



TROUBLE FOR

*Three*

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A Total-E-Bound Publication



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Trouble for Three

ISBN #978-0-85715-148-3

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Edited by Michele Paulin

Total-E-Bound Publishing

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Published in 2010 by Total-E-Bound Publishing, Think Tank, Ruston Way, Lincoln, LN6 7FL, United Kingdom.

**Warning:** This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-burning*.

# **TROUBLE FOR THREE**

**Sascha Illyvich**



## *Dedication*

To Michele, my editor, for putting up with my shit and making this a better story than when she got it. To my support, my pack. I love you all. Morgan as always, thanks for the kick in the ass. Kayelle, Kiernan, Francine, Stephanie, Seletta, Kaitlyn, and anyone else who put up with me while I suffered trying to write this book. Thank you.

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## Chapter One

Anneke was so fucking through with this mess. Men like Jones were an incompetent lot, and there sure were a fuck load of them.

"Ugh," she stormed around the office, aware of the lush furniture that complimented Jones and his seemingly expensive taste. In truth, she'd been with him when he'd made his last few purchases, all discount knock-offs of clothing and furniture that would make the average woman sick from the sheer amount of his cheapness.

But that was only one straw out of many on the camel's back.

"You were fucking another man last night *and* that whore. What more is there to say?"

"But Anna, wait!" Standing, he reached out to her over his cluttered desk. His hair had been parted in the centre so that it curled upwards, showing off his dark skin, delicate jaw and soft features. Dressed in a power suit that showed off clean lines and a tailored appearance, he had the looks all right.

But she didn't care. Anneke spun on a heel and marched towards the door. Reaching for the handle, she looked over her shoulder, an angry smirk on her face. "Fuck off, Jones. We're through. Deal with it."

She stormed from her former lover's office. She started down the hallway, aware he was calling her name. She had no time for fools. Running a hand through her auburn hair, she lunged down another hallway until she came to the elevator.

The previous evening, Thom Jones had left her high and dry for the last time. He'd started off with some excuse about how he'd been busy until late at work, but she knew better. He was with that fucking whore of an ex of his – the woman who could probably suck a tennis ball through a garden hose. What was her name?

Jennifer.

Evil bitch.

Not that Anneke could blame Jennifer. She'd met the woman once and realised within ten seconds that Jennifer was just as shallow as Thom. They'd be a perfect match for each other until the sniping started, and Jennifer realised Thom liked dick.

Oh well. Anneke stepped inside the elevator and vowed never to darken this doorway again. Tomorrow, she'd look for some excitement of her own. Tired of the same old bullshit routine of dating a man, fucking him if he was commitment-worthy, or dumping him if he was a slob, she decided what she really wanted was two men. Well hell, she actually seemed to need two men. One wasn't enough for her, that much she'd found out early on.

Silence stopped her when she realised she'd quit moving and was no longer in Thom's office. A male co-worker looked askance at her.

Anneke glowered.

The man stepped away quickly as if there were a threat.

Which, there was.

Leaving the elevator, Anneke picked up where she'd left off, heading towards the parking garage, a smile on her lips.

Yeah, two men.

She licked her lips at the thought—two men who would be solely focused on her pleasure, her experiences.

The last time she was with a man had been awhile. Jones had been something to pass the time but one couldn't call what they did sex. More like a blind grunting monkey trying to find the proper hole with a pencil. Of course, the reality with two men was that they'd have to compliment each other as well as her.

Her head and heart were separate forces to reckon with. One man would balance out her emotional side. The other would be for her mentality. That'd be good. It was silly of her to think that she could get either of that shit from Jones.

Sure Jones was good looking, tall and dark skinned. But he wasn't a real man. He was more of a bitch. Mainly because he'd said he was straight, but the way he'd been with her in the sack had been less than okay.

The two or three times a week they'd seen each other hadn't sated her sexual desires. Nor was he there for her emotionally. The bastard was just like her mother, selfish and self-centred.

Her heels clattered along a set of concrete steps that led to the main floor of the parking garage. She huffed and shrugged her shoulders at the thought of Thom, his confused scowl implanted firmly in her mind as the last thing she had seen before storming out of his office.

But he was no more. After last night, she'd kicked him to the kerb just like she had her distant memories of bad parents. She'd worked fucking hard to get to where she was, and she was damn proud of it.

Fuck them all.

"You're not even half as good as me!" Her scream made her feel slightly less angry, but Thom hadn't heard it.

She wanted him to, not that it'd do any good.

Men like him were only interested in what women could do for him.

Straightening her shoulders, Anneke inhaled, exhaled and then marched her ass down a flight of stairs into the parking garage. Retrieving the keys from her jeans pocket, she clicked off her car alarm and opened the door to her red convertible. A Mazda, with plenty of horses for one little girl, soon purred nicely beneath her, exciting her. Hell, it was almost enough power that she wished the engine could be shrunk down and fit into her vibrator. Revving the engine, she put the car in drive and pulled out of the garage, spinning the tires as she sped out onto the highway.

Wind whipped through her hair as she hit the freeway, heading home. Her girlfriends would help her relax tonight with a bottle of whiskey and chick porn. That'd be an interesting night for sure.

Ogling hard bodies while making fun of bad dialogue with a few close friends would certainly put a smile on her face. That was a ladies night in, all right.

Amanda would have to come over with her latest stash. Anneke enjoyed how free Amanda seemed to be with her sexuality. The woman was full of stories. Who could blame her? Amanda was five-foot-four, curvy in all the right places and a fantastic kisser. Anneke had firsthand knowledge from a one night interlude that had involved too much whiskey and a lot of tears.

She sighed. Shifting the car into a higher gear, Anneke picked up speed. It was definitely time to relax.

The job had been stressful today. Clients had called from all over the country to bitch about rising prices on products they'd been ordering. Economic times were tough right now, but Anneke had reminded them that salesmen and women were the backbone of society and managed to calm quite a few fires. Still, it had stressed her out. She'd thought a few coffees

during lunch had helped settle her nerves, until her boss pointed out that she looked high strung. She inhaled, exhaled and resumed her job with a modicum of tension.

But seeing Thom earlier had irked her. It wasn't the bisexuality she hated, it was the selfishness he'd blatantly displayed.

Men like Thom were scum, she decided as she pulled onto the off-ramp and shifted into a lower gear while bringing the car to a slower speed.

A few minutes later, she'd pulled into her driveway, managed to drag her tired ass inside the house and strip off her clothes before heading towards the shower.

Turning the water on full blast, Anneke raised her chin towards the warming spray, letting water sluice off her body and run over her full curves. She reached for the soap and rubbed it together in her hands, inhaling the scent of lavender and roses as she lathered her body with the bar.

Anneke let the soap slip between her thighs, inserting the slender bar between her lips. A sound escaped her open mouth. The bar slid in over her clit, and Anneke moaned louder.

Her nipples hardened into tight little peaks while water trailed down her round breasts over her slender belly. Anneke caressed her stomach with a free hand, sliding upwards over her slick silky skin until she cupped one breast. She pinched the nipple into a harder point, moaning even louder.

Pushing her hips forward, Anneke dropped the soap and let the spray hit her chest, tingles of excitement running through her. Her soapy fingers caressed her mons, parting her lips wider.

Fingers replaced the slim bar of soap. Rubbing faster and faster over her clit, Anneke threw back her head, slamming a hand against the shower tile as her other palm slapped against her pussy. Panting, groaning, Anneke let sensation build up within her just a little longer.

Slow strokes, then faster ones, over her swollen clit drove her higher and higher. Those fingers slid over her pussy and between her cheeks, teasing her asshole. A finger pushed past the tight ring of muscles into her warm hole while her other hand caressed a nipple then moved down towards her sweet pussy. Just a little bit more...inside both holes...

"Oh God!" Water splashed against her face and down her neck, rivulets trailing through her thick auburn hair as it swung over the curve of her ass.



Slumping over, looking down at the drain as she caught her breath, hair blanketed both sides of her view. She caught her breath, calming down just enough to finish her shower with a satisfied smile on her lips.

An hour later, she was dressed in a black satin robe with red trim that belted at the hips and came just below her ass. She sat on her plush couch, her legs curled beneath her.

Amanda sat next to Anneke with an arm slung over the back of the couch, beer in the other hand. "I told you that fool was crazy, Anneke. And fucking gay."

Jamie snickered from the other end of the couch.

"I know. I finally told the bastard it was over today. He just irritated me to no end." Anneke took a deep swig from her beer. Leave it to her two best friends to remind her of Thom's shortcomings.

Anneke smirked in Amanda's direction. The pink satin nightie her friend wore covered most of her body but exposed the tops of very luscious thighs that were known to make many a man beg. A wine stain from earlier had soiled her jeans in an embarrassing place so Anneke had offered to wash them while they watched bad porn.

The couple on the screen changed positions and the dialogue just got worse. All three women began laughing at the size of the actor's cock.

"I hate it when the main reason we watch porn is interrupted by a man who can't even get it up when he's being sucked off." Anneke shifted against Amanda.

Jamie, a brunette with a slender figure, sat on one end of the couch with a beer in one hand and popcorn in the other. "You know," she took a pull from her beer, "you should really get out more, Anneke. Amanda and I were talking about going to shoot pool later tonight."

Bad moaning from the couple on the screen made all three girls giggle louder.

The man wasn't even well built or muscular. In fact, he was somewhat chubby with no muscle tone or anything. And he was kind of hairy, which was an immediate turnoff.

Anneke lifted her beer. "I'd love to go out with you two tonight, but I've got this fucking presentation due tomorrow. It's already written, thank goddess."

"What's the presentation on?" This came from Jamie.

"Something to do with diversity management in our company. I need my sleep. If I don't show up fresh tomorrow, the speech I have to give will bore me as well as our management team." Anneke yawned.

"Come on, Anneke, one night out in an attempt to find a real man would do you some good after Jones." Jamie tapped Anneke's bare thigh with a foot.

"Or maybe two men, since you've been talking about that lately." Amanda made the words seem dirty with her sultry voice.

The thought stirred Anneke's desire. She did want to go home with two handsome hunks who looked much better than what was on the screen. But...

"I don't know, girls." She hesitated.

"Ah, that's a yes!" Jamie clapped and stood. "I'll go get your favourite pair of jeans." She ran off into the bedroom before Anneke could stop her.

"Come on, hon. Just one or two drinks. It'll do you some good. Besides, it's still early. And this guy," Amanda gestured with her thumb towards the TV, "isn't going to get you off tonight."

"Hell," Anneke laughed. "He can barely satisfy her. She looks like she's faking it."

"They're all faking it, hon." Amanda clinked her bottle together with Anneke's and took a sip. A moment later, Jamie returned, shuffling her feet across the hardwood floor, jeans and belt in hand.

"I can't go out just like this." Anneke ran a hand through her hair, which she'd only run a brush through after her shower.

"Sure you can. It'll be fun. We'll be the trio of trysts." She grinned.

"How does she know where your clothes are and which pair are your favourite ones?" Amanda asked.

Jamie bubbled with laughter. "Who do you think picked out this pair of blue jeans? We needed something to put extra emphasis on Miss Thang's hot ass." She touched her own ass and made a hissing sound for emphasis.

"Fine," Amanda chuckled. "But how'd you know where her pants were?"

"Jamie spent a few nights on my couch when her ex threw her out. I have plenty of space and offered it to her for as long as she needed." Anneke took the pants from an overanxious Jamie.

“Ah. And I suppose you’ll want her to wear the satin robe out, too?”

Jamie licked her lips.

“Relax,” Anneke waved a hand. “I’ll go fetch a top. And Jamie, stay here with Amanda.”

Jamie pouted but did as she was asked. She reached for her beer and plopped down beside Amanda to see the TV just in time for a scene switch.

Anneke sighed and rolled her eyes. Traipsing off to her bedroom, she untied the robe at her hips and let it fall open. Firm tummy and round breasts were exposed, nipples hardening from contact of the cool air conditioning.

She quickly thumbed through her closet, picking out a low-cut, black top, matching bra and panties, and a pair of stockings. A girl who planned to get laid needed to look her sexiest and feel the same way, too.

She looked in her dresser at the selection of garter belts and thought twice. No need to overdo it.

Hell, she wasn’t sure she was even going to get laid. It was a Tuesday night, after all. Most bars the girls dragged her to, wouldn’t be packed until later in the week.

Sighing and deciding to go along with the plan to forget that pinhead Jones, she slid on her clothes, ran a brush through her hair for good measure and appeared in the living room just in time to watch two men penetrating the overly buxom actress.

One in her ass, one in her shaved pussy. Anneke licked her lips. But...did she really want a one-night stand? A few hot dates with the right pair of men could make her forget about gay-ass what’s his name pretty quickly. And keep the memories gone while they were at it.

“Girls,” she coughed.

Both women seemed mesmerised until Anneke coughed louder. “Are we ready?”

At the same time, Jamie and Amanda turned their heads, eyes somewhat glossed over. “You want that?” Jamie was the one to ask.

Heat crept up Anneke’s cheeks. She opened her mouth but paused. Shrugging, she decided to admit it aloud. “Who wouldn’t? Two men loving only me? Satisfying my every need and whim? What’s not to like?”

Amanda raised a beer in salute. "You're definitely approaching my level of living, hon." She slid off the couch and brought Anneke's beer with her. "Here."

Anneke snickered at Amanda's statement. The woman was definitely brazen. She looked down and saw what was a new ice cold beer. "What's this for?" Anneke cocked a brow.

"For the three of us. We're going out tonight to do it up right and find you two handsome studs."

Anneke swallowed hard. The beer down her throat helped, but she wasn't sure she'd heard Amanda right.

"This is all in fun, guys, but I don't have time tonight." She took a step backward.

Jamie was suddenly at her side, leaving Anneke to wonder how the smaller woman seemed to move so quickly.

"You'll have to live for me. I haven't the courage to do this, and Amanda's shacking up with someone right now." Jamie's smile made her seem more like she was cajoling, rather than suggesting strongly.

Anneke sighed.

Amanda frowned. "Come on hon. It'll be fun." She winked.

"Okay." Anneke joined the other two girls in a toast, clinking their beer bottles together before taking a long sip.

She'd realised she'd settled into a routine just like her parents had. How boring. Her father had always come home from work tired. Every other night, he'd have a new case of beer and maybe some weed. Mother would complain about the dope, they'd fight, get stupid drunk and pass out. This was during her teenage years.

Anneke couldn't figure out what had gone wrong with her parents' marriage, but at around age forty-three, something came over her mother. Money was suddenly tight, and her father quit smoking pot, which was nice. But the routine they'd settled into after that was just...droll.

Looking at her two best friends, she knew she should be grateful for them dragging her out on a work night.

She had to admit, the images on TV screen did arouse more than just her interest.

## Chapter Two

The moon hung bright in a cloudless sky. The weather was cool with a light breeze blowing autumn scents through the air along with dead leaves that littered the sidewalk leading towards the steps of the bar. The parking lot hadn't been all that full, just a couple of cars.

Anneke's boots clicked against the wooden floor. She led the other two girls inside the bar and scanned the area. There was a table to their left, the bar to their right and a large room directly ahead with a few pool tables and some overly skinny bitches wearing too few clothes. A guy dried a glass at the bar before turning to the three ladies.

"You three want a drink?" His handlebar moustache moved over thick lips. Dressed in black slacks and a white T-shirt, he reminded Anneke of an old fashioned bar keeper, the guy you told your sorrows to while he poured beer or shots of hard liquor. His dark hair was thinning on top, but he kept it neat.

Amanda slid up to the bar and took a stool. "Sure. " She leaned forward. "We'd like a few frosty mugs of ice cold beer." She whipped out a twenty and slapped it down on the bar.

The bartender offered her a smile before pouring three beers. Setting them down, he took the money then handed Amanda her change.

Anneke sat on one side of Amanda, flanked by Jamie on the other. Lifting her mug to her lips, she raised it in salute of their girls' night out before taking a long sip. The cold liquid slid down her throat and tasted refreshing.

She set down her mug and looked at her companions. "Nothing's going on. Chances are that I'm not getting what I want tonight."

Amanda took a sip of her beer before turning to Anneke. "It's early. It's what," she checked her watch, "barely 8:30. A few guys should be coming in soon."

"You act as though you know." Anneke smirked. Something was up. She had a feeling in her gut that told her she'd just been set up.

Jamie snorted. "She couldn't. We've never been here."

"Hmm." Anneke ran a hand through her hair. The door behind them opened, and two men in cowboy hats, blue shirts and jeans that hugged firm legs sauntered into the bar. They didn't waste time looking around. One headed straight for the bar, his steady stride showing a modicum of confidence with each step he took.

Anneke's heart thumped against her chest. He was not only built, but clean shaven with a rugged jaw, deep blue eyes and a killer smile that made more than just her mouth water.

"Hey," he slapped down a bill on the bar.

The bartender poured two beers and slid them down the length of the wooden bar before returning to his previous task.

"Thanks." Cowboy turned to look directly at all three ladies. "Ya'll new here?"

Anneke nodded, strands of hair falling in her face. She offered the man a smile before licking her lips. "Yup. First timers."

"Cool. We don't get many women in here on a Tuesday night. It's entertaining to see three lovely ladies here at the bar." He leaned in close to Amanda, resting his elbow on the bar. "Name's Troy. My partner Bill is setting up a table for pool. Do you play?"

Jamie raised her hand and giggled. "Yeah, all three of us."

Anneke remembered Jamie wasn't a bad pool player at all. In fact, she was quite the shark in college.

"Care to join us?" Troy offered a seemingly genuine smile, but his stare seemed to laser in on Anneke.

"Why not? We're just out having a drink. It'll be fun, right Amanda?" She noted the little bit of annoyance that slipped into her tone.

Amanda slid off the bar. "Good idea, Anneke. I haven't shot in awhile. I'm a little rusty."

"Bill kinda sucks," Troy chuckled, a rich masculine sound that seemed to emit from deep within his chest.

Up close, he seemed larger than he had at the door. Anneke decided he was probably well built beneath his workman's shirt.

Grabbing her beer, she slid off her stool and joined Amanda, who still stood mesmerised by Troy's piercing gaze.

Unfortunately for Amanda, Troy seemed more focused on Anneke's eyes, though she caught the slightest movement of his gaze roaming down the line of her body.

She bet his tongue would probably disappear between the valley of her breasts.

Hell, she knew it would. The thought hardened her nipples.

He tilted his hat and pointed towards the pool tables with an open palm.. "After you, ladies."

Anneke began walking, aware of the heated intensity in Troy's eyes. His burning stare ignited something low in her belly though she had her back to him. It wasn't hard to tell when a man looked at her ass, especially since the jeans she wore hugged her perfectly and emphasised every movement of her legs.

Jamie had told her so the first time she'd seen Anneke in them.

The four of them found Bill setting up a table in the far corner by a TV on a platform mounted to the wall. Bill took the beer Troy offered and sipped long from the frosty mug.

"Damn, that's good after a day on the ranch. I see you brought friends. My name's Bill." He extended a hand to Jamie, who was closest to him.

She took his hand and gripped it, shaking with each pump up and down. "Jamie," she managed to get out the word after he let go.

"Anneke," she offered her hand and was met with the same reaction as Jamie. The firm grip from his calloused hands lingered slightly longer than was correct for a handshake, followed by a smile that seemed to reach his perfect sea-green eyes. His face wasn't as rugged as Troy's, but it held a charm of its own. Dimples formed when he smiled and took the edge off his rough appearance.

"Shall we?" Troy set the cue ball firmly on the table before reaching for a pool stick. "Ladies against gents?"

Anneke looked at Jamie and Amanda. Both women nodded. Anneke smirked. It wasn't that she was against being led into the den of wolves. It was more or less how simply things seemed to line up.

Of course, if her friends had anything to do with it, it was for her own good.

"Sure. I'm game. Jamie can break." Anneke retrieved a pool stick from the many on the wall then rolled it along the table to check its evenness. Satisfied, she glanced at Troy and Bill. "I like a straight stick."

Troy smiled, his lips curving upwards in a wicked grin. "I appreciate a woman who likes them firm."

Bill snickered and nodded.

Jamie picked up a stick and looked down the length of the wood. "It's nice and hard." She snickered, a blush reaching her face.

Bending over the table, she took careful aim, adjusted the stick between her fingers and punched the cue ball directly into the triangle formation, sending balls scattering everywhere.

"Balls on the table. Nice." This came from Amanda.

Bill and Troy exchanged glances before Troy stepped forward to line up a shot. He sank a solid coloured ball into the corner pocket. "Girls are stripes, I guess." He took aim on a ball near the side pocket.

Anneke waited for him to strike before she coughed.

As she planned, the ball just missed the side pocket, rebounding off the corner before slowing to a halt in the centre of the table.

"Now that's not fair." The grin on Troy's face seemed more devilish than innocent, Anneke decided. Still, the intensity of his gaze on her body radiated within her.

She snorted. "Like I'd cheat at a game I'm already good at. Besides, it's not my fault that some men can't handle their balls."

"Oh babe, you're mistaken there." Troy gestured with his hips, a glint in his eyes.

Walking to Troy, Anneke licked her lips. She bent over the table, directly in front of him, giving him a view of her ass.

The moment his eyes roamed up the length of her body, the hairs stood on edge on the back of her neck. Still, she sank her shot with ease. Slowly straightening, she glided to another area of the table, bending over in front of Bill and giving him a great view of exposed cleavage.

He set a hand on his hip, and his tongue darted out over his bottom lip.

Anneke smiled and banked her shot against the opposing wall only to miss the corner pocket slightly.

"Aw, poor baby couldn't handle the ball." Troy snickered behind Anneke.



Anneke wiggled her ass and made a clucking noise before standing to face him. There was a note of humour in his tone that she found amusing. "No, I have great ball skills. Sometimes the stick's not up to par." She walked past him, running a hand over his well-muscled arm.

She swore Troy flexed his arm beneath the shirt for her benefit.

He lined up a shot, looking down the line of the stick. His lips turned upward in a little bow she found endearing until a wicked glint reached his eyes, and he sank his shot.

"Looks like I can handle my balls and stick." He moved in for another shot.

"I like a man who can handle his stick." Amanda chuckled in a low, throaty voice.

Anneke shot her a glare. Weren't they supposed to be getting her that threesome?

For that matter, was Bill even interested?

Amanda smirked and waited for Troy to miss his third shot. She sauntered to the table and bent low enough that her breasts practically fell out of her top. She puckered her lips and kept her gaze on Anneke's reaction.

Anneke snorted and pushed her own breasts upwards, adjusting them in the top she wore.

As if on purpose, Amanda missed her shot, a simple straight shot into the side pocket.

"Damn, I must be rusty." She took a sip of her beer.

Jamie came around the table and wrapped a hand around Anneke, almost possessively. She stood on tiptoes and whispered into Anneke's ear. "Are you interested in these two, honey?"

Anneke glanced at Bill, who was aiming his shot. The line of his body would fit perfectly against her if she backed up to the bulge in his pants. It also seemed that Troy had plans of his own with the way he stared at Anneke, but were the two of them friends enough to share a woman?

Anneke nodded and patted Jamie on the ass. "Yeah. We'll see."

Jamie shook her head and walked back towards Amanda.

"Another round?" Bill headed towards the bar.

Nodding, Anneke leaned against the wall and watched Troy take another shot. The man wasn't bad at pool, she had to give him that. But his body was more interesting than his technique. She wondered just how well he handled himself in bed and grew aroused, the coil

in her belly pooling heat between her thighs. Good thing she'd worn jeans tonight, otherwise she'd have wetness dripping from her pussy down her thighs.

She watched Amanda and Jamie take shots to clear the table before Bill came back with another round for everyone. He handed the girls their drinks, set one down for Troy and came back to hand Anneke hers.

She took the beer, their fingers touching, and a spark of excitement tingled through her. His hand lingered just a little longer again, as did the smile on his lips.

He was clean shaven and smelled of man. His closeness to her made her nose twitch. She took a long sip of the cool liquid before setting her drink on the table.

"Up for one more game, ladies?" This came from Troy as he took a sip of his beer.

Amanda shook her head. "It's nearing my bedtime, and I know Jamie has to be up early, too. What say we take a rain check?"

Anneke frowned. "You girls dragged me out for two beers and an early night?"

"Aw, that's no fun. We were just getting warmed up." Troy came around to stand by Anneke. "How about you, gorgeous?"

She shook her head and frowned harder. "I'm afraid I'm the one who brought these two. I'd have to leave with them."

"Well, that makes sense, I suppose." Troy looked disappointed but managed to keep the hint of the seduction in his voice that had revved Anneke's engine earlier. "Here," he reached into his pocket and retrieved a business card. He flipped it over and handed it to her.

She took it and slid it between her breasts, licking her lips as she did so.

"Call me." He winked at her.

Anneke walked to the other side of the table where Amanda and Jamie waited. "Sure will, cowboy." She winked back. Taking a sip of her beer, she finished the last swig and set down the empty bottle.

Amanda and Jamie followed suit. Both set down their empty bottles on the shelf behind them before eyeing the guys.

"We'll be here next week if you're around," Troy said to all three women but kept a heated gaze on Anneke.

"Oh, I plan to be." She hugged Troy firmly.

His hand patted her ass lightly.

She tilted her hips forward and pressed against the impressive bulge in his pants.

She did the same with Bill. His hug was firm, strong. Just like his cock.

"Ready, girls?" Amanda extended her hand and waited.

Jamie and Anneke linked arms with Amanda before striding out of the bar and into the parking lot.

Anneke stopped when they were about three feet from the car. "Okay," she spun around and glared at the other two. "What was with that?"

Jamie shrugged her shoulders.

Amanda coughed.

"You two drag me out for a few beers, with the idea of getting me laid, then bail out on me after two beers? What the hell?" She eyed them both warily.

Amanda stepped forward. "You could give us the keys and go back in there. I'm sure neither of them would mind." Her chest stuck out proudly beneath her top despite it being a loose-fitting nightie.

"I could, and that'd leave me stuck with the two of them overnight. I have a big presentation in the morning, and I don't care about it. But I think it's kinda fucked up that you two appeared to be setting me up, don't you think?"

Jamie yawned. "I think it's about that time."

Anneke glared at her.

Jamie frowned and looked at Amanda. Her expression looked like she'd just been caught.

Anneke noticed Jamie stepping towards Amanda. "Come on, what's up, you two?" She set a hand on her hip and waited for an explanation.

Amanda relaxed her shoulders and sighed heavily. "Well, it wasn't entirely a set up. I mean, we knew those two guys would be there, but we haven't met them yet." She looked at Jamie, who nodded at the same time while clinging to Amanda.

"Relax, Jamie. I'm not going to kill you, though I totally should. A simple mention of that little fact, and I might have been more inclined to go out." Anneke ran a hand through her hair and sighed. She looked at her watch. It was barely eleven o'clock.

"Those two are regulars, Anneke. They're pretty safe. Haven't seen a ring on their fingers or other women with them." Amanda settled an arm around Anneke and led her towards the car.

She went willingly while fumbling for her keys in her pocket.

"Yeah, I almost thought they were gay at first." Jamie slid in the backseat.

"Hush, Jamie." Amanda glowered.

The three women laughed and pulled out of the parking lot. Heading home, Anneke kept quiet while Amanda and Jamie talked nonsensically about this and that.

Arriving back at Anneke's, the girls piled out of the car and leaned against it. Amanda and Jamie looked pretty impressed with themselves, judging by the looks on their faces. Huffing, Anneke smirked. "Goodnight, girls," Anneke kissed them both on the cheek before sending them off.

Both of them waved and walked down the street towards their cars. Watching to make sure they both drove off safely, Anneke shut the door and locked it, sliding against the doorframe with a heavy sigh.

Closing her eyes, she thought about the evening. Troy was a delicious man. He had a hell of a build if the rest of him was as hard as the biceps she'd grazed earlier. His smile was killer, and his eyes...oh goddess, those eyes. What it would be like to let him mount her while she looked into deep blue eyes that held desire only for her while those strong arms gripped her shoulders and he drove what she presumed was a massive cock into her slit.

Then there was Bill. He was a little more round than Troy, but he had a definite masculine gait to his walk, a stride that showed deliberate confidence. What if she felt his cock brush against her ass...slowly sliding itself in?

"Argh!" she screamed as beads of wetness formed at her thighs. Her panties were already soaked, and she'd manually pleased herself earlier.

One look at the clock told her it was late already. Almost midnight.. She had yet to go over her presentation because she'd been too busy watching bad porn with the girls. Oh well, at least they'd had a bit of fun.

She trudged down the hall and stripped off her clothes until she was down to bra and panties. One glance at herself in the mirror then back at the clock and she realised it was too late to go over her presentation notes before bed. She tugged off the remainder of her

undergarments. Crawling beneath the covers, she resigned herself to bed, unsatisfied yet determined to bag herself two cowboys for a threesome.

## Chapter Three

Anneke tossed and turned all night with visions of two men dancing in her head. They seduced her, starting off with slow kisses along her neck, her jaw, her collarbone. Strong hands gripped her shoulders while a second pair held her firmly at her hips.

Her deft fingers moved over rippled muscles beneath the fabric of a charcoal grey T-shirt stretched over taut muscles to feel the hardness of a smooth chest and chiselled stomach.

Nails scratched along skin while teeth nipped her earlobe, sending shivers down her spine. Arching her hips against the thick bulge beneath coarse blue jeans, she waited for her own pants to be removed.

Thick fingers worked down her waist, skittering lightly over her skin to the zipper of her jeans. With a light tug, the zipper fell.

Soon, her jeans were off, and she stood between two hot men who had their hands all over her. Leaning back against the one, she felt a pair of arms circle her waist, pulling her into the warm body while a mouth locked onto her neck.

Another pair of lips settled over her breast, tongue laving through the material of her shirt.

The fabric of her top irritated her breasts to the point where her nipples begged to be suckled into hard little peaks.

The mouth over one breast did just that, pulling and pressing with a firm tongue.

Sensation shot down her spine and she arched her hips upward.

A powerful thigh spread her legs while hands splayed over her waist.

Fingers dipped beneath the waistband of her panties and began the descent into her creamy slit.

*Bam!* The alarm clock buzzed loudly, waking Anneke from her sleep. "God damn it!" She threw a hand against the alarm, shutting it off. Stretching, she looked down at the sheets to see them tangled around her bare thighs. Her pussy was soaked, the smell of wanton lust

filling her nostrils this morning. She looked at the clock. It was barely a quarter after five. She had just enough time to get a shower, eat breakfast and dash off to work.

How she could give her presentation in her current state of mind was beyond her. The erotic dreams she'd had all night had kept her tossing and turning, as evidenced by the tangle of sheets.

Slipping out of bed, she padded into the bathroom, showered quickly, dressed and rushed into the kitchen to pour a glass of orange juice and make a quick breakfast out of yogurt and oats.

Downing her juice and inhaling her breakfast, she grabbed her briefcase and keys then noticed the business card on the table beside her keys.

She picked it up and looked at it, a wicked smile crossing her lips at the thought of calling Troy and Bill later today.

Would they both be agreeable to a threesome?

She sure as hell hoped so. They were oh so ready and willing in last night's dreams.

It hadn't even been that long since she'd had sex. Damn, she'd slept with Jones two weeks ago before she'd thought of calling it off with that bastard. Not that sex with him was spectacular or anything. More like dismal.

Hell, she'd had to finish herself.

Again.

What a disappointment.

Tucking the card into her briefcase, she walked into the hall. Locking her door behind her, she headed towards her car.

A moment later, she'd pulled onto the highway and sped towards work. She grinned to herself. She had a plan to get herself in some trouble with two hunky men..

\* \* \* \*

After giving her presentation with renewed enthusiasm and a healthy dose of coffee, the rest of the day was uneventful. Revealing figures and facts to the board of directors had been something Anneke didn't want to do, based on the dismal financial outcome, but the only thing she was truly concerned with at the moment was coming.

Hard and fast.

She strolled out of the boardroom with folders in hand and a sense of accomplishment until she'd spotted an annoyance just down the hall.

"Anneke, baby." The man strode towards her, snapping his fingers and pointing at her. "Free tonight?" He was dressed impeccably in three-piece, navy blue suit with matching tie. And he reeked of expensive cologne that would surely play hell with her sinuses later if she didn't vanish now.

Throwing a hand up, she brushed right past the obnoxious troll. "Skip it, Jones. No time, you pompous bastard!" Damn, that felt good! She continued walking towards her office, giddy about the phone call she was about to make.

Shutting the door to her office, she slid on top of the desk and picked up the phone. Retrieving the card from beneath her briefcase, she dialled the number and leaned back comfortably on one hand.

She crossed her legs while the phone rang until a heavenly, deep, male voice picked up.

"Hello, Angus Brothers Farm where our meats are organic and grass fed. This is Troy. What can I do for you?"

The rumble of his voice sent a shiver down her spine. "Hello, Troy. It's Anneke from last night." She let the last part drip with innuendo.

"Well, hello there, stranger. Didn't think you'd call." He chuckled.

She imagined the rise and fall of his chest beneath whatever shirt he wore and found it incredibly sexy. "I didn't think you'd give me a bogus number, but a girl has to be sure." She sounded flirty, blithesome.

"Well hon, I never give a woman the wrong number. She might be the right one." His voice dropped a note. "What's up?"

"I was hoping," she twirled the phone cord around her fingers and shifted her weight, "we could get together sometime."

He waited a beat. "Are you free tonight, Darlin'?"

"I am, but..." She hesitated. The fantasy of having both men satisfy her burned hot within her, so much that it nagged at her.

"But what?"



"I'd like it if Bill joined. Do you mind?" Anneke made sure to let the wanton lust drip from her voice.

"Mind? If I am right about where this is heading, I think he'll be more than agreeable, babe. What time should we pick you up?"

The cockiness in his voice amused her. Anneke leaned back, her lips parted for a response.

He interrupted her silence. "How about seven tonight? We'll pick you up at say...the bar?"

"My but you're fast." She let out a light, airy laugh.

"I have to be if I want to snag someone like you. You're quite a prize." His smile was evident through the phone. Closing her eyes, Anneke visualised his full lips curved upwards in a bow before his pink tongue darted out to lick his bottom lip.

"Flatterer." Anneke crossed her legs at the ankles and set a hand down on her desk for balance.

"That's me. Mr. Charm."

"Well, Mr. Charm," she let out a giggle, "Seven it is."

"Great. I'll tell Bill, and we'll both be on time."

"Fabulous." Anneke leaned forward, setting a hand on her thigh. She was already aroused from her dreams this morning, but the anticipation would make her antsy. "I'll see you then."

She hung up the phone, slid off the desk and walked around to sit in her chair. One glance at the clock told her the day couldn't pass fast enough.

Several hours later, Anneke found herself sitting in the same bar she'd been in with her friends last night, only they were absent. She was dressed in her killer jeans, a pair of stockings and panties complete with garter. A black skin tight sweater hugged her curves in the same manner as the jeans she wore. Pumps completed the outfit. She'd chosen to wear very little makeup, leaving her hair down to frame her face.

She leaned over the bar, nursing a beer. Deciding to skip the last two hours of work to come home early and change for her dates, she'd made up an excuse about how she needed to be home early for her nonexistent cats.

Her boss had let her go without a word other than to thank her for her presentation that morning. Still, he'd seemed irked that she had priorities other than her job.

She'd giddily slipped out of the office and sped home to change into the sexiest thing she could think of: lingerie.

Black seamless stockings attached to a purple and black garter. A matching strapless bra cupped her breasts, holding them up just enough to give any man a decent view of her cleavage. She topped off the outfit with a black, jeans and fuck-me pumps.

This wasn't an outfit her mother would let her wear to a bar!

She'd already had two guys come onto her and try to buy her drinks, but she'd refused, saying she was waiting for her boyfriend.

The thought of a boyfriend scared them off while it amused the bartender.

"Another round, ma'am?" He reached for her glass.

Checking her watch, she nodded. "I'm early. I've got time for one more." She hoped the boys weren't insane or assholes. She couldn't put up with another one of those after dealing with her stupid ex.

The bartender took her glass and refilled it with more beer.

Lifting the glass to her lips, Anneke took a long sip before the sound of the door opening to her left had her turning her gaze on the entrance.

Troy strode through confidently, his long legs encased in denim that showed off how powerful his thighs were. Boots clicked along the floor as his eyes surveyed the place until meeting with Anneke's.

His smile widened. Behind him, Bill stepped in, dressed in a black, long-sleeve dress shirt and black jeans with matching boots. His hair had been slicked back as had Troy's.

The sight of both men dampened her thighs even more. She crossed her legs unconsciously and turned towards both men.

"Hello, boys," she purred.

Troy was the first to approach, slapping down a bill on the bar. "Keep the change."

The bartender slid him two open bottles of beer before taking his money.

Bill nodded, licking his lips. "Hi," he waved.

Troy leaned into Anneke, quickly closing the distance between them. Their lips met. He tasted of beer but smelled more of masculine musk and sandalwood—odd scents for someone who worked on a farm.

His tongue pushed past her lips, stroking the inside of her mouth, claiming her, caressing her tongue in such a manner that her breasts tingled and her back arched.

She hadn't noticed his hand along the small of her back until then, but sure enough, he'd slid it along her spine and sent waves of pleasure racing upwards.

He broke first from the kiss, a smile on his plump lips.

Gazing into his eyes, she swore she saw sparkles of desire, the tiniest hints of arousal. Pressing a hand to his chest, she found a wall of muscle she wanted to feel more personally.

"My," she licked her lower lip and leaned into his hand, "you're good."

Troy let his hand linger just a moment longer against her back before he slid it along the underside of her ribcage and released her. Taking a sip of his beer, he nodded. "I am always good."

Bill joined her and set a hand on her bare shoulder. His touch warmed her.

Her nipples hardened beneath the dress, the fabric of the material rubbing against her irritated skin. She shuddered.

"I'm even better," he whispered against her ear, his breath warm along her earlobe. His tongue trailed along her neck, sending sensations towards her sweet, wet slit.

Goose bumps appeared on her exposed skin. Anneke took a long, deep swig of her beer before setting down an empty mug on the bar. Bill's strong hands caressed her shoulders.

Troy took a seat beside them both. "Hard day at work?"

She nodded. "Yup. I'm in advertising, and this stupid client we're dealing with is a pain in the ass." She nudged Bill's thighs with her hips, pressing her ass against an already firm erection.

"I can imagine. Bill and I had a hard day." Troy raised his bottle to his lips.

Bill scoffed, "I had a hard day. Mr. I'm-in-the-office-all-day had me hauling bales of hay for our horses. But it's no big. I'm strong like that." Bill flexed an arm for emphasis.

"I see," Anneke reached around and felt Bill's bicep. Indeed, he was contracting solid muscle. What would it feel like to have actual strong hands grip her and pump into her from behind?

Jones was such a pussy with touch.

"Something the matter, Darlin'?" Troy leaned forward, keeping his body posture open. He leaned his head on the palm of his hand.

"No," she sighed in disgust. "You two are just what a girl needs. I had this..." She closed her eyes and searched for the words to describe just what the hell she had with Jones.

"Bad fling?" This came from Bill, whose hands smoothed over her bare shoulders.

"Yeah." She opened her eyes and turned to face him. His touch was gentle but still laced with hidden passion. Soft eyes reminded her of her someone playful, kind but still open to new ideas.. The thought made her smile until she noticed the silence, both men waiting on her next words. "That's what he was. Only more pathetic."

Troy chuckled. "We've had a few of them, haven't we, Bill?"

"Yup." Bill nodded before taking a pull on his beer.

"We?" She cocked a brow.

"Yeah, we." Troy sighed. "I'm going to be forward and mention that I think this proposition may lead to sex with both of us, am I right?"

Heat crept up Anneke's cheeks and pooled between her thighs. The blush that slid up her skin turned her a few shades of red, but she smiled and licked her lower lip. "Maybe."

Bill's hand settled on her hip, his thumb strumming a space on the small of her back. "Well, maybe we've had a few girlfriends who have shared us."

His voice held the faintest hint of playfulness that made her nipples harden beneath her top.

"Maybe, huh?" She leaned back, eyeing first Troy then Bill. Both men sat leaned over the bar resting on their elbows. They looked at her and at each other without moving their eyes. It felt a little intuitive.

"Well," Troy broke the silence, "it started one night when I'd accidentally slept with someone who just happened to be Bill's ex."

Anneke set her hand to her chest. "Oh?" She narrowed her eyes.

"Yeah." Bill leaned back and took a sip from his beer before setting it down on the bar. "I walked in on the two of them and my ex looked dead at me. There was a bit of fear in Troy's eyes 'cause I had just cleaned the guns and was bringing them in." His lips curled upward, and he started to chuckle.

"Bill brought in my twelve gauge and found us, rather his ex riding high on the T-mobile. I thought he was going to take aim and blow off my damn head!" Troy turned to face Anneke, his posture more open.

"My fucking ex turns to me," Bill slapped a hand on the bar and started laughing even more, "'Come join us Bill'."

Anneke was more curious than anything else. "So because of one incident like that, you two decided hooking up with women should be a couples thing?"

"Ha! Nah." Troy spread his legs apart, giving Anneke a gaze at just what an aroused man in tight jeans looked like.

She licked her lips unconsciously.

"Bill did as Marie told him to, stripped off and started – well you don't want to hear the rest of this story from this point on." Troy stopped short just as the bartender came up to refill their drinks.

"Interesting." Anneke set her palms down on the bar, aware of Bill's light touch against her bare skin. She was turned on and thankful that both men seemed able to play nice. "You two have a system of rules or is this basically a free for all?"

"Honey..." Bill cupped her shoulder, his touch still delicate.. "No system. We've been doing this for um...", he closed his eyes, looked away and then back at Anneke, "probably two years now?"

"That's about right." Troy interjected.

Somewhere inside her, Anneke felt she should be...she didn't know. Surprised, maybe? "You're not playing me, boys?"

Troy put his hands up, palms outward. "No, ma'am. The choice is entirely up to you. We prefer to operate with integrity."

"As it turns out, we end up with better bed mates that way." Bill squirmed when he realised he'd stuck his foot in his mouth. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean –"

"No," Anneke held up a hand, "I understand. It makes sense. That's kind of a reassuring thought, anyway. I take it you two don't count your lovers?"

"Oh, we know how few women we've slept with together." Troy chuckled. "But it's not polite to kiss and tell. Besides, we're sort of looking for something more at this point."

"Interesting," Anneke mused, sipping her new beer. She didn't hear alarm bells or warning signs in her stomach like she had when she was with her last pinhead ex-boyfriend. In fact, she felt wetter than she had in years. Her thighs were so soaked she knew she'd need to discard her panties.

Or give them to the boys. A sly smile crossed her lips. "Excuse me, gentlemen. I have to go check in with the girls. I'll be right back."

They both nodded.

She slid off the stool and headed towards the bathroom. Once inside, she practically had to peel off the thong from her body since it was soaked. Her nipples were hard, and her skin was flushed. The two men were honest and open about their lives, which was a turn on. Add to that they were both experienced, she hoped, with sharing a woman, and things got even better!

It was cold, and she'd chosen to wear her panties on the outside of her garter belt—she'd read somewhere that it was easier to take off that way while still leaving her feeling sexy in her thigh highs and lace. Her bra matched the stockings, a nice shade of purple that looked deeper against her alabaster skin.

After adjusting her clothing, she walked out of the bathroom, panties in hand.

Troy was the one to speak first. "Well, are your friends, okay?"

Anneke smiled big, her lips curving slowly upward as she set one hand on her hip. She had to do this, had to feel them both with her in bed. It'd be wonderful, she was certain! It'd pull her from her monotonous routine of boring books and gardening, and it would keep her from adopting six cats more than she could care for!

She took Troy's free hand with hers and set her closed fist in his. Opening her hand, she dropped her thong in the palm of his hand and grinned.

Troy's eyes lit up like a Christmas tree in downtown Dallas. He took her wet panties and slid them discreetly into his pocket like any gentleman would, but he'd eyed Bill in a manner that made her intentions clear.

Bill responded with a kind but wicked grin. She had no idea the two emotions could be blended into one, but he had managed.

"I think you have your answer, boys."

## Chapter Four

She couldn't believe she'd just done what she'd done. Sitting between Bill and Troy in their black, dual-cab pickup on the way back to their house had been a dream, right?

She pinched herself, the sting of pain settling into her and reminding her of reality. She was getting her threesome.

Troy kept one hand on the wheel. The other on her thigh, rubbing circles slowly over her and sending pools of liquid racing towards her pussy.

Bill leaned against the cushion, keeping an arm behind her while his fingers stroked the bare skin beneath her hair. Chills went through her that made her shudder into his touch. He was definitely the sensitive one.

Troy was more practical—Get 'em horny and take 'em home to play.

Bill seemed a little more like the guy you could bring home to mother, while Troy was just the opposite. In stature, the two men weren't that different in height. Both were well groomed, and the kiss she'd shared with them both before leaving had left her breathless enough to want more.

Silence carried between the threesome for the most part. The duo lived on a ranch not far from the bar. The road was smooth, and the landscape was dotted with large trees off and on. Anneke patted Bill on the thigh, her hand creeping up towards his crotch. "How far are you from here?"

"About four or five miles," Bill responded, opening his legs for easier access.

"Greedy?" She grinned and felt Bill's piercing stare in the darkness.

"Honey, you're the prettiest most honest thing that's come our way. Hell yeah, I'm greedy!" He spread his legs apart wider, his knees bumping against Anneke's.

She reached higher up his thigh, patting the thick bulge beneath his jeans. "Ooh, I like this."

Troy's hand roamed higher up her thigh until it had reached the waistband of her jeans. Fingertips brushed against bare skin, intensifying the rush of desire already spreading through her.

Anneke sighed slowly, enjoying the feel the two of them touching her, caressing her, teasing her until she grew wetter. The ride wasn't at all bumpy until about ten minutes after anyone spoke. Her hands continued to roam over Bill's crotch while she leaned against Troy, nuzzling his neck and inhaling his very masculine, woodsy aroma.

Closing her eyes, she felt thick, warm fingers skitter along the inside of her jeans, brushing over the curve of her ass. Then the truck stopped.

"Here we are." Troy's voice distracted her, bringing her back to reality. She was going through with this!

Troy slid out, taking the keys with him. He stretched.

Anneke kept an eye on him, letting her gaze travel up the length of his hard body.

Bill followed next, patting the seat. "Out you come."

Anneke grinned. "I hope."

"Oh, the two of us are very good." Bill's smile radiated even in the darkness.

Before them stood a large, ranch-style house with one lit lamp in the window. A wooden porch led to the front door. Anneke took Bill's hand and felt Troy's on the small of her back.

She sashayed, well aware of their heated gazes on her.

"My, what a lovely ass." Bill patted her square on her bottom.

Anneke wiggled her hips a little more for his benefit. She swallowed a lump of nervousness down, pushing any and all fears about this endeavour out of her head. She wanted this, her body craved their touch.

Troy pushed a key into the lock and turned the handle, opening the door with a soft click. A breeze blew past the trio, forcing a shiver from Anneke.

Troy looked back, stepped aside and waved her inside. "Ladies, first."

She stepped inside, her shoes clicking loudly against the wood patio until she'd stepped onto the soft carpet of the living room and foyer. A light switch flipped on behind her, illuminating the place in a soft glow. Their furniture was sparse, a couch, two recliners, a coffee table she was certain one of them had made by hand. A shelf on one wall housed a number of books, some looking to be fairly old. Candles rested on the mantel above the fireplace. Two oak tables had more candles. A few plants littered the floor by the windows.



It seems that the boys took care of their place. Not an ounce of what she saw spelled bachelor pad.

Scents of hay and wheat hit her nose along with pine and oak. Everything in the house spoke of comfort in some manner or another.

"Wow." She stepped further inside.

"You like?" Troy set a hand on her hip, letting it slide down to cup her bottom.

"I do indeed. I figured you two were ultimate bachelors, La-Z-Boy recliners with a beer cooler and large screen TV. This is...different."

"Troy and I like to read a lot in our spare time when we're not working on advertising or the farm. We've spent time rebuilding this place from what it was once to what it is now."

"By hand, I imagine." She let the drawl in her voice sound more like a purr.

Bill walked towards a wet bar. "Drinks?"

"I'll have a beer." Anneke throat was parched, but she was certain after a few minutes that things would heat up, and she'd taste something to cool off her hot mouth.

"Bourbon on the rocks, Troy?" Bill reached below and popped out an ice-cold beer, removed the top and handed it to Anneke.

Troy nodded.

Bill poured ice into two separate glasses and poured bourbon for both of them before turning to Anneke. "I think we'll be done with this place in a few weeks or so. Ain't that about right, Troy?"

Troy took the drink and nodded. "Have a seat." He offered Anneke one of the recliners or a spot on the couch.

She chose to sit in the middle of the couch, figuring for the most clichéd scenario. A moment later, Bill and Troy had sat down, each occupying a side of her.

"What brought you and the girls out last night?" Troy slid an arm around Anneke and the back of the couch, his fingers brushing against the soft skin of her neck.

A shiver ran through her from the touch, the spark of desire spreading low in her belly.

"I had a bad breakup with this stupid ex and needed to be cheered up. The girls came over and brought a stack of bad porn so we could drink and make fun of guys who can't fuck or get hard when they see hot chicks." Anneke took a sip of her beer and looked at both men.

Troy's fingers played lightly over her skin, sending goose bumps rushing over her skin. "I see. So you three decided to go out after watching bad pornography."

"Mm-hmm. It's kinda our thing." Anneke stretched and let her shoulders relax against the couch. A pair of hands caressed her shoulders and turned her to face Troy while easing tension from her.

"That feels good." Anneke stretched out, leaning forward for Bill's strong hands. Nimble fingers moved over her shoulders, smoothing tension out of her neck. She set one leg across Troy's thigh.

He smiled and stroked her thigh. "You've got very nice legs."

Even through the jeans, she felt the strength in his touch. Anneke smiled. "I work out."

"I can tell." He gave her thigh a light squeeze.

Troy set down his drink and excused himself. He walked into the kitchen.

Anneke kept her gaze on his ass, watching the shift of weight in his jeans. Bill spread out one thigh alongside hers, easing her back into his arms that settled around her waist.

"You're not trying to make a girl too comfortable here, are you?" She set her head back against his shoulder.

Bill nuzzled her cheek with his rough five o'clock shadow scraping her cheek lightly. "Now why would I do that?" His drawl slipped out in his speech.

Anneke found it cute.

A moment later, Troy returned, lighter in hand. He walked around the room, lighting various candles including the ones on the fireplace mantel.

He move gracefully from one candle to the next before setting the lighter down. The air filled with scents of jasmine and cinnamon, instantly warming things.

He picked up his drink, brought it to his lips and took a sip before settling down on the couch beside Anneke. He pulled one leg into his lap and took off her shoe.

She wiggled her toes and watched him slip off her sock to reveal a stocking clad foot.

Winking, he rubbed his knuckles into the ball of her foot. Rolling his knuckles down slowly, he looked up at her and smiled. "And your feet are pretty, too."

Sighing, Anneke let herself slip into a deeper state of relaxation. She felt safe with these two men so far, though her hormones were racing through her body at the speed of an Indy

500 race car.. She definitely wanted some action and needed to steer the conversation towards her aching pussy.

Troy's fingers massaged her foot, sending pleasurable waves up her thigh towards her throbbing bud.

Bill's hands worked down her shoulders and started in on her arms. "You're toned." He muttered, kissing the back of her neck.

A chill went down her spine, hardening her nipples. Anneke turned and cupped Bill's chin and stroked it lightly.

He leaned back, spreading his legs open for her.

She settled herself against him, nudging his cock with her ass. She wriggled her hips. "I'd like to feel that sometime."

Bill smiled against her skin, inhaling her scent.

Troy's fingers had worked between her toes, easing discomfort from her. His hand crept up her leg, long fingers massaging her calf muscle. He looked at her with a raised eyebrow. "Stockings?"

She winked. "Yup. I was hoping you two weren't gay."

Troy leapt up and straddled her thighs, his huge figure encroaching upon her. His mouth hung inches from hers. "You think we're gay, darlin'?"

She snorted. "What's it take to get a girl laid around here?"

Bill's soft chuckle blew whispers of warm air against her neck.

Troy leaned in, pressing his lips hungrily against hers. His tongue shoved into her open mouth, swirling around the inside as though claiming her while he explored. He pressed her against Bill, his mouth slanting over hers to deepen the kiss.

Anneke stroked his tongue with hers while inhaling his oh-so-divine, masculine scent. This was what she wanted!

Her skin itched against her bra. Panting, she begged for his touch or Bill's. Either would work just as long as one of them took her into his warm mouth and suckled hard.

Bill's fingers continued to massage down her arms until he'd reached her elbows. Sliding his hands around her waist, he lifted up the hem of her shirt slightly and touched her cool skin with his hands.

She adjusted her weight against him to allow him to slide his hands up her back while kissing Troy's luscious lips.

Troy continued his oral assault on her mouth, pushing, nibbling on her lower lip while tugging at her lips to tease her.

It worked.

She pushed him back and let Bill's hands lift off her top. Discarding it on the floor, she sat between the two men in jeans and bra while they were both fully clothed. "This is a good start!" Her eyes widened when Bill unhooked her bra.

"If you don't want this, say so. We'll—"

She turned around and seized Bill's mouth with hers. Glad for respect, but damn!

Bill's mouth wasn't quite as pliable as Troy's, but it was just as delicious. He was more open, more submissive in his gestures, letting her take control of the kiss. His heady scent was a mix of aftershave and hay, a scent that she could certainly get used to while fucking his mouth with her tongue.

His five o'clock shadow nudged against her chin, his mouth parting for more of her tongue's plundering.

Troy's hands found her breasts, capturing them between his large hands and rubbing the nipples in circular motion with his thumbs.

The sensation of his hands on her breasts sent electricity arcing down her body towards her throbbing clit. She was definitely soaked now!

Every nerve was primed for Troy's skilled touch. Hands squeezed her breasts while a hot wet mouth latched onto one and suckled hard.

Troy now lay halfway across her body, his mouth working her nipple into his mouth. He trailed his tongue over one breast, down her belly then back to the other breast without fully removing her bra.

She shivered against him and let Bill's hands cup the back of her head. She pulled him in deeper for a kiss while a palm caressed his chest and fumbled with the buttons on his shirt. Once she popped one open, she worked her way to the next one, her hand caressing the light thatch of hair that covered his chest. She looked down at his musculature. Sure enough, he was built beneath those clothes. Licking her lips, she kissed a trail of fire down his neck.

He arched into her, his hands tugging lightly at her hair.

Troy's mouth found her belly and suckled her flesh.

Anneke giggled and licked Bill's mouth while a hand snaked through Troy's thick hair.

Bill caught her lower lip between his and suckled, nipping before dragging his mouth down her neck, leaving fiery kisses in the wake of his mouth.

Anneke broke out in a sweat, her breasts heaving.

Troy took one in his mouth and suckled hard, sending more electrical pulses shooting towards her wet pussy.

She shifted her weight to accommodate his hot mouth. Hands reached for her waist band, tugging lightly at the zipper.

"I'd love to taste more of you." He breathed hot air against her belly that sent heat pooling between her lower lips.

After undoing the button, Troy's fingers tugged the zipper down.

Anneke shifted her weight again, stretching out so she could kiss Bill more, feel his hands on her shoulders. She now lay on her belly, legs sprawled out behind her while her upper body blanketed Bill's. Her mouth locked onto his while she lifted her hips upward to assist Troy in sliding her jeans off her legs.

"My, what long legs you have. And a sexy garter," he pulled off her pants and tossed them aside. Lowering his body to hers, he kissed the small of her back, tugging on her garter.

Giggling, she arched her hips upward, inviting him to kiss her ass.

He caught the hint, placing heated kisses over the globes of her ass cheeks. His tongue swirled around one cheek, then the other, licking flames over her. Strong hands parted her thighs while his mouth licked between her cheeks.

Thank goddess, she'd remembered to shave earlier! His mouth felt hot, wet against her flesh, so good. So wonderful.

Bill's hands massaged her breasts, catching her nipples between his thumb and forefingers.

She moaned while his mouth dragged down her throat and his tongue made circular motions over her collarbone.

Anneke arched her body into Bill's mouth, enjoying the feel of his tongue sliding against her heated flesh. Her breath caught in her throat.

Troy had parted her ass and slid his tongue inside her asshole, practically fucking her with it.

She moaned, spreading her thighs even wider apart for easier access.

He slid a hand down the length of one leg, caressing the garter and stocking clad thigh. "I like this."

She laughed, rolling her hips for his benefit.

Bill shifted positions beneath Anneke, pressing his cock against her belly.

She felt the huge bulge swell up and decided she needed a taste. Reaching for his pants, she unzipped him, popped the button and pulled his cock free. "Hmm, what have we here?"

Bill looked down at her, a smile growing on his face.

"My cock looks like it needs something," he muttered, gasping when she took him in her mouth. He tasted of masculine salt and sweat.

Pre-cum oozed from the head of his swollen cock, tasting even saltier. She licked him up and down, twisting her tongue around his shaft.

He shook, lifting his hips up off the couch.

His cock slid deeper down her throat. She opened her mouth wider to accommodate his girth, taking more of him. She pumped and bobbed her head up and down, enjoying the feel of his velvety steel in her mouth while Troy's tongue worked in and out of her asshole.

Troy's hands kept her legs parted, slurping up and down around her anus before moving slowly towards her slit.

Anneke braced herself pressure from his tongue that never came. Troy's mouth pressed at her ass, his tongue sliding in and out, licking, swirling like her asshole was her mouth. He'd made sure to lubricate her well before she felt him pull out.

She practically cried from the loss of his heat against her, but the cock in her mouth pulsed and reminded her of the salty cum that awaited her.

She bobbed up and down, relaxing muscles in her throat to take Bill in deeper.

A moment later, she felt hands on her ass, spreading her and lifting up her hips. A tongue dipped inside her slit, making circular motions that forced a moan from her.

Bill groaned, tangling his fingers in her hair while he massaged her scalp with one hand and continued fondling a breast with the other.

Anneke lifted herself up, letting him squeeze her breast before she settled her body over his powerful jean clad thighs.

“I should remove these,” Bill said as he tugged at his jeans.

She didn’t want to move, the tongue in her cunt felt so wonderful, warm and wet while it filled her.

Still, Bill slid from underneath her and slipped out of his jeans, removing his shirt at the same time. He stood before her, his cock hanging large and wet between two large, well-defined thighs. He was moderately hairy, but a dark patch of hair covered the area around the base of his cock.

“You should shave that so I can see it all,” she giggled.

## Chapter Five

Bill wriggled an eyebrow and smirked.

She looked up the line of his body until she met his eyes. Steady determination met hers as he sat down on the couch and patted his lap. "Come here baby, bring that lovely mouth with you."

Hesitantly, she crawled away from the mouth that occupied her pussy and settled herself over Bill's thighs.

Troy's tongue trailed down the length of her leg until reaching the top of her stockings. "I love these. They're sexy. You should model for us sometime."

His voice was laced with an edge of more than just tonight, which pleased Anneke. She could do more than one night with these two if they were going to pamper her like this.

She heard a zipper slid down. Troy shucked off his pants and tossed them near the fireplace. A fire would definitely be romantic, but it'd be overkill on the first night with the two of them, she decided. Taking Bill's cock in her mouth, she gave him a long hard suck that made him groan.

Pleased with herself, she popped the heat of his cock out of her mouth and sat up to look at Troy. She remained straddled over Bill's thighs.

Standing before her completely nude, Troy had a build similar to Bill's but a little less stocky. He was circumcised, dark hair covering his chest and groin but it looked well manicured. His cock sprang firmly forward from between two strong, well-developed legs. His six pack begged for her tongue while his nipples were tight buds.

Low slung balls hung from beneath his cock, shaved as well. He set a hand on a hip, tilted his head and grinned at Anneke.

"Well?"

She felt like a kid in a candy store. Two delicious men before her, both bent on pleasing her and not themselves? This was a fantasy come true.

Sliding off the couch, she straightened to her full height. Stepping back from the boys, she set a hand on her hip, shifted her weight so that she emphasised her breasts for them,



then her hips tilted forward so she showed off the garter belt. Watching both pairs of eyes travel down the length of her body and back to her face again was a major turn on that made juices run down her leg.

"I could use another tongue in my mouth." She crooked a hand.

"Nu huh. Turn around first and show me what Troy was so thoroughly enjoying." Bill grimaced, his cock bobbing as he stood beside Troy.

Anneke blushed, heat creeping up her cheeks. She'd already been worked into a frenzy by both men and was annoyed that neither one had fucked her yet. But she spun around on one heel. Wriggling her ass, she bent over, touching her toes while aware that both men eyed her slit and asshole.

Who would take her first? She thought about reissuing the challenge she put out earlier. Were both men gay? That was a great line, she decided, but Troy came up behind her, nudging her pussy with his cock. "I want in you babe, you down?"

She slowly rose to her full height, purring and leaning against Troy's huge frame. "Yeah. I am. Wanna ride me, baby?"

Troy didn't hesitate. Grabbing her by the hips, he bent her over carefully.

She gripped the couch and waited, arcing her hips upwards.

The head of his cock brushed against her entrance, wet and hot. He was thick, his bulbous head protruding just between her slick lips.

She relaxed herself, opening herself up for him. "Come inside, baby," she cooed, her voice a soft whisper laced with desire and dripping with sensuality.

In one thrust, Troy impaled her, burying his cock to the hilt while his balls slapped against her. "Goddamn honey, you're so hot and wet!"

Both moaned in ecstasy from the contact. Finally! Filled to the hilt with cock!

But that left Bill standing behind them, jacking off.

"Bill," she groaned as Troy pulled out and thrust inside her again, their hips slapping together hard in a motion that had sound echoing throughout the room, "you should be in my mouth."

"You don't have to tell me twice, honey." Padding over to the front of the couch, Bill stood in front of her, his cock proudly jutting out from his body.

Anneke licked her lips and took him in one hand. She pumped him a few times and watched pre-cum ooze out of his slit.

"I like this." She licked his cock, tasting the saltiness of his dick and covering him with her own saliva while Troy slowly pulled out of her.

He slid back in slowly, inch by painful inch, her body opening slowly to accommodate his girth. He was bigger than that previous asshole she'd fucked, that was for sure. And much gentler.

He took his time, thrusting in and out, grabbing her hips to steady himself until she'd worked up a rhythm between the two men that had them both moaning pleasurably.

Taking Bill's cock in and out of her mouth while Troy fucked her took patience, but she managed. Cupping Bill's balls, she tugged lightly while a finger probed between his cheeks.

His hips lunged forward, shoving him deeper down her throat.

She gasped for air, and he pulled back.

"I'm sorry, darlin'." He pulled completely out of her mouth.

She looked at him, and their eyes met, his filled with lust and desire. She looked over her shoulder at Troy, who pumped into her slowly, his thrusts driving her towards the height of passion. Her climax seemed imminent if he kept a comfortable pace, but she craved both men inside her.

Anal sex wasn't something she was new to, but both men had a rather large girth so this time would be tough. She bucked against Troy, taking Bill's dick in hand and pumping him.

Bill set a palm on her shoulder, caressing her hair and stroking fingers down her cheek.

She smiled against him, a groan escaping her parted lips while Troy thrust. The two of them were very good. Could she come multiple times from them?

Bowing her back to take more of Troy inside her, Anneke opened her mouth and thrust Bill deep inside her, swallowing him to the hilt. Her jaw relaxed while his cock nudged the back of her throat. She ran her tongue up and down the length of his shaft, cupping his balls while Troy gently rocked against her.

Her orgasm built, starting low in her toes before reaching her calves, thighs, and finally crashing into her core with a fierceness that shook her entire body. She cried, bucking faster against Troy's cock and angling her hips so his every thrust continued to stimulate her throbbing clit.

Anneke moaned, sending vibrations up the length of Bill's cock. Bill's grip on her shoulders tightened. She withdrew him from her mouth, licking the pre-cum that coated her lips. "I like this," she panted. Reaching back to pat her asshole, she nudged Troy. "One of you needs to be here."

Troy slid inside her pussy with a hard thrust.

A shockwave of the next orgasm raced through Anneke but died down from the lack of continued thrusting.

Slowly, he pulled out. "I think," he said with a ragged breath, "we can do that."

Anneke patted Bill's cock and stood up, stretching her arms over her head while thrusting her breasts out for Bill's delight.

He licked his lips and stepped over the couch until he stood face to face with her.

Troy came up behind her, wrapping his fingers around her hips while Bill caressed her breasts.

Both men placed kisses on each side of her neck, sending more pleasurable sensations racing down her body towards her heated cunt. She threw back her head to enjoy the feel of Bill's teeth scraping along her neck.

She was definitely enjoying this. Judging by the two hard dicks she stood between, the men were also equally happy. "Is this something you two do often?"

Troy's fingers tugged her hair lightly. "Nope, not in six months probably. Both of us work too much."

Bill chuckled lightly, agreeing with Troy.

She patted Bill's head while caressing Troy's hand on her belly. "What a shame. You two should have more fun."

"We intend to." Troy nuzzled the centre of her back while licking a trail of heat up her spine.

The air smelled like sex and cinnamon, the spicy taste of jasmine now hanging in the room as well. Both mouths left her body. She started to whine until Bill took her hand and tugged her towards the couch. He sat down, his dick bobbing happily up and down.

"How did we do this, Troy?"

"Anneke straddle Bill, and I'll come in from behind like we did before."

She turned around to see the grin on his face. He was definitely excited, though the candlelight cast a warm glow around his skin, giving him a softer appearance. Their eyes met for a moment and locked.

She saw a flicker of where she could have her perfect boyfriends, at least for now. She wasn't sure she wanted a serious relationship but now wasn't really the time to debate that fact. The glint in Troy's eyes was nothing shy of sincere, just like the expression Bill often wore. She thought she had them figured out but...

A pat on her ass sent her forward. She gave Troy a mock glare.

"Well?" Troy shot her a wry glance. "I'll be back in a moment."

She set a hand on her hip only to watch Troy disappear down the hallway. Turning her gaze back on Bill, she saw him sitting with his legs spread with his cock standing straight up.

"Looks like you've got something for me." She stepped between his legs then straddled him.

His hand went instantly to her hips while one of her hands stroked his cock. "Yup. Have a seat."

"Don't mind if I do." She sank down his cock, feeling him impale her inch by slow inch. Her mouth hung open, head thrown back while her hair brushed the tops of his thighs. The fullness of his dick was a unique feeling, and the angle of his penetration was also different.

Bill half snickered, half sighed through gritted teeth. "You're hot as hell, woman. I swear I could get used to this." He shifted their weight so that he settled against the corner of the couch and was almost lying down. Anneke's thigh brushed against his and the soft cushions.

Anneke lifted herself up and slammed down on Bill's cock, a groan tearing from his mouth as she repeated the gesture. Her lips squeezed around his shaft, tighter on the up stroke, looser going down until she felt the tops of his thighs slap her ass.

He leaned forward, embracing her with his huge arms. She put a hand on his chest, fingernails twirling around the light tuft of hair on his chest. "You're going to give me a second orgasm, baby?" She smiled, tilted her head and leaned forward to kiss him.

Their lips met briefly, his mouth curling upwards in a smile against hers. "Yes ma'am." He flicked his tongue across her bottom lip.

She leaned forward, kissing him deeper. Something wet and warm wriggled against her asshole.

Anneke glanced over her shoulder, saw the full glory of Troy's nude body, his face buried between her cheeks. His tongue snaked up and down her crack before working its way inside her tight hole.

He pulled back from her and caressed her with two thick fingers.

She arched her hips to take in those fingers, her hole opening greedily.

They slid in, a cold wet solution forcing her muscles to clench around his fingers. He worked them in and out slowly with the rhythm of her stroking Bill's cock.

Bill continued to groan, cupping Anneke's breasts and taking their full weight in the palms of his hands.

She enjoyed the rush of pleasure that filled her when Troy's fingers slid in and out faster, faster still until she thought she'd cream right there.

She cocked a brow up. "You gonna fuck me with that big cock of yours?"

Troy nodded. Standing, he stepped closer so that his cock brushed against her asshole. Slipping on a condom, he jerked himself a few more times before pressing the head of his cock against her tight entrance.

She shifted her weight to take him in while still keeping Bill's dick inside her. Bracing herself against Bill, she bowed her spine upwards and relaxed her anal muscles to take in Troy's girth.

The head of his prick passed through her anal entrance.

She groaned, the pleasure/pain intensifying every sensation, including Bill's thumb circling her nub. Waves of electricity pulsed through her body straight to her throbbing clit and made her buck forward. Rocking gently backwards, she helped Troy ease his dick inside her.

Her mouth remained open.

"One thick inch in," she heard Troy mutter through gritted teeth. "You're so tight, Anneke. Such a beautiful ass." He patted her butt and began withdrawing.

"No!" Her anal muscles gripped his cock hungrily.

Troy hesitated.

"I want," she begged, her breathy voice an indicator to her own ears as to how much she wanted to be stuffed by both men.

Troy pulled himself all the way out, paused and pressed his cock against her again. He slid in with more ease. The lubricant helped relax her even more while providing slight warmth.

Minor pain gave way to the pleasure of being filled so completely when Troy's cock was buried to the balls.

Both men shifted positions, still keeping themselves inside her. Anneke gripped the arm of the couch and rocked back and forth, the sensation of being fucked first in one hole then the other causing her orgasm to spiral quicker within her.

Bill's mouth claimed a breast while fingers tangled in her hair and tugged lightly.

The feeling of both men fucking her, pumping into her helped her settle into a smoother rhythm, allowing her to concentrate on everything around her. The smell of hot cinnamon and apricot from the candles, along with sweat forming on her brow, kept her focused on the one thing she wanted most right now.

To come like a rocket!

Gentle thrusts picked up while both men fucked her, stimulating her clit from one angle or her pussy from another. She bobbed up and down, higher and higher as adrenaline coursed through her.

Gripping her hips tightly, Troy pumped harder, faster, sending heat from the many nerves in her asshole throughout the rest of her body.

Anneke shook. The build-up of another orgasm started low in her groin and spread throughout her body, causing her to feel lightheaded and warm.

A thin sheen of sweat covered Bill, and her hands slid along the smooth skin of his shoulders. She tangled her hands in his hair, yanking his mouth to her breast while his tongue worked magic that set her nerve endings in her pussy overload.

Troy's thrusting picked up again, his balls crashing against her ass while Bill continued to pump upwards into her.

Anneke's screams of "Oh Gawd!" and "Fuck me!" filled the air along with both men's grunting and groaning. Finally, Troy shot inside her, his cock quivering rapidly.

She threw back her head, yanking her breasts from Bill's mouth. She cupped her chest, and rode both men higher into a zone where the only thing she saw were stars and rockets. Bill's continued pumping slammed against her clit, slicking it up with pre-cum until he'd gripped her waist and came deep inside her.

She gripped both cocks with her muscles and squeezed the last bit out of each man before falling forward, her hair spilling over her back and Bill's shoulders.

Tender fingers stroked her spine until those fingers met the tops of her legs and caressed the sweet spot where her thigh met her hips.

Soft kisses caressed her sweat-covered forehead while a pair of arms wrapped around her and stroked her hair.

Both men pulled out of her. Troy sat down beside her.

Bill adjusted himself so that Anneke sat between the two men, her pussy dripping cum.

Troy's cock was still hard, despite his release.

Anneke licked her lips at the prospect of another round with both men. Looking around, she brushed her hair out of her face. She leaned back on the couch sighed. Turning her head, she rolled onto her back and looked at both men, each wearing a satisfied smile on their face.

"That was fun." She giggled, tossing her head back.

Two hands clasped hers and held them. "Yeah it was," Both men said.

The warm afterglow set in. Anneke closed her eyes for a moment only to doze off.

The next morning, she woke up still nude but on the couch with a blanket thrown over her. Slightly disappointed that neither man had offered to share his bed with her, she stood up, stretched and felt pain in her ass and between her thighs.

She licked her lips at the delicious feeling.

The scent of fresh coffee, dark roast probably, wafted through the air. She turned around to see Troy in the kitchen, three cups on the counter. Sunlight beamed in through a window, brightening the entire kitchen. She looked at the marble countertops, and noticed fine hardwood cabinets and updated appliances. Definitely not a bachelor pad.

"Morning, gorgeous. How'd you sleep?" Troy offered a smile that could melt her heart.

She picked up the blanket and wrapped it around herself. Padding into the kitchen, she studied Troy's face for a moment before yawning. Her hair must look like shit, but the desire in his eyes didn't agree with her self image first thing in the morning.

"All right. But I would have slept better in a bed." She nudged him in the ribs.

He leaned in for a swift kiss. His taste of mint toothpaste was mixed with his masculine sandalwood scent.

"Well, that's the funny thing." Troy scratched his head. "Actually my bed is broken, an accident of stupidity and too much beer, and I'm not about to share a bed with Bill. The old man moves about too much in his sleep."

Laughter filled the room. "Someone say my name?"

Bill stepped into the kitchen.

Anneke turned around to see him dressed in jeans and a white T-shirt that showed off his broad musculature.

She licked her lips at the site of the two gorgeous men who had given her the ride of her life last night. "Troy was just telling me about the loss of his bed."

"Yeah." Bill planted a chaste kiss on her cheek and reached for a cup of coffee. He handed it to Anneke. "Neither of us know how you take your coffee, but we figured you'd take time to teach us."

She accepted the cup and brought it to her lips. It was black, which she'd grown accustomed to drinking at work.

She lifted an eyebrow. "You're asking me to become a part of your life?"

Troy nodded.

She looked at Bill, who had a hopeful look in his eyes. "You see, the reason my ex invited me back into the bedroom when Troy was fucking her was that she believes I'm the more sensitive one while Troy is slightly more logical. It turned her on until she took a better job in a different part of the country two years ago and left us."

"Seems rather odd."

"Yeah, I had a way with the odd ones years ago. But now, we've got you?" His eyebrows rose.

"You both feel this way?" Anneke sipped her coffee, the bitter taste one she'd also grown fond of.



Troy nodded.

Anneke closed her eyes and lowered her head for a moment. Date two men who are absolutely crazy about her? Two men who were also not gay? Wake up to them on a regular basis, have the best ménage à trios of her life, or go back to her dull bullshit life where she had to hunt for a one man to satisfy her? Choices, choices.

She opened her eyes and smiled, taking each one of them by the hand and letting the sheet drop from her body. She stood there nude, nipples hard, pussy aching and ass sore from last night, a smile on her face. "I'm yours, boys."

## **About the Author**

Radio Host for Radio Dentata, BDSM Erotic romance author and passionate enthusiast, Sascha lives in Oakland California where every day is sunny and the weather is always gorgeous! He spends his time listening to death and thrash metal while writing romance novels. When he's not writing, he's listening to real estate education and motivational seminar material.

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