

Loose Id

TAKE
YOUR *Pick*
JASMINE HAYNES

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Jasmine Haynes



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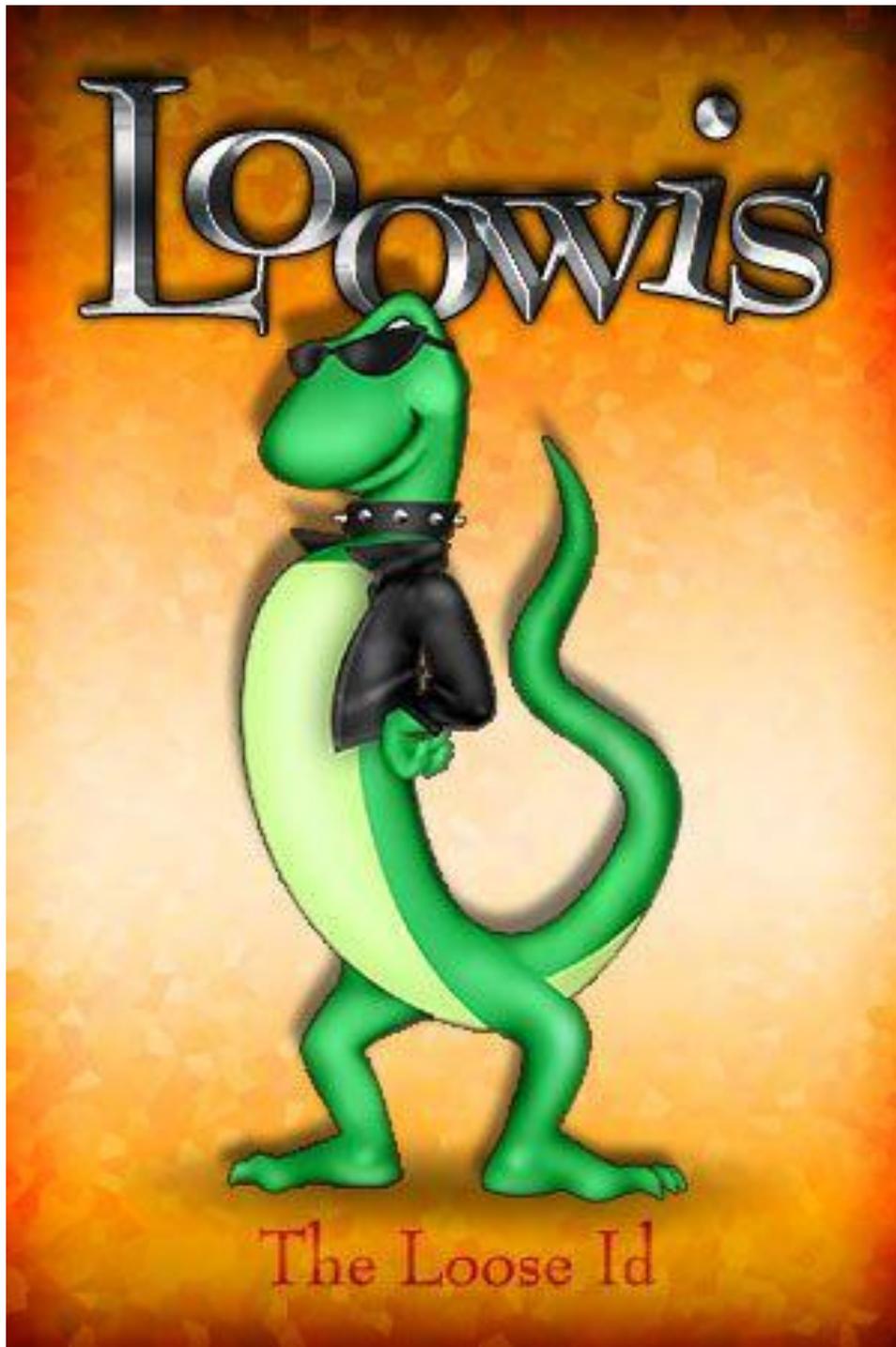
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Chapter One

Rena rode him hard. God, it was so right. *He* was so right, his body toned and powerful between her thighs, his strong hands molding to her rib cage, supporting her as he met her thrust for thrust.

“Oh God,” she whispered, head back, eyes closed. “That feels so good.” The angle of her body heightened the friction over her G-spot as Grant pumped slowly, inexorably. Oh, how he filled her, thick, long, hard. He could keep it up for hours.

She bit her lip. All right, slight exaggeration, but his control was as mammoth as his magnificent cock.

Sometimes she wanted nothing more than to shatter that control, to hear him shout, scream for her.

“Yeah, baby,” he crooned. “Squeeze me just like that.”

Her thighs trembled with tension. She wasn’t consciously aware of working her muscles on him, yet he claimed she drove him crazy on the inside.

“Touch yourself,” he demanded.

Dropping her chin, she met his gaze, his eyes dark cerulean pools in the moonlit bedroom. His short hair was deliciously thick and dark, a few strands of gray through the black. Gorgeous, hard muscles, a smooth chest with only the barest amount of hair.

Grant Tyler was prime.

“Make yourself come,” he urged.

“It won’t be me. It’ll be all you.” His cock inside her, that unwavering friction. But he liked to watch her too, and the truth was that a little help from her vibrator

made her absolutely mad with his cock riding her G-spot. Luckily it never seemed to offend his masculinity or question his competency.

Grant handed her the toy, molding her fingers around it. “Play with your pretty little pussy, baby.”

“You have such a way with words.” She laughed, then gasped as she laid the vibrator to her clit. “Oh God,” she moaned.

He held her hips steady, pumped relentlessly. She began to quiver, shudder, tiny spasms working their way out from the pressure points of the vibrator on her, his cock inside her.

“I love how you lose it, how tight you are around me. Christ, that pussy is so sweet.”

Then her bucking became frantic, her breath harsh, her skin hot, a pinpoint of heat shooting out from her clitoris—stronger, harder, hotter until it was a flash fire across her flesh.

Rena cried out as pure sensation took over until she was nothing but nerve endings and sexual energy against the pulse of his orgasm deep inside her. The pleasure seemed to go on and on until everything was too much, and tossing the vibrator aside, she crushed herself against the smooth, hard flesh of his torso.

Moments later she lay flush against his side, deliciously sweaty, fused to him. “God, you’re so good at what you do.”

Grant chuckled, tipped her chin, kissed her sweetly with a quick foray of his tongue, then backed off. “You can’t possibly know how good it feels on my cock when you come. I’ve never known a woman to squeeze so hard. It’s all I can do not to come too quickly.”

He talked a good game, but Grant came when he was ready, always timing it to her fifth or sixth orgasm. Heh, sometimes it had been the tenth. Suffice it to say, he made sure she had her fill before he allowed himself to come, her pleasure more important than his own.

Yet she dreamed of what it would be like were she to walk in the door to have him simply shove her up against the wall and do her in a fit of passion. She loved his words, his total focus on her needs, but sometimes she wanted down-and-dirty, no-holds-barred fucking because he was completely crazy for her and couldn't help himself.

"You spending the night?" he asked. There wasn't a hint of sleepiness in his voice.

"No. I've got a board meeting, and I didn't bring a change of clothes." She couldn't give her quarterly financial presentation to the board wearing the same red power suit she'd had on today.

Grant rolled, then pulled her beneath him and clamped his hands on either side of her face. "You should leave some clothes here."

They'd been lovers for eight months but had known each other eight years, having worked together at Sutter Circuits, a Silicon Valley manufacturing firm. Now he was CEO of a *Fortune* 500, and she was CFO for Sutter. There'd been a spark, but he'd been married back then, and neither had acknowledged the attraction. They'd reconnected at an investors' conference. And he was no longer married. The long-ago spark had become a conflagration.

But they weren't a couple and had both agreed there would be other lovers. "I wouldn't want anyone to come upon my clothing in your closet," she quipped, stroking his chin.

"I've been meaning to talk to you about that."

Her stomach turned over. "What?" She was afraid she knew. She'd been sensing something in him the last month, nothing she could put her finger on, just a piercing look or finding herself the object of his scrutiny. Grant didn't act in haste. He thought things through. He weighed all the possible outcomes and came up with strategies for bringing about the result he desired. It was another facet of his control, but sometimes she felt like an item on his agenda.

He moved sinuously against her, exciting her nerve endings all over again. “I’m not interested in having anyone else in the condo who might have an objection to your clothes in my closet.”

Oh yeah, that’s what she’d been afraid of—what a big part of her wanted, but another part didn’t know what to do with. She stalled by making him spell it out. “You mean...?”

“I mean that I haven’t had another lover in the last few months. And I have no desire for one in the foreseeable future.” Even the way he said it was diplomatic and controlled, yet he stared at her with those deep blue eyes, darker now as the moon outside the window suddenly disappeared behind a cloud.

How many months, she wondered but didn’t ask. “Umm.”

He dropped his head and buried his face in the hair tangled around her throat. “I want only you, Rena.”

Her heart thudded. The words thrilled her, made her pulse race. She couldn’t deny the physical sensations, the giddiness. Of their own volition, her arms wrapped around him, hugged him tightly. And yet...

“It’s not like I’m hopping from bed to bed,” she told him. “I want you to know I’ve had only one lover besides you in the last six months.” Yes, she’d cut off her other lovers, but still, she didn’t know if she could do what Grant wanted.

“And you don’t want to be tied down,” he interpreted, pulling back, his gaze moving across her face, registering the nuances of her expression.

She did want to be tied down. She was thirty-five, established in her career, owned her own home, had achieved financial security, and she was actually ready to try out a relationship. Not marriage and babies—she wasn’t the motherhood type—but a full-time, ongoing relationship. The problem was that she didn’t know with which man.

Grant was so perfect. He moved in her world, and they spoke the same language, had the same career goals. He respected her opinion, even changed his own mind sometimes based on what she had to say. They liked the same books, the

same movies, the symphony—so many things in common. At forty-five, he was ten years further up the ladder than she was, but they were both climbing in the same direction. He was sexy and funny, and God, the things he made her feel physically kept her in a constant state of fantasy. She'd never felt so sensual, so sexual. She admired him, respected him, had lusted after him. He was exactly the kind of man she would have dreamed up for herself: intelligent, handsome, a commanding leader with a charisma that earned him buy-in on almost every venture he chose to undertake.

Yet she felt he held himself back, as if he was always thinking before he acted, measuring and weighing the consequences, every move thought out. A necessary quality in a leader, but in seduction, occasionally she wanted the wild man. She wanted to feel that his emotions for her sometimes overwhelmed him. Oddly, she didn't remember this same level of control in him when they'd first worked together. In fact, she clearly recalled a couple of incidences where he'd lost his cool in a meeting. Then again, he hadn't been a CEO. He'd also been married and going through a difficult time at home, though she wasn't aware of that until later, of course.

Could it be he'd never truly gotten over his wife? The idea chilled her blood, but no, if that were the case, Grant wouldn't be asking her to move some of her clothes into his closet.

"I need more time." She didn't want to lose him. But she couldn't say she was ready to choose either.

"Is this other lover someone important?"

She wanted to lie, give herself time to think. Then again, she couldn't think away the truth. "Yes."

He tensed, the lines on his face deepening, and his nostrils flared slightly. Then he rolled to his back. Pulling her with him, he tucked her tight to his side. "The truth is I don't want to share you anymore. I want all of you." He paused so

long, she thought her heart might pound right out of her chest with the wait. “You need to decide if you want the same thing.”

Oh God. An ultimatum.

What the hell was she going to do?

* * *

Grant Tyler stood before the second-floor window of his San Francisco condo and stared out over the dark bay waters as if they were a black hole in the middle of his universe. Rena had left only a few minutes ago, and he could still smell her sensual musk in the room, on his skin, still taste her on his lips. He was used to issuing ultimatums, even if he didn’t like to be forced into it. In the business world, you started with diplomacy, but there was always the situation or the person that pushed you to the edge, and you had to take the my-way-or-the-highway approach.

Rena Lancaster was gorgeous, with blonde hair past her shoulders when she let it down—literally and metaphorically—a firm figure, luscious breasts, and skin soft and smooth to the touch. In her midthirties, she was one hell of a piece of perfect womanhood. She’d become his private obsession and his private hell. She wasn’t aware of that; over the last six years since his divorce, he’d grown as used to controlling his emotions as he was to giving orders. And he knew Rena might choose to walk away.

But the idea of her choosing someone else made him fucking crazy.

He’d thought to eradicate this kind of emotionalism. He’d lost his wife over it. He was lusty and hot-blooded, and his wife had been overwhelmed by his desires and emotions. And his jealousy. He fully admitted she hadn’t done much to inspire it. It was simply part of his nature. If another man got too friendly, he stepped in. He’d learned too late that sometimes a man needed to change his nature. He’d sworn he wouldn’t ruin another relationship. He’d therefore bottled up his jealousy and, ever since, had given his women all the freedom they required. Rena had required more freedom than most.

Yet sharing her with nameless, faceless lovers was killing him. He'd pretended he never even thought about it. He kept himself in check so she wouldn't have a clue, concentrating on her, on making her feel so good she wouldn't need another man.

Obviously it hadn't worked. There were other considerations as well, the kind of woman she was being paramount among them.

She'd never been married; her career came first. She wasn't interested in raising a family, and she didn't need a man to keep her financially secure. She never demurred about her sex life; she loved sex and lots of it. She didn't mash it into his face when she had a date, but there were times he'd asked to see her, only to have her tell him she was busy. If it was something innocuous like drinks with a girlfriend, she told him. It was the times she gave no explanation that crawled beneath his skin like parasites worming deep into him.

He'd always admired her business acumen, always found her sexy. She was strong, independent, and knew exactly what she wanted. He'd gravitated to her for those traits, but they were now the very qualities that made him insane.

There was hot, obsessive sex, lust, and desire, and there was his wanting to wake up beside a woman, to watch her over the breakfast table, to think about a future. He felt all those things for her. He didn't know if it was love. He only knew that he needed to find out.

And he couldn't do it when he was crazy thinking of her with another lover.

He was actually quite proud of how controlled and emotionless he'd sounded. "*You need to decide if you want the same thing.*" Yet it drove him nuts that she withheld pieces of herself, that she might possibly give those pieces to someone else.

If she decided she didn't want him, he didn't know what he'd do. His heart climbed into his throat, choking him. He feared what he might be capable of.

Chapter Two

Late-April weather in the San Francisco Bay Area was fickle. It started raining just as Rena pulled her BMW into the garage of her Atherton town house. With the light traffic due to the lateness of the hour, she'd made it home from Grant's place in less than forty-five minutes. She could still see his face, inscrutable, contained, as if he weren't applying any pressure on her at all. After unlocking the door to the kitchen, she set her laptop briefcase just inside before reaching for the light.

She never made it. Big hands grabbed her, shoved her up against the wall. She sucked in a breath, scenting him like the bitch in heat he'd turned her into. He yanked up her skirt. When she'd left Grant's, she hadn't bothered with her nylons. He went down on his knees, buried his face against her pussy.

"Christ, I can smell him on you. It's so fucking hot." He tore at her panties to get at her, thrusting his tongue deep into her cleft.

She held his face to her. He was always like this—wild, going straight for her pussy before even kissing her. God help her, she loved it.

"Did he come inside you?" he whispered, warm breath bathing her, making her wet, hot.

"Condom." She barely managed to speak sensibly as he stroked her clit with his tongue, his soft mustache and goatee tickling her at the same time. *Hmm, is this what they called a French tickler?*

"Fuck," he growled. "I want him to come inside you so I can lick you clean when you get home." Then he went back to her pussy with gusto, licking, sucking, stoking the fire she thought Grant had quenched.

She thrust her fingers through his dark blond hair, held him tight, her body rocking to his rhythm, her head lolling against the wall.

He drew back, forcing a moan from her; she'd been so close to coming. "Tell me what he did to you. Describe it. Did he taste your pussy?"

He loved the dirty talk, the details, every filthy, nasty thing she'd done.

"He licked my clit while he finger-fucked me."

At the words, he attacked her clitoris with renewed fervor. She went on. "Then I sucked his cock."

He backed off long enough to say, "Tell me about his cock."

"He's thick, long. And he gets so damn hard. I love how he tastes. Sweet." She breathed a sigh of delight at both the remembered ambrosia and the rich and very real feel of a tongue on her now. "And God, when he comes, there's so much, I can't swallow it all."

"Did he come in your mouth?"

"Not this time. He fucked me doggy." Her body clenched at the tactile memory. "He took me hard, deep." She closed her eyes a moment, relishing the sweet spot he'd found with his finger. "Then he flipped me over and made me ride him fast," she told him on a gasp, "holding me in place. He knows the perfect angle to hold me at, and he fucks me deep." With Grant, it wasn't so much her riding him as him fucking her from beneath with the most amazing intensity. She loved Grant's intensity. It was the closest thing to passion he displayed.

Between her thighs, she felt the explosion building. His fingers slipped inside her, pushed her higher, fucking her the way she'd told him Grant had done. "I came so hard," she whispered. She quaked with the feel of it, both his touch inside her and the remembered sensation of her orgasm shooting through her.

"Fuck, I need to be inside you. I'm so goddamn hard, I can't wait another second." He rose, jammed his hands beneath her armpits, and thrust her high until she wrapped her legs around his waist. He was six feet four, an inch taller than

Grant, his body thick and hard with years of labor. He had twenty pounds on Grant, and it was all muscle. God, she loved the way he always had to pick her up, holding her high, as if she weighed nothing. It was so...primal, making her feel delicate and petite despite being five-seven herself. And his work boots, holy hell, they turned her mad with desire. She braced herself against the wall as he dispensed with belt buckle and jeans buttons and added the tear of a condom wrapper to the harsh sound of her breath, his breath.

“Fuck, I need you. I want this. I fucking have to have it.”

He entered her with no more preliminaries, pounding deep in one stroke. She clung to him, a tear of pure physical delirium leaking from her eye.

He overwhelmed her with passion, need, emotion, as if she was the only woman who could make him lose control like this. Her back scraped the wall, but she held on, taking every inch of his cock, drowning herself in his earthy, intoxicating aroma.

“Jesus, sweetheart, yeah.” His nostrils flared; his head fell back. “Fuck.”

On his lips, she loved that word. *Fuck*. It was almost an endearment, but the sex was raw, wild, overpowering her senses, turning her inside out. She cried out as he hit that perfect spot over and over until, like an animal, she sank her teeth into the flesh at his throat.

He hissed. “You dirty bitch.”

And even that shot her higher—the visceral language, the incessant grind of his body. Then he slammed home. With the pulse and spasm of his cock inside her, she tumbled over the edge with him.

Together they crumpled to the floor until he held her in his lap, his cock still buried deep inside her.

* * *

“There’s a very simple solution, sweetheart.”

Fifteen minutes later, on the couch in her darkened living room, Karl cradled her in his lap, his big arms engulfing her, his Midwestern drawl as soothing as the rain pattering on the deck outside. She'd told him Grant wanted her to choose.

Karl Kristiansen was her contractor. She'd been attracted to him from the moment he'd begun wandering through her town house preparing the bid for all the work she wanted done. He'd started doing her remodeling a week later, and he'd started doing her a week after that. That had been eight months ago. He and Grant had exploded into her life at the same time. Yes, she already knew Grant, but not the way she *knew* him now. He'd been off-limits when they'd first worked together, but that's why he'd made such a good fantasy. When she'd finally had him, that's what made him so much better, the years of fantasizing. But Karl was big and powerful, full of passion, taking her senses by storm.

Was it possible to have the same feelings about two different men for very different reasons?

"All right," she mused sleepily, "tell me the solution."

"Do us both and compare."

"I just did you both." She nuzzled his throat. He smelled so good, that tantalizingly earthy male scent. "And I still can't decide. You both give me different things."

His chuckle rumbled in his chest. "I mean, do us together."

She slid off him, curled her legs beneath her on the sofa, and stared. "Like in the same bed at the same time?"

He shook his head, his teeth white behind his smile. With only the hall light stretching its fingers into the living room, the hazel of his eyes appeared dark as a jungle, but the sparkle was unmistakable. "Don't tell me you've never had a threesome."

She shook her head. "The closest I've had to a threesome is what I do with you and Grant." An evening in Grant's bed, then coming home to find Karl had used her key.

The first time it had been a coincidence. Karl had come by to check a measurement in the kitchen. He'd let himself in; she'd arrived home a short while later. Invading her space as they'd talked in the kitchen, he'd leaned in close to sniff her. Then everything had gotten wild. He'd taken her on the counter as she told him all the things she'd just done with Grant, how he tasted, how he felt. She hadn't volunteered; Karl had asked. The more explicit she got for him, the harder he had grown. It had become a ritual—a dirty, nasty, intoxicating ritual.

Karl grabbed her chin, his eyes suddenly serious, blazing. "I want to lick you while he's fucking you."

Her blood started to race, her skin heating all over again. That's what Karl did to her, turned her hot and wet with a single touch, a couple of words, his dirty thoughts. She craved that excitement as much as she craved Grant's concentrated lovemaking, his desire to drive her to another orgasm.

She needed the way Karl made her feel, as if he couldn't wait to get his hands on her, as if she were a goddess come to life just for him. Maybe it was an illusion; she didn't care. She couldn't give that up any more than she could give up how Grant made her feel when he asked her opinion on the latest business deal he was working on, as if her opinion mattered, as if she had value beyond her body, beyond how she made him feel when his cock was in her mouth.

"I still don't know if I can choose," she whispered.

Karl stroked a finger along her jaw. "He gives you things I can't. He's part of your world. You can take him out to your benefit dinners and your business conferences, and you don't have to be ashamed."

"I'm not ashamed of you." But she'd never taken him anywhere. Sure, she invited him over for dinner or they went out for a bite, but they didn't date in a traditional sense. They just fucked. Afterward they talked about their lives, but they never mixed them. Now she felt shallow.

He grinned. "I dress up good."

“You’d hate it. You love a hard football game, hockey at the Shark Tank, and a juicy burger.” Versus filet mignon at the finest restaurant up in the city.

He laughed. “I’m glad you know me so well.”

She did. He made her comfortable. Another reason it would be hard to give him up.

“But I’d still be willing to put on a monkey suit for you. I might even like it.”

Wincing with guilt, she suddenly felt she’d done him a disservice by never asking.

“If you choose me,” he went on, “I’m not going to ask you to give up anyone or anything.”

He was fighting for her, in an odd way, offering to step into her less than casual world, telling her she could have her freedom. She wasn’t sure she wanted that either. The fact that Grant wanted only her and no one else was potent. “What if I don’t want *you* to have *your* freedom?”

While Karl wanted to hear every dirty detail of what she did with Grant, she’d never asked for the same about him and his other women. She didn’t even ask if he had others. She didn’t want to know. But of course she assumed he did.

Karl brought her hand to his chest. “You satisfy me. That’s all I need.”

For now. The words were unspoken, but she believed they were there. She, on the other hand, had grown tired of playing the field. She was ready for something more. She was ready to choose.

She was just afraid of making the wrong choice.

* * *

Karl left her with a parting kiss on her sweet, luscious lips. “Call him. Tell him that’s what you want. One night, two men. Then you’ll decide.”

The rain had spent itself. Outside, the lingering drops on his truck glistened like prisms under the streetlights. He’d parked half a block down so she wouldn’t see his car. He liked the game—showing up with no warning, springing the

surprise, taking her the moment she opened the door, with the scent of sex all over her, her pussy still wet and fragrant with another man's cum.

Christ, there was nothing like it. And he loved that she played into it with him. She was a special woman.

What if he lost? Karl didn't want to see her walk away. She was sexy, intelligent, gorgeous, and independent. He loved all those qualities about her. He hadn't gotten tired of her. Eight months was a long time for him. He'd never felt the desire to settle down, not even at forty, when a man started feeling the need to pass on his name, his wild oats long since sown. But *settling down* was a relative term. He could do without other women. What he didn't want to give up was the sexual experimentation. He adored experimenting with her, had even fantasized about having her as his woman, his very own, sending her out for hot sex, waiting in the dark for her to arrive home smelling of another man, reliving the experience with her. Just as they'd done tonight.

He'd always had the fantasy, at least since he'd been in his twenties when he'd enjoyed multiple partners. But there'd been something about the intimacy of sharing a woman he cared about that always made his blood heat. For the most part, though, once you got into sharing emotions, women weren't built to share or be shared sexually. They thought it meant you *didn't* care.

Rena was the closest he'd come to making it a reality. She was a marvelous combination of Madonna and whore, the kind of woman men dreamed about having in their bed. Smart, sassy, and self-assured, with a dirty mind the depths of which he loved to plumb. Any game he came up with, she wanted to play. Nor did she look down on him that he'd chosen a profession that was more physical than mental. He'd never been good in school, but she understood that education didn't come only from books read in a classroom. She valued his skill, his ingenuity, his creativity. And not just how he utilized them on her body. Still, he could never hope to be the one and only for a woman like her. Sure she'd come home to him, but it wasn't his home, and he'd never spent the night. He'd always faced facts. She belonged to

Grant Tyler; she just hadn't admitted it to herself yet. And Karl had never pointed it out to her. He was hoping she wouldn't figure it out on her own and finally choose between them. He loved sharing; he just didn't want to lose her altogether.

He had one chance. He had to show her what she'd be giving up if she decided not to see him anymore, the possibilities she may never experience without him.

And Christ, the thought of watching her with Grant, a man she cared for, a man she lost her inhibitions with—after everything she'd told him, Karl wanted it bad.

But first she had to get Grant to buy into it.

Chapter Three

“You want me to do what?”

In the intimate restaurant lighting, Grant’s face was shadowed and unreadable, just as it had been two nights ago when he’d first told her he no longer wanted to share.

Rena had stood at the head of a boardroom full of powerful men. She’d been keynote speaker at conferences. She’d made decisions that committed millions of dollars or affected lives in a layoff.

Yet she’d never trembled the way she did now sitting across from Grant at Sebastian’s in Belmont Hills. The restaurant was closer to her home than to his, the food to die for, though the portions were small and the setting elegant, with suited waiters and snowy white linens. It was one of their favorite places. She’d thought to soothe the savage beast, so to speak. She never felt like that with Karl. He was easygoing, accepting. Then again, for the most part, she didn’t feel nervous or intimidated with Grant. It was her own emotions that were getting to her.

Damn. She was being a 1950s-subservient-housewife stereotype instead of the new-millennium woman she liked to think herself. *Just say what you want.* “You asked me to decide, and in order to do that, I need a comparison. So I want both of you”—she arched one brow—“together.”

“At the same time?” He picked up his Campari and soda and twirled the cubes in the red liqueur.

“That’s what *together* means.”

Beneath the suit jacket, his chest expanded with a deep breath. “And what’s that supposed to accomplish?”

It was supposed to give her the biggest high she'd ever had. Once Karl had put the idea in her head, she couldn't get it out. It was no longer even about choosing between them; it was a goal in itself. Two men giving her all the pleasure she could handle. "It will define the chemistry aspect."

He set the glass down much too carefully. "And you haven't figured out the chemistry aspect already?"

She was pissing him off. Not good. She traced a design in the white linen with her fingernail. "Here's the issue. You both provide different things I want." She touched his hand. He didn't jerk away; now, that was a good sign. "I have to figure out which of those things I can do without."

He tensed beneath her touch. "What do we both give you?"

Men were touchy. She couldn't tell him she loved his stability. She couldn't tell him she loved Karl's passion. It was like saying Grant was Mr. Nice Guy, and everyone knew the girl never picked Mr. Nice Guy. "You make me feel special, important."

His eyes darkened to the color of a storm growing far out on the ocean. "That's all?"

"What do you mean *that's all*? For most men, a woman's either a sex object or a ballbuster. You let me be both."

He was silent so long, their dinners arrived and their waiter left again. She knew she'd said the completely wrong thing. Yet she waited him out, finishing more than half her meal, which consisted of a small salmon fillet in a luxurious sauce, two asparagus spears, and three tiny red potatoes.

"So you don't mind that I think of you as a sex object." He stabbed a piece of rare meat. "That at cocktail parties I visualize bending you over the couch and fucking you while everyone watches."

She almost spit out her water. It took her a moment to recover. "You imagine *that*? In front of other people?"

“In front of other people we *know*. Shocking the hell out of them.”

He was shocking the hell out of *her*. He had depths she hadn't dreamed of. She knew that he wanted her, that he enjoyed fucking her, that he had satisfactory orgasms, and that he loved making her come multiple times. But that he fantasized kinky stuff while they were in the most staid of social settings? He had more of a taste for a little wildness than she'd given him credit for.

He leaned closer, knife and fork poised in his hands. “I find it extremely arousing.”

“You never told me.”

“Perhaps I should have.”

That was something Karl would have done—taken her to a party and whispered all the slutty things he wanted to do to her, making her so hot that she'd beg him to fuck her in the car. Or even upstairs in their hostess's bathroom.

But Grant? She'd thought he was too controlled for that. He'd have waited until they returned to his condo. Or her town house. Now, though, she wasn't so sure.

He polished off his steak, set his utensils aside. “I used to imagine fucking you on the conference table back when we both worked at Sutter.”

“You didn't,” she scoffed.

He held her with a steady gaze. “I was married and would never have cheated, but I always ruled my own fantasies.”

He took her breath away in that instant.

“I can see you had no idea.” He smiled. There was no humor, not even a spark in his gaze. “So I'll have to show you.” Without raising his voice, he made her shiver beneath his intensity. “And I will win, Rena. That's one thing you can be sure of.”

Her body heated in reaction.

Grant tossed his napkin on the table. “Are you done?”

He didn't usually rush her, but she'd finished what she wanted. "Yes. Would you like some coffee?"

In the low light, his gaze was dangerous as he signaled their waiter. "No coffee. Let's get out of here."

She couldn't gauge the new mood. He'd changed again, from tantalizingly sexy as he described his fantasies, to darkly demanding, now to enigmatic. A sense of urgency crackled in the air as he flipped down his credit card without even checking the bill, waited for the credit slip with impatience, then signed with a quick, illegible scrawl. Outside, she almost had to skip to keep up with him as they approached their cars, parked side by side at the back of the lot.

"All right, I get it. You're pissed." She followed him to her driver's door.

"On the contrary." He closed a hand around her wrist, then shoved her against the car. Her purse dropped to the concrete. Neither of them reached for it.

The overhang of a thick oak branch plunged them into a darkness the parking-lot lights didn't penetrate. "On the contrary what?" she murmured.

Above her, his eyes were midnight dark. Against her, his body was hard, the musk of pheromones and desire sweeping over her.

"On the contrary," he whispered, "I'm as hot as all fucking hell." He balled her skirt in his fists, yanked it to her waist. "And I'm going to make you come now."

Her breath caught; her pulse raced. "But someone could walk out."

"They'll never know what I'm doing." He shoved his fingers into her panties. "Spread your legs," he ordered.

She complied, her pussy already dripping for him.

Stroking her clit, he put his lips to her ear. "This is what I dreamed of doing to you on the conference table while the board members watched."

Rena moaned, her hips moving in rhythm to his touch.

"And you would have moaned just like that." He slid two fingers inside her.

She curled her leg around his calf, opening wider for his penetration.

“Tell me how much you would have loved it,” he demanded.

“God, I would have lain back on the table and spread my legs for you to fuck me.” The way he made her feel, she might very well have done the whole board if he’d asked her to. She clung to his neck, let him take her with his fingers, rocked, gasped in pleasure as he stroked her G-spot.

“You’d let me do you right now on the hood of your car, wouldn’t you?”

“Yes, Grant, oh yes.” She wanted him to. *Please*. Her mind spiraled beyond control, registering only his relentless touch, his seductive voice.

“You’d suck me, swallow my cum, beg for more.”

“Please. Grant. Yes.” She trembled, her legs so weak that if he hadn’t pinned her to car, she’d have fallen.

“You’d do anything I want, anywhere, anytime.”

With his commanding tone, his fingers inside her, his cock hard against her belly, she simply fell into orgasm, her body shuddering, a soft cry on her lips. He covered her mouth, drank in the sounds, kissed her until she couldn’t remember her name.

When she could finally think again, he straightened her skirt for her, then bent to retrieve her purse and pulled her keys from it to beep her remote alarm. As he opened her door for her, he tipped her chin up. “I’ll do your little threesome. But you need to remember one thing, Rena.”

She blinked, swallowed, beyond speech.

“You’re mine. And you’ll still be mine even after we do this.”

His eyes blazed; his face tensed. He hadn’t come, hadn’t fucked her, yet he’d staked his claim in no uncertain terms.

She’d misjudged him. She hadn’t realized that beneath his icy control lay immense emotions. If he truly let them loose on her, she might find everything she was looking for.

Or she’d get burned.

* * *

Friday night, nine o'clock. Two days after he'd made her come up against her car in the Sebastian's parking lot. It had been so hot, Grant still felt singed.

His knuckles whitened on the steering wheel of his Lexus. He'd parked across from her town house on the quiet, tree-lined Atherton street, and he was here to do her bidding. Rena was waiting inside. The occasional car passed, bathing the Lexus's front end in the beam of headlights. The neighborhood was posh; the few vehicles on the street of luxury vintage. Like her, posh and luxurious. And like her, who the hell knew what was going on behind the fancy facade? She had a dirty streak he found exciting and irresistible.

A black truck sat in her short drive. Dents and scratches in the tailgate attested to its use as a work truck. The townhome's interior lights were off on both floors, but the courtyard, ablaze in flowering bushes, was lit by a single lamp. A dog barked down the street.

That truck. The sight of it burned in his gut.

Grant had given Rena the man she admired and respected from her work environment. The man he thought she was attracted to. She'd blown that notion to hell. Rena Lancaster wanted the man he hadn't allowed himself to be since his divorce—the one with unbridled passions, the one who'd fucked up royally before he'd learned control. Too late for his marriage, he'd thought to give Rena the man he'd become.

She'd wanted something completely different. She wanted whatever the hell the owner of that damn truck gave her.

It was ironic that while Grant could be jealous of his wife, it hadn't stopped him from fantasizing. He'd told Rena the truth about imagining her on the conference table at Sutter. He never would have acted on the fantasy back then, but he realized he now fantasized about no one other than Rena. She was his sole focus. And she needed to know that, feel it, breathe it. He'd never told her.

“Well, baby,” he murmured into the darkness, “you’re going to get what you asked for.” His complete attention. And a weekend of debauchery.

He wasn’t sure whose idea it was—his or hers—but somehow, in several phone calls over the past two days, they’d come up with a role-play. Her voice had simmered with an excitement that was palpable even over the distance. “*Play the game however you want,*” she’d whispered. “*Do what comes naturally.*”

He knew what she was asking for. Out-of-control emotion. “*Will your friend play along?*”

“*Oh yeah.*”

He’d been so fucking jealous, he’d wanted to smash his fists into walls. He hadn’t, but she would have heard it seething in his sudden silence, and he knew she wanted that emotion badly. She wanted him to let it loose on her.

Oh yeah, she would have it. He’d given her a taste two nights ago up against her car; now he would let it overwhelm him, using the emotions and jealousy he’d always controlled to make the game hotter, more exhilarating, pushing her to her limits. He felt the lust rising in him, the crazy, I-need-to-fuck-her-now-or-die sensation roiling in his gut made all the more potent by the jealousy screaming through his veins.

He could only pray she wanted the real man unleashed from the CEO facade.

Staring at the truck in her drive, he allowed a surge of jealousy to rocket through him, knowing the man was in her bed, staining her sheets with his cum. And that it wasn’t the first time he’d been there.

Grant was hard. His dick swelled, aching with a need he’d never quite known before. Part of it, he knew, was the freedom to let go of the tight rein on his emotions. It was what she wanted.

He gave the handle a vicious yank and threw the car door wide. Adrenaline hit his brain, making even his skin prickle with awareness. He still wore a suit and overcoat, the folds of it flapping as he marched up her front path, through the courtyard, to her door. The knob gave beneath his rough turn. He stood a moment

in the darkened entryway, listened. Like a predator, he felt his ears twitch to catch every sound. Was that a moan? A groan? He tipped his chin, scented the air. Perfume. And something more. The subtle musk of feminine arousal. The man had touched her here in the hall, trailed his fingers along the seam of her pussy. The kitchen was empty, only the blinking blue light of the digital clock on the stove. Ahead lay the living room, the curtains open to the deck outside, the stars in the night sky winking at him, mocking him.

Another sound. A woman's moan. Built on a hill, the townhome had three levels—kitchen, dining, and living rooms on street level, two bedrooms below—one she used as an office, the other as a TV room. Rena didn't provide for guests who wouldn't share her bed. Her bedroom comprised the third level with a large master suite, walk-in closet and full bathroom. She was up there, moaning, her voice drifting down the stairwell.

Something roared in his ears. Fists clenched, he took the set of stairs leading up, his feet silent like a big cat stalking its prey. He turned at the small landing, stood gripping the wooden banister.

"Oh God, yes." Her words were clear, and afterward, she gave a sharp intake of breath, then a low keening noise.

He was ready to kill.

He stepped through the doorway, his gaze following the stream of moonlight through the window. Over the bed. Across her body. Her skin glowed milk white in the dark. A man lay between her splayed legs, his face buried in her pussy. She thrashed her head on the pillow.

Grant felt his eyes haze with red rage. Yet he wanted to stroke himself, wanted to stand there drinking in the sight of her in orgasmic pleasure until his cock was ready to burst in his hand.

"Play the game however you want." That's what she'd told him. He didn't have to play the role. The emotions already consumed him. All he had to do was pretend she hadn't planned for him to walk in on this.

He let the rage spring on them like a tiger. “What the *fuck* are you doing?”

She squealed. He flipped on the light. Staring at him with wide eyes, she scurried back from her lover, pushing up against the headboard. Rena liked her luxuries. The bed was massive, the thick comforter a deep royal blue, the four pillows plump with down. The man—Karl was his name—rolled lazily on the bed to look at Grant. He was naked, his cock jutting straight up.

“You little bitch, I turn my back for one minute, and you invite some lowlife into your bed,” Grant growled like the predatory cat he resembled in that moment.

“Grant, I—” She bit her lip. Her throat worked as she swallowed. “I thought you were taking a red-eye.”

“I caught an earlier flight.” He played along. His cock pulsed in his pants. Karl kept a possessive hand on her leg.

And that just fucking pissed him off. He stabbed a finger in the air. “Get the fuck off that bed.” A vein throbbed at his throat.

Blond, with a trimmed mustache and goatee, Karl was younger than him, maybe by five years. When he stood, he was tall. At six-three, Grant towered over most men, but this guy topped him. He was massive—thick arms, big chest, lots of muscle. Rena had said he was a building contractor, worked with his hands, his body, and there wasn’t an ounce of fat on him.

Grant smiled to himself. The guy’s cock was smaller—not by much, but in manspeak, half an inch made a hell of a difference.

He pointed to a cushy chair. “Sit, asshole.” He pulled it around for a maximum view of the bed. Karl settled back in the chair, crossing his leg, one foot on the other knee, cock rising proudly. There wasn’t an iota of shame in the man. Rena watched without a word, her eyes still wide, but Grant detected the smile lurking.

After shrugging out of his coat and suit jacket, he threw both across the bureau. He shot Karl a glare. “That is the last fucking time you’re ever going to have her. All you can do from now on is watch and wish.”

Still dressed, he marched to her bedside table, yanked open the drawer, and tossed her vibrator on the bed beside her. She loved her vibrator even when she was with a man. After she'd gotten used to the fact that the vibrator didn't bother Grant, she called it an unbeatable combination—thick cock inside her, vibrator thrumming her clit. He kept one for her at his place.

“Use it,” he demanded. “Get yourself off while he watches. Because that’s all he’ll ever get.”

“Grant,” she started.

“Shut the fuck up and do what I tell you,” he growled low and menacingly deep in his throat. “Or you will pay for cheating in ways you could never imagine.” Anger and jealousy flooded his bloodstream, his bones, his very cells. And it was so goddamn good. It made him feel alive, powerful, strong. “Fuck yourself with it,” he told her.

She slid down on the bed and spread her legs. Her trimmed pussy was wet, plump, deep red with her arousal, her clit burgeoning. She had the most gorgeous pussy. Her scent filled the air, mesmerizing him.

Closing her eyes, she moaned as the vibrator trilled along her nerve endings.

“Beat the meat, buddy,” he growled, “and remember what it was like to be inside that sweet pussy.” Grant bared his teeth at Karl. “Because you’ll *never* have her again.”

Chapter Four

Karl smiled and stroked his cock. It seemed to grow. “Whatever you say, dude.”

Rena writhed on the bed as Karl’s hand twisted and turned around his cock, precum seeping. Grant’s blood pounded in his ears. His balls ached with desire. “Make yourself come,” he whispered, almost as if he were talking to the room, to them, either one, both. The scent of sex was an intoxicating perfume in the air.

Lips parted, eyes closed, mind lost, Rena rhythmically raised and lowered her hips. She never moved the vibrator but caressed herself with her motions, knees bent, legs crossed at the ankles, her butt cheeks tensing, releasing.

“She’s so fucking hot. I’ve never met a woman like her.” Karl spoke without looking at him.

Grant had never met another like her either. She was special. He wondered if he’d ever told her that. “She’s mine,” he said.

“I know,” Karl answered. “But I want to share.”

“Fuck you. I don’t share.” With that, Grant tore at his shirt buttons, his belt, his pants, shucking everything. He crawled over her. “Don’t stop,” he ordered when she opened her eyes, her body stilling.

Her pussy was so wet, he could almost taste her juices on his lips, and his mind reeled.

The bed dipped beside him. “Let me watch,” Karl murmured.

Grant wanted him to watch, wanted him to see every nuance of her pleasure. And to know that he, Grant, was bringing it to her. Grabbing her hips, he rolled her over, then pulled her to her knees. “Don’t let go of the vibrator.”

She propped herself on one hand, the vibrator held close with the other.

Under the pillow, he found one of the condoms she kept handy. Then he stopped, an idea blossoming. “Get under her,” he ordered Karl. “You’re going to watch my cock slide inside her and know you’ll never have her pussy again.” He paused, then added, “Asshole,” for punctuation.

Karl crawled between her legs as Grant donned the rubber. She spread her thighs over Karl’s face as he clamped his big hands on her ass. He would see Grant’s girth penetrate her, take her, fuck her until she screamed.

“If you’re lucky and I’m feeling magnanimous, I might let you lick her while I’m fucking her.” He straddled Karl’s torso, Rena’s gorgeous behind beckoning. “Mine, mine,” he grunted as he got into position, her pussy begging for his penetration. “Don’t fucking taste her unless I say so.” Such power was sweet.

Rena moaned as he inched his cock inside her delicious little cunt. He loved the way her muscles tried to drag him in, squeezed him. She hadn’t said a word, letting him take her over body and soul. Damn, but she was wet, warm, her skin flushed to the color of a ripe peach.

“God, you’re so tight, baby.” He closed his eyes, stroked deep, reveling in the textures of her inside and out. Beneath him, he could feel Karl’s hot breath bathing him, bathing her delectable snatch as he filled her with his cock. “Lick her now,” he demanded.

Rena tossed aside the vibrator. “Oh God, yes. Please, I need it.”

“You need *me*.” He thrust hard, staking his claim.

She groaned, bracing both hands on the bed. “Yes, Grant, you, only you.”

She wanted both, yet it thrilled him to be the one inside her, the one to have her first, stamping his ownership on her. Karl’s goatee grazed his balls as the other man began licking Rena’s hot button. It was a unique feeling, exciting simply for the accidental nature of it. Grant found himself driving harder, dipping lower, intensifying the scrape of beard across his skin, the bristles soft and scratchy all at once.

He'd never been particularly kinky—no sex parties, no threesomes or foursomes, though he loved variety in position. This was different, the heat of a body between his thighs, the slickness of her pussy, creamier than ever before. She panted and groaned, chanted his name, begged him. Her body flexed around him, clutched. The orgasm built in his balls, pounded in his scrotum, shuddered inside him, yet he held off, pushed back. Not yet. It was too fucking good to let go.

Then, eyes closed, mind focused purely on the physical, the sensations, her body heat, her wet channel working him as he pistoned into her, only then, he felt the moistness of a tongue on his testicles. A mouth suctioned his balls, sucked one inside, pulled on him, the feeling reaching deep inside. His mind spiraled down to simply the thrust of his cock inside her and that mouth working his balls. It was more than any one touch could produce. It was logarithmic, cataclysmic, and when her body clamped down on him in the approaching throes of climax, he lost himself. Always before, he'd made sure she came first, long and hard, multiple times, but in this moment, he was so filled with need, lust, and abandon that he was beyond waiting. He needed it fucking now, and he shot hot and hard inside her, wishing that there were no condom, no barrier, that he could fill her with everything he was, everything he wanted to give her.

* * *

They lay on her in a tangle of bodies, their hot, sweaty, delicious flesh surrounding her, their harsh breath fanning her throat, her thighs. Rena cracked her eyelid. Karl was between her legs, Grant plastered to her back, his cock still buried inside her. She could feel him pulse lightly.

"That was incredible," she whispered, to both of them, to no one in particular, to the world at large.

Grant shot out a breath. "What the *fuck* was that?"

"Perfection." She sighed. He was big, beautiful, and wild. He made *her* feel wild.

"No. I mean what the fuck was he doing down there?"

Grant didn't use the word *fuck* often.

Karl tipped his head back. "It was there. I felt like tasting everything." He met Rena's gaze. "His balls were covered in your juice."

"He fucking licked it off." The growl in Grant's voice was noncommittal.

Good Lord. A sudden odd yet totally exciting thrill zipped to her clitoris and beyond. Karl had licked Grant's balls.

"Sorry, dude." Karl smiled like a Cheshire cat, his teeth white and shiny in the overhead light. He wasn't gay or even bisexual, at least not as far as she knew, but he obviously wasn't homophobic either.

Grant snuggled her closer, his cock flexing in her as if he were making a statement. Her skin flushed with arousal all over again. She had the sudden image of sitting back to watch them, directing them, and a rush of moisture let loose inside her. The thought had never occurred to her before. Yet now, she imagined Grant's cum on her pussy and Karl lapping it up the way he'd always talked of doing, then cleaning Grant's cock and kissing her.

"I need someone to fuck me. Now." Her voice carried an edge of desperation. Despite the power of her orgasm, she needed it all over again.

"He said I can't have you." Karl winked.

"I'll allow you to lick her to orgasm." Grant lifted her leg over his, spreading her. Rena's heart beat with the symbolic nature of it, one man giving her to another.

"Jesus." Karl simply stared, his hand on her thigh; then his gaze flicked from her to Grant. "She's so beautiful with your cock buried deep in her. Let me lick her that way, just like that."

"You may," he said.

Rena slid her arm back around Grant's neck to anchor herself as Karl put his mouth to her. "Oh." She sighed.

Her eyes wanted to close all on their own, but she forced them open. The sight—*oh God*—Karl's blond head between her legs, just to the side, enough for her

to see Grant's big, thick cock deep in her flesh. Karl's dusting of body hair brushing her skin versus Grant's smooth, hairless chest caressing her back as he breathed. Inside her, his cock began to throb. The sensations, Karl's hot tongue, stroking, circling, made her crazed with need. Grant liked to suck her clit hard into his mouth, then worry it with his tongue, alternating between the two techniques. Their styles were different, but one was no less tantalizing than the other. Then Karl's hand dropped from her thigh, Grant's replacing it, holding her wide for Karl's probing tongue. And Grant flexed his hips, slowly, inexorably, causing no more than a pulse inside, yet somehow it all drove her mad.

Karl had been so right. She'd never had anything like this.

Even as she reveled in the attention, Karl lowered his hand to Grant's balls, palpated them, rolled them in his big hand as he licked her at the same time. Grant's breathing quickened, fanning her throat, his heart beating faster between her shoulder blades.

And his cock surged to impossible hardness inside her.

It was the most seductive thing Rena had ever felt, ever heard, ever seen. Grant didn't stop Karl. He groaned. She forgot her own orgasm, so engrossed in the sight, Karl's big hand on Grant's balls, the throb of his cock inside her.

Make him come. The words were less than a whisper on her lips. God, how she wanted to say them. This was once in a lifetime; she knew she would never have it again. Never experience the like. It was everything she'd ever wanted from Grant—not the man-to-man thing, but his passion, the desire to give himself over to her, the tightness of his breath, the need in his heavy-lidded eyes as she glanced at him over her shoulder. Even the way he'd ordered her to do his bidding, demanding that she masturbate for them, had carried a shuddering need with it. He was changing for her, opening to her. Like the night in the parking lot when he'd made her come. He'd always had these seeds of wildness in him, but for her, he was now letting them loose. *Fuck.* Oh yes, she loved the word *fuck* on his lips. She wanted more, so much more. She wanted *this*.

Levering slightly away from Grant, she pulled off his cock. “Get rid of the condom,” she murmured.

Karl did the duty, tossing the rubber in the trash by the side of her bed. Then she was stretched over Grant’s hips, his magnificent cock rising just in front of her pussy, Karl’s lips close to the tip.

“Do it,” she whispered, waiting for Grant to freak, waiting for Karl to roll away, yet willing them to do exactly what she wanted.

No one moved; no one breathed. Then, as if they were all in a dream, Karl bent to Grant’s cock. His tongue peeped out to lick the slit along the tip, testing, tasting. Behind her, Grant’s heart pounded right through to her chest; he was rigid, his fingers digging into her thigh.

Karl engulfed the crown of Grant’s cock, sucked. It was so amazing. The big, tough, strong man with a cock in his mouth.

“Suck him,” she said, louder, stronger. “Suck his cock all the way in.”

The massive girth slid between his lips, all that sleek, hard, gorgeous flesh. Grant began to rock behind her, pumping his hips lightly as Karl suctioned him. He slipped him all the way out once more, Grant’s cock glistening with saliva.

“That is so beautiful.” Awe dripped from her voice. She’d never have thought, never could have known how gorgeous two men could be. “Fuck his mouth, Grant, please. I need it.”

Grant worked his hips faster, harder, sliding his cock in and out as Karl held his balls in his hand.

“God, Grant, that’s so perfect, so hot.” She tipped her head back on his shoulder, pulled his face down. “I love it. I love this.”

His features strained, stretched, and his eyes blazed like hot flames. “Jesus, fuck, I’m gonna come.” His voice was strangled at her ear.

Karl pulled him free just as Grant’s semen began to jet. He covered her pussy, spraying her folds with hot cum. Then, still holding Grant in his hand, working him

gently, Karl licked the cum from her pussy, her clit, savoring every drop, licking her clean until she cried out and bathed his lips with her climax.

* * *

The cock had been there, she'd wanted him to do it, and it had been fucking hot. Karl couldn't quite believe he'd actually done it, yet the moment had been perfect, her need for it crying out to him, pushing his limits. And he'd found he had none.

The man's taste was still piquant on his tongue. He'd sampled cum from a woman's pussy before. He'd held a cock, even licked along a shaft like a lollipop in a threesome or foursome scenario. It was just something that happened when you were all rolling around on a bed. It had neither appalled him nor appealed to him as something he just had to have more of. But the salty-sweet taste of precum was more potent straight out of the chute, so to speak. And the cock had been so damn hard. How had Grant managed that only minutes after coming inside her?

Karl rolled from between Rena's delectable thighs, the head of his cock purple with need, his balls tight. He crawled up her, then palmed the back of her neck. Laying his lips on hers, he shared Grant's juice with her. His heart beat fast and hard as she opened to his mouth, tasted, then fully absorbed the cum mingled with her sweet, unique flavors on his tongue. He'd never felt closer to a woman, never more a part of her and she him. The kiss filled him with hope as his mind whirled with emotion and need, fulfillment yet the craving for more, more.

"Suck me before I die." Holding his cock aloft, he rose above her, tracing her lips with the tip, leaving a smear of precum.

They'd agreed to a weekend of sex games, after which Rena would make her choice between them. He hadn't expected to be the cocksucker, though, yet it had seemed the right time, the right place. Watching a woman suck cock, he'd wondered what it would be like. Now he knew, and it had been once-in-a-lifetime hot with Rena urging him on. He pulsed in the depths of her mouth before he dared a glance at the man behind her.

Grant watched them, his gaze enigmatic. What did he think? Was he contemplating beating the shit out of something, preferably Karl's face? All he did right now was hold Rena steady, his hand on the back of her head as she sucked Karl's cock.

Karl gave himself over to the pleasure of it. Rena sucked like she loved cock, as if she savored every drop of precum, as if the texture and scent of a cock were like eating chocolate mousse.

"Come in her mouth," Grant demanded, his voice hoarse, as if the command in his tone erased what the three of them had just done. Because, yes, it was the three of them, not just him and another man.

She sucked, licked, relished, holding his balls in her delicate hand, squeezing him gently until his head dropped back and the mindlessness of orgasm rose up to take him and roll him under like a massive wave.

Christ yes, he had to share more of this with Rena. He'd even share more of Grant, if that's what she wanted. Because, fuck, what they'd done tonight was unbelievably hot. And because she had absolutely loved it.

Chapter Five

In his arms, Rena breathed evenly, having lapsed into sleep. By her side lay the naked form of her other lover, eyes closed, face relaxed.

Karl. The man who had just sucked Grant's cock. The man whose face he'd wanted to punch in when he'd taken Rena's lips in that luscious kiss, the kiss that belonged to Grant, not some dirty little cocksucker. His jealousy had seared him, yet his mind still reeled with what he'd allowed, though he couldn't say he was completely horrified by it. As a boy just hitting puberty, he'd done some experimenting, exchanging sexual play with a couple of his friends. He figured most boys had, though as men, they'd never admit it.

But mostly, tonight had been about Rena. All he could remember now was how she'd begged for it and he'd given it to her. He hadn't expected it to feel so good, her voice, her need, her desire, and that mouth wrenching the orgasm from him.

He loved sex, and this was nothing more than really hot sex, he told himself. He had come twice in fairly quick succession before. It wasn't as if he hadn't. It wasn't as if he'd only come because a man was sucking his cock. It was the situation, the moment, the available mouth. Maybe it was the sense of the taboo too.

He rolled to his back, Rena nestling against him.

She'd wanted it; he'd provided. It was as simple as that. With all three of them, it had been the hottest sex he'd ever had, each individual's need fueling the others' like a match to a gasoline tanker. It was unstoppable. Until it burned itself out.

He'd agreed to play her games. He'd done everything she asked. Now it was time to turn the tables on her the way she'd just turned them on him. But just what did he want?

He propped his head on his hand, his other arm still around her. “We’re not going to let her come,” he said to the ceiling.

On her other side, Karl rose to his elbow, looking over her. “What have you got in mind?”

Grant tipped his head. He’d have thought he’d have a hard time looking at a guy who’d just sucked him off, but suddenly he didn’t care. This was all about Rena, about winning the game in any dirty way he could, about hooking her until she couldn’t bear to leave him for anyone, especially not Karl. He wanted her as obsessed with him as he was with her.

“We’re going to torture her with pleasure,” he said softly. “Keep her on the edge without letting her fall off.”

“Unless she goes off on her own,” Karl countered.

He didn’t like the man’s intimate voice. As if he knew she could get so crazed, her body would simply detonate, as if he, Karl, had brought her to that point.

At the same time, Grant relished the jealousy. It bred ideas, set his filthiest passions free, which was what she wanted. The only advantages Karl had were his passion and his willingness. Grant would beat him out, even using him to do it.

“We’re not going to let her go off on her own.” Grant smiled, warming to his thoughts. “Because she knows it’s only best if we do it to her. We’re going to make her beg for it.”

“You’re one cruel dude.” Karl grinned.

Grant could imagine a woman’s attraction to such a man. Women loved men who grinned like that. “Does she use her vibrator when you fuck her?” he asked.

Karl smirked. “She doesn’t need it.”

“You have no idea what she needs.” Grant’s voice was cold, knowing, slicing through the other man’s conceit. “Her orgasms are ten times greater. She’ll ride the edge for ten minutes, squeezing your cock in a vise until she drags an orgasm from you even as you try to hold out.” He stared at the ceiling once more. The pinnacle of

her climax was such an intense moment that his words couldn't possibly convey the immensity of it, yet he tried. "She's completely lost in sensation, but you can sense the real thing coming like a tsunami rolling across a deep ocean, climbing as the land rises; then it pulls you under until you feel like you're drowning in her." He turned to Karl, gave him a hard, steady, meaningful gaze. "That's the moment she's ours, and she'll do anything for us." Ours. Us. He characterized it that way, drawing Karl in.

The man chuckled. "Fuck, you're diabolical."

Oh yes, he was. Grant knew his eyes gleamed with exultancy. When he was done, Rena would agree to whatever he wanted. And she would be *his*.

As Rena feigned sleep, her heart literally flip-flopped in her chest. She'd never known Grant felt that way. Normally he held his emotions so close to the vest. Hearing him tell Karl how intensely her orgasms affected him, a note of near reverence in his voice, warmed her straight through.

But what did he have planned for her? Her skin heated where she touched him. Her heart pattered. She wanted it, whatever it was. She didn't care how far it pushed her inhibitions. Not that she had many.

"Stroke her clit," Grant whispered, his breath floating over the hair at her neck. "Get her wet and ready." He edged closer behind her, nudging her knees apart with his leg between them.

A roughened finger tunneled into her pussy. "She's already wet." Karl hummed low in his throat. "Real wet."

"Let me test." Grant snaked his arm around her waist, parted her, rubbed her clit.

Rena trapped the moan inside, letting them think she was still asleep. But, oh God, as Karl entered her with two blunt fingers, stroking slowly over her G-spot, she wanted to die with the pleasure of it. Grant circled her clit. She was so damn wet, the sound of it filled the room.

“Your turn to fuck her,” Grant murmured. “I’ll let you this time.”

Her senses thrilled to his voice, which was strangely possessive, despite the fact that he was giving her to Karl.

“Fuck her good,” he went on. “Make her crazy. Fill her up until she can’t think.”

With Grant’s hand on her and Karl’s fingers in her, she was close to being mindless. Her body moved on its own, responding to them, rocking with their rhythm. They made everything about her, her pleasure, her need, and yes, even her capitulation. She’d give it to them.

“I’ll fuck her till she screams my name,” Karl agreed, his voice harsh with need.

“I want to watch your cock sliding deep into her. Slowly. Don’t push it.”

“I’ll go real slow over her G-spot. You lick her tight little clit while I’m doing it.”

Did they know what their words were doing to her? How their combined touch was multiplied by ten rather than a mere two? She trembled, her body like the deep ocean tsunami Grant had spoken of, heading to shore, rising, ready to drag them all under.

“I am not licking your balls while I’m down there,” Grant muttered.

Karl laughed. “Chicken.” Then he slipped from her, and she felt him stretch past her to the condom beneath the pillow. She thought it might be the last one, but there was another box in the bedside table.

“This is going to be so fucking good, baby,” Grant whispered in her ear, his unceasing touch on her clit. He knew she was awake. Maybe he’d known all along.

She rolled in his arms, slid her hands to the back of his neck, and returned to the original role-play. “Punish me for cheating on you with Karl.” She wasn’t a submissive or into bondage, but the moment he’d walked into her bedroom

pretending jealousy, the role had seemed to set him free. “Whatever you want, Grant. Force me to make it up to you.”

He clamped his hands on her cheeks, held her face away. “You are so going to regret what you’ve done, you dirty little slut.” The words were guttural, his cheeks suddenly tinged with an angry red hue; then he pulled her mouth down to his.

She wouldn’t regret a damn thing as his tongue pushed between her lips, taking her hard, filling her mouth with his delicious taste. She wanted his emotion. She wanted him out of control. His arms came tightly around her as he fell flat to his back. Drawing her knees up to straddle him, she angled her head to heat up the kiss, her hair falling over them like a curtain.

“Jesus, baby,” he murmured, lips against her mouth, his fingers digging tightly into her shoulders. “You’re so fucking hot.”

She wanted him to give her the intensity of this moment all the time. She could never let him go back to the controlled man he’d been with her. Don’t ever let it end, she prayed.

Karl’s fingers grazed her butt cheeks, then dipped down to her clit and back up. She felt his cock, the tip probing her pussy. Her mouth still fused to Grant’s, she pushed back, taking Karl an inch inside her.

“He’s fucking me,” she whispered, then thrust her tongue deep into Grant’s mouth. The power of it was so amazing, unique, incredible, to be kissing Grant as Karl filled her.

Grant groaned, pulled back. “Tell me how it feels.”

Her lips against his, she moaned for him. “He’s so thick, it seems to fill my pussy all the way up.” Karl’s cock was only a little shorter than Grant’s, but they were both deliciously big men.

Grant slid his hands slowly down her sides, then cupped her butt. “Deeper,” he demanded.

“Fuck,” Karl added, a groan rising from his throat. “She’s so goddamn tight.”

As Karl buried his pelvis against her, shoving his cock deep, Grant rocked her, doubling the pressure, the depth, molding her flesh around Karl's cock as he rode over her G-spot.

"Oh God." She almost cried, it was so good.

Karl retreated to the very tip, then short-stroked just inside her opening as Grant held her cheeks tightly together, forcing her pussy to engulf Karl's thick, hard cock.

"Oh God, yes, yes." She gulped air, her eyes on Grant's face, so close to hers.

He met her gaze with blazing intensity. "I want inside you," he said, voice strained. "At the same time, both of us. I want it." He held her with his voice, his words, his need. "You want to give it to me."

"Fuck, fuck." Karl didn't seem capable of anything more coherent.

Mesmerized by Grant's gaze and the cock inside her, Rena would do anything he wanted. He'd said they'd need the vibrator to get her to that point, but she was there now, so fiercely she could hardly breathe. "Yes. Please. Do it. Fuck me. I need both of you at once."

He felt the puff of her breath across his cheek, and, his eyes drinking in her glazed gaze, Grant barked an order to Karl. "Get a condom." They'd used the last one.

As Karl pulled out to retrieve another rubber, Grant slid a hand between them to play with her clit, keeping her high. He wouldn't let her fall away from him now. "I'm going to take your ass while he fucks you. Are you ready for that?"

"I have to take my punishment," Rena whispered, her voice fervent.

"You need to please me." Grant grazed her lips with his. "It's what you live for."

"It's what I live for," she repeated ardently.

He was fucking dying for this. He'd never had her ass, never asked for it. For most women, it was out of the question. But he'd demanded. She gave, doing what he wanted. *Double penetration. Fuck.* He glanced past her shoulder as Karl bent once more between her legs.

"Put it on me," Grant ordered, unwilling to let Rena go long enough to do it himself. "But do not play." He punctuated with a glare.

"Yes, sir." Karl saluted, a smirk crossing his lips; then his roughened fingers caressed Grant's cock. Damn if he didn't swell as the other man rolled on the condom. He was getting used to it, actually enjoying the filthiness of it. It was all just sex, and all fucking hot.

"I'm going to take your sweet little ass, and Karl's going to have your pussy." Grant held her chin, still fingering her as he forced her dazed gaze to his. "Tell me how much you need us inside you."

"Oh God, Grant, I'll die if I don't have it." She gasped as he hit her clit just right; then she shuddered, closing her eyes a moment in sheer ecstasy.

"It's going to be so fucking good," he promised, but he'd start her off easy. "I'm going to let Karl enter your perfect little snatch first. Because his cock is smaller."

Karl snorted. "In your dreams, dude."

Grant quickly slid two fingers inside her. "Then I will have your ass."

Her pupils dilated, her irises deep and darkly blue. "Yes, Grant."

The immensity of her offering swamped him. He wouldn't let her go after this. He wouldn't let her choose Karl over him. He would not fucking lose her. She was *his*.

He looked at the other man. "Get the lube." That was in the bedside table too. Then he patted her butt, lifted her off him. "Straddle Karl." He pecked her lips. "Fuck him." His face in her hair, he nuzzled her ear. "Do it for me."

"For you, Grant," she answered, almost mesmerized.

He glanced past her to Karl. The man's eyes were narrowed, but as he met Grant's gaze, he smirked. Lying down beside Grant, he tugged Rena on top of him, saying, "My cock's right here, sweetheart, so ready for you. My big, fat, juicy cock is hard just for you."

She climbed over him, but instead of burying himself in her, Karl wrapped a roughened hand around the back of her neck and pulled her face down, taking her with a deep kiss that seemed to go on for-fucking-ever.

Grant's chest burned as he got into position behind her, straddling Karl's legs. She moaned for the other man's kiss, and he saw red. But he knew how to get her back, stroking a hand from the crease of her ass down to her pussy.

She lifted her head, gasped, then purred. For him.

"You're so wet," he murmured. Suddenly he needed to see her filled. It was their kissing he hated more than the fucking, the intimacy of it. But he wanted to see that cock take her. "Fuck him, baby." Wrapping a hand around Karl, Grant held him aloft and pushed her hips down, feeding the man's thick, hard shaft to her plump pussy.

"Oh God," she whispered, bracing herself with her hands on the bed over Karl's shoulders. She tipped her head up, her hair falling across the curve of her back, the arch of her spine magnificent like a flawlessly proportioned animal's. There was true beauty in watching that cock fill her, the sight of her body, perfection in itself, taking him.

Beneath her, Karl thrust deep. "You're pussy is so hot, so fucking wet."

She moaned, and Grant poured the lube down her ass, drops falling onto Karl's balls.

"Hold still, baby." With his calves pressed to the outsides of Karl's hairy thighs, Grant planted his hand on her hip and caressed her ass with his cock, lubing up the condom. Even through the latex, he pulsed at the feel of her heat on him.

She dropped down to her elbows, her face buried against Karl's neck, her raised ass beckoning. "Is it going to hurt?"

Grant met Karl's eyes, and there was a moment of silent communication that felt...right. They were taking her together, and together, they had to make it good for her.

Karl was the one to answer. "He won't hurt you, sweetheart. He's going to be very careful. It'll only feel good." Reaching to the side, he felt around, found the vibrator. He put it in her hand. "Use this on yourself."

Curling her fingers around the base, she rose slightly to fit it down between her legs, then flipped the switch. The hum of the toy filled the room, the tip visible between her spread legs, and she sighed. "Oh yeah."

With Karl motionless beneath them, Grant put his finger to her hole, smeared her with lube, then slowly fit the tip of his index finger past the ridge of muscle.

"Ahh." She shivered full body, then clamped on him.

He probed deeper into the tight recesses. "Is it good, baby?"

She was a long time answering. "More," he was sure he heard her whisper.

Her need, her trust overwhelmed him. It was time. He had to have her in this elemental way. Holding the lube bottle aloft, Grant drizzled his cock, then settled closer to her ass. Pushing, he felt the pop of his cock's crown penetrating her.

His eyes almost rolled back in his head; it was so goddamn good. "Aw, fuck."

"Say it again," she murmured.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck." He breathed through the pleasure, trying to hold off his needs. It was all he could do not to plunge deep and hard into her. "You feel so fucking amazing."

Her forehead on Karl's shoulder, she breathed harshly, then moaned for them both.

"Tell me how good it feels." Grant was almost begging, but before he went farther, he needed her to be fully open to them, fully prepared.

"It doesn't hurt," she said, her voice soft with a dreamlike quality. "It's...exotic, the two of you. I can feel you both."

As he slid deeper, he felt Karl too through the thin membrane separating them. “Fuck, that’s hot,” he told her. “I can feel his cock stroking mine.” It was an odd feeling—her muscles working around him, the other cock sliding against him, caressing him. He eased in, slowly yet always deeper, and he felt her shifting, accommodating him.

She was so tight, so right; he felt on the edge of consciousness, delirious.

“Are you in?” Karl asked.

Grant tipped his head back. “All the fucking way in. Jesus.” Nothing had come even close to this feeling. “You’re so fucking perfect around me, baby.”

He withdrew, thrust gently, his movements forcing her down on Karl’s cock. Then he covered her from her rump to the top of her spine, his heart beating fast against her. All he had to do was flex his ass; it was enough to pump inside her, her tight body doing the rest in rhythmic accompaniment to the intense friction of another cock. His flesh felt bonded to hers, his body a part of her, skin inside skin, heart inside heart.

He whispered sweet, dirty encouragement in her ear, licked her, scented her, marked her like an animal claiming its mate. Writhing beneath him, she begged him deeper without words. He pumped faster, harder, taking her, his balls slapping Karl’s hairy thighs; then they were balls to balls. He could even feel the vibration of her toy still humming between the two of them, and sensation rocketed through his every fiber, every cell, deep into his very soul.

Chapter Six

“Oh God. Perfect, perfect,” Rena chanted. “Fuck me, fuck me, yes.”

She’d plastered her breasts to Karl’s chest, flesh to delectably sweaty flesh. Karl arched, withdrew, timing his pumps flawlessly with Grant’s so that neither of them slipped from her depths.

Karl had done DP a couple of times, but never like this, never with a woman who meant anything. Her sweet, mobile pussy gripped, loosened, and she drove him insane, the feel of another cock along his mind-altering. He grunted, a primitive, unintelligible sound. He was capable of nothing more as Grant coaxed her, caressed her, mesmerized her. He couldn’t hear the words, could only feel the rumble of his voice.

Above him, their bodies trembled. Rena panted, moaned, sucked in a shuddering breath. Then Grant pulled her head back by her hair, tipped her chin, and locked lips with her.

As good as this felt, as mind-blowing, Karl wanted that kiss. He loved her passion, the way she cried out for him, how wet she was, but she kissed Grant with something more, something Karl wanted for himself.

He pounded into her then, almost in anger or pain, the two so close to pleasure, he couldn’t distinguish. He drove them all higher, and she sobbed out her pleasure. Grabbing Grant’s thighs, Karl dug his fingers in, used him for leverage to take her harder, deeper, their movements synergistic, fucking her as one. In that moment, she belonged to both of them, had become a part of each of them. He felt the instant she began her climax, each muscle tightening, spasming. She threw out her arms, screamed. It could have been his name, it could have been Grant’s, it

might have been a bit of both, but what released him was the spasms of her body combined with the sudden throb of the cock riding so close to his. Grant shouted his release, howling into the night, and the pulse of her soft body and that hard cock pushed Karl over the edge into orgasmic oblivion.

He came to seconds later still pulsing inside her. Opening his eyes—he didn't remember squeezing them shut so tightly—he met Grant's gaze. The eyes an intense blue, he felt the pierce of them as if the other man could see straight into his mind. And Grant mouthed one word. *Mine*.

Karl had to shut out the sight. Even buried inside her, he was second. Their closeness tore at him. Only moments before, they'd all been one. Now they were two, and he was the third they'd allowed into their sphere for a weekend, and damn if Grant didn't need to keep reminding him over and over.

Christ, he wanted more. He was willing to share, but he'd rather die than walk away with nothing after this. Yet the threesome had released something in Grant, the very things Karl knew Rena had wanted—his passion, his possessiveness, his need. Karl realized he'd been a fucking idiot for having suggested she test them out together.

Rich, powerful, part of her world and her career, Grant was now everything she'd said she craved.

Karl was reduced once again to being just her contractor.

* * *

It was Grant who carried her into the bathroom. She was boneless, weak as a baby, yet utterly sated. She ached everywhere, yet it was such a delicious soreness, as if her body were well used and, better yet, well loved. Earlier he and Karl had risen from the bed to get rid of the condoms; then Grant had come back for her.

Eyes closed, she registered the shower door opening, the crank of the taps, the spray of the water as Grant let it heat. She clung to him, reveling in the feel of his hard body, the sleekness of his skin, his arms around her. Then he carried her inside the large stall, letting her slide down until her feet were beneath her.

She didn't want to open her eyes, afraid sight might break the spell. God, the things he'd done to her, the heat of the dirty words he used so rarely, his unbridled shout as she came. He couldn't have stopped himself, she knew. It was the way she'd always wanted him to be with her and thought he never could.

Then there was Karl and how much he added to it all.

"Help me," Grant said. She couldn't move a muscle to do whatever it was he wanted from her. Then four hands began to wash her body, and she realized he'd called Karl in.

With an exquisite synchronicity that echoed the way they'd fucked her, they bathed and massaged every inch of her body. "God, you're amazing," she murmured. Water beat on her from two directions. She liked her creature comforts, and during the remodel, she'd had Karl enlarge the shower and install two showerheads.

Had he imagined this when he'd done the work?

She opened her eyes then to find Karl on one knee working the kinks out of her thigh muscles. She stroked his wet hair back until he tipped his head. "I think you might have a new career down there," she told him.

He grinned, then leaned in to nip the flesh at her hip.

Behind her, Grant drew the knots from her shoulder blades like a magician, then gently pulled her into the spray, soaking her hair.

"I've never washed a woman's hair before." He poured shampoo, then worked his fingers across her scalp until suds dribbled down her face, and she closed her eyes.

"Every girl should have this," she whispered as Karl's hands dropped to her calves.

It wasn't sex; it was sensuality, both an aftermath and a prelude. She'd never experienced anything like what she'd just had in her big bed. The feel of them inside her had sucked her into another world where there was nothing but flesh and pleasure. Both at once, so close together: Grant's cock slightly larger, fuller, yet

Karl's magnified by the position; Grant's smooth chest against her back, Karl's bigger, heavier body below; the silk of Karl's chest hair caressing her breasts as Grant drove her down with each thrust; the rise of Karl's hips as he met the stroke; their movements in harmony; the feel of them sliding together yet separately inside her. It was so much more than doing them individually. She'd had powerful orgasms before, the most powerful with them, yet for a moment, she'd actually lost consciousness, felt herself transported to another plane.

With the hot water, the steam, the luxury of four hands on her, the rich scent of her shampoo, she floated close to nirvana.

This was so much more than what she'd originally asked for. It wasn't test-driving two men. It was a communion only the three of them could have achieved. Half the intensity came from the subtle way they seemed to challenge each other, the way they interacted—pushing, taking, demanding.

She was no closer to choosing between the man down on his knees, his big hands gently soaping and soothing her pussy, and the sophisticated CEO washing the suds from her hair than she had been last week or last month. In fact, she was further from it.

Individually, they made her climax, made her heart race, but neither had treated her like this. It was as if the power of three had released something in all of them. Now that she'd experienced it, she didn't know if she could give it up by choosing one over the other.

“Come on, baby. Time to sleep.” Grant slapped off the water. Karl folded the towel around her, kneading her skin dry as Grant fluffed the water from her hair with another big towel.

Then someone lifted her, carried her, laid her in the middle of the bed. Two warm bodies piled in with her, surrounded her.

She was too tired to think, too replete to want to ruin everything now with questions and decisions, too splendid sandwiched between them. Later. She had the weekend before she'd have to decide.

* * *

The early-morning sun seared his eyelids, so Grant kept his eyes shut against it. Besides, sightless, he could concentrate on her. Christ. Her mouth was amazing. She sucked hard on his crown, then slid him into her mouth, working his balls in her hand. Grant's hips surged, driving his cock deeper down her throat. He breathed through the rush of pleasure, holding on to his control. He wasn't ready to let her make him come yet. But holy hell. "Fuck, you're a cock-sucking goddess, baby."

She laughed, the sound vibrating along his shaft. He couldn't resist opening his eyes to find her lying between his thighs. Last night had been incredible, and they had the whole weekend ahead of them.

Karl lay halfway down the bed, his hand on her ass, and watched as she took Grant's cock deep once more. "She's the best I've ever had," Karl murmured, rapt. "She's nothing more than a sexual being when she's like this. She simply loves cock."

Grant tipped his head back into the pillow, arched. "Yeah." He groaned as she scored him with her teeth. His wife had never enjoyed sucking his cock. He'd never come in her mouth. Sometimes that's all Rena wanted, as if the act itself was completion for her.

She tongued the slit of his crown, drawing a curse and a drop of precum from him. She kissed the tip, then raised just her eyes to him. "I'm going to teach Karl how to do it like I do."

The breath halted in his chest. The man had licked his balls and sucked his cock yesterday, but Grant wasn't gay, and he didn't need that.

"It's just sex," she whispered. Her blonde hair tumbled around her shoulders, having dried in a mass of curls she usually blew out with the hair dryer. Her lips were ruby red with the glisten of his precum. She smiled, the curve of her mouth deliciously ardent, her voice low and seductive. "It turns me on. It makes me hot to see it. All that cock in his mouth. The way you tremble even though you know you're

supposed to hate it. It makes me so wet, I could come without even touching myself.”

He glanced at Karl. The other man was watching her. There was a look on his face, in his eyes. Need. Worship, even. Grant saw clearly that this man would do anything for her, commit any act she asked of him. Even suck another man’s cock. He didn’t know if it was love or sexual obsession, but Karl would do it because she wanted it.

Grant had never imagined he could lose her because the other man was willing to do anything for her. The knowledge was almost humbling.

There was something about the heat of them both down there between his legs, the mastery of it, the ability to command and take. “Suck me, you filthy little cocksucker,” he muttered and felt the blood surge through his cock.

Maybe he was gay, maybe he wasn’t, but in that moment, with his cock imprisoned in Rena’s fist as she held it aloft like some sacrificial offering, he wanted to thrust hard into the other man, hold his head down, fuck his mouth.

Karl’s lips engulfed the tip; then his tongue circled the sensitive ridge below the crown. Grant lay back, giving himself up to pleasure, and who the fuck cared which mouth provided it? Rena ran her tongue along his shaft as Karl worked the head, sucking, licking. She squeezed his balls, then dipped down and sucked the sac into her mouth.

“Jesus Christ.” The top of his head felt like it might explode. They sucked and licked, tortured him until his body writhed and undulated on the bed, his heels digging into the mattress. Then, for a moment, there were only fingers on him, mouths gone. Cupped hands beneath his head, he rose enough to see them. She kissed Karl, lips open, eyes closed, tongues tangled, and the sight was hot to him, just as hot as when those lips were on him. They dropped once more in tandem, this time Rena playing his slit and Karl licking his shaft, dipping down to his balls. Each sensation was multiplied, more than two, more than man and woman. He heaved and thrashed in their ministrations.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” he chanted, fast losing his senses, his equilibrium. His skin was on fire, his blood bubbling and boiling, his mind poached. Then he felt her crawling up his chest, Karl’s body pinning his legs.

He couldn’t breathe as she took his mouth, kissing him, whispering to him, her words floating above him for long moments until he finally began to understand what she wanted.

“Come in his mouth for me,” she crooned like a succubus tapping into forbidden nocturnal desires. “Come down his throat. Do it for me. Because I want it. I need it.” She devoured him, sucked his tongue, invaded his mind. “It’ll be so good.”

And hell yes, the mouth on him was good, so fucking good, hitting each nerve ending. His legs quaked with the building climax; his body trembled. A hard grip on his shaft, a tongue in his slit, then suddenly—*oh fuck, oh shit*—a probe at his ass. When the tip of the finger penetrated him, he lost it, shouting against her lips, coming, coming, shooting, hard, shattering, unending.

Cum—salty, sweet, viscous, and good. Karl pressed his finger in the edge of Grant’s ass. The male body beneath him trembled. His own cock was hard and aching against the mattress. Karl writhed and squirmed, rubbing himself as he sucked Grant hard, felt the pulse of cock against his lips.

Fuck. It was hot, the taste momentous. And she was touching him, her hand kneading his shoulder, her fingernails breaking skin.

Then she fisted her hand in his hair and hauled him up, taking his mouth, taking the cum on his tongue, tasting it, savoring it in a long, sweet, hot kiss that thrummed through his blood and shot to the tip of his dick. He couldn’t hold back. Rolling to the side, he wrapped his palm around his cock, jerked himself, and came hard on the sheets between Grant’s legs.

She took his kiss and gave it to the other man, her mouth laced with Grant’s cum. Grant groaned, trapped her with one arm across her back, and feasted on her lips, drinking her, Karl, himself.

The sight shattered Karl. He wanted her. He wanted this. He wanted all of it. And inside, he died a little knowing he couldn't have it beyond this weekend.

Unless he decided to fight for her.

Chapter Seven

She wouldn't think beyond the weekend. She was only going to remind herself how good the sex was. *Good*. Such mild a description for what she'd had in the last twelve hours. Sucking Grant's cock with Karl, watching Grant come in his mouth, tasting it, sharing it. There wasn't a word that could adequately describe it. She stopped trying.

Instead Rena had made them breakfast, sat between them, fed them, let them feed her and fight over her with civilized, subtle digs at each other. They made her feel petite, feminine, desired, and utterly special. As if no other woman would do for either of them.

"Let's see a movie," she'd said, and they'd argued over chick flick versus action. She'd been outmanned; they'd won, and now they were all seated in the last row of a downtown theater for a matinee of explosions and gunfire.

After the opening credits ran, Rena forgot the movie title, and though she recognized the main actor, she couldn't recall his name. He was, however, short, bald, and extremely sexy.

She elbowed Karl, who was seated on her left. "Maybe I should start considering short and bald," she murmured. "He's hot."

"Slut," Karl muttered. Then he leaned forward and drawled across her, "Now she wants short and bald."

"Slut," Grant agreed mildly, then grinned. "She can have him, but only if we get to watch."

Karl's eyes glittered in the glow of yet another impressive on-screen explosion. "And lick the cum out of her."

“Deal.” They shook hands over her.

Another woman might have been pissed, as if they were talking *over* her, deciding *for* her. Rena saw it in a completely different light. They were conspiring to give her everything she asked for and were having fun at it. All she had to do was point and say, *I want*, and they provided. Though probably they didn’t have time to arrange for the actor this weekend.

She reveled in every moment of her short time with them. There’d been something about crossing the theater lobby between two such tall, magnificent specimens. She’d felt every eye on her, the women agog, the men wishing. As if they knew this was no ordinary trip to the matinee, no simple, friendly trio.

The movie had been out for a couple of weeks, and attendance was sparse. Of course, Grant and Karl had chosen to sit at the very top of the upper level, where the last few rows were empty. They’d already finished the shared popcorn. Being in the middle, she’d gotten to hold the box. When it was empty, she set it on the floor between her feet and was about to lick her fingers clean. Instead Grant grabbed her hand and sucked away the buttery taste.

Desire sizzled through her.

A gasoline truck exploded on the screen, sending vibrations through the surround sound, and the heat of Karl’s touch trailed straight up her thigh. Dirty slut that she was, she’d worn a dress. *Just* a dress. No nylons, no panties. Karl hooked his booted foot around her ankle and spread her legs. As Grant sucked her fingers, Karl stroked along the edge of her pussy, then deeper.

He leaned over. “Christ, she’s so fucking wet,” he whispered to Grant.

“Let me taste,” Grant murmured, shoving her hand into Karl’s grip.

Karl forced it down between her thighs, coating her fingers with her moisture, then handed her back to Grant. He licked and sucked her fingers clean again.

The blood roared in her ears, and sexual heat set her skin on fire.

“Play with her,” Grant demanded, hooking his foot around her other ankle. She was now deliciously splayed for them.

Karl circled her clit, dipped into her pussy, then backed out. She began to tremble. Grant played with her hand, her sensitive palm, the erogenous zone at her wrist, licking, sucking, biting. And Karl drove her mad between the thighs.

“Should I make her come?” Karl asked.

“Not yet. Play some more.”

They talked around her, not to her, told each other what to do, how to do it. Rapid gunfire on the screen rocketed through her, and she moaned. Her hips undulated on the seat. Then Grant reached across to pinch her nipple, hard. The sheer unexpectedness of it shocked her, sent a thrill through her blood. Grant had never pleased her with a taste of pain. She almost cried out, would have, but as if he knew, Grant covered her mouth with his, drove his tongue deep, consumed her with his kiss as he tweaked and tortured her nipples and Karl played her clit like a prodigy. She moaned and rolled, pitched between them, and when the next explosion came, she wasn't sure it even existed on the screen. It shimmered through her, then shot back to her clit, and she would have screamed but for Grant's lips locked to hers, his head pressing her back, his thumbs and forefingers torturing her nipples in perfect rhythm to Karl's blunt fingers inside her.

After the movie ended, outside in the bright light of the sunny April afternoon, her legs still felt wobbly, and she had to hold on to Grant to walk.

“You two are crazy,” she admonished.

Karl laughed, grabbed her chin, and leaned close for a quick kiss even as she clung to Grant's arm. “You loved it, you dirty little bitch.”

A woman gaped as they passed, going so far as to lean into her husband and point. Rena didn't lie to herself. Having these two men was fun. It was sexy. It was incredibly, fantastically hot.

And she knew it would fracture something inside her to choose between them.

* * *

“I want the vibrator thing,” Karl said. He poured her another glass of her favorite wine. She liked the stuff sweet. Fingering her to orgasm in the movie house had been brilliant, but she’d given Grant something she’d never given him.

“The vibrator thing?” she asked oh so innocently, but Karl damn well knew she’d been awake when Grant lorded it over him about how wild she got with the vibrator while she was fucking him.

Karl wanted it; he would have it. He would do it better than Grant.

They’d had a hot, sexy afternoon, followed by a long, leisurely dinner filled with lots of innuendo at a little Chinese place near Rena’s town house. He’d kissed her earlobe. Grant had touched her arm, shoulder, his hand occasionally disappearing beneath the table. She’d preened with all the attention, smiled erotically with the knowledge that the other diners observed, assessed, and decided she’d be fucking them both tonight, together. The Chinese beer had mellowed him, but it hadn’t dampened his desires. The afternoon movie and dinner were foreplay. The evening was just beginning.

“He’s talking about how much you love it when I fuck you while you hold your vibrator on your clit. You can’t get enough of it when I’m doing you like that.”

Grant’s tone was mild yet superior. *Bastard*. When they wanted to get her going, they worked extremely well in tandem, as attested to at the movies. But Grant always had to make it seem like he’d *allowed* Karl the privilege of helping out.

Rena didn’t seem to notice the byplay. She smiled, slightly tipsy. “Oh yeah, I love it like that.”

She’d never even described it for Karl, never given him the chance to try it. Though granted, he usually took her wherever she was, especially up against the kitchen wall or on the counter, because he couldn’t wait for the bed. Or the vibrator stashed in her drawer. Still, it pissed him off, as if she’d always given Grant the upper edge.

Okay, maybe the beer hadn't made him quite as mellow as he'd thought.

"What do you think, Grant?" Her smile seemed to twinkle. "Shall I let him? Do you want to watch?"

Karl knew she was teasing, understood it was a game, part of the flirt. Yet he didn't like that it sounded as if she was asking the other man's permission.

"Oh, you want it, sweetheart, and you know it." Karl scooped her up before Grant could say yea or nay and carried her up the stairs, forcing Grant to do the following.

Karl yanked back the comforter and top sheet, then tossed her in the center of the bed. She giggled. Oh yeah, definitely tipsy. It was a good thing, but he considered how to maintain the advantage over Grant. "Rip her clothes off for me."

Grant gazed at him, then smirked, as if he understood exactly what Karl was trying to do.

"Sure," he said, then crawled across the bed on hands and knees. He straddled her, then yanked the dress up over her hips. She was naked beneath, her pussy glistening with her juice, her excitement. "The dirty little girl wasn't even wearing panties today." Grant mock-glared down at her. "She wanted us to fuck her in that theater."

Karl tore his T-shirt over his head. "She wanted to tease us with her scent."

"And her taste," Grant added. He turned. "I think that deserves punishment, don't you?"

Karl raised a brow. "What do you have in mind?"

Grant smiled. "Get me a couple of her scarves out of the drawer." He clamped his thighs around her hips as she tried to wriggle away. "She needs to be tied to the headboard while we take turns fucking her."

And just like that, the bastard once again wrested control from him. Karl retrieved the scarves anyway.

Grant stripped off her dress, then yanked off his own clothes as she lay supine before him, waiting for whatever he did. He felt the immense power in that, the immense trust, the immense need. He lashed her wrists together with a red and black scarf from her lingerie drawer. Hauling her arms over her head, he then secured her bound hands to the rail of her headboard with a flowery teal scarf, leaving a bit of length to it so he could move or turn her easily when he desired. “All in all, the color selection’s weirdly attractive,” he drawled.

“Oh, please don’t hurt me.” She simpered, a telltale sparkle in her eyes. “I’ll do anything you want. Just don’t hurt me.”

He leaned close, grabbed her chin, held her tightly. “We’re going to fuck the hell out of you, lady, until your hot, sexy little cunt can’t take it anymore.” He tilted his head back at Karl. “Right?”

In answer, Karl, already naked, spread her legs roughly and crawled between them. Sitting upright on his haunches, he dragged her thighs over his. “I can last a long, long time,” he assured Rena. “You’re going to come so much you’ll forget your own name.”

“Oh no, please.” She squealed. “This is awful.” She squirmed, succeeding only in wriggling closer to him.

Karl suddenly lunged forward, covered her from pelvis to breasts, thrust his fingers through her hair, and held her still for a mouth invasion. She didn’t even have a chance to gasp; she simply moaned and writhed beneath him.

Grant’s cock pulsed and hardened at her sinuous moves. The kissing didn’t bother him so much anymore. In fact, it made him hot as hell, but he still fisted a hand in Karl’s hair and yanked his head back. “No kissing.”

Karl turned, snarled, “Fuck you.” It fit with the rape/punishment fantasy they were creating, but Grant sensed the anger just below the surface.

He smiled with a hint of malice, still tugging on Karl’s hair. Karl growled, “Let go of me, asshole.”

Grant suddenly had an even more brilliant plan than the first. A little dominance, a little submission, something to get her going, something she'd never expect. "Flip her over and put her on her knees."

Karl's eyes heated. "I get to fuck her sweet little ass this time?"

"Oh, please, that's so bad." She struggled against her bonds, trying to buck Karl off.

"I've got something even better in mind," Grant promised her.

Squealing as Karl turned her over and pulled her to her knees, she braced her bound hands on the pillow, pulling the scarf tying her to the headboard taut.

Grant lightly swatted her upturned ass. "Higher."

She gasped and immediately went down on her elbows, her sweet little behind in the air.

"Would you look at that obedience?" Karl watched, grinning. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to spank her."

Karl went down on his elbow beside her, played with her breasts. "Should I tell him no, sweetheart?"

Grant's blood pounded against his eardrums. "It's not your choice," he rumbled.

Karl shot him another shit-eating grin. "Let's hear what she has to say."

But Rena gave Grant what he needed. "I have to do whatever Grant says. I told him that right from the beginning."

Grant thought of her sweet moans as he'd pinched her nipples in the theater. She'd loved it. "That's right, baby. You have to do whatever I say." And she wanted this. She'd been pushing him to it. Cupping his hand, he swatted her harder this time, then slipped down to graze his fingers along the slit of her pussy. "Christ, she's wet," he told Karl. His skin sizzled with her heat.

No bondage, no pain play—it had never been his thing—but this, it was hot. He was hard. And as he lay by her side, Karl’s cock was pulsing too.

“Do you need more?” Karl asked her.

Grant felt the seconds ticking with each beat of his heart. He didn’t know why he wanted this in particular, why he itched to redden her cheeks. It was part dominance, part punishment for bringing Karl into their relationship. It was close to what he’d felt last night climbing the stairs to her bedroom, knowing he’d find her with another man. The anger, jealousy, desire, and need had mixed together in a sexual heat that had burned inside him just as it did now.

“I need more,” she whispered.

Hell, it could also be a lot of fun.

He smacked her hard, her cheeks rippling, the tips of his fingers against the heat of her pussy. She gushed for him. Moaned. He leaned down to her ear. “Do you like it, baby?”

She turned, hitting him with a gaze as brilliantly blue as a cloudless sky. “I love whatever you do to me.”

His chest seized. He wanted to give her everything.

“Spank me while Karl pinches my nipples.” Then she closed her eyes again, and it was as if she’d turned the tables on them both, twisting them to her bidding.

With his hand cupped, he didn’t damage her flesh, but he swatted her endlessly, until her cheeks were red, her pussy soaked, and his heart racing. With Karl pinching as she’d instructed, she bucked and moaned, pushing back against Grant’s hand every time his fingers landed against her wet, sensitized flesh.

“Oh God,” she whispered, quivering.

“Have you learned your lesson?” he demanded.

“No. Punish me more.” She gazed up at him, wriggling her ass. He wanted to take it with his cock just as he had last night, wanted to pound into her. And he could see in the flash of her eyes that she loved turning him into an animal.

Backing off, he caught his breath. “You can’t have everything all at once,” he whispered to her. If he wasn’t careful, she would own him instead of the other way round. Then, holding her gaze, he said, “Karl, fuck her now.”

As if she was his to give away, as if permission was his to bestow.

“Fuck you,” Karl muttered, but it didn’t stop him. She was still tied, and he turned her onto her back. On his haunches between her legs, he pulled her thighs over his.

After retrieving a condom from the nightstand, Grant opened his hand, letting it fall to her quivering belly.

Karl let it lie there. “I want the vibrator.”

Grant pulled a pillow from the head of the bed, lifted her hips, and shoved it beneath her ass, her legs falling wider. “I’ve got a better idea than the vibrator.” This time he glanced at Karl. “You’re going to love it.” Then he added steel to his voice. “Now put on the condom.”

Karl narrowed his eyes. “Put it on me yourself.”

Rena shot out a harsh breath at Karl’s challenge. He was angling for the upper hand, pushing as if he thought Grant would balk. He’d let the man suck him, but he hadn’t touched Karl yet.

“You’ll like it too fucking much.” Grant stared him down.

“And you’re afraid you’ll love having a big, meaty cock in your hand and won’t be able to go back to pussy.”

Grant felt Rena’s eyes on him, her breath held, sexual tension sizzling in the air. He snatched the condom from her stomach, tore it open with his teeth, then stopped a moment. “I’ll always want her. And *she’ll* always want *me*.”

Then, holding Karl’s gaze, Grant wrapped his hand around Karl’s cock. He was thick, pulsing, hard. Grant stroked him, his grip tight. “Does a woman jerk you that hard, that good?”

His nostrils flared. “I jerk myself that good.”

Grant sneered. "You're getting harder."

"Any hand will do," he snapped.

But Karl's cock throbbed, and a sense of power shot through Grant. Before things got out of hand, he rolled on the condom. For good measure, he reached down and squeezed Karl's balls, then slid one finger back to press his perineum.

Karl sucked in a breath. "Fuck."

"Yeah," Grant murmured. "Fuck." He manipulated a little harder, until Karl gasped with what could only be pleasure. "Fuck her now."

Chapter Eight

Grant turned, leaned down, grabbed Rena's chin, and kissed her hard, his lips and teeth grinding. She'd feigned being tipsy, but his taste almost made her feel drunk, giddy, wild.

She was so wet, she didn't need foreplay. Grant's spanking had brought her close to the edge, and her cheeks still tingled deliciously. It had been a stroke of genius. He was constantly surprising her now, giving her more—more passion, more kink, more heat. But their interaction had been the most erotic display she'd ever witnessed.

She moaned against Grant's tongue in her mouth, her hips undulating, begging wordlessly. His big hand on Karl's cock, that sound Karl had made, a moan, a growl, and a gasp all rolled into one sexy reverberation that had traveled straight to her clit.

Then in one smooth move, Karl spread her and slammed home. She cried into Grant's mouth. *God, oh God. It was so right.* Karl was so hard, his body suddenly pounding at her, pushing her near to climax in three thrusts. She fought the bonds, wanting to touch, hold, clutch, but Grant kept her pinned to the bed.

"How does it feel?" he whispered against her lips.

She loved that Grant needed to know. It was what had made those nights with Karl so hot—his questions, his need to hear all the dirty details of what she'd done with Grant. "It makes me crazy. I love the feel of his hairy legs on the backs of my thighs. And his cock—he gets so hard." She writhed, sensation taking over from her own description. "Let me come. Please let me come." Tears leaked from her eyes.

“Not yet,” Karl crooned. He must have heard her, backing off, slowing to a leisurely pace. Then he groaned. “Christ, your pussy is kneading my cock.”

She felt the spasms on the inside—not an orgasm, but an involuntary reaction to the slow, inexorable slide of his cock over her G-spot.

“I know what you need.” Grant’s lips caressed hers as he spoke. “Something more, something better.”

She didn’t know how it could get any better, but she sensed the strange one-upmanship between them, the man-to-man challenge: Grant egging on Karl, and Karl pushing back at him. It was hot, exciting, and tantalizing to watch them goad each other into touching, squeezing. She moaned as Grant trailed kisses from one nipple to the other, nipping at her. God, she wanted to see his mouth on Karl, wanted to see Karl’s cock between his lips. Watch him suck her juice off Karl the moment he pulled out of her.

The little game the two were playing could only be to her benefit.

Grant nibbled her belly. “Yes yes yes,” she chanted to them breathlessly.

He slid lower still, his head between her legs and close, ever so close to Karl’s cock. His warm exhale heated her, and she glanced up to gauge Karl’s heavy-lidded look. He breathed deep, shuddered, and she knew that Grant’s breath had its effect on him too.

Then she couldn’t think anymore as Grant’s tongue swept across her clit once, twice, then licking in earnest. He was all over her, and she knew he had to be tasting her on Karl’s cock too, licking along Karl’s shaft as he pumped. God Almighty. Grant was tasting them both, savoring their juices.

Grant lifted his head. “Isn’t my tongue so much better than the vibrator?”

As he put his finger to her, she gasped, moaned for him. “Yes, so much better.”

Karl groaned. She didn’t know what Grant had done to him, but he’d done something. Karl’s whole body quivered, the vibrations reaching inside her. She

couldn't help gripping him tighter, squeezing, undulating with each rock of his body against hers.

"Don't stop," she ordered Grant. "Lick me, suck me, do it, do it, don't stop."

Grant laid his tongue to her again, and she felt herself go mad with pure sensation.

Rena's voice was laced with desperation. Karl felt the same edge himself. Fuck. His legs shook with every thrust into her, every swish of Grant's tongue between her clit and his cock. Not to mention the finger Grant had wedged close to his ass, riding the sensitive flesh right by his nuts. Christ. Karl's balls ached with need, but he pushed off the orgasm. Not yet. He needed more of this. It was too fucking good, too fucking hot.

And she was so gorgeous with Grant's head between her legs, her breasts pink tinged, nipples tight, hard, her features strained as she reached for orgasm.

"Pinch your nipples, sweetheart," Karl demanded. "Pinch them hard." The way he'd pinched them as Grant spanked her. He hadn't been able to let Grant have all that fun without taking a bit for himself, and he knew she'd found the light pain as hot as the pleasure.

"Yes." She moaned as she tweaked herself, her body spasming around him in reaction. Fuck, she was so tight. He lifted slightly to give Grant better access to the spot near his asshole, pulling farther from her, baring more of his cock for Grant's tongue.

The mutual touching was an integral part of the sex between the three of them, the ability to lick, suck, and touch freely without phobia, just the pleasure, the need rising in all of them. It didn't bother him, didn't scare him. In fact, he could handle more of it—more pleasure, more probing, more—as long as she was there to watch, so he could feel her rising excitement and heat, her finger in his ass as he sucked Grant, maybe her dildo inside him, fucking him.

Christ, the images before his eyes made him thrust harder, deeper, faster inside her. He could do anything in this moment, take any physical act.

“Suck Grant’s cock for me,” Karl begged her. “I want to see him in your mouth.”

Grant did what Karl wanted. Rising over her, he shoved that magnificent cock between her lips. Christ, it *was* magnificent, enviable, thick, long, hard, throbbing, filling her mouth. Her lips glistened with saliva and Grant’s precum. It was so fucking incredible. Karl dug his fingers into her ass, hauled her higher, and, changing the angle, thrust deeper. He didn’t want to come. It was too good, but he didn’t know how much longer he could hold out as he absorbed the sight—Grant fucking her mouth deeply, hard and fast. With her arms tied, she couldn’t hold him off, could only take all that hard meat between her lips. He knew that cock’s girth intimately—the fat head, the stretch of it in her mouth, knew what she tasted, the sweetness of cum. She moaned, and he groaned with her; she squirmed, and he writhed with her; she squeezed him tight in her depths, and he fucked her harder.

The lines of Grant’s face went rigid. “Fuck, I’m going to come.” He growled, grunted, then pulled free of her, breathing hard, deep. “Not yet, not fucking yet.”

Grant crawled a foot away, then braced himself with his hand behind him, his breath sawing, heart pounding. “When I come, I’m coming inside you,” he vowed to her.

Then Grant grabbed a condom from the nightstand, tossed it down on the bed like a gauntlet, and moved behind Karl, watching her over Karl’s shoulder. “Fuck her harder, faster. Get yourself off. Then I’ll finish her.”

“Fuck you,” Karl growled.

Grant was so hard and needy, he didn’t think he could hold out much longer. He needed her, had to have her, couldn’t wait.

“Please, please, make me come, let me come,” she chanted, her eyes closed, her body taking everything Karl pounded into her.

He put his finger to Karl's perineum and manipulated, trying to force the climax. Karl gritted his teeth and held out. "I'll come when I'm goddamn ready."

"Do it now," Grant demanded.

Still, Karl plunged into her, forcing the cries, gasps, and moans from her. Grant knew the signals. She was riding the wave, coming, not stopping, working the man's cock deep inside her. She could come like that forever, but this time she was flying so high she didn't need the vibrator. He wanted inside her. He needed her touch. Yanking on the scarves, he freed her, yet she clung to the rails of the headboard, bracing herself for Karl's onslaught.

Grant tore the condom packet, then rolled on the rubber and readied himself. Fuck, fuck, he needed her. Now. Sidling up close to Karl once more, he put his finger to the man's ass, pushed without entering. "Do it," he whispered, cajoled, stroking, pressing. "Come."

Karl fucked her wildly, his breath rough, his head back. "Holy fuck. You can't know. You don't know."

But Grant did know, and he wanted it, needed it. "Make him come," he roared at Rena.

She opened her eyes slowly, almost dreamily. "You make him come," she whispered, her voice drowned out by the heavy slap of flesh to flesh and Karl's hard breathing. But Grant read the words on her lips. "Make him come. Fuck his ass. Do it. Do it for me. I want it. Fuck him, Grant. Fuck him good."

In that moment, compelled by her desire, it didn't matter. Her pussy or Karl's ass. He thought only long enough to grab the lube and coat himself; then he spread Karl's cheeks. Leaning over the other man's back, he shot out a harsh breath. "You need this. You want this."

"Fuck," Karl shot back, then groaned as Grant's cock pressed at his tight hole. "Yeah. Do it." He pushed forward over Rena's chest, exposing himself, giving Grant the perfect angle.

Rena wrapped her arms around Karl's broad back and watched Grant, eyes wide, hot, and brilliantly blue. *Fuck him for me*, she mouthed.

He pushed, harder, until he felt the snap of Karl's ass accepting him.

"Fuck." Karl groaned. "Oh shit. Oh Christ." He held still for Grant's penetration, head back, neck muscles straining, no longer moving inside Rena, just letting himself be taken.

Fuck if it didn't feel incredible, Karl's hole hot, tight, squeezing just below the ridge of his cock. Amazing, especially with Rena's hot gaze on him. He pumped slowly, inching deeper. Karl flexed, silently urging him on.

"Oh yeah." He felt the man's guttural voice vibrate through him. "Oh yeah, fuck, yeah."

Slowly, deeper, half an inch at a time, Karl's body adjusted to him, then took him. Grant trembled with the pleasure, Rena's legs caressing him where she gripped Karl between her thighs. Then she held out her fingers, beckoning to Grant, and he came down fully against Karl's back, holding his hip with one hand, bracing himself on the bed with the other. She put her hand to his face, and her fingers were like fire, branding him.

"He wants you to fuck him hard, Grant," she declared, full throated. "Don't you, Karl? Say it."

"Yeah, man," he growled. "Fuck me hard. Fuck me right into her. Fuck us both."

Grant withdrew and rammed deep. They all grunted together with pleasure, near ecstasy. He drove in, out, fucking fast and hard. Rena cried out, her eyes falling closed, lips parted. It was like fucking them both, as hot as what they'd done last night.

He was crazy with it, losing his mind, pounding, out of control, until he didn't know exactly who he was fucking; he was simply a machine, doing her bidding, insane with it.

He was rough, going deep with hard thrusts, ramming Karl's body straight into Rena. Sensation swamped his senses—the tight grip of Karl's ass, different from a pussy, unique, incredible, the slap of his balls against hard male flesh. And the sounds Rena made as her fingers spasmed against his face—her gasps, her moans—they pulled him into the center of her pleasure. A burst of heat shot from his balls, barreled through him, and he threw his head back, a hoarse shout raging involuntarily up from his throat. Then he simply split apart, climaxing with the tremors of Rena's orgasm shuddering straight through the body between them and Karl's simultaneous explosion clamping tight on his cock, dragging him down into mindlessness.

* * *

Karl felt Grant's retreat and the dipping mattress as he headed to the bathroom. His body ached with the power of completion and the majesty of simultaneous orgasm. Gathering Rena tight against him, he nuzzled his face in the hair at her neck, loath to release her.

“Did you like it?” he whispered in the moment of closeness and intimacy.

“Couldn't you tell?”

He pulled back. “I want to hear it from you.”

She searched his face, her gaze flitting from eye to eye, down to his mouth, back up again. “There's never been anything like that.” She cupped his cheek. “Not even what you two did to me last night. It was damn near a religious experience.”

His heart sang at the words. She needed him for this. She'd have to have it again.

“Did you do it just for me, crossing that line, letting him take you that way?” she asked.

The water ran in the bathroom. Their time was running out. “I did it for *us*. All of us. I'd do it again.”

“I felt him in you, and it was amazing. You were both fucking me. Every time Grant took you, he took me too. It was like we were all connected, all part of each other.” She bit her lower lip, almost embarrassed. “I know that doesn’t make sense, but—”

He cut her off with a quick kiss. “It makes perfect sense.” In his gut, he knew she would crave it again. More than once in a lifetime.

“I want to watch.” Her gaze flickered over him.

He swallowed. The moment she’d begged Grant to fuck him, he’d known she’d want that too. To watch them, just them, no involvement from her, to steep herself in the sight and sound of two men together. He knew he’d give it to her. The ultimate debauchery, the ultimate surrender.

Maybe this was the way to get to her. Because he’d do it for her. Without her participation, without her touching them or fucking them. He’d do it for her gaze on them alone. Grant wouldn’t.

That was how Karl would win.

Chapter Nine

Dressed in a thick terry robe, she stood in the kitchen, framed by the bay window, the sunrise glimmering through her hair, setting it alight with golden streaks.

Grant slid his arms around her waist, pulled her back against him. “I missed waking up with you in my arms.” Not to mention the weirdness of awakening in bed with another man, especially after what they’d done.

“We went to sleep so early, it was still dark when I woke up.”

They’d fucked themselves into exhaustion with that hot little episode, and after another triple shower like the one Friday night, they’d fallen into bed like a litter of puppies who’d been romping all day.

“I made you coffee.”

He breathed the rich scent of coffee and sexy woman. “You haven’t poured yourself one yet.”

“I was enjoying the view.” She leaned her head back against his shoulder.

Without her usual high heels, she felt petite in his arms.

“Last night was so sexy,” she whispered, pausing with an intake of breath as if considering what to say next. “Did you like it?”

Ah, she was worried he’d regret his actions in the daylight. “You know damn well I got off on it.” He punctuated with a roll of his hips against her, his morning woody still evident.

She turned, looped her arms around his neck. “I’ve never experienced anything quite so perfect. I’m sure I’ve never come so hard.”

Neither had he. It had been so damn kinky, the hottest sex he'd ever had. Beyond that awkward feeling when he awoke, he wasn't even freaked out by the whole thing. Sex was sex, and that little bit of taboo fucking was like the whipped cream on last night's banana split. He was fine. No regrets. It had been too good to regret.

He nuzzled her hair. "You climaxed like that because you're a dirty, filthy little slut."

She laughed. "And you love that I'm a dirty, filthy little slut."

"Yeah, I do." So easy, the word *love*. He had loved everything he did with her, including last night. That had all been about her; Karl was just the conduit. There was so much more between them than this weekend. Grant had lusted after her for years. Now lust had morphed into something more.

"A week ago I would have hated if you'd called me a slut," she mused.

He cupped her face. "It's a term of endearment."

Her lashes were long and lush, despite the lack of makeup. "I know. But I wouldn't have liked it before."

Before he'd fucked another man in the ass for her? This weekend had changed them. He had done things. They brought her closer to him.

"I want more," she whispered.

More what? It was on the tip of his tongue to ask, when Karl entered the kitchen.

"Fuck"—yawning, stretching, then—"thank the Lord," Karl said, grabbing the coffee carafe. He opened the cupboard and pulled down a mug.

It irritated the hell out of Grant that the man knew where she kept everything, as if he was a frequent visitor. Of course, he'd remodeled the kitchen, but did that alone explain his knowledge? Jesus. She'd been fucking him; Grant knew that. She'd never hidden it. After all they'd done, he didn't know why it got under his skin.

Rena pulled Grant's face back to hers. His cock throbbed against her belly, anger a potent aphrodisiac. He wanted to lift her, fuck her on the counter while Karl was forced to watch.

Rising on tiptoe, she caressed his ear with her warm breath. "Suck him for me."

His cock surged, not for the man, but for her. Because she had asked for it, because she'd become this sexual being who pushed him to the edge, made him want what she wanted with an intensity that shocked him.

Karl lounged against the opposite counter, sipping his coffee, eyeing them. He was unselfconsciously naked, whereas Grant had pulled on cotton briefs. As he watched the two of them, Karl's cock flexed, stiffened, grew.

Grant could ask why she wanted it, but the reason didn't matter. He would either do it or he wouldn't. If it was a test, he would either pass or he would fail.

"I've never wanted anything more in my life." Her gaze caressed, cajoled. "I've done it to him against the wall, down on my knees, his cock in my mouth. He's done it to me there too"—she pointed to the wall next to the garage door—"licking my pussy until I screamed. Now I need to see it with you." As if the pleasure was greater because she could add the sight as well as the memory of how sucking Karl felt.

He should have hated that he now had a vision of her on her knees with Karl's cock in her mouth. A vision of Karl holding her skirt high and licking her pussy. Karl fucking her into climax against the wall. Instead Grant's breath suddenly seemed trapped in his throat, caught by her desires, her needs.

Karl's eyes bored into him. Expectant. Grant knew the other man would let him do it, wouldn't give a damn.

Her nipples were hard against his bare chest, and he scented something new—arousal, the sweet aroma of her body readying itself. It was like a drug wafting through the kitchen, invading his mind, taking him over. He gave one futile attempt at fighting her.

“I don’t go down on my knees for any man.”

“You’re not doing it for him,” she said softly. “You’re doing it for me.”

When she pushed him slightly, took his hand to lead him, she knew she’d won, knew she had him. She smiled, and he felt her revel in the victory. He never thought he’d enjoy giving a woman this kind of power over him, yet it made his blood rush through his veins like aged whiskey. On the way to the dining room, she grabbed Karl’s hand and, once through the doorway, pushed him up against the wall. Leaning in, she licked his nipple, bit him, dragging a curse from him. Then she turned back to Grant and yanked down his briefs. His cock sprang free, and for a moment, her lips engulfed him. He surged, driving deep, but in the next instant she was gone. Pulling a chair from the table, she sat, tucking a leg beneath her. The robe fell open to reveal the glisten of her pussy.

“Do it for me,” she whispered, hypnotizing him with the seductive timbre of her voice.

His mouth watered for a taste of her. Instead he dropped to his knees on the dining-room carpet and sucked Karl’s cock deep into his mouth.

There was a burst of precum on his tongue. Salty yet strangely sweet. He didn’t mind it. He’d kissed Rena with the scent and taste of it still on her. The man was thick and pulsing against his lips. Grant sucked hard as he withdrew, the sensation of hard flesh throbbing in his mouth unique.

Then he reached down and squeezed Karl’s balls. The man groaned. And threaded through the sound was Rena, a soft sigh, a gentle moan.

That was it for him. Grant gave himself up to the performance, gave himself up to her and the dirty things she wanted him to do.

Karl had the advantage. He could see her. Her eyes were wide, her cheeks flushed, and when she raised her gaze to his, she licked her lips. He flattened his palms against the wall, and his hips surged forward, thrusting his cock deep down Grant’s throat.

This was what she wanted, down and dirty sex, fucking, sucking. Karl would do these things for her. He didn't care who gave him the orgasm. It was all good. Watching her get off on it was worth everything.

Grant didn't gag, didn't let go. He kept pace, sucking Karl instead of letting his mouth be fucked. There was a degree of difference, a measure of control. Grant would never release that final ounce of supremacy. Karl didn't fucking care. Grant's mouth was wet, hot, good, not as good as Rena's, but better than many Karl had known. He let himself be taken because she was taken in by it all.

She was like an addict moving from snorting to mainlining. She was hooked. She would need more. He would give it to her, anything that made her crave what he could do for her, whatever made her crave *him*.

He groaned loudly. She drew in a deep breath, parted her lips, exhaled with a puff.

"Tell me what else you want, what you need." Karl knew, but he needed her to say it, needed her to beg for it.

She stretched, rocked in the chair, then shuddered. "Make Grant come too. Suck him. Suck each other."

In one swift move, he disengaged and went down on the carpet before her. He would do this. She would be his. If Grant balked now, she would choose Karl because she knew he'd do whatever she wanted. Because he loved sex and he didn't give a damn how he got it, as long as she was a part of it.

But Grant didn't balk. Instead he put the flat of his hand on Karl's chest and pushed him to his back. "I'm fucking on top," he ground out.

Then he climbed over and shoved his cock in Karl's mouth. The man was massive, thick, and being on the bottom, it was almost more than Karl could handle. He felt a brief moment of panic, as if he'd lost complete control, that maybe he wouldn't do everything, that maybe he did have a limit. Then Grant engulfed his cock and sucked hard.

Karl thought his head would blow off. And yeah, fuck, it was good. Good in and of itself, the hard suck, his balls fondled, squeezed, tortured, his body rising involuntarily to slide deeper, faster into the hot, wet recesses of that mouth.

At the same time, he swallowed precum, sucked male flesh, and fucking liked it.

It was so beautiful, Rena wanted to cry. So big, so hard, so strong. Their muscles rippled and flexed. They groaned and growled. The wet slap of mouths and cocks filled the room. Grant was a predator feasting on his prey, twisting, sucking, pulling, probing as his hips pistoned and he fucked Karl's mouth. Karl's body was bigger, harder, and he dug rough fingers into Grant's firm ass, giving as good as he got.

It wasn't two men sixty-nining. It was Grant and Karl performing for her pleasure. They were strong, virile, and utterly masculine as they went at each other, two hard male animals trying to dominate the other in the most elemental of ways. There could be nothing more perfect. She couldn't have felt this thrill with anyone else. She wouldn't have experienced the momentousness of the sight watching two strangers at a sex club. It was them. It was how she felt about them, individually, together.

Perspiration ran down between her breasts. It was all she could do not to touch herself, just to watch, drink it in. Then Grant tipped his head, all that raw masculinity filling his mouth, and looked at her, his gaze dark with heat and sensuality. Her quickened breath felt harsh in her throat, and her nipples spiked under his scrutiny.

Without words, she understood what he wanted. She parted her robe and cupped her breasts for him, plumped them in her hands. His muscles went taut, strained, and she knew that he loved her rapt attention, loved how hot he made her. She imagined he sucked harder to please her, pumped faster against Karl's mouth

because she wanted it. Between his legs, his balls were hard, full, and beneath him, Karl began to shake.

He groaned around Grant's cock. She smelled him in the air, that rich musk, and his hips began to buck, forcing him deeper into Grant's mouth. She caressed her hard nipples, afraid even to blink in case she missed something beautiful and immense. She knew Karl's sounds, his movements, his earthy scent, and his orgasm was close, almost there.

As if he sensed Karl's impending climax, Grant seemed to suck harder, once, twice; then he reared back, fucking Karl's mouth with short pumps even as Karl's cum shot high, spraying his throat, dripping down him.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," he growled, head thrown back. "Jesus H. Christ." And finally, another long, low "fuck." Then, with a groan, his ass muscles flexing in fast strokes, she knew he filled Karl's mouth. Even as Karl's body quivered in aftershock, he sucked hard, drawing all Grant's cum, swallowing it.

She clearly recognized what she had missed for so many months, what she'd been learning over the past two days. Grant was never passionless. He brimmed with it. It shone from his brilliant eyes, spoke to her from the depth of his soul. She'd simply missed it in all that control, hadn't recognized the signs. He'd always given it to her.

She couldn't help herself. She couldn't stand another moment apart. Throwing herself down on the carpet beside them, she speared Grant's hair with her fingers, bared his throat as if she were a vampire, and licked Karl's cum from his skin. Salty, sweet, a mixture of them both, Grant's deliciously sweaty flesh and Karl's juice.

It was heady, an aphrodisiac, an unbearable sweetness. She was almost unaware of Karl's hand on her until she felt Grant fall to the side as Karl pushed him.

Then Karl was on her, spreading her robe, diving between her legs. Holding her down with his body, he trapped her gaze with the strength of his. "Your turn,

sweetheart. You're going to come for both of us, over and over." Then he buried his face between her thighs, humming against her, raising his face once to mutter, "Christ, she's fucking wet."

Grant dragged her back to his throat, forced her to lick him, suck him, clean him. Their bodies overwhelmed her, her butt already rocking on the carpet as she shot toward the stars, the orgasm almost immediate, intensified as Grant pinched her nipple hard, a torture, a pleasure. Pulling her head back by the hair, he kissed her, the taste of Karl's cum on her lips, her cheeks, her tongue.

She came with Grant's kiss on her as he worked her nipples between his fingers, as Karl lapped at her clit and played with her G-spot.

Grant drank her cries. Then he was crawling down her body, trailing kisses.

"You make her come now," Karl growled. "Fuck her sweet, hot pussy with your mouth. Make her scream."

Grant twisted and took over from above, his cock near her head, his body draping hers as he spread her pussy lips and sucked her clit into his mouth, then worried it relentlessly with his tongue. Karl clamped his lips on hers. *Oh God, oh God*. One climax simply crested into the next, until time stopped and there was just the feel of these two beautiful men surrounding her.

Then she was sandwiched between them, Grant at her back, her head pillowed on his arm, Karl with his face between her breasts. Her body still trembled; her skin still quivered.

"God," she whispered reverently.

"Yes," Karl murmured, his breath heating her nipple. "We are gods. You can thank us later."

He joked, yet it didn't diminish the enormity of the moment. This was more, far more, than she could have built a fantasy around. Their skin against hers, firm flesh, coarse hair, roughened fingers, the scent of clean male sweat and cum.

Rena knew she could not go on without this. She could not give it up. She could not give up Karl for Grant, and she could not throw away Grant for Karl. They were entwined now. They were hers. To lose either one would strip her heart from her chest.

“You wanted me to choose,” she murmured.

Behind her, Grant tensed, shot out a harsh breath, said nothing.

Head on her chest, Karl merely soothed the flesh of her belly with gentle fingers.

“But I can’t choose,” she went on, eyes closed. “I need you both. I want you both. I want this.” She sucked in a shaky breath, chest heavy with need. “I want what we’ve had this weekend. The three of us. I’m not giving up either of you, and I want you both together.”

The last words fell into profound silence, where her heartbeat sounded like the clash of thunder.

Chapter Ten

Karl closed his eyes, need and desire throbbing in his temples. Her skin was smooth beneath his hand, her perfume sweet, laced as it was with the scent of cum.

His biggest hope had simply been not to lose her. This was so much more. And hotter than anything he'd ever experienced. Gay? Bisexual? Whatever. He didn't care about labels. He wanted to go on fucking her. He wanted to go on loving her. Because hell yes, that's what this feeling was. In his life, he'd wanted other women with something that bordered on obsession, yet in the end, he'd been able to walk away when the time was right. He could not walk away from Rena.

For eight months he'd slipped in her back door, so to speak. She was the kind of woman he'd always admired from afar, a heady combination of smart and sophisticated mixed with down and dirty. He worked with his hands, had learned his craft through on-the-job training. He wasn't educated; he was merely street-smart. He could never hope to have a woman like her. Until now. If he had to take it up the ass to have her, he would. Fuck, if it was as good as that three-way last night and the things they'd done this morning, he'd enjoy the hell out of it. Maybe they could both fit in her pussy, fuck her together. There were so many pleasures they could enjoy together.

"The three of us?" Grant asked.

"The three of us." She nodded, her hair caressing Karl's face. "Exclusive. No one else."

"A *fucking* relationship with the three of us?" Grant added as if he couldn't quite believe.

She laughed softly. "You don't think I'll give up that kind of sex, do you?"

He jutted his chin at Karl. "Him too?"

She tipped her head back. "That would make three," she said docilely.

"And he's willing?" Again, Grant pointed with his chin.

"Why don't you ask him?" Rena said levelly.

Karl shrugged, pretending nonchalance. Take it or leave it. "I'm game if you're game," he said as mildly as Rena, yet he was on edge, his heart pounding.

After a long, silent moment that wrenched something inside Karl, Grant finally spoke, his voice solemn. "I need to think." That was all.

Grant was the wild card. He always had been. He'd always been on top. And he could still ruin everything Karl wanted.

* * *

Grant toweled off after his shower. He'd come up here to dress, taking his time, getting away. Because he couldn't think with her scent making him crazy. She was downstairs making them breakfast like yesterday. He didn't know where Karl was.

She wanted him to keep on doing those things with Karl. More. Rena always wanted more.

When they'd worked together, she'd wanted more responsibility, more authority, more rungs on the ladder. He'd admired her tenacity. It was part of the attraction. She'd deserved every promotion she'd gotten, every monetary reward she'd gained. In a sexual relationship, she'd wanted more emotion, more desire. Yet even as she asked for more, she gave more, always hotter, always better. This weekend had surpassed every heat level he'd achieved, with her or his wife or any other woman.

He just didn't know if he could keep on giving her everything she craved.

His eyeballs ached with his need to ask her if she'd she leave him should he say no to her.

He still couldn't believe she wanted them both, together. Okay, he could believe it. The sex had been blazing. Of course she'd asked for more. Maybe she'd been angling for this all along. Then again...the emotions and the new desires had all felt spontaneous rather than staged.

He yanked on his slacks, buttoned his shirt. The bathroom was steamy, so he headed out to her bureau to comb his hair, tucking his shirt in as he went.

Karl was sitting in the same chair Grant had made him use Friday night. Laid-back attitude, bare feet stretched out before him. At least he'd put on jeans and a T-shirt. Maybe that was part of what Rena found so attractive, the contrasts between them. Grant was the shirt-in type; Karl was out. It seemed like a pretty damn good metaphor for them.

Grant moved to the mirror.

"Making love to a woman you care about is hot," Karl said, his voice almost lazy. "Watching her make love with another man is even hotter."

Combing the few tangles out of his hair, Grant watched Karl's reflection. He'd recognized it, had seen it in the way Karl looked at her, his gaze following her, but that the guy was actually willing to admit he cared about her was a surprise. "And you're not jealous of her." Grant wasn't sure it was a question.

Karl shook his head slowly. "The fact that it's you, a man she cares for too, makes it out of this world." He gave Grant a steady gaze, with none of the fuck-you attitude.

Yeah, it was amazingly good, but Grant had always been a jealous man. His wife had left him because of it. How the hell was he supposed to watch Rena with this man? Because he damn well knew she had strong feelings for Karl; the man was important to her.

Grant turned then. "Aren't you worried I'll take her away from you?" Yeah, he knew the question really applied to him.

“The battle will make it all hotter, the rams fighting over the female they both want *bad*.” Karl stood. “I want this. I want her. And she wants you.” He stared Grant down. “So I’m willing.”

His blood didn’t rush, his heart didn’t pound, but Grant could feel his skin tighten on his body. “All of it? Like this morning? Last night?”

For the first time, a hint of his shit-eating grin creased Karl’s lips. “That was fucking hot too. Because she was there. As long as she’s there. So yeah, that too.”

Grant didn’t feel attraction; he felt...excitement. He felt a world he’d never considered opening up to him, with more pleasure than he could have imagined. When was three more than three? In a bed where you could have every orifice filled, when two mouths, two tongues, and four hands could drive you mad.

Fuck. It was unmanly. But powerful. Hell yes, as Karl said, it had been fucking hot. Subjugating Karl, ramming his cock into Karl’s ass, pinning him down and fucking his mouth. Jesus. Grant had actually enjoyed it.

He thought about being the one in the middle, Karl on his back, Rena beneath. And he got hard.

He could want this new and exciting wrinkle—incredible, dirty, kinky sex with both of them.

“She’ll always want more, you know,” he told Karl.

Karl laughed outright. “Fuck yes. That’s what I like best about her.” He was so willing to give her everything.

So what did that say about the conditions Grant put on his feelings for her? Because the harder decision was not about doing things with Karl. It was about sharing her. Letting her have another man.

Karl headed to the stairs, as if he’d said all he’d come up here to say. “She sent me to tell you breakfast is ready. Come down when you want.”

“I’ll be down,” Grant said.

It had been more than jealousy his wife hadn't been able to accept; it was his nature, his need for sex almost every night, his desires pushing her beyond where she wanted to go. When he'd sought to bottle up all his jealousy, he'd shut off everything, all his emotions. Rena had accepted him, released him. But he hadn't completely released himself.

Did he want to remain the man he'd been? Or was he ready to reach out and take more than what he'd ever allowed himself?

* * *

They were seated on stools at the center island when Grant came down, a plate stacked high with French toast between them. Karl licked his fingers, and Rena's lips glistened with moisture. It wasn't syrup. The bottle was still closed. Her cheeks were flushed, her robe open over her thighs, and the musky fragrance of arousal overlaid the scent of cooking.

In the five-minute lead time he'd given Karl, the man had already gotten his hands between her legs.

Knowing what they'd been doing, Grant was suddenly hard. He wanted to fuck her on the island while Karl ate his breakfast. Yeah, if he was jealous, it only made it better.

"Hi, honey," she said brightly, then reached up, catching the underside of his jaw in a kiss.

Grant thought of her licking Karl's cum from his throat. Jesus. It had been fucking hot. *All* of it had been hot. He twisted her on the stool, forced her legs apart, stood between them, and pulled her head back by the hair. "I'll try it," he said. He realized he'd already decided upstairs. "One day at a time. One *time* at a time." He wasn't giving over everything.

The lapels of her robe had parted enough to reveal the hard peaks of her nipples. "We'll make it so good," she whispered, a fresh waft of her sexual perfume rising to cloud his mind.

“I’ll never let him best me,” he murmured, looking at Karl.

“You two can fight all you want.” She pulled him down to nip his earlobe. “It makes it more exciting when you’re both trying to be on top.”

Karl smirked.

Yeah. It had felt fucking good to best Karl, to subjugate him. Grant saw an outlet for his emotions. His need to conquer the usurper would make the sex better, intensify the game. He liked winning. He loved a good fight. Especially when she was the prize.

“I want you,” Rena whispered, laying kisses across his skin.

Karl had a point earlier. The fact that she always wanted more made life exciting. The things she would make him do with Karl were simply different facets of it all.

Grant crushed his lips to hers, sweeping in, plundering her, then put his hand between her legs, where Karl had just been, going from zero to sixty in one touch. “Fuck, yes, I want this,” he said, his voice gruff with need. Then he pulled back, fighting for control. He would have to fight them for control too, and fuck if that wouldn’t be completely hot.

“I’ll make it so good, Grant, you’ll never want to leave,” she promised, breathless.

He glanced at Karl. With all the pheromones suddenly flying in the room, the man’s jeans bulged. Grant pointed. “But I’m not kissing him.”

Rena laughed, a sound still husky with desire. “No kissing,” she agreed.

“And I’m not holding his hand either,” Karl added as he rose, pulling Rena back flush against his chest.

Rena stretched sinuously between them, raising her arms, the tie of the robe falling free and revealing every inch of her gorgeous breasts and the trim triangle between her legs. “No kissing or handholding,” she said. “But there will be dates. Sexy dinner-and-a-movie dates like we had yesterday, where you’re both touching

me under the table. And ooh”—she smiled wickedly—“you should blindfold me and make me guess who’s doing what to me.” She winked. “Or what you’re doing to each other.”

“Woman, you’ve got a deliciously dirty mind.” Grant pressed close, sandwiching her between them. “There are so many possibilities, baby. All you have to do is take your pick.”

THE END

Loose Id Titles by Jasmine Haynes

Take Your Pick
Take Your Pleasure

Jasmine Haynes

Award-winning Jasmine Haynes is the author of erotic romance for Berkley Heat, Berkley Sensation, and she's now so pleased to join the Loose Id family. Her November 2009 Berkley release, *Yours for the Night*, marks the start of a new sensual series, the Courtesans Tales. Many of you also know her as Jennifer Skully, writing over-the-top (hopefully hilarious) romantic mysteries, and as JB Skully, she's created the Max Starr psychic mystery series. Don't miss her blog at www.jasminehaynes.blogspot.com (where she offers a chance to win free books!) and her website, www.jasminehaynes.com.