

EMBRACED
by
Passion



Embraced By Passion
Diana DeRicci

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For Selena and Michelle.

Chapter One

Ja’Rol slammed open Slone’s mahogany double doors. “Traci just quit!” His entrance didn’t seem to register with the man behind the desk. “I said—”

“I heard you.” Slone typed without pause. “Please shut the doors. Now everyone three floors above and below knows our situation.”

Ja’Rol harrumphed but did as his business partner, best friend, and lover asked. With the doors closed and locked behind him, he cleared the ocean of space to reach the desk. Large tinted windows delivered a breathtaking view of the city view behind Slone, if he even knew it was there. The man worked like a dog once he was inside these offices.

Plush with leather, wood, and thick carpet, the room was filled with every modern convenience from a large screen TV to an espresso machine. There were the prerequisite chairs and a side lounge for the longer afternoons into nights. Essentially an office with real muscle. Slone worked tireless hours on keeping Tube-Nautics running flawlessly. And when he couldn’t, Ja’Rol picked up the slack and filled in the gaps.

Walking to the coffee maker—a regular counter-sized one—he filled a mug and dumped a three-count of hazelnut creamer into it. After a stir and a sip, he declared it perfect and turned.

“What are we going to do about Traci?”

“I imagine find a replacement,” Slone replied, still distracted by his computer.

Frustrated at being ignored, Ja’Rol played dirty to get his lover’s attention. Envisioning them both naked, he knelt in front of Slone, toying with his massive cock between teasing lips. He almost purred himself as the image filled his vision.

Slone snapped up and glared. “Ja’Rol!”

“Yes?” he answered in all innocence. Slone’s color rose as the image took on an active life. Leaning on a nearby bookcase, Ja’Rol crossed his ankles to enjoy his coffee. And Slone’s reactions. His lashes lowered, unobtrusively relishing the effect he had on Slone. “Something the matter?”

Just as Ja'Rol's imagination took Slone's heavy length into his mouth, Slone growled a needy groan.

"Do I have your attention now?" he asked as disinterested as possible, though his own body was beginning to throb with the want he'd dared to stir.

"Shit," Slone hissed. Sitting in his chair, he slouched back, adjusting the pulsing ridge in his slacks. "See what you did?"

Discovering the adamant need Ja'Rol licked his lips, tasting the coffee, but wanting to taste something else entirely. Letting out a repentant sigh, he said, "I'm sorry. Shouldn't have done that. But damn, man. Pay attention sometimes. This is serious. *Traci left.*"

"Where did she go?"

Finally, interest. "She is moving with her fiancé halfway across the state. Nothing I said kept her here."

"Are you worried she'll talk?"

Ja'Rol waved a hand. "No, she's not like that. The non-disclosure was practically a formality with her. No telling whose other secrets she carries from around here." Glancing toward Slone, he added, "She knew about us."

"Being gay?"

"Being wyvern."

Slone blinked and froze. "How?" Ice could have formed on the glass behind where he sat, the air chilled so quickly.

"She saw us return to the penthouse after flying. She's rarely in that early in the morning, but she'd said she couldn't sleep and knew it was something here keeping her up. So she came in early. Very early. She said that it just didn't matter. We were good bosses, excellent employers, and she'd sell her mother to stay, but she wouldn't sell her fiancé."

"How long has she known?" Slone's voice had gone deathly calm, weighing the need to keep their identity secret.

"Let me see," he mused. "Almost five years now." Though neither man looked a day over thirty, five years to them was barely more than a blink of an eye in time. Tube-Nautics was actually their fifth enterprise together.

"And you never thought to tell me?" Slone roared, slapping his desk.

Ja'Rol shook his head. "No, she told me how long she's known when she gave her resignation about an hour ago." He sipped his coffee. "Honestly, she's not some young thing looking to exploit us. She's a fifty year old divorcé who has a second chance to live again. She wasn't going to let the fact that two wyverns are her bosses screw that up."

Slone glowered at him, and Ja'Rol had the urge to clear his throat. "We talked a lot."

"Obviously," Slone responded with a droll tone and a glare. "Anything else you haven't told me? Anything else you two talked about that will give me heart failure?"

Ja'Rol hid his grin behind his cup. When Slone started sassing, Ja'Rol knew it would be all right. There had been some concern telling Slone someone knew their secret, but after talking to Traci, after being *floored* that she'd known for so long and never blinked an eye or changed her work habits or treated them any differently, he knew it would be okay in the end.

Then he frowned. "But how are we going to replace her? And with who?"

"Run an ad?"

For some reason, Ja'Rol wasn't keen on that. Who knew what kind of nuts would try to get into one of the city's largest, and most acclaimed aeronautical engineering and design corporations to discover internal secrets? The world's leaders might be smiling when they talk in the same room, but they still passed notes like kids in school. The last thing either man wanted was one of their prototype testers being bastardized into some new war machine.

"What about someone in-house?"

Ja'Rol finished his coffee, catching the last of the hot, sweetened brew. He wanted another, but he'd already had two for the morning, one more than his usual limit. Caffeine made him horny. He could control it, but if he wasn't careful, Slone would be flat on his back. Probably why he'd been so quick to tease the other man with a visual blowjob.

With a sigh, he set the mug down and walked away.

"You could always switch to decaffeinated," Slone offered knowingly, an understanding glint in his gaze. His eyes were

extraordinary. One, a solid light pale green, the other a peridot-sapphire blend that blew Ja'Rol's mind.

Ja'Rol smiled. Now that he'd poked into his head, Slone was probably sitting in his thoughts. "I'll live. Besides, I like the rush. I know what it'll do."

"You're a caffeine druggie," Slone accused with a tenor laugh.

He only shrugged not bothering to deny it, then sat in one of the thick padded leather chairs in front of his desk. "So, Traci."

"Let's take a look and see who we can move to a senior administrator. If there isn't anyone, we'll have to look outside."

Ja'Rol steepled his fingers. He wasn't crazy about the idea, but realistically, what other choices did they have?

* * * *

Ja'Rol opened the office door, searching the waiting area. "Ms. Blythe?"

A senior citizen with the glare of a drill sergeant stood. Ja'Rol hid his disappointment. A company of almost seven hundred and this was the best they could do?

Forty-five minutes later, Ms. Blythe was allowed to return to her department. Ja'Rol sagged in his seat. Enclosed again in the office, it was all he could do to not ball the pad and list and throw it all away. "Six interviews and not one will do."

"What is it you're looking for?" Slone asked, regarding him from behind his desk. "At least two were over-qualified, and even Ms. Blythe would have run our floor like a ship."

Ja'Rol rolled his head side to side on the black leather of the chair, staring at the ceiling. "I'll know when I see her," was the best he could reply. He wasn't sure either, really. He just knew he didn't want Methuselah's grandmother manning the floor.

"You're sure it's a her?" he mused.

"Huh?"

"You keep saying 'her', like it's a foregone conclusion." Slone rose and strode to the chair Ja'Rol occupied. He had a stalking stride, fluid and graceful, with a definite commanding presence. Combined with thick black hair, incredible eyes and a mouth that knew pleasure and control, he simply looked delicious in black trousers and a suit jacket. "You've been very absorbed in this."

Slone's deft fingers dug into tight shoulders. A rare on the job display for either man.

Ja'Rol blinked, melting under Slone's talented hands. "I guess it is a chauvinistic reaction, but not one applicant has been male."

Lowering to whisper, Slone breathed into his ear. "Is it something more?" he asked.

Lifting his eyes to the man hovering over him, Ja'Rol understood. His heart beat with a quickened rhythm, hoping. "You feel it too, don't you?"

"Incomplete?" Slone asked with a faint nod, still intimate between them. He sank into a crouch next to the chair. "I have, for months. I wasn't sure if I was imagining it, or not. Then a few weeks ago, I began to feel it in you. My biggest worry was I was transposing my own hungers and wants onto you."

Ja'Rol lifted a hand, a thumb smoothing the faint crease showing over a single eyebrow. "You're not. I don't know when I realized it, to be honest. I love you." Tipping, Slone accepted the soft kiss to his chin, meeting him to warm them both, lip to lip.

A low groan emanated from Slone. "Can't." He pulled away regretfully. With a sigh, he sank into the chair's twin. "This is why you've been like a lion with a splinter in his paw. You knew why you were looking, and knew the one we need wasn't already here."

Ja'Rol nodded. What was the point in arguing? Somewhere in his gut, he did know. There was immense relief, also, that Ja'Rol wasn't alone in this predicament. The last thing he wanted was to hurt Slone. Bringing in a third, especially a woman that he couldn't help desiring, a woman that neither knew... He'd spent more than one night fighting with himself over whether to ignore the desire, or try to find a way to explain it to his lover. They'd been together for decades. The slow build up of this incompleteness had confused him, but now that he understood what it meant, he just needed to find a way to fill it.

"I didn't want to ruin what we share, either. I'm happy, but there is something missing. I think being able to talk to Traci, having a female in constant close proximity, helped me to ignore the chasm, but I can't, not any longer." He felt a faint blush hit his cheeks, unable to meet the other man's eyes. "I can't stop looking at

Jericka's breasts. But I'm hesitant to throw the doors open. I'm no good at screening applicants."

"Not exactly. You already knew she wasn't here. And in truth, we're looking for two women. One who will work with us —"

"And one who will love us," Ja'Rol finished thoughtfully. "Would it work if she were one and the same?"

Slone slouched in his chair as well, both stretched and boneless with gazes upward. "It's possible, but what we need is a goddess who is also a drill sergeant of Ms. Blythe's caliber. We both need the organization."

"And someone to keep the riff-raff off our floor." Ja'Rol grinned.

"Mother adores you."

Ja'Rol chuckled. Couldn't squeeze anything past Slone.

"So, place an ad?" Ja'Rol rolled his tongue, abhorrence in the idea making his mouth dry.

"It's really the only way. Hopefully, our goddess answers it. I don't know how much longer I can take you being so sullen."

"Sullen?" Ja'Rol snorted. "*Just wait until tonight, handsome.*"

"*Believe me, I am.*" Slone winked at him then pushed out of the chair to get back to work. A moment later, Ja'Rol left to discuss the ad with human resources, sending a quick prayer that they found what they needed, and the one they both craved.

Chapter Two

Brigit turned the third corner, or was it the fourth?—looking for the right set of doors. Unfortunately they all looked the same, dark mahogany with polished gold fixtures. Since they were private offices, none had names, much less numbers. It didn't matter. She never found her mother on the first try, no matter where she worked.

Green and gray carpet silenced her steps. Potted palms lined the halls like vibrant green sentries. The décor was modern, understated and tasteful. Not what she would have expected considering how her mother always bragged about the company. The last time she'd been to the offices had been several years ago, before she'd left to live with her dad and stepmother in L.A. Brigit hadn't remembered the halls then. Why did she think she would now?

Stopping in front of a pair that she *thought* were the right ones, she knocked.

A male's voice, though, was what she heard in reply. *Drat. Strike one.*

Well, maybe he'd know. Answering the greeting to enter, she did, swinging the door inward. "Hi. Sorry to interrupt," she began. At the sound of her voice, a dark haired head snapped up, exposing the most unusual eyes she'd ever seen.

"Can I help you?"

Green and blue. *No.* One was green, the other was a mosaic of blue and green.

"I said, can I help you?"

Brigit focused, noting he seemed a bit cross at the interruption, her silence, or both. "Oh! Sorry." She swept a nervous hand through her short, blonde hair. It was hard, no not *hard* to look at him, but she found it hard to stop staring, he was so beautiful. Rugged, tailored. Gorgeous. She licked her lips, remembering he'd spoken a question. "I was looking for Mom. I struck out. I couldn't remember where her offices were."

The man with the most exquisite eyes straightened in his chair. "And your mother is..."

"Traci Boothes."

The man frowned. "Traci left us over a month ago."

"What?" Brigit blinked rapidly.

"How did you get up to these floors?"

"The secretary downstairs..." She floundered. "Said... She's gone?" How long had it been since she'd talked to her mom? Why hadn't she told Brigit she was leaving?

"What's the problem?"

Brigit whirled and looked up. *Oh God.* Another sexilicious bod just appeared behind her. Not as dark, but just as handsome. Her heart was pounding within her chest. Her nipples tightened, and she had to draw a breath to try to ease the sensation. It didn't help. He smelled incredible. Whatever cologne he wore, she was buying it by the case.

"Please." The man standing with her gestured for her to enter the office. She backed up, unable to tear herself away. Quietly, the door closed behind him. The door locking sounded like a rifle shot through the air to her.

He leaned against the door, crossing his arms over a chest most begged for, either to have or to touch. Raising her gaze, she locked with his. Her skin grew tight. Heat burned in those antique gold eyes. A desire that he didn't even try to hide. Her body ached as she responded, unable to ignore the primal call, male to female. It happened so quickly, with such a heady rush, she couldn't fight it even if she wanted to. She had only one option. She had to run.

Brigit whirled. She had to get out of there. The other man was standing now and was moving around his desk.

"I'm sorry. She's gone?" Brigit prodded, hoping one would give her an answer.

The one she watched neared. "Yes, about five weeks ago. You are her daughter?"

Brigit followed his gait until he stopped only a foot or two away. Both men, broad, tall and fierce, blocked her in. "Brigit," she managed on a squeak.

The man with the unique eyes lifted his head to peer over her. He nodded, though his frown didn't completely disappear. "Ja'Rol recognizes the name, but we both believed Traci's daughter to be much older, and with her father."

Brigit gaped. "Wait. Older? What were you expecting? Gray hair like hers? I'm twenty-eight, thank you very much. And I *was* with Dad. I just got home from a summer in Paris. I haven't talked to Mom since before I left."

"I see." Then before her eyes, he seemed to change, losing the suspicious posture. Offering a hand, he said, "I am Slone Wilkes, and this is Ja'Rol David. My apologies. We weren't expecting any visitors, and no one notified us you were on the way."

She hesitated, then allowed it. No reason she couldn't be polite. "Why? Do you have deep, dark secrets on this floor?" she whispered, leaning close. "Dead bodies?"

Ja'Rol eased from behind her, chuckling. "No, to either, but we are almost completely alone up here. Since your mom left..." He trailed off, and both men looked nearly heartbroken.

"Wait, wasn't she just your secretary or something?"

Ja'Rol's laughter returned. "Hardly. That woman knew this business, and our schedules, like clockwork. We've been muddling through without her, but she refused to stay. She has called. I have her number. Would that help you?"

"Oh! Yes, please. Usually I pop up without warning and it's not a problem. I guess she didn't realize it was that time of year again."

Slone guided her to a seat. "Are you close?" He sat across from her as Ja'Rol went to Slone's computer and typed in something.

"Pretty close, though living a country away has left gaps," she admitted, then bit her lip. Why the hell would she divulge something like that to these two strangers?

"We'll help you find her," the one seated across from her said, easing her conscience. "She may have worked for us, but I know she was close to Ja'Rol."

"Slone isn't the kind to fraternize too closely," Ja'Rol supplied, writing on a small pad of paper. "But he's the head of the heads, so to speak, so he forgets to at least pretend to be human at times."

Brigit smiled at the teasing jab. Slone slid a disgruntled look to the man at the computer, who, when he looked up, only shrugged.

"It's true. You get in here and forget there's a world outside those doors."

"Someone has to keep the business from going up in flames."

That remark caused a hefty row of snickers. Clearing his throat, Ja'Rol rounded the desk to lean against it in front of her. He held the paper in his fingers. "Before I give this to you, can you prove you're her daughter?"

Brigit frowned. Her license wouldn't do. Her mother had never taken her father's last name. Not that she could really blame her. It was long and clearly Greek – literally. "I know her birthday!" she offered.

Ja'Rol nodded. "Shoot."

"May twenty-third." Watching their expressions, she realized they couldn't tell if she was right. "Call her, let me talk to her. She'll tell you I'm not a murderer. Well, except for houseplants, but I can't be charged for horticultural homicide, right?"

Ja'Rol laughed again. "She's funny."

Between them, he did seem to be the more relaxed of the two.

"Okay." Slone nodded toward the phone and Ja'Rol grabbed it, dragging it close. He dialed and waited.

"Hi, Traci. No, the company has not crashed and burned." He rolled his eyes. "We seem to have a guest looking for you, your daughter. Sure." He offered the handset.

Brigit took it gratefully. "Hi, Mom."

"Oh dear! Is it September already?"

"Don't sound so thrilled," she replied, not sure if she should be miffed or not.

"Oh! No, it isn't that! I swear, sweetheart. It's just, well..." She sighed. "I'm leaving for Las Vegas in two days. Gene and I are going to get married this weekend. I got swept up in the details and reservations and lost track of time."

"You're really getting married?" She squealed, almost bouncing in her chair. "To Daddy Gene!" She let out a whoop. She caught out of the corner of her eye both men smiling. Well, that confusion was cleared. "I'm thrilled, Mom. You so deserve what he's got."

"Brigit!"

She snickered. "Out of the gutter, Mom. I mean he's good to you."

"Yes, he is. The only drawback was the move, but it couldn't be helped. You went to the offices looking for me?"

“Well, duh. I’m here with Slone and Ja’Rol.” She loved letting that roll off her tongue. “And I’m using their busy working time to convince them I’m safe and sane, although I know the latter is always up for debate.”

Her mother’s laugh was lighthearted. “Love you, sweetheart. Grab a pen. I’ll give you all the details.”

“Okay.” Glancing up, she found Ja’Rol holding a pen and the pad for her. “Go.” She swiftly got all her mother’s new information, with the dates she’d be back. “Do you want me to join you in Vegas?”

“Could you? What’s your schedule like?”

“Let me call you tonight.”

“Okay, honey. Kisses!”

“Kisses.” Then she handed the phone back. “See? Not only am I safe, I’ve just been included in the wedding.”

She fought the urge to stick her tongue out at them. At least to Ja’Rol. He’d get it. Slone was incredibly reserved. She didn’t want to insult either of her mother’s ex-bosses.

“Vegas, huh?” Ja’Rol asked.

“Two days.” Brigit ran her fingers through her hair. How was she going to pull that off? She didn’t have tons of cash and a flight forty-eight hours ahead was going to cost a fortune. A bus would be cheaper, but could she do it in two days?

“Let’s surprise your mother,” Ja’Rol offered. “We do miss her. She’d been with us for a long time.”

“How?” she asked, questioning them both.

“Tell us where you’re staying, and your number. We’ll arrange for you to be picked up. We’ll fly. A final gift to say goodbye for her.” Slone sat, looking at her, hardly blinking.

“Won’t that interrupt your week?”

Ja’Rol smiled. “It’ll be worth it.”

After giving them her information, she took a couple numbers with her in case something changed. She promised to be packed and ready by seven the next night to catch the flight with them.

Standing, she noticed again how they stood over her, tall and broad. Both watched her with a protective gleam, and with Ja’Rol, more than a hint of desire. She couldn’t argue with what she saw in

him. She felt it too, but being attracted to them both confused her. Just thinking about it made her nipples tighten more.

Feeling off kilter, she shook their hands, fighting to hide the tremble as heat flared up her arm to land in her stomach. It oozed like a hot lava flow to settle between her legs, making her damp with want the longer she stood with them.

"Until tomorrow," Slone said. His voice had dropped to a low timbre. The kind of voice that made women swoon off their feet. Because she almost did.

"Thank you for doing this," she said, trying to keep herself grounded. He smelled as good as Ja'Rol. *Damn*. What did they wear? She was so buying it.

"We're happy to. You should be with your mother when she shares vows with her soon to be husband."

Decadent. She was staring at the personification.

She licked her lips. "Tomorrow night?"

"Seven sharp," he replied. Still holding her hand, he lifted it and brushed the back of her knuckles with his lips, just the softest tease of heat to skin. Her body pulsed as liquid slicked her pussy. *Shit. I have got to get out of here before I combust.*

"Let me walk you to the way out," Ja'Rol offered.

Almost numb with need, she followed. Slone opened the door and with a hand to her back, she let Ja'Rol guide her to the elevator. "All the way to one," he told her.

She nodded. "I can get a cab."

"A cab?" He glanced at her, his eyes wider. "Not for Traci's daughter. I'll go down and call for the car. Are you already settled at your hotel?"

"Yes," she answered, feeling breathless.

"Good."

"It's not an imposition? Doesn't it take money to just drive me to my hotel?"

"You are now our guest, as we will be your guests to your mother's wedding. We take care of our guests."

She felt it was a losing battle, so she didn't push. Riding in the elevator was a torture. Not as rugged as Slone, dark brown hair, honey gold eyes, he was perfection.

Decadence and perfection. And she was about to be ensconced in an airplane for hours with the two of them.

Brigit swallowed the groan, crossing her arms to conceal her arousal.

Chapter Three

"She's perfect." Ja'Rol stayed still in the elevator, though it killed him to not touch her again.

"She doesn't know. But we can show her. Patience. Now that we've found her, or she found us," Slone mused lowly, *"we'll take the time with her to convince her she was meant for us."*

The second Ja'Rol stood in the doorway behind her, the sweetest scent of her body slammed into him with a physical punch. The swiftness of his arousal had shocked him, and in an instant he *knew* who she was. Conveying that to Slone had been a shout of victory. Maybe more cautious than Ja'Rol, he'd taken more time to evaluate their interloper, but agreed there was no mistake. Brigit was the woman they'd been dreaming of, their faceless desire that had left them both aching with a need neither could cure. Somehow, it made more sense to him that it would be Traci's daughter, considering the friendship they'd shared over the years. Though before meeting Brigit in person, Ja'Rol had never even entertained the possibility.

She was a perfect height, with luscious curves and breasts and hips that were made to be pleased. Golden hair flowed around her face to end in wisps at her shoulders in a sheet of spun color, with a single soft curl over her right eye. Her eyes had captivated him, so blue. Once or twice, he'd even had to refocus from admiring her. Luckily, she'd had no idea how long he'd been gazing at her, or exactly where. It would be a wonder if he wasn't standing beside her blushing at his own thoughts.

Now the elevator was filled with her beckoning scent, teasing him like slow strumming fingers of hunger through his body. When he'd thought he'd needed, he'd had no idea it would feel like this. She hadn't looked at him again since the doors had closed. He wanted her attention, but instead, he kept his hands tucked deep into his slacks pockets and his eyes forward.

"Did you feel her reaction?" Slone's voice slid into his mind.

"Deeply. I can already feel the edge of her thoughts. She's nervous, and unsure about us. She believes she's taking advantage of the offer, that maybe turning it down would have been better."

"You've always been more open to human thoughts," Slone conceded. *"I will get tomorrow cleared and ready the jet and the suite. It's been a long time since we went to Las Vegas."*

Ja'Rol sensed the playfully sensual grin and had to tuck his chin to hide his own. *"Now who's playing dirty?"*

"Love you."

He sighed in longing, shaking his head.

"Everything okay?" she asked, peeking at him from beneath her lashes. The ground was coming up at them in a hurry. At least there'd been no stops along the way. Perversely, Ja'Rol didn't want to share the space with anyone other than Brigit. He also didn't want to let her go. He wanted to learn more about her. Wanted to spend hours talking with her. And more. The male in him wanted to cage her against the wall of the elevator and devour her in slow, passionate sips. The gentleman in him kept his hands where they were to hide the affect she had on him.

"Just remembering. Your mother really was something special to us."

"I'm sure she'd love to hear that." She bit her bottom lip, then after a thoughtful hesitation, added, "Dad wasn't always the best, rather condescending and mocking toward her. A good provider, a horrible example of maleness."

"Is that why you're so happy she's marrying her Gene?"

"Her Gene." She giggled. "Love that. Actually, yes. He treats her the way every woman wants to be, respectfully, adored, loved. He doesn't change because I'm there or if his friends show up for poker night. He lets everyone know she's the light of his life. I'd hoped for this. But they're older and both cautiously set in their ways. It's not easy to make that much of an adjustment."

The car slowed and a moment later, the doors opened. Unable to resist, he settled a palm to her lower back and guided her to the floor desk. "Judy, could you call Carl, and have him bring the sedan? Miss Brigit needs a ride back to her hotel."

"Certainly." The woman hardly blinked, lifting the receiver to make the call.

"Then it will please her to have you there?"

"She'll be thrilled." Deep blue, like the Atlantic Ocean, her eyes regarded him.

"Then it will be our personal gift to see you make it there."

"Really, you don't—"

"And have her gift not make it? Travesty," he teased, grinning with a lightness that warmed him from his soul outward. He'd do anything for this blonde-haired lovely to see her smile like she had at his poking fun. "Tomorrow night, seven. We'll take off no later than eight-thirty."

Indecision warred on her features. Lifting a hand, he touched her cheek. "For your mother." His heart pounded at the simple contact. What would it feel like to kiss her? It had been decades since he'd kissed a woman. Not since he'd met Slone. Her softness would be unique, and addictive.

"He wants to kiss me."

Ja'Rol blinked, stunned that her thoughts were so clear, so quickly. If there had been any doubts, that destroyed it. Only souls who completed each other could hear or speak to another. After the shock of hearing her voice receded, he recognized what those words had been.

Not wanting to threaten her, he let his fingers slip away. God, yes, he did, but not yet. Not now.

"Sir?" A male voice interrupted them.

A drawn breath helped to center him. He stood straight. She only came to his shoulder, bringing up his protective nature once more. Carl was a trusted employee, though still a male. Ja'Rol dug deep to find his professional coolness, because the last thing he really wanted to do was let her leave with him.

"Carl, please take Miss Brigit to her hotel. In fact, if she has any needs for today or tomorrow, please take her. She will be traveling tomorrow and may need to make purchases."

"Oh! I couldn't."

"I insist. Cabs are unruly, and simply put, unclean. As an aside, Carl will assist you if you need him to."

"Assist?" she queried, her gaze flipping back and forth to land on Carl.

"He means protect you. It's part of my job," he informed her with ease.

She crossed her arms, a challenge in her stance. "For all his women?"

Carl and Ja’Rol shared a look, then both laughed quietly. Carl knew the truth about him and Slone, but he wouldn’t expose that either.

“Follow me, Miss Brigit. It’s a pleasure to be of any help to you.” Carl turned on a heel and paused, leaving her question unanswered.

“Goodbye, Brigit. It was a deep honor to meet you.”

She twitched her lips in debate, one side then the other. Eventually, need and opportunity won out over suspicion.

“Goodbye,” she replied, then relenting, offered her hand. “I accept your offer to see me to my mother’s wedding.” *But I’ll find a way to make up for it.*

Ja’Rol hid his frown at her determined thoughts. The last thing he wanted was for this woman to think she owed them for their generosity, considering how self-serving, in truth, it really was. Claspng her lightly, he said his goodbye and watched her leave with Carl down the lobby to the side service doors.

“*Amazing,*” he murmured to his lover floors over his head when she was out of sight. “*Do you think she’ll accept us, already together?*” With a faint smile to Judy, he headed for the elevator, punching the button for the top floors.

“*Do you think she’ll accept us being wyvern?*” was Slone’s returned question.

This time, Ja’Rol’s sigh was deeper. He understood Slone’s intent. *One thing at a time.* The doors opened and he entered automatically. On the ride, he had another thought. “*What about her age?*”

“*How do you mean? You’re only a century older,*” Slone pointed out with wry humor. Slone was considerably older than Ja’Rol.

“*Exactly. Will she age?*”

“*No, if she fully accepts us, draws our souls together, she will live as long as we do.*”

Ja’Rol folded his hands behind his back, pensive now that he was unsure about the coming days. He wanted her, loved Slone, and didn’t want to hurt either, or destroy what he already had. He knew Slone felt the same desire for the blonde livewire. The want to taste and touch had been a thriving echo in his lover’s thoughts

the entire time they'd talked in the office. He may be better at controlling it, but Ja'Rol knew where to find it.

"Come to me," Slone said, enticement in the three words.

* * * *

Slone stood from his desk when he sensed the elevator's arrival. Clicking the last button to set the reservations and ready the jet for duty the following day, he felt a bolt of anticipation seeing the flicker of the screen.

They'd finally met her. After months of hiding his hungers from his lover, squashing the guilt that he was lying and somehow shortchanging Ja'Rol, then discovering they both felt the emptiness, her appearance had stripped a weight from his shoulders. The two men had spent decades together. The oddity of this happening to them could only mean that they were destined to find her, or the deep emptiness, the desire would have never prepared them for their meeting.

Slone agreed wholly that she was perfect for them. Short, blonde hair, blue eyes that a man could fall into, and a body that was made for a man's touch and caress. Ja'Rol was only two inches shorter than himself, which meant standing, Brigit came to Slone's chest. He licked his lips, imagining her between them. He throbbed with the growing want.

She wasn't stick thin either, rather a woman with shape, with curves. He chuckled. Now Slone understood Ja'Rol's comment about staring at breasts. Thankfully, she'd never once suspected that was what he'd been doing—a lot. Her shirt hadn't been provocative, simple and evenly cut. It had been plain male appreciation to follow the shape of her breasts beneath the cream colored fabric, the V of the shirt teasing him with pale skin at the hollow of her throat. Shaking his head ruefully, he couldn't help picturing the firm, rounded shape of her ass in her jeans. The woman had a body that was divine.

"Shame on you," Ja'Rol teased him.

"Can I help that she is beautiful?" he asked as the office door swung inward. He turned off his monitor, smiling at the handsome visage of his friend. He never grew tired of staring into his sun-worshipped dark gold eyes, or running his fingers through the

thick swathe of hair that reached to his shirt color. Long but neat. Just the way Slone liked it.

Ja'Rol slipped a hand around Slone's neck, bringing their bodies together. Slone clasped him at his waist, feeling blood thicken his already aching cock. Sitting across from Brigit had left him heated and hungry. And Ja'Rol was the man to ease that ache, though now that they'd found her, the void of incompleteness was expanding.

"We need her," Ja'Rol murmured with understanding, brushing slow sipping kisses to Slone's chin. Pausing, he told him, "But we have to be careful. She already feels indebted to us for taking her."

Slone nodded, knowing what Ja'Rol had sensed from the blonde bombshell who'd just shaken up their lives forever. "Let's go upstairs. I need more than this." He needed Brigit as badly as Ja'Rol did, but together they would stem the flood of hunger she'd left in her unexpected wake.

Ja'Rol offered his lips and Slone swiped a lingering, promising kiss, then he stepped away.

"That is gorgeous," Slone said, taking in the tent of Ja'Rol's slacks.

"You love the anticipation," Ja'Rol stated, obviously refraining from readjusting to allow Slone the view, his hands stiff at his sides.

"I love that you give me that thrill," he stated, his lids lowering with erotic meaning. The heat between them sizzled in the air.

Striding out the door with mutual purpose, they aimed for the private elevator that would take them to the penthouse suites on the top floor.

The metallic doors had barely sealed shut before Slone had Ja'Rol pinned to the wall. They both unknotted ties to open shirts in a well-practiced dance. Ja'Rol hissed with pleasure when Slone won the race, tugging lightly on a gold nipple bar.

Their kiss was hot and full of passion, Slone hungrily taking what Ja'Rol offered. Tongues dueled as shirts ripped from shoulders, baring them both. Chest to chest, skin to skin, Slone pressed them together, rubbing to feel the slide of their bodies. Slone shuddered as Ja'Rol glided his hands over his shoulders and down his chest to dig his fingers around the leather of his dress belt.

“Take it off,” he gasped, dying to feel his cock in his lover’s hands.

The slide of leather preceded the loosening of his waist, as seconds later, warm fingers dove within his trousers.

He groaned gruffly at the contact. Heat sung through his veins as Ja’Rol slowly stroked his shaft, teasing him into the heights of need.

Ja’Rol released the zipper, grasping him with both fists and Slone’s body clenched. Fire snaked up his spine. Stealing stiff fingers into rich brown hair, he found Ja’Rol’s hungry mouth, plundering the heated essence, desire making him sweeter. Ja’Rol turned on Slone like no other in his lifetime. When you live for a few centuries, there was time to compare.

He was panting hard when he lifted from the succulent lips before him. The faint ding of the bell echoed. He hadn’t imagined it. The doors waited open patiently.

With careful steps, he walked Ja’Rol out the door into their living room, minding the step-down only feet from the elevator door. One of the benefits of living in the same office building as their corporation – no time or hassle to get home.

With Ja’Rol’s fingers creating waves of heat with every stroke over his heavy flesh, it took concentration to finish removing his own shirt and kick off his shoes. His trousers fell in a wrinkled heap so he could step out of his briefs.

It was glorious to be naked, with Ja’Rol’s hands all over him.

Without hesitation, he yanked Ja’Rol’s belt free and stripped him of his pants and underwear with focused attention. He licked his lips. “*I love your cock.*” It stood out, thick and proud, taut and pulsing with desire. Neither had to deal with body hair by choice, so his balls hung visible beneath that gorgeous rod. “*I want you.*”

Slone shouted with pleasure when Ja’Rol added pressure with his caring hands, tightening the cage around the shaft in his hands in answer to Slone’s arousing thoughts.

Before he could blink away the stars, Ja’Rol was before him on his knees. “*Me first.*” Then he swallowed the head of Slone’s dick. Slone shuddered, lost in the sheer rapture of feeling. The wet, tight suck of his hot mouth sliding up and down his penis made Slone waver on his feet. The heady stroke of his hand reached between

Slone's thighs, cupping his heavy sac, and he shuddered in answer. The laving heat of Ja'Rol's tongue danced along his length to flick at sensitive skin, then he gently suckled one hardened nut between bewitching lips. Slone gasped, oblivious to everything but the sensation of Ja'Rol's tongue slicking over his balls. After paying them a fair share of attention, he returned to his favorite playground – the length of Slone's cock.

"Feels so good," he moaned, sinking into the building tightness. The urge to shoot down Ja'Rol's throat pounded at him when he drew Slone's shaft deep, raking his teeth lightly over the skin. "No," he pleaded, gasping too hard to speak again. He was only holding himself up with the strength of his clawed fingers latched into Ja'Rol's mussed hair. "*In you. Now!*"

Ja'Rol broke away to sit, then shoved his clothes free. Staggering on his feet, Slone dug in a nearby table for one of their stashes, palming the tube to face Ja'Rol again. As wyvern, there was no need for condoms between them since neither could catch or transfer a disease, but making a mental note, he'd ensure every precaution and safety was available for when they picked up Brigit. The last thing he was positive either man wanted was for her to be nervous about taking things to the next level, because he had little doubt they'd have the chance. She'd wanted them as much as they wanted her. Shutting the drawer, he turned to find Ja'Rol stretched out, watching him with a wicked little grin on his lips.

"*Sorry, I can't make it to the bedroom,*" Slone apologized to his lover, his gaze locking on him where he lay on the entrance floor, waiting, like a hard packed sacrifice of desire meant just for him. Emotions and need filled him as he lowered himself to the floor next to that solid shape of delicious male.

"Just love me," Ja'Rol whispered, passion darkening his deep honey eyes. "I need you."

Slone bent at the waist and lovingly ran his tongue over Ja'Rol's engorged cockhead, licking the first pearls of cream away. He murmured in appreciation. He loved the taste. The heated, salty liquid rolled over his lips when he licked them. Ja'Rol hissed, lifting his hips in greedy need. Both men were on the brink, their bodies crying for each other, both desiring the woman they'd wanted for months and had finally discovered.

After slathering his fingers, he ran them tenderly over Ja'Rol's hole, the man's breath catching as the lube warmed on his skin. Earthen-brown lashes flickered over his eyes, hiding their beauty but not their reaction to his touch. Muscles jumped and flexed across his shoulders as sensation filled them both.

Sliding a finger then two into his passage, he felt the give as Ja'Rol relaxed, then whimpered for more.

Rubbing his cock with the lube, Slone didn't make him wait long. Fitting between his legs, he settled himself and gently broke the tension of the outer muscle. No matter how much he wanted to fuck Ja'Rol, he would never do it with harming him in mind. Passionate coupling was not new to either of them, but intentionally harming was repugnant to them both.

Stroking in and out, Ja'Rol shifted a leg, creating space for a deeper angle and Slone didn't ignore the silent plea. Breath hissed through his teeth as Ja'Rol tightened, his moans lengthening as Slone twisted on a knee to find his gland.

Ja'Rol shouted, his fingers clenching and unclenching, grasping for Slone again and again. Semen seeped from Ja'Rol's penis in fluid drops. Slone slowed down, letting Ja'Rol catch his breath. He wanted to come, but not before they'd both been pleased. They could reach the edge over and over before finally succumbing.

Touching his lover's mind, he was shocked to find his thoughts on Brigit.

The gut-punch reaction was a stab of jealousy, until he got to see the whole picture. And loved it.

"Show me more," he ordered Ja'Rol.

His lover's eyelids snapped open, guilty at being caught red-handed in his lust.

Leaning forward, Slone kissed his chest, running his tongue over the single piercing, then rising to Ja'Rol's hungry lips. "I'm not jealous. She will fit with us perfectly. You'll see."

"You're not mad?" he asked Slone.

"I was, for a second. Do I not please you anymore?" He withdrew until he hung on the cusp, then holding Ja'Rol in a firm grip, rammed in as deep as either could take, Slone's balls slapping soundly against Ja'Rol's ass.

Ja'Rol's head snapped on his neck, a grunt of pleasure vibrating his chest.

"Like no one else." He licked his lips, his pulse beating wildly in his neck. Rough pants rocked his entire body.

Slone growled his demand. "Then show me more." Thrusting, he realized what he'd seen had actually turned him on, created more of a hunger for the lush blonde, for her body, for her taste, to watch her and Ja'Rol writhing together. Starting tomorrow, they were making it a mission to woo her into joining with them, to completing them. And Ja'Rol's desires were utterly decadent in their graphicness, mirroring his own in more ways than he'd realized.

His lover was not shy in naming his desires, craving to fill her body with the thick, veined cock slapping at skin with each powerful thrust between the two men. To feel her sliding against him, over him, to lick her sweet skin and relish her taste. Ja'Rol was making Slone insane with wanting for the woman, and she wasn't even there!

Grasping hard flesh in his hand, he told him, "Imagine her. Imagine her tight cunt wrapped around you as I fill you." Ja'Rol's moans were deepening to animalistic rolls of sound. "Both of us riding you."

"Shit, Slone," Ja'Rol whimpered. Dark brown hair bounced as he threw his head side to side in wild abandon, lost in the pleasure his own imagination was creating for them both. Pounding into his lover's ass, Slone stroked the cock in his hand, doubling the heat, creating wave after wave of blistering ecstasy to drown in until Ja'Rol lost the last thread of his physical control. Knowing what Ja'Rol wanted, he gave him the image of her pussy dripping over his cock as she pumped up and down. Full breasts would beg for his mouth.

Slone's jaw clenched when Ja'Rol's orgasm exploded from the cock in his hand, splattering his chest with his shouted release. Tightness hit his spine and balls like a vice. Ja'Rol's orgasm clenched his passage around Slone's dick, sending shards of pleasure whipping through him. The image of her pinned between them, each with a cock filling her body as full as they could to bring

her pleasure, slammed into Slone and he roared, jerking as his own orgasm erupted.

Stiffening, he spilled his release in spurts, Ja'Rol capturing him, milking him until both were spent. Catching himself before he collapsed forward, Slone threaded his fingers through Ja'Rol's hand, neither moving quickly, uncaring of their mess.

"Love you," Slone gasped, seeking air. Adrenaline sent residual shocks down his torso. A few landed right on his balls and each one made him grunt as memory of their shared pleasure replayed.

Reaching for him, Ja'Rol swept a loving kiss to his lips. "Love you back," he said with a satisfied sigh.

Chapter Four

Brigit drew a breath as Carl brought the sedan to a slow crawl. They'd entered the airport through a back gate, which she hadn't been expecting. At this point, when the front terminal never even came into view, she'd finally allowed they weren't flying commercial.

"I'll never be able to pay this back," she muttered. Several airplanes stood out on the asphalt, silent metal birds worth a fortune. Bright lights made them all gleam like ice.

"Miss?"

Brigit looked forward, finding a questioning robin egg blue stare in the mirror.

"Nothing Carl. Thank you again for bringing me." She tried to smile, but doubted it came close to looking real. It wasn't like it had been a chore to wait for him in the hotel lobby. This however, yeah, she hadn't been expecting this.

"My pleasure."

Then the car stopped and she straightened. Exiting the car, he came to her door and helped her unfold from the vehicle. The closest plane had the hatch open, a huge white private jet with black and green decal striping, like the colors of the office. The muted slam of the trunk told her Carl had grabbed her things.

Turning to him, she was ready to tell him to take her to the main gates when a familiar face appeared in the doorway. Oh man. Did he have to look *that* good in jeans? His brown hair was barely out of place, running along his temple, giving him a dangerous appeal. *Like he needed more?* The business suit and tie were gone. Instead he wore some of the sexiest denim and cotton a man could legally wear. Unable to not do it, her gaze fell south and her heart thudded. *Shouldn't have done that*, she berated herself, whipping up to focus on his clean shaven face. She fought the urge to shift from foot to foot as he neared.

"Thank you, Carl. We'll take over for our lovely guest from here," Ja'Rol said, clearing the distance to join them. Carl handed over her small bag and one suitcase when he reached for them. "Is this all you have?"

Brigit listened but only heard curiosity, not condescending dubiousness in the question.

"I travel light. A habit picked up from parent hopping."

Slone popped his head out the door. "Come on, you two. The tower is moving our take off up. Rain is coming and they want the skies cleared for the larger planes."

Her last chance to change her mind vanished. With the weight of his palm warming her spine, he guided her to the doorway.

"Nice to see you again, Brigit." Slone greeted her with a smile.

She halted on the threshold. "Look, I really appreciate this, but I can't let you do this. It was bad enough when I thought you two were paying for my flight. This—" She swept an arm to encompass the plane. "This is beyond anything I can repay."

"Repay?" Ja'Rol asked, squeezing in then moving to the side to give her space. Both men were broad next to her, but neither seemed intent to crowd her. "We're all going to the same wedding, are we not?"

"Well, yeah, but—"

"Then join us."

She glanced from one to the other. Patient expressions on both. Would it be so bad to spend a few hours in luxury with two of the sexiest men she'd ever had the luck to know? Nothing said she had to stay with them. They'd offered her a way to *get* to Las Vegas, that was all. She could figure out the rest there, talk to her mom. Brigit relented, though it pained her to do it.

"Okay."

"Mr. Wilkes, the tower is hailing us." A man dressed in a pressed and creased uniform stood at the cockpit door.

"We're settling. Give us five minutes," he informed the captain.

Ja'Rol slid her bags into a compartment and asked for her hand. "Let me show you the plane before we take off."

Slipping her hand into his larger one, a curl of warmth twined up her arm instantly. A physical reaction like nothing she'd ever known. She barely registered Slone reaching for the hatch lock to draw the door in to secure it, all her attention sucked into the wave of need that crashed over her.

Brigit followed Ja'Rol's gentle lead as he showed her the length of the cabin, though little stuck. She couldn't get past the building

heat in her palm. Almost her entire hand was lost in his. She wasn't a petite kind of woman, but next to these two, she felt utterly frail.

"And that's the lavatory."

"I'm sorry," she said, clawing through the fog of lust. *Breathe*, she commanded herself. It almost helped.

"The restroom," Ja'Rol clarified.

"Oh. Right, right." Brigit felt it more than anything when he settled her into a plush leather seat, looping the belt over her lap.

"We all have to wear them, but once we're at altitude, you can move around." The clasp and hook clicked into place under his hands. He wasn't trying to do more than fasten her belt, but every touch of his hands or fingers sent a new screaming wave of need through her bloodstream. She wanted to be touched so much, her skin burned.

The thrum of the engines began to hum louder, their torque building as the plane prepared for takeoff.

Ja'Rol took a seat ahead of her, and Slone sat at his side. Then together, they swiveled their chairs. Brigit stared.

"Relax," Slone said soothingly. "Our pilots are among the best. The weather will make it a bit bumpy, but it'll clear soon enough."

Then they were moving.

Was it so wrong that the vibrations of the plane speeding down the runway were traveling through her system, making her thighs clench as her body ached with need? Her fingers flexed into the wood accented armrests. She purposely unclenched them twice, then gave up trying to relax. The pavement hummed and skipped beneath the jet, then there was a feeling of weightlessness— for about two seconds, right before her stomach tried to fill her shoes.

She moaned. Bending at the waist, she clutched her stomach. Her vision blurred, watery as pain sliced through her middle. She lost track of which way was up.

"Brigit?" Hands caressed her shoulders and another swept her hair out of her eyes. "Breathe."

She sucked in air, hit with the worst case of nausea she could ever remember. Closing her eyes, she waited for it pass, diving into the black calm that rushed toward her.

* * * *

"She's suffering," Ja'Rol told Slone. Anxiety was woven through the thought.

Slone lightly shaped his palm over Brigit's forehead and closed his eyes, seeking into her physical being.

"She's starving." Worry for her health, and anger that she wasn't taking care of herself, made his tone brisk.

"What?" Ja'Rol continued to massage her back, rubbing her unconscious form as Slone supported her in his strong arms. Neither felt the tilted rise of the plane.

Slone frowned. *"Carl did take her to a hotel yesterday, right?"*

"I didn't ask, but she gave us those phone numbers, and a room number."

Slone shook her head. *"She stayed at a shelter. She hasn't eaten in days, at least two."*

"Why?"

Disregarding her privacy, knowing he'd likely pay for the indiscretion, he sought her memories.

The deeper Slone dug, the harder his expression became, images of her father in the forefront, the cause of her misery. Verbal abuse, malicious control, a man who thrived on cruelty. The most recent fight had been emotionally horrific and brutal. Both doubted Traci had any hint of a clue of the man's behavior toward his daughter. Brigit had told the truth. She'd just returned stateside from a trip to Paris, as in right before she'd shown up on their doorstep, seeking Traci from the plane. She'd come home early to escape her father, leaving him and her stepmother behind in France. Her hope to find her mother to recover and lick her wounds had put her instead, in their care.

"Never again." Ja'Rol's statement was steel.

Slone agreed with Ja'Rol. She would never be left with that man again.

"We've overwhelmed her, but she's more like her mother than her father," Slone pointed out. Releasing her belt, he scooped her easily upward to take her seat, settling her on his lap to cradle her in his arms. She folded into his chest like a kitten.

Ja'Rol opened a compartment and grabbed a blanket, covering both Brigit and Slone. *"I'll warm up something light for her to eat."*

Turning for the kitchen, Ja’Rol found cups and filled two with water, and another with ginger ale, giving all three to Slone.

Subdued over their woman’s health, neither said much for the next thirty minutes, until she began to stir.

“Easy, pet.” Slone stroked her back, soothing her when she stiffened on his lap. “You’re safe.”

“How?” Blue eyes widened as color flooded her cheeks, discomfited at finding herself on his lap, and searching for a way to put space between them evident in her tension.

“You fainted.” He narrowed his eyes at her, sensing her need to flee. Ja’Rol may know her thoughts easier already, but Slone did recognize her reactions to her situation. He wasn’t about to let her move an inch. “Don’t even think it. Not until you eat and drink something.”

She looked away, her blush spreading.

Ja’Rol crouched next to them, directly in front of her. “Why didn’t you tell us? We would have taken care of you.”

“Because I don’t know you,” she whispered, her voice dry.

Slone picked up the ginger ale, holding it for her. “Drink, then we’ll figure this out.”

“Her father has used food to manipulate her most of her life. She’s used to going without.”

Ja’Rol’s growl was silent but clear to Slone. “No more.” Then he gave Slone a broad, toothy grin. “If we meet, can I breathe on him?”

Slone chuckled, hiding it in Brigit’s hair. “Bad boy.” Ja’Rol only shrugged.

Inhaling by her ear, her scent filled his lungs. “She is sweetness and caring. I am already discovering feelings for her.” He couldn’t restrain the awe in his heart, and he didn’t try to hide it.

“She will need lots of love,” Ja’Rol said, his warming gaze drifting over the blonde in Slone’s arms. “Brigit has not had many male role models. I think that is why she is so happy for her mother finding Gene. She sees him as the exception to the rule, someone her mother deserves after being with Brigit’s father.”

Slone caught the other man’s honeyed gaze. “She doesn’t believe she deserves the same?” It had been a different era the last time Slone had a female mate. How could she not know she deserved every courtesy?

Ja'Rol sadly shook his head. *"One of the female mental beliefs I've seen over the years. They become conditioned into believing they are unworthy, for any number of reasons. She will be resistant, because her father has taught her she is unworthy."*

Slone sat in silence for several minutes, letting her sip at the ginger ale at her own pace, his mind a whirlwind.

Glancing over her head, he told Ja'Rol, *"I will let you breathe on him, but only after I do."*

Ja'Rol spun to hide his laughter, his broad shoulders shaking with his mirth.

Slone noticed she'd almost finished the ginger ale, and handed her the water, taking the one she'd drained. *"Drink."*

"I don't want anymore." She refused to grasp the cup.

"You're dehydrated and weak. You fainted because the take-off made you dizzy and nauseous." He brought the cup to her lips. *"Drink,"* he told her tenderly. *"Please."*

Her lips molded to the cup rim and his gaze locked on her soft mouth. He grasped with a fleeting will to restrain the heat stiffening his cock. She was beautiful, a waif in comparison to them, but lush of body.

"Slone," Ja'Rol warned. *"Control."*

Slone drew a long breath and closed his eyes and mind to the bewitching creature on his lap.

"Easier said than done, my friend."

A mental touch of commiseration and understanding helped to ground him more. *"I know, lover. She is something unique, is she not?"*

"Unique and fragile, and wonderful."

When that cup was drained, he wrapped his arms around her and rested her head on his shoulder. Moments later, the tantalizing scents of chicken soup filled the kitchen and the rear of the plane.

Ja'Rol walked over with a tall, steaming mug and spoon. *"Take this, Brigit. It will help calm your stomach."*

She eyed him warily. *"Why are you being so nice?"*

He smiled indulgently, his gaze locking with Slone's. *"I believe that is what they call a loaded question."* With his attention on her, he replied, *"Because you are the daughter of a close friend, a woman who worked with us for more than a decade. Because it is the way*

we are, and because at the moment, you need someone to look after you.”

“I’m almost thirty,” she retorted, implying that she was fine by herself. Then she tipped her chin away with a firmness to her jaw.

Slone’s laughter was deeply hidden. *“Independent streak? I think your assessment of her being a livewire is all too close to the truth.”*

Ja’Rol’s lips twitched in response to Slone’s statement, though he remained focused on Brigit. “Yes, you are, and no matter the age, we all need a little tender care in our lives,” he said. Offering the mug again, he waited for her to accept it. It looked like it was going to be a battle of wills to Slone. “I have more patience than you have resistance.”

Muttering incoherently, she palmed the mug, shifting marginally on Slone’s lap to drink the hot liquid. He had to swallow the gasp as she rubbed her derriere over his cock.

Ja’Rol stood and took over the closest chair. Both watched in silence, letting her eat the soup in peace.

“Does your mother know how your father treats you?” Slone asked quietly when she’d drained the mug and devoured the last noodle.

Ja’Rol took the mug and set it in the kitchen, returning to listen.

When Brigit tried to extricate herself, Slone held her fast.

“I’m too heavy for a lap,” she scolded him.

“I’ll judge that, and no you’re not.” Slone tucked the blanket around her tighter, her ploy to avoid answering not working in the least.

She stared at the plane wall for several minutes. Finally, curling a little closer, maybe even only subconsciously to the warmth and protection of the man beneath her, she told them, “No. He’s gotten worse since Mom left him. I did the back and forth routine for years, staying mostly with Mom. Then when Dad got remarried, he offered to let me come and stay with him and Bianca in California. She was okay, but she’s a floor mat for my Dad. He could wipe his shoes on her favorite dress and she wouldn’t say a word. I think that went to his head and he transferred it to me.” She popped up, staring at Slone. “Wait. How did you figure it out? I just met you.”

"I don't want to lie to her," he quickly pleaded with Ja'Rol, seeking over the woman in his arms to his best friend. *"But we can't tell her yet. This must be dealt with first."*

Ja'Rol leaned forward, his elbows on his knees. He clasped his hands together, his expression solemn. "Brigit, Slone and I have talents. Some call them supernatural, or gifts. One of them is being able to see into a person. When you fainted, we had to know how serious it was, if you needed to be taken immediately to the hospital. Forgive us for trespassing, but it was necessary."

"Well, that's definitely not telling her." Slone mentally smacked Ja'Rol.

Ja'Rol's golden gaze darkened at the reprimand. *"Hiding anything from her at all will only create more doubts. Deeper explanations can come later."*

"Fine."

Silently, Slone waited for her reaction, but he wasn't happy with Ja'Rol's judgment.

"Seriously?" Disbelief and doubt were prominent in her tone. "What can you do?"

"What we did do was see your memories to what caused your spell, and your father's actions toward you," Ja'Rol stated.

She slumped. "Oh."

"We know you didn't go to a hotel, and that you've had problems with your father." Slone waited, not sure how she would react, or how to continue. "Have you ever told your mother?"

Brigit shook her head. "No." She played with the blanket, her fingers nudging it from underneath. "I haven't lived with him for some time, but I needed a place to stay when I lost my job. To help me forget my situation," sarcasm had crept into her voice, "he offered to include me on his vacation to Paris. I had no other plans. Unfortunately, being that much farther from home made his behavior intolerable. So I came home." Brigit smirked. "And I found you two instead of Mother."

"What do you do?" Slone discovered once he began, he wanted to know more.

"Office work, mostly. Not high paying, but it kept a roof over me."

Slone quieted the internal cheer. If they should be so lucky... No matter their needs, Brigit came first.

Setting her up on his lap, knowing she was becoming more self-conscious of their position, he allowed her to glide to her feet, but he promptly sat her back down and tucked the blanket around her, giving her no chance to argue.

"Well, you found us, which we're glad of," Slone told her. He sensed the frown before it became real on Ja'Rol.

"And before you believe it, you're not a charity case." Ja'Rol crossed his arms and arched an eyebrow. "I can also hear your thoughts."

Brigit gasped. "Well, stop it!"

"It's not intentional. Right now, you're emotional."

"I am not!" Brigit glared at them both.

Ja'Rol chuckled and glanced at Slone with a smirking grin. "She's not? Could have fooled me."

"Rest, and finish that other water." Slone lifted a hand to halt her protests. "Anything and everything."

Her mouth popped open, her fingers clutching the blanket as she gasped for words. "But I wasn't thinking!"

"Pet, you didn't have to," he replied, chuckling warmly, wanting to do nothing more than feel her in his arms again. "It was in your eyes. Your every wish, from here on out." Leaning forward, he pressed a gentle kiss to her forehead. "Because you are worth it to us."

Ja'Rol also gave her a kiss, then both men sauntered to the front of the cabin to give her space.

Chapter Five

Brigit unobtrusively stared at the two wills of iron sitting not fifteen feet away. They were talking quietly, a few spreadsheets and a laptop on the bleached maple table between them. The cabin was redolent in rich green and ebony accents with white carpeting that softened the interior, as well as maple wood on the sidewalls and insets. The luxury was just like their offices, crisp, but not ostentatious. It would seem if they did the designing, they had an idea of what they wanted to convey. Studying the inside of the cabin gave her a chance to catch her breath. It was taking time, but her world was slowly righting itself again. The last thing she'd expected was to come to cradled in strong arms. She didn't even realize she'd blacked out.

Swiveling her plush leather seat to stare out the window, she mocked herself. *Yeah, because I pass out cold all the time.* Of course she wouldn't remember doing it.

She had a little money, but she'd expected to need it to get the cab to her mother's, but when that backfired and Carl had driven her to the hotel she'd told them she was staying at, she only had to walk a few blocks to the women's shelter. Very self-conscious about her weight, she never once thought about food yesterday. She'd paid for it today with an onslaught of nerves and vertigo.

She'd been nothing but a wreck of nerves since she'd awakened that morning to begin with. During the call the night before, she'd confirmed with her mother that the two men who had come to her rescue were more than chivalrous. Grudgingly, also because she wanted to be there for her mother, she was going to let them treat her to an airfare ticket.

Not the whole bloody jet!

A cough, and a mumbled apology were muted by the low whirring hum of the engines. Then she remembered what Ja'Rol had told her about being able to hear her. Peeking toward them, both had their attention on something on the laptop, their discussion intense over something she couldn't discern. Neither were paying her a bit of attention.

Maybe he had to be closer. She prayed that were true. It was unnerving to know someone could hear her private thoughts. Spying the last glass of water, she did as told and drank it down in a few swallows. She hadn't realized how weak she'd felt until she'd woken up on Slone's lap barely able to move a single limb.

"Here, let me." Slone stood at her shoulder, waiting patiently for the empty cup. She handed it over, and without asking he returned with it and a spare. "Let us know if you want more soup. There's plenty. Or if you want something more. We have a few hours before we get to Las Vegas."

Brigit took the cups and set them to her side. "Thank you. Slone?" Saying his name stopped his retreat. He looked over his shoulder. "Thank you for what you said earlier. You're both making me feel very special."

A smile she couldn't have imagined lightened his naturally brooding features. "We're glad. We want you to be comfortable."

"And happy."

Brigit blinked. "I am," she replied, shaking on the inside. Did she imagine that? It was his voice, she knew it was. But how?

"*You can hear me?*" He was studying her avidly now, his head slightly cocked at an angle, as though he were examining something with great interest. That something was her.

She covered her mouth to not scream, nodding.

Slone ran a hand down his face. "This is happening a lot quicker than I thought it would."

"What?" The shadows had deepened outside the plane, night sky in their wake. The interior lights were just starting to warm to life. And she had nowhere to run. She was trapped on the plane with two men she didn't know. Even if her mother had said they were this side of perfect, she didn't know them.

"Nothing you need to be frightened of, pet. I didn't realize you would be so open to either of us. It's a blessing. We'll both learn where your mental wall is so we don't cross over unintentionally, until you're better able to control the pathway. Training is all you need. It's remarkable that you're already showing signs." Awe filled his voice, his gaze full of adoration.

"Showing signs?" she squeaked.

"That's it, slick, give her more things to worry about."

She shoved herself deeper into the buttery leather of her chair with clawed hands, whipping between the two men. Two men she really knew nothing about. "What are you? Why can I hear you both?"

Ja'Rol stood with a controlled motion. "Slone doesn't think you're up to the shock, not as weak as you are today." With a shrug of acceptance, he continued. "I think he's right. We don't want to frighten you, but not telling you is killing us both." He sank down into a nearby chair and Slone did the same. "You're emotionally stretched, and physically weak." Leaning on his elbows again, he met her wide-eyed searching. "All you really need to know is that you *are* safe, from us and with us. We couldn't hurt you if our lives depended on it. Yes, we can hear you now, and as you've just discovered, you can hear us. It's natural to us, it's acquired for you." Ja'Rol lifted a hand to keep her questions from tumbling out. "In time. We mean that. This will take some adjusting, and you deserve the right to get to know us, to come to trust us. For now, we're three new friends going to attend a wedding."

"Maybe have a little fun seeing if we can break the bank at a casino or two," Slone added with a playful nudge, wanting to ease the tension she was sure they all felt.

Ja'Rol smiled. "Yeah, that too. Couldn't hit Vegas and not find a way to lose at least a little money." Facing her again, his expression was earnest. "In a way, you found us when we knew we needed something, and we found you when you needed something. Let's see if we can make those two needs work, okay?"

"He's insane. Even if you can hear me, you're freaking insane!"

Neither man showed a trickle of reaction to her internal screams as she wildly flicked her gaze back and forth between them. Were they telling the truth and not listening on purpose? Could they do that? And what were they talking about, needs and finding? When both of them continued to wait expectantly for some answer, she forced herself to nod.

The first thing she was going to do when they landed that plane was get the hell away from these two. Just what had she gotten herself into?

"Believe it or not," Slone said quietly, "we want nothing more than to see you cared for. Even if you had been in perfect health,

we would have done no less for you." He paused, and Ja'Rol reached for his forearm and squeezed. Brigit swore she actually saw the wealth of support and strength flow between them on the tide of affection visible in both of them. "We're very close, Ja'Rol and myself. What he wants, I want, and vice versa, and when it comes to you, we both agree."

"What about me?" she asked, wishing she sounded even a little stronger. Unfortunately, the mouse facing the lion likely sounded stronger than she did facing these two men.

"Would it be too much to ask you to just be our friend? To start to trust us for that? Have either of us done anything to make you doubt for your safety? To doubt our intentions?"

Brigit considered them both, studying their calm features, expectant, but nothing more.

"Other than the mind thinky thing?"

Ja'Rol smiled and Slone blinked. "Mind thinky thing?"

"Yeah, this."

Slone chuckled, his shoulders rolling with his laughter. "Uh, yeah. That was unexpected, though for reasons that will soon make more sense to you, a wonderful surprise."

Brigit wasn't so sure of that. "What are you going to do when we land?"

"Going to sleep," Ja'Rol immediately stated. "I don't know about him, but I'm exhausted."

"Where am I staying?"

"In the suite next to ours."

"Not *with* you?" Brigit tugged on the edge of the blanket, glad she had it, a small barrier of protection, however fragile it may have been.

"No. It was simpler to put both suites under the company reservation," Slone explained. "We don't do this often, so the occasional write-off is a splurge." He tipped, regarding her. "Does that help ease your concerns?" He gave Ja'Rol a meaningful grin. "Besides, we're on our way to see Traci, your *mother*. Pissing off anyone's mom is last on the list."

She giggled, then swallowed it before it completely escaped. "Yeah, moms don't care for being ticked off, especially at their weddings."

Brigit noted they were watching her, but there was no threat, no pressure.

"I know it's unexpected, Brigit," Slone said in a soothing tone. "Get to know us. Give us a chance."

She blinked. Did he mean...? She was in the suite next to *theirs*. "Wait, both of you?" She pulled a leg underneath herself to sit on a hip.

Ja'Rol unclasped his hands and curled over one of Slone's. "We've been together for some time." He drew a breath. "Does that bother you?"

Fear of rejection clouded Ja'Rol's expression. She realized they were taking a large step to admit their intentions and not scare her to tell her so much so soon.

"You're...gay?" Great friends, long time colleagues, yes. Gay, no. Never saw that coming.

"For the easiest of explanations, that's what we allow people to think, or guess," Slone told her. "It goes deeper than a sexual involvement." Tension knotted his shoulders. "It's not that we don't want you to know the truth, but we don't want to overwhelm you more."

"So you're not gay? Bi?" she asked them hesitantly.

"It's more a mutual attraction factor," Ja'Rol said, stumbling over the explanation. He cleared his throat. "We're both committed to each other and have been for years, but meeting you..." He struggled, his voice wavering. Slone threaded their fingers together completely, offering his support now. "Well, you've probably figured out how you affect us."

Brigit was shocked to see a red flare rise on Ja'Rol's throat, his intense gaze avoiding hers.

"All we want is a chance, Brigit," Slone told her soberly. "Give us time, and everything will be explained, and it will all make sense."

"And if I decide I want nothing to do with either of you? That I can't do...whatever this is?"

Both men's expressions grew pained, their shoulders drooping in millimeters. "Then we will respect your wishes and leave you alone," Slone answered.

Brigit nibbled on the inside of her cheek. She knew there was a lot, likely a canyon's worth, that they weren't telling her, whether out of consideration or some other reasoning, she couldn't guess. But Slone was right. They'd done nothing to cause her to panic, or to make her believe they didn't mean what they said. With one exception.

"And all this craziness, like the mind projection will be explained?"

"Completely," the two said as one.

"What do I have to do?" she asked, maybe not entirely suspicious, but it was there.

Like two boys entering a candy shop, their expressions lightened, the heaviness of their doubts and fears fading away.

"Give us time. Let us care for you. You won't be returning to your father's to stay," Slone stated firmly. "Whether you stay with us or not, you will never again find yourself in need."

"This weekend is a perfect way to start. No stress from jobs, the joy of your mother's wedding. And if I do say so myself," Ja'Rol exclaimed with a devilish twinkle to his gaze, "two handsome men for your every wish and desire."

"One question." They both nodded. "Why me?"

"Why not you?" Ja'Rol looked absolutely perplexed by her question.

She sighed in disgust, wishing she could sink into the chair—well, more than she already did. "Because I'm fat."

"Really?" Slone stood, and reaching, urged her to her feet. Stripping the protection of the blanket away, he flipped it to drape over her chair. He rested his chin in his palm as he walked first one way, then the other, circling her. "Ja'Rol? Do you see this 'fat' she claims to be?"

Ja'Rol stood on her other side, gazing down at her. That heady scent, whatever it was that she'd discovered the day before, enveloped her from both men. Breathing deeply almost had her wavering as a fresh wave of awareness coursed through her. It sent her body into a thrumming overdrive.

"You're being silly," she snapped. Crossing her arms, she was determined to hide the almost instant reaction she had to their nearness. She scowled at them in turns. She'd chosen a basic pale

yellow blouse, nothing frilly – ruffles added dimension in a bad way – her standard jeans in stonewash blue and sneakers. Comfort clothes. Though watching both men regard her, she wondered if they even noticed the clothes.

“No, pet,” Slone denied. Tugging her arms free, he held her to his view. “I see a woman with a lovely shape, a beautiful face with dazzling eyes and underneath it all, a sense of humor and honor that humbles me.”

She shook her head. The insanity refrain was beginning to gain in momentum. She knew what she looked like. Her father never spared a moment to tell her how fat she was, or how often she needed to guard against ‘letting herself go’. In her mind, she knew her father was a bully, but it was hard to defy something she’d heard from him at every turn. She wasn’t obese, but she couldn’t wear a bikini, and that seemed to be the drawn line for men who saw a woman as fat. How much flesh they could get away with in public.

“Maybe we should be more specific?” Ja’Rol purred at her ear.

Brigit’s heart leaped for her throat, thudding as unexpected desire was breathed to life once more.

Chapter Six

Ja’Rol stood at her shoulder, not touching her, but an inch from either and they would meet. Her flaxen hair swayed over her shoulders in a windswept curtain as her agitation made her twitch, her gaze bouncing from him to Slone. She wasn’t nervous, or even scared.

“She’s annoyed.”

Ja’Rol’s confusion deepened. *“Because we think she’s beautiful?”*

“Because she thinks we want something, and are lying.”

Ja’Rol sighed. *“We do want something. Her.”* Placing his hands on her hips, he turned her with care. *“Brigit. You may never believe in what we tell you, but understand this. We believe it. We can see it with our own eyes.”*

Her soft lips parted in surprise. Bottomless blue, her eyes glistened in the subdued light of the cabin. Full evening filled the airplane windows, the glitter of stars a panoramic backdrop. None of it compared to the glistening sparkles in her eyes.

Lowering, he didn’t break away from those watchful orbs. When he stopped, he rested above her lips, anticipating the next moment. To feel her. Shallow pants brushed over his mouth, the ragged rise and fall of her breasts proving she wasn’t unaffected.

“Her scent is addictive,” Slone’s voice murmured as he closed the gap to cage her between their bodies.

Ja’Rol barely acknowledged him, intent on every nuance to stop or pull away before he claimed the treat waiting for him. Golden lashes were drifting while her lips lifted for his. As tenderly as a wish, he erased the mere breath between them and felt her lips for the first time.

Sweet, delicate and tempting, she fit to him. She trembled beneath his hands but didn’t pull away. Then, he felt the tentative stroke of her palms rising on his arms, curling around him to find his shoulders, and he shuddered in answer.

Softer than Slone, her mouth tipped when he touched her, tasting her. Sweeping her lip with his tongue sent a shot of hunger through him.

Slone blanketed her now, her body heaven between them. She didn't resist or freeze when Slone's hands reached upward and caressed her from her wrists at Ja'Rol's shoulders to her spine. The action pressed her plainly into Ja'Rol's length, leaving no chance to hide the aching edge of his erection in his jeans.

"Stunning." Slone's voice had grown deeper, his lust on the surface. Bending, he buried himself against her neck, sweeping her hair to the side to find the column of her throat. The low suckled sounds of his kisses reached Ja'Rol, enflaming him more. Her kisses grew passionate, driving in answer against Ja'Rol's mouth to the dual ministrations. The teasing brush of Slone's fingers over his at her waist was electric, then it was gone as Slone cupped her ass through her jeans. The light squeeze he gave her made her shiver and moan beneath Ja'Rol's lips.

"Just a taste for now, love," Slone warned him privately. *"She needs rest even if she doesn't think so. We must take this slow with her."*

Ja'Rol hated to agree, but Slone was right. Brigit needed someone who had her best interests at heart, and they were the two who would volunteer. Neither wanted to risk the chance that she wouldn't stay. Thrusting between her delicious lips, he met her and played with her tongue, enticing her to reach further, to want more, to want them. He wanted her, wanted her like he couldn't remember wanting another woman. The longer he lost himself in her kiss, the less he wanted to stop, Slone's cautions quickly fading beneath the sheer enjoyment of her touch and kiss. He wanted to feast on her, to taste her everywhere, and to feel her wrapped around his cock with her hot body. Slow rolling shivers struck his spine as the memory of the fantasy returned, so close to being a reality.

* * * *

Slone was enthralled. Watching his lover kiss Brigit was intoxicating. Even he hated to be the voice of reason, but a day of rest and proper eating would go a long way with the woman between them, especially when they did take her to their bed. Short trysts during the workday were one thing, but leisurely exploration and soaring pleasure were what both preferred. Intimacy was a gift, not a release to take for granted.

Slipping his hands beneath the hem of her shirt between their snug bodies, Slone found her breasts and groaned. Their full weight filled his palms. Her nipples were taut and extended, begging for touch, lips, caresses. Dropping kisses to her shoulders, he slid his fingers beneath the band of her bra and began to play with those pert nubs. Shivered moans and gasps filled the cabin. They were the sexiest sounds he could remember ever hearing. Slone scooped her bra upward, exposing her to the air of the cabin and the arousing rub of Ja'Rol's shirt.

Her head fell back to his chest, her face a mirror of her bliss when Ja'Rol released her lips. Lowering his head, he latched onto one of her nipples, sucking it and Slone's finger into his mouth at the same time.

"Shit," Slone growled. The building pain in his cock was becoming intolerable. Ja'Rol's tongue rolled over them both, pulling at the digit and her flesh with short, sharp sucks or slow, languid swipes of his tongue. Slone pressed his cock into her ass in reaction, craving the curve of her softness against him. Quiet whimpers flowed from her. She clung to Ja'Rol with digging fingers, and leaned into Slone.

"Delicious," Ja'Rol breathed when he finally lifted. Meeting her mouth, he immediately thrust his tongue into her. Slone watched the dance with hungry eyes. Then he noticed Ja'Rol's kisses were shortening, growing less passionate, becoming more intimate, and for a split second he couldn't understand why he would want to stop loving the divine creature they held.

He'd been so caught up in the moment, he'd almost thrown away his own rule for the rush of pleasure, for the feeling of her body so sweet between their hard shapes. When Ja'Rol released her this time, Slone drew her chin toward him, to finally have a taste. Damp and heated, her lips were decadent. The throb of his groin pounded, demanding release. Her tongue was wicked, plying against his. The fear that she would reject the idea of having them both quickly melted away under the heat of her kiss. The power of her lips, the enticing suckle of his tongue between her lips, proved she was willing to see where the two would lead her. Slone prayed it wasn't just for the thrill of the moment, but that she would want to stay.

Then she curled an arm over his head, tugging him tight and he groaned, a deep hungry sound that vibrated them all. Her nipples seemed to harden further beneath his fingertips. She was so aroused, so ready. A drawn breath drove the scent of her cream into his head. Slone vacillated hard on whether to continue or not. She needed rest. Needed care, not to be attacked. She must have sensed his intent to pull away. Her voice was as breathtaking as the first rays of dawn.

"Don't stop," Brigit's voice pleaded. "Please."

He growled, knowing he shouldn't listen.

"Please, Slone. Oh God!" she cried out into his mind, her mouth still his prisoner, her tongue whipping along his, teasing and thrusting, and he shuddered all the way to his knees. Seeking through their energies, he realized Ja'Rol had slid a hand into the front of her jeans and had found her soaked core, stroking and teasing over her clit until she trembled.

"You need rest."

"I need you," she replied, either too entrenched in the moment to be frightened by the intimacy of the telepathy, or unaware she was even doing it.

He was cracking, Slone knew it. Ja'Rol had found her breasts to suckle again, his hand deep in her jeans. The subtle movement of her hips made it obvious Ja'Rol was pleasuring her, sliding in and out of her silken heat. Then she surprised him. Leaning her weight into Slone, she dropped her other hand from its perch on Ja'Rol's shoulder to cup his cock behind his zipper. His legs almost crumbled out from beneath him. She rubbed against him harder, demanding.

"Brigit!"

"I know what I'm doing."

"Are you sure?" Ja'Rol's smooth voice asked, heard by both.

"Oh God, yes! Feels so good! Please, don't stop."

"Ja'Rol...help me. She feels too good."

Slone didn't get an answer, instead he heard the obvious sound of a zipper being lowered. In that instant, Slone completely cratered. He hadn't planned on seducing her in-flight. The voice of reason, however faint, was that she needed to be cared for.

Then she moaned, a long gasping cry of pleasure and even that faint voice of common sense was obliterated by their combined needs and hunger. He held her weight as Ja'Rol tugged her jeans free, popping her shoes off. Following Ja'Rol's motions, he noticed she had a toe ring on her left foot, a small silver band. His focus narrowed again when the wet heat of her tongue stroked his throat, her teeth marking him with little nibbling bites.

Grasping the bottom of her bra, he tugged it and her shirt over her head, leaving her completely bared for their enjoyment.

Slone dropped her clothing on the chair with the blanket. Ensuring she could stand, he stepped away to walk around her. The glow of her skin, the pale hue, seemed so much more feminine against the deeper-toned coloring of Ja'Rol and himself. Both had a skin tone similar to the color of their scales when they became wyvern, richly hued, earthen. She was like a diamond between them.

"She's beautiful. You're beautiful," he whispered.

Lazily, her eyes turned to him, their blue so dark, they reflected back at him. Her fingers had dug into Ja'Rol's thick hair as he kissed her thighs and caressed her. Pulling his shirt out of his pants waist, Slone tossed it to the side with hers, watching her enjoyment breathlessly. Deftly, Ja'Rol slid his fingers between the soft fullness of her thighs, sending a new jolt of desire coursing through them all.

Slone hissed, unprepared for the tightening web. What one felt, they all shared. The bonding had begun. He hoped they were all ready because from this point forward, with her first signs of acceptance, it would only grow stronger.

Standing with her, Ja'Rol inched her backward until she stopped with her calves against one of the leather flight chairs. Lowering, he found her lips, grinding into her with a hot kiss before urging her silently to have a seat.

Ja'Rol quickly shrugged out of his shirt and loosened his jeans, a gasp of relief unmistakable.

"*The satchel pouch,*" Ja'Rol whispered into Slone's mind before he dropped to his knees between her legs.

Blinking, it took a moment for Slone to understand the request. The condoms and lube. He'd put it away because he'd had no plans

for this. Hurrying to the luggage compartment at the front of the cabin, he popped the door and searched the large bag, grateful when his hand closed over the bathroom pouch.

Returning, his lust hit a new gear finding Ja'Rol diving hard with his tongue against her pussy, licking and sucking at her pinked flesh. Her gasps and moans were music, harsh pants causing her breasts to move with delicious rhythm.

Slone had to swallow, savoring her flavor with Ja'Rol, and his enjoyment only driving his craving for the woman higher. Kicking off his shoes, he stripped his jeans and underwear, his cock hard and jutting stiffly before him.

He noted her eyes locked on him as soon as she caught that he was undressing. Her lips rose with a beckoning tease. Lifting a hand, she wrapped her fingers around his length and squeezed.

"Fuck!" Slone stiffened and shuddered, her touch like fire to his skin, pouring into his veins. Brigit stroked him, tugging him closer. Propping herself on an elbow, she popped him into her mouth, drawing him deep with the very first pull.

The room swam for a moment, and he drove his fingers into her silken hair just to stay on his feet. Her mouth was magic, hot, slick, tight and each sucked pull reached deep into his balls and tightened them with every motion.

Ja'Rol propped one of her legs on the arm of the seat, exposing her glistening skin. Slone could barely think, much less speak with her mouth driving over him, hot and tight. The scent of their combined arousals filled his head, and he had to swallow to find moisture.

Mewls of excitement were growing. Ja'Rol finger fucked her as he drove against her clit with the flat of his tongue. Then she screamed, the sound muffled with her mouth full. Ja'Rol lapped and sucked, holding her still to catch every drop of her orgasm. She shook as her body undulated, striving to feel the sensation of his mouth.

"I'm not going to last," Slone warned them. Clasping at the rear of the chair, he maneuvered to give her full control. It was the best idea he could've had. Sensations were spiraling through his body, making him gasp with every motion. He thrust into the rhythm she had set, pumping his length into her mouth, feeling the drag of her

teeth and the soft palette of her throat. His head lolled on his neck. Lights were bursting across his vision as his balls tightened, the need to explode seconds away.

Ja'Rol stood and dropped his jeans, quickly sliding a condom over his pulsing shaft.

Slone's head was swirling. *"God, yes. Make her come again."* Her mouth was incredible, sucking harder as her excitement matched theirs. He couldn't wait to feel her for himself, her hot sheath clamped down on his cock as he slammed into her ripe body, riding the wave of ecstasy.

"Join with me," Ja'Rol offered. *"Feel it with me."*

Slone groaned, watching his friend clasp her close, lifting her until they met, then reveling in the sheer ecstasy as he slowly speared her, filling her. Brigit writhed and moaned, her eyes closing as pleasure erupted throughout them, a kaleidoscope of sensation that flared over them all like a fireball. Leaning forward, Slone was able to capture Ja'Rol's mouth for a hard, short kiss, striving to stay standing just a few minutes longer.

"Oh my God," she cried, pumping herself against the cock filling her. Then she was swallowing Slone again, all reaching for the final ecstasy. Ja'Rol's steady pounding drove her deeper over Slone's engorged penis, taking him like no one had before.

"Ja'Rol!" Slone was splintering. The pulse of his orgasm gushed through his body. Through Ja'Rol, he felt her reactions, her undulations, her insistence for more. The clench of her sheath as she captured Ja'Rol's cock. Slone felt the heat of her body, the slick slide and thrust through their connection. His mind had narrowed to those feelings, to those motions. Sweat had broken out across his shoulders.

Brigit's whimpers were escalating, her body twisting to meet Ja'Rol's thrusts. There was no warning. Her mouth swallowed him deep, Ja'Rol filled her with a hip grinding, forward jolt and Slone's world vanished in a burst of light.

Almost at the same time, Ja'Rol jerked stiff with a roar as he pushed forward, seeking more of her hot body. Brigit shuddered as her orgasm rocked her, sucking his cock harder as pulses of adrenaline rolled over her. The vacuum stole over them all for those split seconds. His lungs froze. His heart ceased to beat. The

only sensations were the hot, sweet pull of her mouth and the whip of her tongue as she swallowed Slone's release, the clenching, hungry heat of Brigit and the ecstasy Ja'Rol felt and shared with him. It felt like it went on forever, yet not long enough.

With a rush, time hit him like a swift kick from a horse, straight to his solar plexus. Shivering, Slone collapsed to his knees, catching himself on the chair to not hurt Brigit, or let her fall with him. Her arms encircled his neck naturally, her head on his shoulder. Ja'Rol, leaned forward, his head on her stomach, and she reached to find him as well.

Slone watched the scene, savored her reactions, remembered her bliss and excitement shared with both himself and his lover and knew the only thing that would make the bond irrevocable now was her acceptance of their wyvern sides. Because they weren't naturally human, the magic of their souls also had to be appeased. He knew he was already sunk as far as his heart went.

Dropping a kiss to her damp temple, her soft breasts rising and falling as she caught her breath, he stole a glance at Ja'Rol.

His usually golden brown eyes were bottomless with his emotions when their gazes met.

Their hearts were too deeply entwined. There had never been secrets between the two men. *"I know, Slone,"* Ja'Rol said quietly for him alone. *"She is our one. I can't let her go."*

"We'll find a way," he replied, drifting his fingers through her hair, her entire form relaxed with their loving. Then, reaching for Ja'Rol's fingers, Slone curled them into his own. His breath hitched hard when, half asleep, Brigit covered them both with her soft hand, binding all three. He wondered if she had even an inkling to the message she was offering them, and fought to not let himself get too far ahead of the moment.

Chapter Seven

Brigit stared at the bedside table. Two in the morning, though by her internal clock it was closer to four. Either way, she was laying there in bed, watching the glowing colored numbers, unable to sleep.

She was still in shock over what she'd done on that plane. Closing her eyes, that wasn't even the end of it. *Then* she had to go and make a fool of herself in the limo on the way to the hotel.

Burying her face in her pillow, she let out a scream. Why did she have to say all of that? Now they were going to think she was a snotty slut or something. Telling them that it had been fun. Fun? *Christ. Fun?*

That sex had been the best of her ever-living life. She just couldn't sit still across from them both and *not* keep quiet. They looked utterly delicious, relaxed and all it had done was make her feel like she had to fill the silence, because she was anything but relaxed after what had happened between them.

Unfortunately, her mouth was not always in radio contact with her brain at moments like that.

They'd both asked if she was okay, if she was tired, if she hurt anywhere. She had no idea. She was still tingling, even now, hours later. So of course, being unable to deal with it, she'd given some flip answer that she couldn't even remember, her mouth in full gear when her brain wasn't. At least neither had taken her stupidity to heart. They'd been the epitome of gentlemen, ensuring she was in her suite and had anything she could need for the night.

Well, anything except sleep. Flopping to her back on the cushy mattress, she stared at the ceiling. They'd helped her dress in her clothes, fed her again, coddled her, and made sure she was comfortable, and generally doted on her like a princess.

They obviously had the wrong chick.

Chewing her inner cheek, she tried to relax, and failed. Giving up, she growled, throwing the covers clear to stand and find her long shirt. She didn't bring a robe, but she had a long flannel that she'd owned for years. Yanking it on and stuffing her arms into it, she marched to the door separating the suites in the living room.

Freaking gorgeous room and she couldn't see straight to appreciate it.

She lifted her hand and then froze, her knuckles millimeters from the wood. Should she? What could she tell them? *Gee, I'm sorry, but you're both so damned sexy I lost my head and decided I'd take the chance at a once in a lifetime thrill?* She snorted. Yeah, because the chances of it repeating were slim to none.

Her head sank to the wood. But it was more than that, at least after about the first five seconds it had been, for her. She'd thought she'd felt their caring, believed that their passion had been real, and not just some quirky gay-guy-gets-lucky-with-a-broad thing.

She frowned. She knew that wasn't it, but then *what* was it? And really, why her?

Tugging the shirt edges in for protection, she lifted her chin then rapped on the door. If they were asleep, then she'd let it go and see how things played out, but she couldn't sleep with the idea that they would think she was some two-bit tramp out for a cheap thrill. She wasn't like that, intentionally or otherwise.

The door swung open almost immediately and considering the suite was identical, with their bedroom on the far side from the connection door...

She glanced up at Ja'Rol. "Did I wake you?"

He shook his head, his hair a bit shaggy and unkempt. "Couldn't sleep."

She tried to smile. "Me either." She hugged her arms around herself. "Can we talk?"

He stepped back and let her through, closing the door.

"Are you both awake?"

As if she'd called his name, Slone appeared in the bedroom doorway. Both wore black pajama bottoms and nothing else. Looking at Ja'Rol, she realized he had a nipple piercing. Something she'd totally missed in her sexual euphoria of earlier. She glanced away, determined to not let her body get the better of her again. But damn... Drawing a breath, she put it out of her mind.

"I wanted to talk about what happened earlier, between us." Slone nodded and motioned to the chairs in the suite living room.

"We understand. We took advantage of you when we shouldn't have." Slone looked ready to be whipped, just waiting for the verbal flogging.

She gasped and straightened on her chair. "No! Please don't believe what I said in the car." She tucked into herself, wishing she could become a small ball and just roll out of the room. "I'm not that weak, then or now." She blushed. This was where it got hard. "I didn't tell you to stop. I actually remember begging you not to. What I said..." She looked away, unable to keep their watchful gazes. "It wasn't just a cheap thrill. Not for me."

Slone and Ja'Rol shared a quick glance. She licked her lips and steadied herself, ignoring the beat of her heart. She couldn't become distracted by all that wonderfully toned and hard male flesh.

"But you were sick," Ja'Rol argued. "We both agreed to take care of you, and..." She loved it when heat crawled up his neck. He looked so huggable. "We both share the blame."

Okay, this appeared to be a losing argument. They weren't going to not accept responsibility, and realizing that actually made her heart melt a little.

"Aside from that, then..." Brigit bit her cheek. "Why me? Was it because I'm available? We all had hours to kill? If you two are a couple, I don't see how I play into that, even with what you said on the plane."

Slone stood and Ja'Rol joined him, Slone reaching for her hand to draw her to her feet. "I think it's time we explained a little more about this then."

"Remember how we said everything would, in time, be explained?"

Brigit blinked. She hadn't exactly forgotten they could do that, but she'd definitely not wanted to think about it.

In answer, she nodded. She knew she couldn't evade, not with them both looking at her so expectantly.

Slone drew her closer, then released her hand. *"We don't have to be touching and we can be miles apart. Ja'Rol and I do this as easily as calling another is normal for you."*

Brigit's heart was pounding again. They watched her, simply waiting. Dazed, she reminded herself, she'd asked for explanations.

"Do you realize you were speaking telepathically earlier, on the plane?" Slone asked her gently.

Brigit blinked. She had been? Her eyes widened. "Oh my God! I did, didn't I?" She stuttered. "How? Why?"

"Remember those talents and gifts I told you we had? Like the telepathy?" Ja'Rol said.

A stream of light sliced through the curtains of the window, the rest of the never sleeps strip nightlife hidden from view. It struck the carpet where he stood, creating a crescent moon of red. It seemed to form around him, cradling him in the deep color. Her room was a mirror image, with the full living room suite, couches and chairs. Crystal and flowers adorned the room. Elegant but understated, this was the type of room they shot for those travel magazines.

Coming back to the question, when all she could do was nod, he continued. "Slone and I are...different. We don't consider ourselves gay because in our kind, there is no gay. You can love whomever, you can be with whomever, if the attraction is mutual and your souls respond to each other. We are responding to you, the same way you are to us. We feel what you feel."

"The part that is important to you is the attraction and how we are drawn to each other, to the both of us. You are attracted to us, yes?" Slone asked with a very slight questioning hesitation.

Brigit glanced toward the wall of windows, unable to look right at either of them. "You kind of know that already."

"Yes, we both know," Ja'Rol purred, his lashes lowering to make his gaze sizzle. "This is another sign for us, for you. This would not be happening if your soul were not responding to ours, reaching out to us."

"You mean the telepathy?" she squeaked.

"It is why you *can* hear us, why you can talk to us with only your thoughts. It is proof of what is drawing us all together. Even now, your body is warming, craving, because you're here. We three are more together than we are alone." Ja'Rol's eyes were growing more heated, as though a spark of desire lit them from within. "It isn't uncommon for a couple to find a third, especially if they are the same sex. Not with us."

She took a step back. Brigit had no idea what the hell he meant by the 'us' part. Were they a sect? A religion?

“Okay, this is going way off track. I don’t know the game you’re playing. I just wanted you two to know I’m sorry for letting you get the idea that I was that damned easy by letting the sex happen.” She took another step toward her room. “I’m not usually like that, and fainting notwithstanding, I shouldn’t have. I really appreciate you bringing me here for my mom, and giving me a room to stay.”

“You can’t deny you want us,” Slone said.

“I can,” Brigit retorted, suddenly feeling like her only option was to escape. “Watch me.” Just because she was attracted didn’t mean she had to act on it. Again.

She spun on a heel and aimed for the room door. There was enough light to see, and plenty of quiet to hear.

“Wait,” Ja’Rol called, very softly, and she stopped at his breathed plea. “Why are you running?” Before she could move another step, he was standing behind her. She felt his body heat along her spine. “I told you earlier. We want you, for more than sex, but we’ve been trying to explain things slowly especially since we’ve had so little time to explain anything. We want you for us.” He dipped and pressed his lips to her shoulder. “We want you because you’re beautiful.” Ja’Rol delivered another delicate kiss beneath her ear. “We want you because you complete us, because we need you. Do you think the telepathy happens with any woman? That any woman could drive us insane the way you do with need, with a desire so thick even now, we’re doing our best to remain gentle because you’re scared, when we want to love you?” He placed his palms at her waist. “When we want to be so deep inside you, we all scream with pleasure?” He nibbled at her ear.

Brigit’s heart was pounding a rushed tattoo within her chest. “I make you feel like that?” His touches were making her sound breathless.

Slone slipped to stand in front of her, once again caging her, though less intimately than before, between their bodies. “Like that and more.”

“But—”

Slone pressed a finger to her lips. “Never again will you say anything about being fat. Do I make myself clear? You are beautiful, lush, and perfect for us. Believe in what we see, and you will see it too.” A taunting smirk rose on his lips. “I do believe

Ja’Rol and I will be having a talk with your father. You should have your family, however, neither of us will allow his conduct toward you to continue. He will respect you, whether he feels he should, or not.”

It took Brigit a second to grasp that. “Wait. You’re going to *fight* for me?”

Slone shrugged, unconcerned. “In a manner of speaking. We protect those we care for. And make no mistake, we care for you.”

“But you barely know me!” she almost wailed. Were they disillusioned? She didn’t feel like she was in danger, even being outnumbered and overpowered by the two. They’d been nothing but gentle with her in everything.

“Not true. Your mother always spoke of you, of your exploits, your accomplishments and of your character.” Ja’Rol refused to let her stray far, his caring hands rising to rest on her shoulders. “If we had even a hint that you were the one after knowing your mother for so long, we would have come and found you, but before now, at least one of us three hasn’t been ready. Slone and I discovered we were lacking what we needed within weeks of each other. It took us time to admit that because neither wanted to hurt the other with this wanting for a woman that hasn’t happened to us in all the years we’ve been together. It complicated things that we had no idea who she was, or what she looked like, only that we both needed her.”

Slone nodded in his agreement. “Everything he says is true.”

Ja’Rol circled her to stand with Slone in front of her, wrapping an arm around the other man’s waist. “We’re asking again, just give us a chance.” He tilted to look into Slone’s eyes, then told her, “We do know you, and we want to know you even better.”

“This is insane, you know that?” Was she considering this? A...three-way...relationship? “Wait, you’re talking permanently, aren’t you? This isn’t a weekend fling?” Her mind was slowly unraveling, taking ages to come to grips with this whole situation.

Slone reached for her hands, and drew them to press flat to his chest. “If you’ll have us.”

She blinked. Brigit was a knot. She’d take them in a New York minute, but... They really wanted *her*?

“*With every cell of my being,*” Slone whispered into her mind.

“Come to bed,” Ja’Rol ordered tenderly. “Just let us hold you.”

“But the room. That’s a waste,” she said. *That’s my best objection?* Brigit felt like she needed to slap herself to make sure she was even paying attention.

Slone neared to whisper into her ear. “We own the hotel. I think the room is fine.”

Brigit gulped. “You *own* the Golden Era?”

“How else do you think we got the owner’s suites?” Slone had the nerve to smile with a jaunty arched eyebrow for the first time since she’d come into their room, appearing completely relaxed.

Her mouth popped open, then shut with a gulped snap.

Ja’Rol walked toward the bedroom. “Come on, I’m tired and if I couldn’t sleep before, the only way I will now is with the both of you here. So get your butts into bed already,” he tossed in a laughing voice. Then as if to prove it, he yawned, smiling sheepishly.

“Can’t argue with the voice of reason.” Slone shrugged and sauntered into the bedroom too, in plain view, both giving her space to make up her own mind to join them, or leave. Glancing at the door out of their suite, she could envision her bed, large and empty. Swinging to stare at them, they stood at either side of theirs, waiting. A bed with two caring men who wanted her for *her*, or a large empty bed and a ceiling?

Expecting some kind of beckoning remark from at least one of them, she hesitated longer with indecision when neither pushed her. They were giving her every opportunity to make her own choice.

Ja’Rol faced Slone across the white expanse of their bed and for just an instant, she felt a wave of pain, tearing and brittle, coming from him. Then he dropped his chin, his gaze falling to the bed, as his eyes closed. And something inside of her melted completely. They really wanted her. They believed they needed her. And for the moment, she didn’t have it in her to hurt them more.

She walked to the foot of the mattress. The gleam in their eyes brightened when it became apparent she’d made her decision. Brigit would make the choice, and have to live with the consequences, regardless of if she left or stayed. Though looking at them both, seeing their desirous wants starting to flicker over their

features, she discovered she'd begun to touch their thoughts—thoughts she was suddenly very aware of, even though she knew deep inside, they weren't projecting.

Oh my God! I'm feeling them! And none were trying. It only added weight to their argument, which for a split second, made her waver when the facts of their truth overwhelmed her. Firming her resolve, she shrugged out of the flannel and let it fall to the floor at the foot of the bed. In just her long sleep shirt, she crawled onto the bed and dug herself into a pillow.

"Funny shirt," Slone chuckled.

Brigit smiled, knowing what was on it. It was the Happy Bunny saying 'cute but kind of evil'. Both slipped into bed beside her. Slone pressed against her as Ja'Rol curled her into his shoulder, letting her head rest in the curve of his body. There wasn't anything sexual in their touch, both stretching out to get comfortable. Slone tugged up the blanket and Ja'Rol covered them all.

"Goodnight, pet," Slone whispered before pressing a gentle kiss to her lips.

Ja'Rol followed him, brushing his nose to hers, then he laid down with a relaxed sigh.

"Goodnight," she murmured and closed her eyes. The heat of their bodies engulfed her, comforted her, and within minutes, she felt the dragging weight of sleep pull her under.

Chapter Eight

Ja'Rol shifted and Brigit moved with him, her head on his chest. Shivers rocked his spine when she absently tapped the bar piercing his nipple. He loved it when she or Slone teased him with the twinge of pain. Ja'Rol knew Slone had loved it since the first time they'd come together. He was glad Brigit seemed equally fascinated and not repulsed by it. He curled an arm around her, enjoying her closeness.

She drew a breath. "Seriously? He watches cartoons in the morning?"

Ja'Rol chuckled, able to hear the TV in the front room as well. "He has a few favorites, guilty pleasures."

"You two amaze me," she murmured, rocking her head to rub her cheek over his chest.

Sunlight was blocked by the thick curtains, leaving the bedroom in a gray, pre-dawn dimness. By the theme music playing, and knowing Slone, he knew it was after nine. He sighed in pure contentment, and found it impossible to move.

"Do you watch them?"

"Sometimes, but I think he likes the quiet and sheer innocence involved."

"You've never asked him?" Big and sparkling blue, her eyes opened, her lashes fluttering as she regarded him, waking up about as quickly as he was – as in as slow as possible.

"No, because he knows I love him, cartoons and all. He's not the only one with quirks," he told her, a single snicker on the end of his words.

"Oh?" She lifted to rest her chin on the back of her hand to watch him. "What are your quirks?"

"I love caffeine," he whispered, as if it were a national secret.

She giggled. "Don't we all? I couldn't live without it when I was working. I'm not a good morning person."

Ja'Rol slipped his fingers into her tousled curls. "In most cases, I'd be able to agree, but caffeine has an effect on me."

"Oh?" she asked, eyeing him with open curiosity.

"It makes me horny. It's an aphrodisiac for me. I can't drink a lot of coffee, and on principle, I avoid sodas."

"Really?"

"Completely. What about you? Any evil secrets?"

He loved it when she laughed, so lighthearted and feminine.

"Plenty, especially if you ask Mom." Her eyes shot wide. "Oh crap! Mom! I promised I'd call her so we could go buy dresses for this weekend."

"Go find her number," Ja'Rol urged her, though sorry he had to let her go. Her warmth was the kind that sunk into a man, into the skin and warmed him from his bones outward.

Ja'Rol watched as she hopped out of the bed and scurried to her room. Sitting at the edge to get out of bed, he thought he could shower since Slone would be glued to the TV for at least another hour. Then he heard the separating door of the suites open.

Seconds later, she came bounding back into the bedroom to land with a squeal on the bed next to him. "I waved at Slone," she said off-handedly. "He blew me a kiss."

Ja'Rol laughed at her antics.

Tumbling on the bed, she reached for the phone and punched out numbers from the slip of paper in her fingers.

"Mom! I made it!" Her exuberance was sparkling. "You're never going to believe it. Slone and Ja'Rol are here. They brought me. I'm your wedding gift! Wasn't that awesome of them?" She grinned hugely at something her mother said. "I'll let you do that then. I have to get cleaned up. When and where?"

Ja'Rol waited as she finished the call, repeating the instructions before hanging up. He noticed Slone had come to stand in the doorway, his arms and ankles crossed as he leaned on the jamb, taking in the spitfire in their room.

She covered her lips with a hand, her eyes sparkling like the sun itself with her mirth as her shoulders began to shake. A deep red colored her cheeks the longer she tried to hide her laughter.

It didn't last. "Oh my God! I think I interrupted something!" She fell over backward, bursting into breathless gales of laughter.

"What did you interrupt?" Slone asked, a light smile following Brigit.

She started making sounds, music, gasping as she did. Ja’Rol and Slone both heard her with confusion, then it hit him. Ja’Rol shared it with his lover. *Porn music. She interrupted them in bed.*

“Are you sure?” Slone asked, chuckling, but fighting not to.

“If it were anyone *other* than my mother,” she said, sucking in air to speak. “I’d ask for the details. It’s bad enough I heard things that a daughter shouldn’t.” Then she covered her face and gurgled more laughter. “Oh man!” she squeaked.

Wiping fingers beneath her eyes a few moments later to catch the tears that leaked free, she said, “At least I know she’s happy this time. Really happy.”

Ja’Rol gave Slone a come-hither look from where he sat, catching the other man’s attention. “We have a few hours before she wants to meet you at the mall. I was about to take a shower. Anyone want to scrub my back?” Twisting, he found the blonde on their bed. “Or my front?”

“Mm,” she murmured. “Sounds like fun. Can I use my tongue?”

Brigit had the temerity to lick her lips as though tasting something decadent on them after making the suggestion. Ja’Rol groaned. The woman was a witch, casting spells on him and she didn’t even know it.

“If you’re using your tongue, I want washed first,” Slone stated, straightening to walk to the side of the bed, a sparking, playful gleam in his eyes saying he wanted to be included in their plans.

“This could actually be real fun,” she said, watching them both. She sat up next to Ja’Rol on her knees. Tipping her chin, peering up, she found Slone gazing at her. Seeking Ja’Rol off her shoulder, she asked him to stand with Slone. “I want to see you both,” she explained with a throaty purr.

With Ja’Rol shoulder to shoulder with Slone, she stood and walked around them, much the same way Slone did to her the day before on the plane. Ja’Rol followed her every step with an unblinking attention. Excitement surged under his skin, anticipating, waiting. Neither tried to hide the burgeoning fullness filling the front of their pajamas.

“Help me understand this.”

“Anything,” Slone whispered, his heated gaze following her steps hungrily.

"If I am coming into this, you both feel that I am yours, equally." She tipped, searching them. "Am I right?"

Ja'Rol breathed in her sweet scent, the allure of her skin creating havoc with his insides, making him search deep for his voice to answer her. "Yes."

"Then that means, in all fairness, you two are mine. My lovers. No one else's. I don't believe in open relationships," she informed them.

"Without a doubt," Slone confirmed.

Ja'Rol watched the rise and fall of her breasts as she thought out her next words. Their shape was heavy, filling her nightshirt with a sexy, appealing curvature that made his mouth water.

"I'm willing to try to understand. I'm willing to try this. There's no reason to deny I like you both, or that you're both better than chocolate-coated sex."

Slone cut her off with a hand to her cheek. "There won't be any competition to please one over the other. Ja'Rol and I want you for *us*. No jealousy, no matter with who, all of us, or two." He leaned over and sipped at the very corner of her lips. "You make us both so hot. It's going to take time for all of us to find our stride."

Then Ja'Rol and Slone sucked in groaned breaths, unprepared. The flats of her palms slid down the front of their pajamas, finding the pulsing flesh of their arousals.

"I guess I don't have to mention that I've never done anything like this," Brigit told them in a demure tone, standing in front of both.

"You're doing it very well," Slone said, his voice gruff, following her with hooded eyes.

With gentle pressure, she urged them both to take a few steps away from the bed. Ja'Rol would have done anything in that moment for her. The heat of her palm singed his shaft, and she hadn't even touched him flesh to flesh yet.

Sinking to her knees, she tugged their clothing free, both aiding her to let it gather around their feet. Almost in unison, they kicked their pajamas clear, leaving both of them naked, and stiff before her.

Ja'Rol had to lock his knees, her expression sultry as she took in what they had to offer. Then she wrapped a feminine hand around each shaft, and neither could hide the trembles she created.

"Someone said they wanted bathed by my tongue," she purred, eyeing them through her lashes, like an enchantress.

Without waiting for an answer, she brought herself up from resting on her calves, and deftly swiped her tongue over Slone's cock, then Ja'Rol's. His heart thudded into his ribs, fighting to escape as sensation tore through him with the light contact. Lava shot through his veins as he watched her taking the head of his cock between her lips, sucking it with little pops of suction. Her hand stroked up and down Slone's shaft with an even pace, then she switched, giving him the same sweet heaven she'd just given to Ja'Rol.

Slone's hand shot out and grabbed onto Ja'Rol's hip, his frame shuddering when Brigit's mouth closed over his engorged head. "The sweetest mouth," he rasped. Slone's head sagged on his neck, his mouth falling open as sensation poured through him, so strong, Ja'Rol didn't have to look for it. It rolled off of Slone in waves of sheer ecstasy.

Together, they reached for her nightshirt, and pulled it over her head. Full and round, her breasts were begging for their touch.

"On the bed," Ja'Rol managed, his voice more growl than anything else. With a hand on either arm to help lift her, together they sat Brigit on the edge of the bed.

Ja'Rol stood at her side, filling a hand with the weight of her tit. She shivered when he scraped a nail over her nipple, the flesh tightening to be teased more. Slone encouraged her to spread her legs, exposing the glistening lips of her sex. A drawn breath made them both shudder in gripping need.

"*She's so hot,*" Ja'Rol heard. Slone's hunger was so strong, it raced through them all like a power surge. "*I have to taste you.*" Desire made Slone's eyes sparkle like the gems they resembled.

Ja'Rol saw her release Slone's cock, her mouth leaving a shiny passion trail as she licked her lips.

"*I've never said it,*" she told them, a timidity in her desire that negated the seductress who'd been ravaging their cocks.

“What do you want, pet?” Slone invited, his fingers plying through her hair.

“Eat me.”

“With pleasure.” Slone didn’t hesitate, lowering to the floor between her silky thighs.

When Slone lifted a leg to brace her on his shoulder, spreading her labia to be enjoyed, she moaned long and low. Her eyes fluttered as sensation slammed into her, the force feeding into Ja’Rol at the same time.

Then her mouth was on Ja’Rol’s cock again, sucking and licking as she pumped up and down his length. The softness of her lips and the teasing flick of her tongue sent his heart slamming into his ribs. Ja’Rol had to lock a knee to not collapse under the onslaught of her wicked mouth.

Watching them both, his cock sliding in and out of her sweet lips and Slone licking and teasing at her pussy, was driving Ja’Rol insane with lust. He’d never expected to feel this much, this strong of a need, but together, with them, Ja’Rol knew he was going to go careening into a place he’d never been, and they were going with him.

Her breasts heaved as she gasped for air, her hand steadily stroking the heavy shaft of his cock, the other braced at her hip.

“*You’re incredible, Brigit,*” Slone whispered, delving into her hot, wet heat with a driving, stiff tongue. “*Tastes so good. Sweet.*”

Single thoughts were all any of them seemed capable of.

* * * *

Slone dove harder, sucking plumped skin between his lips, tasting her on his tongue, finding her delicious honey over and over as he sipped and licked. “*I have to be in her.*” He sent the need to Ja’Rol. His cock ached and swelled more as he envisioned feeling her hot sheath clamping down on him, holding him in ecstasy, as he pumped in and out of her channel.

The image Ja’Rol shot into Slone hit him like a comet, every nerve crying in hunger. “*God, yes. Please.*”

Tenderly, they stretched with Brigit on the bed, both suckling on warmed flesh, lapping taut, thick nipples, licking at sweet skin

or dropping kisses on her abdomen and her thighs. Worshipping her, until she was whimpering for more, for anything.

Slone found the condoms, knowing they'd purposely left a stash in both nightstands. He left the lube on the tabletop, anticipation rifling through him. Covering himself, he watched Ja'Rol kiss Brigit, his finger winding down her body to play lightly over her clit. Her fingers were digging into his hair, her hips rising in appeal, for more.

"That is so sexy," Slone told them. *"I love watching you two."* A playful grin was his answer from Ja'Rol, a flicker across his mind. *"Brigit?"* Slone asked her.

"Yes! God, please."

Positioning himself behind Brigit, he brought her hip up, opening her sex, his shaft resting, aching. Needing. Then with a tenderness that sank into his soul, he filled her body.

"Shit," he moaned, his head riding loosely on his spine. Brigit was better than anything he could've imagined. Tight, heat, slick, he didn't know anything that measured to the sensation.

"Is it better?" Ja'Rol asked him, suckling with deep pulls on her nipples, tweaking them with Slone's pace.

"No, but it is so different. I love you both." Slone's thoughts turned into winding gasps as he pounded Brigit, his cock slick with her cream.

"It's only going to get better," Ja'Rol said, slipping from where he lay next to her. Grasping Slone's hips, he bit at the tight ass, leaving little teeth marks in flesh. The pain of the bite drove Slone into Brigit, both shuddering as lightning struck his spine.

"Love that," he managed, waiting for Ja'Rol. The bed moved with Ja'Rol's weight centered behind Slone. He slowed his hips and groaned when the press of lubed fingers tingled against his ass.

Brigit's mind was a blanket of sexual euphoria when Slone dove a little deeper against her mind to guarantee her comfort. A pleasure he wanted to ensure, because neither he nor Ja'Rol would please her now only to cause her pain later.

Slone let out a breath, relaxing as the thick head of Ja'Rol's cock seated between his ass cheeks. All he could manage was a hard moan, craving the feeling of his lover. A slow breath seeped through his teeth as Ja'Rol sank into Slone with loving care.

"Oh God! That feels..." Her moan was long and earthy, shuddering through her frame as Ja'Rol began a slow rhythm, rocking the three of them as one. Slone corralled her tight against his chest, one soft breast filling his palm. Ja'Rol's thrusts drove Slone deeper into Brigit, feminine gasps of pleasure rising to cries as the momentum carried them all. Ecstasy arced across the three. Her fingers clawed at the bed, pushing her harder into their thrusts.

Brigit's cries became guttural shouts of passion, her body undulating, dragging against each deep pounded thrust.

"Slone." Ja'Rol's voice was a graveled warning, his climax spiraling, ready to burst free.

"Come with me Brigit. Let me feel your cream," Slone purred, clenching down on Ja'Rol's driving shaft. A harsh hiss of pleasure erupted behind him. Ja'Rol's hand on Slone's hip tied them all together, Slone the anchor to them all.

Her body was a firestorm, shooting sparks of passion. The wave of her orgasm rising, rising, daring to crash, but not.

"Imagine us, love, filling you, driving into you." Slone gritted his teeth, feeling her body writhe in answer.

Slone's orgasm sliced his body in half with rapture, his shout filling the bedroom like a male roar. Ja'Rol's voice echoed his, stiffly thrusting as his own orgasm took him over the peak and into the sea of sensation. As one, both men sought Brigit and were drawn ever tighter by her release.

Her entire body was a strung wire, bucking against the throes of Slone's orgasm. Hot and wet, her juice slicked his body, coating his cock and dripping like honey over his balls. It felt like it took forever before the bliss-filled tension of all three began to drain away.

Breathing heavily, he drew her close, cuddling his shoulders into Ja'Rol's embrace.

"Amazing," Ja'Rol whispered, his panted breath rushing over Slone's ear. *"Never like that."*

Slone silently agreed. Brigit added something to their sex, something unique and as wonderful as she was. Holding her in his arms, all of them replete and languid, they shared a type of heaven he never thought he'd encounter.

They would do whatever it took to win her completely. And considering what they'd already shared with her, and in such a short amount of time, he prayed that their final secret wouldn't be the one straw that broke the camel's back.

Chapter Nine

Brigit stood behind her mother's shoulder.

"Please, face each other," the preacher said with a gentle smile. Traci turned and when Gene asked for her hands, she slid them into his. Brigit blinked to not let the tears loose, not yet.

The ceremony was sweet, and short. Brigit couldn't help but feel elated for her mother. Her happiness was a shining light that Brigit knew she'd never had before.

White and pale yellow orchids framed the arch over the couple. The flowers matched the soft yellow gown Traci had chosen for their special moment. The flowers were a gift from Slone and Ja'Rol and Brigit's mom had loved it, so glad to have the two men there. Final words were spoken and Brigit sighed. She wasn't sure, but she thought she heard a hinted wistfulness come from Ja'Rol at the same time.

Then, sliding matching gold bands on each other, Gene bent to kiss his new bride.

"Love you," he whispered just before he kissed her.

That was when Brigit lost it.

Ja'Rol's arm curved over her shoulders and Slone offered a hankie. Traci's smile was sparkling when she looked toward her daughter.

"I'm so happy for you, Mom," she managed, sounding far too weepy.

"I'm glad you're happy for me," Traci replied, embracing her into a strong hug.

Gene leaned in and pressed a kiss to her cheek when Traci let her go. "Glad you could make it, punkin."

A throat cleared. "All I need now are the signatures," the preacher stated, smiling warmly. He held the signature book for them, then with a flourish presented the license copy for them.

"I wish you many wonderful years together," he told them.

"Thank you," Traci said.

Slone leaned over and mentioned something to the preacher. "Oh, of course! I'd be happy to."

“Thank you.” Then looking at the group, he said, “Who’s ready to paint the town red?”

“You don’t have any other plans?” Traci asked.

“None, Mom. Tonight, we’re here for you and Daddy Gene.”

“In fact,” Ja’Rol said, guiding them all out of the chapel. “Our ride is waiting.”

Traci gasped. “A carriage!” Two pristine, white with red velvet decorated phaetons stood waiting, drivers at the step in sharp black suits, only waiting for their directions.

“Call it our going away party present,” Slone explained with a devil’s smile for a grin. “We didn’t get to when you left.”

“The move...” she tried to explain, apology apparent in her voice and motions.

Ja’Rol shook his head, not letting her continue. “So now we get to, and for a much better reason. The evening is yours. The hire is paid for as long as you want him.”

Brigit tugged on Slone’s shoulder sleeve when Traci stole a moment to pet and talk to the horse.

“What did you tell the preacher?”

“I asked him to send the flowers to your mother’s room. They’ll be there before she is.”

Looking between the two men, she almost choked on her words, happy tears clogging her throat. “You’ve both made this an exceptional day for my mother. I can’t thank either of you enough.”

“Anything to make you happy, love,” Slone murmured, leaning to deliver a gentle kiss to the top of her head.

“Who’s hungry?” Ja’Rol asked. Moments later, with Gene and Traci in the front carriage, and Brigit flanked by her two men in the rear, they clip-clopped down the streets of Sin City, their evening just beginning.

With each of them holding one of her hands, Brigit felt absolutely cherished. She couldn’t believe the lengths these two men had gone to ensure her mother’s day went perfectly. The dresses, the flowers, the carriages. Her mother would always remember this, her wedding day to Daddy Gene, because the two men at Brigit’s sides had made it spectacular for them.

Slone had let it slip that he’d spoken with Gene, and Brigit got him to spill the whole idea. After confirming the attention wouldn’t

undermine their pleasure, both he and Ja'Rol had taken great enjoyment in doing this for them. Traci had been a greatly respected employee and a good friend to Ja'Rol. They wanted to do this for them. And that generosity had warmed Brigit. She'd never seen her mother happier.

Relaxed, she let her head drift to Slone's strong shoulder, slipping her hands to rest on male thighs. She felt their desire begin to ignite with the innocent contact and smiled. "*You two. Patience,*" she chided them with a mental groan. She blinked when Slone answered, forgetting that they *could* hear her, if they wanted to.

"*You don't understand, pet. We want, and so long as we breathe, it won't stop.*"

She sat in a stunned silence as streets and lights flowed past them.

Ja'Rol slid her a heated look from her other side, his eyes roving over her like she was a decadent treat. A shiver of excitement coursed up her spine in answer.

She hoped they appreciated the little something she'd bought that afternoon *besides* the dress she was wearing while she was out with her mother. Thankfully, her mother had been in the fitting rooms and hadn't seen it. It would have been hell trying to explain it.

* * * *

Ja'Rol faced forward, his hand covering hers on his leg. The warmth of her skin beneath his palm created a pulse of wanting. Slone was right. The wanting, the *need*, never went away, a low simmer underneath his skin. It wouldn't take much to make that need become a roiling inferno for her, for them.

He resisted the urge to tap his leg, nervous and impatient energy beating at him now. "*When are we going to tell her?*" Ja'Rol wasn't stupid. He knew Slone craved their completion as much as Ja'Rol did, but as of yet, there'd been no mention of filling that final gap in their relationship.

The one that was necessary to keep her, the one that would infuse her with their magic, their souls. And give them a piece of hers to keep and cherish.

"Soon. Today was for her, and for Traci. You saw what it meant to them both."

Ja'Rol wasn't denying that. But a nugget of fear had insidiously dug into him when she'd been gone for hours with her mother that afternoon.

"I'm buying her a cell phone," Ja'Rol informed Slone.

"Patience, lover. In that, she is right. She is still coming to terms with what we are offering. Don't you feel her when she has doubts?"

Ja'Rol looked to Slone, then away. *"Of course I do. She has many doubts, and they are groundless."*

"Were they groundless when you met me?" Slone prodded gently.

Ja'Rol swiveled back to meet Slone's unique gaze. *"When I... Because you are male?"*

Slone nodded. *"I'm more than a century older than you. I have seen a thing or two, and I knew you weren't expecting this to happen between us."*

Ja'Rol caught the hiss of his exasperation behind his teeth. No, he hadn't been expecting to bond with a male. He was the last child of his parents and though they had seen him to maturity, they passed when he was young, at least young in wyvern terms.

"In truth, I never expected to mate with Inara, or love her the way I did, but she taught me you can't fight fate, and this love, is beyond our control."

Ja'Rol offered his open compassion. *"You don't talk about her very much."*

"She was a wonderful woman, whose time came before any of us had expected. I knew she was centuries older than myself. I didn't understand what that meant to us until she was gone, though."

Slone stopped and looked out onto the street, his expression blank, his thoughts locked away and inward. It was one of the rare instances where Slone wasn't readily open, and out of respect, Ja'Rol wouldn't push.

Ja'Rol's head sagged a fraction. *"So, patience?"* Though he hated it. He didn't want to lose the woman they both had grown to love.

"Just a little longer. We asked her to learn to trust us, to know us. We have to give her that chance. And yes, I love her too. I love you both."

"I love you too," Ja'Rol easily replied. *"And I would be a fool to not love her as much."* Smirking in a self-deprecating manner, he finished with, *"I am no fool."*

Slone's mouth curved and devilment lit his eyes. In that moment, Ja'Rol wanted to kiss him badly, but both men were disciplined, at least enough to not attack each other in the back of a horse-drawn carriage. The promises in Slone's eyes said he would be expecting that kiss, and more.

After dinner, Traci and Gene asked if they could have the carriage drive them on a tour.

"Go have fun," Slone told them, offering the guiltless chance to escape. After kisses and hugs and promises to be in contact before anyone left for home, Traci and Gene disappeared with their guide for the evening.

"She is so happy," Brigit breathed, a quiet yearning in the words. Ja'Rol wanted to fill that yearning with everything she could ever want, with all the love the two men could share with her.

"Are you tired?" Slone asked her.

"No, though I think dinner did slow me down. That was incredible seafood, whoever thought of it."

"That would be Ja'Rol," Slone explained with a chuckle to match the gleam of laughter in his eyes. "He picks the best blindfolded."

"Well, he's convinced me," she replied, smiling beautifully for them both. It took a drawn breath for Ja'Rol to remember they *weren't* going upstairs right away.

"*Let me dismiss our carriage. I think we can take it from here,*" Slone said. Ja'Rol nodded.

Slone stepped away and Ja'Rol neared Brigit, lowering his voice for her alone. "I want to kiss you." Her blue eyes sparkled in answer. "I want to take you upstairs and treat you like that chocolate dessert you ate with such a teasing art. I still ache."

A heat began to spread on her cheeks, her face dropping from his to try to hide her pleasure in his desire.

Slone walked up behind her, bracketing her between his arms as he cupped her waist within his palms. He buried his nose against her neck and Ja'Rol watched her eyes drift shut, growing sultry as her desire flared to life. "You smell wonderful tonight, pet." He dropped a few slow kisses on her shoulder, then he stood. "What would you like to do, Brigit? The night is young."

“Let’s walk,” she said, enticing them both with a beckoning, winsome smile.

“Do you want to change?” Ja’Rol asked.

Both he and Slone loved the gown she’d purchased for the ceremony. A simple chiffon in very pale baby pink with satin trim, it was innocent but then daring with a low bust line and a half-bared back. It floated around her body with every motion. Low-heeled sandals only brought her an inch or two higher, giving her silky legs the kind of attention they truly deserved. It had been hard to let her walk out of the room without tearing it from her sweet curves. The dress formed to her as if to scream to the world that a beautiful woman lay beneath its shape, teasing anyone who looked with glimpses of pale skin and feminine lushness.

She slipped an arm through each of theirs, saying, “Now, what would be the fun of looking fabulous if we were walking in street clothes?” Her bright, playful laughter turned many heads in the casino doors toward the street at the sound.

“She is right,” Slone pointed out. He crooked an arm and Ja’Rol did the same, letting her fit perfectly between them. “Shall we, pet?”

The smile on her perfect lips stole Ja’Rol’s heart, completely.

Chapter Ten

Brigit focused. *"Am I doing this right?"*

Slone smiled down at her. *"Very right."*

"Can you both hear me?"

Ja'Rol's fingers covered hers on his arm. "Yes," he answered, lowering to brush a light kiss to her lips.

"How do I speak to just one?" she asked them.

"It's more a direct concentration." They paused in front of the dancing water fountains of the Bellagio.

"How will I know if I'm doing it right?"

"You've already shown a strong ability; the rest is just practice."

Slone's voice was warm and rich, flowing through her mind. *"We'll both help you learn to recognize the sensation. Believe it or not, but we both have a certain, vibration, I guess, to our projection."*

"So that will make it easier to tell you apart?"

"Completely," Ja'rol finished.

She nodded, thinking about what he'd said, realizing that he was right. She could tell who was speaking. Like their voices had a certain tone, or timbre, so did their thoughts. Slipping from her escorts, she palmed the designed concrete barrier between the sidewalk and the water, rocking back and forth on her heels, watching the play of water and light.

The spotlights flashed and the sound of strings began to waft over the large lake. The show was starting.

"Can I ask you two something?"

They leaned on their elbows with her, boxing her in, but only to be close. "Anything, pet." Slone clasped his hands, their twitch timed to the beat of the symphony music.

"What did you mean on the plane? And this morning? You said 'us' like you were a different religion, maybe. Does it have something to do with us, all of us?"

Slone and Ja'Rol shared a look, and she swore Ja'Rol wanted to tell her something, his mouth opening then closing with a grunted snap.

Ja'Rol looked away, avoiding her searching, a heaved breath rolling his frame.

“What?”

“It’s nothing you need to worry over, love,” Slone said. With a raised hand, he stroked a finger down her cheek. “It’s just, we don’t want to rush you. You’ve known us a very few days. Not nearly long enough for you to be certain.”

“Certain?” she whispered. The heat in his gaze was mesmerizing.

Ja’Rol’s hand curled over her hip and he turned toward her, his chest pressing closer to her back until his breath warmed her ear. “Do you believe us when we say we care for you? About you?”

“Yes, I do.”

Slone’s lips grazed where his finger had just been. “Do you believe it’s possible to love, unconditionally?”

Her skin felt like his lips had branded her, their heat shooting clear through her.

“Because we do. We believe it,” Slone said, wrapping one of her hands into his. “We want you, just like we said this morning. And yes, it would be permanent, if you can accept everything there is about us.”

The slightest breeze blew over them, the heat of the streets fading under the cool moisture in the air from the lake. The Strip was busy with the menagerie of sound and light and people passing, laughing or talking, but none of the world penetrated. It was those three, and no one else.

“Accept?” Her voice was almost non-existent. “Because you were already lovers?”

Slone shook his head, and Ja’Rol dropped light kisses to the skin beneath her ear.

“No, pet. Accept the real us.”

She shivered, and as close as they both were to her, she found no way to keep it hidden. She didn’t think he was trying to sound ominous, but he was. “I don’t understand.”

“I know, love.” Slone stepped back, creating breathing room. Even Ja’Rol straightened, though neither completely let her go. “Let’s go back to the room. I want to hold you both. I need to feel you, and I can’t do it here.”

Each clasped a hand, their stride matching hers as they strolled with intent toward their own hotel.

Barely yards had passed before she stopped, nearly frozen. "Wait." Both turned to face her, neither letting her go. She licked her lips, her insides a swarm of confusion. "Are you saying you love me?" She whipped from green and blue eyes to honeyed brown, and back again. There was nothing fake or false in either man's expression. "In just two days? You didn't know me before I showed up in your office three days ago."

Her heart kicked into a hard paced tattoo, beating against her chest. This wasn't how it happened. Love never worked this way, and never for her.

"Would you believe either one of us if we said yes?" Slone asked her, patience and understanding woven into his words, felt through his touch.

Brigit's eyes closed. It wasn't possible, was it? She cared for them. Both had been exceptionally wonderful, to her and to her mother. And as he'd said, they'd done nothing to generate mistrust from her.

"I don't know," she admitted.

"Don't fear us, pet," Slone murmured, coming close to whisper into her ear. "Don't let your past make you see something that isn't there. Don't let it ruin this precious chance." Then when he kissed her, so softly on the lips, she swayed.

When her eyes opened, both watched her.

"Let us love you, Brigit."

"Because, yes, we already love you."

Emotions blindsided her, but shock was one of the largest. "You do, don't you?"

"Completely," they both said in unison.

Brigit stood nearly frozen, the only movement was her eyes, flicking back and forth. She couldn't begin to ask how they could be so sure. For them, it merely was, and they could accept it. She wasn't that lucky.

"Do you want to be with us?" Ja'Rol leaned forward then, deftly sipping at her ear before standing straight again.

Brigit licked her lips and nodded. She did, in the most basic sense. She knew that.

Ja'Rol's voice purred through her, the tone as sweet on her senses as a spring breeze over a field of wild flowers. *"I want to kiss*

you so badly right now. From the moment you walked into the room with that curl over your eye defying you tonight." A smile accompanied his words, a memory flitting between them all to the start of their evening.

Slone picked up the next seductive overture. *"Ever since I saw you in your tight jeans, I have wanted to nibble on those firm cheeks. Wanted to run my tongue down the center to tease you. Your ass is perfect, firm and so sweet to look at."*

It hit her rather solidly, that with their telepathy these two men could do so much more without restraint. Their bold seduction was melting her to the concrete of the sidewalk. And worse, neither was shy about stating his desires, their wants for her, to include her. To have her.

Brigit quivered, though her steps didn't falter with them guiding her when they began to walk again. The litany continued for the next three blocks, this mental seduction on her senses. Descriptions of their desires, images of their hungers. All three, kissing and naked. Or Ja'Rol slowly loving her while Slone enjoyed the energy of their lovemaking. Even just Slone and Ja'Rol, showing her what unconditional love could mean to a person. If they hadn't directed her steps, she would have stood frozen on the sidewalk for the rest of the night, lost in the sexual onslaught of both men, and their deepest desires. With her. For her.

By the time they rode the elevator to their suite, she was a trembling mass of nerves, liquid with need. Desire snaked through her, heating her blood. Her nipples had pebbled, rubbing mercilessly against the cups of her bra, shooting heat deeper into her bloodstream. The panties she wore were soaked with proof of her arousal.

She barely heard the lock in the door when the key was inserted. Slone opened it, but didn't push it all the way in.

"Know this Brigit."

She snapped up to find him studying her. Her pulse hadn't slowed down at all. When she swallowed, there was little moisture. Her breathing had been sharp, short pants for the last twenty minutes. She ached. Her entire body felt sensitive. Alive.

"This was never about the sex. It is only one way we show our love for each other. We hope you can love us, the both of us," he said, his tenor voice sinfully rich, more so than usual.

"*All of us,*" she heard with a whisper of longing from Ja'Rol.

She hesitated when he swung the door inward. "What are you hiding, then?" She raked her teeth over her bottom lip once, trying to calm the demand of her body's crying need. Little helped.

Slone glanced over her head and she knew they were talking. That vibration, she felt it, though she couldn't hear them. Both looked at her, and it seemed they had come to an agreement.

"Tonight, pet. Give us tonight and when we are home tomorrow, we will tell you. It's not fair to you to do it here, where you have nowhere to go if you..." Slone stopped and his eyes closed. He drew a breath. "It is something very important to all of us."

"You have AIDS." She almost squeaked trying to say it. No! They wouldn't have done all of this, they wouldn't have risked her, themselves, would they? Their immediate answer soothed the rush of fear and worry.

Both Ja'Rol and Slone shook their heads.

"No, we are incapable of contracting or sharing any human disease."

Brigit tipped her head, unable to look away from those intense eyes. "Human?" *Why would he say something like that?*

"Tomorrow. We promise," Ja'Rol murmured. He placed his palms on her waist, his breath hot when he leaned over to nibble lightly on her neck. "Tonight, we need you. We *both* need you." His voice dropped to a new rumble of delicious sound. He drew a breath right beneath her ear. "And I do think, you need us."

Tenderly, he walked her into the room, passing Slone who closed the door with the Do Not Disturb sign displayed.

The room was dim, only two side lamps lit, spaced far apart, giving a sensual aura to the suite. The curtains were mostly closed, a thin line of light slicing the room down the middle. A crystal vase in the middle of the center table sparkled almost in defiance of the darkness, capturing any part of the light to send it back out into the room.

Brigit walked in front of Ja'Rol, his hands gentle on her waist as he guided them into the low-lit room. He suckled lightly on her pulse, sending shocks bouncing down her spine. The scrape of his teeth made her pussy clench, and she felt a moan building. Her eyes fluttered.

"That is so sexy," Slone breathed. "Utter beauty. I could watch you forever, just like this."

Brigit opened her eyes and found Slone standing in front of her, his bi-color gaze flowing over her, caressing her with absolute wonder and affection. With a light touch, he brought his fingers to her face, tracing the side of her cheek to sweep beneath her jaw. Ja'Rol never slowed, his tongue and lips worshipping her throat.

"You are a work of art, Brigit," Slone intoned. Cupping her jaw, he leaned into her, molding his lips to hers in a gentle claiming of her mouth. The firm pressure released the moan she'd been holding, and he purred in answer.

She shook when he plied against her lips, hungrily opening and meeting his thrust. The zipper on the back of her gown slid with a sensuous pace, exposing bare skin. The fabric of Ja'Rol's suit jacket brushed against her when either moved, adding more sensation to spiral through her body.

Her mind had crawled into bed, succumbing to the dual onslaught of their seduction. She couldn't think beyond what they did, where they touched. With caressing hands, they slid the gown off of her shoulders. Ja'Rol inched it down her body, his lips following in its path, pressing warm kisses to her shoulders, then her spine as he knelt behind her to slip the dress free. She heard as he laid it with care on the nearest chair.

Slone slid both hands into her hair, holding her as his kiss deepened, devouring her in small increments of pleasure. Every drawn breath dragged her nipples against his chest, sending shocks of desire through her.

The rustle of clothing at her side turned her and Slone. Ja'Rol was sliding out of his jacket. Craving the feel of his body, she reached for him and spread her palm over his chest. A shudder rocked his frame, his eyes closing in answer. As if understanding her desire, he neared and dropped his arms. "Please," he whispered.

Slone shrugged out of his jacket, dropping it on the center table. She knew by morning, clothes would be everywhere, but right that second, the only thing she wanted was them, naked.

One by one, she slipped buttons free, raking the shirt off his broad shoulders with forceful hands. *"I love this,"* she murmured, not even intending to speak at all as she leaned in and laved over his pierced nipple. His growl filled the room. Glancing up with devilment driving her, she added, *"You need them both done, so Slone can share."* The groan that filled both their thick chests vibrated her pussy, making her slick with desire.

Slone stood at his side, and she did the same, stripping his shirt to nip and lick at the points of his nipples, hard now between her lips. Shivers rolled across his body as she did.

When she reached for their belts, they shook their heads. *"Not yet, pet,"* Slone told her.

Scooping her into his strong arms, Slone walked across the suite and sat her on the large dining table.

"What?" she asked, breathlessly. No one had ever done that! These two men made her feel feminine and so wanted.

"Utterly divine," Slone said, his fingers trailing down her body to stop at her knee. *"Ja'Rol and I are ready for dessert now."* The look he gave her through his dark lashes popped with meaning. *"You were a witch tonight, teasing us with your spoon over that chocolate sin you called cake."*

"I was?"

Almost by plan, they both ran hands up her legs, from her calves to her inner thigh, widening her limbs. With a little urging, she leaned back on her elbows.

"You were," Ja'Rol confirmed. He reached behind her and unhooked the strap to her bra. Gliding it free, he tossed it over a shoulder and she giggled, their intensity incredible, but their playfulness seemed to be just as high.

They wanted her, and were going to enjoy every minute of having their 'dessert'.

Together, they lapped at her nipples. Brigit became lost in sensation as lightning struck with each lash of a tongue.

She gasped when they purred, moaned when they nipped. Trembles shook her entire length until she wasn't sure she would be able to breathe through the pleasure.

"I want to see my dessert," Ja'Rol whispered, tugging at her thigh. *"Show me your creamy pussy."*

Brigit floated to the table, unable to hold herself up any longer. For just a second, she was held as they stripped her panties. Then, as if she were the last course, they held her legs wide, exposing her dripping sex, and devoured her in turns.

Chapter Eleven

Brigit didn't remember much of the flight home. She'd slept through most of it. Slone and Ja'Rol had kept her up half the night, loving her, spoiling her. It seemed to be an unspoken agreement that she would return with them until... Until today was decided. They had promised her a place to stay, a way to support herself regardless of her choice, simply because they loved her and didn't want her walking aimlessly with her family elsewhere. She'd never known anyone as unselfish as these two men. Their decision wasn't based to encourage her, or to sway her. She knew that deep inside, where she knew she felt their intentions.

It was a matter of fact.

The only problem they hadn't expected was to find her father, Marion Giannopoulos, waiting for them in the building lobby when they entered to return to their penthouse.

"Dad!" Brigit held back, shocked and unsure.

A stout man with short, buzzed, blond hair stood. "Brigit," he greeted her. Hesitating, she knew that tone. As well as she knew this man, and she knew what was coming.

"*It will be all right, pet,*" Slone whispered with comfort. Both of her guys paused right behind her, flanking her. Supporting her.

"Your mother told me you would be coming back, and she guessed here first. I expected you to be in California after your tantrum." As if she were some child in need of a keeper.

She crossed her arms. "Expected? And that was no tantrum. That was me saying enough."

Her father gave her hardly a dismissal of opinion. "Gather your things." He eyed the suitcases with disdain. "You're coming back to stay with me until you find work." He stalked forward, brusque, and as usual expecting little argument, expecting her to follow him right back out the door. There was *never* arguing with her father. He had made sure of that. *No wonder Mom left him. I would, too.*

"She has work," Ja'Rol stated easily. "She's our Senior Administrator."

"Impossible. She hardly knows how to file." Her father sneered.

"Quick thinking," she answered, "but it won't be enough. And for the record, I can too file."

She felt their gentle chuckles, soothing her miffed sense of self at the insult.

"Watch us, pet," Slone purred.

Slone stepped forward, partially hiding Brigit behind his shoulder. "I must ask politely that you leave these premises. Your antagonizing is not welcome. Your attitude toward Brigit is not welcome, either," he said with a definite warning undertone. "I recommend the next time you address this woman, you do so with great care."

"Who the fuck are you?"

Brigit's eyes widened at the none-too-quiet challenge. "Dad! Stop it. This isn't the place."

Ja'Rol stepped forward and Slone met him shoulder to shoulder, completely blocking her behind them. Refusing to let him see her at all.

They leaned in, lowering their voices, but she heard them clearly.

"We are the men who will see you staked and baked in the desert if you ever hurt Brigit again. We know about your abuse. We know you're controlling, and how much it has affected her. It stops here, now." Slone didn't raise his voice. In truth, he didn't have to.

"She lies. You can't trust her." He tried to push Slone and Ja'Rol, but neither budged. "Now, get out of my way. I have a plane to catch. Get your bags, Brigit."

Brigit gasped. Those words hit her like a knife, slicing through her. "Is this what Mom had to live with?" Reality hit her like a three-ton wrecking ball. Her father despised her. At this moment, it didn't even matter why. The shock left her reeling.

"Your mother left because she couldn't take direction. Women belong where they've always belonged. In the house. Nothing but breeding whores."

She gasped, feeling her face blanch of warmth.

If he was going to say anything else, her dad didn't get the chance.

Slone grabbed him by the arm and with one strike, had her father out cold on the lobby floor. He tugged at his shirt, straightening himself.

"Carl?" he called. The frozen in time picture of the lobby at mid-morning gained motion again as people returned to their errands. Brigit watched as Slone gave directions to Carl to help her father find his way to his plane, and to ensure he got on it.

"Yes, Sir!" Carl lugged out her father with the help of one of the security guards, jamming him into the sedan with very little real intent to be careful about it.

"I wasn't expecting you to do that!" Brigit gaped, then fumed at the man before her.

"No one will disrespect any woman in my presence. Ever," Slone stated, his jaw so tight, his face was mottled red. "Let's go upstairs and discuss our problem."

Ja'Rol walked to Judy and left orders for the bags to be sent up to the penthouse when possible, then before she could stop either of them, they flanked her again and all three piled into the elevator.

With the swipe of their key card, they bypassed the office floors, the elevator rising like a comet to the very top.

Brigit popped open her mouth, but Ja'Rol cut her off. "Not yet," he advised cautiously. "*Slone needs to calm down. I've never seen him behave like that.*"

Realizing what he meant, she tipped to stare at her other lover. Dark and forbidding his attention was on the door. There was no softness to be found in his chiseled expression.

Then it hit her. He was truly furious at her father.

She lifted a hand to his forearm. It was tense and rock solid beneath her fingertips. "Slone?" she whispered. "It's all right."

The cab slowed and halted with a gentle settling motion, then the twin doors opened, giving her the first view of their shared home.

Slone lifted a hand, gesturing for her to go first.

Brigit took a few steps and stopped, not sure of her situation. Ja'Rol curled an arm around her waist. "It'll be okay."

"He's *never* done that?" she asked, watching as Slone stalked right through the living room into a room she couldn't see.

Ja'Rol shook his head. "He doesn't have to for me, and the last woman to be insulted in front of him like that was decades ago, at least."

Brigit felt a little sick to her stomach. "All this time, I thought he was just a prick, a mentality that never meshed to modern times. He despises me," she whispered. She wrapped her arms around her waist and gasped a few breaths of air, but it did little to ease the pain his words had caused.

"No. He despises all women. You've seen it. You know it's true. Does he treat his wife any different than you, or your mother?" Ja'Rol pulled her into his body, his arms protectively wrapped around her.

She drew several breaths, then managed to shake her head. "No. I had no idea."

A few minutes later, she asked, "Where did Slone go?"

"He's in the shower. It's a way to distract himself." He rested his chin to the top of her hair. "He'll be okay soon."

"He doesn't react like that? He doesn't get mad?" She leaned to search Ja'Rol's face. Dark as honey, his eyes warmed for her.

"Of course he gets mad, but rage? No, not like that." He hugged her closer, the shape of his body molding with hers. "He cares about you, the same as I do. Neither of us want to see you mistreated, by anyone."

His voice lowered, a mere wisp of sound, his breath sweeping over her hair. Then his lips were pressing to her, little kisses that soothed and comforted her.

"*How do you taste so sweet?*" he mused, his mouth flowing with her to find the curve of her neck.

"*Good soap?*" Brigit said back, sighing through a giggle.

She squealed when he smacked her once on the ass. "Tease." He brushed a quick kiss to her lips. "Slone is asking if you are ready to talk."

"Why is he asking you, and not me? I can answer him."

"Because he knows he disappointed you," he replied, looking back at her with eyes that spoke the truth.

"Ja'Rol, we all make mistakes. Slone didn't make one today."

"I hope you feel that way when we're done," Slone said from behind her.

Turning, she spotted him, his skin still dew-damp, his hair towel dried with the towel low on his hips.

"You were in the shower?"

"Extreme cold helps me to refocus. I owe you an apology for that. No matter how much your father pissed me off, I shouldn't have, but I don't regret it."

Slipping out of Ja'Rol's hold, she walked right up to Slone. With a finger to his chin, she told him, "It's okay. You took me by surprise. I never would have imagined that kind of reaction from you."

"You're not mad?" He studied her, mildly confused.

"No, not really." Not for defending her, regardless of whom it was against.

Relief eased the tension in his shoulders. He swept her into his embrace and spun her around. "I don't deserve you," he said, dropping kisses to her face.

He set her on her feet a moment later. "Ja'Rol." He held out his hand and together they stood before her.

She'd never seen two men happier than the two watching her at that moment. "You asked us yesterday if we were in love with you. The answer is an unequivocal yes. We want you; we need you, in so many ways." Slone reached and clasped one of her hands and Ja'Rol took her other, then together they lowered before her.

"You are the anchor to our hearts. We are asking you to stay, to cherish us, as we will cherish you. We have only one thing to show you, and if you accept, then all that has happened to now will become a solid bonding."

"Like the mind thinky thing?" she asked, smiling when they chuckled.

"Exactly like the mind thinky thing," Slone replied with an equal grin of memory. "We understand common practice won't allow us to marry, but together, we will be complete. Do you understand?"

That made her pause. "Meaning if I'm okay with your big secret, then we'll be, for the sake of a better explanation, married?" She bit her lip. "That's a big step."

“We know,” Ja’Rol said. Together they stood, then he went and closed all the blinds to the main room, enshrouding them in a shaded space of secrets and privacy.

“This is where it gets harder,” Slone continued, subdued. “In our bedroom, we have a balcony. It faces the rear of the building, and if you’ve ever noticed, there is nothing as tall as us in that direction for blocks. The glass is tinted and bulletproof throughout our penthouse, but in that room, it is more than that. There is a staircase to the roof, and hidden walls all through this building. We created it that way, and only us, the designer and builders, know of them. And none of them live in this plane.”

“This plane?” she echoed, confused.

“We prefer it to our own,” Ja’Rol admitted. “We’re challenged here, have different environments to thrive in. At home, we’re merely one of many. Our skills are the same.”

She studied both, but saw nothing that would make her believe they weren’t sane.

“Would you like to sit? The next part can be overwhelming.”

She whipped around, searching the penthouse with unseeing eyes. “Sure.” Doubts were beginning to seriously wander through her mind. What had she gotten herself into after all?

Ja’Rol took her hand and urged her to sit, then began to unbutton his shirt as he strolled to meet with Slone. Slone dropped his towel. In a matter of moments they both stood naked before her.

“This is why our penthouse is special,” he explained.

The two men moved apart a few paces then as one, began to change shape. Her jaw fell wide open. Her fingers clutched like claws into the leather of the chair. Disbelief roiled through her stomach, making her heart race wildly.

Thick muscled legs grew thicker, lean bodies lengthened. Deep colors swept over each of their bodies, hardening into plates and scales. Then, unbelievably, wings began to form out of their shoulders.

Leather-like with fine veins, they spread out and flapped once, then retracted, conscious of their space limitations. Nails scored at the rug, but their steps were light enough to not damage the fine layers.

Lastly, their shapes defined, their heads changed, became spade-like but thinner. Even as large as the penthouse was, they still reached the ceiling and had to lower themselves to not hit their heads.

Cautiously, they crouched and then stopped moving. Both of them focused on her. Even their eyes had changed color! Both were nearly onyx black, pools of nothing that reflected back to her.

"What are you?" She enunciated each word, refusing to stutter over them.

Slone's voice entered her mind first. *"We are wyvern. We are magic, human and dragon."*

Brigit stared, frozen by those two pairs of black eyes regarding her back.

"This is what created the mind thinky thing, because as we are able, our mates can too, within reason."

She stared at the one on the right. Slone. His attempt at humor fell flat. Shock made it hard for her to form complete thoughts.

"Yes, I'm still me," he explained with a gentleness that she'd come to recognize as him.

"I can tell you apart by your color. Like your skin," she pointed out. She unclenched her fingers with effort, clasping her hands on her lap to hide their shaking.

"It is one of the factors. It is very unusual to find a very pale wyvern in human form. We do not come in pale shades," he said, with a light teasing tone. Big, inky black eyes blinked at her, as if sharing the joke.

"Explain 'us'."

"We will change back," Ja'Rol informed her. *"It will be less stressful on you."*

Before she could argue, they began to shrink, their skin softening, their limbs taking shape. Even the chiseled maleness of their faces, eyes that she recognized. Mouths that she'd kissed.

"We are considerably older, for one," Slone said, plucking his towel from the floor to wrap around his hips. Ja'Rol slipped on his jeans, but nothing else.

"How much older?" She glanced to Ja'Rol. "You said decades earlier..."

“Yes. Slone is two hundred and fifteen years old. I am a mere ninety-eight.”

She slumped into her chair, agape at that bombshell. “Holy Hell. I’m only twenty-eight. Isn’t that like, robbing the cradle, or something?”

Ja’Rol chuckled. “No, because in truth we live for several centuries, and sharing with us, you will too.” He nodded once to Slone. “It isn’t always easy; times make it difficult, but it can be done, and has been. By us and many others.”

Slone disappeared into the kitchen. She could hear him moving things around, bottles maybe. Glasses. A moment later, he returned with three glasses filled with wine, one half as full as the other two.

They sat across from her on a loveseat.

“This is why you said there is no gay between you,” she murmured. She’d begun to swirl the white wine, watching the play of the golden liquid as it moved within the glass. Trying hard to come to grips with what they’d shown her.

“It is like we said. It is because we respond in ways that are not typical.”

Ja’Rol sat forward, his hands cupping his wine, his words faraway as he remembered. “When I met Slone, I was barely thirty years. I had anticipated finding a mate, knew it was imminent. Finding that mate to be a male shook me. I knew it was possible, as companionship comes in many ways, but hadn’t expected it. His love and patience has tied us together in ways I never expected to know.” When he lifted, his eyes captured hers. “Much the same way I feel for you, it is so much more than I’d ever hoped to find.” Reaching for one of Slone’s hands, his voice was a low purr of sentiment. “I can’t live without either of you. Slone feels the same. But neither of us can force you either. It isn’t done.”

“What happens to you if I can’t?” She sipped the wine to hide the roughness in her voice.

“We will do as we promised. You will have a job, a place to stay, and,” Slone sighed a rough breath, “we will leave you alone. But I will not lie. What we feel does not die. We can’t replace you.”

She lifted. “But you were with someone before Ja’Rol. You said yourself you were mated before.”

Slone nodded. Scrubbing his hands into his hair, not looking up, he told them, "Inara was incredible, special, and even in our world, we can't live forever. We returned to share the best of our times in the place she knew. She died before we had been together six years. It was rare." A harsh shudder rocked his shoulders. "It is a lesson I learned the hard way as well. Love comes in many ways."

Then facing Ja'Rol, he added, "Something you never knew. I knew Inara for decades. She was my mother's best friend, but because of that, I refused her. She suffered, and never once blamed me."

Brigit blinked to block the tears. Ja'Rol put an arm over Slone's shoulders, holding him close.

"She knew," he whispered brokenly. "And she never forced it."

"How did you find out? What did you do?" Brigit leaned forward.

Slone's chuckle was derisive. "My mother beat the snot out of me and my ego."

"You're kidding. Vanessa?"

Slone's smirk wasn't unkind. "Yes, Mother." He lay his head on Ja'Rol's shoulder. "That is why she adores you."

Slone's voice was low, raw. He was bearing everything to help her to understand. "When we are mated, our longevity increases. Denying her stole her most precious years. She knew what it was doing to her."

Brigit lifted fingers to her lips, hiding her gasp.

"When I found Ja'Rol, I swore I wouldn't deny him anything."

"And he hasn't," he stated tenderly. Ja'Rol threaded his fingers through Slone's shorter hair, soothing him.

"And now there's me," Brigit said.

Both of the men faced her.

She lifted a hand. "I'm not saying no, but..." She sucked in a breath. "This is a lot to process."

"Does the wyvern in us scare you?" Slone asked, straightening, though he left a hand on Ja'Rol's thigh.

"Actually, no. Part of me thinks that is incredible. Part of me is asking when I'll wake up." She sipped again at the wine, then not bothering for manners, simply swallowed what was left. Staring at

the empty glass, then at them. "I guess that's the 'within reason', that I won't be able to do?" she mused.

"No, but as our mate, you are free to return to our world with us, at any time."

"Really? Like another dimension?" Excitement strung through her at the notion.

They both nodded.

"Give me a few days," she finally said after several minutes of contemplation. "I know it's not what you wanted to hear, but this went from a weekend trip to something very permanent like that." She snapped her fingers. This just wasn't something she could agree to so quickly.

"Where will you be?" Ja'Rol asked, voicing their concerns for her, worry that she felt plainly.

"I'll be close, and no, not at the shelter. I'll find a hotel for a few nights." She set her glass on the table, next to Slone's that he'd hardly touched. "I just need to...assimilate this." Hoping for their understanding, she added a quiet, "Please?"

Without argument, they stood. "Give me a few minutes to dress." Then Slone walked out of the room.

Ja'Rol cleared the distance of the room between them until he stood before her. "I understand. We both do." He cupped her face, and when he stroked her cheeks with his thumbs, she felt a lump form in her throat. "I love you. Don't try to rationalize it. Don't try to excuse it. Slone loves you, too. Together, we are complete." The whisper of his voice dropped even more. "I know you feel it."

"I do, but I hardly know you—"

"Not true. You know us right now in ways no one else will ever know us, and you will know us more." He drew a steadying breath. Honey brown eyes bored into hers. "I know I can't make you stay. Just know, no matter what you decide, we're here. We love you."

Then as sweet as spring, he pressed his lips to hers, a kiss that cocooned her in everything he wasn't saying. She almost said she would right then, beneath the warmth of his kiss.

"No. You need the time, and we will respect that."

She was never going to get used to that. Kissing Ja'Rol, only to hear Slone in her mind.

Chapter Twelve

"Thanks for letting me stay with you, Mom." She sat at the kitchen table, finishing a plate of eggs. She'd been there a few days, but with work and everything, they hadn't had a chance to do a lot of talking about the reason she was there to begin with.

Apparently, her mother was going to fix that problem.

"Do the boys know you've come here?"

Brigit's brow shot up. "Boys?"

She waved a hand over her shoulder not bothering to explain, making another batch of scrambled eggs for Gene at the stove.

"Yes and no. They know I'm not in town, but I didn't go far. I'm sure regardless, they know. They can get into my head if they want to."

"But they won't." She plated the last of Gene's breakfast. "They're not like that."

"How long did you know about them?"

"For about five years, but I suspected long before that. They don't age. They still look as devilishly handsome as they did when I first started there almost twenty years ago."

"But they said ten."

"I worked for *them* for ten. I was with Tube-Nautics almost as long as I was divorced. I was lucky when we moved there. They hired me, and the rest is history."

"How did you suspect? There's nothing like them in the real world."

"Honey," Traci said sweetly. "There's all kinds of things out there that aren't in the *real world*. You just have to know when you see it."

Brigit put her chin on a raised fist. "What do you mean?"

"Just trust me on this. Just because we're a human race, don't believe we're the *only* race."

"Are you serious?"

She gave Brigit the time renowned, 'mother knows' look.

Brigit gaped at her mother. "But how do you know? We're not magic or anything."

“No, we’re not, but certain people have a more,” Traci searched for the word, “open-minded nature, I guess. We can accept where others wouldn’t.”

“Did Dad?”

Traci was quick to shake her head. “No. He was the epitome of black and white. And he was the only one in his world who would ever be right.”

“You can see them?” Brigit had never known any of this, but she guessed until Slone and Ja’Rol, it never would have come up either.

“I can. I was surprised when you couldn’t, but that was probably more your dad stifling your nature than anything. I hated letting you go stay with him.”

The sound of slippers in the hall told her Gene was on his way down for his Saturday morning.

“Hi, punkin,” he greeted her with a light kiss to the top of her head. “Sleep good?”

“I did. Thanks for letting—”

“Hush. Family doesn’t have to say thanks. Though doing the dishes wouldn’t hurt.”

Brigit giggled. Mainly because Gene had been winking at her when he said that. It wasn’t an expectation, or a must, the way her father would have ordered it. If he’d even allowed her to eat.

“It’s okay, sweetheart.” Traci came and kissed her on the forehead.

“I just realized, you’re not worried about which one it is,” Brigit stated, sitting a little straighter in her chair. Looking between her mom and stepdad, she began to worry, but it didn’t last long.

Traci gave Gene a cup of coffee then sat with them. “No. I’m not.” She sipped her coffee, a nonchalance in the action.

Brigit ran her finger over the edge of her mug. “What if- What if it was both?” She lifted her lashes, then quickly looked down again.

“Do you love them both?”

Her gaze snapped to Gene.

“Honey, I’m old. I’m not dense. I could see a mile away how much those young men adored you.”

Brigit was sure her world had completely turned upside down. Her mother had known they were wyvern. Gene was all okay with

a trio—a ménage relationship. Even her mother was as unconcerned.

“I do,” she managed through a tight throat.

“Then what the hell are you doing moping around here for?” her mother saucily demanded with a flick of her wrist, shooing her off the table. “Get back to town.”

“You’re really okay with this?”

“Brigit, so long as you’re happy, honestly and truly happy, I’d be okay if you married the troll down the street.” Her mother slapped a hand over her mouth. “Crap! Ignore that, okay, Bebe.”

“Mom! How do you know these things?” Brigit tossed her hands in exasperation.

A high blush brightened Traci’s face. “Once you learn what to look for, you see them everywhere. But since most can’t, it’s tabloid news, or the white jacket men.” Gene covered her hand, and Traci sighed with a chuckle, calming once more. “Just, be happy, Bebe. Whatever it is that makes you happy.”

Brigit leaped from her chair and embraced her mother. “Thanks Mom. So much!” Leaning over, she puckered up and smooched hard on Gene’s cheek. “Thanks,” she whispered to him, then she shot out of the dining room to pack.

* * * *

“You can’t warn them, okay, Carl?”

“No, Ma’am.” Carl grinned letting her out of the car at the front doors to Tube-Nautics. “Just glad to see you came back.” He gave her a wink and walked in with her to get her past Judy. Then she was riding the elevator.

Brigit’s heart was racing as fast as the elevator was climbing. Calling Carl had been a brilliant idea, and Brigit was thankful Ja’Rol had put him literally on-call for her. Her bags waited in the car, but she’d asked him to keep them for a few hours.

The next encounter may take a while. And when Carl had only grinned in answer to her request, she’d looked away, blushing her worst.

She drew a deep breath, praying that she wouldn’t be interrupting something. She’d been very careful to keep her thoughts even, to not give them an alert that she was on her way.

When the elevator opened to dead silence on their working floor, she believed it had worked. Brigit couldn't reach the penthouse without a card key, so she had to hope she'd find them both here.

Straightening her halter dress, she strode right up to Slone's doors. She didn't knock this time, either.

Shoving them both inward, she entered his office like she was walking through the swinging doors of an old time saloon. With a lot of bravado, and a prayer.

Her gaze fell on them both, Slone sitting at his desk, Ja'Rol leaning over the edge, both looking at the computer screen. They snapped around at her entrance with surprise widening their eyes. They both looked so good. Snug pullovers, and slacks. And just like usual, a single lock of Ja'Rol's hair had fallen to caress his temple.

"Hi, honey. I'm home," Brigit called in a sing-song voice. She must have done a good job at keeping her mind blank, or they were doing as they'd promised, and hadn't searched for her. She hadn't expected to take them by surprise, only find them.

Ja'Rol straightened, his mouth parting on a sucked breath. Slone rose from his chair. Both in slow motion.

"Brigit." Slone's deep voice sent a shiver down her spine.

God, she'd missed these two.

"We missed you, pet."

Her eyes zeroed in on Slone when his voice vibration filled her mind. Together they walked around to the front of the desk. Now that she was there, she felt a jolt of nerves attack. Her heart thudded. She heard its beat in her head.

She fought to not twist her hands into the knit of her skirt. She'd picked something loose that would hide what was *under* the dress. Now why did she have to be brave and wear it at all?

Both men paused a foot or two in front of her. She swallowed.

Searching their faces, looking for any sign other than shock, she said with a tremble in her voice that she couldn't avoid, "If I say I love you, will one of you say something? Please?"

Ja'Rol's expression quickly warmed, growing into a grin. "How about you just say it again?"

She narrowed her eyes at his teasing. "Why?"

Slone walked up until he stood over her, looking down into her eyes. "Because you owe us a week's worth." Then he closed the gap

and claimed her lips in a thorough kiss, his arms wrapping around her waist in a tight embrace.

Brigit welcomed it when he demanded admittance, teasing her lips with flicked strokes. She met him, plying against his wicked tongue until he was gasping as hard as she was.

"Please tell us you're staying?" Slone's enigmatic eyes swept over her, and she didn't hide from him.

"I'm staying," she murmured, running her fingers over his jaw, feeling his tension.

Almost like he'd fought to the end of a battle, his shoulders relaxed and a full sigh slipped from him.

Distantly, she heard the click of a lock. "I've disabled the elevator to this floor. We won't be disturbed," Ja'Rol stated.

Brigit peered over her shoulder at the sound of Ja'Rol's voice. As he strode up to them, his eyes burned bright, like a tiger's. The sheer animalistic quality in the man created goose bumps on her arms.

Together, they shimmied her dress over her head.

"Brigit." Slone groaned, his gaze sweeping over her form.

"Shit," Ja'Rol breathed. Both stood in silent appreciation.

"I take it, you both like it?" she asked, feeling breathless. The heat in their expressions made her body ache.

In answer, Ja'Rol sank to his knees and licked at her hip, following the seam of the near-sheer garment that crisscrossed her body to cover her breasts. The piece ended in a thin band that tied into a thong, leaving almost nothing to imagination.

"Where did you find this?" Slone traced the red fabric where it met like a bandolier, strumming his fingers lightly over her breasts. Brigit gasped a short breath as her nipples puckered.

"In Las Vegas. Shopping."

Her head lolled on her neck when sensation burst over her. Slone cupped her jaw, sucking on sensitive skin across her collarbone while palming a breast to tease her nipple into a tighter, needier point. At the same time, Ja'Rol began to knead her ass, sucking and licking at her hip, his hands sliding up and down her legs, urging her to widen her stance. When she did, he stroked against her pussy, sending a lightning bolt of desire deep into her bloodstream. Her eyes closed at the dual onslaught of sensation.

Grasping to stay standing, she hooked her fingers into Slone's belt. Autopilot took over and she slid it free, loosening the waist of his slacks. Brigit didn't stop there. Slipping the zipper down, she reached into the front of his slacks and found his cock, sliding her palm over the heated fullness. Slone groaned.

A second later, he was kissing her, hard, thrusting between her lips, tasting her. She stroked his length, and he pumped into the motions. Her pussy ached to feel that thickness inside her, stretching her until she came all over him.

Ja'Rol helped her strip Slone's slacks, then she felt Ja'Rol's hot tongue lapping over her clit. She whimpered, shaking as need coursed through her, turning her liquid.

The press of fingers against her pussy taking the place of his magical lips made her moan. Slone drove into her, making her shake uncontrollably. Breaking away from Slone's powerful kiss, she glanced down and saw what had caused Slone's deep gasp. Ja'Rol was licking at Slone's balls, lapping at them, swirling his tongue around them.

She shuddered and sank down to her knees on the thick carpeting next to Ja'Rol, unable to stay standing. Holding Slone's solid flesh, she began to suck his head, popping over the skin with repeated sucks and licks. She followed his wants, drawing him deep, licking at the sensitive skin beneath, pumping up and down the veined shaft. Ja'Rol didn't stop, and within seconds Slone was groaning loudly, harsh gasps warning them they were pushing him too hard.

"Come for me, baby," she whispered.

"Shit! Brigit!" Slone thrust and Ja'Rol moaned, purring in pleasure. The smooth tip of his cock slipped deeper into her mouth and he bellowed, flexing in pleasure as his orgasm tore through him and down her throat. Breathing heavily, she gazed up at him, and felt his love sear her.

* * * *

Ja'Rol drew Brigit closer, sucking on her plump lips before claiming them in a deep, slow kiss.

He pressed his forehead to hers. "We missed you, sweetheart." Deep as velvet, her blue eyes shined for him.

"I missed you, too." A tender hand lifted, caressing him, running her fingers through his hair. He'd missed her so much, he'd hurt.

Slone stripped his shirt and sank down to the floor. "You two are overdressed," he murmured, cupping them both by the chin to bring them close to share a kiss. As Ja'Rol stripped, Slone worshipped Brigit. "You have the sexiest mouth, pet. You can suck me anytime."

Ja'Rol grinned when she blushed. He completely understood Slone's sentiment. The woman was bewitching. When she lifted a hand to release the tie at her neck, Ja'Rol stopped her. "Leave it." Meeting his gaze expectantly, he added, "For now."

Naked, he knelt with them. Brigit's eyes ate him up, rediscovering their bodies. She gasped lightly in surprise. "You pierced it!"

"Do you like it?" Ja'Rol asked, seeing Slone's smile behind her, aware of what she'd found. He'd moved to begin massaging her shoulders, dropping delicate kisses to her bare skin.

"I love it!" She raised a hand then paused, waiting. "Is it okay? Is it healed?"

Ja'Rol nodded. "It only takes me a few days at the most to heal. It is still sensitive though." Instead of the single bar, he now wore two gold rings with a single gold bead nestled on each. Her butterfly touch electrified him, creating a hiss of pleasure. His lashes closed over unfocused eyes.

"I thought it took a lot longer than a few days." She leaned forward and blew a breath over his newest piece.

Clawed fingers dug into the carpet. "It does take longer for humans. Changing speeds the healing."

She lifted an arched eyebrow. "Cheater."

Ja'Rol pouted playfully. "I don't like a lot of pain."

Brigit leaned back into Slone's chest with his silent tug, his strokes roaming over her shoulders and arms. His hands wandered further and were now cupping and teasing her breasts.

"That feels so good." She sighed the last syllables, becoming lost in the growing heat.

He whispered into her ear. "You have beautiful breasts, pet. Full, lush, and I love your nipples. Not petite, so sweet." Ja'Rol

followed Slone's motions, rubbing the sheer fabric of her lingerie to tease her nipples, their full peaks already rouged and puckered with need.

She shivered in Slone's arms. Ja'Rol slid his palms upward from her ankles. Urging her relaxed self to lean further into Slone's steady frame, Ja'Rol laid down between her thighs. "Beautiful, indeed," he murmured.

Inching the thin strip of red fabric away from her glistening pussy, he swept her once with his tongue. She gasped and mewled in answer.

"I want to feel her between us," Slone's voice whispered through Ja'Rol's mind. *"I need her."*

"As do I," he answered. *"Tonight, she will be ours."*

Slack in Slone's embrace, his hands rolling over her breasts and teasing her nipples had her squirming. When Ja'Rol spread her labia and thrust deep with his tongue, she moaned.

"Has anyone been here, sweetheart?" Using extremely tender touches, Ja'Rol used the cream dripping from her slit to warm her rosette.

"Oh God!" She nearly shouted it as sensation shot through her, shocking them all with the depth of her reaction, a reaction that wasn't frightened. She wanted. "No, never."

Slone plucked a little harder at her nipples, causing quick flicks to Ja'Rol's nipples in an echo of her pleasure. He purred, licking deeper, teasing her ass at the same time.

Rapid pants rocked her body. Ja'Rol sucked hard on her clit and she jerked. Cream glistened on her lips and he licked them, craving her flavor. When he teased her clit again, he eased a single digit into her ass on her release. She came hard on the heels of the first with a growled groan at the pressure.

Ja'Rol felt Slone's body tense, his pleasure thickening in his blood.

"Breathe, pet. Let your body relax."

Ja'Rol again sipped at her pussy, licking in slow teasing flicks until he was sucking hard on her clit. He stroked in and out of her passage, conscious of any pain. Brigit soared, her body craving, and he delivered.

"Oh!" She arched into Slone as her orgasm rushed through her body.

"Open for me, sweetheart. That's it." Gently, Ja'Rol worked two fingers in and out of her body when she canted a leg.

"She's so tight, Slone. So hot."

Slone reached further down her body and began to rub and play with her clit. Between them, Brigit was nearly mindless with lust. Slone rolled her tits and fingered her pussy while Ja'Rol licked her juice, burying his mouth against her cunt. Gently, he worked her ass until she loosened naturally, until she began to push for more.

When she came again, it was a guttural shout that filled the office.

Slipping from her body, Ja'Rol stood, quickly locating condoms and the lube in the side drawer of Slone's desk. Rolling one over his heated cock was excruciatingly erotic. He wanted to feel her body, needed to feel her satisfaction as much as his own.

Slone eased her to her feet, his arms locked around her body to walk her backward toward the lounge chair. Ja'Rol met them there, stretching out lengthwise over the mahogany leather. With a couple tugs, Slone worked the knot free of her slip of nothing fabric that she'd worn and slipped it off her body. Shimmying her hips, she helped him until it fell to the floor, more a pile of string than anything else.

"Come here, sweetheart." Ja'Rol beckoned her to him, his arms open, waiting for her warmth. Soft and swaying, her hair caressed her cheeks. Crawling onto the couch with him, she straddled Ja'Rol's hips.

Ja'Rol groaned when she rested her slick, swollen center right over his cock. Clasp her face between his palms, he brought her to his lips. *"Fuck me, Brigit. Please."*

The air in his lungs froze when she sank down onto his shaft. Her lids half-covered, sultry, alluring eyes, their golden lashes giving them an aura that only intensified their deep blue.

With her hands on his shoulders, she rocked her hips and he panted. He moved with her, slowly, building the heat between them.

She moaned with a shuddering twitch beneath the sharp pleasure of Slone's bite, nibbling and sucking at firm flesh, her

spine twisting and arching, driving her onto Ja'Rol, taking him deeper. Ja'Rol fell into the sensation.

"Do it again," he begged Slone.

She shuddered when Slone complied, delicious fire flooding his blood. Ja'Rol kissed her, letting her find her pace as she came down from the edge of the cliff.

Shaking gasps rocked her and he held her a little tighter, keeping her steady, watching her expressions. *"Ja'Rol, she's so hot. I can't wait to be in her."* Slone had penetrated her again, ensuring her readiness before sinking his full length into her. Together, they thrust into her welcoming body.

Her purr rumbled against Ja'Rol's chest followed by a low whimper. The lounge shifted slightly with Slone resting on a knee behind her, his hand on her back, stroking her, soothing her.

"Breathe easy, pet." Slone's voice wove over them. Her eyes popped open and searched for Ja'Rol's. *"Such a sweet ass. Perfect."* Ja'Rol felt as Slone's weight pressed him into the couch. *"That's it, love."*

As one, all three moaned as Slone seated himself with Brigit between them. Ja'Rol watched her, felt her tremble and slowly moved when she did, stroking in a tender rhythm. Her fingers clawed at the leather beneath him. He cupped her waist. Her pussy clenched and he gritted his teeth. Slone found the rhythm.

Brigit gasped.

"OhGodohGodohGod..." It became a litany, her voice, so hungry with pleasure, filled with a need that both were fulfilling.

"Yes, Brigit, feel us." Ja'Rol swept the hair out of her face. *"Beautiful, beloved."*

Slone's pleasure was thickening, filling them as much as hers was reaching out to him. Ja'Rol knew they were feeling his rapture as ecstasy unlike anything they'd ever known swept over the three of them, consuming them.

"We are yours," Ja'Rol whispered, meeting her glazed gaze. *"We are one. We belong to you and we will cherish you forever."* She blinked with a sluggish effort at the sweet words. Then her plump lips parted, a low moan slipping free and she did what neither had expected to happen so soon. She opened herself completely,

absorbing their need, their love, their hunger and returned it, giving herself to them.

Brigit embraced them and returned that love and trust with a piece of her soul.

Ja'Rol's voice grew hoarse as his growls deepened, swarmed by the unexpected rush of love from the woman in his hands. Slone's thrusts grew in strength, driving them all together, tasting the same rush, feeling the same bliss. Ja'Rol arched, filling her, her walls clenching down with each stroke against her insides. His balls ached, she felt so good.

"Please, baby," he whispered. "So good."

With a scream of sheer rapture, her orgasm ripped through her, smothering her, shocking Ja'Rol with the strength of it. Slone roared, pounding into her ass.

Watching her bliss and feeling them both sent Ja'Rol over the edge. The pulse of his orgasm sped through his veins, filling his cock until he thought he would burst. Each jet of his seed slammed through him. Her pants rolled over his throat, her heart beating a heavy pace against his ribs. With a final gasp of breath, he melted into the couch, one arm around Brigit, and one hand held by Slone.

* * * *

Ja'Rol blinked into the diffused morning light slipping between the blinds and yawned. Reaching an arm, he found one side of the bed was empty, but Brigit's sweet, easy breathing told him she was there. Then he heard the chirping sounds of the TV in the living room.

"Cartoons." He tried to grin, but he just wasn't awake enough for it.

"Go back to sleep." Slone's voice was a low chuckle.

"I think I will. Love you," Ja'Rol sleepily mumbled through his thoughts. Curling around the feminine warmth in bed with him, he closed his eyes and snuggled down into the thick pillows and comforter.

"Love you back," Slone whispered into his mind.

"Love you both," Ja'Rol heard in Brigit's sleep-drugged voice. Right before a drawn breath brought her flush into his chest. Then she drifted into a deeper sleep within his arms.

Ja'Rol fell back into sleep, wrapped in their love.

The End

Also Available from Purple Sword Publications:

CAGED

By
Diana DeRicci

Chapter One

Rhys watched the agitated feline pace back and forth in her cage, throaty growls vibrating the silence. “Don’t worry, baby. I’ll get you out.” He clamped the wire cutters, pinching the cable between its jaws. A ping echoed as the steel mesh of the cage snapped, making him wince, though he didn’t slow down or stop. He did the exact same thing six more times then, after dropping the cutters to his side, pushed on the wire split, widening the hole. “How the hell did you let poachers find you?” he admonished the cat.

Glancing over his shoulder, he stilled his breathing. *Shit. Footsteps.* “We have to hurry,” he told the cheetah. Golden eyes rested on him. At least she’d stopped pacing. His gaze quickly sought any wounds with her standing still, or at least calmer, but he couldn’t find anything physically wrong with the cheetah before him. She was scared, and probably pissed beyond all sanity at being snagged in a damn trap, but otherwise fine.

The warehouse was dark, the mustiness of its interior telling the tale of its disuse. Dawn was only an hour away, giving them little time to sneak out. It had taken him all night trailing the ones who’d captured her and then having no choice but to leave her to come back with the cutters to rescue Mira.

With a grunt, he created a gap in the razor-sharp wire ends, and the cat slunk through the hole. Once on his side of the cage, she practically wrapped herself around him, butting his shoulder and chin with her head. He held her in his arms for a minute. “I got you, baby,” he whispered, burying his face in her neck. He’d been terrified when he’d realized what had happened to her. Rhys didn’t even know how the poachers had caught on that they’d gone up to the mountains to let Mira run. Cheetahs were not native to North

America, much less the Catskills. They would have to find a new running ground, but they'd worry about that later. Right now, he had to get them both out of there. "We have to go." Reluctantly, he set her on her feet. She brushed against his leg, staying close.

He inched with a cautious step along the wall, her padded paws silent beside him. Rhys had to fight his urge to run like hell to escape. They'd get out. The window he'd come in through was only a few yards away. Sounds of a waking city slipped in on the breeze.

A moment later he froze, the cat beside him going stock still at the same time. A phone rang. Steps retreated. *Damn*. He let out a slow breath. Whoever was there, was pacing a path in the flooring. The hair on the nape of his neck stood on end, warning him he was running out of time. Nearing the window, he motioned for Mira and she cleared it with one flying leap. Hoisting himself up, he fell through to the other side, landing in a crouch. Leaning against the wall, buried in shadow, he paused, listening for any sound of pursuit, then he pointed and she whirled, taking off at a run. Rhys fell in behind.

Three seconds later, a volatile shout filled the warehouse. He didn't stop to look over his shoulder to see if they'd been spotted or who it was. His only goal was to get them both out of sight and disappear.

* * * *

Mira collapsed on the leather front seat, Rhys already turning over the engine of the SUV. "There's clothes in the back," he told her once she'd completed her shift. She nodded, gasping for breath.

"Just go."

He didn't argue.

A moment later, shivering and naked, she reached behind her seat and found a pile of clothes. "Thank you." Slumped down, she couldn't see where he was going, just grateful it was away from that cage.

"Like I'd let you out in public naked," Rhys scoffed with a playful grin.

She lay in shivering silence for a moment, her eyes closed.

Adrenaline surges sent shivers down her frame in rivers. Mira had never been captured like that, and she never wanted it to happen again. "For coming to get me."

A hand threaded through her blonde curls a second later, drawing her gaze to him. "Like I'd ever let you go." Her heart thumped and a heavy sheen moistened her eyes at the absolute adoration in his gray-brown eyes when she locked hers with his.

Mira was still getting used to having Rhys in her life. She knew he loved her. She loved him like no one else. But he'd taken a huge risk tonight. Sliding the sweater over her head, she heatedly admonished herself. He'd done it because she'd made a bad choice and had been caught for it.

"Do you think they know?"

He raked his bottom lip with his teeth. "Honestly, I don't know." He turned right at a light, his attention on his driving. "I'm not sure if they were just poachers, or if someone else has figured out what you are and is actively hunting for you guys."

She groaned. The tears continued to well. "Damn it!" She swiped a stiff finger beneath her lashes when she couldn't make them stop.

"You have to admit, anyone reporting cheetahs and lions and tigers to the wildlife department is going to be laughed at. Get enough calls from more locations and someone's going to ask questions." He glanced her way. "Catch one and you're an instant media rock star."

"I don't think he was waiting for the news vans," she said. Mira curled up tighter on the seat, wanting to sink into it and disappear. "I need to lay low for a while. I thought it was safe here. I got careless." She pressed, as though to hide, against the rear of the seat.

Rhys pulled over into a diner parking lot miles from where he'd found her and stopped the vehicle. Shoving the gears into park, he turned and faced her. "It'll be all right." Warm, solid and steady, his palms cupped her face, calming her frantically racing heart. The sweep of his thumbs over her skin made him feel so real, soothing her like no one else could. "I love you. I'm not letting anything happen to you."

Her breath caught. It always did as his lips descended to

hers. She purred and moaned at the same time, the flash of desire so hot, she shook. All it took was a kiss and she went up in flames. A touch and she'd be demanding he strip and take her. And he wouldn't argue. He couldn't deny her when he was usually just as eager. The intensity of what they'd found together was staggering, and so once in a lifetime, she was determined to never let him go, provided incidences like yesterday morning didn't take her from him unwillingly.

She'd never known anyone like Rhys Jamison Rowls. Her fingers dug into his thick bay brown hair, holding on as his kiss heated the interior of the vehicle, chasing away her chills. Memories of the day spent in the confines of a cage faded as his lips molded to hers. She opened to his query, giving him access, craving the feel of his tongue. Pushing forward, she danced with him, and felt the shiver of want rush down her spine. Her womb clenched, and her body grew damp. She had to shift on her seat to ease the climbing ache.

The End

About the Author

Diana DeRicci is the sexy, flirty pen name of Diana Castilleja. A romance author at heart, DeRicci's writing takes you into a saucier spectrum of sensuality and sexual adventure, where a happily-ever-after is still the key to any story. Diana lives in Central Texas with her husband, one son and a feisty little Chihuahua named Rascal. You can catch the latest news on all of Diana DeRicci's writing and books on her website. Feel free to drop Diana an email. She'd love to hear from you.

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