



Last call? She'll take a double. Straight up, please...

From the *Black & White* Collection

For six years, widow Grace Wright's days have been filled as a single working mother. Now, with her daughter graduating, her nest is yawning before her, wide and empty. And so is the upcoming weekend. Invited out by her coworkers, she decides it's time to turn that corner and get on with her life.

Jamie's had his eye on Grace for years, but it never seemed the right time to approach her. Tonight, something's different. The sexual signals she's giving off are unmistakable—and he's not the only man in the bar who's noticed. His best friend, Trey, is breaking a sweat just looking at the delectable English teacher.

The two men make her the offer of a lifetime, and Grace doesn't hesitate. For one night, Jamie and Trey indulge her every desire, every fantasy, every naughty craving. In the morning Trey is gone with the wind, but Jamie is holding on to every moment as if he never wants to let go. Leaving her wondering if another chance at forever is too much to ask...

Warning: Contains a red-hot ménage, anal sex, graphic language, bondage and toys. Serve with a tall, cool one with plenty of ice. How 'bout another round?

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Happy Hour
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Happy Hour

Mari Carr

Dedication

To my best friend, Lisa. There's no one I'd rather share a happy hour with more than you.

Chapter One

“Another pitcher,” Jamie Fisher called out to the waitress.

“And some wings,” Grace added.

Jamie laughed as Grace raised her glass and quickly finished off her beer to make room for a fresh cold one.

“Take it easy, Ms. Wright,” he teased. “We have all night if you need it.”

She grinned and nodded, hoping Jamie couldn’t see the flush she felt heating her cheeks as his *all night* comment sent her mind straight to the gutter. After such a long sexual dry spell, she had the feeling she’d definitely need all night, especially if it was with him. “Oh, I need it all right. I’ve been living for this happy hour all week. It’ll be a miracle if I make through exams without killing a senior.”

“Yep. Same thing every year. Seniors check out at the end of April and it’s hell trying to teach them anything until graduation,” Jamie agreed.

“At least you have some underclassmen classes to break up the insanity. I’ve spent eight hours a day for the last few weeks trying to teach literary theory to AP kids and I’m fairly certain I’d be doing as much good if I just stood in front of the classroom and beat my head against the whiteboard.” Grace taught six classes of advanced placement English to seniors, a futile task in May as their minds were already focused on the after-graduation party, senior beach week and college.

“Well, there’s your problem,” Trey Donovan chimed in. “I don’t even know what the hell literary theory is and you’re trying to teach it to a bunch of kids with senioritis.”

Grace rolled her eyes, mainly to keep from letting her gaze wander over Trey’s pecs. His firm muscles pushed their way through his tight gray T-shirt. Ever since they’d entered the bar, she’d been fighting back some serious arousal issues as she considered slipping her hands beneath the soft cotton and touching the firm muscles and chocolate-brown skin taunting her. She took a deep breath and cast the thought aside...again.

Trey and Jamie were both teachers in the physical education department at her school, and while she’d never considered them dumb jocks, they liked to play the part whenever she started talking about literature or writing, teasing her about her highbrow lessons and bragging about how they got to play games all day. Lately, her feelings of friendship toward them had been laced with more than a healthy bit of desire. She needed to stop reading spicy romance novels. They were clearly leaving her too horny—and

planting some pretty wicked seeds in her psyche. She'd hit the library on Monday and check out a murder mystery—the bloodier, the better.

“Should I launch in to today’s lecture about existentialism?” Grace asked.

“Jesus,” Jamie said. “I can’t even spell that word. We’re in the tennis unit this week.” He raised his short sleeve polo and Grace tried to ignore the purely female part of her that wanted to melt as she was treated to a glimpse of his muscular arm. “Been getting paid while working on my tan.”

She laughed, fully aware of the fact Jamie was much brighter than he pretended to be around his male friends. They’d had more than a few discussions about books while alone and he had a very sharp mind. Of course, tonight wasn’t about intellect. It was about talking, laughing and unwinding over a few beers with friends. As she glanced around the table, she knew she was blessed.

Lucas, a fellow English teacher, and her best friend, Cheryl, the librarian, were also casting off the stress of work at happy hour. The group had been coming to Tully’s Bar for the occasional Friday afternoon decompression as long as Grace could remember. She had worked with most of the teachers around her for years, and they’d become much closer than mere colleagues to her. They’d seen her through one of the darkest periods of her life and she sometimes wondered how she’d gotten through the daily stress of teaching without them.

Cheryl leaned toward her with a mischievous grin. “Looks like the Cougar Club rides again.”

“Oh jeez,” Grace muttered.

Cheryl had given their little group the nickname last summer when they’d all gotten together to celebrate Grace’s fortieth birthday at Jamie’s house. When a discussion on age ensued, they’d learned Trey and Lucas were in their late twenties, a fact that delighted Cheryl so much she’d henceforth referred to them as The Cougar Club. The guys loved it. Grace, not so much.

Jamie laughed at Cheryl’s comment when Grace complained. “Do you have to call it that?” she asked. “You make me feel like a dirty old woman.”

Jamie winked at her and she tried to ignore the completely inappropriate Mrs. Robinson-like feelings his handsome face always provoked.

“I wouldn’t mind getting dirty with you.” He leaned closer as he spoke, running a finger along her arm seductively. Grace resisted the urge to glance down and make sure her suddenly tight nipples weren’t poking through her blouse. One touch and the man had her panting like a dog in heat.

They all laughed, but there were times when Grace wondered if there wasn’t some veiled invitation behind Jamie’s teasing comments. He joked about sex all the time with her. His playful words never offended her, but instead fanned the small flame he’d lit inside her. He made her feel young and attractive and desirable.

She dismissed the thought.

Wishful thinking.

Jamie wasn't as young as the other guys in their group. She and Jamie had worked together for nearly eight years and they'd been close friends half that time. It seemed like lately she was seeing him more often. Not that that was surprising. She'd begun to instigate ways to run into him because she enjoyed his company more than she cared to admit. The past few months, she'd been suffering from this lingering sadness she knew was loneliness. It disappeared any time Jamie was with her, so she contrived ways to be around him. Still, at thirty-two, he was almost a decade younger than her forty. "Behave yourself, Mr. Fisher," she teased, "or you'll be singing alone tonight."

"Jamie alone?" Cheryl asked. "Our resident Casanova?"

Jamie shook his head and threw up his hands. "I think you have me confused with Trey or Lucas here. Pretty sure they're pictured in the dictionary under the term *player*, not me."

"If the shoe fits," Lucas joked.

Grace laughed. "Oh, it fits, hotshot. Hey, Trey. What are you doing here anyway? I thought you were going to a Jay-Z concert tonight."

"Nope, the concert is tomorrow night," Trey replied. He was sitting next to her and she could swear when they'd claimed their chairs earlier, his had been farther away. He was close enough now she could smell the faint scent of his cologne and his leg kept brushing against hers beneath the table.

She *accidentally* moved hers until her knee touched his thigh. She left it there. Trey looked at her and gave her a knowing grin. She returned it and suppressed a tiny giggle. She was flirting with him—pure and simple. She wasn't sure why, but like everything with Trey, it was fun.

Jamie looked at Trey, then at her, his gaze curious. He moved closer to her, casually draping his arm along the back of her chair. In Grace's sex-deprived mind, the gesture seemed charmingly possessive and hot.

She took a deep breath, resisting the urge to drag Jamie or Trey or both of them to the parking lot for some serious backseat fucking. Her hormones were out of control and she knew something was going to have to give...soon. Bottling up sexual desires for so long couldn't be healthy.

Jamie picked up a strand of her hair and began looping it around his finger gently. "I dragged him out tonight because the bartender dumped him."

"She didn't dump me," Trey replied. "It was a mutual decision. By the way, thanks for bringing it up, bro."

Jamie laughed. "What are friends for?"

Grace could see Trey wasn't really upset about the break-up and laughed at Trey's "bringing it up" line. It was a Jamie and Trey standard. The two men constantly entertained the rest of them with stories of their adventures—in and out of the classroom. They were inseparable and lately she'd lie in bed each night playing out some pretty hardcore fantasies about the two of them taking her on a little adventure between the sheets.

"I'm sorry, Trey. I was starting to think she might be the one," Grace said.

Cheryl rolled her eyes. "These guys wouldn't know the one if she walked up and bit them in the ass."

Jamie grinned wickedly. "Believe me, if a woman bit my ass, I'd pay attention."

Cheryl narrowed her eyes and crossed her arms.

"Now you're in trouble," Grace muttered, but Cheryl never paused, never missed a beat.

"Dammit, Jamie. At least Trey can sustain a respectable amount of time dating the same person. Every time I see you out, you're with a different woman. You're not getting any younger, you know. What's the fun of getting married and having babies if you're too old to pick them up?"

"Whoa." Jamie threw his hands up. "Don't even mention the 'b' word to me. I work in a high school because the kids there are old enough to wipe their own asses. I was not made for little kids."

Cheryl conceded that point and latched on to the first. "Don't you ever think about getting hitched?"

Trey piped up, obviously enjoying the fact Jamie was now on the hot seat. "Yeah, Jamie. Don't you want to settle down?"

Jamie narrowed his eyes at his best friend and then shrugged. "I guess I do." He looked around the table and then grinned at Grace. "If you want the truth, I've just been biding my time with those other women until Grace comes to her senses and realizes how much she wants my hot bod."

Grace rolled her eyes. He was a master at dodging subjects he didn't want to discuss. "Such conceit," she said. *And such truth.* She allowed herself the small pleasure of letting her gaze travel over his sexy physique.

"Now," Jamie said, leaning closer to her, "about our duet..."

Jamie was a hopeless flirt, but she had to admit he was good for her ego. There wasn't a single inch on his body that was hard to look at. Not that she'd seen much of his body anywhere besides her unprofessional fantasies.

The last few times they'd gotten together for happy hour, he'd dropped a quarter in the jukebox and managed to shanghai her into singing the Diana Ross part in "Endless Love" while their friends cracked up at his overdone Lionel Ritchie. To make it even funnier, they used their thumbs as microphones.

"I only sing while under the extreme effects of alcohol."

"Even better," he replied, wiggling his eyebrows suggestively. "I'll get you drunk and have my wicked way with you."

"Good luck with that," she teased.

He picked up the pitcher and topped up her mug. "Drink up."

She swatted his hand away from her glass playfully while Cheryl laughed. "What's Maddie up to tonight?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you? She went away for the weekend with Jessica's family. They own a cabin on the lake. Sort of a last hurrah for the two of them before graduation." Grace's heart gave a painful lurch as it

always did when she remembered her days with her daughter were numbered. Maddie would graduate from high school in one month. For weeks now, Grace had suffered from pre-empty nest syndrome. Her colleagues who'd already sent their children off to college had assured her it would only get worse before it got better. Some consolation. On top of that, there was a tiny part of her that was terrified about the prospect of being alone for the rest of her life.

"Good for her," Cheryl said. "She's worked hard this year. She deserves a little fun time."

Grace nodded, acknowledging the truth behind her friend's words. Maddie was a straight-A student, active in too many clubs to list as well as the pitcher for the Varsity Softball team.

"She's a good kid," Jamie added and Grace realized that over the past two years, her daughter had become less child and more friend. They'd always been close—fate and circumstance had pretty much assured that. Losing a husband and father had bound them together in ways no one should ever have to experience. Maddie had only been twelve when they'd lost their beloved Drew in a car accident. Since then, Grace had taken on the role of both mother and father, and now friend.

"She sure is. I'm lucky."

Cheryl shook her head. "Nope, you're a good mom. Luck had nothing to do with it."

"Amen," Jamie whispered low enough that Grace was certain she was the only one who'd heard. She gave him a grateful smile and thought for a moment he was blushing. "I'm going to go throw a few quarters in the jukebox."

Grace nodded as he stood up. One of the best things about Tully's was the old-fashioned jukebox. She wondered how much money their small group had thrown into the machine at these Friday afternoon get-togethers.

"You sure you don't want a beer, Cheryl?" Trey offered.

"No way. I'm Grace's DD tonight. She drove my drunken ass home last time and I still have the headache to prove it. Remember?"

"Hey, that was a special occasion," Lucas said. "We won the state basketball championship. It was your God-given duty as a teacher at that school to get ripped."

Cheryl shook her head. "Yeah, you suckered me in with your line of bull that night, hence the hangover. I'm too damn old to drink like that. I'm fine with my diet soda, thank you very much. Besides, Jeff is still teasing me about the way I acted that night. Gonna take years for the man to forget about it."

"That sounds like your hubby," Grace joked. "You really were funny that night. I had no idea you could dance like that."

"Christ," Cheryl muttered. "Don't remind me."

"Come on, Trey. We better make sure Jamie picks some decent dance music. Otherwise, we'll be listening to fucking Jimmy Buffett all night," Lucas said. He and Trey walked across the room to where Jamie was bent over the machine, making his selections.

“So I totally think you should try to hook up with Jamie.”

At Cheryl’s unexpected comment, Grace choked on the sip of beer she’d just taken. “W-what?” she asked.

Cheryl gave her a wicked grin. “Thought that would get your attention. I’ve been watching you two lately and I think he’s got the hots for you.”

“Yeah, right. And the Pope is Jewish.” Grace spoke the words lightly, trying to hide how much she wanted Cheryl’s observation to be true.

“I’m being serious.”

“He’s young, handsome and definitely *not* looking for an older widow with a teenage daughter. I’m toting too much baggage. Trust me.”

Cheryl shook her head. “I don’t think that’s true. I swear sometimes it’s like he seeks you out. There could be twenty teachers standing around in the cafeteria and he’ll make a beeline for you.”

“We’re friends. We have the same twisted sense of humor. Plus, have you ever considered the idea that I’m not a threat to him? You’ve seen how the new female teachers flutter around him like a swarm of flies around a sugar cube, hoping to get his attention. He’s probably just using me as a buffer to keep them away.”

“How many single guys do you know who *try* to keep hot young women away from them?” Cheryl scoffed. “He doesn’t want them because he wants you. You two are perfect for each other. Mark my words.”

“Well, I hope you’re wrong because I’m not interested.”

Cheryl burst into a fit of loud laughter. “Jesus. Sell that shit to someone who doesn’t know you, sweet pea. I’ve seen you flirting tonight. You’re as hot to get in his pants as he is to get into yours.”

Grace narrowed her eyes. “Why am I friends with you again?”

“Because you don’t want to grow up any more than I do, Peter Pan. Neither one of us is going down without a fight.”

Grace had to agree with Cheryl’s assessment. The older she got, the younger she felt. She wondered lately if there was something wrong with her. Wondered if by being widowed so young, something inside her had been broken and it stopped her from maturing the way she should. Of course, Cheryl was definitely going through the same phase, which proved that assumption false as her friend was happily married. If anything, Cheryl had it worse than her. At forty-five with two kids in college, it seemed sometimes as if Cheryl was reliving her youth all over again, attending rock concerts and even getting a tattoo.

Grace sighed. “Unfortunately I think the cruelty of nature is going to win this battle. I’ve got crow’s feet around my eyes and my breasts are definitely succumbing to gravity.”

“You’re gorgeous, Gracie. I’ve known you for nearly fifteen years and it’s safe to say you’ve never looked better. After Drew’s death, you made it pretty clear to everyone that raising Maddie was your

number one goal. You made that girl the center of your universe because she needed you and you needed her. But she's going to go away to college in a few months and that's going to leave you on your own for the first time in your life. It's time to open yourself up to some new experiences."

"Cheryl—" Grace interjected, but her friend waved her off.

"Hear me out. All I'm asking you to do is consider what I'm saying. You're a beautiful woman with a lot to offer any man lucky enough to snatch you up. You're smart, funny and sexy. Hell, if I wasn't happily married and getting sex three times a week from Jeff, I'd do you."

Grace laughed.

"Forty is the new thirty," Cheryl continued, "so stop hiding behind that number and get out there again. Besides, you weren't made to live alone. All that nurturing and loving shit would come bursting out at the seams if you didn't have someone to smother with it."

Grace considered her friend's words and knew they were the truth. She'd never lived alone, leaving her parent's home for a college apartment with roommates. She'd married Drew shortly after graduating from the university and since his death, she'd had Maddie to come home to. Cheryl's words struck a chord as she realized some of her sadness over Maddie's leaving was the idea that she would be alone and she dreaded it.

"Okay. You've made your point and it's a good one. I'll think about what you've said."

Cheryl shook her head and placed a friendly hand on hers, gripping it tightly for just a second. "I wasn't telling you to think about it, Grace. I was telling you to *do* something about it. Those are two different things."

The guys returned to the table, ending their conversation, and Grace considered her friend's words.

Do something.

Cheryl was right. Since Drew's death, she'd lived her life for her daughter. Tonight she was going to start living for herself again. She only hoped she could remember how.

Chapter Two

Jamie snuck a glance across the table at Grace. She seemed more relaxed tonight than usual and he wondered about the change in her demeanor. She was always easy to be around—low-key, laid-back—but tonight she was different. Hell, she was the life of the party—telling jokes and laughing loudly. He'd always known she had a terrific personality, but it was more vibrant tonight, more animated...and more attractive.

He tried to covertly adjust his tight jeans over the half-hard cock he'd been sporting ever since they'd walked into the bar. His friends teased him mercilessly for what they referred to as his crush on the cougar. He usually told them to go fuck themselves when they got on a roll. Jamie didn't mind being the butt of their jokes occasionally, but he got annoyed when they acted as if Grace was too old for him. She was only eight years older, though he knew she viewed that gap to be as vast as the distance from New York to California.

"Last softball game on Monday," she said to him. "What do you think your chances are?"

"So long as Maddie doesn't injure her pitching arm at the lake this weekend, I think we've got a pretty good shot. Our record is a bit better than theirs and they don't have much on the mound." Maddie was his star player and he never ceased to be amazed by Grace's support of her daughter's talent. When it had become apparent Maddie's interest in the sport wasn't just a flash in the pan, Grace had asked Jamie to teach her the finer points of softball, so she could pass the lessons on to her daughter. He'd given Grace an old catcher's mitt of his so Maddie could practice her pitches and Grace had never missed a game.

"Damn, I didn't even think to warn her about the waterskiing. Maybe I should call her and tell her not to—"

He cut her off. "Grace. I was joking. Let her have her fun this weekend. We only have one more game and it's not like we're making the playoffs this year. Not with the rocky start we had."

"You've got a great team, Jamie, and they've grown so much over this season. I know Maddie's learned a lot about the sport from you."

He smiled at her compliment. "I hope I've been telling her the right stuff, considering she's signed on to play in college. Hate to have some big-shot university coach telling her I've taught her all wrong."

"I don't think there's any danger of that."

As he looked at her, Jamie recognized how much the mother and daughter favored each other. Maddie's hair, like Grace's, was long, wavy and blonde. However, while Maddie's eyes were dark, Grace

had bright blue eyes that sparkled when she laughed. She also had a smooth complexion that belied her age and the sexiest body he'd ever seen—curvy in all the right places.

"You look pretty tonight." He wasn't sure where the words had come from or why he'd chosen that moment to say them, but he knew they were true.

"How much have you had to drink?"

He tapped her nose with his finger and she laughed at the playful gesture. "You suck at taking compliments."

She rolled her eyes, but didn't say anything else. He studied her face and tried to put his finger on what was different about her tonight.

Grace had been a good friend to him over the past few years. He'd only been teaching a couple of years when her husband passed away. Around the same time, his fiancée, Maura, had dumped him. They'd had the same planning period that year and a lot of that time had been spent talking about how much their lives had changed. Their friendship had solidified as they'd discussed what they were going to do with their uncertain futures and it had only grown since then.

Unfortunately, so had his feelings for her. He'd managed to shove them aside, ignore them as he dated other women. A few months ago, after another failed relationship, Trey had made an innocent comment that had haunted him ever since. After watching him drown his sorrows in a bottle of Jim Beam, his best friend told him it was going to be hard for Jamie to find a woman who was better suited for him than Grace. Trey suggested he pull his finger out of his ass and ask Grace out for a date.

The waitress delivered yet another pitcher and a heaping plate of wings just as the jukebox started playing "LoveGame". Trey grabbed Grace's hand and the two of them hit the dance floor. Jamie laughed as Trey spun her around while she sang along with the music. The image of his best friend and Grace trying to dance together was priceless. Trey's taste in music ran in one direction—rap—and his dancing was confined to lots of hip-thrusting and bobbing in place. At the same time, Grace looked like an extra from the set of *Footloose*, bouncing around and swinging her arms.

Lucas stood up. "Hey, I think I just spotted Scott Barker over at the bar. I'm gonna go say hi."

Jamie and Cheryl glanced over and nodded, and then Jamie's gaze traveled back to Grace's face. He sucked in a deep breath. He'd never seen her so carefree and he wished he'd snagged her for the dance before Trey.

Then he realized what was different. Grace was flirting. Seriously flirting. With him and, if he wasn't mistaken, with Trey.

"You've got a little drool on your chin. You may want to wipe that off before they come back to the table." Cheryl was giving him her usual shit-eating grin and he grimaced. Grace's best friend had been riding his ass for the past month about making a move on Grace, but something had always come up.

"Very funny, Cheryl. I'm glad I can provide you with so much entertainment."

Cheryl took a sip of her soda. “It’s not me I want you to entertain. It’s Gracie. You’ve given me seven hundred and twenty-nine excuses the past few weeks about why you can’t ask her out. Don’t you think it’s time you grew a pair and took the plunge?”

Jamie shook his head. He was used to Cheryl’s straightforward comments. “Tell me again why I hang out with you?”

Cheryl burst into laughter. “If you only knew how much you and Grace had in common. I think she asked me the same damn question about an hour ago.”

“I’m not surprised,” Jamie muttered.

“I’ll tell you why you hang out with me. Because I tell you the truth and I don’t let you get away with shit just because you’ve got those baby blue eyes and dimples that make most women bend over backward to do your bidding.”

Jamie fell silent rather than admit the truth of Cheryl’s statement. She and Grace were straight shooters and he preferred their company to that of women his own age, who tended to agree with everything he said and giggled incessantly.

Jamie ran his hand through his hair. “You and Trey are starting to sound like the same broken record lately. I’m not sure why the two of you think anything has changed from the status quo. You know as well as I do, Grace wasn’t ready for another relationship after Drew died. She said flat-out she wasn’t going to date, wasn’t going to bring some strange man into Maddie’s life after she’d just lost her father.”

“I also know,” Cheryl interrupted, “that excuse stopped being valid quite awhile ago. Maddie’s more than mature enough to handle her mother dating and has even mentioned it to Grace. Hell, the girl tried to set Grace up with the divorced father of a friend a few months ago.”

“And Grace turned down the offer.” Jamie remembered Maddie’s matchmaking scheme well. He’d lost more than a few nights’ sleep fearing the hook-up would take and he’d lose his shot at asking Grace out himself.

“She wouldn’t turn you down.” Cheryl’s response was confident and Jamie felt the tiniest spark of hope emerge.

“What makes you so sure?”

“She’s my best friend. I know her. Trust me on this.”

“Is she ready for more than casual dating?” Grace was a very good friend. He wasn’t about to risk that relationship for just sex. When he approached Grace, he was going in for the long haul. He was thirty-two and fucking sick and tired of the dating scene. Grace was everything he wanted in a woman and a helluva lot more.

Cheryl smiled. “You’ve been thinking about more than just asking her out, haven’t you?”

He shrugged and Cheryl pointed to Trey and Grace on the dance floor. “You better hurry your ass up before someone swoops in and gets to her before you.”

“You didn’t answer my question, Cheryl. I’m not about to throw away a friendship for a fling.”

“She’s worried about Maddie leaving, scared about the prospect of being alone.”

Cheryl’s comments washed over him like a bucket of ice-cold water. “Sounds like a lousy reason to date someone. Fear of being alone.”

Cheryl shook her head. “That didn’t come out right. Grace is a warm, vibrant, caring woman who’s just spent the last six years of her life giving up a lot of her own needs because she felt like she owed it to Drew to raise their daughter in a safe, normal environment. She didn’t accept dates because she didn’t want to run the risk of feeling something for someone and upset the routine of Maddie’s home life. But, Jamie, in doing that, she let some prime years pass her by. Now she’s forty and facing a lifetime alone. You know as well as I do she’s not meant to live life as a single. She loved being married and she loved making a home with Drew and Maddie. That home’s going to be empty soon and I want to make sure she doesn’t accept that as her lot in life rather than try for something more, something special.”

Jamie looked at Grace dancing with Trey. He was trying to teach her how to bump and grind and she was laughing. He fought back the twinge of jealousy pushing its way to the surface when Trey drove his hips into her ass.

“They look cute together,” Cheryl said.

Jamie turned to her angrily, ready to set her straight on the subject, but Cheryl’s laugh cut off his reply.

She held up her hands in mock surrender. “Easy greasy. Those blue eyes of yours are suddenly the most unusual shade of green.”

“They’re just dancing.”

“Maybe. Maybe not. You’ve had months to make a move, Jamie. Do you really think other men are going to remain blind to Grace’s beauty forever? She’s put out some serious hands-off vibes in the past, but I think you can see that shield’s been put away tonight. Even Trey has noticed.”

He looked at his friend and knew Cheryl’s words were true. Grace *was* different tonight. She was open and...well, ready. Ready to move on, ready for the next adventure.

“You’ve made your point, Cheryl.” She had. Jamie was finished playing this game by Grace’s rules. Tonight the game plan changed.

“Damn,” she joked. “And here I was just getting on a nagging roll. You give in far too easily. Not even a challenge, really.”

“Sorry to disappoint you.”

Lady GaGa’s voice faded away and a new song started playing. “Woot.” Cheryl stood up quickly. “Hot damn. ‘Dancing Queen’. I paid a quarter for this.” She boogied her way to the dance floor, dragging Grace back out to the center as she and Trey were walking off.

Trey came back to the table alone, shaking his head. “Fucking ABBA. Where’s Lucas?”

Jamie gestured to the bar. "Saw an old friend of his. Went over to say hi."

"Oh." Trey turned to watch Cheryl and Grace dancing and Jamie felt an uneasy chill at the look on his friend's face.

"You and Grace looked like you were having fun on the dance floor."

Trey grinned. "Grace is a good dancer—for a white chick."

Jamie fought back a scowl. "If I didn't know better, I'd think you were trying to pick her up."

Trey shrugged. "Grace is cool. She's a lot of fun. Maybe she wouldn't mind taking a ride on the midnight express with me."

Jamie's temper reached the boiling point. "You better be fucking kidding. Besides, correct me if I'm wrong, but I'm pretty sure I've told you a few thousand times how I feel about Grace. So what's the real deal?"

Trey shrugged. "I don't see a sign around her neck that says off-limits, property of Jamie Fisher."

Lucas came back to the table and both of them fell silent. Jamie was seething, furious at his friend's comment. Then he realized Trey was right. He'd done nothing but talk about Grace—and not even to her. He'd never asked her out, never let her know he was interested beyond a few racy innuendoes. When he thought about it, Trey had given Grace more hints about being interested tonight than Jamie had in their entire friendship.

Jamie looked back at Grace and Cheryl dancing and laughing. Before tonight, he'd had some sixth sense about Grace that told him she wasn't ready. Suddenly that feeling was gone and he'd be damned if Trey swooped in now that the time might be right for him to make a move.

The music changed to David Allan Coe and Jamie saw a grin cross Lucas' face. "There's my song. Who's in?" Jamie shook his head and neither of them even looked at Trey, knowing his distaste for country music. "Fine," Lucas said. "I'll grab Gracie and Cheryl."

Jamie sighed. This was becoming a fucking epidemic. If it went on much longer, he'd feel compelled to beat the shit out of both his friends.

"I thought you needed a kick in the ass," Trey said. Jamie looked at him and realized his friend was picking up their argument right where they'd left it.

"So you're trying to make me jealous?" he asked, relieved. They were best friends, had been for years. Obviously Trey had spent one too many nights listening to him talk about the sexy English teacher.

Trey nodded. "I was...but somewhere along the line that plan backfired. Grace *really* is hot."

Jamie took a drink of beer, trying to cool his throat and his anger. Trey was interested in Grace and he couldn't help feeling that perhaps she was interested in his friend too. She'd touched Trey on the dance floor a few times in ways that made him think the feeling might be mutual.

Dammit. She'd always had this underlying sex appeal that attracted him, but tonight it seemed magnified a hundredfold. His cock had been rock hard for hours. It's a shame all the blood in his body was

hanging out down south. He could use a pint or two of it in his brain so he could figure out what the hell was going on.

“Backfired?” he repeated. “So you aren’t trying to make me jealous anymore?”

Trey had never poached on his girlfriends in the past. But Grace didn’t belong to Jamie. Not yet.

They sat in silence for several awkward moments as the truth came crashing down on top of him.

“You can’t have Grace.” Jamie stated flatly and he watched Trey struggle for a response.

His friend’s back appeared to come up a bit. “You’ve had months to make your move. Shit, you’ve had years. If you’re not going to, I don’t see why I should have to bow out.”

“You’re right. I’ve had months, but I also think I was right to wait. Grace wasn’t ready before.”

He could tell the only word Trey heard in his sentence was *before*. “But she is now?”

Fuck. He found himself wondering once more if Grace’s interest in Trey was real. Had her touches been sincere? What if he’d waited too long?

Jamie shrugged, unwilling and unable to answer the question.

Trey looked at him, his face far too serious for what was supposed to be a fun evening out. “I’ll tell you what I think. I think she’s a powder keg about to explode.”

“You do realize she’s twelve years older than you.” It was a low blow, but Jamie was scrambling for ground.

“I’m not looking for forever, Jamie. Just one night. I happen to think there are a lot of things I can give Grace. Things I don’t think she knows she wants yet. The way she’s been looking at me tonight, the little touches, the sexy smiles. She’s reaching out for something. I know you. You’ll snatch her off the dating market the second she places her big toe on the board. But is that fair to her, man? She’s gone from married to single parent, never experiencing anything else in between.”

Jamie suspected there were some hidden desires inside Grace and suddenly he understood what Trey was suggesting.

“I’ll never let you touch her,” Jamie said. His words were true.

“You’ll never let me touch her alone.”

Jamie’s eyes widened. His mouth opened, then closed, then opened again, but no sound emerged. He could see Trey taking a perverse bit of pride in leaving him speechless.

“A threesome?” Jamie whispered.

“Do you think Grace would go for it?”

Jesus. Jamie wasn’t sure *he’d* go for it, but now that the idea was out there, he had to admit it was a secret fantasy of his.

“I don’t know. Are you serious about this, Trey? Would you really go through with it?” He knew Trey, knew this was uncharted waters for both of them.

Trey considered the question. “Yeah, if she wanted to and you were okay with it, I think I would.”

"I'm in love with Grace." The words flew from his lips, but he wanted them said, wanted Trey to understand.

"I know that, man. I've known that forever."

Jamie nodded, but Trey's answer wasn't enough. He would never risk Grace's emotions, her feelings on something that Trey might consider just a lark. "I need to know how you feel about her."

Trey grinned. "I'm fucking crazy about her, but I'm not in love with her. She's an awesome friend and I think she's one helluva woman. Let's just say my feelings reside in the 'friendship with healthy bit of lust' realm."

"That's not good enough."

Trey ran his finger around the rim of his glass. He was silent for a few moments and Jamie sensed his friend was struggling to explain his feelings. Finally, he looked up. "She's a good friend, Jamie. Probably one of the best I've ever had. I'd never do anything I thought would jeopardize that relationship. I may not be in love with her, but I care about her. A lot. There's an attraction between us. I don't wanna fuck up anything between you two, but I'm pretty sure I'd spend the rest of my life wondering what it would be like to be with her. Just once. And, at the risk of sounding cocky as shit, I sort of think she'd wonder too."

Jamie sat back and considered Trey's comments. While Lucas was definitely a player, Trey was a nice guy. He'd never hurt anyone he cared about and Jamie knew it.

Trey leaned forward, placed his elbows on the table. "You know. You've made a lot of excuses for why you've never asked Grace out, but I think there's one excuse you've never admitted, not even to yourself."

"What's that?" Jamie asked, not certain he wanted to hear the answer.

"Maura seriously fucked up your head when she gave back the ring. You were crazy about that bitch and when she dumped you, it messed you up. I think you're as afraid of getting into another serious relationship as Grace is."

Jamie considered his words, wanting to deny them, brush them off with a joke. Problem was, there was a vein of truth in them that he wasn't sure he could hide anymore. "I think maybe you're right, but I'm not letting that stop me anymore."

"Good, but you need to remember that if Grace is scared, it's not just because of her fear of hurting Maddie."

Jamie snorted. "And you think a threesome would make it easier for her?"

"With casual sex added to the mix, maybe it would be easier for her to move toward a relationship."

Jamie was intrigued and terrified by his friend's idea.

"Do you think it would work?" Trey asked.

Jamie narrowed his eyes. "We're walking a very thin line. And I'm still not so sure why you want to tread it. I mean, I know why I'm here. What's in it for you?"

Trey laughed. “Are you fucking kidding? Number one, I’d get to have sex with Grace. Number two, I’d get to have a threesome. I mean in my wet dreams of that scenario it’s always me and two hot chicks, but I can deal with that. And number three, I won’t have to listen to you crying over Grace anymore. Besides, she’s cool with me and Lucas, unlike Maura, the bitch from hell, so I won’t have to worry about her being a jealous girlfriend who won’t let you hang with us every now and again. Hell, best part about Grace is *she* hangs with us.”

Jamie fought back a grin. “So basically this is all about you.”

Trey laughed. “What can I say? That’s just how I roll.”

“No, it’s not. I’m not sure about this, Trey.”

His friend sobered up. “It’s your call, man. I don’t go anywhere you don’t want to go. Try to have a little faith. I have a feeling everything’s gonna turn out just fine.”

Jamie nodded. Saying things would turn out all right in the end was simple, but given how much could potentially go wrong, there was a good chance tonight would be anything but easy.

Cheryl came back to the table, wiping sweat off her forehead. “Dancing is damn hard work. Hey, how many calories do you think I just burned out there?”

Jamie chuckled. Cheryl was forever dieting. Or at least talking about dieting.

“Why aren’t you guys out there?” she asked. “Poor Grace is trying to keep up with Lucas on that Cotton-Eyed Joe song. It’s funny as hell watching him dance. Reminds me of that Riverdance shit.”

They all laughed at Cheryl’s comment. The beauty of their school’s librarian was what came up in her mind came out of her mouth, and it was pretty much always funny.

“Shouldn’t you be home with the ball and chain by now?” Trey asked.

Cheryl laughed at his joke, then gasped. “Shit. What time is it?”

Jamie shrugged and reached for his cell phone. “Eight-thirty.” They’d been having so much fun hanging out, drinking and bitching about work, they’d lost track of time.

“Fuck,” Cheryl muttered. “I told Jeff I’d be home at seven with a bucket of chicken.” She pulled out her own cell and dialed. Jamie laughed as he listened to her talking to her husband. He hoped someday he’d have a relationship as solid as hers. Her husband was a great guy and it was obvious to anyone who spent five minutes with Cheryl that she adored him. They were independent people in a rock-solid relationship built on trust and true love. In Jamie’s mind, they had it all.

“I’ll head out now,” he heard Cheryl say and for a moment, he was sorry to see the evening end. Cheryl was Grace’s ride. He looked back at the dance floor and watched Lucas spin Grace. The two of them were drawing an amused audience with their silly dancing. It seemed a shame to cut the night off so early.

Cheryl closed her phone and spotted the same thing he did. “Hate to drag Grace away. She’s having so much fun.”

“We could give her a ride. I go right by her house on the way to my place.”

Cheryl nodded quickly and stood. “Great idea.” He should have known she wouldn’t put up a fuss. She was the consummate matchmaker. She waved to Grace on the dance floor, who returned to the table with Lucas.

“I’m heading home, Gracie. Forgot to take Jeff his dinner.” Grace looked disappointed until Cheryl added, “Trey and Jamie have offered to give you a ride home if you want to stay.”

“Awesome,” Grace said. “Are you guys sure it’s not a problem?”

Jamie shook his head. “You’re right on my way.” He tried not to show how pleased he was that Grace was staying and that he and Trey would be driving her home.

“Hey, Cheryl, I’ll walk you out,” Lucas said. “I’m hitting it too. Helping my dad mow his yard tomorrow. Five freaking acres and he mows it all.”

They said their goodbyes to Lucas and Cheryl as their friends left the bar.

Grace picked up her beer and took another drink. All Jamie could think was he’d prefer to bypass Grace’s house, taking her to his home, but he still wasn’t sure she would accept that invitation.

Fuck it. She would accept it. He’d do whatever it took, because tonight Grace Wright was sleeping in his bed. The real question was whether or not Trey would be there too.

Chapter Three

Grace leaned back in her chair. She looked completely relaxed and happy. “Thanks for offering to drive me home. I really didn’t want to call it a night yet.”

Trey smiled. “Don’t blame you. The night’s still young.”

“You know, I don’t think I’ve ever been to a happy hour with you guys that was over in sixty minutes.”

“I’ve always thought the name was wrong. Should definitely be happy hours. You and Trey looked pretty good out there on the dance floor.” Jamie was fishing and he knew it, but he couldn’t help wondering if Grace was interested in his friend.

Trey’s head popped up and he smirked at Jamie, perfectly aware of what he was doing. Jamie couldn’t help but notice there had been something about the way they’d looked at each other and he wondered if his friend was right. What if Grace did need a night of adventure? A night to explore things she’d only ever dreamed of?

Grace looked at Trey and grinned evilly. “He kept trying to work in some of those bump and grind moves during “LoveGame”. Felt like I was at prom and I kept waiting for the principal to walk in and tell us to separate.”

Jamie laughed, the memory of Trey wrapping himself around Grace on the dance floor drifting back to him. Now that those thoughts weren’t clouded with jealousy, he had to admit they’d looked good together. “Trey only knows how to dance with his cock. If it’s not moving, he’s not moving.”

“Very funny,” Trey said. “At least I’ve got some moves. You white people are too stiff. All that swinging your arms around shit makes you look like you’re having a fit to music.”

Grace giggled as she picked up a chicken wing. “Here we go. It’s the make-fun-of-the-way-Grace-dances hour.”

Trey leaned closer to her and Jamie watched his friend turn on the charm. “Oh, you’ve got all the right moves, Gracie,” Trey murmured as Grace swatted him away with a playful push. Trey had never used his charm on Grace before and she was obviously surprised. Jamie considered everything that had happened since they’d arrived at Tully’s. Everyone and everything was moving slightly out of kilter tonight. Grace was livelier, more dynamic and Trey was succumbing to the lure of her magic as much as he was.

“Turn it down a notch or twenty, Trey. I’m not one of your usual brainless bimbos.”

Trey's smile grew wide, revealing his perfect white teeth. It was a charismatic move Jamie suspected was premeditated. Trey was a very good-looking guy and he knew how to use his attractiveness. Jamie wished he shared the same confidence, had half the allure his friend possessed. However, while Trey was still young enough to enjoy the dating scene, Jamie was at the point in his life when he wanted to find something lasting, find someone who would stick around for a lifetime or so.

Grace rolled her eyes, and then looked at Jamie as if annoyed. "Here comes Mr. God's Gift to Women. Think we should find another table? Give him more room for his ego."

Trey moved his chair closer. "Don't worry, Grace. If it gets too crowded, you can always sit on my lap."

"You are unbelievable. Please tell me that women don't fall for this pick-up act."

"What makes you think it's an act?" Trey asked.

Jamie detected the tone in his friend's voice that said his attempts at catching Grace's attention were sincere.

Grace must have caught the same inflection in Trey's voice because her smile dimmed a bit, her gaze sharpened. "Trey—" she started.

Trey cut her off with a laugh that didn't reach his eyes. "I'm just messing with you, babe. Giving you shit." Trey looked at him and Jamie knew that while his friend was definitely interested in Grace, he wouldn't make any serious moves unless Jamie agreed.

Grace accepted Trey's words, but Jamie could tell she didn't believe them any more than he did.

"I think I need to take a trip to the ladies' room. I'll be back in a second."

Jamie acknowledged her clever escape. Things had taken an odd turn and he didn't blame her for taking a few minutes to gather her wits. Hell, he'd need a few days to figure out what the fuck was going on. Everything in him seemed to be on overdrive as he tried to decide what he should do.

"What are you doing, Trey?" he asked, the second Grace disappeared from view.

"Drinking a beer." Trey lifted his glass and took a long swig.

Jamie narrowed his eyes. "You know what I mean. I thought you were going to wait for me."

Trey looked down at his beer mug and Jamie knew he wasn't going to like what his friend said next. "I want her. She's sexy and beautiful and I get a sense that she's ready to go a little wild."

"Wild." The word hit Jamie like a two-ton truck. He'd seen the same restlessness in her lately and he suspected Trey had hit on the truth.

"I know what you want from her, Jamie, and I meant what I said earlier. I'd never fuck that up for you. You two were meant to be together. But Grace hasn't dated in a long time. Hell, I'm not sure she's had sex since her husband died."

Jamie nodded. He suspected the same.

“I think it’s time you stopped waiting. What if we gave her one blowout night of reckless, no-holds-barred passion before you stake your claim?”

“You know, I’m not trying to put her in a cage and lock her away from the world,” Jamie began.

“I know that, but Grace is like you. When you ask her out and the two of you click—like we all know you will—then that’s it. She’ll be as committed to you as you will be to her. What if we gave her a helluva memory before that? What if we gave her a night of fantasies—raunchy, crazy, fun, dirty-as-shit fantasies?”

Jamie stared at his friend, dumbfounded by the realization he wanted exactly what Trey proposed. Grace had dedicated the past few years of her life to Maddie, to being a good mother. What about her needs? He knew she read erotic romance novels. He’d seen the cover of one once. It had been of a woman standing between two men. He’d teased her and she’d brushed it off as some silly, female fantasy, but now he wondered if Grace wouldn’t like to make that particular dream a reality.

The most troubling part of this whole scenario was his feelings. He wanted to do this, wanted to give this to Grace. There was nothing he wouldn’t do for her.

“Earth to Jamie. She’s coming back to the table. Ten seconds, man.”

“We’ll do it.” The words flew from his lips before he could consider the consequences.

Trey grinned and nodded once as Grace returned to the table.

“Jeez. There was some girl in the bathroom throwing up. It’s not even nine o’clock and she was completely trashed. I had to track down her friend to get her to take her home.” Grace continued to ramble on, but Jamie’s mind couldn’t process the words.

His head and his body were consumed by thoughts of what he and Trey were about to offer her. What the hell was he thinking? He’d been trying to find the right time to ask her out on a date for weeks. Now he was going to skip over the preliminaries and invite her to his bed...with Trey. He glanced at the half-empty beer pitcher in the middle of the table. How much had he had to drink? Not enough to calm the nerves suddenly assaulting him.

“The bar is starting to get crowded. Looks like everyone else in town decided to dance their way into the weekend.” Grace gestured at the now-packed dance floor.

“Bunch of amateurs,” Trey teased. “No one out there has our moves, Gracie.”

She started to laugh, but Jamie saw something—or someone—catch her eye behind him. “Oh shit,” she murmured. He started to turn, but she stopped him with a quick hand on his chin. “Don’t look back.”

“Fuck,” Trey muttered. “Stripper at eleven o’clock.”

Jamie closed his eyes and sighed. “Jesus. It’s like she’s got a homing device on me or something.”

Grace gave him an amused grin. “I told you not to go out with her.”

“Well, now, in his defense, Gracie, she is a *hot* stripper,” Trey replied, holding his hands in front of his chest to accentuate the fact the woman was well endowed.

“A hot, stalker stripper.” Grace laughed as she added the adjective and Jamie simply nodded. He couldn’t deny the truth of that statement. He’d gone to a bachelor party a few months earlier and gotten more than a little bit inebriated. In his drunken state, he’d asked the stripper from the party out on a date. He’d only gone out with the woman, Carmen, once and he hadn’t done anything more than kiss her goodnight. Since then, Carmen had called, stopped by his house and managed to track him down at whatever bar he was hanging out in, until Jamie was ready to skip town simply to escape her once and for all.

“If she sees me, we’ll never shake her.”

“That’s because you’re too fucking nice to the bitch. Just tell her to go away.” Trey took a drink of beer, his voice and face betraying his annoyance. He suffered as much as Jamie whenever Carmen showed up and attached herself to their group. She talked incessantly about the most mundane things, demanding attention from every male at the table.

“She’s a nice girl, Trey. I don’t want to hurt her feelings.”

Trey groaned. “Yeah, well, you better figure something out because I think she just spotted you.”

Jamie refused to have his night with Grace ruined by Carmen and he reacted before he thought. He leaned over and kissed Grace, a hard, full-on, open-mouthed kiss. He half expected her to pull away and slap him, so he was pleasantly surprised when she wrapped her arms around his neck and returned the kiss.

He wasn’t sure how long he inhaled the sweet scent of her breath and tasted the tang of beer on her tongue. He gripped her waist and held on, reveling in the moment. Their first kiss and it was better than he’d ever imagined. Her lips were soft against his, but her response proved she wouldn’t be a passive or timid lover. She touched his tongue with hers, exploring his mouth while her fingers tugged his hair, pulled him closer.

The kiss betrayed her true feelings and had his mouth been free, he’d have shouted his happiness to the entire bar. She was as hungry for him as he was for her. For a moment, the rest of the world faded away, leaving just the two of them, lost in their own private Eden.

And then reality intruded.

“Jamie?” Finally, the female voice penetrated his lust-clouded mind and he regretfully pulled away. “Jamie?”

He turned to find Carmen standing beside the table, looking confused—and shit—upset. He hated hurting her, but she didn’t understand when he said he wasn’t interested in dating her. When faced with the idea of listening to her nonstop boring conversation another night, he’d acted on instinct. “Hey, Carmen,” he said, forcing a nonchalant tone to his voice.

“Hi,” she said. “I thought I spotted you over here.” An awkward silence fell, and Jamie decided it was time to carry the subterfuge to the next level.

“Have you met my girlfriend, Grace?”

“Girlfriend?” Carmen asked.

He nodded and was grateful when Grace smiled kindly. “I think we may have met a few months ago. At another happy hour, maybe?”

Carmen shrugged and Jamie saw Trey roll his eyes. No doubt Carmen didn’t remember the fact she’d met Grace at least three times in the past. She wasn’t exactly bright and she certainly never paid a bit of attention to the other women at the table, usually saving all of that mind-numbing banter for him or Trey.

“Isn’t she a little old for you?” Carmen asked.

Jamie fought back the urge to tell the woman off for her cruelty. “No. She isn’t.” His words were clipped and halting and any fool could see he was furious. Unfortunately, Carmen was the queen of fools.

She looked Grace up and down and then dismissed her as a serious threat. “What are you guys doing tonight?” she purred, thrusting her breasts forward as if the mere sight of her big tits bursting out of her too-tight top would make him come to his senses and fall madly in love with her.

“We’re having a few drinks together.”

“That’s cool,” she said, looking around for an extra chair. Mercifully, they’d given their extra seats to a large group at the next table.

“Well, it was good to see you again, Carmen. Maybe I’ll see you around sometime.” Jamie’s dismissal was curt and he silently prayed it would be enough because if she persisted on hanging around, they’d have to leave. After the kiss he’d just shared with Grace, he’d rather cut off his left nut than cut this evening short.

Carmen hovered by the table for a moment until Trey and Grace both added their goodbyes, then she left.

“Damn, man,” Trey said. “Quick thinking on that kiss. Well done.”

He nodded, though he was still fuming over Carmen’s insult. He glanced at Grace. “I’m sorry she was so rude to you.”

Grace reached over and grasped his hand. “That’s not your apology to make. Besides, I think we’ve already discussed her lack of intelligence.”

Trey laughed, but Jamie continued speaking. “With any luck, that will be the last time I have to deal with her.”

Grace squeezed his hand. “Oh, I think you made your point. You’ve tried to break things off with her gently at least a dozen times, Jamie. Sometimes, you just have to be less subtle, more direct.”

“That kiss was pretty fucking direct,” Trey said.

Grace looked at him and smiled. “Have to admit I didn’t mind pretending to be your girlfriend for a few minutes. Wow.”

“Few minutes? Felt like you were swallowing each other’s tonsils for hours.”

“Shut up, Trey,” Jamie said with a grin, pleased by Grace’s compliment.

“You know, Grace, I think I see an old stalker girlfriend of mine over there. Mind giving me one of those kisses?” Trey asked.

Grace shook her head. “Don’t you guys have anything better to do tonight than harass this old woman?”

“Carmen’s a fucking idiot. I don’t see any old women at this table,” Jamie said, hating for her to feel the sting of the insensitive woman’s words.

“Maybe not, but I still don’t get why you two are here. Despite my fears of pumping up your already overinflated egos, you’re both totally hot. Why are you sitting here with me tonight rather than going out on dates? Getting laid?”

Jamie shrugged. “Spending the night with you is a hell of a lot more fun than spending all our money, buying drinks and trying to get into the pants of some stranger.”

“We’d rather buy drinks and try to get into *your* pants,” Trey teased. The image of the three of them in bed together floated through Jamie’s mind and he silently cursed the denim cutting into his rock-hard cock as he was reminded of Trey’s proposition.

“Ha ha. God. I can’t tell you how glad I am I’m not still out there, trying to maneuver my way around the dating scene.” Grace picked up the pitcher and freshened up all their drinks, clearly dismissing their come-ons as harmless teasing. When Jamie considered how often they’d made sexual jokes in the past, he could understand.

“Why aren’t you out there, Grace?” Trey asked. “You’re single, hot, young.”

Grace looked as if she wanted to refute his friend’s words and Jamie felt something inside snap. “And before you call Trey a liar, you might want to consider the consequences.”

Grace and Trey both turned to him, astonished by his sharp tone.

“Consequences?” Grace asked.

“Everything Trey said is true. I’m sick of hearing you put yourself down, angel.”

“I don’t put myself down,” she argued.

“Tell me you weren’t about to tell Trey he needed to get glasses, that you’re old, past your prime or some other stupid shit like that.”

She closed her mouth and he could see he’d hit the nail on the head. His eyes narrowed. “Say anything else like that again tonight—or any night for that matter—and I’ll be forced to punish you.”

His words provoked a nervous laugh from her and he could see Trey’s scowl from the corner of his eyes.

“And just how would *you* punish *me*?”

She stressed the wrong words and Jamie felt his hibernating grizzly bear begin to wake. “I’d pull down those skin-tight jeans of yours, lay you out and bring you to orgasm with just my hand. Over and over.”

Grace flushed and he could see in her eyes she was struggling like mad to read in his face whether he was joking or not. He made sure she saw the veracity of his words. This was no joke.

"I'm pretty sure that's physically impossible." Leave it to Grace to find her footing quickly. She took the middle ground, not giving away anything and once more, he was left to try to decide if she was interested or horrified by his comments. Damn woman never made anything easy.

Fuck it. He was going to lay it all out for her tonight. He was tired of holding back because of their age difference, because of Maddie, out of respect for her dead husband, because he was afraid of rejection or losing her friendship. All his excuses faded away as he looked at her lovely face.

"Clearly you've never been finger-fucked. I'd have you begging for my cock in minutes," he replied, leaning closer to her.

She flushed as he added the last statement, but her suddenly shallow breathing and the turgid nipples poking through her blouse answered the most pressing question in his mind. He didn't have to wonder about her sexual interest in him anymore. Her body was screaming *Yes!* loud and clear. Now he needed to clear the hurdle of her mind.

Trey's voice broke the silence surrounding them. "You two do realize I'm sitting here and can hear everything you're saying, right?"

Grace laughed, but it had a breathless quality that sent a fresh surge of blood to Jamie's cock as he imagined that sound in his bed as he came into her body. "I hope you're driving tonight, Trey. I think maybe Jamie is a little drunk."

Jamie reached down and pulled her chair roughly toward his until she was sitting between his outstretched legs. "You had to go there, didn't you? You couldn't help yourself. It's easier to make a joke than admit to yourself that there's a guy sitting at this table who wants to fuck himself to death inside you."

Jamie saw Trey move his chair closer to Grace and as he looked away from her astonished face, he saw his friend's hands resting on Grace's waist.

"Two guys," Trey added. "There are two guys who want you, Gracie."

Grace looked from him to Trey and he could see her mind fighting to process what they were saying. "This is a joke." The words were weak, almost a question. Hell, he thought they sounded like a plea.

He shook his head. "I've wanted you for years, Grace."

Trey bent forward and as Jamie watched, his friend pressed a soft kiss to the side of her neck. Grace's eyes drifted shut and he grasped her hands when they began to shake. "Open your eyes and look at me," Jamie said.

She opened them, looked at him, her gaze full of questions and if he wasn't mistaken, lust. "How long has it been?" Jamie whispered.

"Too long," she replied breathlessly.

He suspected—hell, he knew—she hadn't been with anyone since her husband's death. They were good enough friends she would have told him if there'd been another man since then.

"Come home with us," Jamie said, his heart pounding as he spoke the words, the realization of what he was asking dawning hard. He was inviting Grace and Trey to his bed.

Trey's lips still lingered by her ear and he heard his friend whisper, "Please, Grace. Just tonight. One night."

She shuddered and Jamie tightened his grip on her hands. For Trey, it would be one night, but Jamie was hoping for much, much longer.

Grace took a deep breath and Jamie sensed her struggle to recover her wits. "I feel like we should talk about this. There needs to be some conversation, some discussion."

Jamie cut her off. "Do you want to sleep with us?"

"God, yes."

"Discussion over. Let's pay the tab and get out of here."

Chapter Four

Grace fought back the urge to start giggling hysterically as Jamie unlocked his truck and Trey helped her into the passenger seat before playfully shoving her ass over into the middle. Was she out of her mind? Was it a full moon? Had she fallen into some bizarre parallel universe where wicked fantasies came true?

Cheryl had thrown her on this path earlier in the night with a few well-phrased words about living again, putting herself first for once. She'd had more than her fair share of sex dreams about the two men crowding her into the middle of the front seat of Jamie's truck, but she'd never imagined for a moment she would actually act on them.

Had she had too much to drink? No, she hadn't had more than a couple beers—dancing, talking and laughing far more than imbibing. It was always the same whenever she was out with The Cougar Club. She had too much fun to remember there was a drink in front of her. Suddenly she was wishing she'd consumed a bit more liquid courage. Shit, a lot more.

Jamie started the truck, but paused before putting it in gear. He turned to look at her for only a second before bending forward to kiss her. Unlike their earlier kiss, this one was tentative, probing. She returned it, running her hand along his rough cheek, enjoying the feel of his five o'clock shadow.

As their lips parted, Jamie placed his forehead against hers. "If I was a better man, I'd ask you if you were sure. Give you a chance to change your mind."

She laughed quietly. "You're a very good man."

She turned when Trey reached around her waist and pulled her against him. "Well, if Jamie's not asking, you can be damn sure I won't."

She leaned forward to offer Trey a kiss as well. She knew there was far more to the man than his *supposedly* legendary prowess with women, but for a moment, she hesitated. Her fears about the age difference between her and Jamie were bad enough. If she gave herself time to think about having sex with a twenty-eight year old man, she'd totally freak out.

"Jamie can drop me off at my place and you two can carry on alone." Trey spoke the words against her lips, not moving to break or begin the kiss. They sat so closely they were breathing each other's air and yet, he wasn't kissing her and she wasn't kissing him.

"I want to be with both of you." The words fell out in a whisper, but they heard them.

Trey didn't move. "Just one night. I know you're not looking for anything longer from me. We're friends and nothing will ever change that."

“Not even this? You’ll still respect me in the morning?” Her question was part joke, laced with a very large chunk of truth.

Trey chuckled, and then rubbed his nose against hers. “I think you’re one of the most amazing women I’ve ever met. That’s solid, Grace. But if you want me out of the equation—”

She pressed her lips against his to silence him with one brief, hard kiss. “One night,” she agreed, before pulling away.

She glanced over her shoulder, saw the scowl on Jamie’s face and wondered if she’d somehow angered him by kissing Trey. He’d said *spend the night with us* in the bar. She was certain she hadn’t misheard that.

“Jamie—” she started, but he shook his head, shook off whatever heavy feeling was weighing him down. The frustration she read in his face was replaced with his typical, easygoing grin.

“Let’s go home.” He started the car and the three of them rode in silence during the short trip to Jamie’s house.

Grace felt like there was so much more they should say, perimeters that should be set, but to do so felt petty and she feared it would ruin the surrealistic, magical feeling of the night. She was about to participate in a threesome with two young, handsome men. She didn’t want to think about anything beyond those boundaries. Tomorrow would come and she’d have to pay the piper, but for now, she wanted to be held and to hold. It had been so very long. She trusted both of these men. She knew them and they knew her. They’d treat her kindly and with care and there was a surety in her soul that said this would all turn out fine in the long run.

“Here we are,” Jamie said as he pulled into the driveway of his house. His deep voice shattered the quiet and started her heart to racing once more.

Trey opened the passenger door and helped her out of the high cab. With a friendly arm around her waist, he walked with her to the porch as Jamie unlocked the front door. As they walked in, Grace was assuaged by the familiar sights and smells of Jamie’s home. The Cougar Club had spent more than a few nights here after football and basketball games, celebrating wins or drowning their sorrows over losses. His home was tidy and neat, well lived-in and comfortable. She remembered being surprised the first time she’d seen it. He had hand soap in the bathroom and pictures hanging on the wall. It was a far cry from the bachelor pad she’d expected.

The one room she hadn’t seen was the one she suspected they’d be in the most tonight—his bedroom.

“You guys want something to drink? Coffee? Soda?” Jamie offered, throwing his car keys on a table by the front door.

Grace shook her head, tried to calm the butterflies that had escaped her stomach and were now filling her entire body. She clasped her hands in front of her, hoping to hide their shaking.

“Hey,” Jamie said, walking until he was standing in front of her. Trey was still beside her and Jamie’s actions caused him to turn and look at her as well. “I was kidding about changing your mind. I’ll take you home right now, Grace, if that’s what you want. There’s no point of no return tonight. Any time it’s gets to be too much or—”

“I’m not going to change my mind,” she said. “Not now. Not later. But it has been a long time for me and there’s still the fact that I’m quite a bit older than both of you.”

“Jesus, Grace. Eight years is not that much older.” Jamie’s annoyed words were familiar and she grinned.

“So you keep saying. I’m not really talking about the years between us, though. I was married for thirteen years, dated Drew for three years prior to that. In the last twenty-two years, I’ve had sex with one man, and one man only. This is a hell of a way to make my return to Lustville, wouldn’t you say?”

Both men laughed, but she continued. “I know you guys. I’ve heard the ‘morning after’ stories and I know you both have experience in this realm I couldn’t even imagine. I read romance novels and own a vibrator and that’s about it. So when I mention the age difference it’s just because I’m pretty sure in this situation, you guys are about a hundred years older than me.”

She expected laughter, a heated denial, a joke. She expected anything except Jamie smiling kindly, bending down and kissing her until her toes curled. He took her mouth like a man on death row consuming his last meal. His lips were hungry, possessive, needy. She clung to him and literally had to gasp for breath when he finally pulled away.

“There are a million things I want to show you, do to you. I like being older than you in this. Do you trust me? Trust us?”

She nodded. “Completely.”

“Then tonight’s going to happen and it’s going to start right now.” Jamie grasped her hand and pulled her toward the staircase. As she climbed, she felt Trey right behind her, giggled when his hand squeezed her ass.

“You’ve got the perfect booty, Gracie,” Trey murmured. “Round and full and firm. Damn, you’re hot.”

She started to reply, but her words died as she entered Jamie’s bedroom. It was beautiful and warm. There was a large bed with a thick comforter and lots of pillows. The headboard actually matched the dresser and nightstands, and the room had a decidedly feminine touch.

“Wow,” she murmured.

“Don’t be too impressed. My mom and sister decorated the whole house after I moved in while my dad and I did the construction work that turned the back porch into a den. I didn’t have one word of say-so in this room.”

She laughed. “Well, that’s a relief.”

Trey caught the gist of her joke and finished it for her. “Seriously, man. I was starting to worry about your sexuality. Thought maybe there was a closet about to be opened.”

“Very funny.” Jamie looked at Trey and pointed a finger at him. “Of course, now that you mention it, you be very careful where you put your hands tonight. Grace touching only.”

“Shit. You don’t have to worry about that. Same goes for you.”

Grace rolled her eyes. “Oh jeez. Do we have the testosterone, muscle-flexing portion of the evening covered now? Can we move on?”

Trey grasped her waist, pulling her back until her rear end was plastered against his groin. She felt his erection through his jeans and nearly groaned aloud.

His hot breath singed her neck as he pushed closer, his movements mimicking the bumping and grinding they did on the dance floor. “I’m afraid there’s still a lot of testosterone here and I’ve got a muscle that’s ready to do some serious flexing...inside you.”

Jamie stepped closer, taking one of her hands in his and pressing it against the front placket of his pants. “The only thing I want to move on to is the bed, Grace.” He kissed her quickly before stepping back. He pulled his shirt over his head and she devoured him with her eyes. He and Trey were both PE teachers, both coaches, and they practiced what they preached in terms of diet and exercise. Jamie had a six-pack with a few extra thrown in for good measure and her fingers itched to outline every nuance, every inch of his taut, smooth skin.

Trey ran a finger down the side of her neck and she turned to look at him as he removed his shirt as well. His milk-chocolate colored skin made her mouth water for a taste. She reached out to run her fingers along the tattoo on his muscular arm. He pulled her closer and kissed her. Like Jamie, his kiss was hungry, impatient. While his lips staked their claim, his hands made a few demands of their own as he touched her everywhere.

Jamie stepped closer, his chest pressed against her back, his hands on her waist holding her still. She was overwhelmed by the intensity of being deliciously trapped between their two large, hard bodies and she shuddered. Shit, she thought she could orgasm from the heat of this moment alone. There were too many things to feel and acknowledge. Trey’s lips on hers, his hands roughly playing with her breasts, while the way Jamie kissed her nape, pressing his cock against her ass left her scrambling to keep up.

“Take off your clothes,” Jamie murmured against her flushed skin. “I want to see you.”

She reached for the buttons on her blouse, noticing that neither man seemed inclined to give her much room to move. Trey’s hands covered hers as he tried to hurry her up. Jamie’s hands only left her for a moment as she removed the material, then he quickly returned to exploring the bare skin of her waist. As soon as her blouse hit the floor, Jamie’s hands moved up to unhook her bra. In mere seconds, she was bare to the waist as well. She waited for some response, some hesitation when they realized what they were asking for by inviting an older woman to bed. It never came.

Neither stopped their assault on her senses and her sensitive flesh. Trey's hands returned to her breasts, his fingers plucking at her nipples until she was squirming against Jamie's covered cock. She was on fire and nothing short of being completely consumed by the flames would suffice. She pulled her lips away from Trey's kiss, sucking in some much-needed air.

"Please," she said, not sure what the hell she was pleading for—air, sex, more touching, more kissing, more everything. Her legs threatened to give way and Jamie's hands grasped her more firmly, pulling her back against his chest.

"Just relax," Jamie whispered.

"Relax?" Her voice betrayed her and she knew relaxing was the last thing she was going to be able to do. They both chuckled.

"Let us take care of you tonight, Gracie. We know what you need," Trey assured her.

"Well, that's comforting, considering I don't have a clue." She wanted far too much.

Trey's hands drifted from her breasts to the clasp of her jeans she'd quickly changed into before heading to Tully's and she sucked in a nervous breath. Moment of truth.

"You're so beautiful," Jamie said. "I can't wait to see you naked. I'm going to lick every inch of this soft skin."

She trembled, but felt relief at his words. She and Jamie helped Trey—six hands working her jeans and panties over her hips. She toed off her sandals, kicked off the denim and held her breath.

Trey's gaze raked her from head to toe while Jamie started to make good on his licking promise, his tongue and teeth toying with her earlobe as he reached around her chest to grip her breasts in his large hands.

"Jesus," Trey muttered. He licked his lips as his attention remained riveted to her chest and Jamie's hands. Before she could wonder whether his response was good or bad, he bent down and captured one of her hard nipples in his mouth. Her hands flew to his head and she ran her fingers over it, marveling at the rough texture of his short hair.

As Trey sucked, bit, devoured her breasts, Jamie's hands found their way to her ass. He cupped the cheeks, squeezing firmly before dragging one finger along the slit. She turned her head, anxious to see Jamie's face. She needed to know, to reassure herself that he was okay with this.

He smiled when he caught her looking, and then placed a quick kiss on her lips. "You're incredible, Grace. Perfect. I knew you would be."

She blinked back the happy tears his words provoked. "Jamie—" She paused, uncertain what to say, how to express to him what this night truly meant to her. She knew for them it was a one-night stand, a one-time deal and she was okay with that. A threesome was a fantasy, but definitely not something she wanted more than once. Jamie's hand touched her face gently and she fought back the realization of what she did want.

Him.

She wanted Jamie, alone, for way more than one night. The answer seemed so obvious, she wondered how she could have missed it.

“Stop worrying,” he murmured against her lips. “Everything will be fine.”

She nodded, wondering if he could somehow read her thoughts. She dismissed that thought. No, he clearly thought she was worried about the sex. Sex with two virile, healthy, young men.

Well, that thought certainly washed away every other worry. What was she doing here? How could she possibly satisfy both of them?

Jamie grinned. “Trey. I think we better move this show to the bed. Grace’s head is starting to catch up with her body. We must not be doing something right.”

She laughed at his jest. “Believe me, you’re doing everything right.”

Trey rose as Jamie took her hand and led her to his bed. He gently pushed on her shoulders, urging her to sit. She watched both men glance at each other and she giggled, suddenly sensing there were parts of this night that were just as uncomfortable for them.

“You guys okay?” She lifted her eyebrows to prove she knew what was holding them back. While they’d removed their shirts, she wondered how they felt about shucking their jeans and standing side by side with matching erections. “It’s not a contest, you know.”

She hoped her words would put them at ease. Jokes and teasing were second nature to their relationship.

Jamie shrugged. “I’m not gonna pretend I’m not worried about that myth surrounding black guys.” His words were spoken lightly and she watched Trey grin at the joke.

“Who says it’s a myth?” Trey challenged.

She laughed, her concerns about the evening drifting away. These guys were her friends and they always would be. The rest would just have to be sorted out come morning.

Jamie rolled his eyes, but unzipped his jeans, pulling the denim and his boxers down together. Trey kicked off his shoes, then followed suit.

Grace’s laughter died quickly. “Oh, shit.”

Both men grinned. “I’m going to take that as a good *oh shit*,” Jamie teased.

“I don’t think I meant that in a good way. You guys are, I mean—” Her gaze traveled from one long, thick cock to the other and she knew she’d bitten off way more than she could chew—literally.

Trey’s hand drifted down his stomach before he gripped his cock, rubbing the erect flesh. She couldn’t help but wonder if her fingertips would actually touch if she wrapped her hand around him in the same way.

She licked her lips as she watched his sexy motions.

“Wanna taste?” Trey asked and she nodded.

He took a step closer to the bed, but Jamie halted him. "Let's make this a little more interesting."

Jamie moved to stand before her and Grace couldn't resist reaching to swipe away the drop of pre-cum hovering at the end of his cock, licking it off her fingertip. He gasped at her touch before kneeling in front of her. Jamie pulled her to the edge of the bed and pushed her legs apart. His mouth hovered a mere inch from her clit and his hot breath left her trembling with need. "I'm going to eat this pretty pussy while you suck Trey's cock."

She blinked and felt a fresh wave of arousal rush from her vagina at his dirty words. She nodded only once before Jamie closed the distance, wrapping his lips around her clit and sucking hard.

She cried out. "Oh, God."

Trey stepped to the left of her outstretched legs, resting one knee on the mattress by her waist. He gripped her face in his large palms, turning her until her lips were poised at the perfect position. "Ready, Gracie?"

Again, she nodded, her voice failing as Jamie continued to torment her. Trey gripped his cock with one hand, the other pulling her face, her mouth closer. She opened her lips to envelop the large, dark head and wondered how she'd ever manage to accommodate more than that.

"Give me your hand," Trey ordered. She raised her left hand and he wrapped it around the base of his cock, covering it with his. He tightened their combined grips, pulling it along the bottom half. Up and down, their hands worked together as he made shallow thrusts into her mouth. She ran her tongue along the ridge underneath his head and he hissed.

"Fuck, I love your mouth," he gritted out.

Jamie's lips left her for only a moment and she sensed he was watching her suck his best friend from his front-row seat on the floor. The fingers of her right hand were clenched in the comforter when Jamie reached for them.

"Let's put those fingers to better use." He placed her hand over her mons. "Play with your clit while I fuck you with my tongue."

"Hell yeah," Trey murmured, as the pace of his hand on hers and his cock moving in her mouth increased. She knew he could see everything Jamie was doing to her. She ran her fingers along her clit, but Jamie wasn't satisfied.

"Harder," he demanded. "I want you to come into my mouth at the same time Trey shoots his come down your throat. From the look of him, he's not going to last much longer."

Trey grunted like he wanted to protest, but he must have realized his friend's words were true. "Touch your clit," Trey insisted. "Rub it hard. I want to see your face when you come."

Grace increased the pressure of her fingers against her sensitive nub as Jamie pushed his tongue into her wet heat. She cried out, the sound muffled as Trey's cock filled her mouth. Soon, the thrusts and rubs synchronized and Grace marveled at the fluid beauty of their motions. Jamie's tongue moved deep and in

time with the thrust of the cock in her mouth. Her fingers rubbed her clit with the same strength as her grip on Trey's dick. The only sounds in the room were the gentle slapping sounds of their touching flesh and the muted moans that escaped each of them from time to time.

Trey's fingers tightened in her hair and she knew he was quickly approaching the end. She moved her hand against her clit harder, faster and closed her eyes at the pleasure-pain provoked by the motion.

"Can't hold back." Trey pushed into her mouth deeper than before and held, the head of his cock pressing against the back of her throat as jets of hot come erupted.

She swallowed several times, lapping up the stray drops as he pulled out. Jamie lightly pushed her hand away from her clit, replacing her fingers with his lips. He sucked on the hard bud as he shoved two fingers deep inside her. She came in an instant.

"Oh my God," she cried, her inner muscles clenching greedily at Jamie's fingers for several moments.

"Fuck," Jamie said. He pulled his fingers out, triggering another mini-climax.

"Holy shit, that's hot," Trey said. He half lifted, half pushed her to the center of the bed as she struggled to recover from her climax. It had been a long time since she'd come so hard, so fast. Her head was whirling from the overwhelming sensations pummeling her. Trey lay down beside her and she turned, taking the kiss he offered. She was vaguely aware of Jamie moving to the other side of the bed, quickly claiming it until once again she was surrounded by them.

Jamie gripped her shoulder, pulling her onto her back and kneeling between her spread legs. Her mind was racing, processing too many things at once. Somewhere along the line, Jamie had donned a condom. He was going to fuck her. Her friend Jamie was going to take her right now. Jesus. She wasn't ready. She hadn't recovered from the last orgasm and she wasn't sure she would be able to survive any more pleasure.

However, none of those thoughts seemed to matter as Jamie pressed the head of his cock into her pussy. He paused for a moment. Looked at her, waiting, for what she wasn't sure. Permission? She'd given it—several times. Reassurance? She wanted this more than she wanted her next breath.

"Jamie," she whispered.

He smiled, his beloved dimples beckoning and she returned his grin. Slowly, he pushed inside her and through it all, he held her gaze. For a moment, it felt as if it were just the two of them in the room, in the world, as she welcomed him home.

Chapter Five

As Jamie seated himself to the hilt, he knew he'd come home at last. This woman was his past, present and future all rolled into one and he wasn't about to let her go. Trey rolled to his side and watched them, his head supported by his hand. For a minute, Jamie wanted to tell his friend to go away, but he knew that wouldn't be fair. He wondered briefly if he'd be here if not for Trey's sudden interest in Grace.

His friend gave him a knowing grin and Jamie realized he'd been played. Trey had forced his hand and managed to get a bit for himself. Jamie shook his head. He'd have to kick his friend's ass later. Right now, he was exactly where he wanted to be and he didn't give a shit who watched.

Grace trembled beneath him. He'd barely given her a minute to recover from the first orgasm. His cock thickened even more as he recalled how tight her climax had felt against his fingers. He wasn't sure he could withstand the same incredible clenching against his cock without embarrassing himself and coming too soon.

"You okay, Grace?" he asked, holding perfectly still in hopes she'd manage to pull herself together. He didn't want this to end yet.

"So good," she whispered. "I'm not sure—"

Trey must have noticed the problem. He placed his palm on Grace's cheek and turned her head until she faced him. "Breathe, baby."

She nodded as Trey pressed a friendly kiss on her forehead.

"We've got all night, but we need to make those minutes count." Trey looked up at him. "Nice and slow, buddy."

Jamie wondered if he'd be able to maintain even with that pace. The image of Trey kissing Grace was working on his head. He wasn't the type of guy to share a woman, ever. Yet, here he was in bed with his best friend and the woman who'd captured his heart and watching them kiss made him hotter than he'd ever been in his life.

He pulled out slowly, Grace's pussy clenching tighter in an attempt to hold him in. He groaned.

"Dammit, Grace. I'll never last long if you keep doing that. So tight. So sexy."

She broke off the kiss she and Trey were sharing to turn to look at him. "Can't help it."

He grinned. "You know what. Fuck it. We'll make up for it next time."

She laughed until he pushed back in hard and fast, then her laughter turned to moans. Moans he shared as he felt her climax begin to build again. He increased his speed, thrusting over and over until she

screamed his name. Her inner muscles contracted and his cock exploded under the forceful pressure. He continued to pound inside her as he came and his movements triggered another orgasm in her body. She shook violently, her fingers digging into his arms so tightly, he knew she was leaving bruises. He reveled in the thought of carrying those marks, her marks, for the next few days.

His arms gave out as he collapsed on top of her. He worried about crushing her until her legs wrapped around his waist, holding him in place.

“Holy fuck. That’s the hottest thing I’ve ever seen.” Trey’s words drifted from the side of the bed and Jamie felt stupid for feeling pride at the compliment. After all, he’d come after two minutes inside Grace, like a damn teenager.

“High praise,” Grace teased, “from a man who’s spent months of his life watching internet porn.”

Jamie chuckled, glancing over to catch the grin on Trey’s face. As a gag, a few months earlier, the two of them had introduced Grace to everything the World Wide Web had to offer young guys in terms of sex entertainment. She’d jokingly said she preferred to read her porn, rather than view it.

“Shove over,” Trey said as he grabbed a condom from the nightstand. “I want my turn.”

Jamie kissed Grace, a long, slow glide of lips and tongues. He had to fight to hold back the words *I love you*. He did and he would tell her, but they’d be alone when he did so.

He pulled out, enjoying the clenching of her pussy fighting against his retreat. He moved to the side of the bed, his hand resting lightly on the curve of her breast.

Trey took his place on top of her and Jamie smiled at the flush of her face as his friend ran his hand through her wet juices. “Damn, Grace.” His voice, when he spoke, was almost reverent.

She grinned. “I told you guys it had been a long time.”

“Guess we’re going to have to do some catching up then.” Trey placed his cock at her opening and Jamie watched her face as his friend entered her. Trey was right. Watching was hot.

Grace’s lips were kiss-swollen, plump and red and Jamie felt drawn to them. He kissed her once, before turning her chin back to face Trey. “Watch him while he makes love to you.” He refused to call this fucking...any of it. It was so much more. Trey may resist those words, but that didn’t make them any less true.

“Oh yeah,” Trey whispered and Jamie thought maybe he was wrong. Trey did get it.

Jamie placed his mouth at the shell of Grace’s ear and whispered all the sexy, dirty things he wanted to do with her while Trey pounded into her body. He wasn’t sure what she was responding to more—his words or Trey’s thrusts, but as she began to thrash on the bed, out of control with her arousal, he knew he’d never seen a more beautiful sight. Grace didn’t do anything by half measures—not her job, the raising of her daughter, her friendships, the way she made love. She was with them in this fantasy one hundred percent and he wanted to make sure tonight was a night she’d never forget.

“Come for us, angel,” Jamie urged. “Let Trey feel how tight that pussy can go.”

His words triggered the response in her and Trey's harsh, "Fuck. Jesus. Fuck," let him know his friend was a goner as well.

He watched her come apart in Trey's arms and was surprised when his cock stirred at the image. He'd never get enough of her. Her eyes drifted closed as Trey withdrew and fell to her side.

For several moments, he watched as they fought to catch their breath, then he listened as Grace's deepened with sleep. He pushed up on his elbow to look down at her, surprised to find Trey still awake. He'd expected his friend to have followed Grace into dreamland.

Trey was silent for a few moments before he shook his head slowly. "You are one lucky bastard."

Jamie grinned at his friend's comment, then said a silent prayer those words were true. "Not yet," he whispered.

"She's your girl, J. She has been for a while now. The timing just wasn't right."

He shrugged. "And now it is?"

"Sure it is. You okay with this?" Trey gestured at himself, lying next to Grace.

He nodded. He was okay with it. For one night. Just tonight. He could tell from the look on Trey's face that last part didn't need to be said. "Didn't think I would be. Still not quite sure how you got added into the mix."

Trey grinned. "That's just the way I roll."

Jamie chuckled at Trey's line. "We better get some sleep. Something tells me she's not finished with us yet."

"I hope not," Trey added. "I'm only getting one night with her, so I'm gonna make it count." Trey looked down at Grace and Jamie was pleased to see the genuine affection on his friend's face. "She's incredible."

Jamie lay down beside Grace and tried not to pump a victory fist in the air when she rolled toward him, wrapping her arm around his waist, using his chest as a pillow. The last thing he heard before he drifted off to sleep was Trey murmuring, "Lucky bastard," again.

Grace opened her eyes, struggling to make out her surroundings in the dark room. For a split second, she panicked, feeling as though she was suffocating. A loud snore to the left brought reality crashing down. She wasn't being smothered. She was merely surrounded by two large, hard bodies.

She couldn't stop the grin that crossed her face when she remembered exactly where she was and what she'd done. She'd participated in a threesome...and it had been fan-fucking-tastic. She'd expected to feel guilt, remorse, something negative, but she couldn't shake the feeling of wonder and excitement the night had brought.

She was a single woman with a healthy sex drive that had been too long denied. Trey and Jamie would protect her privacy and her reputation, so Grace didn't have to worry about anyone except the three of them being privy to the night's activities. Jamie's arm tightened around her waist, pulling her closer as Trey's hand rested on her left breast. The closeness sent images of what had passed between them through her mind and the memories were accompanied by more fantasies.

Oh yeah, she wanted more.

She was becoming a sex maniac. Jamie's leg was tangled between hers and she couldn't resist the devil prodding her to wake up the hot man and demand a little more action. If one night was all she was going to have, she was certainly going to make sure she didn't leave this room regretting the things they didn't do.

Reaching down, she found Jamie's cock firmer than she would have thought. A small giggle escaped as she wondered what her hot PE teacher was dreaming about. Was he already reliving their sexcapades? She knew she would spend many, many nights to come masturbating with her vibrator to the memories of their touches, their kisses.

As she grasped his cock, it grew harder, but Jamie didn't wake. She slowly stroked his flesh as she sought Trey's dick with her other hand. He was also sleeping at half-mast and she wondered if their cocks ever took a rest. There were so many things about the male psyche she'd forgotten. Six years in a house of only two females left her feeling at a loss for how a man's body worked.

"Mmm," Jamie hummed in her ear. "Need a little more study time, teach?"

She laughed quietly. "Would you mind?"

He pushed his cock against her palm, the appendage growing even larger. "What do you think?"

Trey's gruff voice sounded before she could answer. "I think you need to stop talking so much. I'm having this shit-hot dream about a woman jacking me off and I don't want you to wake me up."

Grace glanced over at Trey's face, provoking a groan as she tightened her grip. "Wanna play some more?" she asked.

Trey didn't answer. He merely reached over, gripping her face in his large palm. Pulling her closer, he kissed her deeply.

As Trey seduced her with his lips, Jamie ran his hand along her thigh, grasping her knee and enticing her to open her legs. "Let me in."

She gasped against Trey's mouth as Jamie slid two fingers into her pussy. "Damn, Grace. You feel so good."

Trey allowed her to pull away a small distance, resting his forehead against hers. "How do you want to do this, Grace? It's your night. Anything you ask for is yours."

Her mind went wild with the possibilities. "Can I suck your cock while Jamie fucks me from behind?"

"Holy shit. Yeah," Jamie said, placing a soft kiss on her shoulder.

Trey winked at her. "Sounds like you picked a winner." He sat up as he spoke until his back rested against the headboard of the bed. "Get on your hands and knees."

She crawled between Trey's outstretched legs, bending forward to kiss him once more.

She shivered as Jamie ran his hand along her bare bottom. "God, you've got a gorgeous ass," he murmured.

"Mmm. Did you say something?" she asked as both men started laughing.

"Looks like you hit on a winner too, Jamie," Trey said. He gripped her upper arms tightly, holding her still as he kissed her once more.

"Oh, I'm about to hit on someone," Jamie said, rubbing her ass suggestively.

She looked back over her shoulder at him and narrowed her eyes. "I'm hearing a lot of talk and seeing very little action."

Jamie grinned at her challenge. "Begging for it, aren't you?"

She wiggled her ass as she shrugged and Trey laughed. "Jesus, you two are a matched set, that's for damn sure."

Grace felt warmth permeate her soul with Trey's words. As Jamie's fingers dipped into her pussy, she realized she was wetter than she'd ever been in her life. She could feel her arousal sliding along her upper thighs. It was as if Jamie had found the switch to a sexual energy source she didn't know she possessed.

She pulled away from Trey, bending down and taking his cock into her mouth with no preamble, no discussion. Trey jerked at her hungry actions and his hands tangled in her hair as she sucked on him.

She was only slightly cognizant of Jamie moving behind her. She heard the sound of a condom wrapper being torn open and then finally she felt the head of Jamie's cock prodding her entrance. She began to move faster on Trey's dick, taking him deeper, using her tongue to stroke his sensitive flesh as Jamie pushed relentlessly in.

She groaned as Jamie began his steady, perfect thrusting. Soon, their motions took on a pattern, Jamie's cock stroking her to the hilt in unison with each deep pass she made on Trey. As the sensations built, so did the speed, each of them reduced to pure animal instinct as they reached for the climaxes they needed, wanted, demanded.

Trey went over first, his burst of come triggering the response Grace had been waiting for. She swallowed and then trembled as she came as well. Jamie moaned as her pussy clenched his cock, but he didn't give up his pace or his hard, glorious stroking. Her body began to respond once more to his continued fucking and as she came again, his fingers tightened on her hips and she listened as he gave into his climax.

"God," he cried, his voice betraying his relief, as well as the impact of the orgasm on his body.

Grace's arms gave out and she collapsed between Trey's legs, her head resting on his thigh. She felt his hand running through her hair, almost absentmindedly. A quick glance up showed he'd thrown his head

back against the headboard and closed his eyes. Jamie had rolled to the side, his arm wrapped around her waist from behind. She could feel his harsh exhalations against her neck as he attempted to catch his breath.

None of them spoke for several minutes, but to Grace, the moment wasn't awkward. It was peaceful, blissful.

Trey's hand stilled, resting heavily on her head and she grinned as she realized he'd dozed off, leaning, rather than lying in the bed.

Jamie leaned forward and pressed a soft kiss to the back of her head. "You're amazing, angel," he whispered.

She didn't move, didn't turn. His words were too precious, too perfect and she didn't want him to see the happy tears clouding her eyes. He'd given her this night.

"You're not so bad yourself," she murmured, trying to keep the moment light, but knowing the husky sound of her voice must have given her away.

He tightened his grip on her waist, pulling until she turned to face him. At her movement, Trey mumbled something in his sleep and rolled the opposite direction, settling in the bed, but not rousing.

"I swear that guy could sleep through an earthquake. Whenever we travel with the basketball team, he's the first one out every night and I'm the one patrolling the halls and telling the athletes to quiet down." Jamie wrapped his arm around her shoulder as she gave up Trey's leg for Jamie's chest as a pillow. She was amazed by how natural it felt to lie with him in bed like this.

They'd been good friends for years, but she'd never let herself consider trading up on that relationship for something more. Not that Jamie was looking at this evening as anything more than a once-in-a-lifetime adventure. They'd made that clear in the parking lot of Tully's. It was a one-night stand. She'd never had one of those and now that dawn was approaching, she understood why. She didn't fall into bed with strangers because sex meant something. At least it did to her. The men flanking her, however, were of a different generation—one that seemed more casual, more relaxed in their sexual relationships.

She tried to harden her heart, resign herself to the inevitable goodbye that was looming in the next few hours. She would have to find a way to thank them for the night and then walk away. Facing them at work on Monday was bound to be difficult, but there was no way she was going to let this perfect night mar several year's worth of wonderful friendships.

She was an adult. She could do this.

"Penny for your thoughts," Jamie whispered, kissing her forehead lightly.

She considered brushing off his question, but she'd grown used to talking to Jamie, telling him her worries, her thoughts, her day-to-day happenings. "I was just thinking Monday will feel a bit weird."

He placed his hand on her chin, tipping her face up until she was looking at him. "No, Grace. It's not going to be weird. I know Trey said this was a one-night stand, but that only applies to him."

Grace felt her heart begin to race as she wondered what Jamie had in mind until he spoke again.

“Spend the day with me tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow?”

“Just you and me. You didn’t have any plans for the weekend, did you?”

She shook her head, trying to wrap her head around exactly what Jamie was asking for. “Cheryl and I talked about going shopping, but we never made any solid plans. I don’t think she’ll mind pushing it back another weekend.”

“Awesome,” he said. “I thought I’d pull some chicken out of the freezer and we can grill out. Maybe rent a couple of movies and lounge on the couch all day.”

“Just hang out?”

“Sound good?” he asked.

“Sounds perfect.” And it did.

Chapter Six

Jamie grinned at her response, then bent down and kissed her gently. She fought to remember this was just one weekend of fantasies, but it was hard when Jamie kissed her as if she were the most precious person on the planet. They were a perfect fit and tonight had solidified that knowledge in her mind and in her heart. She knew Jamie was only thinking of this relationship in the short-term and she wasn't sure he was wrong as a million tiny reasons why this wouldn't work began pushing their way through her brain. Shoving the worries aside, she closed her eyes more tightly and gave herself up to his touches. He and Trey were giving her a night she'd never forget. There would be plenty of time to deal with the consequences later.

He bent down to claim her lips once more and soon the kisses took on a decidedly hotter tone and his tongue explored her mouth while his hands traveled all the previously uncharted territory on her body. There was no part of her he left untouched as he stroked her back, fondled her breasts, tickled her stomach. When his fingers slid through the slit of her ass, she lifted her leg, wrapping it around his waist, opening herself to him.

The tip of his index finger paused at the opening of her anus and she sucked in a surprised breath. He pulled away from her lips to look at her.

"Never played around there?" Jamie asked.

She shook her head.

"Never *wanted* to play around there?" he clarified and she grinned.

"Let's just say I've never had an offer."

He wiggled his finger and she was surprised by the dark, but definitely intriguing, sensations that touch provoked. He bent down to kiss her cheek, his lips moving slowly toward her ear. His breath was hot when he whispered. "I'm offering."

She was motionless for several seconds before she remembered to start breathing again.

"What would that offer entail?" She needed details.

"Tonight it would involve just my finger. You aren't ready for anything more than that."

His words were a challenge whether he realized it or not. There was a small, impractical part of her that always reared up whenever someone told her there was something she couldn't do. Drew used to tell her she was going to get herself killed with her recklessness when she was younger, but she was fairly

certain anal sex didn't fall into that life-threatening category. She'd thought motherhood had calmed the daredevil inside, but that didn't appear to be true.

"What if I want more?"

Jamie's eyes narrowed as he studied her face. "Grace—" he started.

"If he won't give you what you want, I will." Trey's sleepy voice drifted over her shoulder and Jamie sighed.

Grace turned to look at the other man, trying to calm the nerves assaulting her. While it had been a safe discussion with Jamie, she had no doubt Trey would give her everything she asked for, regardless of whether she should ask for it or not. He was still young enough to think the world was his oyster and damn the consequences. She, however, had acquired a healthy dose of fear with age.

"I thought you were asleep."

Trey shrugged. "I was for a few minutes, but it's kind of hard to get any rest with you two pawing each other like a couple of teenagers. You act like your parents are gonna get home any minute and you have to have a lifetime of sex in ten minutes."

His words would have been true before Jamie's invitation to spend the day with him tomorrow. She had felt an urgency, a need to squeeze every bit of experience she could out of this single night.

"Now about this anal sex thing—" Trey started.

"Trey." Jamie's voice was laced with warning and Grace worried about the friends coming to blows over her damned impulsiveness.

"I wouldn't mind doing a little experimenting in that area," she confessed. While the words were true, there was still the niggling fear in the pit of her stomach chastising her for giving them the green light.

"Grace. I was just teasing you." Jamie's lie wasn't very convincing and neither she nor Trey acknowledged it.

"You have any lube, J?" Trey's question sliced through Grace like ice water.

"Lube?" she asked.

Trey gave her an all-too-knowing grin and she realized he was calling her bluff. Once again, the devil prodded.

"If we do this, I want Jamie to—" she paused, unable to say the words.

"Fuck your ass?" Trey helpfully supplied, much to her embarrassment.

"I'm not going to—" Jamie began.

She turned and cut off his comment. "I want you to."

Jamie shook his head. "No. You've never even had a finger there, Grace. I'm not about to hurt you by—"

Trey interrupted him again. "If you prepare her, it won't hurt."

Jamie shot daggers at Trey with his glare and Grace was overcome with guilt for starting this damned conversation. Still, there was a voice inside prodding her, telling her to take the chance.

“Please, Jamie,” she said, before he could lambaste Trey with the furious words she saw bubbling up.

Jamie stared at her for several long, awkward moments and she could almost see the wheels in his brain, sorting for possible answers, struggling to decide what was right. It was one of the things she adored most about the man. He never jumped in to anything without careful consideration. He was extraordinarily bright and that cleverness was made sweeter by his overabundance of compassion. It was one of the reasons he was such an amazing teacher. He was equal parts knowledge and empathy—the perfect combination in her mind.

“Why do I feel like I’m the only person in this bed with an ounce of common sense?” Jamie asked.

She and Trey laughed at his reply.

“I trust you,” she said and just like that, the concern in his face vanished, replaced with something that looked suspiciously like humor.

“Yeah, well. It’s times like these when I sort of wish you didn’t.” His words were light and she knew he was joking. She thought for a moment he was actually touched by her comment.

“So are we gonna notch up the play here or what?” Trey asked.

“Mr. Impatient,” Grace teased him as she turned, allowing Trey to envelop her in his large, muscular arms. She’d never been with such strong men. Drew, while tall, had been built more like a basketball player, while Trey was all football—husky and broad.

They kissed and again Grace was assaulted by how natural the entire night felt. Nothing about kissing Jamie and Trey felt wrong. As they kissed, Jamie’s hand drifted along her spine, gently stopping to cup her ass cheek. He squeezed hard and she winced slightly.

Trey chuckled. “Getting quite an education tonight, aren’t you, Ms. Wright?”

She considered his words, wanting to protest the name that made her feel her age, but then she merely nodded. She’d become the pupil, allowing Trey and Jamie to teach her things she’d only ever read about.

“Not too late to change your mind.” Jamie’s lips brushing against the nape of her neck. He pressed his finger in the tight portal and she tried to decide if she wanted to take him up on his offer. Trey kissed her again, one hand reaching down to cup her breast. The dual sensations sparked and as easily as that, they’d reduced her back to a creature with only one need—them. She’d marvel over that magic tomorrow. For now, she merely wanted more, everything.

She pushed away from Trey’s lips to breathlessly respond to Jamie. “I’m not changing my mind.”

Trey smiled. “That’s our girl.”

She sensed, rather than saw, Jamie’s acquiescence as he pushed his finger in a bit deeper, his lips and tongue tormenting the back of her neck. God, she hadn’t realized that area was an erogenous zone. She moaned, pushing her ass toward his finger, but he moved with her, not breaching the rosette any farther.

“Behave,” Jamie cautioned, lightly nipping her skin in warning. “We’re doing this at my pace. Not yours.”

She shivered at the command in her friend’s voice. It wasn’t the first time he’d taken that demanding tone with her tonight, and every time her body responded like a puppy to its master. She craved his authority. Trey pinched her nipple and she gasped. She’d have to analyze her response to Jamie’s control tomorrow, as the stirrings in her body were overwhelming every other sense, including her thought processes.

The sound of a drawer opening next to Jamie penetrated her consciousness only until Trey bent his head, taking her tight nub into his mouth. He sucked hard and she cried out at the intensity, the pleasure-pain of the pull of his mouth.

Jamie was spooning her from behind and she sensed him watching as Trey devoured her aching, needy flesh. “You like sex laced with a bit of pain, don’t you?”

She didn’t have a chance to respond as Trey’s teeth clenched on her nipple and she squirmed between them, her body moving on instinct. That instinct searching for a cock—either of the hard erections brushing against her legs—to fill her.

“Please,” she whispered when the need grew too strong.

“We’re nowhere near ready for what you want, Grace.” Jamie’s hand moved to wrap around her chest, gripping the base of her breast, feeding it to Trey’s hungry mouth.

“So good,” she panted.

“Have you ever come from having your breasts played with?” Jamie asked.

Earlier in the evening, she would have told him that was impossible, but since then, she’d lived a lifetime in sexual instruction and she knew better than to doubt him.

“No.” The word came out on a breathless sigh. Trey’s gaze left her face, traveled to Jamie’s and she thought she saw him give a slight nod. His lips tightened on her breast as Jamie bent forward, whispering dark, dirty, beautiful words in her ear. The heat of Jamie’s breath on her cheek, the wet fire of Trey’s mouth consuming her nipples proved too much. She reached down to touch herself. She knew one brush of her clit would send her reeling into the climax her body was screaming for.

Jamie captured her hand before she could grant herself release, pulling it behind her back, his hand bracketing her wrist firmly. “Bad girl.”

Being held helpless pushed her over the edge and she screamed with the power of her climax as Trey continued to suck her breast. Jamie held her tightly, refusing to release her arm as she shuddered under the impact of the orgasm. No matter how many times she came tonight, her body still clamored for more. Neither man stopped kissing her as she slowly drifted back to consciousness and she was struck by their selflessness. While they’d certainly gotten their own satisfaction this evening, they constantly saw to her needs, never leaving her wanting.

“More.” Her voice was husky, her throat parched from crying out so often and so loud. She sounded like she did after a pep rally.

“Greedy girl.” Trey kissed her and she knew he didn’t mind her ravenousness for one second. “Come here.”

He lay on his back, pulling her over him until she was straddling his waist. They continued to kiss as she felt Jamie kneel between her legs, behind her. She was the cream filling to their cookies and she loved being so totally surrounded. Jamie’s hands rubbed her ass and she laughed when he bent down and pressed an impromptu kiss on each cheek.

She grinned as she glanced over her shoulder at Jamie. “It’s about time you started kissing my ass.”

The genuine, full-faced smile he sent her let her know she’d scored a point. “You just wait, angel. Twenty bucks says you return the favor one of these days.”

As she turned back to Trey, she spotted a downright smug expression on his face. “What?” she whispered, wondering what he was thinking.

He shook his head. “Ask me again later. Hey, Jamie. Hand me a condom. I feel the overwhelming need to push into Grace’s hot pussy again.”

She blushed. Neither man had a problem expressing himself in full-flavored, graphic terms. Meanwhile, she was struggling to think the words to herself, let alone speak them aloud.

“I sure do like when your cheeks go pink like that.” Trey ran a finger from the corner of her eye to the tip of her chin. “You’re really very pretty, Grace.”

She smiled at his compliment, the grin growing when Jamie contradicted him. “Pretty? Fuck off, man. She’s gorgeous.”

Trey laughed. “I stand corrected.”

Jamie started to hand Trey a condom, but Grace intercepted, taking it from his hands. “Let me.”

She tore open the package, slowly drawing the rubber over Trey’s impressive cock. She couldn’t believe she’d taken him into her mouth. That thought was her only consolation as she considered fucking him again.

“We already know it fits,” he teased, clearly reading the concern on her face. Once she’d covered him completely, he gripped her hips. “Climb on.”

She grasped the base of his dick, guiding the head to her pussy. She didn’t have to worry about her body accepting him once more. She was soaking wet, perfectly ready to take him in. Slowly, she pushed down, pausing when it pinched. It was definitely different from this angle. Glancing down, she could see she’d only taken half of him inside.

Jamie’s hands wrapped around her upper body, lightly gripping her breasts. “Take your time, angel. Don’t force it.”

His words soothed her and she felt something inside give way and she pressed down two more inches.

“So good, Gracie,” Trey said. “Oh baby, you feel so damn good. Tight and hot. Jesus.” The last word came out on a groan as Trey thrust his hips up a bit, claiming even more of her pussy. She gasped, then moaned with delight, sinking down until she felt his thighs pressed firmly against her ass. She felt full and wonderful. She slowly rose up, releasing only a few inches of his hard cock before she slid back. For several moments, she moved on Trey’s dick, slowly building up her speed until her body was heated with the exertion, the constant movement. Her legs were threatening to give out on her, while her pussy demanded more.

She cried out in frustration and need. She wasn’t physically strong enough to take what she wanted. Trey’s hands moved to cup her ass, while Jamie’s hands gripped her waist.

“How hard do you want it?” Jamie asked.

“Hard,” she responded without thought.

“Then hold on and tell me if this hurts.” He lifted her, his strong arms pulling her up as if she weighed nothing. Trey groaned when Jamie slammed her body back down to the hilt. Grace’s head flew back, landing in the crook of Jamie’s shoulder as he continued to bounce her roughly on Trey’s cock. The idea of him helping her fuck his friend coupled with the intense power of the sex she was having drove her to the cliff in an instant.

“Can’t stop,” she cried as her climax began.

“Don’t want you to.” Jamie’s hands tightened on her waist and his arms continued to lift her, pound her down onto Trey.

She’d never fucked so hard. Rather than pain, though, all she could feel was nonstop, earth-shattering pleasure. Jamie never stopped moving her, even as her climax began to wane. She shivered, her body trying to assimilate to the fact she was still moving, still filled.

Trey’s hips were matching Jamie’s thrusts, lifting each time his friend pushed her back down. The dual assault sent her over the edge again, the second climax taking her—and Trey—by complete surprise.

“Fuck,” Trey said through gritted teeth. “Can’t hold off.” His face proved how much he wanted to keep the climax at bay. He didn’t want these incredible sensations to end any more than she did, though she was feeling lightheaded and becoming slightly concerned about the possibility of passing out.

Trey threw his head back against the pillow as Grace felt each pulse of his cock, filling the condom. Jamie released her and Grace fell forward, Trey’s arms waiting to catch her, pulling her against his chest. Both of them were breathing heavily, their bodies slick with sweat. Trey’s now-soft cock was lodged within her, but neither of them moved to separate.

Jamie remained behind her and a small part of her wanted to turn her head, wanted to look at his face, but there wasn’t an ounce of strength left in her body to allow even that tiny move.

Trey recovered first as she felt his arms tighten around her waist. “Spread your legs a little, baby.”

She wanted to obey, but wasn't sure she could manage. Once more, Jamie took care of her, gently pushing her legs apart. She and Trey gasped as the motion caused her pussy to quiver against his still-buried cock. "Do you want me to move so—"

"Leave it in," Jamie said, though her question had been directed at Trey. "You have no idea how hot it looks, seeing you with Trey's cock buried deep inside."

Grace closed her eyes, imagining what Jamie was seeing and she was suddenly jealous of his position on the bed.

"This might be cold," Jamie added and she gasped when she felt him squeeze some lube directly on her ass. His finger quickly smoothed through the sticky gel, gradually working it into the puckered rosette.

He moved into her slowly, but resolutely. Now that she'd made her request and tied it up with the trust bow, Jamie seemed intent on making the experience memorable. Eventually one finger became two and soon two became three. Each addition brought a slight pinching that was quickly soothed by more lube and Jamie's whispered sweet nothings.

Trey remained relatively quiet during her initiation, stroking her back and occasionally pressing soft kisses to the top of her head. A couple of times he hissed quietly and she knew he was feeling a bit of what Jamie was doing to her as well. His cock jerked and though it was still mostly soft, she could detect it gradually starting to rejuvenate.

Finally, she heard the sound of a package opening and a few seconds later, the head of Jamie's cock brushed against her ass. Part of her expected Jamie to ask her once more if she was sure, so she was surprised when his cock moved lower, missing her ass altogether.

Grace felt Jamie's hand near her pussy and Trey jerked beneath her.

"Fuck, Jamie," Trey's voice was the perfect mixture of shock and question. "What happened to the part about not touching each other?"

Grace tried to turn, tried to see what Jamie was doing, but her view was obstructed by Jamie's rock-hard chest, bending over her.

"Always wanted to try something and I don't want your condom to fall off," Jamie replied.

"So you're holding it on?" Grace asked, her voice laced with amusement. No wonder Trey was gritting his teeth.

"This isn't funny, Gracie." Trey's words pushed her grin to the forefront.

"Sorry," she whispered, the word coming out with a giggle.

Jamie didn't appear to be paying any attention to their banter, his thoughts consumed by his desire. "Push your ass up a little and tell me if this hurts, Grace."

Contrary to his intentions, his cock was poised not at the entrance to her ass, but her pussy. She shuddered, her laughter dying, but she didn't refuse when Jamie slowly pushed the head of his cock inside her cunt alongside Trey's. He paused.

“This will only work until he gets hard,” Jamie said, and Grace was shocked he was able to speak at all. She took a deep breath.

Trey groaned. “If you’re serious about this, you better hurry up, Jamie. That hard cock thing is gonna come sooner than you might like. Can’t believe I’m letting you touch me,” he muttered.

Grace could feel Trey’s dick thickening and knew he spoke the truth. She also thought he wasn’t as turned-off by Jamie’s hand as he pretended. Jamie pressed in the tiniest bit farther, before moving back again. He gave three shallow, gentle thrusts before pulling out completely.

Grace was speechless, breathless and more turned-on than humanly possible. “No,” she said after Jamie retreated.

He leaned forward to kiss her back. “Trust me,” he murmured. “That was about to cross from pleasure to pain very quickly.”

As he spoke, she realized Trey was totally erect once more, his cock filling her to bursting. She nodded her head jerkily twice to let Jamie know she understood.

“I’m still not sure this...” His words drifted away and she appreciated his concern, his care.

“Please.” There was no way she could turn back now. Her body was a live wire, sparking out of control, and she wasn’t sure she’d ever be able to contain the untapped power they’d released.

He didn’t speak again, his cock pressing against her anus, pushing in until the head was lodged inside. She closed her eyes, waiting for the pain that didn’t come.

Jamie and Trey paused, neither man moving a muscle and she realized they were waiting for her permission. They wouldn’t do anything she didn’t want, didn’t enjoy. Her heart nearly burst with the joy of this moment.

“Perfect” She opened her eyes to look first at Trey, and then over her shoulder at Jamie. “We’re a perfect fit.”

Jamie grinned and shook his head. “You’re incredible.” He started pushing forward once again. Several times, he paused as he and Trey and Grace took turns gasping at the wonder of the experience.

Trey muttered “Jesus” under his breath several times and Grace had to fight back her own amazement. Once Jamie was lodged to the hilt, they all froze.

“Um, you all do realize I’m still wearing a used condom, don’t you?” Trey asked. It was hard for Grace to believe he hadn’t left her body since the orgasm that suddenly seemed to have occurred hours earlier.

Jamie sighed. “Shit.”

Both men glanced at the nightstand and Grace fought back a giggle. “I think I can reach.” She moved her hand toward the pile of condoms Jamie had thrown on top at the beginning of the evening. As she stretched, each man moaned as her pussy and ass clenched against their erections. She’d never felt so full and each subtle motion triggered impulses she couldn’t control.

“This isn’t going to last long,” Trey said to Jamie. “Too fucking hot.”

Grace finally managed to grab a condom, handing the packet to Trey. Her arms were trembling along with the rest of her body and she knew Trey had spoken the truth. Neither man had done more than push inside, and she was already teetering at the edge of an explosion.

“This could be tricky,” Jamie said and Grace laughed at the absurdity of the entire situation. She had two of her best friends buried in her cunt and ass and they were trying to figure out how to get a fresh condom on Trey.

“You would think three teachers would be smart enough to avoid such a mistake.” Her joke hit the mark as Trey and Jamie laughed as well. Their chuckles turned to groans as Trey slowly pulled out.

“Holy fuck,” Jamie muttered. “I felt all of that.”

Trey quickly removed the used condom, replacing it with the new one. Grace didn’t have to look at fastidious Jamie to picture his wince as his friend tossed the old condom to the floor by the bed. They were starting to make quite a pile.

“I’ll clean them up later.” Trey’s assurances proved her suspicion correct.

Trey returned to her pussy and Grace shuddered as he pushed all the way in. Neither man seemed inclined to wait any longer. Once Trey was lodged deep, Jamie began his retreat. Their movements were perfectly timed, every thrust pushing pleasure points inside her until she was wriggling between them, out of her mind with the thrumming, relentless need for satiation.

She came twice, but they continued their beautiful battering, refusing to give up their personal heaven. “God,” she screamed as the third and most powerful orgasm of her life detonated the triggers on both men.

The three of them came together and for a moment, Grace was certain she saw sparks flashing before the room went completely dark.

When she came to her senses, she was lying on her back on the bed, both men looking at her with concern.

She narrowed her eyes, confused. “What’s wrong?”

Jamie grinned at her question. “You passed out.”

“We were sort of worried we’d fucked you to death. Jamie actually checked your pulse.” Trey’s laughter was shaking the bed as he spoke.

She shook her head, denying their words. “I didn’t pass out. I never faint.”

Jamie shrugged, but her words were falling on deaf ears. “You most definitely fainted.”

As she took in the incontrovertible fact that she couldn’t recall either man leaving her body or as she glanced down and noticed the condoms missing from their soft cocks, she feared their words were true. “Damn. How embarrassing.”

“Embarrassing?” Trey asked. “Fucking hot as shit. I’ve never had sex like that. I swear to God I felt my own eyes roll up into my head.”

“I think it’s safe to say it was touch and go for all of us,” Jamie added, and she appreciated their attempts to make her feel better.

She reached up and placed a hand on each man’s cheek, overcome with gratitude. “Thank you,” she whispered. “For tonight. For everything.”

Jamie turned to place a kiss in the palm of her hand as Trey bent forward to wiggle his nose against hers.

“Sleep,” Jamie said and none of them protested the suggestion, falling quickly into the deep, peaceful sleep that follows physical exhaustion.

Grace grinned. Fatigue never felt so good.

Chapter Seven

The next morning flew by in a flurry of activity. Upon waking, they'd permitted themselves one more foray into the magic of the previous night, Trey taking Grace from behind as she sucked on Jamie's cock. It was hot, sexy and somewhat bittersweet as they all realized it was the last time. While Jamie had expressed his desire for another day, Grace knew for her, with Trey, it had been a one-night thing, an experiment, an adventure. Nothing more. She had to admit she was anxious to have Jamie all to herself.

They'd showered, dressed and gone to a breakfast buffet bar. Grace laughed as she watched both men take the expression "all you can eat" to new extremes and she felt certain the restaurant hadn't made any money on them. After breakfast, they pulled up to the curb in front of Trey's apartment.

Trey grasped her hand and tugged her out of the truck, shutting the door behind him. Jamie remained in the driver's seat and Grace knew he was giving them a few minutes alone.

Trey kissed her on the cheek. "Thank you," he whispered.

She smiled. "I think I should be saying that to you. Last night was amazing, Trey. I don't think I can tell you what it meant to me."

"You're beautiful, Grace. Inside and out. I wanted a chance to show you that."

"You are going to make some lucky woman a wonderful husband one day."

Trey laughed. "I don't know about that." He took a step back and she knew the magic of the evening was fading as Trey, the lover, left and her beloved friend returned. "You going back to Jamie's?"

She nodded, wondering if that idea upset him. "He invited me to spend the day with him."

"Good. I'm glad." His answer was short and his tone gave her no clue to his thoughts.

"See you Monday?" she asked.

He reached up and ruffled her hair playfully as she giggled. "See you Monday, Gracie."

She climbed back into the truck and as they drove away, her concerns about her relationship with Trey being awkward when they returned to work faded. They'd both gotten what they wanted and Grace knew Trey would take the secret of their threesome to his grave. He wouldn't tell tales, wouldn't brag or expose her. He would always be her friend.

As she glanced across the seat at Jamie, she realized the same didn't hold true for him. While her emotions hadn't been engaged as far as Trey was concerned, her heart was definitely succumbing to Jamie's charm. Hell, it had always beat faster for the man. This weekend had only solidified her crush on him and she knew returning to "just friends" status with him would be much more difficult.

“Where are you going?” she asked when she realized he was heading for her house, not his. Her heart lurched with the thought that perhaps he’d changed his mind about spending the day together.

“I thought we’d swing by your place so you can get some clean clothes and your toothbrush. Anything else you might need for the night at my house.”

“Night?” His invitation included another night in his bed? She wished she could restrain the grin bursting to get out.

He looked over and spotted her barely suppressed giddiness. “You thought I was finished with you? Damn, Grace, I haven’t even started taking you all the ways I want to.”

She tried to deny how hot his words made her. Jamie was a master of dirty talk and she feared a few more sentences from him would have her bursting into flames on the front seat of his truck.

He reached over and grabbed her hand, holding it in a gesture that was friendly and possessive at the same time. “It’s going to take a lot more than one night between the sheets to get you out of my system, angel.”

As they pulled up to her house, she captured his words, tucking them inside and holding them close. He made her feel special. It had been such a long time since anyone had made her feel like this. She only spent a few moments in her house, Jamie waiting patiently on the couch as she packed an overnight bag. She briefly toyed with the idea of packing a sexy nightie, but dismissed it, knowing full well Jamie preferred her naked.

She was about to leave her bedroom when she caught sight of him lounging in the doorway. He looked perfectly at home in her room and it struck her that no man had been in her bedroom in nearly six years.

“Let me see what’s in your bag.” His voice was laced with the commanding tone that had her instantly going wet. Suddenly she was regretting she hadn’t thought to throw a few extra pairs of panties in.

“Why?”

He shrugged. “I have a feeling you might have missed some of the essentials.”

She looked at him, confused, and then opened her bag to double check. “Toothbrush, comb, some makeup, extra clothes. It’s all here.”

Jamie shook his head and she thought for a moment he looked disappointed. “Where do you keep your toys, Grace?”

Rather than waiting for an answer, he crossed the room to her nightstand.

“Toys?” she asked.

He turned to look at her. “You’re a grown woman with an amazing sex drive. There’s no way you’ve spent the last six years without a man and not taken care of those needs by yourself.” He pointed to the drawer of the nightstand, but he didn’t open it and she was touched that he respected her privacy. “Are they in here?”

She shook her head. “Under the mattress,” she whispered, amazed she was revealing her secret hiding spot. There was no way she would leave her toys anywhere Maddie could stumble upon them easily.

He grinned and lifted the mattress. She fought back her blush when his eyebrows rose slightly. “Damn, Grace. You don’t mess around, do you?”

She rolled her eyes and tried to act nonchalant. “There’s nothing that shocking under there.”

He reached down and pulled out her favorite vibrator, as well as the large dildo she’d impulsively treated herself to after Cheryl dragged her to a sex-toy party. Unfortunately, she’d never had the nerve or desire to use it. Sex alone wasn’t so satisfying that she attempted it often, plus she was always worried about Maddie hearing her.

Jamie also picked up the fur-lined handcuffs—still in their package—that she’d won as a door prize at the same party. There were some scented massage oils that Cheryl had given her for Christmas a couple of years ago after nagging her about her lack of dating. Jamie threw all of it on top of the bed and it wasn’t until he lowered the mattress again that she realized his smile was gone, replaced by a frown.

“None of this has been used,” he said.

“That’s not true. The vibrator—”

“Dammit, Grace. You’re a grown woman with needs just like anyone else. Why would you deny yourself even that little bit of happiness?”

She shrugged and chuckled. “I’m a forty-year-old woman, Jamie. Sure, I like sex, but—”

He quirked one eyebrow and she corrected herself.

“I *love* sex with you. By myself, not so much. I’m not a young, horny guy, driven by my hormones. Most nights, I’m too damn tired to bother. And I know you won’t like this, but after a while, it is possible to not even miss it.”

He put his hand over his heart in a gesture that implied she’d stabbed him. “I would always miss sex, Grace. I can see we have a lot of time to make up for.” He reached for her overnight bag, adding the toys in with her clothes.

Her anticipation regarding the coming night rose another level and she was surprised to realize she was looking forward to being alone with Jamie in bed. While the threesome experience was wonderful, mind-blowing, it had shown her she was, at heart, a one-man woman.

“Ready?” he asked. She nodded and they left her house together.

Jamie stretched and tried to remember when he’d had a nicer Saturday. After picking up some clothing at Grace’s house, they’d hit the grocery store for salad fixin’s to go with the chicken he’d barbequed and a couple of movies. Just before dinner, he’d pulled her pants down, bent her over his kitchen table, and teased her with her vibrator until she came. Throughout the entire meal, he’d been stiff as a pike

remembering the sounds of her cries as she climaxed. She had a voracious sexual appetite and he loved trying to sate her hunger.

After they'd cleaned up the dishes, she made him sit through *Bridget Jones' Diary*, which wasn't as bad as he'd thought it would be and he made fun of her obvious infatuation with Colin Firth. His movie pick, *The Hangover*, had just ended and Grace, who was lounging against his chest on the couch, was still giggling.

"The sad part about that movie is I can see you, Trey and Lucas doing all of that."

"Trey insists that the first guy to succumb to the death he refers to as marriage is getting a Vegas bachelor party."

Grace grinned. "The harder they fight, the harder they fall. I can't wait to watch Trey get knocked on his ass by the woman who claims his heart."

She started to rise, but Jamie pulled her closer, not ready to give up the comfort and warmth of their positions. They'd wasted the entire day in utter laziness, watching movies, having the private picnic in his back garden, and Jamie wished he could do the whole thing over again tomorrow and the day after and the day after that.

A quick glance at the clock proved it was only nine o'clock. Despite the early hour, all he could think about was getting her back into his bed. She was a comfortable companion and he couldn't help but wonder why she'd never remarried.

Before he could think better of it, the question left his lips. "How come you never dated after Drew's death?"

Grace took his question in stride, shrugging lightly. "Actually, I did try dating once. About a year after Drew's accident. Don't you remember? His name was Bill and he was a realtor. We went out a few times."

Jamie felt the niggling of a memory. "I sort of remember that, but it wasn't anything serious and I don't remember it lasting very long."

She nestled closer, taking one of his hands in hers, idly toying with his fingers. "Oh no, nothing serious. Maddie was thirteen and at the beginning of her teen angst years. She strongly disliked Bill."

"You stopped dating the guy because Maddie didn't like him?"

Grace shook her head. "I don't think it was Bill she disliked as much as the idea of me being unfaithful to her father's memory. Maddie adored Drew. She was the epitome of a daddy's girl and she had Drew wrapped around her little finger. She was devastated by his death."

Jamie frowned. "Maddie wasn't the only one who'd lost someone, Grace. Don't you think you deserved the chance to try to find some happiness?"

"I think there's a difference between an adult losing a spouse and a child losing a parent. Maddie needed me. She needed me to be stable, strong, consistent and reliable. She's my daughter and there's

nothing I won't give her if I'm able to. Bill came along too early in the grieving process for Maddie. I can see that now. My little girl was broken and I wasn't about to do anything that might scatter the pieces she was struggling to glue back together."

"That was years ago. Don't you think it's safe to say the hurt healed a while ago?"

Grace sat up and he didn't stop her, knowing she wanted to have this conversation face-to-face. "Time moves so quickly and it's easy to fall into routines, patterns. By the time Maddie was old enough to accept the idea of a man in my life, I wasn't in the mood to go look for one."

Jamie laughed. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"It means I was old enough to know I didn't want to prowls around the nightclubs searching for Mr. Right, which limited my choices to colleagues and available fathers of my students. Neither of those choices seemed right." Her words pierced his heart a bit until she added, "I never, in my wildest dreams, imagined this weekend."

"Didn't Maddie try to fix you up with Rhonda's father?" Jamie asked.

"Ugh. Have you met Mr. Scott? There's a reason he's been divorced three times. Infidelity seems to rank at the top of that list."

"Ah, I see."

She leaned forward and kissed him gently, her tongue lightly running along his lower lip. "Twenty questions over?"

He wasn't finished talking about her feelings toward a relationship, but her kiss managed to scatter his wits and he decided they'd have plenty of time for talk later. The image of her pile of barely used sex toys floated through his mind and just like that, his cock stole all the blood supply from his brain.

"Let's go upstairs. I want to tie you to my bed and do all sorts of naughty things to you."

She licked her lips and he was struck again by the realization he wouldn't have to hold back with her. He watched Grace respond to his words with heated interest and he knew she was a kindred spirited—adventurous and up for anything.

"Have you ever been restrained in bed?" he asked, pleased that he'd been able to introduce her to so many new experiences already.

She shook her head.

"Good. I have a feeling you're gonna like this." They rose and Jamie took her hand, leading her upstairs to his bedroom. She was quiet and he suspected she was worrying about the bondage. He didn't say anything more as they entered his room, giving her time to decide. If she was completely against the idea, he wouldn't do it. He pulled off his T-shirt as he turned to look at her. She was standing at the foot of his bed, her hand loosely gripping the corner post of the footboard.

He fought to restrain a groan as she looked at him with heavy-lidded eyes that studied him from head to toe. He decided to up the ante and the heat, so he pushed his jeans over his hips, kicking them off. He'd

gone commando all day, so with the removal of two pieces of clothing, he was completely naked, while she stood before him fully dressed. He placed his hands on his hips and let her look her fill.

Last night they'd spent the evening trying everything a threesome had to offer. Tonight, Jamie intended to dedicate some time to the sexiness of just looking and touching.

"You're really beautiful," she said at last and he grinned, shaking his head.

"Grace," he started, but her light laughter stopped him. She walked closer, until she was standing right in front of him.

She ran a single finger down the center of his chest. "I can't help thinking it. Your body..." Soft strokes accompanied her words as she explored his pecs, the brown disks of his nipples, his abs. She stopped short when her fingers would have brushed his cock and her gaze rose to his face.

"I love your face. So kind and expressive." Again, her fingertips followed her words, caressing his cheek, his jaw, his brow. "Your eyes are so blue, so bright. I feel like I could get lost inside them and never want to be found again." Her index finger trailed along his lower lip, and as he watched, she subconsciously moistened her own lips.

"Kiss me," he whispered. The softly spoken comment was a demand and a plea, wrapped into two simple words.

She rose on her tiptoes and brushed her soft lips against his. Neither of them opened their mouths or tried to deepen this kiss. For this moment, they were content with this simple, pure, almost chaste touch.

When she pulled back, he let her go, curious to see what she would do next. Her gaze dropped at the same time her hand engulfed his erection. He sucked in a harsh breath, surprised by the firmness of her grip after her too-soft touches on the rest of his body. He wondered briefly why he was letting her do this, play with him. It wasn't like him to simply wait and watch.

He suspected she was trying to find her way as well. She'd admitted last night she hadn't had sex in years, hadn't seen a naked man. In some small way, he thought she was trying to reacquaint herself with all the particulars of the male figure. He grinned, aware he was an all-too-willing model.

Her hand stroked his flesh and he gritted his teeth in a fight to stave off the inevitable explosion. He'd been rock hard and hurting since fucking her with the vibrator before dinner. He hadn't taken his own pleasure then, foolishly thinking it would be better to let the anticipation build. Now he was seriously struggling to keep from blowing over a simple hand job.

"Get undressed, Grace. I want to touch you. See you."

She smiled and obeyed, removing each piece of clothing leisurely, seducing his senses until he felt the urge to growl like a wolf and claim her as his mate. Once she was naked, he decided it was time to take over. Expand on Grace's limited experiences. Let her see what it would mean to be involved with him.

Gripping her hands, he pulled her until her back rested against the upright corner post of his footboard. Leaning into her, he kissed her as he positioned her hands behind her back, around the post. “Don’t move,” he murmured as he broke the kiss.

Her eyes, which had been closed, opened slowly and he could see she was lost in a haze of desire. He retrieved the handcuffs and other toys he’d discovered under her mattress and her lips parted with a gasp. Tossing the massage oils, dildo and his tube of lubrication on the bed, he opened the package containing the cuffs.

“You said you trusted me.” He’d cherished those words since she’d uttered them. She nodded, reaffirming them and he grinned.

Wrapping his arms around her once more, he reclaimed her lips as he snapped the fur-lined cuffs onto her wrists, binding her against the corner post.

“Don’t move,” he teased and she laughed quietly.

“How do you do that?” she whispered.

He gave her a curious look. “Do what?”

“Make everything fun. You’ve got me handcuffed to your bed and I’m laughing, happier than I’ve ever been.”

His heart nearly burst at her admission. He made her happy. “You’re easy to please, Grace.” He ran his hand along her arm, down her waist until he gripped her hip. “Open your legs.”

She obeyed without question or comment and again he was overcome by her innate trust. She didn’t realize how much her confidence in him meant.

He placed his forehead against hers. “It’s gonna get serious now. If I do anything you don’t like, just tell me to stop and I will. Okay?”

She nodded and he smiled when he noticed her nipples peaking, growing tighter under his gaze. He bent down to lift her left leg, propping her foot on the edge of the bed. The position left her wide open to his touch.

Kneeling before her, he gave into the hunger she inspired, taking her clit into his mouth and sucking lightly. She responded instantly, her soft mewling cries driving him on. He pushed two fingers into her wet pussy, savoring the chance to return to her sweetness so soon. He’d known last night he needed more, wanted more. One lifetime wouldn’t be enough for him and he was already regretting wasting so much time. He’d let years go by without claiming her. As he fucked her with his fingers, his mouth, he was determined to see the lonely days and nights end. By the end of this weekend, he swore to himself she would be his.

She was moving restlessly against the post, trying to thrust her cunt closer to his lips. Each time, he moved away, keeping her on the edge, building her hunger. He planned to feed her cravings, increasing her addiction to him until she wouldn’t be able to consider a life without him in it.

“God, Jamie. Please.”

She wanted to come. He knew it. He also knew he’d been too easy on her last night. Tonight, the rules were different. He softened his thrusts and leaned back, looking up into her lust-dazed face. “You can come, Grace, but only when I give you permission. Tonight’s not a free-for-all like last night. Tonight, you belong to me. Every inch of your gorgeous body is mine to command, to possess. Do you understand?”

She was breathing harshly, the air leaving her lungs in gasping pants. Her eyes were narrowed and for a moment, he silently prayed she’d pick a fight. Give him a reason to untie her, throw her facedown on his bed, and spank her sexy ass. Sadly, her anger passed with a shudder and he watched as his words penetrated her consciousness, driving her lust even higher.

He pushed her, his voice harsher when he repeated his previous question. “I said do you understand, Grace? Answer me.”

She nodded. “I understand.” He winked and she grinned. “I’m about to explode,” she admitted.

He laughed. “That makes two of us. You’re just going to have to believe that I know what I’m doing. As much as we both want to come right now, I can guarantee you it will be twenty times better if we wait. Let the pressure build to boiling.”

“Sounds painful,” she joked.

He leaned forward and placed a soft kiss on her engorged clit. “No pain. All pleasure. I promise.”

Reaching up, he grasped the lube and dildo as she watched. “You liked having your ass fucked. Didn’t you?”

She swallowed heavily, and then shook her head. He froze until she spoke. “I loved having my ass fucked.”

He grinned, running his tongue along her slit, enjoying her playfulness. “Touché. Keep your foot on the bed.” He opened the lubrication. Squeezing a large dollop on his fingers, he slowly worked them into her ass. She winced slightly and he worried she was sore from the previous night. His hand stilled.

“Does it hurt?”

She shook her head and he narrowed his eyes. “Don’t lie to me, Grace. Not about this.”

“It hurts a little, but not enough that I want to stop.” When he didn’t move again, she added, “Don’t you dare stop,” in a strong voice that put his fears to rest. When he’d worked three fingers in easily, he removed them, squeezing more lube onto his palm. He quickly and efficiently covered the dildo, marveling at the size of it. His astonishment must have shown on his face because Grace addressed it.

“Cheryl talked me into buying it at one of those sex-toy parties. Let’s just say I’d had a few glasses of wine and my vision was clearly impaired.”

He chuckled. “I think last night should have proven to you that you’re more than capable of—” He paused and waved the large dildo around until she giggled.

“What exactly do you plan to do with that?”

“You liked being filled in both places at once. Since my capacity for sharing you ran out at dawn this morning, I thought I’d try to prove to you I can offer the same forbidden pleasure alone.”

Her smile gave way to a quiet moan.

“You like that idea.” His words weren’t a question and she didn’t need to answer.

Placing the well-lubed dildo at her anus, he watched her face as he unhurriedly pushed the toy inside. The process took several minutes and Jamie fought back the pain of his throbbing erection as he watched the myriad of looks cross Grace’s beautiful face—intense concentration, unbridled lust, unbearable need. Her eyes never left his and it felt as if the connection between them was being forged, cemented with each glorious inch of the toy breaching her body.

When she was filled to the hilt, he rose, reaching behind her to release the handcuffs. Lifting her gently, he laid her in the center of the bed, crawling between her legs. “I need you, angel.”

“I’m yours.” She raised her arms and pulled him toward her.

He placed his cock at the tight opening of her cunt, gritting his teeth at the snug fit. Pushing in slowly, it was only once he’d fully entered her that he remembered what he’d forgotten.

“Condom.”

Her hands tightened around his neck. “Tubes tied. It’s okay.”

He closed his eyes, marveling once more at her trust in him. “Thank God. I’m clean, Grace.”

She nodded. “I know.”

“Holy shit, you have no idea how good this feels.”

She grinned. “Actually, I think I have a pretty good idea. Jamie?”

He looked at her. “Yeah?”

“Fuck me.”

“Yes ma’am, Ms. Wright.” He retreated from her body until just the head of his cock remained and then he began his slow journey back into heaven. Over and over, he filled her, loving the tautness of her cunt. Soon, they were both crying out their climaxes as Jamie pumped his seed deep inside her.

Falling to her side, he pulled her with him, keeping his cock lodged within her warmth. He slowly pulled the dildo out of her ass, dropping it to the floor as she grinned.

“How untidy of you,” she teased.

“I’ll get it later. Promise,” he replied, mimicking Trey’s words from the previous night. Then, he pressed a quick kiss on her forehead and they fell asleep arm in arm, still connected...and smiling.

Chapter Eight

Sunday passed as quickly as Saturday and Jamie watched Grace glance at the clock for the third time in an hour. They'd gone out for breakfast again, stopping by Grace's house to pick up her car before returning to his house, neither of them willing to part. They'd filled every hour since then with as much kissing, touching and sex as they could and Jamie was reminded of Trey's jest on Friday night. They were behaving like a couple of horny teens.

"I really have to leave," she said at last. He'd been expecting—dreading—those words. "Maddie's going to be home in an hour and I haven't done a single one of my weekend chores. Not to mention the stack of essays I still need to grade."

He nodded, though there was an insecure part of him that wanted to demand she stay here permanently. "You gonna be at Maddie's softball game tomorrow? Last one of the season."

She smiled and he sensed she was relieved by his easy acquiescence to her leaving. "Have I missed a game yet?"

"No, of course you haven't. So, what are you doing next Friday?" He had no choice in letting her leave right now, but he'd be damned if she'd step a foot out the door without the two of them reaching some sort of understanding. They'd spent the day in bed, taking turns using her massage oils on each other and making love until his cock was actually sore. He'd spent every spare minute of the day giving into his immediate physical desires rather than thinking of the future. Now she was leaving and he'd failed to say anything to her about what he wanted from her, for them.

She laughed. "Next Friday? You already need another happy hour?"

He shook his head. "No. Actually I was thinking we could do dinner and a movie."

"You mean like a date?"

He narrowed his eyes, slightly angered by her shocked tone. "Yeah, like a date, Grace. What did you think?"

She bit her lip. "I—" she stumbled for a moment and he didn't like the expression on her face.

"You didn't think this was going to end here, did you?"

She shrugged. "I didn't really know what was going on."

He couldn't blame her for being surprised. Trey had been the only one smart enough to talk about time limits and expectations. Jamie had been an idiot, thinking with his dick rather than his brain, leaving

too many things unsaid. Time to come clean. “This weekend has been one of the best of my life. So great, in fact, I’d like to expand on the concept. See if we can’t turn this thing between us into something solid.”

“Solid. Dating?”

“People date in order to get to know one another, Grace. We’re beyond that. I want to see you. Seriously see you, as in exclusively.”

Her face lost all expression. Hell, it seemed to lose all color with his admission. “Oh.”

He sighed. He was fucking it all up. “I want to go out with you, Grace. And I don’t mean casual dating. I want a relationship with you. I want a future—a long future—together.”

She blinked rapidly and he tried to still the panic clawing its way through his chest. He’d thought she was ready to date again, ready to open herself and her life to a man, to him. Now he was wondering if he’d read her wrong.

“I want that too.” Her words were spoken softly, but firmly and he grinned.

“Thank God. For a minute there, I thought—”

“It’s just—I need some time to break this to Maddie.”

He frowned. “Time? She’s eighteen years old, angel. Why would it take more than a few minutes to explain to her that we’re seeing each other?”

“It’s not as easy as that, Jamie.”

His temper flared. “Of course it is, Grace, it’s only going to be as hard as you make it.”

“Well then, I guess you’ll have to forgive me because I think this is going to be hard.”

“Why?”

“Do you want me to make you a list? Jamie, you’re Maddie’s softball coach.”

“The season ends with tomorrow’s game and she graduates in a month. That’s not a problem.”

“You were her teacher.”

“In tenth grade. So what?” he asked, still confused by her reluctance to tell Maddie about them.

“You’re considerably younger than me. What will she think?”

Jamie nodded. Her first two excuses had been lame attempts at a smoke screen. Now they were getting to the heart of the matter. He wondered if it wasn’t what Maddie thought about their age difference as much as how it made Grace feel.

“I’m not going to wake up tomorrow morning, miraculously eight years older, Grace. I’m always going to be younger. I would have thought this weekend would have proven to you that those years don’t make a damn bit of difference. We’re compatible in every way, as far as I can see.”

She sighed. “You’re right. Absolutely. Unequivocally. I’m being a coward and a fool.”

He gripped her upper arms, pulling her toward him. He kissed her before responding. “You’re not a coward or a fool, Grace. Trust me on that. You’re one of the strongest women I’ve ever met.”

“Can I ask you for something?” She’d taken a step away and her face was far too serious.

He nodded. "Anything, angel. I'll give you anything."

"Time. I need a few days to figure out all of this and to square it away with Maddie."

"I think I can wait a few days before shouting out to every available man within a thousand-mile radius that you're taken."

She laughed. "I hardly think you need to go to such extremes."

"Oh yes I do. You're going to be mine, Grace. Make no mistake."

She shuddered slightly at his warning, but she didn't look upset by the thought as much as intrigued. "You know we still have about a million things to discuss if you're serious about this relationship."

He nodded. "I know that. What do you say we knock them off one by one? First step is Maddie. After that, we can figure out the rest."

She sighed, bending down to pick up her overnight bag. "Speaking of Maddie, I really do need to leave."

"I'll see you at work tomorrow." He leaned toward her and kissed her lightly. Neither of them tried to deepen the kiss and Jamie suspected she was worried about what came next. "It will all be fine, Grace. Promise."

It wasn't until she had pulled out of the driveway that he remembered he'd forgotten to tell her the most important thing. Three damn words.

Grace dragged herself to the back of her classroom late Friday afternoon to grab a resource book off her bookshelf for a lesson she planned to teach next week. She'd spent the entire week replaying the weekend and Jamie's words from Sunday. He wanted a relationship. With her. Several times she'd started to tell Maddie about him, but every time she opened her mouth, the words failed her.

Jamie had been extremely patient, maintaining a professional distance at work, careful not to give them away until she was ready. She'd been grateful for the time, but now she'd worked herself up into a state of constant anxiety. Her head was pounding, she hadn't been able to eat. She was acting like the world's biggest idiot. She may work in a high school, but that didn't mean she had to act like a teenager. She'd counseled her daughter and students through new love, always managing to speak with wisdom and so-called experience. Now the shoe was on the other foot and she was building mountains out of molehills.

Maddie would be okay with this relationship. Deep inside, Grace knew that. The problem wasn't with her daughter's acceptance as much as it was about how Grace felt. Was she okay with this? She adored Jamie. No, more than that. She loved him.

But she'd loved and lost before and she knew, regardless of Jamie's assurances to the contrary, she wasn't strong enough to survive another loss. She sank down into one of the students' desks and put her head in her hands.

What the hell was she going to do? She'd centered her concerns about entering a relationship with Jamie around their age difference. However, last weekend had dispelled all those worries. They were compatible, they were well-suited.

"Grace."

She lifted her head, found Jamie leaning in the doorway, concern written on his face.

"Are you okay?" he asked.

She nodded once, then shrugged. "I haven't told Maddie about us."

He gave her a sad smile that proved he knew that fact. "Why not?"

"I don't know why not."

"Have you changed your mind about pursuing this?" He gestured his hand between them, pointing at her and at him.

"No." She shook her head.

"You think Maddie will be upset, disapprove?"

"No." She closed her eyes, aware she was repeating herself, offering him no answers. Hell, she didn't have any answers.

"Jesus, Grace. You gotta give me something here. I've missed you this week. Tell me what's wrong. Let's look for an answer."

"I care for you," she said, standing slowly. She knew the answer was vague and didn't even touch on the depths of her feelings for him.

He narrowed his eyes and she could see him waiting for the other shoe to drop. "That's good. I care for you too."

"I can't stand to lose someone again, Jamie. When Drew died, I felt like he'd taken a huge part of me with him. For months, I struggled to keep my head above the water, afraid I was going to drown in a sea of despair. I couldn't go down because of Maddie. She needed me."

"You've been using Maddie as an excuse to protect your heart, to avoid relationships—all these years." There was no question in his voice.

"I don't think I've been consciously doing that and definitely not the whole time, but yeah, the last couple of years, I think maybe I have been using my daughter as an excuse. I put Maddie and myself in a safe little bubble to protect us. To make sure we never experienced the pain we felt when Drew was taken from us."

"I can understand that pain, angel. I was devastated when Maura left. I'd honestly planned spending the rest of my life with her. She ripped out my heart when she walked out the door."

Grace nodded. "I know."

"I'm not letting the fear of feeling that pain again stop me, stop us." Jamie's face was determined, resolute. She let the strength of his convictions seep into her soul. If he was brave enough to try again, she could be too.

"I love you, Grace."

Tears sprang to her eyes. "I love you, too."

He stepped forward and she fell into his embrace. Wrapped her arms around his waist and pressed her cheek to his chest, listening to the wondrous sound of his beating heart. She was finished hiding her feelings—from him, from Maddie, from herself.

"You aren't the only one who's loved and lost, angel."

She nodded, recalling the months of pain he suffered after Maura left him. "I know that and I'm sorry. I'm sorry for hiding from you this week. For risking losing this."

Jamie kissed her. It was a hard, long, deep kiss that showed her just how much he'd missed her this week. She wrapped her arms around his neck and gave herself up to it, to him.

"Mom."

Grace jumped away from Jamie quickly. "Maddie." Her daughter was looking at her with confused eyes and Grace fought to still her shaking hands. "I thought you were catching a ride home with Jessica."

"Her car won't start. She's waiting for her dad to come look at it. I told her I'd just ride with you." Maddie looked from her to Jamie. "What's going on?"

"I can explain," Grace started, her throat suddenly dry with nervousness.

"Were you two just kissing?"

Grace could see Jamie nodding from the corner of her eyes and she fought against closing her eyes and groaning. She'd had all week to tell her daughter about her new relationship. Now, the truth had been revealed in an all-too-clear, far-too-abrupt fashion.

"Are you guys dating?"

Grace tried to read her daughter's face, her expressions, but her mind moved too sluggishly to comprehend anything other than the fact she'd just gotten caught making out with her daughter's softball coach in the back of her classroom.

"We, I mean, I, it's just that—" Grace stumbled to find the right words.

Jamie, of course, knew the right one. "Yes."

"Awesome," Maddie said. "Seriously freaking awesome." Her face broke into a huge grin as she rushed over to them. She high-fived Jamie, then turned, grabbing Grace up in a tight, unexpected hug.

"It is?" Grace asked weakly. "I mean, you don't mind?"

"Mind? Are you nuts? Why would you think that?"

Grace shrugged. "The last time I dated—"

Maddie frowned and interrupted her. "Last time? You've never dated anybody."

“That’s not true.” Grace put her hands on her hips. “Don’t you remember Bill? When you were in eighth grade?”

Maddie rolled her eyes and Grace tried not to grin at how much her daughter’s expression reminded her of herself. “When I was in eighth grade? Um, yeah, Mom. I sort of remember boring Bill. How long did that last? Like ten minutes?”

“We went on several dates and you made your feelings about him and the fact I was being unfaithful to your father perfectly clear.”

Maddie sucked in a deep breath and Grace cursed her stupid words. “Is that why you’ve never dated?” Maddie’s voice filled with hurt. “Because of me?”

Grace shook her head quickly. “Absolutely not. I didn’t mean what I said to sound that way.”

Jamie stepped forward. “Your mom was pretty messed up after your dad died, Mad. I think it’s just taken her awhile to get her sea legs again.”

Maddie seemed relieved and Grace was grateful for his interference. “I was devastated when your dad died. I don’t know how well you remember those days right after the car accident, but it was months before I felt like I could make it through a day without hovering on the verge of tears. By the time I pulled myself together, we’d established a routine. Our lives were stable and even happy. I convinced myself that was enough.”

“But it wasn’t?” Maddie asked.

Grace grasped her daughter’s shoulders, pulled her closer and looked her in the face. “It was enough. I cherish each and every day you and I’ve spent together. And I’m going to miss you so much when you leave for college.”

Maddie grinned. “So you and Coach?”

Jamie laughed. “You know, Mad, maybe when we’re not in school, you should consider calling me Jamie. Might be a little weird to call your mom’s boyfriend Coach.”

Maddie put her hands on her hips and studied Jamie with very new eyes. “Well, Jamie,” she said, her voice exaggerating his name, “I can tell you right now, you better not be messing with my mom. I have a wicked curve ball and I’d have no problem directing it at your head if you even thought of hurting her.”

“Maddie,” Grace chastised, but her comment was drowned out by Jamie’s loud hooting laughter.

Grace narrowed her eyes as she turned to see him doubled over with laughter. “What is so funny?”

“She not only looks like you, she is you. Jesus, it’s like you have your own personal mini-me.”

Grace looked over at her daughter before glancing at herself. They were both standing with their hands on their hips, haughty expressions on their faces. In unison, they rolled their eyes and gave in to their own laughter.

After several moments, Grace composed herself enough to speak again. “Maddie, you’re sure you’re okay with this?”

Maddie nodded. "I've been so worried about leaving, Mom. Leaving you here alone. Coach—I mean Jamie and you are perfect for each other. I always thought so, but you seemed to think he was too young for you."

"You don't think—"

Maddie shook her head emphatically. "Heck no, but I have a feeling every girl in the senior class is gonna hate you from now on. I mean Mr. Fisher is one of the hottest teachers in school."

Jamie wrapped his arm around Grace, giving her a squeeze. "Hear that, Grace? I'm hot. Told you so."

She elbowed him in the stomach as Maddie giggled.

"What do you say I take you two gals out for dinner and to a movie?" Jamie suggested.

"Sounds awesome," Maddie replied. "Can I pick the movie?"

Jamie pondered her request. "Will I like your choice?"

"No way. Chick flick."

He sighed, though Grace could detect a glimmer of humor in his eye. "What do you say to a challenge? Winner picks movie."

Maddie's interest was sparked. She'd clearly gotten her competitiveness from her father. "What kind of challenge?"

"Race you to the car?"

Maddie appeared to think about it before turning and racing toward the classroom door. "Deal," she yelled over her shoulder.

"Cheater," Jamie called out, turning back to Grace. "I love you," he said, giving her a quick kiss on the cheek. He took off and she laughed as he yelled back to her, "Meet you at the car."

Grace bowed her head, laughing to herself. Gathering up her stuff, she turned off the lights and locked the door. Life just suddenly got a lot more exciting—and a lot less lonely.

Epilogue

Grace laughed at Cheryl's comment about one of their school's more colorful students as Jamie ordered another round. They were back at Tully's, mourning the end of another summer. They'd survived the first week of the new school year and she had dropped Maddie off at college the weekend before. To say she needed this happy hour was putting it lightly. Empty nest syndrome had hit her like a freight train and it was taking all the strength in her body not to get in her car and go fetch her daughter home.

The only thing that had gotten her through the week was Jamie. They'd dated for nearly four months and every day simply got better. He'd spent a great deal of time with her and Maddie this summer, but he'd also left them plenty of time alone—knowing that once Maddie left for college, things would be different.

She'd felt like a teenager sneaking around for sex, but she simply couldn't bring herself to sleep away from home while Maddie was still there, despite the fact her daughter was old enough to know all about the birds and the bees. She also wasn't comfortable with him spending the night at her house, so they'd had to improvise. Grabbing a few stolen moments whenever they could. Even with their hit-and-run bedroom sessions, she wasn't sure she'd ever had so much incredible sex in her life. It was unbelievable how much the man could shove into a half hour here and there.

Jamie looked at her, then bent to kiss her.

Trey groaned. "Jesus. If I'd known you two would be so disgustingly happy when I set you up, I don't think I would have bothered."

Grace frowned. "You didn't set us up."

Trey winked at her, his face smug and she recalled the night they'd spent together months earlier. He'd had the same self-satisfied look that night too.

He must have seen the understanding dawn in her eyes and he leaned closer, whispering his next comment for her ears only. "You two were meant for each other. You just needed a little push in the right direction."

She turned her head discreetly and pressed a quick kiss on his cheek. "Thank you."

"My pleasure," he replied, his words proving exactly what kind of pleasure he meant and she laughed.

"Hey. Our song," Jamie teased when she heard the jukebox play the beginning strains of "Endless Love".

She feigned a shudder. "Ugh. Hate to break it to you, Jamie, but I'm not drunk enough to sing yet."

“Then dance with me.” He grasped her hand and pulled her to the small dance floor, wrapping her in his strong embrace. She wondered if the magic of being held by him would ever wear off. He hummed in her ear and she grinned, pulling back to look at him.

“How old were you when this song came out?”

He shrugged. “No idea. Probably in the cradle. My mom used to sing it to me when I was little. It was her favorite song for a while. My dad still teases her about it.”

“That’s nice.”

He bent down and nuzzled his face against hers. They danced in silence for a few moments. The song was nearly over when he shocked her by pulling away and dropping to one knee.

“Jamie?” The conversation at the surrounding tables slowly died when he took her hand.

“I love you, Grace Wright.”

Her heart sped up at his formal tone. Holy shit, he was proposing to her. Right in the middle of Tully’s at happy hour. In front of God and everybody. She was stunned and thrilled.

“You’re beautiful, kind, generous and funny. But I don’t want to spend any more happy hours with you. From now on, I only want happy years. A happy lifetime. Will you marry me, Grace?”

She blinked rapidly, fighting to stop the tears suddenly flowing down her cheeks. She nodded, swallowing hard, trying to find her voice. “Yes. I’ll marry you.”

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a ring, placing it on her finger. A loud cheer went up from their table of friends and as he rose, they were surrounded by The Cougar Club slapping Jamie on the back while Cheryl hugged her, the two of them laughing through tears.

“Gotta warn you, Gracie,” Trey said, coming over to kiss her on the cheek, “this sort of means a bachelor party in Vegas.”

She laughed, offering Trey a friendly hug. “I’ve heard all about your twisted stag party plans, so I’m warning you now—don’t lose my fiancé in Nevada or I’ll hurt you.”

Jamie came over, grinning widely as he wrapped his arms around her from behind. “Even if he did lose me,” he said, his lips brushing her ear, “I’d always find my way back to you. I love you, Grace.”

About the Author

Writing a book was number one on Mari Carr's bucket list and on her thirty-fourth birthday, she set out to see that goal achieved. Now her computer is jammed full of stories—novels, novellas, short stories and dead-ends and many of her books have been published. A winner of the Passionate Plume, Mari found time for writing by squeezing it into the hours between 3 a.m. and daybreak when her family is asleep and the house is quiet.

To learn more about Mari Carr, please visit www.maricarr.com or join her Yahoo! group to join in the fun with other readers as well as Mari Carr: http://groups.yahoo.com/group/Heat_Wave_Readers/join

Look for these titles by Mari Carr

Now Available:

Erotic Research
Tequila Truth
Because of You
Rough Cut
Learning Curves

Coming Soon:

Power Play

When the screen fades to black, all that remains is love.

Rough Cut

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A Black & White Collection Story

Ty Ransome. Reigning king of Hollywood, producer, actor, Look Magazine's Hottest Man Alive. He has it all—until he reads a book of short stories that touches him in places kept carefully hidden from the tabloid gossip mill. There's only one way to meet the introverted writer—invite her to Tinseltown to work on a script. The moment he sees her, he realizes why her work haunts him. There's something missing in his life, and it's her.

Gwen steps off the plane with reservations. For one thing, her darkly sexual stories are hardly movie material. Then there's Ty's reputation as a ladies' man. Yet she's won over by his charm and agrees to stay on for a week to get to know him before making her decision. And as the days go by, she discovers there's far more to Ty than a handsome face.

They eat, drink and breathe the characters in their screenplay, re-enacting scenes that delve into the BDSM realm, setting Ty free to unleash his powerful cravings and exposing Gwen's deepest needs. Needs she set free on paper...but is not sure she's ready to make a reality.

Warning: This title contains all the following Tinseltown essentials: explicit sex on a movie set, anal play in a mansion, BDSM with a hot movie star, capture fantasies while writing a screenplay, bondage in a limo, and, oh yeah, some graphic language—sorry about that.

Enjoy the following excerpt for Rough Cut

"Now this is the way I like to wake up," a deep voice said beside her.

Gwen opened her eyes, briefly surprised to find her face only inches away from Ty's. She blinked a few times to make sure she wasn't dreaming, then their nighttime conversation drifted back through her consciousness.

"You were supposed to stay on your own side." Her voice was gruff with sleep. As she came fully awake, she became aware of his hand lightly rubbing a bare bit of skin at her waist, beneath her T-shirt.

"So sue me." He leaned so close to her the only air she could feel was that of his soft breath on her cheek. His hand stopped caressing her waist and instead gripped it, pulling her even closer to him.

"I don't think this is a good idea," she whispered, despite the fact her hands were resting, unresisting, on his chest. She'd placed them there to push him away, but instead the traitorous things were exploring the rock-hard definitions of his pecs.

"I think a kiss in the morning is always a good idea."

"Just a kiss?" She cursed her sudden breathlessness.

“Just a kiss, Gwen.” She was shocked by her disappointment until he added, “for now.”

His lips brushed hers and her body shuddered at the impact. His mouth wasn't gentle, it wasn't easy. He took her lips with a roughness that proclaimed his possession. He took everything she offered with her lips and tongue and demanded more. His hands drifted up to her face, engulfing her cheeks in his firm grip, turning her head exactly the way he wanted it. His teeth nipped at her lower lip and she thought for a moment she heard him growl before his tongue plunged into her mouth, tangling with hers. She'd never been kissed like this in her life and the feeling was heady. It made her dizzy, giddy, reckless and she suddenly realized she wanted more. Hell, she wanted all.

She reached up and held his face to hers, twisting her fingers in his hair. He mimicked the action with her own long tresses and she was amazed by her reaction to his rough touch. Each time he pulled her hair, the sensation of pain flowed pleasurably down her body, causing her hips to flex, searching for relief. Her body felt as if he'd set it aflame and she found her reactions shockingly animalistic.

“Harder. Pull harder,” she begged and he responded in turn. His lips trailed along her face, his rough beard scratching her sensitive skin until he reached her ear. He bit her earlobe, pulling her hair at the same time and she cried out, her hips gyrating wildly.

His hard body came over hers as he took control of her wrists, dragging them above her head and holding them firmly in place with one of his hands. She sensed he knew what his actions were doing to her as he pressed his covered cock firmly between her legs, letting her feel the proof of the desire they shared. She wanted to scream at him to take off his pants and give her what she needed, but instinctively she knew he would refuse her.

“Shhh.” He tightened his grip on her wrists while planting soft, sweet kisses on her face. “Calm down, gorgeous.”

She was panting, frustrated, and she foolishly felt as if she were on the verge of tears.

He leaned back at the sound of her soft cry, the look on his face a perfect mixture of shock, awe and naked, red-hot desire.

He smiled as she struggled to regain composure, her body screaming for relief.

“I can see there will be no such thing as innocent kisses with you,” he said.

She blinked rapidly, determined he shouldn't see the tears threatening to fall. Christ, she was a fool.

“I-I, shit.” She struggled to free her hands. He released her and she pushed him away. He moved over easily and she realized she wouldn't have been able to budge him if he hadn't permitted it. She walked away from the bed, pressing her back against the wall for support.

“This is not, I mean, I don't—” She was gasping for air and her voice and her body betrayed her, shaking uncontrollably.

He sat up slowly and she knew he was deliberately keeping his movements unhurried lest he frighten her. “Gwen, you didn't do anything wrong.”

She wanted to laugh at the understatement of his words. He'd pulled her hair, held her down and she'd responded like a bitch in heat. He didn't think that was wrong, weird?

"I told you before, Ty. I want us to keep our relationship professional. Sex muddies the water. You know that."

"No, I don't think I do. Gwen, there's nothing wrong with admitting that we're attracted to each other sexually. Shit, I can't think of anything I want more than to tie your lovely body to that bed and bury myself between those hot thighs of yours."

"Stop it! Stop saying stuff like that. It isn't going to happen. Ever."

He scowled at her words and rose from the bed, crossing to where she stood, trembling. "Well, I think you and I are about to have our first disagreement."

He leaned toward her as she pressed her body flat against the wall. He caged her in, grasping her hands by the wrists once again and pressing them against the flat surface, just above her head. "You and I are most certainly going to have sex, Gwen. Hard, hot, incredibly intense sex and you're going to love every minute of it."

"You smug, conceited—"

"Pull your pants down," he said as he loosened his grip.

She wanted to deny him, wanted to drive her fists against his chest and tell him to get the hell away from her, but his deep voice, his demanding words spoke to the loneliest part of her soul and she felt as if she'd been sunk neck-deep in quicksand.

"Pull them down now," he repeated, his voice commanding. Clearly he expected her to comply. This was so wrong. God dammit, it was wrong. And yet her body felt alive for the first time ever.

She reached for the waistband of her pajama bottoms and she slowly shimmied the soft cotton over her hips. The material fell to her ankles and she stepped out of it, never taking her gaze off his determined face.

"Good girl," he murmured and she raised her hand to slap him for his condescending comment. He caught her wrist and pressed it against the wall. "You don't want to do that."

She closed her eyes in surrender and he released her hand.

His dominant actions, his powerful words, were truly soothing her weary soul, despite the fact her head was demanding she run away from him. Ty Ransome was the one man who could be her complete and utter downfall, yet rather than escape, she found herself relishing every touch, every word he offered.

The higher the stakes, the hotter the game.

Never Have I Ever

© 2010 Alisha Rai

Reynolds Pack, Book 1

Ana Hudson enjoys her picture-perfect marriage to the love of her life. Everything is pleasant, easy—and satisfying. Then an anonymous e-mail arrives filled with lurid pictures of Taylor's youthful exploits, leaving her wondering if she really knows him at all. More importantly...does she know herself?

Driven to uncover the truth and push the limits of their sexual boundaries, she convinces Taylor to arrange a weekend getaway to a friend's luxury cottage in the mountains. It's the perfect place to get her husband to spill his secrets—and show him there's a wealth of kinky fantasies hiding inside his good girl.

Taylor's spent years suppressing his animalistic side, hiding the not-completely-human DNA that once drove him wild. Except now his once quiet, reserved Ana has launched a campaign to destroy every inch of his hard-won control.

With the snowy wilderness containing his darkest memories surrounding them, and his old pack-mate dropping in to give them a few pointers, the sexual battle of wills gets fierce.

Let the games begin.

Warning: Contains a brooding, dirty-minded, not-quite-human hero, a sweet not-quite-good-girl heroine, a howling-hawt car ride up a mountain, a chase through the snow followed by an erotic adventure with sports equipment, oral sex, anal sex, and a M/F/M ménage scene that will leave you panting.

Enjoy the following excerpt for Never Have I Ever:

Taylor studied the shape of Ana's ass in the bright pink snowsuit she wore. It was a sad, sad day when the sight of the woman in a shapeless outfit drove him a little mad.

For the umpteenth time he cursed Eli's presence. His best friend had the absolute worst timing. Forget the fact that he'd been put outside like a naughty pup, when he could be snuggling with his wife on a wide leather sofa. With the other man here, he couldn't even try to communicate with her about their recent escapades...not that he had the slightest inkling of how to broach that subject.

You know that mind-blowing sex we had last night? Please don't let me fuck you like an animal anymore. We need to leave here, because I think this place is making me want to do things to you that aren't even entirely legal in some states. Oh, yeah, and I never told you, but I'm a—

Abort, abort. Don't think it. If you don't think it, it's not real.

That's right. The test wasn't over yet. He still had all day tomorrow to get his body and rioting hormones under control. Perhaps by then he'd also be able to figure out what was going on in his newly enabling wife's tricky brain.

“This fresh air is so bracing, isn’t it?”

Ana had to shout, and even then her voice was muffled by the ski mask on her face. His outfit wasn’t nearly so confining, but then, his body temperature was higher than hers. The wind had stopped howling, and there was a lull in the snow. A good foot or two of the stuff had built up on the ground from the night before. It was soft, perfect for—

A snowball hit him square in the face. He recoiled in instinct and then shook his head. Ana’s brown eyes behind her mask were alight with mischief and delight. “Whoops.”

“I can’t believe you just did that.”

“Hmmm.” She leaned over, picked up a handful of snow and packed it deliberately between her palms. He watched her, hands loose at his sides. She let it fly, and this time the powder hit him square in the chest and dissipated. “Do you believe it now?”

“You little...”

When he bent over to grab some snow, she squealed and began running away, but soon discovered snowshoes didn’t allow for much speed. She wasted precious seconds trying to get her feet out from them. He, who had far more practice with the shoes, took them off in record time. Still, he waited patiently in his boots.

She yelped again when she glanced over her shoulder and took in his ready stance, a snowball in each hand, and started to run back to the house.

“I’ll give you a ten-second lead,” he announced. He was feeling generous, after all, and she was slow and tiny compared to him. Still, he let the snowballs fly, watching as she ducked and they smacked into the ground near her.

“Sucker...” came her faint reply as she disappeared around a tree.

Taylor didn’t even bother to run, his strides eating up the ground, one step to every three of hers. The snow was so soft it was an easy matter to simply follow her footprints.

About ten feet into the woods, though, her footsteps stopped in front of a tree.

His eyes narrowed. He looked left, and then right. He even glanced up, but there was no Ana sitting up a tree. Not like she would have that much maneuverability with the bulky outfit on her. “Ana,” he shouted.

Nothing.

He listened, but unlike Eli and the rest of his family, his hearing wasn’t quite so superior.

His smell, though...

Taylor smiled grimly and inhaled, sorting through the scent of pine and smoke to find Ana’s uniquely feminine scent, overlaid by vanilla lotion.

Aaaaand, there she was. Hello, Ana.

He stepped around the tree, only then noticing the almost too-careful brushing of the snow. A smile spread across his face, both proud and amazed. Smart girl, dragging something behind her to keep her path hidden.

For someone who'd grown up in a crowded city, she'd just mightily impressed him.

He didn't bother walking anymore, but started running, his legs eating up the ground, following both her scent and the brushed path in the snow. He'd catch her soon.

She'd zigged and zagged well though, moving fast for a tiny human who was weighed down by winter clothes, boots and what appeared to be a tree branch. His admiration shot up another notch.

So did his lust.

When I find her...

He couldn't even formulate the words as he ran faster, as her scent became stronger. Images passed through his mind of her wearing a fragile peasant blouse and flimsy skirt. When he found her, he would rip her top off...

His strides lengthened. She'd gasp, but her body would conform to his, her mouth eating his as surely as he ate at hers. Sinking sweetly to her knees, she would open his rough trousers, take his cock out and suck it into her mouth. He'd control her motions with his hand on her head, making sure that she fucked him exactly as he wanted and needed it, and then he'd hoist her up against the side of a tree, rip her panties off and fuck her as she screamed and squirmed under his body. The rough bark would bite into his hands where he braced them, but he wouldn't care, would be unable to stop...

The sound of panting filled his ears, and it took him a second to realize it was him, his breathing coming mostly from arousal and not exertion.

Find your woman.

Fuck your woman.

The sentences became a never-ending loop in his head, reverberating through every cell in his body, commanding him, working him into a frenzy. He didn't even need to look at the disturbed snow—he could smell her, so close, so close, soclosesoclosesoclose...

He broke free from the stand of trees. Her ski suit made her into a target of puffy pink, small and defenseless in the huge backyard of the cottage. Like any good predator, he made sure she heard him too late. By the time she started to turn, he was in mid-leap. She could only get out a tiny squeak before he tackled her to the ground.

Somehow, though he was in his frenzied state, he managed to keep her landing soft, cradling a hand under her head so she wouldn't smack it against the snow, shifting his weight so he didn't land on her.

He kissed her, his desperation and need a living thing, uncaring that she still wore a ski mask, uncaring that she was bundled in layers of slick outerwear.

She kissed him back eagerly, but it was the cold lips under his that made him draw back, reason entering his mind for the first time since he'd caught her scent.

"Inside," he said roughly.

With the ski mask on, all he could see was her wild eyes and her lax, wet mouth. She grabbed him by the sides of his face and brought him down to kiss her again.

He complied, surprised and hard. Was she as excited by this chase as he was? It was the slight touch of wetness on his wrist where his glove had separated from his jacket sleeve that brought him back to the world.

"Too cold," he rumbled, and moved off her despite her grasping arms.

He hoisted her to her feet and glanced at the house. Eli was inside there.

Good. Make him watch you take her. Maybe he doesn't know yet that she's yours. Force him to admit it.

Taylor shook his head, trying to shove the vicious thoughts out. Images bombarded him again, even more dark and dirty, of Eli holding Ana still for his penetration. Fucking his wife's mouth while the other man ate out her cunt, both of them driving her wild with pleasure.

No! No. He'd never treat her like that.

"Taylor, please, fuck me here. I need you so bad."

The dirty word coming from his wife's sweet lips drove him even further into his dangerously borderline feral state. If she had had his higher body temperature, she probably could have easily been fucked into a snowbank, but she didn't. And he feared what would happen if he did take her to the house to find Eli there.

So he hoisted her into a fireman's carry, ignoring her yelp of surprise, and made way for the huge storage shed. Despite its humble name, the space was large and neat, and most importantly, it kept the cold out.

After he entered, he set her on her feet on the concrete floor and gave her a terse order. "Strip."

Never venture out of bounds without a buddy—preferably two.

Falling, Freestyle

© 2010 Vivian Arend

Dara's past four incredible years have been lived to the fullest. Along with her best friends, Kane and Jack, she's left no local wilderness unexplored, no ski slope unchallenged. Yet lately she wonders why they've never seen her as more than a buddy with breasts. When—or if—either man will cross that unspoken line.

It's a line Kane eyes harder every day. Since high school, he and Jack have shared everything. A condo, vacations—and their best girl. Kane's ready to get serious about his wilderness school and outfitter business, and that includes putting down roots. Preferably with Dara.

Wary of the men who've recently been sniffing around Dara, Jack has a growing sense that he or Kane better make a move soon, or they're going to lose out on their perfect match. Question is, who does she prefer...and who's going to bring their easygoing trio to an end?

Overhearing the boys arguing over her, Dara's floored—and torn. Choose between them? No way. Drastic measures are called for, a plan for their annual holiday getaway that will clarify her feelings once and for all—or lose everything in a sexual storm of whiteout proportions.

Warning: Old friends turned lovers can get into the most trouble—exhibitionism, bondage, spanking. Anal sex, oral sex, unauthorized use of ski safety harnesses, icicles in the hot tub... The author apologizes in advance for any melted monitors.

Enjoy the following excerpt for Falling, Freestyle:

Alpine Responsibility Code

Rule #5—Safety restraints must be used at all times.

Dara stood erect, her breasts like some kind of missile system. Cocked and fully loaded, they aimed forward, barely contained by the wisp of fabric on her skin. It was the sexiest thing she owned and she felt more naked in it than if Kane had insisted she come to dinner in the nude.

She'd packed the scanty lingerie with uncertainty. Heck, she'd bought it during her mad planning session for this getaway, trying to think of what the guys might find attractive. It wasn't her usual attire—having a string up her butt was not what she'd choose to wear most days. Besides, it was scary how much the shop had charged for mere inches of material.

It was all worth it when she saw the expression in Jack's eyes as Kane led her around the corner. His hands skittered over the utensils he was placing on the table.

“Oh sweet thing. Where have you been all my life?” He gave her one of his exaggerated winks.

Suddenly she was comfortable again. These were her buds, her “cuddle in the dark because there’s a lightning storm outside the tent” friends.

Her lovers as of an hour ago.

There was nothing to fear from them, not even clad in the most come-hither outfit in the world.

Kane seated her carefully, taking the chair on her right. Jack sat on her left and they all filled their plates with the pasta and aromatic sauce.

Jack placed a piece of bread on her plate and she wrinkled her nose. “Garlic bread?”

Kane pointed with his knife. “He made Caesar salad too. We’re all goners, so you’d better eat some in self-defense.”

“Garlic breath. Ugh. I guess we’re not planning on doing anything else tonight.”

The expression in Jack’s eyes shot down that idea immediately. Dara took a deep breath and turned her attention to the table. She couldn’t maintain his gaze, not yet. Not when he seemed to look straight through her and see what she really wanted.

Which wouldn’t be so bad if she knew herself.

Their lovemaking before supper had made it clear she was physically compatible with both the guys. Now she needed to concentrate on her real agenda. Who did she want the most, not just in the bedroom? Who did she have the best chance at forever with?

She reached for her fork and stopped in surprise. “Umm, Jack? The food looks great, but you forgot to give me any utensils.”

“Didn’t forget.”

Okay, now he was getting annoying. She pointed beside her plate. “Hello, nothing to eat with.”

His fingers encircled her wrist and tugged her arm toward him. Jack laid a thin black strap over her skin and smoothed the Velcro fasteners together. The band formed a loop around her wrist, like a sports-watch strap. A longer section, with a locking clip, extended five inches toward the floor. She stared at him in confusion, attempting to pull her hand back. He closed his fingers over the strap and trapped her in place.

Oh my God.

Kane cursed. “You just happened to have handcuffs in your luggage?”

Jack shook his head. “Safety harnesses from my skis.”

Dara’s head spun a little as her heart rate increased in a rush. Pure adrenaline shot into her veins and morphed into desire. The tiny scrap of lace between her legs grew instantly soaked. Jack’s pupils dilated as he steadily returned her gaze. He waited, his hand supporting hers and she knew he’d felt her tremble. She waited, willing the blood pounding through her limbs to slow enough she could stay vertical.

“Dara?”

Jack held out his other hand, a second restraint dangling from his fingers. His unspoken question hung in the air. Did she want this?

Hell, yes.

Slow, unsteady, she lifted her arm and offered her wrist. Kane swore quietly. Jack pressed a kiss to her palm, his gaze locked on hers. “Good girl.”

He fastened the second strap, then rose to his feet. She kept her gaze fixed on the table, sensing him walk behind her. Waiting for his touch. A hand landed gently on her shoulder and she shivered. He kissed her nape, brushing back her hair to whisper in her ear.

“There’s a flush over your whole body right now. Like a glow, lighting your skin. It’s going to make you more sensitive. Make every touch so much richer.”

He drew the back of a finger down her throat and over the upper swell of her breast. The way Kane had arranged her breasts in the supporting cups had forced the edge of her areolas to be visible at the top of the wispy fabric. Jack caressed, butterfly soft, along the dividing line between skin and material, and she swore her heart would explode.

His palms came to rest on her arms, slipping downward until he reached her wrists. Carefully he brought her hands together behind her back, looping the extra material around her lightly. The click of the clips locking together echoed in her ears louder than the blood roaring past.

A moan escaped. She was on fire.

Jack slid a finger inside the strap loops, testing the fit. “They aren’t tight, but you let me know the instant you want them off, understand?”

She nodded, unable to speak. If she truly wanted to escape she could slip free. It was the thought of being restrained that carried her into the fantasy.

Jack knelt and cupped her chin in his hand. He pressed his mouth to hers, his tongue stroking her lips—soft, teasing. When he drew back she would have followed and he brushed his knuckles past her cheek in a tender caress. “Later. Now we eat.”

Dara breathed out slowly as Jack regained his seat. She jumped lightly when a hand touched her right shoulder, Kane seeking her attention. His expression made her whimper, just a small sound of desire escaping as the hunger visible on his face twisted her insides.

“You have no idea what you are doing to me.” Kane’s words drove the need in her core even higher.

She caught a flash of his blue eyes before he kissed her as well, rough and thorough. Sucking the air from her lungs, his fingers tangled in her hair to hold their mouths together. She lost track of where she was, forgetting even that they were in front of Jack. The haze of excitement enveloping her grew until she attempted to clasp him back, and her arms wouldn’t budge.

Another burst of lust shot through her. Oh my God, the restraints. Whatever else happened this weekend, she was already more turned on than she’d been in her life.

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