

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS



FOOL
ME *Twice*
STEPHANIE ADKINS

ELLORA'S CAVE *Quickies*®

Fool Me Twice

Stephanie Adkins

Combine an art gallery in need of funding and a woman who's willing to do anything for her "owner" after being bought in a charity auction, and you've got one hell of a night to remember. But what happens when you end up owned by *two* men instead of just one? For Katelyn Davis, that makes a perfect situation even better.

Uninhibited and driven by lust, the three of them make it a night that none of them will soon forget.

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Fool Me Twice

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FOOL ME TWICE

Stephanie Adkins

Chapter One

Katelyn Davis put her hands on her hips and shook her head in amazement. How anyone could be productive in such a cluttered workspace was beyond her comprehension. Wads of notebook paper and sticky notes littered the desktop and continued in a trail along the floor to the overflowing wastebasket in the corner of the room. She couldn't even begin to count the numerous files that were scattered all around her. Moving four of them aside, she discovered a typewriter.

"Why is it every time I try to find a pen in your office it's like looking for a needle in a haystack?" she asked. "Did you even know you own a typewriter?"

Her coworker, Noah, gave her a lopsided grin before coming to stand beside her and swatting her playfully on the behind.

"I wondered what had happened to that thing," he murmured huskily in her ear.

When he wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her close, she tugged at him and tried unsuccessfully to loosen his grip.

"Noah, you know our deadline is tomorrow," she drawled. "We barely got our report done last week because you kept distracting me. We don't have time for this right now."

Ignoring her remark, he stepped behind her and grabbed on to her hips before roughly pressing his body against hers own. Even through his tailored slacks, she could feel the hardness of his cock at the small of her back, and instantly her breath quickened.

"That's never stopped us before," he reminded her. "I promise you'll have my full attention afterward."

Katelyn smiled as she relaxed in his embrace.

"I've heard that one before," she replied coyly.

He did have a point, though. It's not like it would be the first time he'd seduced her in the confines of his office. She didn't have enough fingers and toes to count the many opportunities they'd stolen over the past five months to get naked together while they were supposed to be working. If any of their coworkers knew what was going on behind his locked door, they never uttered a word of it.

When his strong hands traveled over her stomach and downward, she moaned softly. It would be useless to resist anyway. He was such an amazing fuck there was no possible way to say no, not that she ever would have. And the best part of it was that he came with no strings attached. The sex left them satisfied, and the revolving door left them happy. It was a win-win situation all around.

Moving her long brown hair to one side, Noah brushed his lips against her throat, and she swooned precariously on her feet when he left a trail with the tip of his tongue upward to her ear, where he nipped the lobe with his teeth.

"Did you lock the door?" she whispered, trying her best not to stammer.

He chuckled. "Don't I always?"

Steadily, he continued the downward path with his hands until he was able to slide them underneath her skirt. When he caressed her bare thighs, she rubbed her body against his earnestly, causing him to groan in return. His breath and his touch were so warm, and his cock was stiff and ready.

"Bend over," he commanded.

His demand left her trembling, and she was more than willing to comply. More than anything, Noah Langston was fully aware how much she loved being taken. No flowery words were expected or needed. She just wanted to be *fucked*, plain and simple.

Katelyn glanced down at the jumbled mess on top of his desk and furrowed her brow. "Where exactly?"

He laughed again in that deep, husky voice that resonated all around her, and within seconds he was pulling her backward into his leather desk chair. When she landed haphazardly on his lap, she gripped the armrests to keep from tilting over. The movement took her completely by surprise and left her reeling.

His hands were firm on her hips, and she whimpered when she felt his cock against her ass. Closing her eyes, she started moving on top of him, gyrating her hips in a slow and easy motion that made his breath quicken. Even through the layer of clothes that separated them, he felt *so* damn good. Plus, she knew all too well how capable he was of giving her every bit of satisfaction she craved.

"I'm going to own you tonight," he whispered heatedly against her back. "You'll have no other choice but to do everything I wish."

Confused, Katelyn opened her eyes and stopped moving.

"What do you mean?" she asked. When she tried to turn around and face him, he placed his hands on top of her shoulders to keep her still. Aggressively, he shoved her body down onto his, making her gasp.

"The auction," he replied, grinning broadly. "You're going to be my slave."

Katelyn groaned, but not from excitement. She had forgotten all about the annual fund-raising event that was supposed to take place that night at the local art gallery. Their company, along with two sister companies, came together each year to raise money for struggling organizations in their community, and this year the donations would be going toward the gallery across the street from their office.

Though not as grand as it once was, the gallery housed several pieces of stunning artwork from local painters and sculptors. The inner-city children and teenagers they'd helped the previous year had created several such pieces. Through their auction, they were able to raise thousands of dollars to keep their after-school programs going, including the various arts and sculpting classes. Now with the gallery in dire straits due to the dwindling economy, this year they would be donating their auction money to help. After all, the gallery owners were generous enough to showcase these children

who needed the exposure for their work. It was only fair that someone help them in return.

Though the single women were auctioned off to the highest bidder, it was all done in good taste, and the proceeds went directly to those who needed it. Each winner received a dinner date with his “prize”, and last year Katelyn had been stuck with old man Cleary, who worked downstairs in Human Resources. She had spent three mind-numbing hours listening to the wealthy widower talk about his children and grandchildren, while trying not to fall asleep in her coq au vin.

“If Douglas Cleary bids on me again, I’m running out of there screaming,” she remarked.

Noah leaned forward and rested his mouth against her back. The warmth of his breath made her squirm restlessly on top of him.

“He’s going out of town this weekend,” he assured her. Languidly, he slid his hands over her body before wrapping his arms around her waist and holding her close. “So this year you’ll be all mine.”

Katelyn closed her eyes again as his fingers left a tantalizing path over her stomach and down toward her skirt. When he pulled it up over her thighs, she propped her feet up on the side of his desk and opened her legs wide to accept him.

“We’re skipping dinner and going straight to my house, where I can fuck you like you deserve to be fucked,” he said.

Just the thought made her quiver. When he nestled his hands between her legs, she moaned softly the moment his fingers touched her panties.

“You’re not even going to feed me first?” she teased.

Noah moved his fingers slowly over the thin fabric and her breath caught when he brushed them against her clit.

“That will have to wait,” he murmured.

With their bodies so close together, she could feel his muscles tensing beneath his shirt with every movement he made, and while he caressed her swollen lips, she heard his breathing intensify.

“But what if you’re outbid?” she asked. “And what if this other man wanted to do more than just take me out to dinner?”

She clutched the armrests tighter. As usual, his motions were calm and methodical to the point of being maddening. Even knowing someone could knock on the door and interrupt them any second never fazed him. He always took his time and refused to be rushed.

“Would you let him?” he questioned.

While he stroked her pussy through the silk, she moved her hips in sync with him. His ragged breaths were hot against her back, and his cock steadily throbbed hard beneath her.

“It depends on who it is,” she answered honestly. There weren’t many men in the company who she considered a turn-on, but there were a few she would say yes to in a heartbeat.

His deep laugh sent a chill coursing down her spine, and she inhaled sharply when he slipped his hand inside her panties and began rubbing her clit in a heady circular motion that made her groan.

“Then he’d just have to share you with me.”

Katelyn smiled at his remark. “You’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

For a long moment, he never said a word, and when he suddenly slipped two fingers inside her pussy, she gasped and rose a couple of inches off his lap. Digging her crimson fingernails into the chair, she tilted her head back and tried to keep from grinding her teeth together.

“Depending on who it is, you might end up having to share me too,” he murmured.

Katelyn licked her lips excitedly as the thought crossed her mind. Though he spent most of his time dating women, it wasn't a secret to those who knew him that he dated men on occasion too. And even though she'd never seen him intimate with another man, it was something she'd fantasized about often, and he knew that.

"Noah," she cooed. "Oh, that feels good."

While she struggled to breathe normally, he continued with his calculated strokes until she was squirming so frantically on top of him he had to wrap his arm around her waist to keep her from sliding to the floor.

"Kate," he soothed. "Slow down, baby."

Biting down on her bottom lip, she inhaled deeply to try to calm her racing heart, but it was no use. With every caress, she could feel a release steadily trying to claw its way out of her body, and she needed to move faster to get there.

"I can't," she panted. "I want you to fuck me. *Please.*"

Still, he never made a move.

"Not yet," he whispered. "I want to watch you come first."

His voice was low and hoarse and had a hypnotic effect over every inch of her body. When he eased up on his strokes, she grunted and moved her hips quickly to spur him onward again, but instead he held on tighter to her waist, forcing her to stop. His grip was strong and powerful and left her whimpering in his embrace. Only when she was able to relax did he begin rubbing her clit again, slow and easily.

"To answer your question," he began. "I would love to see someone else fucking this sweet pussy of yours."

His reply didn't come as a surprise. It was something they'd talked about often.

"Like who?" she asked him.

He didn't answer right away, as if he was pondering over her question.

"Mr. Dorian," he said.

That response didn't come as a shock either. She'd already confessed to Noah several times how much she would love to get the president of the company in bed. She could almost picture it in her mind, and it sent a shiver rushing from the top of her head straight down to her toes.

Even though he was married, that never stopped Mr. Dorian from seducing other women in the company. Overhearing those women talk about what a great fuck he was only increased her curiosity even more. Still, no matter how much she wanted to, she couldn't bring herself to flirt with a married man. Even she had her limitations, though they were very far and few between.

"What a sight that would be," Noah continued. "Seeing you with your beautiful legs spread open and his cock sliding in and out of your wet pussy while you beg for more."

"Yes," she growled. "Oh..."

He loosened his grip around her waist so she could start moving again. Her body was on fire and the heat in the room kept intensifying until she could do nothing more than pant.

"Make yourself come for me," he whispered huskily.

He didn't have to ask her twice. She needed to come. She *had* to come before her body threatened to explode from the tension. While he glided his fingers in and out of her pussy, she pressed her fingers to her clit and immediately began rubbing it with a fierceness that shocked them both. The faster she moved, the harder Noah would shove his fingers inside her until they were both gasping for air.

"Yes..." she groaned.

With her eyelids squeezed tightly together, she pictured Mr. Dorian crouched above her, pounding her pussy hard and fast. She was moaning with him, digging her fingernails deep into his back and urging him to make her come. She could feel Noah's eyes on them as he watched from a secluded corner of the room, and the images that raced through her mind carried her swiftly toward the edge. With her orgasm getting

closer, Noah reached up with his other hand and covered her mouth loosely to keep her from yelling.

"That's it," he murmured heatedly against her skin. "Come for me, Katelyn."

Pushing her feet into the desk and her back against Noah, she focused intently and quickened her strokes. As her stomach muscles began to constrict, she gripped the armrest securely and held on. When he thrust his fingers deep inside her pussy and kept them there, the convulsions finally began to take over.

Katelyn trembled violently in his arms, and Noah clasped her mouth and muffled each moan and cry that threatened to give them away. Squeezing her legs together, she tried to subdue the jolts that charged through her body, but it was useless. The intensity was too great. All she could do was force herself to breathe and wait for it to stop. Once it did, she collapsed, weakened, in Noah's arms. When he turned her sideways in his lap, she put her head on his shoulder and breathed in the woodsy scent of his cologne and smiled.

"Feel better?" he asked softly.

Cupping his chin in her hand, Katelyn turned his head so she could look into his eyes. Leaning in close, she kissed him gently before gliding the tip of her tongue along his parted lips. He moaned.

"Not yet," she replied. "I want you."

But before she could kiss him again, Noah removed her from his lap and made her stand in front of him.

"Not right now," he said as he adjusted her panties and pulled her skirt back down. "You're going to have to wait until tonight when I win you at the auction."

Katelyn's mouth dropped open and she shook her head fiercely.

"Oh no you don't," she remarked. "You're not going to get me all worked up and then not fuck me."

When she reached for the button on his slacks, Noah grabbed her hands and laughed out loud.

"No, I mean it," he replied with a devilish grin. "I want you all hot and bothered, so when I win you tonight you'll be ready and willing to do whatever I wish."

Katelyn groaned in frustration and stomped her feet. "Have you ever known me *not* to do whatever you wanted?"

He laughed again and stood up. His cock still strained against his slacks, but when Katelyn licked her lips and attempted to rub her palm against it, he stopped her by clutching her wrist.

"You've got a point," he said, leaning in so close that their lips were mere inches apart. "But you're still going to have to wait."

Before she could object, he stunned her by crushing his lips to hers own and kissing her so urgently, it left her limbs shaken and her knees wobbly. When he coaxed her lips apart with his tongue, she accepted him willingly. It was passionate and rough and just what she needed. After several minutes, when he finally released her, she stumbled and held on to the side of his desk to keep from crumbling to the floor. For a moment she wondered if she had stopped breathing.

"Tonight you're mine," he stated adamantly as he cradled her head in his hands. Katelyn moaned. His breaths were raspy and hot against her face. "Promise me you'll do whatever I ask of you."

Her hands trembling, Katelyn held on to his arms to keep from swooning, and nodded.

"I promise."

* * * * *

The art gallery was packed to overflowing when Katelyn made her way through the front double doors later that evening. It had been an agonizing afternoon. Though she'd been tempted to get herself off while taking a shower, she had resigned herself to wait it

out, but the tingling was still there and mocked her every time she took a step. The longer she had to wait for Noah to make good on his bid, the more unbearable it became. Hopefully the auction would be over with quickly.

All the single women and men within the three companies, and there were far too many to count, were mingling in the center of the expansive showroom, and Katelyn scanned the room quickly in search of Noah, but he was nowhere to be found. Several men smiled her way as she walked about the room, and she returned their advances with a coy smile of her own. Though she spotted a few who caught her eye, she continued looking for the one who would be her “master” for the evening. The thought made the heat rush to her cheeks and she looked down quickly before anyone noticed.

Soft music streamed from hidden speakers and several waiters were breezing through the room, passing out glasses of champagne from trays they carried expertly atop one hand. From across the room she spotted her boss, Mr. Dorian, and her cheeks flushed crimson once again as she thought back to her morning spent with Noah behind his locked office door. His clueless wife, as usual, stuck to his side like glue, but that didn’t stop him from eyeing every woman who passed by.

“Katelyn Davis,” came an animated voice from behind her. “My, don’t you look stunning this evening.”

She shuddered. She would recognize that voice anywhere, especially after having it droned in her head for three hours straight. *Douglas Cleary*. Noah had been wrong about him leaving town. Inhaling deeply, she forced a smile before turning around to greet him. As soon as she did, the aging gentleman reached out for one of her hands and brought it to his lips.

“Mr. Cleary,” she said. “How have you been?”

She kept smiling and tried to act genuinely interested. He was honestly a sweet man, but the thought of him bidding on her again made her want to cry. As wealthy as he was, there was no way Noah would be able to outbid him. It would be hopeless to even try. The man had more money than God. The only reason he worked was to keep

himself busy and away from his house, which he'd told her had become increasingly lonely since his wife passed away three years prior.

"I've been doing wonderfully, my dear," he replied. "It's a shame we don't get to see each other more often, especially since we work in the same building."

Katelyn nodded and tried to remove her hand from his, but he held on with a viselike grip.

"Maybe we can get together for lunch sometime," she said with false enthusiasm. She wanted to kick herself for suggesting it, but maybe it would appease him for a while.

When he gazed around the room and leaned forward, she held her breath to avoid choking on the strong aroma of his cologne that wafted past her nose.

"You'll have to forgive me, Katelyn," he whispered. "But I've been seeing someone secretly for the past couple of months, and I promised her I would be taking her out to dinner tonight, so I won't be able to bid on you this time."

Katelyn did her best to hold in her shout of relief and gave him a mock pout instead, which seemed to satisfy him.

"Who's the lucky woman?" she inquired, glancing about at the numerous single women in the large room. For the life of her, she couldn't imagine him dating any of them. Most of them were in their late twenties to mid-thirties, but there were a few older women to choose from.

"You'll find out soon enough," he answered with a wink. "But I guarantee whoever wins you tonight is going to be one lucky man. I'm just sorry it can't be me."

His sincerity made her feel guilty over the giddiness she felt about not being on his list of priorities for the evening. When he kissed the back of her hand one last time, she stood on her tiptoes and returned a kiss to one of his withered cheeks, which made him smile.

"She's one very lucky woman too," she whispered back.

When he released her hand and turned to go, she smiled again as she watched him walking away. Hopefully whomever he bid on tonight would give him the happiness he deserved.

"There you are!" came a voice from close by.

Before she could turn around, a pair of strong hands grabbed her hips from behind, startling her.

Noah.

"Are you ready to be my slave?" he murmured low in her ear.

When a chill raced up her spine and caused her to shiver, he chuckled and drew her close to his body, but discreetly enough so that no one around them would notice.

"More than you'll ever know," she replied.

When he let her go, she turned around to face him, and she grinned with satisfaction when his eyes grew wide as they roamed over her body.

"Wow..." he remarked. "You look amazing."

It was the reaction she'd hoped for all afternoon. After trying on several dresses, she'd settled on a short black one that was cut low in the front and back. Her long hair was pulled up and stylishly coifed, giving a perfect view of her cleavage. A pair of small diamond earrings and a matching pendant necklace, along with black high heels, completed the ensemble.

"So do you," she said, admiring his suit and tie.

Mr. Acton, the owner of the gallery, took his place behind the podium and tapped on the microphone. He announced that the women participating in the auction should go to the opposite corner of the room to receive a number and begin lining up.

Katelyn gave Noah a knowing wink before slipping away and retrieving a number from the elderly woman handing them out. After she pinned it to her dress, she followed the other women who had begun forming a line on the second story. When their number was called, they would have to make their way down the staircase,

stopping halfway for the bidding to begin. All the single men taking part in the auction were busy hustling for one of the many chairs that dotted the center of the massive room.

Katelyn winced. With the dozens of women who lined the hallway on the second floor, it would take forever for her number to be called. Hopefully Noah wouldn't give up waiting by then.

When everyone took their seats, Mr. Acton gave a short speech of gratitude and made a couple of remarks that had everyone laughing, but from her spot upstairs she could barely hear what was being said. Once he finished and the line started moving, her heart began to race. Even though she'd already participated in three of these events, it always excited her, and knowing what was going to be on the receiving end of this one was enough to make her knees wobble.

She could faintly hear the bidding that was taking place, but apparently they were bringing in a lot of money by the raucous round of applause coming from the throng of partygoers. As she drew closer, she could distinctly hear the numbers being called out.

"Five hundred!" came one masculine voice.

"Six hundred!" shouted another.

The women who stood around her, especially the younger ones, were giggling and chattering nonstop, which tended to drown out everything else. Rolling her eyes, she moved away from them to a spot closer to the staircase. Still, within the walls of the hallway, there was no way to see who was doing the actual bidding. She could hear much better, though.

"Eight hundred... SOLD!"

More applause filled the air, along with some whistles and catcalls. The next number was called and another woman disappeared out the door leading to the stairs. Only four more and it would be her turn. Katelyn put her hand over her heart and took a couple of deep breaths. For a moment she panicked. What if someone outbid Noah? What if she got stuck again with someone old enough to be her grandfather?

Katelyn shook her head to clear her thoughts. *It's for a good cause, Katelyn. It doesn't matter who wins.* Still, she had looked forward to an evening with Noah all afternoon. She couldn't deny that not being able to do so would be upsetting.

"Number thirty-two!"

Mr. Acton's voice bellowed down the hallway and someone close by nudged her, interrupting her train of thought. She jumped. It was her turn.

Smoothing the front of her dress with her hands, Katelyn squared her shoulders and made her way to the door. When she stepped through it, she scanned the room quickly for Noah and found him in the second row up front. Several men whistled while he grinned widely and winked at her. Katelyn held on tight to the banister to keep from tripping over her own feet. When she got halfway down the stairs, she stopped and waited.

"Number thirty-two," Mr. Acton repeated. "Now who wouldn't want to take this striking young woman out to dinner?"

Katelyn blushed.

"We'll start the bidding at three hundred dollars," he spoke into the microphone.

Immediately a hand went up, but it wasn't Noah's. Her heart pounded, but he didn't seem fazed in the least bit. She looked toward the man who'd raised his hand, and she winced when she saw it was Justin McCloud, an arrogant jerk from Accounting who'd asked her out several times. She'd always politely turned him down, but unfortunately she wouldn't be able to now if he ended up winning.

"Do I hear four hundred dollars?" Mr. Acton inquired.

Another man besides Noah raised his hand. "Four hundred!"

Katelyn thought for sure she was going to be sick. Squinting her eyes, she glanced toward the back rows to see who had spoken up, and she felt more at ease when she saw it was Noah's good friend, Marcus Riley. Now *him* she didn't mind bidding on her. If Noah was to be outbid, she'd much rather go out with Marcus than Justin.

"Five hundred!" Justin retorted.

Mr. Acton pointed to him and smiled while she stood by and fought back the panic. *God, PLEASE not Justin.*

"I have five hundred. Do I hear six hundred?" he asked.

Katelyn looked at Noah and silently willed him to *do* something. He was much too calm while her heart was about to explode inside her chest.

"Six hundred!" he finally called out.

Thank God.

From the back of the room, Marcus raised his hand again. "Seven hundred!"

Katelyn gasped, along with several others. Noah turned in his seat to see who was outbidding him, and she noticed right away how his demeanor changed. When he spotted who it was, he quickly turned back around, crossed his arms haughtily over his chest and scowled. "Eight hundred!"

He was going to lose. She could feel it. Justin frowned and lowered his head when Mr. Acton called for nine hundred dollars, and for a brief moment she was thankful that at least *he* was finally silenced.

"Nine hundred dollars!" Marcus yelled over the crowd.

People began to glance curiously back and forth between him and Noah, while Katelyn waited in breathless anticipation of what was going to happen next. Even Mr. Acton was fascinated. Noah shook his head furiously and her heart sank. The way he clenched his jaw, she could tell he was angry over his friend trying to trump him.

"One thousand dollars!" he shouted.

The tension in the room became unbearable. As much as she wanted him to win, she hated for him to spend so much money on her, even if it *was* for a good cause. The others in the room whispered amongst themselves and pointed between Noah and Marcus, which didn't help matters. The room was suddenly charged with energy.

"Eleven hundred!" Marcus counterbid.

Katelyn sucked in her breath, along with almost everyone else in the room. She gazed longingly at Noah, but he put his head down and slumped his shoulders.

NO! Please do something!

But he never said a word. When he raised his head, she saw the defeated look in his eyes and she winced. This couldn't be happening. Not after she'd been looking forward to their evening *all* day long.

"Eleven hundred! Going once...going twice..."

Katelyn continued staring at Noah and waited anxiously for him to say something.

"SOLD to the gentlemen in the back!" Mr. Acton bellowed.

Katelyn did her best to act enthused while the crowd broke into a deafening round of applause, but it was difficult to do. It was over and now she had to leave with someone else. As she slowly made her way down the steps, Mr. Acton met her at the bottom and held out his hand to assist her. She took it and gave him a forced smile while the men in the room continued to whistle and carry on.

When she walked the center aisle toward Marcus, he left his seat and met her halfway, extending an arm for her as they made their way to the adjoining room where he would officially "buy" her for the evening. He made small talk as they stood in line behind the other couples, but she was distracted and caught only bits and pieces of it. Mr. Cleary walked past them on his way out the door with a beautiful woman who looked to be in her late forties or early fifties. When Katelyn caught his eye, he gave her a wink and grin, and she smiled genuinely for the first time since the auction began.

"I hope you don't mind, Katelyn," Marcus said. "But instead of going to a restaurant, I'd love to cook dinner for you myself if that's all right with you."

His request caught her attention, and she finally focused on him. He was tall, much like Noah, but where Noah had blue eyes and a pale complexion, Marcus' hazel eyes were a deep contrast to his ebony skin. They were both lean and muscular, though, and their voices were very similar in their depth and huskiness.

Katelyn gazed up at him and smiled. "I'd like that."

Truthfully, she *would* much rather be secluded in his house than have to go out in public when her heart wasn't in it. Plus, the thought of him cooking intrigued her, especially since Noah had mentioned several times what a great cook he was. She couldn't even remember the last time a man had cooked a meal for her.

Katelyn looked over her shoulder in the direction where Noah had been sitting, but his seat was now empty. When she scanned the room, he was nowhere to be found. More than likely he'd gotten angry and left. With a resigned sigh, she turned her attention to Marcus and tried to remain positive so as not to ruin his evening. After all, the man was about to shell out eleven hundred dollars just to spend time with her. She would hate for him to regret his decision.

Several minutes later, when at last they made their way to the front of the line, Katelyn tried not to gasp out loud when he pulled a wad of one-hundred-dollar bills from his wallet. The woman taking up the money appeared just as stunned.

Marcus, on the other hand, didn't seem daunted by it in the least bit. After retrieving her coat and purse from the doorman, they made their way outside into the cold night air. Katelyn winced when a frigid gust of wind hit her full-force and bit into her skin.

"Did I also mention I have a huge fireplace in my den?" he chuckled.

Katelyn laughed with him and she shivered from more than just the breeze when he suddenly wrapped a strong, protective arm around her waist. The movement caught her by surprise and left her breathless.

"Now let's go get you warm," he said softly, hugging her close to his side.

Not trusting herself to speak, Katelyn nodded and fell in step beside him as they walked to his car.

Chapter Two

Katelyn sat on Marcus' leather sofa and watched as he knelt in front of the brick fireplace and stacked logs inside it. The house was already warm and toasty, but if he wanted a roaring fire too, then she wasn't about to complain, especially since she had such a perfect view of his back end.

Transfixed, she admired the way his biceps flexed as he picked up each log, and when he struck a match and leaned forward, her breath caught when she noticed the fine definition of his sculpted cheeks inside his dress slacks. Clearing her throat, she swallowed hard and tried not to choke. Within minutes, the fire glowed and Katelyn closed her eyes and enjoyed the warmth that radiated from it.

His home was big, but not in an overwhelming way. It had a comfortable, masculine feel to it, and it was much cleaner than most of the bachelor pads she'd been in, which surprised her.

"Why don't you come stand beside me?"

Katelyn opened her eyes to find him standing in front of the fireplace, holding out his hand for her to join him. She smiled at him and got up on shaky legs, praying fervently she wouldn't trip and make a fool of herself before she made her way over to him. When she took his hand, a rush of heat surged through her body, almost knocking her over. He was *so* hot, and not just from the fire. She expected him to let go, and when he didn't, her heart began to pound.

It wasn't like her to be so nervous around another man. She'd been with many men in her life and normally she was the one taking control, but with Marcus standing beside her, larger than life, she felt very small and powerless. It wasn't a bad feeling though. Actually, it was kind of exciting.

"Feeling warm now?" he asked.

As she gazed into his hazel eyes, she tried to come up with something intelligent to say, but all she could focus on was the shape of his mouth and the heat from his touch that steadily coursed through her veins.

"V-very warm," she stammered.

When he turned to face her and reached up to cradle her head in his hands, Katelyn held her breath. He leaned forward and pressed his lips to hers but there was no gentleness like she expected. From the moment their lips touched, his kiss was fiery and passionate and left her reeling. Urgently, he coaxed her lips apart, and when his tongue darted inside her mouth, Katelyn moaned and grabbed hold of his shirt to pull him closer.

Everything was happening so fast, but she didn't mind. She welcomed it. When he slid his hands down her back, she groaned and kissed him harder. As their tongues lashed together, she dug her fingernails into his sides and held on tight. She couldn't get close enough. Just when she felt like she would crumble to the floor, he held her head in his hands again and pulled away from her. Instantly her body mourned the loss of warmth. Their breaths were raspy and she could feel him quivering. When she tried to kiss him again, he kept her still and in her place. Her body tingled and it was hard to stand.

"Do you think Noah will forgive me for stealing you away from him tonight?"

Before she could answer, a deep voice from behind them resonated through the den and made her jump almost completely out of her skin.

"Why don't you ask him yourself?"

Noah.

Marcus released her, and Katelyn whirled around to find Noah propped against the door frame, smiling like a kid who'd gotten his hand caught in the cookie jar. Bewildered, she looked at Marcus again, only to discover him smiling too.

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

Noah left his stance in the doorway and walked over to join them by the fireplace. Unlike before, he didn't seem angry or in the least bit upset. Confused, she gazed back and forth between the two of them, hoping one of them would eventually come forth with some answers.

"I told you I would own you tonight," Noah replied calmly.

Katelyn moved away from them both and shook her head in confusion.

"But you didn't win me," she remarked. "Marcus outbid you."

When they looked at each other and grinned, she put her hands on her hips and waited patiently for an explanation. Finally, Noah stepped forward. As he smiled down at her, he cupped her chin in his hand and softly traced her bottom lip with the tip of his thumb. The gesture made her shiver.

"We both own you," he admitted.

Katelyn furrowed her brow and looked up at him skeptically.

"I don't understand," she admitted.

Noah leaned in close and very delicately kissed her lips. The unexpected, gentle gesture made her hands tremble.

"You forget how well I know you, Kate," he began seductively. "It excited you, seeing how much both of us wanted to claim you – didn't it?"

Kate thought back to the moment when the bidding had begun, and she smiled shyly when she remembered how anxious she'd felt as she'd watched the two of them battling back and forth to win her.

"I could see it in your eyes—the thrill, the uncertainty," he murmured. "I knew what you were thinking."

Noah's breath was warm and provocative against her lips, and when he stuck out his tongue and languidly glided the tip of it across her lips, she grabbed on to his arms to keep from faltering.

"Marcus and I have talked about it before—what it would be like for both of us to have you at our mercy at the same time," he continued. "So we pooled our money for the auction—and now we'll get to find out."

The calm assuredness in his voice sent another chill racing along her spine.

At first she couldn't believe it, but when Marcus nodded his head in agreement, she knew he was telling the truth, and his confession left her speechless.

"So I too own you tonight, Katelyn, and don't forget you promised to give whatever I wanted," Noah reminded her. "This is what I want."

When she knit her brow in confusion, he leaned forward and kissed her very lightly on the cheek before nuzzling his mouth against her ear.

"I want to watch you get fucked," he whispered.

Her knees buckled, and she grasped on to him tighter to keep from falling down. He looked over his shoulder, and within seconds Marcus was by his side.

"Give me what I want," Noah murmured, "and I'll give you what you've been wanting too."

She looked back and forth between the two again, unsure of what he meant. Everything was coming together so quickly, and it was leaving her baffled and disoriented. Before she could question him further, he stunned her by turning to Marcus and kissing him passionately on the lips. It was the first time she'd seen him kiss another man, and it took her breath away.

Mesmerized, she watched their tongues dip inside each other's mouths, and when they groaned in unison, she bit down on her bottom lip to keep from doing the same. She was so close to them both she could feel the warmth of their breath against her skin, and when they moaned deeply into each other's mouths, she quivered.

Once they stopped, Noah looked at her and smiled before bending his head to brush his lips against hers. His breathing was still labored and when he released her

mouth and softly caressed her cheeks and forehead with his lips, she closed her eyes and lost herself in the slow-burning ember that encompassed her whole body.

“Will you do this for me, Kate?” he asked.

When she opened her mouth and tried to utter something coherent, he stopped her by tracing her parted lips with the tip of his tongue and rendering her speechless. The impact from it racked her body and made her moan. Opening her eyes, she stumbled slightly when he suddenly let go and walked away. When he disappeared into an adjoining room, Katelyn gave Marcus a questioning look, but he simply smiled and put an arm around her waist to lead her back to the fireplace.

Seconds later, Noah reappeared, and in his hands he carried a box of condoms, a clear bottle of lube and a small handheld vibrator. When he set them down on the floor at their feet, her pulse raced wildly out of control.

Marcus moved to stand behind her while Noah began undressing in front of them. Yet he wasn't close enough to touch, and Katelyn licked her lips excitedly as she watched him take off each piece of clothing and discard them to the floor. Marcus' hands roamed over her back and hips, and when he held her close and rubbed his body against hers, she whimpered when she felt his cock press hard into her lower back.

When Noah stood naked before them, she reached out to touch him, but he stepped away from her and sat down in one of the oversized leather chairs by the fireplace. Propping his feet up on the large matching ottoman in front of him, he grinned like a Cheshire cat while he watched them. To add to her torment, he put one of his hands around his cock and began stroking it slow and easily. The way his fingers glided up and down over the protruding veins made her swallow hard past the lump in her throat, and it was difficult to concentrate.

“Take your hair down,” he ordered.

While Marcus unzipped the back of her dress, she pulled the two pins that had been holding her hair in place. When her long brown tendrils fell in waves around her shoulders, she heard both of them suck in their breath.

“Leave on the jewelry and heels,” Noah commanded hoarsely.

With his hands under the thin straps, Marcus pulled the dress off her shoulders and then down over the rest of her body, leaving it to crumble into a heap on the floor. After unhooking the front closure on her bra, he quickly removed it and cupped her breasts, kneading the hardened tips aggressively between his fingers. She could hear each ragged breath he took, and when she ground her body against his, he squeezed her nipples harder and growled low and deep in her ear.

Moving his hands to her waist, Marcus turned her toward the fireplace and Katelyn put her hands on the hearth, afraid if she didn’t she would end up falling to the floor beside her dress. When Marcus forced one of his knees between her legs, she opened them wide while Noah sat by and smiled with satisfaction.

The heat from the fire enveloped her body, but it wasn’t a scorching heat. It resembled a slow-burning cinder that smoldered provocatively just beneath her skin, eagerly waiting to ignite and set her blood on fire. Stealing a glance over her shoulder at Marcus, she caught him removing his shirt. The sculpted definition of his chest and stomach muscles made her ache to touch them, but before she could, he dropped to his knees behind her.

“That’s it,” Noah murmured. “Taste her.”

Katelyn gasped long before Marcus did anything. Just the thought of him putting his mouth anywhere on her body was almost enough to send her spiraling out of control. Hooking his fingers around the elastic of her panties, he pulled them down slowly over her hips and legs while Noah sat by and continued pumping his hand over his cock as he watched.

Once her panties were discarded alongside her other clothes, she waited anxiously for Noah to take her in whatever way he wanted. When he kissed the backs of her thighs and rubbed them with his hands, she whimpered and dug her nails into the hearth. His mouth was hot against her skin and her body was wound so tightly. While

he languidly made his way up her legs, she did her best not to tremble so violently that he wouldn't be able to hold on to her.

It was difficult to do.

Kneading her buttocks in his hands, he spread them apart and slipped his tongue between them, taking her by surprise and making her jump. Along the valley of her ass he licked, stopping every so often to jut the tip of his tongue inside her hole before sliding it down toward her pussy where he lapped and sucked greedily.

"Yes..." she moaned. "Oh, that feels good."

She could hear Noah's breathing escalate as she gyrated her hips and rocked her body slowly up and down over Marcus' tongue. It was a mind-bending sensation that left her craving more, and like an animal in heat, she quickened her pace until she was madly shoving her body against his tongue, driving herself closer and closer to climaxing.

When he stopped abruptly and pulled her down onto the carpet with him, it left her stunned and reeling. While she struggled to catch her breath, he stood up, unbuttoned his pants and took them off, along with the rest of his clothes. As soon as his massive cock sprang free of its restraints, Katelyn crawled over to him and wrapped her hands around it. My God, but he was big. The veins bulged along the length of it and the crown was engorged. The way it pulsed in her hands made her breath quicken and she immediately stuck out her tongue and rolled the tip of it over and under the swollen head. When he tangled his hands in her hair and groaned, her pulsed raced and she moved faster. The way he filled her mouth felt *so damn good*. Even though she couldn't take all of him inside, she took as much as she could, while he gripped her hair and guided her motions.

"Katelyn," he groaned repeatedly.

Hearing her name low and hoarse on his lips spurred her onward until she was hungrily fucking him with her mouth, only stopping every so often to knead his balls in her hand before sucking them inside her mouth and nipping them gently with her

teeth. She couldn't wait to feel him inside her. Just the thought of his enormous cock spreading her pussy open wide time and time again as he fucked her only increased her excitement.

Sinking her fingernails into his hips, she swayed his body in sync with her movements, even though he tried to control her speed by tightening his grip on her hair. The way his thick veins glided across her tongue felt so wonderful. She couldn't slow down even if she'd wanted to.

From the corner of her eye she could see Noah, now rapidly stroking his cock. His eyes were fixed upon them, and glazed over as he watched and moaned with them. After several minutes their groans intensified, and when Marcus suddenly gripped her hair even tighter and pulled her off his cock, she sat back on her heels and looked up at him expectantly while her chest heaved. Noah slowed down too. Closing his eyes, he rested his head against the back of the chair and took several deep breaths to avoid coming too quickly.

"*Fuck, Katelyn,*" Marcus moaned as he fell to his knees. "You've got to stop, baby, before I come inside that beautiful mouth of yours."

She couldn't speak. She wanted him to do it. She wanted them *both* to do it. She was so overwhelmed with lust she didn't care where they came as long as they gave it to her. Leaning forward, Marcus pressed his mouth lightly against her forehead, and they remained that way until both of them were able to calm down. Once they did, he trailed his mouth down over her cheek and brushed his lips against hers.

"Lie down for me," he whispered.

Before she could ask where, Noah was pushing the long leather ottoman toward them and Marcus was urging her to lie down on top of it. Though her legs felt like rubber bands, she managed to position herself on it, and when Marcus settled between her open legs, she leaned back and propped her upper body up on her forearms so she could watch him. From his chair, Noah had the perfect view and she noticed right away when he groaned deeply as she spread her legs open and planted her high heels into the

carpet. Instead of stroking his cock though, he dug his fingers into the armrests of the chair and kept them there.

Folding his arms around her thighs, Marcus pulled her toward the edge of the ottoman and she watched with bated breath as he stuck out his tongue and put it against her clit. Taking his time, he leisurely rolled his tongue over her repeatedly while she gripped the sides of the ottoman and started coming undone at the seams.

"That's it, slow and easy," Noah murmured beside them. "She loves it that way."

Yes, if anyone knew how much she enjoyed it, Noah did. They'd spent several nights together with him doing nothing *but* licking her pussy in such a way. It was the quickest and surest way of making her climax time and time again until she was too weak to move.

Glancing down at Marcus again, Katelyn pushed her heels into the carpet and juttied her hips forward slightly so she could move them in a circular motion in rhythm with his tongue. As the heat coursed through her veins, she reveled in the way it enveloped every nerve in her body until she felt as though she were melting with each pass of his tongue over her clit.

Noah kept his hands away from his cock, but she could tell it was difficult for him by the tiny drops of sweat that beaded his forehead and the way his chest heaved as he watched what was taking place. When Marcus stopped stroking her long enough to slip two fingers inside her, she inhaled sharply and rose up off the ottoman. When she opened her mouth, nothing came out except two short gasps. For a moment she thought even Noah had stopped breathing.

Dipping his head, Marcus pressed his tongue against her clit once again and started his gentle strokes while slowly gliding his fingers in and out of her pussy. Even as the intensity in the room climbed to a fevered pitch, he never rushed, and while Katelyn began moving her hips in sync with him once more, he expertly brought her closer and closer to a release. She could have spent the whole night in that one position as long as they wanted her to. She didn't want it to end.

Skillfully he licked and stroked while Katelyn held on to the ottoman and took in every languid motion. To see his wet tongue slipping between her swollen lips and rolling over her clit was incredible. He drove his long, warm fingers inside her with every pass he made over her clit, and witnessing it all hurled her faster toward a release.

When her muscles began to contract, Katelyn pushed her heels roughly into the carpet and lifted her lower body. In desperation she moved her hips quickly until Marcus removed his fingers and extended his tongue, keeping it immobile so she could move at her own pace over it. Grabbing hold of her ass, he massaged the cheeks in his hands while she ground her body against his tongue at a fierce pace.

“Yes...yes...” she cried out. “*Fuck!*”

As her chest rose and fell rapidly from the exertion, she heard Noah’s quick breaths matching hers. He was still clutching the chair, watching intently as she rocked her body toward a release. His cock was fully erect and throbbing, but he never made a move to touch it.

When the convulsions finally washed over her body, Katelyn collapsed on top of the ottoman and moaned so loudly that the echo bounced off the den walls. Placing his strong hands to her lower stomach, Marcus pushed her down and held her in place so that he could draw her clit inside his mouth and she wouldn’t be able to move away from it.

Reaching her hands down between her legs, she latched on to his short hair and whimpered through every wave that coursed through her muscles, while he nipped her clit with his teeth, sending even more jolts charging through her veins. Once it passed, Katelyn lay weakened and unable to move. Her eyes closed, she attempted to take a couple of deep breaths, but it was next to impossible when Marcus released her and began rubbing his hands over her stomach and legs. Noah scooted forward in his seat to join him. With four hands on her at once, it was difficult to concentrate on anything, especially trying to make her heartbeat return to a normal speed.

Moments later Marcus took hold of her wrists and pulled her into a sitting position on the edge of the ottoman. Weakly she complied, and when Noah left his seat to come sit behind her on the ottoman, she was grateful to be able to lean back against his body and rest. Straddling the seat, he moved as close to her as he could, and when his stiff cock pressed against her back, Katelyn licked her lips and smiled.

"Are you ready to get fucked, angel?" he whispered in her ear.

Nodding her head excitedly, she watched as Marcus opened one of the condoms and placed it over his cock. When he settled on his knees between her legs again, she jerked wildly in Noah's arms and he pressed his cock against her clit and teased the sensitive bud before guiding it to her opening. The sensation from it was almost unbearable.

Holding her breath, she watched, entranced, as he pushed his cock inside her pussy inch by inch. All of them moaned, including Noah, who could see everything from his position behind her. Once Marcus had fully impaled her, she tried to stop panting long enough to start moving, but he was big and he felt *so* wonderful. The way he opened her wide and filled her was indescribable.

When Marcus started his slow and steady thrusting, Katelyn held on to Noah's knees and moved with him. She didn't want to rush. She wanted and needed the moment to last as long as possible. Dreamily she closed her eyes and laid her head back on Noah's shoulder. His breath was hot on her skin, and she could feel his hard cock twitching and pulsing against her back.

"Come for us again," Noah said. "Then you can have us both."

Marcus drove his cock forcefully inside her, and Katelyn's eyelids flew open as she sank her fingernails into Noah's skin and gasped. Though he still took his time, she could sense Marcus' power just beneath the surface. His hazel eyes bored into her skin, and the vein along the side of his throat bulged prominently every time he appeared to struggle with his self-control.

"I can't," she replied weakly. "It's too soon."

Noah leaned over and picked up the small vibrator from the floor beside them. When he turned it on to a low speed and touched the tip of it to one of her nipples, she shuddered and moaned, causing Marcus to grip her thighs even tighter to try to keep her still.

"I know you can," Noah taunted.

Unable to refuse him, Katelyn took the vibrator from his hand and hesitantly placed the tip of it to her clit. Instantly her body rebelled and she arched her back and cried out when the strong currents surged through her body.

"No," she pleaded. "It's too much. Let me rest first."

Undaunted, Noah wrapped his hand firmly around hers and forced her to keep the vibrator in its place. She couldn't move it now, even if she'd fought him with all her strength, which at the moment had all but vanished. As it buzzed against her tender flesh, he moved her hand in a circular motion over her clit, and the tiny spasms it created left her grasping for each breath.

"Close your eyes, Kate," he soothed.

When he moved from behind her, she stretched out on the ottoman at his insistence, and he got down on his knees beside her, never once releasing his strong hold on her hand. Marcus rose and crouched over her body, and though she wanted to open her eyes and look up at him, Noah demanded that she keep them closed and try to relax her body so she could climax again. It was like asking for the impossible, but she tried nonetheless.

None of them wanted to rush, but everything was coming together in such a way that it was hard not to get carried away. She wanted it to last as long as possible, and she would do whatever it took to make that happen. Noah leaned over her and nuzzled his mouth close to her ear. The warmth of his breath made her sigh and she bit down hard on her bottom lip as he continued gripping her hand and rubbing the vibrator in a counter-clockwise motion over her clit.

"Give me what I want," Noah said. "And I promise to give you what you've always wanted too."

As soon as the words were out of his mouth, Marcus groaned and began thrusting with more urgency while Katelyn raised her legs and opened wider for the assault. With a quick flick of his thumb, Noah increased the vibrator's speed and, as much as she wanted to escape the sensitivity of it, she found herself moving her hips in sync with them both.

"Yes..." Marcus growled. "That's it, baby. Fuck me."

She could sense the gleam in Noah's eyes even without opening her own eyes to look at him. His breathing became labored and his motions became quicker. He was enjoying every second of her undoing.

"I know how good he feels, Kate," Noah whispered in her ear. "Don't you want to see him fuck me too?"

She moaned and moved faster. He knew exactly how much she wanted it. All she had to do was imagine the two of them fucking and it would send her spiraling toward a release. He knew that too.

"Yes..." she whimpered. "*Please.*"

He stopped the circular motion and pressed the vibrator hard to her clit. A growl forced its way past her lips as she clutched the ottoman and drove her fingernails deep into the leather.

"Then come for me," Noah taunted low and deep against her ear. "I want to hear you scream."

Katelyn flailed her head wildly from side to side. As she and Marcus moved frantically together, their moans became louder and the scream that Noah begged for began clawing its way out of her throat. When he finally allowed her to remove her hand, she gripped the other side of the ottoman and ground her body savagely against Marcus' until they had to fight for each breath they took. Noah increased the vibrator's

speed once again and she arched her back in response. The sensation of it against her already sensitive clit was exquisite.

Within seconds her body began to convulse and the scream Noah so desperately wanted to hear surged from her lungs and resounded loudly against the walls. Marcus impaled her and stopped moving. Katelyn cried out repeatedly and trembled with such force, Noah had to stretch his arm across her body to keep her from sliding off the ottoman. The tremors were stronger, much stronger than the first one, and they shook her to her core.

After several minutes, once they finally conceded, she barely had time to collect her thoughts when Marcus was wrapping his arms around her waist and picking her up. In one deft movement, he flipped their positions, leaving her reeling on top of him while he lay flat on his back across the ottoman.

With Marcus still inside her, Katelyn straddled his hips and attempted to rock her body over his, but the sensation was too overwhelming. Her body was unraveled in every conceivable way, and each muscle and nerve revolted over the slightest touch or stroke. She was weakened to the point of exhaustion and she needed time to regain her strength.

Dazed and disoriented, she could barely discern what Noah was saying as he moved to stand behind them, between Marcus' knees. When she tried to turn her head and look at him. Marcus embraced her and drew her down securely on top of his chest. Since he had her arms pinned to her sides, there was no chance of moving, not even an inch.

She heard a condom wrapper being ripped open, followed by the sound of the lube bottle being squeezed, and seconds later Noah was pressing the engorged crown of his cock to her ass. Katelyn gasped and tried to writhe out of Marcus' embrace, but it was impossible. With a steady grasp on her hip and the other hand around her hair, Noah pushed his cock inside her, and even though both men left her powerless to resist, that

same lack of control just intensified her excitement and made her quiver and moan between them.

When Noah began his cautious thrusting, Marcus pushed his feet into the carpet and lifted his hips to begin his own. Having two men fucking her at the same time was an indescribable experience and one she'd never felt before. With her cheek pressed to Marcus' chest, she could hear his heart pounding out of control, even though their movements were slow and easy, so as not to hurt her. When Noah leaned forward and very lightly brushed his lips against her back, she sighed contentedly and closed her eyes. With the tip of his tongue, he traced her spine while Katelyn shook beneath him time and time again.

As wound up as they both were, it didn't take long before their gentle thrusting grew more intense. When Marcus removed his arms from around her waist, she held on loosely to the ottoman while he cradled her head in his strong hands and watched her. Katelyn gazed longingly into his hazel eyes and once his release began to take hold, she bent her head and captured his mouth with hers, silencing his moans. Seconds later, Noah followed. While their bodies contorted and thrashed above her and beneath her, she moaned deeply into Marcus' mouth and reveled in every quiver.

When it was over and they were all spent and satiated, Noah pulled out first and collapsed onto the carpet, bringing Katelyn along with him. Marcus rolled off the ottoman and stretched out beside them, and for several minutes they lay there quietly, just trying to catch their breath.

Nestled between their warm bodies, Katelyn closed her eyes and struggled in vain against the weariness, but it didn't take long for sleep to come.

* * * * *

"Katelyn," came a husky voice from close by.

Wearily she opened her eyelids halfway and tried to distinguish whether it was real or part of a dream. Her muscles ached and every ounce of strength felt as though it had

been drained from her body. When someone's warm fingertips traced a path down her spine, she sighed peacefully.

"Wake up, angel."

Katelyn smiled. *That* voice she would know anywhere. Stealing a glance at the clock on top of the fireplace hearth, she saw it was nearing midnight, which surprised her. It seemed as if she had been sleeping much longer than just one hour. Noah shifted by her side, and when she turned over to face him, she was stunned to find Marcus on his knees between Noah's open legs. Her heart thumped erratically when she saw him wrap his mouth around Noah's cock. He devoured him slowly on the way down, and when he came back up, he extended his tongue and made a mesmerizing circle under the enlarged crown. Just the sight made her mouth water.

Noah closed his eyes and as Marcus made his descent again, Noah arched his hips to meet him halfway. When Marcus came back up, he held his head still while Noah continued rocking his lower body, fucking Marcus' mouth in a slow and calculated manner that had Katelyn panting. Though her first instinct was to encourage them to move faster, she was too entranced at the steady pace they kept to utter a single word.

After several breathtaking minutes spent watching them, she could no longer restrain herself. Rising up on her knees beside them, she touched Marcus' shoulder gently to get his attention. When he released Noah's cock and smiled up at her, she bent her head and joined him. As they both slid their wet tongues over the bulging veins, Noah sucked in his breath and groaned when he finally opened his eyes and saw what they were doing.

Every so often their tongues would touch and the heat from Marcus' mouth made her whole body tingle. When Marcus lay flat on his stomach between Noah's legs and began teasing his balls, Katelyn took his place and hungrily sucked Noah's cock inside her mouth, causing him to groan even louder.

She moved her mouth over him fervently, like a person who hadn't been fed in weeks. He felt so wonderful inside her mouth she didn't want to slow down. She was

hungry and starving to taste him. Marcus stopped to watch her, and every so often she caught him licking his lips, but she couldn't bring herself to share Noah again.

Noah's guttural moans echoed hard against the walls surrounding them, and when he began pumping his cock faster inside her mouth, Marcus got up on his knees and tangled his fingers in her hair before pulling her away from Noah. Growling, she sat back on her heels and glanced up at Marcus when he cupped her chin with his other hand and forced her to focus on him. His hazel eyes were glazed over and the lust was clearly written all over his face.

Noah splayed his hands through his hair and took several deep breaths to try to relax while Marcus continued holding her still. When he slid his thumb along the chain adorning her neck, she whimpered as another chill surged through her body.

"Do you want me to fuck him?" he whispered.

Katelyn nodded her head excitedly.

"Then say it," he demanded.

He didn't have to command her twice. She'd always wanted to see Noah being fucked by another man since the first moment he'd confessed to her how much he enjoyed it.

"*Fuck him,*" she replied.

Like a puppet pulled by imaginary strings, Noah turned over and got up on his hands and knees while Marcus reached for a condom and the bottle of lube. When the condom was in place and the lube glistened on his cock, Katelyn held her breath as he got up on his knees behind Noah and positioned the tip of it at his hole. The instant he clutched Noah's hips and pushed the engorged crown inside his ass, she heard him inhale sharply and groan.

Watching it happen was more thrilling than she dreamed it would be. Very slowly, Marcus fucked Noah's ass while Noah gripped the carpet between his fingers and growled like an animal in heat. Their muscles rippled with every movement they made and it was unlike anything she'd ever witnessed before.

Noah murmured her name, and when she stretched out on her back beside him, he put one of his powerful arms around her waist and slid her underneath him in one fluid movement that caught her off guard. His breathing was shallow, and when she looked up into his piercing blue eyes, the intensity of his gaze burned right through her.

"Touch me," he whispered hoarsely.

Katelyn reached down between them and placed a hand around his cock. Rhythmically she stroked him as he swayed back and forth with Marcus' thrusts. Never taking her eyes from his, she watched him closely and every time he moaned, she squeezed him a little bit tighter until tiny beads of sweat dotted his forehead.

"You're next," he remarked.

The ominous way he said it sent a shiver rushing through her veins, but it didn't frighten her. If anything, it only added to the thrill of the moment. When Marcus' groans escalated and he began driving his cock inside him harder, Noah gnashed his teeth together while a deep growl rumbled in his chest.

Within seconds, Marcus was climaxing. Over Noah's shoulder, she saw him tilt his head back when his whole body fell into a mass of convulsions that shook them both. For what seemed like an eternity, he pumped his cock inside Noah's ass and when he finally pulled out, he crumbled to the floor beside them, gasping for air.

As soon as Marcus released him, Noah was up on his knees, reaching for one of the condoms in the package behind him and ripping it open. He moved so quickly that Katelyn barely had time to think before he was on top of her again. Slipping his arms underneath her, he grabbed on to her shoulders and pushed her down onto his cock, driving it in her pussy so roughly that the air rushed from her lungs.

Katelyn secured her legs around his waist and held on tightly to his arms while their bodies slammed together with such force, it bordered on savagery. When he bent his head and latched on to one of her shoulders with his mouth, she cried out as he nipped her skin with his teeth and sucked. *Hard. It was wonderful.*

"Yes!" she screamed. "Oh...*fuck!*"

As aroused as Noah was, it didn't take long before his climax took over. While moan after moan flew past Noah's lips, his body trembled violently, and Katelyn held him fast in her arms until the last tremor left him weakened and spent.

After he pulled out and collapsed beside her on the carpet, she put a hand over her chest and took several deep breaths to try to calm her racing heart. Marcus slid over next to them and took her in his arms and Katelyn closed her eyes and sighed contentedly. His body was so hot, and within minutes she was able to relax and take a normal breath.

"That was the best eleven hundred dollars I've ever spent," he murmured huskily in her ear.

She and Noah both laughed at his remark, and when Noah turned on his side to face them, she stretched out between them both and looked at them curiously.

"What would you have done if someone had tried to outbid you both?" she asked.

They exchanged a quizzical glance before shrugging their shoulders in unison.

"We never considered that might happen," Noah replied honestly.

Katelyn smiled at them and shook her head in amazement.

"And I still haven't gotten my dinner out of the whole deal," she teased.

Marcus laughed and hugged her close to his chest again. When he nestled his lips against her ear, her eyelids fluttered wearily as she waited for sleep to come.

"I do plan on cooking for you," he whispered. "But you'll have to settle for breakfast instead."

About the Author

Growing up in a household that consisted of four brothers and no sisters, Stephanie Adkins spent most of her childhood locked in her bedroom, escaping the testosterone by filling page after page of her diaries with short stories and poetry.

Now, surrounded by more men in her life—her husband of fifteen years and two sons—she still enjoys the “great escape” by turning her childhood dreams into reality one story at a time.

Stephanie welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at www.ellorascave.com.

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