She saw this Randy before, noticed often the ever-present, dominant danger in his charcoal eyes. Damned if it didn’t turn her on as much as the nice guy she first thought him to be.

“Some.” The first indication of desired humiliation flittered through her.

“Good. A little pain is what I want for you right now.”

“This is my punishment, isn’t it?”

“The start of it, yes.”

“You know why you’re being punished, don’t you, darlin’?” Gavin’s voice behind her breached her concentration on Randy and sent a fiery lance of double-edged, panic-lined need curling around her.

She started to turn, but thought better of it. Shifting her weight would only make her discomfort worse. She locked gazes with Randy and fought to keep the satisfaction from her expression as she answered Gavin. “Yes.”

They considered this punishment? Sure, the bite of pain in her knees and the icy air to her heated pussy made her uncomfortable, but the prize of sucking Randy’s cock made the sentence laughable. She swallowed, already anticipating the taste of his thick flesh in her mouth, of the long length down her throat.

“Put your hands on either side of my hips and hold onto the bench.” Randy waited for her to comply before he continued. “You are not to touch me with anything but that sweet mouth of yours. Now suck my cock, sweet thing.”

Chapter Three

Gavin enjoyed watching porn. What healthy guy below the age of eighty-five didn't? Watching Georgia close her mouth around Randy's dick, and then seeing the man's shaft disappear as she sucked him all the way in and down her throat, proved a sight far better than any porn ever filmed.

He wished he thought to bring a camera into the bathroom. One sat in easy reach right outside the door on the dresser, but a chance to scope out the pearly gates couldn't make him leave the reality show playing out in his bathroom long enough to fetch it.

His cock screamed in jealousy. He expected the emotion, figured to be swamped with it, seeing his woman with another man's dick lodged in her throat. Instead, he experienced a wave of that envy for an entirely different reason. He wanted to join.

"Amazing," he whispered and sidestepped to get a better vantage point. "That's so fucking beautiful."

Georgia's eyes were closed, her expression one of an intense concentration. She sucked Randy's dick in slow, methodical strokes of her lips up and down his shaft, teasing, playing, and hungry, if the gradual increase of her movements served any indication.

"Christ, you should feel it!" Randy's head fell back against the shower wall, his eyes heavy-lidded with the pleasure Georgia gave him.

"Oh, I will soon enough." He wouldn't be able to allow her control the way Randy did now, though.

That proved a difference between him and his buddy long ago. While Randy liked to dominate his women, he could go for a little

give along with the take. Gavin only took. His woman would serve him in every way he bid, exactly as he told Georgia last night. His woman would submit to his desires without question or hesitation. In return, he would bathe her in pleasure so magnificent she would never doubt her need to obey him.

“Do you know the picture you make?” Georgia gave her head a little answering shake. “I was just thinking how I should get my video camera.” That got a surprised moan from her that might have been part protest. “The angle of your head as you take his cock down your throat, all that milky flesh of your neck exposed with your hair falling aside. You make it tempting to nibble on you while you’re feasting on him, Georgia.”

She moaned again, this time the sound an obvious plea.

“I said you make it tempting. I didn’t say I would do it. See, you would like that, wouldn’t you?”

“Mmhmm.” She paused with Randy’s cock halfway in her mouth and attempted to look at Gavin. With his position, he doubted she saw him.

“Neither of us told you to stop sucking.” Gavin made the statement a command, and she started again, her lips gliding down Randy’s shaft, easing up again. “I can’t give you what you want right now, darlin’. That would make light of your punishment.”

She whimpered, her movements slowing once more.

“Suck it deep, sweet thing.” Randy ground the words through clenched teeth. “I want to feel those luscious lips at the base of my cock. That’s it.” He drew a breath through his teeth. “Ah, yeah.”

“Sounds like you’ve got a wicked mouth, baby.” Gavin balled his hands into fists at his sides. The need to touch her, to sink his fingers into her hot pussy built an almost irresistible wall.

“Sinful is more like it,” Randy growled.

Gavin saw when Georgia started to move, her delectable stems inching closed. “You weren’t told to do that.”

She stilled, whimpering again, and he knew the punishment hit its mark. She had been enjoying herself despite the uncomfortable position. Her obvious rising arousal changed all that. Her milky flesh flushed as her need for pleasure escalated. The muscles in her thighs tensed, her butt cheeks flexing as she fought for control of her limbs. He angled his head and saw the gleam of moisture coating her bare pussy lips. Christ, Jesus, he had to look away before he dropped to his knees behind her and licked her dry.

“Why are you trying to close your legs?” He knew the answer, of course. He also knew asking her such questions would only tease her more. “Are you trying to put pressure on that swollen clit? Is your pussy flaming to be touched?” With each question, her movements increased. Her head bobbed up and down on Randy’s cock until the other man closed his eyes and rode the sensations of her fucking him with her mouth.

“We aren’t going to touch you. That’s part of the punishment. You can’t orgasm. You don’t have permission.”

She sobbed, and this time, it tore at his heart. She would be teetering on a precipice right about now, a suck and a breath from crumbling. Her strangled cry sounded on the verge of true tears, but her movements didn’t stop, didn’t slow. *Good girl*. He would reward her for that later.

“We’re going to teach you to control your release, to ask for that pleasure.” She stiffened, straightened, and shifted her weight, all the while maintaining her rhythm. She didn’t attempt to close her legs again, but instead thrust her ass out. Gavin nearly whimpered.

“Oh, darlin’, you have such a perfect ass. I can’t wait to get hold of you there.”

She froze, her eyes flying open in what might have been surprise, but damned sure looked like terror.

“Well, now, it appears I struck something there.” He leaned against the wall behind him and crossed his arms as he watched her. “Keep sucking, Georgia, unless you want this punishment to turn

harder.” When she began again, he continued. “The ease of this discipline is that you can control when it ends. It might be the only chance we give you.”

He felt a twinge of guilt for the white lie but quashed it. In truth, Randy held total power over when the punishment came to an end. “All you have to do is make Randy come, and it’s over. Then we’ll shower and move on with our events for the day.”

Making Randy come, however, wouldn’t be as easy as Gavin made it sound. Like Gavin, Randy had been trained by a skilled dominatrix. Both men could hold off an orgasm until they were good and ready to blow their wad. He didn’t think Georgia knew of that small detail.

“Still, you aren’t sucking him faster,” Gavin observed. “Do you enjoy sucking cock that much, Georgia?”

“Mmhm,” she said again, and when she didn’t resume the pace she set before he made mention of taking her ass, Randy fisted his hand in her head and did it for her.

Gavin lifted a brow as he watched his friend take over the movements of Georgia’s head. Could he be that close to losing it? Gavin never saw it happen, but with the way they both felt about Georgia, he knew it to be likely. Hell, he came close to exploding like a freaking rocket in the truck on the drive over.

Whether intentional or because he truly lost it, Gavin couldn’t say, but he knew when Randy filled Georgia’s mouth full of cum. His friend grunted his release, his hips lifting off the bench to meet the rapid bob of Georgia’s head, thrusting as she continued to suck.

Gavin’s gaze dropped between Georgia’s wide-spread legs, to the string of cum that dangled from her pussy to the shower floor. The desire to taste her, to bury his face between her legs made him light-headed.

When he tore his gaze back up, he watched Randy use his hold on her hair to pull her head up, bending his as he slammed his mouth to hers.

* * * *

“Did you come?” Randy whispered the question against Georgia’s lips, the smell of his breath a mixture of the sticky-sweet release she swallowed and the faint remnants of minty toothpaste.

Georgia shook her head and instigated another kiss, not yet ready to let him go. She needed the contact, burned for the passion she felt transferring from his mouth to hers. Her release teetered on the edge of a tattered string. One touch and that string would break. One touch and she would shatter in a delicious wave of orgasmic ecstasy.

He broke the kiss, pulling back to meet her gaze, and she couldn’t stop the pleading words that spilled from her lips. “Touch me. Please, touch me.”

Randy shook his head, apology glinting in his eyes. “I can’t.”

“You can!” she insisted. “At least turn the egg back on. I can’t stand it. I need to come.” She felt she might die if she didn’t find release soon. Everything inside her flamed with the need to find fulfillment, to experience the body convulsing bliss only stimulation to her channel could give her.

“I can’t do that, either, sweet thing. The control is in the living room.”

Georgia growled, the sound fit for a lioness headed into battle. Randy chuckled. The devil!

“You can touch yourself.” It wouldn’t help, and he knew it. She saw that keen knowledge in the blackened depths of his gaze. No matter how close to explosion she might be, her own touch would offer her little relief. Only his or Gavin’s would suffice. “You’ll have to. I want you to remove the egg from your pussy.”

Georgia shook her head. “You do it.”

Randy’s eyes turned cool, his expression taking on a stern look she grew accustomed to seeing on Gavin’s handsome face. “Are you defying me, Georgia?”

The question sent a ripple of excited alarm racing down her spine. Something rebellious and naughty inside her wanted to answer yes. Fear of the punishment he might give her compelled her to huff out a breath. "Fine. How do I take it out?"

"Just like you would a tampon. Reach between your legs and tug on the cord."

"Touch only the cord," Gavin added from behind her. "No pleasuring yourself."

If glares could puncture, Georgia was certain the one she shot him over her shoulder would have penetrated that gorgeously arrogant flesh of his. Randy's instruction had been different and Gavin knew it. Randy would have allowed her to touch. Forget that they already established a wordless communication that it would do her little good. Gavin, however, obviously planned not to give her an inch of space.

"You're evil." She narrowed her eyes at him as she stuck her hand between her legs and found the cord.

Gavin's lips slid into a grin that bordered on boyish amusement. "I'm just getting started, darlin'."

The feeling of abandonment came instantly as Georgia pulled the egg from her clenching womb. Need intensified to an almost unbearable height, but she came close enough to begging already. She would not allow them the satisfaction of doing that anymore right now.

Eyes still narrowed, she handed the toy to Gavin. Her eyes widened, and she stifled the beg she refused to speak when he brought the egg to his lips and licked her thick juices off the surface.

"That's what you want, isn't it?" His tongue traced the shape of the egg, teasing her, making her pussy weep for the same treatment. "Tell me what you want, Georgia. Better yet, ask for what you want. We can't know what you want unless you ask us to do it."

Oh, they could know, and they did. She harbored no doubt about them apples. Making her ask for what she wanted, hearing her say the

crudely sexy words was all a part of the pleasure for them. And for her, she silently admitted.

“Will you do that for me?” She let her gaze fall pointedly to the egg he held in front of his mouth.

Gavin lifted a brow. “Do what for you?”

“Lick my...” Georgia gulped, the word sticking somewhere deep in her throat. It shouldn’t be so hard to say, to ask. She spoke just as crudely to Randy moments ago when she voiced all she wanted to do to his cock. Innocence became a thing of the past a long time ago, not that she had ever been that bashful to start. On the flipside, articulating all the thoughts in her head got stuck somewhere between her good-girl upbringing and her siren needs for the down and dirty.

“Lick your what, darlin’? Your toes? Your ankle? Your shin?”

The idea of his tongue on any of those parts of her made them tingle with electric desire. She would take his mouth on her anywhere she could get it. But he wanted to know where she wanted it most.

“All of that, too, but I meant my pussy. Will you lick my pussy the way you just did that egg?”

“There’s my girl.”

His approval sent a silly sense of giddiness fluttering in her belly. She liked to please him, enjoyed the wild prickles of lust the slow slide of his lips created in her.

“Sit on Randy’s lap and open your legs wide for me.”

Georgia’s heart tripped. He would give her what she asked! She fully expected to be told no. She didn’t waste a second, moving quickly to Randy’s ready lap and parting her legs, exposing her pussy to the elements of the room and Gavin’s intent stare. She shivered as fingers of cool air pricked at the inferno sensitizing the flattened curves of her cunt.

“Are you cold?” Randy’s arms wound around her waist. He hugged her close, blanketing her with the warmth of his solid chest and corded arms.

“Not as cold as I am hot.” His breath stirred her hair, the sound of his husky chuckle one of enjoyment as well as arousal.

“Always have the right answer, don’t you?”

Georgia shrugged and settled more comfortably in his arms. “I certainly try.” No one ever accused her of being a slow learner.

She felt Randy’s cock, semi-hard and resting along the small of her back. How long did it take for a man to recover after an ejaculation? Something else she wanted to learn. She figured Gavin ordered her into the perfect position to find out. After all, Randy held her naked body in his arms, on his lap, and would soon be doing so while another man licked her to oblivion. Surely being witness to such a thing would heighten his arousal in short order.

She watched Gavin, the anticipation of his touch, of his attention to the part of her that yearned for him most building by the second. But when she expected him to sink between her legs and feast on her sopping pussy, he headed for the water faucet instead. Her eyes narrowed as he adjusted the faucets until he achieved the desired water temperature and then began to shower. When his gaze landed on her, his eyes smoldered with a cocky deviousness that made her want to slap him.

He held her gaze as he showered, not looking away even when he reached for the bottle of shampoo or body wash. Despite her aggravation with him, it didn’t take long for her to fall into a state of fascination. She never witnessed a man shower before. The sight flat out did it for her.

Water streamed down Gavin’s naked body in rivulets that danced along his flesh like her fingers longed to do. His muscles flexed enticingly with each move of his arms as he lathered his hair and body and then rinsed the soap away.

He turned his back to her and stepped beneath the stream to rinse his front. Georgia took the opportunity to drink in the view of his stupendously firm, perfect ass. Slowly, she pulled her attention up,

spotting the burn scar on his left shoulder blade just before he turned to face her once more.

The sight of the scar splashed a handful of cold water on the raging flame within her. She knew how he got it, remembered the falling beam that struck him across the back during his exit from a burning structure three years ago. It had been the last fire Gavin battled with her father, a fire in which her father would have been trapped and likely burned to death if Gavin hadn't been there to pull him out.

Georgia didn't doubt that Gavin saved her father's life that day. Her father said so, too, many times, before he passed away. Her father also expressed his belief that Gavin would be the perfect man for her if only he would give up his domineering fetishes and leave that damned club. The club, she knew he referred to, was the Service Club.

Would they take her there tonight? Didn't the men of the Service Club get together most weekends? It seemed she remembered hearing they did. Would Gavin and Randy expect her to perform for the club as she heard some of the members did?

Her father had worried about her reputation first and foremost. He wanted her to have her own choices, her own life second. Being associated with the Service Club painted those women of the town in a not-so-favorable light. Georgia never told her father that her reputation didn't really mean squat to her as long as she could claim Gavin Scott and Randy Pope as her men.

Randy gave her waist a tight squeeze and spoke against the side of her neck. "You're thinking too hard."

"Just counting my blessings at how lucky I am." She didn't lie. She did feel like the luckiest woman on the planet today. "Both of you are so beautiful."

She felt Randy's lips curve in a smile against her flesh. "That's supposed to be our line."

“Gavin already said it twice. Once when your mouth was on my breast, and the second time when my mouth was on your cock.” Remembering both acts reignited the flame deep within her. Not that it managed to lessen much since it began last night at the first sounds of the fire engine turning onto her street. “I’m wondering if this isn’t your idea of more punishment.”

“Are you feeling punished?” Gavin raked his wet hair away from his face and looked at her.

“Very. You’re making me watch you bathe. While I’m enjoying it immensely, you aren’t touching me nor are you allowing me to touch you.” Neither of them had truly touched her since they arrived to pick her up at her house. Randy tasted and felt her breasts in the truck and he held her now in his lap. Gavin hardly made physical contact with her at all. “If this isn’t punishment, then you guys have a warped sense of pleasure.”

“It isn’t intentional,” Gavin told her, his tone softer than she ever heard him speak. “The punishment you’re feeling, at least. My not touching you is, yes, but only because I really did need a shower first. My hands were too grimy to put them on your flesh.”

He moved to her and bent down to graze the back of one finger down her cheek. “Don’t ever think I don’t want to touch you. I ache to touch you, Georgia, always have.”

His sweet words and tender touch brought tears to her eyes.

“We got a call just before shift end. I got dirty but didn’t want to take the time when we returned to the station to shower and change. I wanted to get to you as soon as I could. I couldn’t wait another second to be with you.”

A tear slid down Georgia’s cheek. She grabbed his hand before he could take it away and held it tight. “I’m glad you didn’t wait. Will you...” She swallowed, unable to get the words around the lump in her throat. “Will you touch me now, lick me now? I need you, Gavin. I can’t wait another second to be with you, either.”

He nodded, emotion swimming in his eyes. It tore at her heart. Seeing this side of him, a sensitivity he rarely showed her, made her fall even more deeply in love with him. His hands glided down her body as if he intended to memorize her shape as he lowered himself to his knees between her widespread legs. He didn't stop caressing her until his hands closed around one of her ankles. He lifted her foot to his mouth and licked her big toe.

The moan that escaped her lips sounded watery, but pleased, even to her own ears. It brought a small smile to his lips as he tattooed a path along her instep and up her ankle with the tip of his tongue.

Though she let her head fall back to rest on Randy's shoulder, she kept her attention focused on Gavin. Randy's arm held her tightly and she felt him kiss the top of her head, another tender declaration of the feelings these men held for her that sent more tears sliding down her cheeks.

Gavin sampled his way up the side of her leg, stopped to tickle her knee, and moved on up to gently nip her inner thigh before he pulled back. "Don't cry, my love. And don't ever be afraid to ask us for what you want."

"We may not always give it to you right away," Randy chimed in, "but we want you to ask without hesitation or fear."

Georgia nodded, her mind reeling. What if the question she wanted to ask pertained to keeping her life, maintaining control of her life? Could she have both of the men she loved and the life that made her happy as well? She watched as Gavin returned to his mind-numbing perusal of her inner thigh. The man's mouth gave wicked a new definition. As he neared the place she burned most for his touch, she knew if she gave herself to this man, both these men, they would own her. The question of her sustaining her independence, her own control, would be the one want they would not give her right away. Probably not ever.

Gavin's breath fanned the moist folds of Georgia's pussy, and she forgot all about liberation in the wash of sensations that overcame her.

Euphoria sizzled through her bloodstream, quickening her breath and drawing a strangled moan from her slightly parted lips. He looked up at her from beneath long lashes, his blue eyes nearly black with desire.

“I could get high on the scent of you.” He licked her, his tongue spreading through the wildfire of syrup that coated her cunt. He growled, a tortured rumble from deep in his chest. “I could get drunk off the taste of you.”

Georgia writhed in Randy’s lap, wiggling her hips to attempt to reach Gavin’s mouth with the blazing flesh of her sex. Randy’s arm squeezed her middle, belting her to him, preventing her from reaching her destination.

Gavin’s hands closed high on her inner thighs. His thumbs stretching to part her sensitive lips as he flicked his wicked tongue over her swollen clit before dipping down to delve inside her channel.

“Gavin. Oh, God.” Georgia’s cry pierced the air. Her hips jerked then tensed when they couldn’t fight against Randy’s continued hold. Need clawed through her like sharp talons digging into the inner walls of her vagina.

He licked her in sweet, voracious swipes of his velvety tongue, and then probed inside her fiery channel to eat her as he might a decadent fruit. His hungered murmurs fueled the inferno scorching her womb, charring a path of delicious sensations through her nervous system.

She’d never known such pleasure. His tongue destroyed her sanity, ripping stolen breaths from her lungs. Randy made the delirium worse with his hands and mouth as he began to nibble the side of her neck, while taking her breasts in his palms to squeeze and tease.

“Are you about to come?” His breath lifted the fine strands of hair on the side of her neck.

Georgia’s head lolled back and forth on his shoulder. Perspiration gathered on her upper lip, between her breasts, lower on her tummy.

She burned inside, the orgasm growing claws to bury deep in the tender flesh of her channel as it climbed toward freedom. She didn't answer him, couldn't. Gavin tongue fucked her cunt, driving the silken rod as deeply as he could reach in rapid licks and mind-altering swipes. The tightness built in her belly, her inner muscles convulsing around his devilish tongue.

"You weren't told you could do so." How could Randy sound so sensible, so unaffected when Gavin tore at her soul through her pussy with each invasion of his plundering mouth?

"Please." The cry felt wrenched from deep in her belly. She flailed like a fish out of water, her body searching for cool oxygen, anything to chill the fires of damnation Gavin ignited inside her.

"Please, what, sweet thing?" Randy toyed with her. He would make her beg, make her ask.

Georgia felt too far gone to care how needy and desperate she sounded. "Please, can I come? I need to come."

"You're so perfect. You learn fast. I knew you would."

Georgia realized he still didn't answer her. She tried to hold back the orgasm turning to a blinding pain in her sex. The fire became so intense she couldn't stand it anymore. Keeping herself from coming proved another kind of torture.

"Please." The word barely rolled from her lips before Gavin latched onto her clit with his mouth and sucked the orgasm right out of her.

She exploded, losing her breath and her sanity right along with her control. Spasms racked her body, eliciting a scream from her that filled the morning air. She dissolved in a flowing stream of cream and cries that bathed Gavin's face and convulsed around his tongue. He continued his languid exploration of her pussy, slurping and licking until she felt dry and then hot all over again.

"Easy now." Gavin's swollen lips glistened with the moisture from her body. They spread in a slow grin as he drew back and came over her. "Are you trying to kill me?"

“Kill you?” Georgia gasped, her breaths ragged, her muscles still twitching in the aftermath of soul-altering sensations.

He took her hands and pulled her to her feet, drawing her body flush against his. The kiss he gave her tasted of her juices and every drop of emotion she witnessed in his amazing touch. The warmth of his embrace enveloped her, giving her a comfort she never knew. That comfort intensified when she felt Randy mold his body to her back.

Sandwiched between the men she loved, Georgia couldn’t think of anything that spelled paradise more. Her heart swelled fit to bursting, and she needed to tell them, wanted them to know how deeply she cared for them. Before she could find the right words, Gavin released her hands and took a half-step back.

“Let’s get you cleaned up.” He detached the shower head and adjusted the stream, while Randy lathered body wash on a shower sponge.

She experienced a moment of awkwardness as they began to bathe her. It faded quickly as she stood still while their hands roamed her body, cleaning and caressing until she felt aroused and desperate all over again. The fact that Gavin’s cock remained massively hard didn’t help. The man possessed amazing control. She felt Randy’s erection, too. The full, hard length of it brushed against her as he washed her hair, back, and buttocks. She supposed that gave her the answer she sought. It took all of ten minutes tops for this man to recover. That stamina could definitely be put to use.

“Did you have any trouble getting off today?” Randy asked as he gathered her hair in his hand to wring out the excess water.

Georgia thought the answer to that seemed obvious until she realized he meant getting off from work rather than the sexual form of getting off. She heard him chuckle behind her, saw Gavin’s lips twitch despite the muscle she now noticed jumping in his jaw, and giggled herself.

“Dirty-minded woman,” Randy muttered. “What are we going to do with you?”

"I'm sure you'll find no problems figuring out thousands of creative and exciting things." She reached a hand back to find his nape and pulled his head down over her shoulder for a quick kiss. "No, I was due a day off, and Fridays are generally overstaffed, anyway. I'm sure they will get along fine without me until Monday."

"All done." Gavin shut off the water and stepped out of the shower.

Georgia exchanged a look with Randy, but she couldn't read his expression. She really didn't have to. Gavin got his back up because Randy brought up her job because she talked of returning to it on Monday. Gavin didn't want her working. She already knew that. Randy, however, didn't seem to mind. Could she find the partner she needed in Randy after all, one who would help her convince Gavin to see a compromise?

Hope bloomed as she followed Gavin out of the shower and allowed him to dry her. "We have a fieldtrip to the zoo scheduled for Monday," she told them, testing the metaphorical waters to see how far Gavin would let her go with her talk. "Little Peggy Cramer—I'm sure you know her parents, Bill and Marcia—she's so excited. She's one of my favorites at the daycare. I know we aren't supposed to pick favorites, and we shouldn't get too close to the kids, but I can't help it sometimes. They become so special to my heart. I really miss them when I'm not there."

"Like today?" Gavin's tone didn't hold any inflection as he hung the towel on the rack.

"Well, I can't say I've had time to miss any of the children today." A pang of guilt shot through her belly.

Randy took a brush from the vanity drawer and began gently removing the tangles from her hair. "That means we're doing our job."

Georgia giggled. "Yes, I suppose it does." Her tummy gave a loud growl, and she winced.

Gavin lifted a brow. “It sounds to me like we’re slacking, my man. The lady is getting hungry.”

“I’m on it.” Randy moved around them to snag a pair of sweatpants off a hook and pull them on. “I’ll get the food cooking while you two finish up here.”

Georgia waited until she heard Randy’s footsteps fade before she turned her attention to Gavin and let her gaze fall slowly down to his mouth-watering cock. She drew her lip between her teeth as much in thought as to keep the drool from slipping down her chin.

“Is there a problem?”

“As a matter of fact, there is. A very obvious one, if you ask me.” She pulled her gaze up to meet his. “You haven’t come yet. I’m wondering why not.”

“How” would likely be a better question. He sat in the truck while Randy did things to her nipples, all the while keeping up the vibrations of the egg in her pussy. He stood aside and watched as she sucked Randy’s cock until the man came down her throat. He bathed her, dried her, rubbed his body against hers until she became hot and ready to go again. Still, Gavin didn’t lose control. What would it take, she wondered, to make the man break?

Boldly, Georgia trailed the tip of her fingernail down the center of his chest. “You’ve had your shower now, Gavin.” She put a sex kitten purr to her tone. “You’re clean, you’re dry, you’re ready, and still you aren’t touching me.”

Chapter Four

Christ Almighty, not because he didn't want to.

He was dying for her. The need to feel her, taste her, and yes, touch her tortured his senses to the point of sheer madness. His chest sizzled where she tickled her fingernail down his flesh. It burned as if slashed open with a knife, creating a gaping wound for her to crawl inside.

She already had long ago. She crawled inside his chest, his heart, his very soul and possessed him with a finality that left him ruined for anyone else. Another man, any normal man, would have already taken her for his bride. Gavin knew his desires, his needs made him anything but a normal man. Not that Georgia could be defined as a normal woman. She craved what he could give her, longed to be claimed by him. He saw it in her eyes, heard it in her voice, felt it in her touch.

"I have my reasons for not touching you now." If only he could remember them. When she looked at him like that, all sex-pot and wicked and ready to jump his bones, he couldn't seem to bring to mind a single one.

Her hand flattened on his chest as she closed the minute distance he had put between them. "I don't suppose you would care to share them."

Her hardened nipples brushed his chest, sending a zing straight to his cock. It took every ounce of his restraint not to let the way she affected him show. Control was everything. He knew that. He learned the lesson the hard way from his dominatrix trainer. By the time she

finished with him, he never came remotely close to losing his hold again. Then, he met Georgia.

“You’ll find out soon enough.” He gazed into her angelic face and knew, if not the specific reasons, the general purpose of them at least. Georgia. They were all for her pleasure, her fulfillment. Everything was all about her, always. He would show her, claim her, and, God willing, she would stay when tomorrow came.

She rose to her tiptoes and grazed her teeth along his jaw. “I want to find out now.” Her hand on his chest dropped south on a direct course to his cock.

Gavin clinched his teeth together in an effort to keep from kissing her. He balled his hands into fists at his sides, knowing if he touched her it would be all over.

“You told me not to be afraid to ask for what I want.”

“You were also told we might not give it to you right away.”

“Would you really deny me after all this time?” Her lips peppered a path down his neck to his collarbone, lower. She looked up at him from beneath long lashes as her mouth closed over his nipple.

He flinched, his pec flexing beneath the quick rake of her satiny tongue. “Sonuvabitch.”

“Mmm, I wondered if a man’s nipples are as sensitive as a woman’s.” Her teeth scraped the hardened tip. He sucked in a quick breath and felt her lips curve in a devious grin. “I guess I got my answer. How long have we waited, *wanted* to be right here, Gavin?”

Her boldness both surprised and pleased him. He knew she had it in spades, but she didn’t often allow it to show. When she did, she actually embarrassed herself. Not so now, obviously. Her fingers curled around his cock as her tongue flicked his nipple to a hardened point. He couldn’t let her get away with these brash actions for long, but, now and then, he could allow her to play.

“Too long,” he answered her through tightly gritted teeth. “I would never deny you anything for long, either. I’m sure you know that.”

She looked up at him again, triumph sparking in her eyes. Her fingers squeezed on his shaft, and he had to think of PSI equations in relation to the height and heat of a flame to keep from blowing his wad in her palm.

“I want you.” She turned her attention to his other nipple, sucking it between her lips and rolling it as she started a slow, methodical stoke of his shaft.

More out of reflex than thought, Gavin fisted a hand in the back of her hair. She gasped and increased the pressure of her strokes. “You have me, darlin’.” She held his heart, his *life* as securely as her grasp on his cock. “Stroke it.” His voice turned to a hard rasp as her fingers trailed down the rigid length of his erection. “Show me how good you are with that wicked hand.”

“I would rather have you inside me.” Despite her want, she followed his order, sliding her fisted hand up and down his shaft, faster, harder. Damn, his vision laced in a haze of pleasure. “Wouldn’t you? I’m burning for you, Gavin. I want to feel you inside me.”

Gavin held her steady with one hand fisted in her hair as he reached around her with his free hand to cup the graceful curve of her ass. He separated her cheeks, slipping finger over the top of the narrow crevice and following the trail to the hidden entrance of her anus.

He watched her, saw her eyes widen, and knew without asking he touched a part of her never before explored. Her hand stilled on his cock as excitement-laced fear passed through the blue depths of her eyes. His tortured balls seized in agony to feel those tight muscles squeezing the life out of his cock.

“Are you sure, Georgia?” He covered her innocent hole with the pad of his finger and applied just enough pressure to make her catch her breath. She trembled in his arms, fear and excitement racing over her face and fueling his need. “This is where I want to be inside you.” Her soft whimper gave weight to the fear. The way her hips pushed back against his touch gave evidence of her desire to feel more.

“Has this firm, precious ass ever been fucked, darlin’? Has it ever been pleased?” He already knew the answer, but he wanted to hear it. The possessive devil inside him needed to know he would be the first inside the most secretive wonder of her tantalizing body.

She shook her head vehemently. Her lips quivered with her answer. “No.”

Stupid relief crashed into a stream of delight that flowed through his very soul. He knew she wasn’t a virgin, knew of the boys she had given herself to in college. He didn’t fault her for that. She deserved to experiment, to discover that the tame style of love making most men supplied would never do it for her.

“You will tonight,” he told her softly, hoping she heard the words as a promise and not a threat. He didn’t want her afraid. He wanted her ready.

She shook her head nervously. Her vixen tongue glided across her trembling bottom lip. “You promised you wouldn’t hurt me.”

Gavin dipped his head, taking her mouth in a heated kiss. His senses reeled over the wild taste of her arousal, over the primal need to caress the deepest part of the receptive cavity beneath the pad of his finger. He felt the tight ring of muscles flex, sucking at his finger, drawing it just a little bit inside. His arm muscles tensed in his fight to hold back, to resist the pull to breach that tender hole.

“I meant every word of that promise,” he said against her lips. He massaged her puckering hold, feeling the muscles start to give under his caress. “I would never hurt you, Georgia.” He wanted only to protect her. The demands he made of her, the things he required in return for them being together after tonight, were for her protection as well as his very sanity. He loved her far too much to ever cause her pain, to ever allow anyone else to harm her in any way. She would know only pleasure at his touch, only pleasure in a life with him.

Slowly, he pressed a little harder, letting his finger dip inside to the first knuckle. Her eyes slammed shut, her breath hitching as a mewling cry left her pursed lips. He painted a small circle along the

inner wall of her anus, petting the tender flesh, coaxing it to allow him a deeper entrance he didn't yet take.

"That hurts." She sounded weak, uncertain of the alien pleasure surging through her system.

"Are you sure?" Gavin withdrew and scooped the pre-cum off the head of his cock with the same finger he then returned to her anus. He used the pre-cum to lube her hole, circling the outer rim before easing inside once more. "Are you sure it's not just a little uncomfortable? Your ass is sucking at my finger, darlin'. If I let it, your lithe little body would draw my finger in all the way. The burn you feel, it's your body's way of readying itself for me, for my finger, my cock. Don't fight it."

He felt her relax a fraction, the sudden loosening causing his finger to slide effortlessly inside another inch. Her eyes opened, and he nearly drowned in the darkened whirlpool of lusting pleasure.

"Stroke my cock, Georgia." He wiggled his finger, circling her inner walls, stretching her questing anus for the invasion he planned later. "Make me come for you. That's what you want, isn't it?"

"Yes." She hissed the word as her hand started to move, tentatively at first and then gaining in pressure and rhythm. When her hips started to sway in the next second, he nearly knew his undoing.

Gavin rested his forehead on hers, his breath growing as ragged as hers. He wanted to pump his finger inside her tight ass, wanting to give her the penetration her grinding hips sought. He fought it. He hadn't lubed her enough, hadn't prepared her enough for the probing he longed to give her.

"That doesn't hurt, does it?" He struggled to stay gentle, to work her clenching entrance into accepting his finger. She would come soon. He could sense it in the way she moved, in the rapid beat of her heart against his chest, in the brisk movements of her hand up and down his cock. She would come soon, but she would annihilate him first. "Answer me, Georgia."

"N-not really, but your cock is bigger, wider, longer."

“Yes it is. I’ll make sure you’re ready for it first. Randy and I will prepare you.” But he would fuck her. He shared claim with Randy, but the first conquer of her forbidden treasure belonged to him.

“How?” She yanked his cock faster, pulling a ragged growl from his throat.

The idea of him fucking her in the ass turned her on. He knew it would. Her rapidly increasing attention to his cock proved him right. She wanted to know how he would prepare her. God, could he tell her without losing the tenuous hold he held on his own control?

“I’ve already started, darlin’.” He gyrated his finger in her bottom, letting it slip deeper when the muscles pinched at him. “Ah, God, feel how your body wants it? I’ll use lubrication, gel to make the penetration easier.” He would put a plug inside her, too, he decided. He didn’t want to do it, didn’t like the thought of a friggin’ toy exploring the deepest depths of her fiery hole before his cock, but it would be best for her. “You’ll feel the burn, but you’ll know the pleasure. Trust me, Georgia. You’ll love it. You’re already close to coming right now, just thinking about me fucking your ass, aren’t you?”

“Yes!” She shuddered as he pulled back only to ease in again. He fought to be careful, knew he should reach for that tube of lube now rather than to dry finger her ass. The friction his probing would create right now might bring her the wrong level of pain if he didn’t stop soon.

“You are not to come right now, Georgia.” He made his voice as stern as he could given that he teetered on the edge of his own release.

“But—a” She started to protest, but one last pressured push of his finger cut her off.

“Focus on my cock. Not on my finger,” he instructed her. “Stroke my cock. Feel the hard flesh in your palm. That’s it, baby. Jerk me off. I like it tight and hard. Mmm, God.” He lost his train of thought when she reached her free hand between his legs and found his balls.

She cupped them in her palm, rolling them as she worked his cock harder still. Damn, but the woman's grip rivaled his!

She whimpered when he pulled his finger free of her ass. He smiled, the anticipation of tonight's pleasure more acute than ever now. "Get on your knees."

She complied without question, sinking to her knees and opening her lips to take his cock inside mouth. He stopped her with his continued hold on her head.

"You aren't going to suck my cock. Keep stroking, darlin'."

"But I want to taste you. I want to swallow your cum."

Gavin growled. "Woman, you can't know what hearing something like that from your sweet lips does to me. You're going to taste my come, but I'm going to blow on your breasts, not in your mouth. Keep stroking, baby. That's it. God, I'm almost there."

Christ, it felt as though she might jerk his very soul through the slit in his cock! Twin claws of pleasure and pain dug through the sensitive flesh of his cock and balls until he felt nothing beyond the senseless release that stole his mind. He came in violent bursts of semen all over her breasts and throat. His freaking knees wobbled, he came so hard, and still her stroking continued. He had to curl his hand around her wrist and physically remove her hand from his cock before she stopped.

Wordlessly, he tugged her to her feet and then leaned down to scoop a tongue full of his cum off the swell of her breast. Then he kissed her, transferring the taste to her mouth. She licked at it greedily, making him wish he allowed her to put that sinfully delectable mouth on his cock.

He broke the kiss and drew back to look at her, nearly laughing aloud at the wide-eyed expression of sheer disbelief on her face. "What?"

"You just drank your own cum." Her baffled tone mirrored her expression. "I've never heard of a guy, a straight guy in any case, willing to do that."

He did laugh then. He couldn't help it. She could be so freaking cute. "I didn't really drink it. I gave it to you."

"But you still tasted it."

He shrugged, loving the way he apparently blew her mind with that little move. She enjoyed it, too, watching him taste his own semen. He figured she would. Yet something else he learned from his mentor that served him well to please his woman.

"It's not so bad." He put his hands on her shoulders and rubbed them up and down her arms. "I'm proud of you. You didn't come."

She expelled a breathless laugh. "I nearly did. When you, um, did that thing with your finger, well, I almost did."

He lifted a brow. "That thing with my finger? You want to be more precise?"

She blushed, a light tinge of pink to her already sexually flushed cheeks. "No, but you want me to be. When you fingered my ass. Now, are you happy?"

He let a grin overtake his lips from ear to ear. "Yeah, for now, at least. Even with my finger in your ass and all the pleasure-pain it gave you, you still held control. You're learning, darlin'."

Gavin pulled on his shorts. "Come on. Let's go see what Randy rustled up for grub." He took her hand and turned, but a tug on his arm stopped him.

"What about my clothes?"

"You don't need them," he told her simply and led her out of the bathroom.

* * * *

Mortification battled with an erotic sense of sexiness as Georgia allowed Gavin to lead her naked through his house to the kitchen. She felt immensely grateful the windows were closed, though she didn't voice her gratitude aloud. Knowing Gavin as she did, he would likely open them for the neighbors to see.

They found Randy at the stove taking bacon from a frying pan. He turned when she and Gavin walked into the room, lust, heat, and an ever-present friendly comfort evident on his handsome face.

"I hope you like your eggs scrambled with pepper jack cheese." His grin shined of a boyish apology. "It's about the only way I know how to make them."

"It's about the only way I like to eat them." Georgia smiled back.

Randy turned back to the stove, plating the remaining slices of bacon and setting the dish on the counter. He opened the oven, checked the biscuits inside for doneness, and then angled toward her and held out an arm. He drew her in for a long, tonsil-exploring kiss that left her breathless and a little befuddled when he eased away and smacked his lips.

"You taste like cum."

Understanding dawned. Georgia cleared her throat. She tossed Gavin a look over her shoulder and found him leaning against the kitchen doorway watching the show. "I, um, ordered a Gavin shake for an appetizer."

Both men cracked up.

Randy kept his second kiss shorter, but no less breathtaking than the first. "Nice one."

"What's for dessert?" Gavin crossed the kitchen to the refrigerator and began pulling out condiments.

Georgia turned herself so that her body pressed full to Randy's, but she could still see Gavin. "I'm hoping I am."

Gavin put the items he took from the fridge on the table and moved to her, sandwiching her between himself and Randy.

She let her head fall back on his shoulder, loving the feel of being between them this way. She could stay like this, she realized without an ounce of surprise, forever naked and squished between the men she loved for the rest of her life. But what kind of life would she truly have if she allowed them to control every aspect of it?

When she tipped her head back to meet Gavin's gaze, she thought she saw the answer swimming in his eyes. She would have a life of excitement, passion, hot sex, and love. The new question that came to mind was if love could truly be enough.

"I've waited a long time to have you here like this with me, with us." The unguarded emotion in Gavin's tone brought a lump to her throat. He pushed a few strands of hair from her face with a fingertip, and then glided that finger down her cheek. "Have I told you yet how glad I am that you're here?"

Unable to speak, Georgia shook her head.

"I am. I'm really glad you're here, darlin'."

Randy dipped his head, nuzzling his nose against her ear. "I'm glad you're here, too, and I hope you'll decide to stay."

Right then, tangled in emotion, as well as the arms and bodies of the men she loved, Georgia couldn't think of a place in the galaxy she would rather be. She opened her mouth to tell them so, but Gavin held his finger over her lips, silencing her.

He shook his head. "No decisions. Not today. You'll have forty-eight hours before we want to know what you decide."

"Forty-eight? But I thought—"

"Twenty-four with us and twenty-four without," Gavin explained. "An equal amount of time to experience all we can give you and time to ponder if it's really what you want."

"Is that fair enough for you?" Randy asked, drawing her lobe between his lips for a tender suck.

"Yes." More than when she thought about it. She hadn't expected fairness out of them, hadn't expected a choice. She intended to sway them toward some sort of compromise, but hadn't thought she would get it unbidden. She thought her move with the bonfire last night would be taken as utter surrender.

Except, what had they just told her? She would, in essence, have forty-eight hours to decide the life she wanted. Not a compromise like she hoped for. An ultimatum, them or the life she wanted to lead.

Fear and anger threatened to destroy all she held in her grasp. Then, Randy delved his tongue in her ear and effectively licked away every emotion other than the overwhelming need that never died when in their presence.

“You did well in the bathroom. You held your control.” Gavin planted a kiss to her forehead, her nose, her cheek. “Are you ready to try it again?”

“I, um, think so.” Saying yes or no to such a question didn’t come as easily as it seemed it should. On the one hand, she burned with a fire to try anything with these men again and again and again. On the other hand, she got nervous thinking about what they planned to do to her next.

“You think so?” Randy tilted his head, amusement glinting in his eyes. Gavin moved aside, taking something from the countertop that Georgia couldn’t see. Randy stepped her backward across the kitchen. When they reached the table, he put his hands on her hips and turned her around. “Why don’t we help you to know so? Lay across the table, sweet thing.”

“Wh-what are you going to do?” Alarm snaked down her spine. His hands on her hips gripped tightly, holding her in place, adding another level to her trepidation.

“I didn’t hear him tell you to ask questions, darlin’.” Every drop of Gavin’s tender emotion drained from his tone, leaving only the cool authority of a true, dominate male. “Randy gave you an order.”

“But, ooh.” Randy’s hands came around her body, his fingers latching onto her nipples and squeezing like a vice. She sucked a sharp breath through her teeth as dagger-like pain laced with pleasure shot from her nipples to travel a direct line to her pussy. He used that hold to pull her forward until her upper body lay across the table as he told her to do. Then, he folded himself over her back and spoke softly in her ear.

“When one of us gives you an order, you obey it without question, or you will be punished. Do you understand?” He twisted her nipples,

and the mindless pleasure-pain yanked a strangled cry from her very soul.

“Yes, I understand.”

“Spread your legs for me.” Randy released her nipples, his hands moving to glide down her back as he pushed her to rest fully on the tabletop.

The wood chilled her heated flesh, adding a new sensation to the mix of erotic confusion. She did as he told her, widening her stance. The absence of his heat told her when he stepped away. The return warmth gave her a clue that Gavin took his place before he spoke.

“Hold still.” Gavin’s calloused hands parted her buttocks. “Jesus, that’s beautiful,” he breathed a second before his lips caressed her cheeks. “I’ve wanted to see this for so long, darlin’, wanted to taste it, to devour it.” His tongue slipped between her spread cheeks, following the crease of her sensitized flesh until he found the rim of her hidden entrance.

Georgia couldn’t breathe. Her hands reached above her head, clawing for the far edge of the table for a purchase she couldn’t find. Her legs trembled. She slammed her eyes shut as sensations clashed through her system. His tongue flicked over her opening, teasing, causing her buttocks to flex at the alluring play. Then, it dipped inside, a wet, hot rod that breached the rim of tight muscles surrounding her anus and probed at her sanity.

“Gavin!” She shuttered, her body wanting to writhe, to thrash, but too paralyzed to move.

“Delicious.” His breath fanned her already flaming ass. “And so tight. Ugh, my cock is going to explode from wanting to fuck you here.”

Terror struck when she felt him pull away. Was his need so great that he wouldn’t wait for tonight? Did he intend to fuck her now?

Twin demons of desire and panic made a scream bubble in her throat. “Where did you go?” She lifted her head, trying to look for him, but spotted only Randy. He leaned on the table near her rear, an

intense expression of male admiration and lust on his face. “What are you doing?”

Cool, wet fingers moved between her buttocks, and she laid her head back down, her mind racing as rapidly as her heart. The fingers massaged her flesh, spreading what must be a lubricating gel all over her rear.

“Preparing you for tonight,” Gavin said simply. His finger pushed inside her anus, bringing with it a stinging pain that quickly dissolved into the remembered pleasure she experienced in the bathroom.

For tonight. Her mind latched onto those words, onto the promise that he still intended to wait.

“The gel makes it easier. The burn won’t be quite as bad as it was in the bathroom without the lubrication. I shouldn’t have touched you without the gel. I’m sorry. I couldn’t help myself.”

Knowing that, realizing she made him lose even an ounce of his steadfast control made her feel powerful. She smiled, though she doubted he could see it. “I like knowing that, and I’m glad you did.”

He twisted his finger inside her, pulled it free, and another finger joined to work the gel in deeper. Together, his fingers stretched her anus until she pleaded with him to stop, to give her more, to do something to relieve the talons of confusion clawing through her body.

“Oh, God, Gavin, I can’t.” She rested her forehead on the table and squeezed her eyes shut. The pleasure blinded her, the pain a burning craze that shouldn’t feel good, but somehow did.

His fingers stretched deep inside her, separating to stretch her as they circled and eased back only to pump inside her once more. The burn spread, her pussy leaking juices even as it convulsed for a penetration of its own. The intensity of it drove her to a crazed state of need. Her eyes filled as her clit begged and her hips jerked at the invasion of his fingers now pumping methodically into her rear.

“You can. I know you can.” More coolness added to the inferno he built in her ass, and he worked it into her, the grease making a

squishing sound as he fingered her deeper, faster. “I’ve got two fingers in your tight little rear now, darlin’. God, I wish you could see this.”

“I can,” Randy said gruffly, “and damn, it’s amazing.”

“I’m going to put the plug in now.” Gavin pulled his fingers from her anus before his words had a chance to make sense.

“Plug?” Her heart stumbled, the panic returning anew. Her body trembled. The mixed sensations now those of absence and a tortured denial for pleasure. The wickedly intimate touch he took from her left her wanting more, *needing* more.

“It’s just another delightful toy.” Randy moved to stand in her line of vision at the end of the table. “You’ll love it, sweet thing.”

“Take a deep breath, Georgia,” Gavin instructed. “It may feel uncomfortable for a moment or two, but it will turn to pure pleasure if you let it.”

Georgia breathed deep, held it, and let it out on a whoosh when a wide cylindrical object pushed into her well-lubed anus. She lifted her head, only to bang her forehead on the table in a series of smacks as the first onslaught of pain turned to a numbing pleasure. It didn’t stop there. A mewling sound escaped her throat as Gavin pressed the object deeper still, filling her once virgin hole fit to bursting. It was pain. It was pleasure. It was madness.

“Let it feel good, darlin’. Remember what we said about it in the bathroom?” Gavin’s tone dropped to a soothing baritone as his hand caressed her butt cheek. “What you’re feeling isn’t pain, right?”

Georgia shook her head, unable to form words around the riot of sparks raining through her. Her nipples pressed to the wooden tabletop, the sensitive peeks throbbing from the remnants of Randy’s pinches. Her pussy flamed with a new fire that pulsed and exhausted all oxygen from between her legs. Inside her body, her channel wept as a razor-sharp orgasm sliced home.

“Gavin!” She cried out his name in both warning and plea. “I can’t. Please, I can’t.”

“You can, my love. Just imagine how my cock will feel in place of that plug. It feels good. You know it does.”

“No, I can’t hold on.” She was on the verge of tears. Her attempt to hold back the beast, to obey the commands of her men, tore at her soul.

“Are you asking to come, Georgia?” Randy asked, a hint of pleased surprise in his voice.

“Yes, please, God, yes, let me come.” She screamed it, begged, and couldn’t care less how needy she sounded. She did need, and if she didn’t get, she feared she might crumple into a world of numbing insanity.

“Come for us, darlin’.” Gavin punctuated his command by tapping the tip of the plug in her ass. “Now.”

Georgia felt the plug dive a final fraction of an inch deeper at the same time a finger reached between her pussy lips and to swipe over her clit, and she burst into flames.

Chapter Five

“I’m glad to see you seem to have a good appetite,” Gavin commented around the rim of his coffee mug. “You’ll need the energy.”

Georgia studied him from her precarious perch on the edge of her chair. Sitting with a butt plug inside her couldn’t be easy, Randy knew, but she seemed to manage without too much discomfort. She even managed to return Gavin’s slightly amused gaze with one of her own that, if Randy ventured a guess, even conveyed her desire to let the games continue.

Randy disguised a chuckle in a cough and shoveled a bite of eggs into his mouth.

“Tell me about the call that pulled you from the station shortly before shift change.” Georgia bit into a slice of toast speckled with grape jelly and chewed, her gaze not dropping from Gavin’s.

Gavin shrugged. “It turned out not to be anything major. A guy decided to burn a few leaves in his backyard before sunrise, hoping not to get caught, I suppose. Apparently, the leaf pile was larger than he realized. They sparked, caught a nearby tree, and quite a few feet of grass and pine along with it. By the time we arrived on scene, he had a helluva bonfire going on.”

Georgia grinned, no doubt remembering her own bonfire shortly after dark the previous evening. “All the bonfires going on this weekend, one would think it was a holiday or something.”

Gavin’s lips kicked into a full-blown grin. “I’m all up for celebrating. How about you?”

Randy didn't know about Georgia, but he felt damned well ready to celebrate. His cock pulsed in his sweats. The idea of entering her sweetly wet pussy while the plug remained in her ass drove him freaking nuts. It would be a tight fit, tighter even when Gavin finally took her ass the way he intended. Randy couldn't wait to hear their woman panting and crying out as the rapturous wave of sensations overtook her.

"I wondered if you guys would set up a day soon to visit the daycare." Randy's attention snapped out of his favorite porno land at Georgia's words. "Maybe on your next rotation. The kids would love if you could bring the engine by, give them a little lesson on fire safety and all."

A muscle ticked in Gavin's jaw. Randy knew his friend caught the implication of Georgia's words as easily as he did. She intended to continue working, to hold onto her job at the daycare no matter what she decided about her life with them.

Randy waited for Gavin to respond. Best to keep his own mouth shut on this one. Gavin would expect her to quit. He would consider her surrendering her job as part of her giving herself to him, to them. He would expect her to be home for them, with them. He and Gavin could easily give her everything she would ever need. He didn't doubt that. Making her see the situation their way, however, would prove a challenge.

He shifted his gaze to Georgia, caught the spark of challenge in her big, blue eyes, and realized she was baiting Gavin. The little minx had her nerve. Randy gave her that. He bit back a grin. She knew exactly what they expected of her and used little hints like that to let them know she didn't plan to obey.

"I'll talk to the chief during tomorrow's shift and see what I can set up," Gavin said.

Randy's jaw nearly hit the table. Gavin's response shocked the hell out of him. It surprised Georgia, too, if the slight widening of her eyes showed any indication. She recovered quickly enough. She

flashed Gavin a radiant smile that made Randy's cock dance in his sweats and stood.

"Where are you going?" Randy asked more out of reflex than anything.

"To the bathroom." She leveled her gaze on him. "Or do I need to ask permission for that, too?"

Randy saw Gavin's lips twitch out of the corner of his eye. He didn't reprimand her for her snippy answer. He figured he deserved it. "No, of course not."

The radiant smile became his as she walked around the table and leaned down to plant a kiss on his lips. "Good. Thanks for breakfast. It was delicious."

"Georgia." Gavin's curt call of her name stopped her just before she reached the kitchen door.

She turned, hitting both of them with a wickedly questioning look that conveyed the vixen they unleashed in her.

"Meet us in the room at the end of the hall on the left when you're through," Gavin told her.

Georgia nodded and left the room.

Randy waited until he knew she couldn't hear before he asked, "Are you sure she's ready?"

"She's ready." Gavin sipped his coffee. "We only have until daybreak, remember?"

"Yeah, I remember. I've caught onto your forty-eight hour plan, but do we really need to teach her everything in the first twenty-four?"

Gavin let out a dry chuckle. "There's no way in hell we could. She needs to know how it will be, what to expect before we leave her alone to make her decision. Don't you agree?"

Randy did. He didn't want Georgia to question what her life with them would entail.

"Besides, do you want to wait any longer to officially make her ours?"

“Hell no!” They waited long enough already. Another day, another hour, another freaking second might drive him straight to the loony bin.

Gavin grinned and pushed away from the table. “Yeah, I didn’t think so. Let’s go, buddy. We have a woman to satisfy.”

* * * *

Georgia’s entire body went hot and then cold as she halted in the doorway of the last room on the left. Her heart picked up a cadence that threatened to pound it right out of her chest. She stared wide-eyed at the toys, the equipment, and the half-naked man amidst it all. Instinct, more than plan made her shake her head in protest, or maybe denial. She stepped backward, the hard wall of a male body she collided into the only thing that prevented her from turning tail and running.

“Why are you backing away?” Gavin’s breath moved the hairs on the side of her neck. His fingers closed on either side of her waist. “You know you want this. You knew what you would find when you got here, when you agreed to come with me and Randy this morning.”

Georgia didn’t respond. She couldn’t speak anymore than she could stop her head from shaking.

One of Gavin’s hands glided down to her ass, a fingertip pushing on the plug in her anus. Her eyes fluttered closed on another wash of the pleasure-pain her body now accepted with ease, now longed to feel when the sensations subsided.

“This is only a small example. I told you there was no backing out when you came with us this morning.”

“I don’t want to back out.” Despite how weak and frightened her voice sounded, she told him the truth. She didn’t want out. She wanted everything she saw, everything she thought she might get in the immediate future. The need that unfolded inside her threatened to

make her feel dirty, shamed, but she refused to let it. She couldn't fault herself for her desires, wouldn't feel guilty for any of them.

She licked her lips and steadied herself. "It, the room, caught me by surprise. That's all. I—" She choked on her next words as her gaze landed on the black leather flogger Randy pulled from a hook on the back wall. The fear returned in a force so great her head spun. She tensed, her gaze dancing from Randy's to the flogger and back again. "You aren't going to use that on me!"

"Yes, we are." Gavin spoke in a way that sounded so reasonable despite being laced by a calm authority. "You still have to be punished for the orgasm you stole in the truck."

"And again in the shower," Randy added.

"But the shower, making me kneel on the tiled floor, keeping my legs spread..." Hadn't that been punishment enough? They drove her mad making her suck Randy's cock without allowing her to touch, without touching her. Her pussy had felt so exposed. It made her wet enough to drip her juices on the shower floor.

"That punishment was for masturbating last night without us," Gavin told her. "Remember how I said we would go easy on you for that."

Easy? He thought being tormented to her very soul by teasing her to orgasm and not allowing her to come had been easy?

"I asked permission in the shower," she reminded him quickly.

"Yes, you did." He nodded against the side of her neck. "But did you hear an answer from either of us?"

Her blood chilled as she thought back. She begged. One of them, she couldn't remember which, complimented her on learning fast. They soothed her, talked to her, but didn't give her permission to come.

Weakly, she hung her head.

"Come over here, and kneel on the bottom step, sweet thing." Randy gestured to the device on the floor at his feet. It looked like a mini staircase.

Georgia didn't need to ask. She knew it was a spanking platform. She saw one used in a BDSM movie she watched shortly after discovering what kind of woman Gavin wanted in his life. She went searching for anything that would shed light on the fetishes and desires of a man like Gavin Scott. Later, when Randy joined Gavin in her heart, she hadn't looked far to know what it would take to please him as well.

She remembered longing to be the woman in the video she watched that night. She spent many a night after fantasizing about being the woman bound to the spanking platform, naked and vulnerable to Gavin's every whim and need. Now, the mere idea of the pleasure she knew it would bring her scared her to her toes. What would happen, how would they react if they knew how much she enjoyed the punishments they gave her?

"Go." Gavin propelled her gently forward.

She moved across the room on legs that wobbled, stopping when she reached the step, and kneeling as instructed. She struggled to keep her breaths shallow and even, to keep her body from shaking out of her skin.

"Relax," Randy whispered as he came up behind her and slipped a blindfold over her eyes.

The sudden darkness kicked her already rapidly thumping heart into quadruple time. With her sight taken away, her other senses immediately took over. She felt the heat of his body behind her, registered more warmth as Gavin moved before her, heard their even breaths, and smelled their innate scents mixed with the sweet aroma of their own arousal.

She swallowed. "I'm trying. It's hard."

"It won't be if you let us do the work," Gavin said. "We're going to position you where we want you. Loosen up, and let us guide you."

She did, though reflex made her want to resist each inch as they guided her to lie forward on the upper step of the staircase. Her breasts hung free over the edge. Gentle hands stretched her arms to

either side of the platform and secured her wrists with the leather straps attached to the stairs.

“Comfortable? The binds aren’t too tight, are they?” Gavin’s voice was controlled but compassionate.

“No, they’re fine.” Her own voice quivered.

More leather straps closed around her ankles next. She startled when the step she knelt on separated, spreading her legs wide.

“Jesus, would you look at that view?” Pure male appreciation rang in Randy’s whisper.

“Sexy as hell, isn’t it?” Gavin chimed in. “Take a deep breath, darlin’.”

“Why? What are you going to do?” Alarm made her tense again, her ass clenching in anticipation of the first strike of the flogger. The movement delivered her a prickle of pleasure as it shifted the plug inside her anus.

“I didn’t say to ask questions,” Gavin chastised. “I said take a deep breath.”

Twin darts of pleasure and pain collided in her center as an unforgiving, impossibly wide dildo entered her pussy at the same time that something cold and hard clamped on both her nipples in turn. She made a mewling cry as her body adjusted to the sensations. Her head, the only part of her she could move, lolled from side to side.

“How does it feel?”

The pleasure, the pain mixed to a level of insanity that left her unable to decipher which of her men spoke to her. “Good,” she admitted. Wildly, wickedly, amazingly good.

“Hmm, punishment isn’t supposed to feel good. Perhaps we should try something else.”

“Wait!” She cried out when she felt the warmth of her men leave her. “Where are you going? Don’t leave me like this.”

“We aren’t going far.”

She had just enough time for the voice to register as Gavin's before the plug in her ass and the dildo in her pussy began a simultaneous and fierce vibration. "Oh, oh! Dear, God!"

Georgia squeezed her eyes shut beneath the blindfold and gritted her teeth as pleasure took over her soul. Her body hummed with the movements of the toys filling her holes to bursting. The double penetration coupled with the bite of pressure to her nipples brought her on a race to an explosive pleasure she feared might kill her. Could a woman really die of pleasure? She thought she might find out any second. Then, the vibrations stopped as quickly as they began.

"No. No! Please." She flailed, or attempted to, as she remained bound to the platform. Every inch of her body screamed in agony, need slamming into denial to cause her a pain she never before experienced.

"No coming, Georgia." Gavin made the command an absolute.

In that moment, she knew no matter how amazing it felt, he would deliver her true punishment this time. And if she dared defy him by allowing herself to come...she didn't want to think what he might do next.

Minutes that felt like hours passed, and then the vibrations began again. Just when she feared she might lose control, that her body would take away any chance she held of following the order not to come, the rhythm would cease. It became a maddening pattern, bring her to the brink of release, yanking it away again so fast her body wept from the sheer torture. She couldn't say how many times it happened, how long it went on, or when in that time, she started to beg. She only knew she didn't care how needy she sounded. She didn't fret when she felt the first tear seep into the blindfold. She couldn't stand the torment anymore.

Georgia teetered on the brink of delirium when she felt something cool laid across her ass. It disappeared almost instantly, but the sting it brought in its return drew a strangled cry from her lips that sounded of a wounded animal. The next slap of the flogger fanned her pussy,

spreading the stinging heat through her very core. At the same time, the clamps on her nipples tugged, adding another vicious stage to the pleasure.

“Your orgasms belong to us.” Gavin spoke softly in her ear, his words barely making it through the riot of sensations. “You do not find pleasure unless we give you permission to do so. Is that understood?”

The flogger connected with her bottom a second time, turning her answer into a scream. “Yes, I understand.”

“We will give you what you need, always,” Gavin continued. “Whether it be punishment or reward.”

“You can’t treat me like a dog.” She didn’t know where she got the strength to argue, but she lost it a split second later as the flogger delivered another, harder blow to her pussy.

“We will treat you like our woman, our love, but you will belong to us, Georgia.” Gavin’s tone hardened, turned even more commanding. “You will obey us, serve us, and in return we will give you everything you could ever want and so much more.”

Georgia felt too far gone to realize how barbaric his statement sounded. Still, she answered him though he hadn’t asked a question. “I understand. Please, Gavin, no more. I understand.”

A final slap landed on her pussy, and then, blessedly, she heard what could only be the sound of the flogger being tossed to the floor.

* * * *

They planned to walk away, to leave Georgia trembling on the precipice of release and give her time to think on all Gavin said to her. Randy couldn’t do it. Her glorious body beckoned him. He wanted to cover the reddened swells of her ass cheeks with his body. He wanted to soothe her stinging pussy lips with his tongue. He wanted to thrust into her sodden channel with every ounce of power his throbbing cock possessed.

No. No way could he walk away and leave her like this.

He met Gavin's gaze over Georgia's quivering form and knew his friend reached the same conclusion. They delivered her enough punishment. Now, they meant to show her pleasure.

An almost imperceptible nod from Gavin sealed the deal. They didn't often deviate from their plans with a woman. Then again, they never made plans to carry through with a woman they loved as much as Georgia.

Randy's attention dropped to her pussy lips, made all the pinker by the slaps he gave them with the flogger. She enjoyed her spanking. The river of visible juices dripping around the dildo secured inside her channel left no doubt to that. Some women didn't get off on such a thing. He had feared she wouldn't. He felt immensely pleased to discover differently.

"How are you feeling, sweet thing?" Randy took off his sweats and moved between her legs, letting his hands glide softly over her ass. Her cheeks felt hot to the touch.

"Used," she answered weakly.

Randy's hand stilled as his heart flipped in his chest. That wasn't right. He didn't want her to feel used.

"Deliciously used and abused and hot and so ready to come I'm going to scream so loud the neighbors in the next county will hear if you don't let me soon."

Randy chuckled his relief.

"Well, now that's what we like to hear," Gavin told her as he took position by her head.

Randy bent forward, covering the places his hands touched with peppered kisses and tender licks to the heated swells of her ass. Her cheeks flexed, and then she sighed, a thoroughly pleased sound that made him smile.

"So sweet," he whispered as he eased the dildo from her clenching pussy. "So wet." Her juices covered the dildo in a thick layer of cream

he couldn't resist. He brought the toy to his lips, sucked it inside his mouth as if he would another man's cock. "So tasty."

Randy glanced up to find Gavin watching him. Gavin's fingers were curled around his stiff erection, slowly stroking in an even rhythm that matched Randy's exploration of the dildo. Their gazes locked and an unspoken communication of some other time passed between them. They never journeyed down any sexual paths with one another in the past, but Randy knew neither of them would balk at the idea of trying it out, especially if Georgia asked it of them. Some women liked seeing their men pleasure one another as well as themselves. Their woman might prove to be one of them.

"So hot," Georgia added and wriggled her perfect little ass as much as she could given the binds on her ankles. "You guys are firefighters. Could one of you please put out this fire inside me, even for a minute. I'm dying here. What's a woman got to ask for to get a hose?"

Randy threw back his head and laughed. "Where do you want that hose, sweet thing? Here?" He slid a finger over the plug still lodged in her ass and marveled in the wickedly siren moan the movement pulled from her throat. He followed his finger's path with the tip of his tongue, reaping the rewards of more moans and erotic quivers.

"Does it make the sensations sharper?" Gavin asked, his tone husky with his own arousal. "Do you like when Randy kisses your ass while the plug is inside you? Did you like having it inside you while that beautiful ass of yours was spanked for your disobedience?"

"Yes." Georgia hissed the word.

"Your honesty is something that will gain you gifts of the most pleasurable kind," Randy assured her. "I'm going to remove the plug now, though." He didn't want anything else inside her when he thrust his cock into her clenching pussy for the first time.

"Are you going to...to take me there?"

Randy couldn't decide if she sounded afraid or excited by the prospect. He didn't answer as he gently pulled the butt plug from her

anus. The sight of that forbidden, virgin hole stretched and ready for a cock almost did him in. He nearly answered yes. “Not this time. Gavin has claim to that virginity. I’m going to pleasure this pouty pussy instead.”

He tossed the plug aside and delved three fingers into her channel. Wet ambrosia coated his fingers. He wiggled them, thrust them inside her and marveled at the sounds of her moans mingling with those of the sloshing her wetness caused. “Do you want me to make love to you now, Georgia?”

“Yes, please, Randy, make love to me.” Her words came on labored breaths in beat with his plundering of her pussy.

A sharp look from Gavin momentarily caught his attention. He registered the surprise in Gavin’s expression the same as Gavin obviously caught Randy’s choice of words. Make love. Make love to her. No other words in the English dictionary fit together more perfectly to describe what he intended to do by sinking his throbbing cock into her delicately wanton body.

“Gavin?” Georgia angled her head toward where she must sense the other man stood.

“Yes, my love?” Gavin’s response only reiterated his echoing feeling for their woman.

“What about you?”

Randy withdrew his fingers from her melting channel, smiling to himself as he tasted her cum once more while he waited for Gavin to answer. Another man might have been hurt or angry that she thought of Gavin now. Not Randy. The fact that she wanted to see to Gavin’s pleasure while receiving her own only added more weight to his belief that she was indeed meant for them.

A mirroring approval sparked in Gavin’s eyes. Randy knew the other man struggled with a jealousy of his own when it came to sharing Georgia. Though Gavin never said as much, Randy caught the signs more than once. Today, those signs seemed to be torn down by

Gavin's acceptance of Randy's love for her, by her desire to be with both of them.

Gavin moved into position at Georgia's head as he spoke. "You're going to suck me off while Randy fucks you, darlin'."

"Yumm." She drew out the last syllable making both of them chuckle. "Will you take off the blindfold? I want to see."

"Not yet," Gavin told her. "There's no need to see. For now, I only want you to feel."

"Okay." Though she sounded a tad disappointed, she relented easily enough.

So trusting, Randy thought, so ready. If only she would trust them with every other aspect of her life. If only she would be ready for them to take care of all parts of her world as she allowed them to take care of her body. Perhaps after tonight, she would.

Randy wanted to take her slowly. He intended to enter her fiery depths in a series of minute presses that would prolong the first heavenly sensations for them both. Instead, the instant her tight cunt began to close around his cock, he knew he would be unable to stop until he became buried as deeply in her clinching channel as he could get.

Randy closed his eyes, lost in the rapture of being inside his woman for the very first time. He made a sound he never heard himself make, but knew it conveyed every ounce of pleasure he felt. When he opened his eyes moments later, his gaze landed on Gavin just in time to watch the other man pushing at Georgia's sultry lips with the engorged tip of his cock.

The combined ecstasy of his own passion and the sight of Georgia's lips parting to suck Gavin's dick inside until her mouth met with the base of his body, brought him a thrill like no other. Randy drew back, his cock screaming in protest as he pulled from the intense bliss of her pussy until only the head remained inside her, and then he thrust.

“Dear God,” he growled as sensations claimed him. His balls tightened, his cock pulsing with each plunge into the wet, accepting depths of her channel. Taking her slowly, making love to her as he planned, quickly became an option of the past. His hips balked, pistoning his cock in her gripping canal in a succession of rapid moves that brought him to a tempo faster than a heavy metal drum.

Gavin settled into the brisk pace right along with him, fisting Georgia’s hair in his hand as he fucked her mouth as absolutely and violently as Randy fucked her pussy. The sounds of bodies slapping, erotic moans of pure passion, slurping and sloshing filled the air in a pornographic mix of paradise. When her inner muscles clamped onto his shaft he knew she would come any second. Despite her disregard for the rule of permission, he decided this once he would allow her release on her terms.

“Come for me, Georgia.” He issued the order through gritted teeth as he pounded his body fiercely into hers. “I want to feel your pussy convulsing around my cock.”

“I want you screaming around my dick when you come, my love,” Gavin chimed in. “I want to feel it as much as hear it.”

“Let us know how good it feels.” Randy increased the pressure of his hold on her hips, thrusting harder, faster. “God, sweet thing, you feel so amazing. Come for us now.”

When she finally let go, Randy knew for certain the sounds she made were the most erotic, the most fantastic things he ever heard. Her screams, muffled by Gavin’s cock, captured him in their essence and tugged him right along with her.

He came in a blinding rush of animalistic, predatory mating and knew when he heard Gavin’s echoing grunt, his friend followed, too.

Chapter Six

Georgia passed out. That never happened to her before. One minute her body jerked and tensed from the most mind-altering orgasm of her life. The next, she felt herself being lifted into a pair of strong, comforting arms.

They removed the blindfold. She no longer felt it over her eyes, tied around her head. Still, she didn't need to open her eyes, didn't need her sense of sight to know Gavin held her. His sent, musky and male, enveloped her as surely as his corded arms. His warmth, intense and soothing, radiated from him to seep into her soul. She nuzzled her cheek against his chest, content to stay just like this for the rest of her life.

"Shh, sleep now, love," he whispered and brushed his lips to the top of her head.

Georgia didn't want to sleep. She didn't want her time with these men to end. Twenty-four hours. She didn't care what Gavin said about the whole forty-eight hour deal. In her mind, he gave her only twenty-four to fulfill every fantasy she ever created in her mind with him and Randy as the stars. Tomorrow, they would leave her alone and the next morning...

She didn't want to think of the next morning when she knew they would come to her and expect a final decision. She would lose them then. The absence of them, the hurt and despair, curled in her belly like a snake waiting to strike.

When Gavin started to lower her to the bed, Georgia tightened her grip around his neck. "No, stay with me. Please, stay with me."

"I will, darlin'," he assured her softly as he lay beside her. "I'll stay with you always."

Georgia felt the bed dip on her opposite side. Instinctively, she reached out, finding Randy and drawing him against her. Only then did she open her eyes to discover darkness broken by the faintest trickle of light fluttering in from the hallway. The light didn't offer enough vision for her to see them. She felt them, though, hard and comforting against her front and back. Content and sated, she closed her eyes and sighed. Just before she drifted off again, she swore she heard both of them whisper that they loved her in turn.

When she awoke sometime later, she and Randy were alone in the enormous bed in Gavin's room.

"Good evening, gorgeous." Randy lay on his side, resting his upper body on his elbow as he gazed down at her. A wide smile lit his handsome face. Idly, he traced the outline of one of her nipples with a fingertip.

Georgia started to sit up, but thought better of it when she realized the movement might discourage his perusal of her breast. Already, her body responded to the minute touch. A sizzling chill traveled a familiar path straight down her body to nestle between her legs. It amazed her as much as it thrilled her. After all she experienced from this man today, after all the things Gavin showed her, she should be spent, exhausted, done for. Instead, her body pulsed for more.

"Is it that late already? How long did I sleep?"

"A few hours. You must've been tired."

Georgia giggled. "You and Gavin wore me out."

"Oh? How do you feel now?"

She pretended to think about it, looking for the right word. "Alive," she finally said and knew it to be true. So many years she spent her time wanting, wishing, and hoping until she felt nearly dead inside. Today, these men brought her to life in ways she only fantasized possible.

Randy lifted a brow. "You aren't sore?"

“A little,” she admitted and felt her cheeks heat at the memory of the reasons she should be in pain. The spanking Randy gave her, the plug Gavin used in her ass, the dildo they tortured her with, the pounding both treated her to when they finally entered her, one in her pussy and the other in her mouth. “But not necessarily in a bad way.” She let a slow, telling grin spread her lips.

“Does that mean you’re ready for more?” Even as he asked, he leaned down to catch her nipple between his teeth. The bite brought her from lying perfectly still to writhing with need in the span of a heartbeat.

The clamps Gavin placed on her nipples, in what she thought of as the toy room, were gone, but the memory of their pressured squeezes remained. Her nipples felt lightly bruised and deliciously sensitive.

Randy soothed the pain with a tender lick before shifting on top of her, all the while licking and kissing his way down the front of her body. She sucked in a breath as his tongue glided down her abs. She giggled and squirmed when he paused to dip his tongue in her belly button and play. She moaned and reached for him as he headed further south to the apex of her thighs.

He lifted his head a fraction, his breath fanning her clit as he spoke. “Put your hands on the headboard. Keep them there, or I’ll handcuff you.”

Georgia tipped her head back, spotted the cuffs with one end already attached to the headboard on either side of her head. He wouldn’t hesitate to bind her wrist with the open ends if she didn’t listen. Temptation to disobey nearly won out, but as she put her hands up, he lowered his head, and all thoughts beyond *oh, yeah* and *please, don’t stop* left her in an instant.

Randy ran his hands over her inner thighs, pushing her legs as far apart as they would stretch, and then holding them down as he devoured her pussy. His teeth clamped onto her labia, sending a shock wave of sensations through her core that left her head flailing and her mind scrambling. His tongue worked her clit, alternating fast and then

slow flicks until the bud swelled and pulsed with a maddening demand of surrender.

Continuing his way down, he delved into her sopping channel, causing her hips to rise from the bed as he fucked her with rapid thrusts of his velvety tongue. He didn't stay there long before moving on, gliding the tip of his tongue down the sensitive patch of skin between her pussy and anus. She whimpered. Her nails bit into her palms as her grip tightened on the headboard in her efforts to keep her hands in place.

She wanted to grab his head. She wanted to force him to tongue fuck her until she came all over his handsome face. She wanted to move. God, she wanted to scream.

Randy unknowingly fulfilled the last of her wants seconds later when he lifted her hips higher and drove his tongue into her ass. Georgia screamed, the sensations from the act so foreign and wicked, she couldn't make sense of what her body attempted to do, how it meant to react. He tongue fucked her ass with the same reckless abandon he showed her pussy moments before. She thrashed and begged until all movement and sound blurred in a haze of the rising orgasm. It took a single press of the pad of his thumb to her throbbing clit while simultaneously driving his tongue into her asshole for her to detonate.

Body trembling from the inside out, Georgia could hardly catch her breath as he lowered her hip to rest on the bed. He came up her body in much the same way he went down, kissing and licking her still-quaking flesh until he hovered over her. A devilish grin spread his lips.

"Damn, you taste so good." He brushed a kiss to the tip of her nose. She smelled her arousal on his breath, his face, and it stirred something inside her.

"Damn, that felt so good." She sighed, blissful in the aftermath of her pleasure.

“Yeah, I could tell you enjoyed yourself. You came without permission again.”

Georgia’s blood ran cold. Her eyes widened as she stared up at him. She opened her mouth to apologize, to say something, *anything*, but Gavin cut her off.

“We’ll take care of her punishment for that one later. Everything is ready in the living room.” He appeared at the bedside with a damp washcloth which he handed to Randy.

Randy used it to tenderly wipe away the remnants of her orgasm from her pussy, but didn’t bother to wipe his own face. She smiled inwardly at that, loving that he wanted to keep her scent, her essence on his mouth and nose.

Gavin pulled her to her feet and drew her close when she put her hand in his outstretched one. “That was amazing to watch,” he told her gruffly. His hand traveled down to cup her buttocks, and he gave them a light squeeze. “That asshole is getting a lot of use today. It should be primed and ready for me soon.”

Georgia gulped. The now familiar excitement-mixed trepidation crackled through her core. She wanted to feel him, to be able to take his cock in the way he planned to give it to her. Still, the mere idea of his impossibly wide, scrumptiously long cock in her backside made her light-headed.

Gavin chuckled, seemingly reading her mind. “You’ll be fine. Come on.” He pulled her to the living room where he surprised her for the umpteenth time that day by a truly romantic sight.

Candles flickered from strategic places on the end tables, the fireplace mantle, and the bookshelves. Three champagne flutes, a bucket with a bottle of chilling champagne, strawberries, whipped cream, and a bowl of popcorn decorated the coffee table.

Georgia turned to look at Gavin and then Randy. “What’s all this?”

“We figured we would relax a while,” Gavin answered. “Kick back and watch a movie, have some popcorn and bubbly.”

The whole thing sounded odd coming from a hard-edged man like Gavin. Georgia simply blinked at him. Touched beyond measure, her heart swelled in her chest, and her vision grew misty. She blinked again, this time to keep the happy tears from falling.

“So what are we watching?” She sounded overly perky even to her own ears, but she needed to lighten the suddenly sentimental mood, or she feared she might melt in a puddle of mush at their feet.

Randy grinned at her. “*Halloween*, the Rob Zombie version.”

Georgia groaned. “Tell me you’re kidding, please.”

Randy stepped around her and headed for the television. “You didn’t expect us to watch some mushy chick flick, did you?”

“No, but can’t we find a compromise?” He couldn’t be serious. A gory horror movie? Georgia liked to be scared out of her wits right along with the next girl, but not when she got her heart set on a truly romantic evening with the men she loved.

“I voted for *Bob the Builder*, but Randy thought it was too lame.” Gavin said it with such a straight face that Georgia almost believed him.

“Bob the Builder. Can we fix it? Bob the Builder. Yes we can.” Georgia sang the cartoon theme song as she danced a few steps toward the sofa.

“Hmm, I might be persuaded to change my opinion if you keep boogying like that, sweet thing.” Randy met her halfway at the sofa, pulled her against him, and planted a kiss on her lips that erased all lyrics from her mind. “We finally settled on *I Now Pronounce You Chuck and Larry*. Have you seen it?”

Georgia let Randy pull her down with him to sit on the sofa. Gavin joined them on her other side. She took the glass of champagne he handed her and sipped. “Isn’t that the Adam Sandler movie where he plays a gay firefighter?”

“Pretends to be gay, at least.” Randy nodded. He hooked an arm on the back of the sofa and danced his fingertips over her bare shoulder.

Georgia realized until one of them touched her she actually forgot she was naked. It amazed her how quickly accustomed she became to walking around Gavin's home, being between the two of them while not wearing a stitch of clothing.

"I haven't seen it," she shook her head, "but I've wanted to."

"It's not particularly romantic, but it beats *Halloween*," Gavin commented as Randy started the DVD via the remote on the coffee table.

"Or *Bob the Builder*," Randy fired back.

Georgia laughed as her men exchanged playful jabs and then settled comfortably between them as the opening credits started to flash on the television screen. She managed to make it through three quarters of the movie before curiosity got the best of her. She cleared her throat and broke the conversation silence.

"Is anyone on the department gay?"

"You mean on our department?" Gavin shook his head. "If they are, they're in the closet."

"Would it bother you to know one of your fellow firefighters batted for the same team?"

Gavin's lips quirked at that. "Not really. The guys on either of the three the crews are entitled to play for whatever team they choose. Same as me and Randy. A lot of guys think we're twisted or even gay ourselves for the lifestyle we like to lead. That doesn't keep the other firefighters from working with us."

"Are you?" The question rolled from her lips before she could catch it. She had wondered now and then if Gavin and Randy ever got it on without a woman between them. When she thought about it, it actually turned her on.

"No." Randy didn't laugh at her question or even sound angry. He answered her simply, with no inflection in his tone, as if she had merely asked what color he wanted to paint the bedroom wall.

"We prefer to have a woman involved," Gavin added. His hand slipped from its place on her knee to her inner thigh. "We prefer to

have you involved.” He nudged her legs apart as his hand continued north to her already throbbing sex. “It sucks, though, how gay guys are treated. Adam and his buddy might be pretending in this movie, but the way the city reacts to their news, it’s wrong.” His fingers slipped between her folds, gliding over her clit in a featherlike caress as he spoke.

Georgia tried to keep track of the conversation as arousal built and scattered her thoughts. Randy didn’t help matters when he took a strawberry from the bowl on the table and traced her nipple with the tip before taking a bite of the fruit.

“It’s not just the whole being gay thing, either,” Randy commented. “The guy’s a single father, trying to do the best for his kids. So what if he really was gay? That wouldn’t make him any less of a father or a firefighter.”

Georgia agreed, though she found it difficult to tell them so when Gavin’s fingers pushed inside her eager pussy at the same time Randy bent down and caught her nipple between his lips. The rest of the movie got lost in a blur of sexual haze. By the time the final credits rolled, Georgia felt so hot and ready she didn’t blink twice when Gavin ordered her to move to the coffee table before them.

Randy pushed the uneaten bowl of popcorn aside to make room for her to sit. The marble topped table chilled her heated flesh as she perched on the edge and awaited their next order.

“Masturbate for us.”

Georgia stared at Randy, his command not quite making sense at first. Surely they were going to touch her, to make love to her. Then she remembered Gavin’s earlier words about holding off on her newest punishment until a later time. Even as her heart skipped and the excitement tripped in her belly, the alarm bell sounded to signal that later time was now.

“Touch yourself.” Randy sat back on the sofa, the picture of calm boy cool with one arm draped across the back of the cushion, his gaze seemingly transfixed on her naked body. “Use the toys at your side if

you like. We want to see your pleasure. We want to hear it. Just remember the cardinal rule.”

No coming unless they gave her permission. Yes, Georgia knew the cardinal rule. She nodded, glanced down to find a dildo at her side next to the bowl of strawberries. It couldn't be the same dildo as before. This one looked much longer and far wider than the other one had felt. Beside it lay the butt plug. The sight of it sent a delightfully frightened shiver through her.

Georgia licked her lips as she gazed back at her men. Gavin leaned forward, resting his forearms on his knees. He lifted a brow.

“Is something wrong, darlin’?”

“I’ve, um, never done this for an audience before.” She fantasized about it, gotten off more than once on the image of them watching her play with herself. The reality delivered more nervousness than her imagination supplied.

“It’s only us. We could provide you with a larger audience, but we thought to work you in slowly to that.”

Georgia’s heart tripped. A larger audience? He no doubt meant the men of the Service Club. Would he and Randy truly expect her to masturbate in front of all those other men, all their women, too? As she held Gavin’s gaze, she knew the answer without daring to ask. Yes. Yes, they would expect that of her and probably a lot more.

“You haven’t tasted a strawberry yet,” Randy said. “They’re delicious. Why don’t you try one?”

Georgia swallowed, her gaze shifting to Randy’s as she reached for a strawberry and started to bring it to her lips.

“You should dip it in the sauce first. Fruit always tastes better with a little sweet dip.”

Georgia paused, momentarily puzzled. When the blub flickered in her head, heat rose to her cheeks. With a hand not quite as steady as it had been a mere second before, she lowered the strawberry, simultaneously spreading her legs, and swiped the piece of fruit between her soaked pussy lips.

The contrast of the cool fruit to the flaming sensitive flesh drew a quiet moan from her. She watched Randy from beneath her lashes as she brought the strawberry to her mouth once more, this time taking a large bite.

“Damn, that’s hot,” Randy breathed.

Something in his tone, the look of pure unadulterated desire in his expression fueled her nerve. Getting into it now, Georgia said, “It tastes pretty hot, too. Sticky, sweet, and the tart combination of the strawberry gives it an added twist.”

“Are you teasing me, sweet thing?”

“I’m following your orders. If it’s teasing, then you’ve done that to yourself.”

Gavin chuckled. “She’s got you there, man. Touch your nipples, Georgia, roll and pinch them with your fingers.”

She shifted her attention to Gavin. She didn’t immediately do as he told her, flattening her hands instead on her belly and then slowly caressing her way up to her breasts. A dangerous pool of desire collected in his eyes. By the time she took her nipples between her thumbs and forefingers to roll and pinch as he instructed, she sank so deeply in that pool that drowning became an absolutely certainty.

“You aren’t squirming enough, darlin’. Show me how you would pleasure those taut buds if Randy and I weren’t watching. Are you always so gentle with yourself?”

“No.” When she masturbated, she started out easy and slow. It never lasted. The things she craved, the thin edge of pain she yearned for might make her feel dirty, but without it her orgasms didn’t come as fiercely or as satisfying.

“I didn’t think so. Get naughty for us. I want to see you squirming on that table. I want to see that pussy dripping with your juices. Uh ah, eyes open,” Gavin told her when she started to close her eyes. “Keep them on me.”

Holding his gaze made it harder to give into the demands of her body. Heat crept into her face as she rolled her nipples between her

fingers and then gave them simultaneous pinches that sent sensations whipping through her straight to her pussy. She did it again, harder, the pressure drawing a strangled moan from deep in her throat. It never ceased to amaze her, the fiery path of ecstasy that such an act ignited within her.

“That’s it. Ah, God, that’s so sexy.” Randy shifted on the sofa, drawing her attention to him.

Georgia let her gaze skim down to his cock, so massively erect and stupendously large it created a pop tent in his sweatpants. She licked her lips, imagining his cock in her mouth and down her throat again as she increased the pressure on her nipples, and threw her head back on a pleased gasp. Her pussy seeped the juices Gavin wanted to see. Her vagina pulsed, the burn so intense she gyrated her hips on the table in an attempt to find some position to alleviate the discomfort.

“Now she’s squirming.” Gavin’s tone rang with approval. “Is your cunt burning, darlin’?”

“Yes! Oh, I’m on fire. Touch me.” She realized too late how much her request sounded like a command of her own. She lifted her head, her gaze slamming into Gavin’s. The ticking in his jaw told her he caught it instantly.

“No. Scoot to the edge of the table. Lean back on one hand and use the other to fuck yourself with the dildo.”

Eager to feel something inside her aching channel, even it had to be a toy rather than the cock she yearned for, she got into position. The toy felt cool to her heated flesh. She sucked a breath through her teeth as she eased the dildo inside her vagina. The girth stretched her slickened inner walls, teasing the muscles and tempting her G-spot. The length delivered her fullness that brought a tinge of pain with it, especially when she followed Gavin’s next command.

“Bury it deep. You can take it all.”

“Look at how greedy your pussy is,” Randy said in a husky awe. “Can you see it from your angle, sweet thing? Can you see how your

cunt swallows that dildo like a hungry kitten lapping at her mother's tit?"

Georgia shook her head even as she attempted to peer down at herself. Her upper body shook with the effort. Her vagina refused to allow her a moment to stop the sweet invasion long enough to shift her position for a better view.

"Next time, we'll do this in front of a mirror," Gavin decided. "Have you ever watched yourself get off?"

She nodded even as she winced with embarrassment.

"You like watching yourself, don't you? I can't say I blame you. Damn, darlin', it's an awesome sight."

She did like to see herself come. The way her pussy clinched and convulsed around whatever object she used for her pleasure fascinated her. She felt naughty when she settled in front of her full length mirror with her legs spread and her favorite dildo lodged inside her. She felt sexy, too, exotic and just a bit wicked.

"Take it out."

Georgia thrust the dildo into her channel, her tempo picking up pace as the husky approval of Gavin's tone coupled with her own erotic images of watching herself come.

"Georgia, I gave you an order."

The harsh authority washed away all appreciation. The fact that he did issue another order finally splintered through her conscience.

"I can't." It felt too good, the penetration of the thick, wide toy slamming inside her ravenous hole. Her breaths turned labored as the orgasm built, as her plunging continued.

"You can, and you will. Or would you rather return to the play room, to the platform for another round of punishment?"

That stopped her cold. All they did to her in that room today felt brutally fantastic, but no way could she handle more of that tonight. She discovered a new line between pleasure and pain in that room today. She knew now the torture of being brought so close to release only to be denied and unable to finish for herself. She knew what it

meant to be at the mercy of the men she loved. She enjoyed that treatment even as it made her feel sensually nasty. Maybe one day soon she would defy their orders simply to bring on that punishment again, but not tonight.

She whimpered when she pulled the toy from her quenching channel. Her body didn't release it easily. Her hips attempted to follow the dildo, thrusting forward on their own volition. Emptiness swamped her, leaving her on the verge of pleading for mercy.

"You want it inside you, don't you?" Randy asked, his voice gruffer than she ever heard it.

"I would rather have one of you." She barely managed a whisper, her voice lost somewhere in her attempts to obey them despite everything about her wanting to tell them to fuck off. They were torturing her again, driving her mad with need, killing her by keeping her but a breath away from sheer explosion.

"You want to be fucked, darlin'?" Gavin asked. "Are you so hot and ready you can't stand to wait?"

"Why are you punishing me again?" She sounded weak, defeated, but it only mirrored how she started to feel.

"Oh, baby." Gavin scooted to the edge of the sofa and cupped her cheek in his hand. The tenderness of the gesture brought tears to her eyes. She leaned into his touch and brushed her lips to his palm. "That isn't what we're doing now, love. Randy does owe you punishment for stealing the orgasm in the bedroom earlier. I'll leave it to him to decide how and when to give you that. This is a lesson. I told you we would teach you, train you. You want to give us pleasure same as we give you, don't you?"

"Of course." God, she wanted to please them more than she cared about making herself happy.

"Sustaining your orgasms, finding that rapturous burn that will keep you squirming and riding for a long time is as much pleasure for us as it will be to you. Roll with it. Let it feel good, love. Control it. Don't let it control you."

She nodded, understanding the truth. The anticipation of the orgasm, the height of awareness that lit her from the inside out and kept her teetering was an extreme pleasure she never knew before. They showed it to her in the playroom. They were showing it to her again now.

Gavin kissed the tip of her nose and leaned back once more. “Put the dildo inside yourself. Not your pussy, darlin’, I want it in your ass.”

Georgia’s eyes widened. “I can’t—”

“You can,” Gavin cut off her protest. “You will. You’re juices are all over that dildo. It’s lubed and ready for you, love. It’s just like fucking your pussy.”

“If it’s the same thing, why do you want to put your cock there so badly?” The moment the question left her mouth she bit her lip, knowing she had gone too far.

Temper sparked in Gavin’s eyes. “Because your sweet ass is tighter, because when I ram my cock inside you there you’re going to cry out from the most fantastical orgasm of your life. Because I want to be inside you like you have allowed no other man. Because your anus belongs to me just as you belong to me. Is that enough reasons for you, love?”

Georgia blinked, swallowed, and nodded. “More than enough. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome. Now, do what I said. You don’t have to take it all. You can if you want.” His lips twitched in an encouraging smile. “But take only what you feel comfortable.”

She started to say none of the dildo in her ass would feel comfortable but tasted the lie of the words before they even rolled from her lips. She skimmed the tip of the dildo over the sensitive strip of satiny flesh between her pussy and anus, pausing to position herself more comfortably to reach her back entrance. Taking a deep, steadying breath, she began to work it inside her rear.

Erotic lashes of enjoyment struck the inner walls of her anus, ricocheting to her pussy and awakening every erogenous zone in her body clean to her head. Her body protested the intrusion for only an instant. Then, she felt her entrance relax around the object as she pushed it deeper. She went past the tight ring of muscles to find the responsiveness of the virginal core she knew existed only because of the time with the plug inside her.

“Jesus,” Randy breathed, his awe apparent. “Christ, Jesus, that’s so fucking hot. Tell us how it feels, sweet thing.”

Georgia couldn’t speak. Her mind stumbled over the riot of thoughts surging through her. She should have felt wrong, dirty, slutty even. Instead, she felt sexy, empowered, controlled. She managed only a, “Mmm,” in response, followed by an, “ahh,” as she withdrew the dildo enough to offer her movement to push it in again without going any deeper. She didn’t think she could take it any deeper.

“Close enough.” The desire that dripped from Gavin’s tone erased any sound of amusement. “Georgia?”

“Hmm?” Georgia let her head fall back, her eyes closing as she gently thrust on the dildo she held in her ass.

“That’s enough, love.”

“No.” It couldn’t be. Another minute, another second, and she would come. She couldn’t stop now.

“Yes. Stop. Now.”

She shook her head, refusing right up until the moment she felt Gavin’s fingers close around her wrist. He guided her hand back, effectively tugging the dildo from her ass. She didn’t move even after he pulled the toy free of her clenching entrance. She didn’t make a sound. She simply sat there and rolled with the need to come as Gavin told her to do. She controlled it, feeling it decrease, forcing it to morph back into the burn that would tear her apart whenever she allowed it to unleash its fury.

“Good. You’re doing it, aren’t you?”

When she felt confident she could move without losing her tenuous grip, she lifted her head. Randy no longer sat on the sofa. She caught sight of him out of the corner of her eye lowering himself to lie on the floor.

"I'm trying," she said softly. She turned, wanting to see more of Randy's now naked body sprawled sexily on the carpet. Her gaze roamed his broad chest, his washboard abs, his flat stomach. His cock lay fully erect against his body. It flexed, and she realized he did it on purpose, his way of letting her know he saw exactly where her attention had settled.

"What are you thinking?" Gavin kneeled at her side to whisper in her ear.

Georgia answered honestly, no longer fearing what they might think of her, how she might sound when she revealed her true thoughts. "How badly I want to ride him right now."

"Do it." Gavin brushed his lips to the curve of her ear and then drew her to her feet.

Georgia moved to Randy, straddling his hips and positioning herself to take his cock all without conscious thought. The needs of her body, the desires of her heart handled everything for her. She locked her gaze with his, a small smile unfolding on her lips as his tilted in a sexy-as-hell promise of pure ecstasy. Then, she lowered herself onto his cock, taking his thick meat all the way into her fiery channel without pause.

The sensations felt different than before, more intense now that she could control the movements. She braced her hands on his chest, her nails digging in as she lifted her body and started to ride his cock as she would a wild horse. She couldn't go slowly. She didn't want to. She needed reckless and fast. She needed hard and ferocious. She got all of it and more...for about five thrusts.

Randy's hands gripped her hips in a firm clamp that stopped her in mid-motion, holding her suspended with only the head of his cock penetrating her quaking pussy.

She growled, an animalistic sound more suited to a man's deep baritone than her soprano voice. The fact that both men laughed only served to fuel her growing irritation with their games.

Randy lifted his upper body off the floor enough to reach her breast. He closed his mouth over her flesh, leading her to believe he planned to explore. Until his teeth clamped onto her nipple and he started to pull.

The acute pain hit enough on the opposite side of pleasure that Georgia followed him down, bending over him to ease a bit of the pressure from his bite. "Randy, that hurts."

He swiped his tongue over the stinging bud but gave it another bite that only intensified the burn. "But you like it."

She couldn't deny she did.

"Gavin is ready for you."

It took her a moment to grasp the concept of Randy's words. Then she sensed more than saw Gavin behind her, and she knew what he meant to do. Despite the desire he had built up in her to feel his cock in her most secret opening, she started to tremble.

"Gavin." Her uncertainty mingled with the fear to make her lightheaded.

"Relax, love. You enjoyed the plug, didn't you? I know you were getting off on the dildo. I watched you." He lubed her entrance as he spoke, probing with his fingers, teasing her even as he prepared her.

"They aren't the same," she protested around the moan his prodding drew from her. "Your cock is larger than both of those toys."

"That just means you'll enjoy his cock even more," Randy told her. "Allow him to show you, Georgia. Let him, let *us*, make you feel things you never dreamed of experiencing."

Gavin folded his body over hers and hooked a finger beneath her chin. He turned her head until she had no choice but to meet his gaze. "I love you, Georgia."

Oh, dear God. Georgia couldn't describe what hearing this man speak those three words did to her.

"As do I," Randy echoed.

Georgia didn't look at Randy, but she let him know she heard him by moving her hand on his chest in a light caress.

"We want to take you together," Gavin said. "We want to make you ours. Be with us, love, belong to us."

Georgia nodded, knowing even as she surrendered her body and her heart that Gavin's definition of belong held a far deeper meaning, a much longer timeline than this moment of sex. She turned back, looking down at Randy as Gavin pulled away to position himself behind her.

"Don't look so afraid, sweet thing," Randy said softly. His thumbs drew lazy circles on her hips while he continued to hold her still. "Relax. Settle on my cock." He pulled her body down, impaling her with his thick length once more. "Feel good?"

Georgia half giggled, half moaned. "Duh!"

He smiled, and she heard Gavin chuckle behind her. She sucked in a breath a half a heartbeat later when she felt the engorged head of Gavin's penis pressing against her anus.

"Stay still," Randy coached softly. "Let us do the work. All you have to do is feel, baby."

Gavin's hands joined Randy's on her hips as Gavin eased his cock in her anus a maddening inch at a time. She let them guide her, coach her, position her, and didn't fight her body's responses as it adjusted to the amazing feel of two cocks invading her channels. The double penetration of the vibrators from before held no comparison to the real thing as Gavin and Randy filled her ass and pussy with their enormously hard, deliciously wide cocks.

"Are you okay?" Randy asked.

"God yes," Georgia hissed. "It...feels...so..."

"Hold still, love. Let us do the work." Gavin echoed Randy's words as he began to move. He pushed his cock further inside her

anus, and her body fell down onto Randy's dick, pushing him further inside her pussy. The sensation of having them both inside her, filling her more than she could have ever imagined possible was just too much. They began to fuck her, Gavin setting the pace with his thrusts into her ass, Randy following with his pounding in her pussy.

Somehow one of them, she couldn't tell which one and frankly no longer cared, managed to find her clit with the pad of his thumb during all the thrusting and began a pressured massage. It damned near made her come.

"Please," she screamed. She didn't know how she did it, but miraculously she remembered their lessons, remembered to ask for the release she so desperately needed. "Please, can I come?"

Though a sexual haze lined her vision, she saw Randy smile beneath her, heard Gavin's quietly pleased, "That's our girl," response and knew she made them both happy with her request.

"Come for us, love." Gavin rode her ass as effectively as she rode Randy's cock. "Scream for us. Let the neighbors hear how good it feels."

Georgia wouldn't have been surprised if the neighbors did hear her. She exploded. There was no other word for it. She screamed in a mind-blowing pleasure that left her body tingling, convulsing all over, completely heedless of any order she may have given it. She couldn't move a single muscle on her own. She was paralyzed.

Seconds later, she heard Randy's grunted release at almost the same time that she felt Gavin's hot seed flood her anus. Sometime shortly after, she collapsed on top of Randy and let her eyes drift shut. The last thing she heard before sleep claimed her overly exhausted body was the chime of the old-fashioned clock on the fireplace mantle as it struck once, indicating the time to be one in the morning. Soon, it would be sunrise. Soon she would be forced to let go.

Chapter Seven

Georgia didn't remember feeling this alone since shortly after her father passed away. She folded her arms beneath her breasts, careful of her nipples still so sensitive to any brush of contact, and hugged herself for comfort. It didn't help. Nothing would, she knew, except for the men who left her here.

She paced, back and forth, up the stairs and down again, restless and lost through her house. She loved this house, the simple two-story design with rooms furnished in quiet colors and warm tones. It never crossed her mind to change a single thing about it after her father died. It never occurred to her she might one day want to sell it, move into a different house, put her own touches in the rooms.

Today, however, if she could put her finger on a realtor's button, she couldn't say she wouldn't give the house away for a song. The tune she would be willing to take in trade clashed somewhere between the lyrics about a ranch-style house and the theme song from *Bob the Builder*.

Gavin owned the ranch-style house in question, of course. A house she spent a full twenty-four hours walking through the rooms wearing not a stitch of clothing and feeling more at home than she did right here in the house where she grew up. No one died and took her sense of comfort and belonging with them this time. Damned if she didn't feel as though a part of her kicked the bucket the moment she stepped foot inside this morning.

Her gaze flicked to the front door as she landed on the bottom step. Yesterday morning, she opened that door to the man she loved, walked through it without hesitation or regret. This morning, he

dropped her off in the drive, his parting words, and the entire scene etching itself in her memory to repeat like a mantra through her mind all day.

“You know now what we want of you, what we expect.” Gavin didn’t turn off the truck, but left it idling as he turned to face her.

Beside her, Randy put his hand on her knee, his fingers kneading the flesh. “You will get the same commitment from us that we ask of you.”

“Will I?” Incensed, she glared at him. “I’m curious to know exactly how you figure that, Randy. The two of you intend to quit your jobs? You plan to stay home, naked and inside me for the rest of your lives?”

“As appealing as that sounds, no,” Gavin answered. “We couldn’t do that.”

Georgia whipped her head around, her anger almost palpable in the confined cab of the truck. “Yet, that’s precisely what you expect of me. You haven’t come right out and said it, Gavin, but I know you want me to quit my job. I know you wouldn’t allow me to be anything more than a...a house bunny, there to do your bidding whenever you’re ready to fuck.”

She caught the spark of temper ignite in his eyes, watched the tick in his jaw as he stared back at her in silence for a very long time. She waited for him to go off on her. To his credit, he tamped down his anger, leaving only curtness to his tone as indication she really pissed him off.

“We would never treat you like any kind of house bunny. Nice term, by the way.” His lips actually twitched at that, and she damned near slapped him. Smug bastard. “But, yes, we want our woman at home with us. We want to take care of you, to give you what you need, to make you happy, love.”

Georgia squeezed her eyes shut and rubbed her temples with the thumb and middle finger of one hand. She felt a headache coming on. Not surprising given how unreasonable Gavin was being. “This is the

twenty-first century, Gavin. Not twenty-one BC. You're being completely barbaric!"

"I can't change who I am, darlin'." He shrugged and opened the truck door.

"Well, maybe I can't change who I am, either," she fired back. She started to follow him out of the truck, but Randy caught her and pulled her back against him.

"We love who you are," he whispered softly, lowering his face to hers. "Don't forget that. That's why it's so hard for him, for both of us." He kissed her, and for a moment all the fury, all the unfairness got lost in the tender exchange of passion. "We only want what's best for you."

A tear trickled down her cheek, and she ruthlessly swiped it away with the back of her hand. "So did my father. He never believed that best would come from you and Gavin. He took that belief with him to his grave."

She jerked away. He didn't try to stop her. Gavin stood holding the door watching them. He moved aside when she got out. "You want to make me happy?" She closed the distance between them, pressing her body flush to his rock-hard frame. He and Randy wore their uniforms once again. She wondered how the heat that radiated from both men didn't char the clothing to their bones.

She rose to her tiptoes, not quite bringing herself eye-to-eye with him, but gaining enough height she didn't have to tip her head back too far. "You're failing miserably. I don't like this ultimatum, Gavin."

"I didn't figure you would, darlin', but you have the next twenty-four hours to get used to it."

"You are such an asshole," she spat, but when she started to move away, he yanked her back. Her feet left the ground as lifted her, crushing his mouth to hers in a kiss that bruised and gave no semblance of nicety. Randy's kiss turned her mind to mush with its gentle compassion. Gavin's seared her body and soul with its

possessiveness and control. His tongue plundered her mouth, taking and consuming until she couldn't breathe.

He set her back on her feet and let her go so quickly she stumbled before she caught her balance. "Get in the house, Georgia. We'll be by in the morning to hear your decision."

Georgia glanced at the wall clock hanging in the foyer and then peered back out at the now empty driveway. That exchanged happened nearly nine hours ago. Hard to believe since the wound, the fear, the sadness felt as fresh as if it occurred in the last nine seconds.

"Damn you, Gavin Scott." She sighed and rested her forehead on the cool window glass. "Damn you, Randy Pope, too." She had been so certain Randy would help her. Instead, he went along with Gavin in every way, straight through to backing out of her yard and driving away.

Confusion curled inside her, winding around her heart, clogging her mind. She loved them. God, how she loved both of them to the depths of her very soul! She managed to live without them all these years, but only because she believed, no, she *knew* one day she would have them.

She tried to follow her father's wishes when he lived and even for awhile after his death. She tried to find other men, gave her virginity to a dear sweet boy in college, had sex with a couple of others, thinking she would find a replacement for Gavin and later for Randy. No other men compared. She not only loved them, but she craved to belong to them. She wanted to please them, wanted to obey them, wanted to share her life with them.

"*Share* my life," she said aloud, her anger slicing through the silence of the house. She stomped away from the window only to stalk into the living room where she resumed her pacing once more. "I need my career. I love my job, love being with the children. You know that, damn it." She seethed and whirled as if Gavin and Randy stood watching her from the doorway. She could almost see them there, Gavin leaning a shoulder against the frame, his arms and ankles

crossed, his cowboy hat low over his eyes and that maddening cocky quirk to his lips. She saw Randy standing straighter with his thumbs hooked in the pockets of his Levi's, his cowboy hat tipped back, his eyes friendly and aroused.

"Bastards!" She fumed at the empty doorway, emotion clogging her throat. "Oh, how I wish I didn't want you. I wish...I wish love could really be enough." Tears streamed down her cheeks as she whispered the last. She crumpled to the floor where she stood, unable to choke back the sobs that racked her body.

Could it be enough? Gavin and Randy obviously thought so. They were banking on their love for her, their experience and desire to be all she would ever need to keep her blissfully happy. They were certainly skilled enough to keep her burning for more. They gave her orgasm after mind-numbing, soul-consuming, energy-zapping orgasm for twenty-four hours straight, and still she burned for more. They gave her compassion, tenderness, smiles and laughs, and love. She felt their love in every touch, every command, and every breath. Could she live without that day after endless day, night after torturous night again?

She could. She owed it to herself to try, didn't she? She was stronger than this, able to stand on her feet rather than lay around weeping for men who loved her in such a twisted sense of the word that they felt the need to own her.

To prove it, if to no one but herself, Georgia pushed herself to her feet. She froze in place, her blood stilling in her veins as the tones blared through the fire department radio that sat on the table by the couch.

* * * *

It felt good to laugh. After the way the morning started, Randy needed a good chuckle or twelve. He found them as he stepped into the stationhouse bay to find Gavin riding a friggin child's scooter

around in circles in the empty space. The other man pulled the engine outside earlier, washed it until it shined, and left it out to dry.

He made creative use of the vacant bay, Randy admitted, and shook his head as another laugh bubbled. For a man usually so serious, he tended to pull some really goofy stunts now and then.

“Wouldn’t the punching bag in the workout room work better than making yourself dizzy on that thing?” Randy hooked his thumbs in his pockets and tried to keep a straight face as Gavin skidded to a halt.

“Punching bag is too manly.” Gavin turned the scooter around and pushed off, darting down the length of the bay. He nearly smacked the bumper of the fire engine outside the door but turned the handle of the scooter just in time. The plastic tire rubbed the concrete in its effort to follow through with the new direction.

“And, what, you have this sudden desire to be ten again?”

Gavin shot him a look. “Cut that in half. I figure about five should do it.” He pushed a hand through his hair. The frustration oozing from the man felt almost palpable on the air. “Shit, man. I thought, oh, hell, I don’t know, that maybe if I took a trip down immaturity lane, I could better understand what she sees in those damned kids.”

Randy angled a look at his friend. “You’re kidding, right?” He knew good and well Gavin loved kids. The man didn’t divulge a lot of personal shit very often, but Randy caught the subtle hints through the years, heard the passing comments and understood them. Randy wanted kids of his own someday, too. He wanted kids with Georgia.

“Yeah.” Gavin puffed out his cheeks and pushed an audible breath through his pursed lips. “Kids are kids, what’s not to see in them? They come equipped with this freaking pull that’s stronger than any magnet on the planet.”

“Not everyone feels that pull,” Randy pointed out. “It takes a special person, a truly spectacular woman to do what she does for kids that aren’t hers. Would it be so bad to give a little, man?”

“Hell, yes!” Gavin yanked the scooter clean off the floor and tossed it, sending it sliding until it crashed against the back wall of the

bay. “You still don’t get it, do you? She can’t have both. If we make her ours, truly ours, everyone in this fucking town will know it. Shit, if anyone saw us with her yesterday, they might have figured it out already. She’s expecting to go to work tomorrow like she does every Monday, and we might have already taken that from her.”

“Sonuvabitch,” Randy muttered and closed his eyes. How could he be so freaking dense? The lifestyle he and Gavin led, the life they wanted to make her a part of, would cause her to lose the job she so desperately loved whether she wanted to give it up for them or not.

“Yeah, getting a clue now, aren’t you?” Gavin snarled. “It doesn’t matter how discreet the club is, people still know about it. Georgia already knew about it. She certainly isn’t the only one in this town or, hell, five towns over for that matter. It makes no never mind to most people. What we do and who we do it with is our business.”

“But Georgia works with kids.” The clue hit him right between the eyes with the force of a sledgehammer.

“Yep. She works at a private daycare where a lot of highfalutin parents send their dear sweet babies, and trust me, man, those parents *do* mind.”

He was right. Randy knew it, still couldn’t believe he hadn’t realized it himself. “She knows about the club, but she isn’t thinking about the repercussions to her reputation.” He couldn’t say he thought about it, either, at least not to the extent Gavin obviously did. Jesus, how selfish was he? He hadn’t looked beyond his want for her, his insatiable need to have the woman he loved.

“Well, I am.”

“Why in tarnation didn’t you explain this to Georgia?”

“Because I’m a fucking ass.” Gavin gave a dry, humorless chuckle. “Because I want her to choose us over the job. I don’t want her to realize what loving us will truly take away from her. It’s one love or another, Randy. Do you think I enjoyed dishing out that ultimatum to her? Fuck, what if she decides we aren’t worth the sacrifice?”

That question struck Randy where it hurt. He had her now. He had been inside her, felt her delicately sweet body clamped around his cock. He got drunk on her essence, held her close while she dreamed, gave her everything he possessed. What if he didn't give her enough to make her stay?

"Maybe you're overreacting." Randy voiced the hope that started growing in his chest. Jesus, he couldn't lose her! He watched her walk away from the truck that morning and dug his fingers into the bench seat to keep from going after her. For the first time, he even considered giving up the club, the lifestyle, his friendship with Gavin, the whole damned works just to keep her. He loved her that much.

"I wish. I don't want to lose her any more than you do."

"She's not the only woman who works with children in some capacity that is involved in the Service Club. Isn't Tiffany Owen a school teacher?"

Gavin shook his head. "She's a tutor. Big difference."

"And Marissa Schultz owns that clothing shop on Main, the one that carries all those ritzy styles for kids," Randy went on, only half listening. He might be grasping at straws, but if that's what it took to hold onto Georgia, he would pluck a bucketful.

"An even bigger difference," Gavin sighed. "Besides, Marissa isn't involved with the club."

"No, but if Ben and Justin get their way, she will be soon."

"True enough," Gavin conceded. "I can't say I didn't think of them myself. I just don't know—"

But whatever he didn't know got lost in the whale of the noise as the alarm tones blared through the stationhouse.

Chapter Eight

Gavin smelled the fire, saw the flames even before Engine 12 made it to the scene. Darrell Myers, the third firefighter of their three-man crew, parked the Engine and prepared the truck to ready the hose on back. Gavin's feet hit the pavement with Randy at his heels the second the wheels stopped rolling. In the mere minutes it took them to make the scene, the call changed from a possible structure fire, to a confirmed fire in progress, and finally the words to chill any firefighter's bones, a fully involved structure with possible trapped victim.

Methodically, Gavin and Randy slid their Nomax hoods over their heads, covering them with their helmets and attached face shields. Both already wore full turnouts from the heavy ass jacket clean to their waterproof boots. Randy split off, circling the back of Engine 12 to start pulling hose as Gavin grabbed an SCBA from the jump seat and slipped into it. He adjusted the shoulder straps so that the air pack fit to his back as comfortably as possible, all the while doing a quick scan of the gathered crowd of onlookers. He locked gazes with Officer Justin Bryan as the man broke away from Marissa Schultz and a frantically screaming woman. The men met halfway across the sidewalk.

"Any word on the victim?" Gavin tipped his chin at the burning building as he delved his hands in his thick, fire retardant gloves.

"Female child, age five," Justin answered. "The mother was in the dressing room when the fire started. The kid was in the play area. Mother looked for the little girl, couldn't find her, and assumed she came outside."

“But she’s not out here.” Gavin shot a glance back where the officer came from, at the conservatively dressed Marissa holding onto the weeping middle-aged woman. “That the mother?”

“Yeah, I just managed to get her away from the building. Ben went in after the girl. I couldn’t stop him.”

“Fuck!” The senior deputy officer knew better than to enter a burning building without backup or a self-contained breathing apparatus. Gavin spoke into the mic in his helmet. “Randy, cover me, I’m going in.”

“Right behind you, Lieutenant. Hose is ready to go.” Randy’s assurance came back loud and quick.

Gavin didn’t wait for the water to pave his way inside. He slid the facemask of the SCBA over his mouth and nose. It took a second for his body to adjust to the clean, cool oxygen that filled his nostrils. Knowing he had precious time to waste, he got a steady grip on his flashlight and double-timed into the inferno.

He stepped into the pit of hell. At least, that’s how it looked, the inside darkened by thick smoke broken by an almost blinding beauty of red and yellow flame in strategic areas of the space. Much of the burning seemed to be concentrated in the back of the store. That didn’t bode well for a child believed to be inside a play area Gavin knew to be located in the far corner of the shop.

“What’s it look like in there, Gavin?” Randy’s question broke the crackling silence through Gavin’s headset.

“Dark and smoky.”

“Duh.”

Gavin couldn’t help a small grin at Randy’s retort. “We’ve got flames along the left wall. A few more at the back.” He swept the beam of his flashlight on the scene in front of him, each step timed and measured as he searched for any sign of movement. “I’m no fire investigator but damned if this doesn’t look suspicious, my man. Too much space between hot spots. Too many places of origin.”

“Arson?” Randy sounded intrigued.

Gavin didn't answer. Instead, he shouted hello. He stopped, listened, shouted again. Nothing. He shouldn't do it, knew he would be breaking a serious regulation, but he feared his bellows weren't being heard muffled as they were by his facemask. He took a deep breath of the fresh oxygen and lifted his shield.

"Is anyone in here? Ben?" He started to call out for the little girl before he realized he failed to get her name. Shit! "Princess?" It was a shot in the dark, but considering he was surrounded by mostly dark, he figured it might work. What little girl didn't get called a princess now and then?

Coughing followed by a quiet sobbing reached him just before he spotted the figure stumbling through the smoke, hunkered over a bundle in its arms.

"Christ, you freakin' cops and your heroics," Gavin muttered good-naturedly as he removed his facemask and slapped it over first the child's tiny face and then Ben's. "Aren't you supposed to be in your car eating donuts while we trample through the burning buildings?"

"Krispy Kreme is closed on Sunday," Ben managed around a fit of coughs. "Wouldn't need to be in here if you guys didn't take so long to respond."

"Give me the girl." Gavin tried to take the child from the other man, but the officer held tight.

"I've got her. Or rather, she's got me. She isn't going anywhere. Get us out of here."

"Stay low," Gavin instructed, nearly doubling over from a coughing fit. The smoke grew thicker. He needed the oxygen, but the girl needed it more. "Damn it, hold this on her face, and walk with me."

He kept beside the officer rather than taking point to lead the other man out. One wrong step, a split second of disorientation could send the officer walking the wrong path through the smoke.

“Almost there. Straight ahead. Randy, we’re coming out,” Gavin said into his mic. “Have the EMT kit ready. Is there an ambulance on scene?”

“Roger that, Lieutenant,” Randy answered. “Ready for me to come in with the hose?”

“Not until we’re out. We’re going to have to attack this head on. Start from the entrance and work our way in.”

Gavin had the door within his sights. Some five feet ahead he spotted a ray of sunlight cutting through the dense, gray fog. He guided the officer and girl toward it, letting them take the lead now. Too late, he spotted the spark of a secondary fire igniting to the left of that doorway. Something in the vicinity made a whoosh, and he saw Ben dive out of the building just as flames swallowed the doorway.

* * * *

Man trapped.

Georgia’s blood turned to ice in her veins each time those two words echoed through her memory. As the daughter of a firefighter, she long ago learned not to panic each time the alarm tones sounded. She knew better than to fear the worst or dwell on what could be happening at a fire scene. But when she heard words like that, when she knew that man could only be *her* man, panic and the most bone-chilling fear one could imagine consumed her very soul.

Instinct made her want to run to the scene. Sanity told her she would only get in the way. So she sat on pins and needles for hours on end, first listening to the radio chatter as Randy, Darrell, and firefighters from a neighboring station worked feverishly to rescue Gavin. Then, she paced by the phone believing surely Randy would remember she still had a department scanner, that she knew what happened, that he would think to call her.

He did. Hours after the incident, just when she had been about to throw caution and sanity to the wind and start calling around herself,

the phone rang. Gavin sustained a few minor burns to his cheek and ear, took in a lot of smoke, but was otherwise okay.

Okay. Gavin is okay.

“That’s good,” she muttered aloud, trying hard to reassure herself even as her double-handed grip on the coffee cup she held tightened. “Because you sure as hell aren’t okay.”

She wanted so desperately to ask Randy and Gavin to come straight over. Surely Gavin would go home after leaving the hospital rather than finishing out his shift. She wanted to insist he come straight to her instead. She didn’t. The only way she felt warranted to make such a demand would be if she gave herself to him, to *them* as they wanted. Then, and only then, she could issue a few commands as well as obeying those dished out to her.

She hadn’t slept a wink, a part of her waiting for Gavin, though she knew the weight to be futile. Dawn peeked through the curtains over the living room window, delivering the start to another day. Forty-eight hours, she thought wryly. Gavin wanted to give her forty-eight hours of pleasure and contemplation. She had about all of the latter that she could take.

“You’ll never be okay until you take what you want. Ugh, why do men have to be so pigheaded?” She seethed as she set her cup on the end table and stood. No more pacing, no more waiting, no more deliberation. “Damn it, I’m tired of this.”

Fury rising, she stomped up the stairs, shedding her robe as she burst through her bedroom doorway. She yanked on a pair of her rattiest sweats over the practical white panties she wore, pulled one of her father’s old fire department T-shirts over her head, and pounded back down the stairs.

Life proved long ago to be full of sacrifices. In the last forty-eight hours, Gavin and Randy taught her a lesson even more valuable than she thought they realized. They taught her about the most fierce, most soul-consuming, most heart-wrenching burn a human could

experience. They taught her about true love, and no way in hell would she let that fire die out without a fight.

* * * *

Where in blazes did the damned woman get off to?

Gavin spun on his heel and stomped to his truck, throwing open the driver door and slamming it again with enough force to rattle the hinges.

“She’s not here.” Randy made it more statement than question. Still, Gavin answered.

“No, she’s not fucking here.” He peeled out of the drive, his mind spinning as rapidly as the wheels on the pavement as he sped down the street. “Where would she go at this time of the morning? It’s a freaking Sunday! She didn’t tell you anything about going somewhere when you talked to her last night?”

Randy shook his head. “Not a word. All she wanted to hear about was you. She was scared to death, man. Worried you were hurt worse than you were. I can only imagine what that was like for her listening to the play-by-play of that call over the department radio yesterday, knowing you were trapped in that burning building.”

Yeah, Gavin could imagine it, too. The play-by-play he heard through his own headset had been no picnic. An unforeseen, secondary burn had ignited at the front of the store. It shouldn’t have happened. He didn’t know how the hell it did happen. He only knew the instant he saw the flames suppress the daylight, he was well and truly fucked.

Skill, determination, and a whole lot of prayer saved his ass yesterday. The skill belonged solely to Randy and the other firefighters who battled the flames to save him from being cooked. He claimed credit for the determination and attributed the prayer to Georgia. As he hunkered down in the dense smoke, fighting to breathe shallow, to make the oxygen in his tank last as long as

possible, he thought only of Georgia. Even being surrounded by the mother of all elements, his body stirred with the need to have Georgia, to be with her, to give her everything she wanted, including that blasted job.

“You should have taken the chief up on his offer to bring someone else in to finish out the shift,” Randy said, not for the first time since they left the hospital around one in the morning. “You should have gone to her then.”

Gavin shot the other man a cool look but didn’t respond. He needed time to think, to figure out how to satisfy his needs, as well as those belonging to the woman he loved.

“I suppose you still think I’m overreacting about the daycare, too.”

Randy pushed out an audible breath. “No, I’m thinking you hammered the nail on the head with that one, my friend. That fire yesterday afternoon, the way Marissa’s shop went up like that, that couldn’t have been an accident. Someone rigged that place, and the connection to the club seems a little too obvious for my comfort.”

It did for Gavin’s, too. He didn’t know who committed the arson on the shop or how they managed to set it to burn in timed increments in broad daylight, but he would damned well find out. Until he did, Georgia would be lucky to get out of his sight for a second. Just as soon as he found her.

“I’m going to turn her over my knee and blister her beautiful ass for going missing like this,” Gavin muttered. “Where would she go? I don’t even know where to look!”

“Your place,” Randy suggested. “Mine? Naw, I’m betting yours. She’s familiar with it, and you’re the one she wants right now. My guess is she needs to know you’re safe. Our woman is as soft as she is tough, Gavin.”

“Don’t I know it?” Gavin nearly groaned at the thought of Georgia’s pouting pussy lips, her plump breasts, her angelic face, her hands, her freaking toes, all satiny soft and nowhere to be found.

“You’ve talked about selling your place, moving into mine for a while now.”

“We get things straight with Georgia, and I’ll put it on the market tomorrow.” Randy didn’t hesitate.

Gavin knew the other man loved Georgia as much as he did, would go out of his mind if he couldn’t live under the same roof with her once they officially made her all the way theirs.

“Think she’s going to squabble about selling her father’s place?” Randy asked.

“I’ve got some ideas about that I’ll run by you and her later.” He’d been thinking it over, tossing around options that never occurred to him until all those long hours sitting in the hospital last night. “I may have come up with a solution that we can all live with.”

Randy sighed. “I would sure love to hear it.”

Gavin turned onto his street, glancing through the trees in the direction of his driveway, still a good distance away. He caught a flash of something blue, recognized it immediately as being Georgia’s compact Saturn, and punched the gas. His dick stiffened, his pulse hammering a cadence of intense relief. “You will, just as soon as we teach our love a lesson about making us worry.”

* * * *

Gavin’s truck barreled into the drive as if the hounds of hell were on his tires. Georgia sat up straighter, her gaze colliding with his through the windshield as he brought the truck to a screeching stop and cut the engine. For a moment, he simply sat there, glaring at her. She dared to glance away, her attention landing on Randy in the passenger seat. He, too, stared back at her, his usually friendly and compassionate expression none too happy.

She slowly got to her feet. Her heart hammered in her chest so fiercely she wondered it didn’t burst clean through her breasts. She

looked back at Gavin as he got out of the truck, her gaze taking in every inch of him from his booted feet to his cowboy hat.

All in one piece, she thought with a sense of gratefulness that made her sway on her feet. He was alive and seemingly unharmed but for the angry place on his cheek and the bandage that concealed another on his left earlobe. Thank you, sweet baby Jesus.

Neither man spoke as they rounded the truck and came toward her. Their long, steady strides brought them to the foot of the steps where she stood in a matter of heartbeats. Gavin's cheek looked bad, the flesh red and puffy, far worse than any burn she'd ever seen. Tears blurred her vision as she studied it, lifted a hand to graze a tender thumb over the unwounded flesh of his jaw below the burn.

Gavin leaned into her touch, his gaze still transfixed on hers. He swallowed visibly and then curled his fingers around her wrist. He turned his face into her palm and kissed it.

Georgia melted in a midair leap into his arms. He caught her, nuzzled the uninjured side of his face in her hair, and murmured in her ear that he was okay, that everything would be okay. And it would. She knew it with a certainty that defied belief. The choice she made would see to that for the rest of their lives.

She pulled back, reaching to hook an arm around Randy's neck and draw him close even as she brushed a kiss to Gavin's slightly parted lips.

"Georgia." He started to say more, but she cut off his words by sweeping her tongue inside his mouth. He tasted exactly as she remembered, all devilishly sexy and deliciously male, and she groaned into his mouth as his tongue met hers to tangle in a dance that sent her mind whirling.

"Whatever you want," she told him, easing back to meet his gaze. "However you want it. I'll give it to you." She turned to Randy, leaning over to kiss him on his already smiling lips. "Both of you. Just don't make me live without either of you. That's one thing I won't do for you."

“That’s one thing we wouldn’t ask of you,” Randy told her. His hand slipped beneath her hair, and he deepened the kiss she gave him, bringing her yet another tornado of rioting mindlessness.

“Take me,” she whispered breathlessly against his lips. She squeezed Gavin’s shoulder as she held onto him tightly. “Now. No toys, no teasing, no games, just make love to me. Both of you.”

Gavin didn’t speak, but he nodded. She let out an undignified squeak when he shifted her, tossed her over his shoulder in a fireman’s carry, and toted her into his house. As demoralizing as being carried like a sack of potatoes should have been, Georgia found herself amused, especially when met with the truly spectacular sight of Gavin’s mouth-watering ass clad in tight denim.

She stretched her arms down, growling when her fingertips met with the waistband of his jeans. “Can’t reach.”

“I can.” To prove it, his palm came down hard on her rump, leaving a rioting sting to zing through her bottom to her pussy.

She squealed. “No fair!”

“Fairness is all in the eye of the beholder, my love.” His hand caressed the cheek still smarting from the slap.

Georgia lifted her head at the sound of the front door closing. Her pulse accelerated as Randy moved toward her. He delved a hand beneath her hair to cup her nape even as Gavin started to lower her to her feet. Randy crushed his mouth to hers, somehow walking around her and Gavin and turning her in his arms all without ever breaking the dizzying two-step his tongue choreographed with hers.

She didn’t wait for permission to touch, didn’t ask for it. She wanted to be skin-to-skin, and she wanted it now! Her hands skimmed down Randy’s front, her fingers bunching the material of his T-shirt to pull it free of his jeans. Gavin’s hands did the same to her, eagerly wrenching her shirt up her body and bending to explore the flesh he exposed with wicked licks of his tongue.

She broke her kiss with Randy only long enough to yank his shirt over his head. Hers followed suit as both men worked to remove it

and then, blessed baby Jesus, her needy breasts pressed against warm, unyielding male flesh. Her tongue plundered Randy's mouth as her hands moved down to his jeans, working feverishly to free his cock from the binding denim. Skin-to-skin felt great, but she needed more. She needed to be one with him, with them.

"So hungry. So hot," Gavin whispered in her ear. His hands followed her lead, shimmied her jogging pants down her hips and letting them fall to her ankles. "Ah, love, do you know how much this pleases me?"

Georgia stepped out of the sweats, kicking them aside, all the while kissing Randy as if she intended to crawl inside him through his mouth. He tasted magnificent, his tongue exhibiting a skill that turned the kiss into a masterpiece of eroticism and love. Something pleased Gavin? She couldn't make sense of his question, couldn't possibly formulate an answer at that moment. Her desperate burn to feel them, to have them, love them clouded all conscious thought.

Gavin's hands caressed her bare ass before coming to rest in a sure grip on her hips. He pulled her against his body, bending to nuzzle the length of his solid cock in the crack of her ass, and she understood. She pleased him by not wearing panties. She wore them at first. She put the sweats on over her most unrevealing pair of plane-Jane panties back at the house. But while waiting for them to show, she let her mind wander to a seduction not much unlike that which happened now, and those awful panties had to go before her men saw them. She ducked around the side of Gavin's house, feeling just a bit naughty as she shucked off her panties and put the sweats back on.

"It really makes up for the hideous clothes I just took off you." Amusement laced Gavin's tone as he moved one hand between hers and Randy's bodies to cup her pussy.

Georgia tore her mouth from Randy's on a strangled gasp when Gavin pushed a finger between her smoldering lips to apply pressure to her throbbing clit. "The shirt is the same as the ones you wear." Her hands fisted in Randy's hair as Gavin flicked the tip of his nail

across her sensitized clit. The sharp sliver of pain morphed to an immediate slice of pleasure that drew a moan from her throat.

“Ours will look better on you.” Gavin’s hand delved further down until the pad of two fingers pressed at her sopping entrance.

Georgia arched into his touch, attempting to draw his fingers inside her. Her pussy flamed, the need for penetration so acute it created an emptiness in her center that made her want to weep. “Well, duh. That’s because *you* look better on me.”

“Do we, now?” Randy’s hands framed her sides, tickling up and dancing between their bodies to cover her breasts. “How do you figure that one, sweet thing?”

Her breasts fit so perfectly in his hands, as if his palms were made to hold them forever. She wanted his hands there forever. The most magnificent support invented. Who needed a Wonder bra when she had Randy? “Call it a hunch.”

“Would you like to see it?” Gavin moved his fingers in favor of pinching her labia and then tugging and rolling the tender flesh. “Would you like to see how wet you are for us? Would you like to see as we shove our cocks inside your wicked little body?”

“Yes.” The word came on a barely audible whisper as her head fell back on Gavin’s shoulder. She couldn’t decide whose hands should be labeled most as torture devices, his or Randy’s. One set toyed with her soaked pussy and tingling ass while the other pair molded her breasts, weighing and squeezing until sanity got lost in the pleasure. “But I would like to feel it even more.”

“Do you need a cock inside you, Georgia?” Gavin’s question turned husky, hot against her neck as between her legs his fingers finally sank into her throbbing wetness.

“Please.” She melted onto his fingers, the surrender of her body gifting her with a precious moment of deep penetration. It came nowhere close to that of his cock, but for a minute fraction of a second, it eased the deep set need. “Are you going to make me beg for it?”

“No, my love.” Gavin nipped the tender flesh where her neck and shoulder met as he pulled his fingers free of her clenching pussy.

“You asked for no games, no toys, no teasing,” Randy chimed in. His hands slipped from her breasts to her hips, and he spun her around between his and Gavin’s bodies.

Gavin lifted a hand to her cheek. She smelled the sweetly tangy scent of her pussy juices on his fingers, knew it to be the same hand he put inside her only seconds ago. Her gaze went instantly to the burn on his face and the memory, the fear, came rushing back with a force that brought tears to her eyes.

“Tonight we will give you what you ask for without question or denial. No punishments. No begging. Whatever you want is yours.”

Georgia swallowed down the lump and managed to speak around it without only the slightest wobble in her voice. “I want you. All I’ve ever wanted is you.” She started to turn, to reach back to be sure Randy understood any time she said *you* she referred to both men. But Gavin picked her up before she could make a move, catching the backs of her thighs and locking her legs around his hips as he impaled her with his cock in a fluid motion that sent her straight to heaven.

“Hold on tight, love,” Gavin growled, his voice rough from the smoke he inhaled in the fire coupled with a heavy arousal. His fingers dug into the tender flesh of her ass as he tightened his grip.

“I’ll never let go,” she assured him as her arms wound around his neck. “I’ve never done this standing up.”

“That’s good to know.” A spark of jealousy flashed in his eyes. He knew she lost her virginity several years ago, but her being with another man would never be something he would want to hear about. “Just hang on, and I’ll do all the work.”

“A girl...” she sucked a breath through her teeth as he lifted her higher by sheer muscle alone and dropped her back down on his stiff cock. “Can’t argue...” he repeated the move, this time adding a thrust to his hips that impaled her deeper, harder, faster. “Ah, God, with

that.” She let her head fall back as Randy’s hands came around her from behind to cover her breasts.

She didn’t know how, and frankly couldn’t give a damn, but they made it to the bedroom that way. Gavin fucked her with each step while Randy fondled with her breasts until her entire body screamed in exquisite pleasure. Only when she felt Randy’s hands leave her body, when the sensation of falling came over her in a rush, did she open eyes she didn’t know she closed.

She saw herself first reflected down from an enormous mirror overhead. Her face looked flush, her eyes heavy-lidded from arousal, and her breasts perky and full. She saw Gavin next, nestled between her spread thighs. The muscles in his arms flexed as he held her bottom off the bed, his cock buried deeply in her clenching cunt.

“This is a different room,” she realized aloud, catching sight of other unfamiliar objects in the mirror. None of them held her attention when Gavin spoke and began to move.

“Spare bedroom. So you can watch. So you can see. Look at yourself, Georgia. Watch as I fuck your sweet cunt. See how my cock slides in and out of your pussy.” He threw his head back, staring into the mirror as he pounded his cock in and out of her in a vicious rhythm. “God, love, isn’t it amazing to watch?”

Amazing didn’t quite describe the sight. Georgia decided the mirror flat out did it for her. Gavin’s cock glistened with a thick layer of her essence as he powered in and out of the flattened curves of her pussy. Raking fingers of pleasure flicked over match tips of sharp sensations to ignite fiery explosions of hunger as she watched him fuck her.

“Either the mirror needs to move to your room or the bigger bed comes in here.”

Gavin chuckled and slowed his thrusts. “Like it, huh?”

Georgia reached for him, tugging him down on top of her to catch his lips in a tender kiss. “Love it.” The mattress dipped at her side and she shifted her attention to the mirror, saw Randy stretch out

gloriously naked and seemingly content beside her. “What I don’t love is you being so far away,” she told him, locking gazes with his reflection. “I want both of you. I *need* both of you.”

She couldn’t express how desperately that last part rang true. The time Gavin gave her to think things over, to decide where her true desires lay, turned out to be more than enough. No matter what happened, she couldn’t live another day without these men in her life.

Gavin eased his cock back, drawing her attention to the flames licking her inner channel, and thrust inside her once more in a fantastically brutal ram. She threw her head back on a loud moan.

“Inside?” he asked through gritted teeth. “Is that what you need, my love? Do you need both of us inside this tight little body?”

“Yes. Please.” The flames grew as her ass puckered at the thought of feeling a cock inside it again. “Fill me, both of you.”

Gavin rolled her with him until they lay on their sides. He hiked her leg onto one of his arms and held it high. The position drove his cock deeper inside her pulsing channel, bringing on the first real wave of near orgasmic bliss.

She fought to control the sensations, to suspend the release. The hand that skimmed over her ass aided in distracting her for a precious heartbeat.

“Is this where you want my cock, sweet thing?” Randy’s finger slipped between her ass cheeks and pressed at the outer rim of her anus.

Her hips gave an involuntary buck against the touch. “Yes.”

“Do you want me to play for a few minutes first?” His husky question moved the tiny hairs at the base of her ears as he leaned in. His finger pressed harder, slipping the slightest bit inside. “You said you didn’t want toys or teasing. Can you take my cock without it?”

“I want your cock without it.” She felt delirious already just from thinking about it. “You play and tease and I’m going to come before you even make it inside. Neither of us wants that.”

Both men chuckled.

“Hmm, give the woman an inch and she takes a mile,” Gavin commented. “It sounds like she’s the one dishing out the orders today, my man.”

“This is one time I aim to obey.” Randy’s finger pressed further into her anus, and Georgia sucked a pained breath through her teeth. She knew what she asked of him, knew what her request would bring onto her body. The stinging resistance of her back entrance only added weight to the fact that his entering her without play would hurt.

So why did it already feel like a delicious kind of hurt? Why was her body already bracing itself for more of that delightful pleasure-pain?

“I’m not going to hurt you. No matter how badly I want to sink my cock in your sweet ass.” Randy’s last words became muffled as he turned his head away from her. The bed shifted at her back, and she heard the sound of a drawer closing seconds before the heat of his body returned. The cool contrast of a thick gel to her needy flesh made her moan. He had obviously gotten a tube of lubrication from the bedside table drawer. When his finger drove inside her again, pushing the gel deep and greasing the way for his penetration, she rocked her hips back to meet the touch.

“Damn, that’s sexy as hell,” Gavin murmured. He pulled her slightly toward him, exposing her ass to the mirror and the view of Randy’s finger as it worked her muscles to expand for his width.

She watched it, too, and couldn’t help but agree with Gavin. She managed only a few heartbeats of the pleasure meeting her eyes and body before she started to beg. “Randy, please. Ah, God, give me more.”

He obliged her by adding a second finger and then a third to probe her asshole. Delirium threatened as she thrashed between the two men. Her hips rocked forward on Gavin’s enormous cock in her pussy only to pound back on Randy’s fingers in her ass. Exquisite electric bolts zinged through her, speeding her pulse and taunting the orgasmic beast she fought to hold in her cage.

She screamed in protest when Randy wrenched his fingers free of her questing ass without warning. Sweat beaded on her brows, her breasts, her belly. She trembled, her leg that Gavin held suspended by his arm growing numb from lack of circulation.

“Not yet, sweet thing,” Randy soothed as he shifted and spooned his body against her back. “No way am I going to let you come until I’m inside you.” He didn’t make her wait, either. In the next instant, the bulbous head of his cock pushed into her anus, not stopping until it breached the tight ring of muscles and buried in her to the hilt.

Georgia stilled, feeling as though she might pass out from the sheer bliss of being filled so magnificently. She closed her eyes and allowed every spark, every bolt, and every sensation of ecstasy to consume her as completely as her men claimed her. Surrender proved her only option as they fucked her with a ruthlessness that drove her past the brink of spectacular pleasure and to the edge of paradise. She couldn’t fight her body’s needs to take, couldn’t suppress her body’s desires to give, and caught herself in the nick before coming.

“Please, Gavin, Randy, please.” She would beg, plead, and cry if she had to. She didn’t care how needy she sounded. She never felt so deprived and fulfilled at the same time. “I need to come. Please, can I come?”

She opened her eyes, her gaze slamming into Gavin’s, and she swore she saw his eyes glisten with tears.

“Oh, baby,” Randy grunted, his thrusts not slowing despite the emotion that sounded in his tone. “That’s our girl.”

“Yes, my love.” Gavin spoke so softly she read his lips more than heard him give her permission. “Come for us, now. Let me feel that hot pussy juice soak my cock and balls. Milk Randy’s cock with that tight ass as your body convulses around him.”

His erotic words delivered only another push to her already teetering control. Georgia exploded in a screaming, blinding release that shook her to her toes.

“That’s it, sweet thing,” Randy grunted, sounding more animal than man as he plunged into her ass, keeping her orgasm flowing on a riotous ride of pleasure. “Damn, that’s fantastic. I love to hear you scream your pleasure like that.”

“Please.” She managed another plea, far weaker than before, as her body struggled with the need to reject the continued sensations even as it desired more.

“What do you need, love?” Gavin asked, his smoke-roughened voice made gruffer by his own rapidly diminishing control.

“I don’t know.” She didn’t, couldn’t make sense of the sexual fog and terminal bliss clogging her mind. “You. Both of you.” It was all she could think of, the only things in the world she knew for a fact she wanted forever.

“You have us.” Randy’s hand flattened on her belly as he held her. His body tensed, shuttered, and a low roar rumbled from his chest as he spewed his hot semen in her ass.

Gavin allowed himself release at the same moment, grunting and throwing his head back as he shot his wad in her convulsing channel. “Both of us,” he added on a ragged breath as he collapsed against her front. He slowly lowered her leg and skimmed his palm up and down her tingling thigh. “Just as we have you.”

Georgia didn’t miss the slight questioning tone to his words. His breathing came in unsteady bursts the same as hers and Randy’s behind her. His gaze, however, locked with hers and didn’t waver.

She nodded, swallowed, and tried to speak. When no words came out, she let her fingers play in the hairs at his nape as she reached behind her with her other hand to find Randy.

Gavin brushed his lips to her forehead and then planted a tender kiss to both of her brows. “I’m glad you were here this morning. I don’t know what I might have done if you hadn’t been.”

“What took you so long to get here? I expected you nearly an hour before.”

“We went to your place first.” Randy’s fingers tickled idly down her side. “We told you we would be there this morning. After everything that happened yesterday afternoon and last night, did you really believe we wouldn’t come to you first?”

Georgia didn’t answer. She couldn’t around her heart now securely lodged in her throat. They went looking for her. Even though they didn’t know for certain what her decision would be, they came for her. They needed her this morning as badly as she needed them.

Gavin closed his eyes and sighed. When he looked at her again she saw apology mingling with fierceness in his expression. “The shop that caught fire yesterday...”

The one that nearly killed you. Georgia didn’t finish his sentence the way she wanted to, knowing he wouldn’t need her to convey that much worry. When these men were called to do their jobs, the last thing she wanted was for a single thought of her wellbeing to cross their minds. They would need clear heads to do what they did best, to stay safe and alive and to come home to her.

“It belonged to Marissa Shultz,” Gavin finished. “Do you know her?”

Georgia shook her head. “I’ve met her once or twice, but I can’t say I know her.”

“Ben and Justin have staked their claims on her.” Gavin watched her, obviously waiting to see if the meaning of his words took hold.

They did. Georgia understood. “They’re part of the Service Club with you and Randy. Marissa is their girlfriend?”

“Not yet, but they’re working on her,” Randy chimed in.

“Mmm, if they work her anywhere near as good as you two work me, she doesn’t stand a chance.”

Gavin and Randy laughed.

“I think they will be pleased to know that,” Gavin said. “You can tell them yourself next time we have a meeting.”

Georgia froze, trepidation and a naughty little thrill snaking through her blood. "You're planning to take me to the next meeting then?"

"You came back here this morning," Gavin pointed out. "We took that to mean you decided to give yourself to us."

Georgia hesitated, knowing once she said the word she couldn't, she *wouldn't* ever take it back. She started to speak, but Gavin held a finger over her lips.

"Before you answer, I want you to know something. I wasn't being an ass with my demands and the things I expect you to give up for us."

Georgia angled a look at him that made the corner of his lips twitch.

"Okay, I wasn't *just* being an ass. I do have my reasons. The fire investigators haven't determined the cause of the fire at Marissa's shop, but Randy and I believe it wasn't an accident."

"You think someone set that fire, endangered those children on purpose?" Georgia sat up between the men, turning so she could look at them both. "Why?"

"Because of her association with Ben and Justin, their ties to the club," Randy answered.

"Your reputation is something that's always concerned me, love." Gavin hooked an arm around her waist and pulled her in closer. Randy moved closer, too, his hand caressing her thigh. "No matter how discreet the club has been, people in this town still know about us. They know the things that go on, the lifestyles we like to lead."

"The way you share your women," Georgia said softly, her attention dancing from Gavin to Randy.

"Only with our partner," Randy assured her. "We won't share you with any other men. You belong to us, Georgia." His hand slid through the fluid smeared on her inner thigh to cover her pussy. "No other man will ever be inside this amazing pussy." His hand dipped lower, slipping between the mattress and her bottom to graze over her

tender anus. “No other man will ever feel this tight ass around his cock.”

“No other man will ever experience the wickedness of these lips around his shaft,” Gavin added, kissing her. “But they may watch us enjoy you from time to time,” he added as he pulled back. “They may touch you, entice you, and prepare you for us. It’s all to see you get the most pleasure we can bring you, love. We are at your service, not the other way around.”

“Are you accepting that part of us, that part of our lifestyle, too, sweet thing?” Randy asked, his hand retreating to resume caressing her thigh.

“Yes.” She could accept that. She might be embarrassed as all get out to be watched, to be touched, and prepared by other men not her own, especially if other women were present. Her gaze flicked up to the mirror above them, and she remembered what it had been like to watch herself get fucked by her men. On the other hand, the devilishly naughty idea of that sort of exhibitionism might be a helluva turn on.

She met their gazes again. “Yes, I’m accepting that part of you, of your life, of my new life.” They both smiled at her when she added the last. She hated to wipe those pleased smiles from their handsome faces, but she needed to voice the one statement that plagued her. “I’m not accepting the fact that I must give up my job, my work with children that I love.” She made her tone as hard as her expression as she waited for their response.

Gavin nodded, a slow bob of his head that made her widen her eyes in shock. That couldn’t be agreement, surrender from the ever-dominant Gavin Scott, could it? “Can I suggest a compromise if I give you a good enough reason to back it up?”

Georgia felt her jaw drop before she could stop it. “You? Compromise?”

He narrowed his eyes at her, but a cocky grin hinted on his lips. “Yes, me, compromise, smartass. I’m not just concerned about your reputation anymore, love. I’m worried about *you*.” He got real

serious, real fast. So fast Georgia felt a zip of alarm move down her spine. “Whoever set Marissa’s shop to burn yesterday knew what they were doing, and they did it because of her link to the club.”

“You only suspect that,” Georgia pointed out. “You don’t know for certain.”

“I’m pretty damned certain,” Gavin countered. “You’re more linked to the club now than Marissa. What if someone goes after you next? What if they go after the daycare?”

An instantaneous fear made Georgia lightheaded. Not the daycare. She would do anything to protect those kids. “Has anyone else been hurt? Attacked?” She hadn’t heard of anything like this before now, of anyone associated with the club being targeted by haters.

“Not like yesterday,” Randy admitted. “Look, sweet thing, I thought at first that Gavin is overreacting, too. I even told him so right before we got toned out for the call yesterday. I’m still inclined to think he might be, but I would rather humor him than see you hurt because of us or the club.”

“Humor me,” Gavin scoffed.

“How about I humor you for a second, too?” Georgia sat up straighter, moving more between her men as she sensed the testosterone start to build in the air. “You talked about a compromise, about giving me a damned good reason for what you’re demanding of me. I can see why you feel your reason is concrete, but I haven’t heard anything about a compromise.”

“Start your own daycare.” Gavin’s suggestion threw her for a loop. He said it so casually, so easily as if it should be a no brainer to her. “There are other women with ties to the club who need someone to watch their kids. You wouldn’t have to limit it to club mothers only, of course. You could take in as many kids as you can handle.”

“Well, I’ll be damned,” Randy muttered. “Sweet thing, he might be onto something.”

Georgia’s head was spinning. “My own daycare?” She dreamed of it. Many years in the future when her life settled and she could afford

everything to make a go of it, she wanted to start a place of her own. "Where?"

Gavin scratched his temple as he appeared to give her question some thought. "I've tossed around several options. I own enough vacant property near here that we could build you a place."

"You would do that?" Touched, Georgia stared at him. Then she giggled when he angled his head and gave her a *duh* glare she never saw on his handsome face before.

"I love you, Georgia. You're mine. Why wouldn't I do that?"

Georgia shook her head, overwhelmed by his declaration of love, his possessive claim of her, his question that she couldn't formulate an answer.

"Another option and possibly the better one would be your house," Gavin went on. "I know you love it. It was your family home. I'm thinking you won't be keen on selling it."

"I, well, hadn't actually thought about it." Not more than in passing or impulse during her restless pacing the day before. But now that she did, an intense sense of loss coiled in her belly. The house did mean a lot to her. The walls held so many memories of her parents, her childhood, her hopes and dreams.

"But you have thought about moving in here with us?" Randy prodded.

"You don't live here," Georgia told him dumbly.

"The minute you agree to live here he will," Gavin chuckled. "You don't think he's going to let me have you all to myself under this roof when there's plenty enough room for the three of us to live, do you?"

"Not a chance in hell," Randy said under his breath, but a grin spread his lips.

"Well, then, I suppose that's settled. I've thought about living here." Stayed up more nights than she cared to count fantasizing about what it would be like to crawl into bed between Gavin and Randy each night, how it would be to wake between them each

morning. She wanted her clothes hanging in Gavin's closet. She wanted her toiletries scattered across the bathroom counter and her hose draped over the towel rack to dry. "I've thought about it enough my belongings should've gotten the hint by now and moved in all by themselves."

"I'll call the moving company as soon as we get out of bed," Gavin told her.

Georgia didn't think she ever saw him look more at peace. "And I think using my parent's house for the daycare is an excellent idea. There are plenty of rooms to divide for play and nap time. I could turn the living room into the main area since it's the largest. Oh, and get one of those indoor gymnasiums. I'll have to get one for the backyard, too, of course. The kids can't stay inside all the time. They need to be out. And I could..."

Randy silenced her rambling ideas by yanking her down and jamming his tongue in her mouth. She ended her sentence on a, "Mmm," and melted against him.

"Gavin hasn't mentioned it yet, but there are two conditions to this compromise," Randy told her against her lips.

"You kiss me silly, and then you want to talk conditions," Georgia complained, staring up at him through heavy-lidded eyes. Her body felt used and abused in the most delicious of ways and yet, when he kissed her like that, every aperture of her body was ready to be plundered and penetrated again.

He grinned at her. "It makes you more amenable."

"Shows what you know," Gavin muttered. "I didn't bring up conditions because I hadn't thought of them yet. So what you got, man?"

"Home by a quarter after six every night," Randy ticked off his first condition with a light tap to her nose. "This town all but shuts down at five. You close at six, that'll leave you fifteen minutes to get to us."

“And I better be stripping off my clothes as I’m pulling into the drive, right?” Georgia kidded, but could actually see herself doing just that.

Randy clucked his tongue. “I didn’t think of that, but I like it.”

“Somehow, I didn’t doubt you would. And the second?”

“You leave the option open to re-evaluate the whole business when our child is born,” Gavin answered, touching her lightly on the back.

Georgia felt her eyes widen as she pulled back from Randy to look at Gavin. “Our baby?” Her voice broke as an onslaught of emotions filled her chest and throat. “Our baby?”

“Did I get that right?” Gavin asked Randy, not answering Georgia.

“Hit the nail on the head,” Randy said. “Unless the laws change rather quickly and it becomes legal to marry two men at once, you’ll be marrying Gavin, but that won’t make you any less mine.”

Georgia pulled back from them both and caught her head in her hands. “You guys are making my head spin! Marriage, a baby, I don’t suppose either of you thought to ask, to propose.”

“Why?”

Georgia could tell by the baffled sound of Gavin’s voice that the answer to her question was a great big no. She laughed, a quick burst of amused air. “Why, indeed.” She moved her hands to his face, holding his cheeks, mindful of the burn on his left one. “I love you, Gavin Scott. Despite the lack of a proper proposal, I will marry you and have your child.” She kissed him, long and deep, putting every ounce of promise she possessed into it. Then she turned to Randy. “I love you, Randy Pope. I will marry you, too, in my heart and in the eyes of God even if the ornery law won’t recognize it as legal. And I’ll have your child.”

Georgia threw back her head and shouted to the mirror. She grinned from ear-to-ear, likely looking like a loon when she lifted her head. She didn’t care a wit. She snaked her arms around both her

men's necks, tackling them down to the mattress in a pile of hard-toned muscle and masculine laughter.

"I take it you're okay with our conditions." Randy slipped from beneath her, catching her arms and pulling them up until they stretched high above her head.

Georgia didn't wonder what he intended. She only knew she was about to be well and truly pleased once more. "Perfectly."

Gavin's smile faded as he scooted her to straddle his already erect cock. "We love you, Georgia. We've waited a long time to make you ours."

"We'll spend even longer making sure you always remain happy and pleased and serviced." Randy held her hands above her head in one of his big hands, skimming his other hand down her arms to her breast as Gavin pulled her down on his cock.

Intense, white-hot ecstasy raced through Georgia. The fire that ignited inside her for these firefighters would prove one that could never be put out. Each tantalizing touch, each sensual kiss, each raspy command, only served as an accelerant to keep her burning for another forty-eight hours until they could start it all over again.

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Tonya Ramagos is a bestselling author of contemporary, fantasy, paranormal and cowboy novels. She spends most of her time in a fictional world dreaming up hot hunks and head-strong heroines. When she's not writing she's reading. Anything from legal and military non-fiction to any genre of romance can be found on her bookshelves and flash drives. Her music tastes are just as varied with artists ranging from country to rock to heavy metal loading her iPod. Her idea of relaxing is curled on the sofa or on her back deck with a book and a cup of coffee, glass of wine, or an MGD 64. A mother of 2 fantastic boys, she enjoys playing games, dancing, and walking the nature trails around her home in Harrison, TN.

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