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What She
Craves
Anne Rainey

Unwrapping these gifts could get a girl in a world of trouble.

Cape May, Book 2

Tory Jeffries likes things simple. A modest home, a web design business, easygoing men. Except there's never one around when she needs one—and she needs a date for the event of the year, her friend Con Walker's annual Christmas party. Not that she couldn't go alone, but spending the evening as a third wheel doesn't appeal.

When her old friend Devon Mason turns up dateless as well, she anticipates a fun evening with her flirty, bad-boy buddy. Then Devon and Con offer her a Christmas treat that her inner slut begs her not to refuse. A night with both delicious, muscular men. In Con's bed. Naked.

After growing up together with an up-close-and-personal view of life's ugly side, it doesn't surprise Devon and Con that they've fallen for the same woman. They've watched her date men who aren't nearly good enough for her, and now it's time to show the fiery blonde just how perfectly she fits in their sinful fantasy sandwich. When they take their first long, slow taste, something extraordinary happens. They fall in love.

Now all they have to do is convince their suddenly skittish princess that fairy tales can come true...

Warning: This book contains one sassy heroine getting two tasty alpha heroes for Christmas. Expect some crazy hot m/f/m sex and a Christmas Eve party that'll blow your stockings clean off.

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Anne Rainey

Dedication

For the multitude of animals currently taking up residence in our home. Our loyal dogs: Buddy, Cinnamon and Nutmeg. Our somewhat spoiled cats: Sassy, Mittens, Sugar and Max. And of course our newest sneaky addition, Salazar, the ever-curious snake. You fill our days with laughter, love and the occasional accident on the living room carpet. We'd be completely lost without you.

Chapter One

Tory snorted and sat back in her chair. “You can’t be serious, Summer. It’s your first Christmas with Gage. I’m not crashing that little party, no matter how many times you ask.”

Inwardly, Tory cringed. How pathetic, having her best friend take pity on her on Christmas Eve. It made her feel like a little lost orphan or something. Even though Summer didn’t mean it that way, Tory still wanted to crawl under the rug. Or better yet, have some handsome man walk through her front door and sweep her away. Sort of the way Gage had come into Summer’s life. He’d brought life back into her friend’s eyes. Tory was grateful to him for that. A little envious that she didn’t have a guy treating her as if she hung the moon, sure, but happy for Summer. Gage was exactly what Summer needed. The death of Seth, Summer’s first husband, had put the woman into a deepfreeze. Gage had come along and thawed her out.

Summer reached across the table and swatted her hand. “Don’t be so difficult. Gage said he’d love to have you over, and you know I always enjoy your company.”

Tory forced a smile to her lips as she picked up her mug and sipped her hot coffee. The temperature was in the teens outside, and it wasn’t much warmer in her drafty kitchen. As she looked around, taking in the nearly fifty year old house, Tory sighed. It’d been her grandmother’s house until she’d passed away and left everything she owned to her only granddaughter. Tory knew she should renovate the old two-story, but she couldn’t bring herself to change even the color of the paint, as hard as the bright yellow was on the eyes, much less let some construction crew tromp around getting drywall dust all over her Nana’s prized area rug. Her grandfather had bought the oval rug when he’d had to go overseas on a business trip. It wasn’t the most beautiful thing, with the puke-green-and-rust floral print, but her grandmother had loved it, cherished it. No, Tory thought with fondness, the house would stay as it was, well-loved, if a little drafty at times.

Tory took another sip of her coffee and desperately tried to come up with a logical reason why she couldn’t spend the evening with the lovebirds, when the phone rang. Ah, saved! Tory set her cup back down and stood. By the time she’d reached the living room, the phone had rung twice more. She grabbed it from the cradle and said, “Hello?”

“Hey, sugar. What’s up?”

Tory smiled as a little tingle skated down her spine. She’d recognize that devilish voice anywhere. One of her best buds, Devon Mason. Sweet, funny, cute as hell and just ornery enough to make her forget

the little pity party she'd been throwing herself. "Hi, handsome. Not much, just talking to Summer." Tory walked back into the kitchen to find Summer rinsing her cup and setting it in the sink.

Devon groaned. "Is she still trying to get you to go to her place tonight?"

"Yes," Tory bit out, as she picked up her own cup and brought it to the sink.

"Nothing quite like watching new lovers to make you feel like a total loser during the holidays, huh?"

Tory turned and leaned against the counter, Summer's gaze glued to hers. "Uh, yeah. Something like that."

"So, how about you come with me instead?"

Instantly perking up, Tory asked, "You're going to Con's party?" Their mutual friend Con Walker held an annual Christmas party. The event was talked about for weeks beforehand and months afterwards. No expense was spared when Con threw a party. She'd gone every year and always had the time of her life. This time around, she had no date. Going alone seemed...beyond sad.

She heard what sounded like shuffling papers in her ear, then Devon said, "Wouldn't miss it."

Summer motioned to the other room, indicating she was going to the bathroom. Tory nodded. Once alone in the kitchen, she asked, "And you don't have a date? That surprises me, Devon."

Devon made a tsking sound into the phone. "I wouldn't ask you if I had a date." He paused, then added, "And why should that surprise you? It's not like I'm a player, Tory."

Okay, now she felt bad. "That's not what I meant. It's just that you always have a date at Con's Christmas Eve Gala."

"So do you, sugar. But I figured since we're both available this year, it couldn't hurt to go together, right?"

It did sound like fun. Tory always enjoyed Devon's company. And Con, though not as playful and flirtatious as Devon, made for some damned interesting company, she admitted to herself. Where Devon tended to be the impulsive jokester, Con's personality leaned more toward quiet and intense. Together they never failed to entertain her. As Summer came back into the room, Tory made her decision.

"What time are you picking me up?"

She heard Devon chuckle. "Be ready at seven, sugar."

"Okay." A little shiver ran through her. Crazy as it seemed, she was nervous. *It's not a date. He's one of your best guy friends, nothing more. Get a grip.*

"Good. And Tory?"

"Yeah?"

"I have a feeling this is going to be a Christmas Eve we'll both remember for years to come."

Devon's warm voice uttering such a wicked promise had Tory frowning and staring at the phone. What was that about? By the time she managed to think up a witty reply, all she heard was a dial tone.

"You've made plans, haven't you?"

Summer's soft voice tore Tory out of her musings. She clicked end on the phone and placed it on the counter beside her. "Devon is taking me to Con's. He's picking me up at seven." Tory mentally ran through her entire closet and cursed.

"What is it?"

"I don't have squat to wear. I need to go shopping." Tory grinned and bobbed her eyebrows. "Want to hit the mall?"

Summer clapped her hands together. "I see cappuccinos and sexy dresses in our very near future."

Tory laughed. "Sweet. Let me get changed and we'll see if we can't find something that'll knock the guys right on their asses."

"Guys? You and Devon are just friends though, right?"

That stopped her. Friends. "Of course. I just meant, you know, if there are any single guys at the party."

"Uh-huh."

Tory turned and nearly ran from the kitchen. She was going to a party with a friend. She'd have a few drinks, laugh a little, then come home. A nice evening out. That's all there was to it. A little voice in the back of her mind kept blathering on about Devon's sensual voice and the promise he'd uttered.

That little voice needed to shut the hell up already.

Devon sat back in his chair and stared at the phone, a sense of anticipation stirring his blood. Tonight would be the night. It had to be. He'd waited long enough. He picked up the phone again and dialed another number.

"Tell me you have good news."

Devon smiled at the frustration in Con's voice. "She's coming," he said, putting his friend out of his misery. "I'm picking her up at seven."

He heard Con let out a breath. "Damn. I can't believe it's finally happening."

"Easy, Con." Devon felt compelled to issue the small warning. "She's only agreed to accompany me as a friend. Nothing more."

"I know, but I'm still trying to think positive here. Don't piss on my parade."

Devon chuckled and crossed his legs at the ankles. "No one is pissing on anyone's parade, but we need to take this slow. I don't want her hurt."

"And you think I do?"

Flicking a glance at his office door, ensuring no one was around, he replied, "No. It's just that Tory is going to be shocked when she finds out we *both* want her. That we've both ached to be more than her good buddies for the past three years. If I had to guess, I'd say she's never been with two guys at once. Much less

two guys she's viewed as mere friends." The more he thought about it, the more his gut churned. "Christ, she's so damn innocent."

"Especially compared to the two of us, is that what you're saying?"

Con's anger seeped through the phone. "We're a hell of a lot more experienced, and you know it. Already I feel like the big bad wolf luring the sweet little girl with the promise of candy."

"Damn it, Devon, we're not wolves and she's not a little girl. This isn't about getting laid. It's about finally having Tory all to ourselves. This is the best opportunity we're going to get."

Devon reached over and picked up his paperweight. It'd been a gift from Tory. She'd given it to him on his last birthday. As he stared at the hard glass ball with the delicate flowers suspended inside, he smiled. It was silly and girly, but he loved it because it had come from her.

"I know, I know," Devon said. "We've gone over it a thousand times. Besides, I'm not sure I can sit by while she dates yet another asshole. I nearly lost it when she went out with that guy last month. The doctor, remember?"

Con cursed. "She seemed pretty taken with that one, didn't she?"

"Yeah, but a few dates in and she was giving him the heave-ho."

"Did she ever tell you why?"

"Yeah, he bored her. You ask me, Tory needs more from a guy than a few gentle kisses and sweet words."

"I agree. She might look like a blonde-haired angel, but I have a feeling she can be quite the powder keg with the right man. Or men, as it were."

Devon placed the weight back on the desk and groaned. "This could go so wrong, Con. She's our friend. We love her. What if we screw everything up?"

"We won't. Stop with the negative shit. You're making me mad. Fuck!"

Devon had heard that tone from his friend before. While it sent most people scurrying, Devon merely shrugged. "Yeah, okay."

"Focus on bringing her to the party," Con said, clearly calmer now. "We'll play this by ear. No pressuring her."

"The one scenario that has me feeling sick to my stomach is that she ends up in bed with us, then regrets it come morning and never speaks to us again."

"I've had the same thought," Con said. "I'd rather cut off my own arm with a friggin' butter knife."

"Damn straight. So, are you sure we should go through with this?"

"I'm not willing to go the rest of my life without at least trying. You?"

Put that way, Devon knew there was only one answer. "No, I'm not."

"It's time to take the gloves off, Devon. We've kept our feelings hidden long enough."

Devon agreed wholeheartedly, but deep down he prayed it didn't blow up in their faces.

“Wow, you look...hot,” Summer said, her gaze raking Tory from head to toe. “Devon won’t know what hit him when he sees you in that dress, girl.”

Tory laughed. The sapphire blue halter dress did seem to complement her coloring. And the slit up the front wasn’t too shabby either. As she spotted Summer’s hourglass figure in the dressing room mirror, encased in a short, ruby red satin dress with spaghetti straps, Tory let out a whistle. “Next to you, I may as well be invisible. Gage will be drooling for hours when he gets a load of that sexy little number.” Tory turned around, smiling at the excitement in her friend’s expression. “You’re simply stunning, honey. He’s going to love it.”

Summer smoothed her palms down the front of the dress. “It’s strange, you know.”

“What?”

Summer didn’t meet her gaze, and that troubled Tory. “Looking forward to Christmas. It’s been so long since I had a reason to smile on Christmas Eve. After Seth’s death, I just sort of...” she shrugged, “...I don’t know.”

“Tried to forget this holiday existed?” Tory interjected, her heart clenching for her friend. After Seth’s car accident, Tory had worried for Summer. Despite having her husband snatched from her much too early, Summer had pulled herself together. She’d even managed to make her bed-and-breakfast a success. There was no one Tory admired more.

“Yes, I suppose that describes it.” She waved a hand in the air. “Anyway, I can’t wait to show Gage this dress.”

Tory laughed and patted Summer’s bare shoulder. “You might not be in it long.”

Summer blushed. “Gage does have a way about him, that’s for sure.”

The look that stole over Summer’s face said it all. She loved Gage. And why wouldn’t she? Gage was smart, kind, strong, and he owned his own successful private investigative service, to boot. He was one heck of a catch. As Tory turned back to the mirror, she wondered if she’d ever find her own knight in shining armor. She had a sudden vision of herself as an old woman, living alone, a dozen cats as company. Crap, why was she suddenly feeling so alone? She’d dated plenty of great guys over the years. So why the ticking biological clock now?

“So, did you decide? Is it to be the blue dress or the gold one?”

Summer’s question shook her back to the problem at hand. Looking over the blue, shimmery dress, Tory knew it was the one. “Blue. Definitely the blue.”

“That was my choice too. The gold is pretty, but the blue matches your eyes.” Summer went back to her own dressing room and shut the door. “Next up, shoes,” she called out.

Tory started to unzip the dress, groaning a little as she spied the price tag. “I’m going to need the credit card if we’re doing shoes too. This night is getting expensive.”

“I have a feeling it’ll be worth it, though,” Summer shot back. “Don’t you?”

Tory stared at her reflection, Devon’s deep voice haunting her thoughts. “Yeah, I do.”

They fell silent as they finished. When they both emerged from the dressing room, Summer flung her dress over her arm and grinned. “Maybe a trip to the lingerie store is in order, huh?”

Tory blushed, which was totally unlike her. Maybe she was coming down with something. A virus would explain the strange mood she’d been in ever since Devon’s phone call. “For you, maybe. I’m going out with Devon, my *friend*, remember?”

“Hmm, I remember. Get something sexy, just in case.”

Uh-oh, Summer had that matchmaker look in her eyes. It didn’t bode well. The last time Summer had that particular look, Tory had ended up on a date with a guy who’d talked stocks all evening. She’d fallen asleep on him on the car ride home. Not pretty. “What part of *just friends* didn’t you hear? Don’t get any ideas about Devon and me.”

“I heard you just fine, but you’re forgetting something. Christmas is a magical time, Tory. A lot can happen.”

“Not that. Trust me, not that.”

Summer merely grinned, as if she knew some little secret. It tempted Tory to protest further, but she’d only come off as defensive. In the end, she opted to shut the hell up and let Summer have her delusions. Besides, getting new panties wasn’t exactly a hardship. Even if no one ever saw them but her, they’d still make her feel sexy.

And sexy was good.

Chapter Two

Tory heard a knock on her front door and she fairly leaped out of her skin. She gave herself one last glance in her bathroom mirror. She'd decided, after trying several different styles, to wear her hair loose. It fell to her shoulders, smoothed out with a little straightening gel and a flat iron. The only piece of jewelry she wore was her grandmother's pearls. She loved feeling the weight of them against her neck. Her Nana had loved the pearls, claiming they brought good luck. Tory could use all the luck she could get tonight.

Grabbing her purse, Tory left the room. She took a deep breath, then opened the front door—and proceeded to drool.

Devon stood on her front step, one broad shoulder braced against the doorframe, wearing a crisp white cotton shirt with the sleeves rolled up, and a pair of black slacks that showed off his long, powerful legs. She'd never seen him looking quite so magnificent. He'd even tried to comb the wild mane of his hair into some semblance of style. She could have told him he shouldn't have bothered. Tory had always liked Devon's messy brown hair.

"You look great," Tory complimented, hoping her voice didn't sound quite as throaty as she suspected.

His grin, laced with just a shade of masculine need, melted her insides as he stared down at her. "And you look sexy as hell, sugar."

Tory's hands shook with nerves. Another first. Devon never made her nervous. They'd been friends too long for that. Three years of knowing a person, seeing them at their best as well as their worst, tended to bridge the gap. Admittedly, Devon wasn't acting himself of late. For instance, the way he looked at her now, as if he wanted to run his tongue over her, slowly, for hours. Yeah, that was a new one.

"Thanks. I spent a bloody fortune, so it better look fabulous."

"You're a total babe. I'm going to have to fend the guys off."

Tory narrowed her eyes. "Why would you even bother?"

Devon stepped through the front door. His hand lifted to her cheek, and the warm strength of him obliterated her nerves in an instant. "Because you're with me," he growled.

"This isn't a date," Tory reminded him—and herself. If only she could stop thinking of it in that light, it'd give her words more credibility.

"I'm a man. You're a woman. We're going to a party together. How is that not a date?"

"We're friends. This is no different than if I were going on a bike ride with Summer."

“So, Summer thinks you look sexy, then? Summer can’t take her gaze off the way that satin hugs your curves?”

“Devon.” His name and nothing more. It was all Tory could manage in that moment.

He stroked a finger down her chin, then removed his hand altogether. She shivered clear to her toes. “Come on, sugar. Let’s party.”

She smiled, feeling her confidence level rise a notch. She was going out with one of her best friends and she was going to have a good time. Simple as that.

Fifteen minutes later, when Tory entered Con’s mansion—and that was the only way to describe a house the size of Con’s—she took in the beautiful decorations. One of the tallest trees she’d ever seen filled one corner of the great room. Mistletoe hung in various spots around the spacious room. The winding staircase leading to the second floor was decorated with large red bows and evergreen wreaths. The festive atmosphere warmed her heart. Con had grown up being bounced from one foster home to another. Poor and alone, with the exception of Devon, Con had built quite a life for himself with a lot of hard work and a good sense of business. Christmas music and more than a hundred guests filled the place to bursting and made her feel less skittish. Big crowds of strangers she could handle. It was the man at her side who had her wondering.

Tory quickly scanned the crowd, but didn’t see Con anywhere. “Where’s the man of the hour?”

Devon placed his hand at the small of her back and led her across the room. “Probably in the kitchen. You know how he is about the food. Everything has to be perfect or he has a conniption.”

She envisioned Con hovering over some poor unsuspecting chef and groaned. “We’d better find him before we have a repeat of last year’s Christmas party.”

Devon snorted. “Con deserved to have cheesecake dumped over his head. He was being an ass.”

She clutched her purse tighter as they neared the double doors leading into the kitchen. “But it was a waste of a perfectly good cheesecake, and that’s just wrong no matter how you look at it.”

“I’d forgotten how much you loved that stuff.” He chuckled. “Con felt terrible because you looked so sad over the loss.”

Pushing the door inward, she groused, “I wasn’t sad. No one gets sad over cheesecake.”

Devon snorted. “You looked like a little lost puppy.”

She started to protest that ridiculous statement, but the sight that greeted her inside the huge room with its stainless steel counters and cabinets took her breath. Not one, but three cheesecakes sat on the counter mere feet away. One was topped with strawberries, another with cherries, and the third was drizzled with chocolate sauce. Drooling would be extremely unladylike, Tory remaindered herself. She spied Con next to the stove, hovering near a steaming pot of...something. He turned, and their gazes

clashed. The slow grin that spread across his face had her heart beating faster. Con should never be allowed to smile. It was like watching the sun rise over Cadillac Mountain in Maine. It made you want to stop and stare for a good ten minutes.

Unable to budge even an inch, Tory watched as Con crossed the room then gently pulled her into his arms. He kissed her lightly on the forehead. Inching backward, he looked her over. "You look gorgeous, baby."

Taking advantage, Tory let her gaze wander. Con's close-cropped midnight black hair, navy blue slacks and the white dress shirt straining to contain his thickly muscled torso sent a little shiver down her body. Con was a big man. Powerful. A little intimidating until you got to know him. His silver eyes and the hard planes of his face told of a rough life. Oh, Con might be rolling in money now, but Tory knew it hadn't always been that way. In fact, growing up, he and Devon both had been forced to fight just to survive. She didn't know all of it, but the little she did know always made her heart ache for the pair.

"Thanks," she said. "You, uh, clean up pretty well yourself."

"Gee, thanks." He tweaked her nose. "If you're going to be ornery, then you won't get any of my cheesecake."

She peeked around his shoulder and sighed. "There are three of them."

Con stepped back and folded his arms over his chest. "And I made each one myself. So, be a good girl tonight."

Devon stepped forward, a frown marring his handsome face. "Why three?"

"To make up for last year's fiasco," Con muttered. "Hell, Tory, you looked so sad when you saw that ruined dessert, I figured I owed you."

Tory planted her hands on her hips and glared at the two men. "For the last time, I wasn't sad. Upset, yes. That cheesecake looked delicious. But I was not sad, for crying out loud."

"Were too," Con and Devon both said at the same time.

It was futile to argue with the two of them. Especially when they chose to gang up on her. "Whatever," she said, waving a hand in the air. "I need a drink."

"Champagne?" Con ventured.

"White wine, Con," Devon said. "Tory hates champagne."

"Oh, right." Con headed toward the long steel countertop where several crystal glasses sat. He picked up a bottle of white wine and held it up for her to inspect. "This just arrived, actually. I've been letting it breathe. It's a new winery I'm thinking of investing in. You'll be my taste-tester."

"As long as I get to be your cheesecake taste-tester as well, I'll be whatever you want."

Con glanced over at Devon, and the pair exchanged a mysterious look. Neither spoke as Con poured the wine. He brought it to her. Tory sniffed the fragrant liquid. Spicy and sweet. Interesting. She took a sip. "Smooth, sweet, but not too sweet. Nice."

“Good.”

The music changed, and suddenly Tory wanted to dance. “Which of you is going to dance with me? Don’t make me look for someone else, I don’t feel like doing the flirting thing tonight.”

“I thought I made it clear you’re my date,” Devon chastised. “No flirting unless it’s with me.”

“Or me,” Con said, his voice low, a little rough.

Tory looked at Devon, then Con. She couldn’t tell if they were teasing or not. She didn’t want to know, either. Instead she took another sip of her wine. Devon plucked the glass out of her hand and handed it to Con. “Come on, sugar. You can move those sexy hips all you want.”

As they went back out to the main room, Con following close behind, Tory’s mind whirled with the possibility that the two men were making a move on her. Could it be? Devon tended to flirt. It was just his way. Con, not so much. So, what was up with them tonight? She started to change her mind about the dance when a man stepped in front of her. She recognized him instantly. Erik Masters. They’d gone out once. There hadn’t been anything wrong with the date, but the chemistry hadn’t been there and she’d avoided his calls after. While everyone else was dressed to the nines, Erik wore a pair of tight black jeans and a brick red pocket T-shirt. He wasn’t necessarily a handsome man—his features were too rugged to be considered handsome—but he wasn’t hard on the eyes, either. The come-and-get-it smile on his lips made her face go hot.

“Hi, Tory. I saw you arrive and hoped we’d get a chance to talk.” His gaze traveled over her body, giving her the once-over before coming back to her face. “You’re awfully damn hard to miss in that pretty dress. A man would have to be blind.”

“Thank you, Erik. It’s nice to see you again.” Tory could feel Devon tense beside her and she could swear Con had moved closer behind. Heck, his entire body brushed against hers now. It wasn’t difficult to figure out that Erik was hitting on her, but why would that bother Devon or Con?

“Can I get you something to drink?”

“She’s here with me tonight, Erik.” Devon said, as he wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her in close to his side. She glanced up at Devon and nearly swallowed her tongue at the lethal look he pinned Erik with. Wow, Devon’s expression was positively deadly.

Erik spared Devon a glance and shrugged, as if Devon were nothing more than an annoying insect, then zeroed in on her once more. “Would you care to dance with me?”

Her gaze darted to Devon. Yikes. She recognized the barely leashed rage easily. Tory looked back at Erik, surprised when he seemed unfazed. Which meant the guy was either suicidal or not quite the brightest of bulbs. Considering he owned a thriving concrete business, he wasn’t stupid. That left suicidal.

“I’m sorry, Erik, but I promised Devon I’d dance with him.” She smiled, hoping to take some of the sting out of the rejection. “Thanks for the offer, though. It was very sweet.”

Erik nodded, one side of his mouth kicking up as he dared, “Maybe later, then.”

As he made his way to the other side of the room, Tory peeked over at Devon. She noticed he stared at Erik's back for what seemed like an eternity.

Devon's blue gaze came back to her. "You seem to be turning me into a jealous idiot. The thought of Erik's hands coming anywhere near your body just about caused me to land a fist in his face." His eyes narrowed, as if he were bewildered by his own actions. She well understood, because she was every bit as confused.

"Erik and I dated once, remember?" She knew he remembered, because at the time Devon had told her she could do better. Still, she felt compelled to remind him.

"I remember," he said, his voice low, hard.

"So do I," Con said from behind her. "He was an ass then and he's an ass now. I don't know how he managed to get an invite to my party, but I sure as hell didn't send him one."

Tory turned her head and looked up at Con. His gaze, usually so cool, even remote at times, blazed so hot Tory felt seared clear to the bone. "Erik wasn't an ass. We just didn't click, that's all. And you two are acting so strangely tonight. What's going on?"

The men looked at each other, then back at her. Con was the first to speak. "We're not acting, Tory. You've just never seen this side of us because we've kept it from you."

She planted her hands on her hips and narrowed her eyes. "Oh, really? And what side would that be, pray tell?"

"The lover side," Devon blurted out. Con shoved him. Both of them looked way too satisfied with themselves. It pissed her off.

Tory stepped closer and poked Devon in the chest. "You aren't my lover and neither is Con. We're *friends*. So quit with all the chest beating and the innuendos." She looked between the two of them. "I came here to have fun with my two friends, not to get mixed up in some convoluted delusion you two are suffering from."

Con's eyebrows shot up. "You think we're delusional?"

"Well, what else could it be?" Her voice was rising, and people were beginning to stare. She took a few deep breaths before continuing in a more reasonable tone. "My two closest guy buds are suddenly acting like a couple of lions on the prowl, and for whatever reason they think I should be the lioness for their little lion sandwich. No thanks."

Con chuckled. "I don't know about a lion sandwich, but I wouldn't be opposed to hearing a certain kitty purr."

Oh, God. That should not have her pussy going damp with need, it really shouldn't. Tory knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that she was way out of her element with Devon and Con. An image of the two men naked, pleasuring her, sprang to mind. It was forbidden, and she instantly felt guilty for even allowing the picture to invade her mind at all. Instinctively she knew that Con and Devon would be nothing like the

other men she'd dated. She'd always gone for the easy, staid sort of men. Con and Devon were bold, candid and insatiable when they got their hooks into something...or someone. Tory didn't know what to make of this new situation.

"Dance with me." Devon murmured, holding his hand out for her. "I want to get you in my arms, that's all. I want to feel you against me. Just that, Tory, nothing more." Hypnotized and unable to resist, Tory lifted her hand. Devon took it and tenderly kissed her knuckles. Tory let out her breath and allowed Devon to steer her toward the center of the room where several other couples danced to the beat of Bing Crosby. As Devon's arms came around her, Tory looked to the left and saw Con watching them, a tender smile on his face.

"I can feel you trembling, sugar. Don't think this to death. Just feel. That's all, just feel."

Feel? How could she do any less with Devon's powerful arms surrounding her, embracing her in his warmth? He pulled her up against his hard strength, and Tory knew Devon's earlier words were nothing short of the truth. Tonight *was* going to be a night they'd never forget.

Chapter Three

Tory felt at home. It was odd, but there it was. Nothing could ever harm her with Devon's strong arms holding her tight. She twined her arms around his neck, and he pulled her in tighter. She immediately knew what he wanted to show her. The rigid thickness of his cock now pressed into her belly. Tory's knees went weak. Her eyes sought his, searching for confirmation. His wicked smile sent her blood pressure soaring. He rotated his hips, causing heat to pool between her legs and her face to flame.

Leaning down, his hot breath against her ear, Devon whispered, "Don't be embarrassed, sugar. You're beautiful. Feeling your sweet curves against me is driving me right out of my mind." He lifted his head, his gaze so dark she barely saw the pupils. "I'm not going to do anything about it. Not unless you want me to. Do you want me to, Tory?"

"I-I don't know."

"Are you a little turned on?" he whispered against her ear.

"Maybe," she confessed. "But we're friends, Devon."

"And friends can't be lovers?"

Tory shrugged. "I wouldn't know. I've never had it happen before."

"Maybe we should find out where this could go."

"Devon's right."

Tory froze at the deep baritone coming from directly behind her. Turning her head, she saw Con, and he was close. Close enough she could smell his clean masculine scent and see the tension riding him.

The ramifications of what they were saying hit her at once. "Both of you?" Her nipples hardened as if begging to be touched, tasted, played with by Con and Devon both. Her nipples were total sluts, she decided.

Con cupped the back of her neck. It was a strong, possessive hold. Tory couldn't move. "You sound surprised, baby."

"Surprised barely covers it," she said, and her voice sounded husky. Damn it, she sounded aroused. "You two must have had too much to drink or something." *Lighten the mood*, she lectured herself. *While you're at it, remember who you're with, you wanton.*

Con tsked. "You know better. Devon never drinks, and I only had a few sips of that white wine you tasted earlier."

She did know Devon's rigid stance on alcohol. His father had been an abusive drunk and, as a result, Devon never touched the stuff. "Then maybe I'm the one who's had a little too much."

"Come upstairs with us, sugar. Where we can be alone. We can talk about this in private."

"Talk?" she asked, turned on despite her suspicions.

"Talk, nothing more. Unless it's what you want," he added. "I promise."

"You have our word, baby," Con said, adding his two cents to Devon's. "The ball's in your court."

"But you don't deny you want me. Both of you. At once." She said it quietly, but still it felt like all eyes were on her.

"We won't lie to you," Devon said. "Having you is something we've both fantasized about, Tory."

Tory slapped a hand over her eyes. "Oh, God. This is so crazy."

Con pried her hand away, a tender smile on his face. "Crazy because you like the idea, or crazy because the thought is repugnant?"

She couldn't lie, not about this. Not when they were opening themselves up to her in such a vulnerable way. "It's not repugnant," she answered, her voice quivering. From fear or excitement? Both, she suspected.

Devon's arms tightened and Con's silver gaze blazed with passion. "Follow me," Con growled.

Con gestured to Jason, his personal assistant. Making arrangements for Jason to handle the guests? Most likely. Heat filled her cheeks when Jason's gaze darted her way for a split second. As Con started out of the room, Devon wrapped a hand around her smaller one, then led her toward the doorway. Her legs shook. She was really doing this. Going upstairs with Devon and Con. Would they make love to her? Both powerful men? She couldn't even begin to get her head around it. Tory had no experience to aid her in this. What would they expect from her? Would she be able to satisfy two such virile men? More importantly, what would it do to their friendship?

Suddenly, Devon stopped and cupped her chin in his large, gentle grip. "Stop analyzing it. Only let us please you. That's what Con and I want. To please you."

His gaze dropped to her chest. Was he looking at her nipples? Could he tell they were hard for him? His nostrils flared as he muttered, "So sweet. So tempting."

"So out of my depth," she muttered.

Devon brought her hand to his lips and kissed it. Without another word, he took her to the stairs. Halfway up, he stopped her again, murmuring, "Tell me, sugar, are you wet right now? Is your pussy eager for my touch?"

"Devon." She had no idea what she was going to say. She had no words to describe the feelings rioting inside her at that moment.

"Con and I are going to make you feel so damn good. Every sexy inch of you, Tory."

She had to make him understand. He had to know she wasn't this daring. That she'd never been wild or uninhibited in bed. She swiveled on her heel, nearly tumbling right off the step had Devon not reached out and grabbed her around the waist. "I've never...this isn't—"

"Shh, it's okay." He reached around and patted her bottom. "Upstairs first, sugar."

Tory hesitated. She could leave. Simply ask Devon to take her home. He'd do it. She knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that he wouldn't hold it against her, either. He would call tomorrow morning and wish her a Merry Christmas the way he always did. Did she want that? Did she want to walk away from them? Sleep in an empty bed and wonder for the rest of her life what she'd missed out on? The answer was simple. Making the final decision calmed Tory's racing heart as nothing else could.

Turning around, Tory started up the stairs once more, taking the steps one at a time. When she reached the upstairs landing, Con was there, quietly waiting. She let her gaze travel the length of him. As she spied the rigid length of his cock beneath the navy slacks, her mouth watered. Devon moved in beside her. Both men wore twin grins. Tory shuddered.

Devon couldn't believe his eyes. Tory, the woman who had fueled too many fantasies to count, stood a mere few feet from Con's bedroom. Devon licked his lips, anticipation humming along his nerve endings. His cock, already hard enough to drive spikes through cement blocks, strained against the tight confines of his slacks. He looked over at Con and saw the same hunger, the same wild need. Con's gaze stayed on Tory as he stepped backward. Once. Twice. When his back hit the door to his bedroom, he asked, "Do you trust us, Tory?"

Devon held his breath. Would she go through that door or would she tell them both to go to hell? With Tory, it was a toss-up. Her no-nonsense attitude had always been one of the things he'd loved so much about her. She said what she meant. She didn't play games like some of the women he'd dated.

"Yes, I trust you. I wouldn't have come up here if I didn't."

Devon exhaled. Con grinned, then reached behind his back, turned the knob and opened the door. He pushed it open and stepped aside. "After you, baby."

Tory looked over at him, her gaze eating him up. Devon easily saw the arousal, but there was a healthy dose of nerves too. He reached out and cupped her cheek. Damn, she had the softest skin. He'd never touched anything finer. "You know us, sugar. Better than anyone, I think."

"And when I go in there..." she sent a look toward Con's bedroom, "...we're going to be together. The three of us."

"Is that what you want?" Devon asked, his voice rough with the feelings coursing through him.

"I-I don't know." Tory pushed a hand through her hair, mussing the shiny blonde strands. Devon ached to grab a handful and press it against his face. Tory's hair always smelled like coconuts. He fucking loved coconuts.

As he moved his thumb over Tory's bottom lip, he accidentally smeared the pink gloss she'd applied earlier. Christ, he wanted her mouth naked. No paint, just smooth skin. And soon to be wrapped around his cock, if he had anything to say about it.

"Would you like to hear what I want?"

She snorted and wrapped her small hand around his wrist, then pulled his hand away from the temptation of her mouth. "I'm pretty sure I already have a good grasp on what you want, Devon."

Devon winked. "In case there's any confusion, allow me spell it out." He stepped closer, close enough to feel the soft weight of her breasts against his chest. He wondered about the shade of her nipples. Were they a dark mauve or a pretty pink? "I want you to walk through that door," he softly demanded. "I want you to take off that lovely bit of sapphire satin. And I want you to let Con and me take you to paradise. That's what I want. The question that needs answering now is, is that what *you* want?"

Tory bit her lip, then turned and stepped over the threshold. He heard Con curse. Devon fisted his hands at his side, hoping beyond hope to maintain control. Slow, he reminded himself. Tory was intrigued, but she was a far cry from where he and Con were. They'd thought of this night for months. Tory had had only minutes to get used to the idea. They would need to be gentle.

Devon entered the room after Tory. Con came in behind him, closing the door with a soft click. The music from downstairs could barely be heard. The only other sound in the gently lit room was the rapid beat of his heart. He'd heard the term before, but he'd never truly understood what it meant to hear your own heartbeat. He had a feeling it was beating so hard Con and Tory could probably hear the damn thing.

"This is beautiful, Con," Tory said as she looked around the room. Bright blue walls wouldn't have been as attractive had the room not been decorated with white accents. Eggshell white table lamps sat atop mismatching white end tables, which, of course, looked designer perfect against the hardwood floor and large octagonal black-and-white area rug. There wasn't a lot of furniture in the room. Clearly, the bed was the focal point. Devon noticed Tory's gaze land on it and linger. Devon had to admit, the damn bed looked inviting as hell. A king-size with a tufted white headboard and fluffy black satin comforter. Tory walked toward it. *Can she feel my gaze on her?* Devon's cock hardened as Tory leaned down and smoothed her palm over the cool material. "Soft. And huge."

"Thanks," Con said from behind. "The bed was sort of a big deal for me. Growing up, there were times I didn't even have a bed."

Tory turned around and sat, her gaze darting back and forth between them before finally settling on Con. "And now you're about to share it with Devon and me?"

Con laughed. "Always straight to the point, baby. That's one of the things Devon and I love about you."

Con stepped forward and knelt in front of Tory, his hands wrapping around her thighs, which the slit on her dress showed to perfection. Devon stayed silent as he took in the little teasing play in front of him. He liked to watch. It'd been something he'd discovered during his first ménage.

"It's my Christmas wish, Tory," Con murmured as he inched his hands higher on her thighs. "To share this bed with you and Devon would be the best way to spend my Christmas Eve. Would you grant me my wish, pretty girl?"

Tory peeked around Con and pinned Devon with a gaze hot enough to singe the hair off his chest. "You have the same Christmas wish, Dev?"

"Yes."

Tory smiled. It was a little shaky, but Devon could see the arousal more easily now. As he stood, all but spellbound, Tory reached up and fingered a strap on her dress. Every muscle in his body tensed when Tory flicked the strap off her shoulder. It fell to her elbow. She took hold of the other thin piece of material, and his mouth went dry as the Sahara.

"Come and get your present, then," she whispered as she pushed it down her arm. The dress fell to her waist, revealing a lacy white strapless bra. Her breasts were barely contained. Damn. A tug, that was all it would take and Devon would get an eyeful of Tory's beautiful plump tits.

Devon and Con both cursed.

Con found his voice first. "I fucking love getting presents," he gritted out as he clutched her around the waist and buried his head in Tory's cleavage.

Devon crossed the room and placed one knee on the bed beside Tory's hip. He dipped his head and kissed the smooth ivory line of her neck. "Mmm, yeah, definitely my favorite holiday."

Chapter Four

“Take it off, Tory,” Devon commanded as he and Con stood and stepped away from the bed. “All of it, sugar.”

Shaking from both trepidation and arousal, Tory fisted a hand in the delicate material of the dress and came to her feet. The silver high heels, which had seemed like such a great idea when she’d strapped them on, had her wobbling a little. This is it, she told herself. Letting go of the dress, Tory felt it drift down her body and catch at her hips. She tugged until it spilled around her feet. Both men watched as she grasped her lace thong with both hands and slowly slid it down her legs. Con narrowed his eyes as he started to unbutton his crisp white cotton shirt. She perked up as he revealed his strong, muscular chest and ripped abs. She’d seen both men shirtless before, but this was different. Way different.

Tory stepped out of her heels and panties, then went to work on her bra. That’s when she noticed Devon start to undress. Vulnerable didn’t even begin to describe the way she felt as the men stripped out of their clothes in front of her. It wasn’t long before they were all three nude.

Con’s gaze wandered over her torso, then moved lower. “So damn sexy, baby.”

Devon smiled as he looked at her breasts. “Mmm, beautiful,” he said, his voice soft, warm.

The praise reassured Tory and gave her the bravado she needed to keep from bolting. Devon’s expression was hot, blazing hot, but there was compassion there too. She clung to the knowledge that this was more than a good time for Con and Devon. It was special to them both. And she had a feeling she wasn’t going to walk away with her heart intact. Pushing those thoughts away, Tory allowed herself a good long look at both men. Devon was shorter than Con by a few inches at the most. He was every bit as powerful, though. From the impressively hard stomach to the firm, thick erection jutting away from his body, Devon was all man. He grinned when he caught her staring, and Tory’s cheeks burned. Con shifted to the right, catching her attention. She looked him over thoroughly, taking in his leaner, taller frame. The solid, swollen cock had her mouth watering. He wrapped a fist around it and squeezed. Tory stared, dazed. She cleared her throat and spared Devon a quick look. He was so quiet, watching her. She looked down his body and realized he’d hardened further. My god, the man was huge.

“Lie down, sugar.”

Tory couldn’t possibly disobey Devon in that moment. What woman could? Sitting on the bed, she started to do as he bid. Once positioned in the center, Tory laid back. The sight of Con and Devon in all their bronzed glory coming toward her, both men staring at her as if she were a tasty treat, had her pussy

weeping with joy. Their well-muscled bodies and naughty grins were enough to have Tory begging and drooling.

As they slid onto the bed on either side of her, Tory could do no more than stare. Devon moved closer, his gaze on her face before traveling over her body. She looked down and saw his hand wrapped around his cock. The air in the room turned thick and hot.

Oh God. She was naked in a room with not one gorgeous hunk, but two. Damn if she hadn't just died and gone to heaven.

Con reached out to her, wrapped his arm around her shoulders and pulled her onto her side. Her body was as stiff as a two-by-four, every muscle strung tight. "Relax, baby. Leave all those worries behind. For now, we just want you to feel pleasure. Nothing but pleasure tonight," Con said, his voice rich and smooth, sliding over her skin, firing her blood.

"This is frightening," she admitted. "I've known you both for so long, Con."

Con cupped her cheek in his large palm. "Shh, there's nothing to be afraid of, sweetheart. We're going to take care of you."

Devon stroked her hair from behind. "Relax, Tory," he said in a soft command. When she only stiffened further, he wrapped a fist in her hair and tugged hard enough to bring a slight sting to her scalp. "Do as I said, sugar."

At Devon's demand, Tory loosened at once. She reached out and began touching Con. Her right hand smoothed over his pectorals. He was all steel strength. All man. She ran her fingers through the coarse curls that littered his chest. He groaned, and it fueled her to do more than touch. Inching her leg up and over his, Tory let her pussy slide along the side of his muscular thigh. Her clit throbbed on contact. Her name passed his lips on a growl. Tory took it as a signal to continue. Encouraged by the hungry sounds coming from both men, she teased her fingers down Con's ribcage, giving herself free rein. In some dark part of her soul, Tory enjoyed having Devon at her back, watching her touch Con.

"So sweet, baby," Con praised, "so damn gentle and sweet." His rough hands coasted along her overheated skin. One second she lay between the men, and the next she was spread out on top of Con's huge body. He smiled up at her, then brought her head down for a kiss. His lips, so warm and tender, tasted her as if he wanted to spend a good long time pleasuring each and every part of her. Her mouth opened and tongues met in a wild mating dance, his hands still massaging and caressing. When his fingers teased over her clitoris, Tory broke the kiss and opened her eyes, unsure, knowing Devon's stare was on their every move. She felt guilt wash over her. Two men. Both of them wanting her. Both of them watching her. She was so going to hell.

"Let him, Tory."

Tory whipped her head around and saw that Devon was still lying on his side, watching. Her mouth watered at the sight of the man. Devon moved closer, aligning his body on top of her, until she was

sandwiched between the two. She had a million questions, but Devon wrapped his hand around her neck and angled her head to the side, stopping the torrent with a hard kiss to her lips. When he raised his head a mere inch, he ordered, "I'm going to taste you, sugar. Every sexy inch of you." He seemed to need no other incentive as he moved down her body. When he stroked the seam between her ass cheeks, she lost her ability to think. Her pussy spasmed as if aching for his mouth, fingers, cock. Thick, long fingers drifted back and forth over her puckered opening. She wanted him there, Tory realized. While Con fucked her pussy deep.

Devon kissed the base of her spine. "I want to fuck this tight ass, but first there's this..." He pushed her legs wide and stroked a finger over her labia.

"Devon," she moaned, her body already so attuned to his touch.

"Hush, baby," Con said from beneath her. "Let Devon play."

Devon hummed his approval as she stayed silent. When his tongue slipped inside her opening, Tory gave in and let him have his way. Clinging to Con for support, Tory felt Devon leisurely lick up and down between her swollen folds.

"More, please, Devon," Tory pleaded, desperate for a deeper touch.

Con cursed and lifted his head, then wrapped his mouth around one nipple and sucked hard while Devon flicked her wet clit with his tongue. Helpless to the onslaught, Tory threw her head back and spread her legs wider, giving Devon better access to her slick entrance.

"Fuck, you taste like sunshine. So warm and luscious," Devon whispered as he wrapped his arms around her hips and clutched her bottom. Tory pushed backward in an attempt to force him to move faster.

"Hold still for him, baby."

"I can't, damn it. Please, Devon!"

A gentle swat to her bottom had Tory freezing. She whipped her head around to see Devon kneeling behind her, a wicked grin on his face. "Need another, or are you going to obey?"

Tory tried to speak, but the sight of precome dripping from the tip of his cock stilled her words. Once more she did as he asked and forced herself not to move.

Con reached up and grabbed a handful of her hair, forcing her gaze back to his. The tenderness she saw in his silver eyes relaxed her. This time when his lips covered hers, they weren't the gentle touch he'd given her earlier. In fact, he all but demanded entrance as he sank his tongue in. He laved at her, hungry, as if starved for the taste of her. Electric sparks shot over her nerve endings as Con's talented mouth made love to hers. Without warning, Devon's fingers found their way over her clitoris. He teased and flicked her to a fever pitch. When his mouth pressed against her swollen pussy lips, Tory came undone.

"Yes, Devon. Oh, God, yes!" She clutched at the sheets and held tight as an orgasm began to build inside her.

Con murmured something unintelligible before wrapping a hand around one breast and squeezing, his thumb grazing the sensitive tip. Devon clutched her hips in strong fingers, holding her tighter for his loving assault. All at once, Tory shouted and thrust her pussy into Devon's face. Her orgasm seemed to go on and on.

Several seconds went by before she collapsed on top of Con.

"Son of a bitch," Devon growled, as he cupped her pussy in his palm, prolonging the delicious sensations whipping through her. "You're going to be the death of us, sugar," His voice, dark with arousal, took her out of the pleasurable haze he'd wrapped her in.

She turned her head, and their gazes locked. "I want your ass, Tory. Would you like me there? While Con fucks your wet pussy? Do you think you can handle both our cocks filling you, sugar?"

"Devon, please...I don't know."

"Yes, you do," he encouraged as he penetrated her tight pucker with a single finger, little by little, until he was buried deep inside her ass. She shuddered and pushed against him. His finger came in and out, fucking her.

"Raise up so I can play, baby," Con growled.

She got up on all fours above Con, Devon behind her, one of his big, warm hands clutching her hips. She felt Con caressing her clit, squeezing and pumping. She watched as he lifted his head and suckled her breasts. First one, then the other. He took his time, tasting and pleasing her.

"You have the prettiest tits, Tory," Con murmured, then went back to suckling.

Devon's finger moved in and out of her bottom, slow at first, then faster. Soon, there were two, and her body went wild. Inhibitions dropped away as need rushed in and took command. She gyrated against Devon. Con flicked and toyed with her little nubbin while he bit and sucked her sensitive nipples.

She climaxed a second time, this one deeper, harder than before. She screamed and arched her back, flying apart and breaking into a million pieces. It was fast and unexpected, but she wasn't given time to bask in it.

Devon slipped his fingers free of her and moved to the side until his cock was level with her face. With his hand propped against the headboard, the other wrapped around his glorious erection, he coaxed, "Suck me, sugar."

"First, come on up here," Con murmured as he patted his chest. "I want a taste of that honey, baby."

Tory looked at Devon and saw him smile and nod. She took a deep breath and crawled up Con's body until she was hovering above his face. He growled in approval and wrapped his hands around her thighs and pulled her down. His lips closed around swollen pussy lips. Tory moaned and pushed against him even more, losing herself in the pleasure.

"Now, come here and wrap those sexy lips around my dick, sugar," Devon said, his fist moving up and down the hard length.

While Con probed her opening with his tongue, Tory leaned toward Devon, taking the swollen head into her mouth. He cursed and clutched her face in his strong hands. Tory laved at the tip, tasting his sticky fluid. Devon groaned and began guiding her. He was rougher than she expected. Tory sucked him deeper and gagged.

“Easy, sweetness.” Devon pushed her head off him to give her a breath, then pulled her forward again. “Relax your throat for me.”

Tory closed her eyes and opened her throat, taking every thick inch of him. As Con teased her pussy with fingers and tongue, Devon fucked her mouth, his movements alternating between fast and slow. Con thrust his fingers deep, and it was all she could take. She couldn’t concentrate on anything beyond the pleasure both men delivered. Devon slowly fucked her mouth as shocking jolts of heat flooded Tory’s pussy. She exploded into Con’s mouth. The only things holding her upright were the arms he had wrapped around her waist.

“Oh yeah,” Con groaned. “Devon’s right. You are pure sunshine, baby.”

Devon pulled her head off his cock, then praised her with a kiss. She was beginning to come back down to earth when she heard him demand, “Now, Tory.”

Devon moved back into the position he’d been before, on his knees between Con’s thighs. Tory allowed him to slide her downward until she was on all fours above Con, her bottom facing Devon.

Cupping her dripping mound, Devon whispered, “Look at me.” She turned her head, already limp and sweating from three glorious orgasms, but when she saw the intensity, the insane yearning etched into his not-so-perfect features, her body went from sated to needy in a hurry. She glanced down his body and realized he’d put on a lubricated condom. Con too.

“You belong to us, Tory,” Devon explained, his voice rough. “This hot little cunt, this tight ass is for us alone to fuck. No other.”

She didn’t have the presence of mind to argue. Later for that. Suddenly, as if choreographed, Con and Devon both entered her. Inner muscles stretched. Too much.

“I can’t!” she cried, her body tensing as panic started to overwhelm her.

Devon pulled out instantly, while Con stayed seated deep inside her pussy. Holding perfectly still, he waited for Devon’s command. They’d done this before, she realized. Enough to establish their own roles. Tory didn’t want to even go down that depressing road.

Lowering his big, powerful body, Devon covered her like a heavy, warm blanket, his arms resting on the mattress on either side of Con’s torso. “You can take us, sweetness. You’re just scared,” Devon murmured as he kissed her nape. “Let me in and I swear you won’t regret it.”

He stroked her hair and smoothed a palm down her arm to her hip, where he cupped her bottom and kneaded the plump flesh. She relaxed, giving the men, giving herself, what they needed, craved. Devon seemed to sense her surrender and began a slow glide inside her, filling her. The delicious pressure and

friction took her breath away. Oh God, she'd never been so incredibly full, and yet there wasn't any pain. The silky inner walls of her vagina were caressed with sweet strokes from Con, and the tight channel of her bottom felt every slide and thrust from Devon. Suddenly, all the worries, all the questions and fears, got pushed to the side.

Later, much later, she would get to the bottom of things. For now, she would do as Devon had instructed and just feel.

With each inward push from Devon, Con pulled outward. Her muscles clutched them both in a tight fist. She squeezed her ass, giving Devon a more intense pleasure. Passion spiked, and their movements turned frantic as both men fucked her hard and fast.

"Christ, yeah, sugar. That's so damn good." Devon grabbed the back of her hair and pushed her face toward Con. "Kiss our girl, Con."

"Mmm, my pleasure." Con leaned up and kissed her. Hard. He thrust his tongue into her mouth, licking and teasing. He released her and growled, "You taste so sweet, baby." His large palms cupped her tits and pulled them up. "All over." He sucked and nibbled on the hard peaks, and Tory moaned, unable to hold back the flood of heat. Devon grabbed her hips and slammed into her, fucking her. Dominating her. Claiming her body and soul.

Within moments, the men exploded. Tory felt every jolt of Devon's cock inside her ass and the pulsing heat as Con came inside her pussy. Both men shouted her name. Tory felt fingers flicking her clit, she wasn't sure which man touched her, nor did she care, because she too burst wide open as an orgasm tore through her, destroying her.

Con littered her face with tiny kisses. Cheeks, lips and eyelids received special attention. Tory merely lay there, exhausted, sweating, spent. Devon praised her as he came down on top of her, blanketing her body with his larger one. He sucked on her shoulder, leaving a stinging love bite behind, his dick, now semi-erect, still imbedded deep.

"Merry Christmas, sugar," Devon whispered against her ear. Con kissed the top of her head and said, "Yeah, Merry Christmas, baby."

Tory grunted. It was all she was capable of in that moment. She wanted to say something to ease the tension she could already feel rising in the room. Something witty, something cool, but damn, she was just too tired. As Devon's weight lifted off her, his cock slowly slipping from her body, she wanted to protest. It couldn't be over. Not yet. Not so soon. When he gently placed her on the bed beside Con and started murmuring sweet words to her as Con caressed a palm over her belly, Tory relaxed. Okay, it wasn't over. That was good.

Or was it?

Tory should think more on that question, really, but succumbing to exhaustion was way easier, so she chose sleep.

Chapter Five

Devon watched as Tory attempted to feign sleep. He knew she would hide forever if she could, but he wouldn't let her. He and Con had waited too long to get Tory right where she was—wedged between them. Naked. Warm. And so damn soft it made his hands itch to touch. Again. No touching, he reminded himself. Not until they had a little chat.

“Come on, sugar,” he coaxed. “I know you're awake.”

One pretty eye popped open as she peeked up at him. “Well, yeah, I'm awake now because you won't shut up.”

Con chuckled. “You've been awake for the last half hour, baby. You've just been playing pretend.”

Devon wanted to strangle Con. He might want to joke, but Devon felt like the rest of his life was hanging in the balance. If they handled this wrong, things could go bad. Real bad. Devon and Con had waited too long. They couldn't screw this up. Telling the sexy imp how they felt about her was happening now. No more waiting. Not even another minute. “We need to talk about this, Tory.”

Tory sat up, dragging the sheet with her as she went. Covering her nudity? Devon hid a smile at the display of modesty. It was so out of place, considering she'd just let the two of them bring her to orgasm—not once, but four times.

“What if I don't want to?” she said, pushing a tangled lock of blonde hair out of her face. “Maybe it's better not to ruin the glow.”

Devon propped himself up on his side. “The glow?”

“The afterglow,” she said, as if he were thick in the head. “Which is wearing off, I might add.”

Con sat up straight and glared down at Tory. “You came four times, little girl. No way is the *afterglow* wearing off already.”

Tory pointed a finger at Devon. “Hey, blame him. He's the one who wants to dissect what we just did.”

“We had sex,” Devon stated bluntly, knowing she was only attempting to rile them so they would lose focus. “It's pretty clear cut, sweetheart. That's not what I want to talk about.”

She bit her lip and clutched the sheet tighter. “You aren't going to let it go, are you?”

“No.” A knot formed in his chest. It happened every time he was forced to tell Tory no. From the day they'd met, Devon had had a hard time not giving in to the beguiling woman.

“Fine. You want the truth? I don’t know where this...” she made a back and forth gesture, “...us, is headed. All I know is that I’ve spent a glorious night with the two most important men in my life, and it has my head all mixed up.”

“It doesn’t need to be mixed up,” he whispered as he covered the hand that gripped the sheet. “I want more than sex from you, Tory. Con and I both do.”

“We care about you, baby,” Con said, adding his two cents to the pot. “We have for a long time.”

Tory looked down at the mattress, not speaking for several seconds before finally saying, “I think it’s time for me to go.”

Devon’s hand tightened on hers. No, he couldn’t have heard her right. “What?”

Her gaze came up to meet his. She appeared on the verge of tears. Damn, this wasn’t going as planned at all. “I can’t do this right now. I need time to think. You two might have thought this all through, but I can barely process the sex part, much less consider anything more.”

Con left the bed and strode across the room. He grabbed a pair of jeans from a chair and pulled them on. When he turned, even Devon could see the anger in his silver gaze. “Like a relationship?” he asked. “Is it so hard to fathom?”

Tory rolled her eyes. “Um, with two men? Yes!”

She started to get out of bed, but Devon stopped her with a hand on her hip. “What about if you were to pick one of us?”

“Devon,” Con growled.

Devon knew the warning behind the single word. They’d agreed ahead of time. Made a promise to each other. If Tory didn’t want them both, then they’d let her go. They wouldn’t compete for her. They wouldn’t let it come to that. Their friendship was too strong, too important. And with a single question, Devon had broken that vow and quite possibly ruined everything. But, damn, he couldn’t bring himself to call the words back. Having a taste of Tory could never be enough for him now. Devon wanted the whole package. He wanted to wake up with her all snuggled up against him. He wanted to make love to her every night. Hell, even hearing her grumble about taxes would make him feel like the luckiest son of a bitch alive.

Tory turned toward him, a frown marring her perfectly arched brows. “What are you saying?”

Devon didn’t answer. Instead, he looked over at Con, who had stepped closer, his fists clenched at his sides. “He’s not saying jack shit. Are you, Devon?”

His temper flared to the surface. “Can you let her go?” Devon asked, knowing the answer. “Because if you can, then you’re a hell of a lot stronger than me.”

“She needs time,” Con gritted out. “Don’t fucking push this.”

“Yes, don’t push,” Tory said, as she stepped out of the bed, the sheet concealing her luscious curves. “It’s late, and I’m ready to go home. Tomorrow I have a lot planned.” She bent and picked up her dress, then spared him a probing look. “So, are you going to take me or do I call a cab?”

“I’ll take you,” Devon said as he stood and headed for his shirt, which was lying on the floor in a wrinkled heap. He looked around the room. Shit, was that his pants? He picked up the black material, disgusted to note that he’d torn off the button.

“We’ll take you,” Con said, his tone clearly telegraphing the fact that he didn’t trust Devon alone with her.

Hell, Devon didn’t blame him one bit. He didn’t trust himself alone with her. He sighed. *Way to screw up, idiot.*

“Fine,” Tory grouched. “Where’s the bathroom?”

Con pointed to a door on the other side of the room. Tory disappeared behind it, grumbling under her breath. Con came closer to him. Devon braced himself.

“What the hell was that? We agreed, Devon.”

Devon pushed a hand through his hair, knowing he had some serious apologizing to do. “I know, but I can’t lose her. Not now, Con.”

“And you think it’s any easier for me? Watching her walk away is killing me. But forcing her to decide isn’t the answer. She’ll only end up resenting us.”

He’d known Con was every bit as in love with Tory as he. They hadn’t been surprised to learn they both had feelings for her. Most of the time, Con had seemed more like a brother to Devon. Falling for the same woman wasn’t a big shocker. Not for either of them. “I’m sorry. Shit, I deserve to be kicked.”

Con slugged him on the shoulder, hard, knocking him to the side a few feet. “No, you deserve to have your ass beat.”

“Yeah,” Devon mumbled, as he rubbed his now aching shoulder. Christ, he knew Con had been working out, but he hadn’t realized how strong he’d gotten.

“Still, I know how you feel,” he admitted, pulling a black T-shirt over his head. “It was on the tip of my tongue too.”

At Con’s admission, Devon stopped in the middle of pulling on his slacks and asked, “Then why are you giving me shit?”

“Because you shouldn’t have asked her to choose, dumb ass.”

“I didn’t ask her to choose, exactly. It was sort of, you know, hypothetically.”

“Whatever helps you sleep at night. The point is, we give her a little breathing room. Then we confront her. Agreed?”

“Agreed.”

“If you two are quite through deciding things for me, I’d like to go home now.”

At the furious female tone, Devon and Con both turned. Tory stood in the doorway of the bathroom, her hair brushed out, her dress, that silken sapphire that molded so beautifully to her body, properly in place. The only sign of sex was in the ruby red of her cheeks and the kiss-swollen lips. Devon ached to strip her all over again. To seduce her into never leaving Con's bed.

He forced a smile instead.

"We're not deciding anything so much as working out a little disagreement."

"Devon's right. The only one who has a decision to make is you, baby."

"The decision being whether or not I'm ready to dive into a relationship with the two of you."

It wasn't a question, but Devon answered all the same. "Yes. A relationship like any other couple. The only difference is that you'll have two men sharing your bed at night instead of one."

Tory picked up her purse and shot him an angry glare. "That's a really big difference, Devon. So don't act as if it's all so cut and dried."

"It's unconventional, yes, but I happen to think we could make it work. We're good together. We've always been comfortable with each other. Admit that much, Tory."

"Okay, I'll give you that. We *have* always been comfortable with each other. I'm more at ease around you two than any other man I've ever known." He started to speak, but she stopped him by holding up her purse as if it wielded some sort of power. "But that doesn't change the fact that I'm, at heart, a pretty conservative woman. I've done something really wild tonight. I'm need to come to terms with that aspect first."

"And the thought of doing it again?" Con asked, a cocky grin on his face.

"The thought of doing it again should have me feeling embarrassed, at the very least." She held her purse to her chest and said, "But I'm not."

Devon's cock stood at attention. "You're not?"

"No, and I don't know what to make of that. I've never been like this before."

Hearing the quiver in her voice was too much. Devon and Con both went to her. Con took her in his arms while Devon rubbed her back. "It's Christmas, sugar," Devon murmured. "Save all these questions for later."

"Devon's right, baby," Con said, his tone gentle, soothing. "We're not going anywhere. When you're ready, you'll tell us."

Tory buried her head in Con's T-shirt and nodded. They stood like that for several minutes, no words, just touching and embracing. They'd done it a thousand times before, but this time it was different. This time, Devon and Con had had a sip of paradise. They wanted more. They wanted all of it. It was anyone's guess if they'd get it.

Chapter Six

Christmas had gone well. Like every other Christmas, Tory had spent the day with her parents, then she'd taken presents over to the children's hospital. She'd finished the day off by exchanging gifts with Summer and Gage. Everything had been wonderful. The one thing missing had been Devon and Con. They hadn't called or showed up at her door the entire day. They'd promised to give her time. They'd stayed true to their word. So, why did she feel as if they'd somehow abandoned her?

Now, two days later, Tory couldn't even bring herself to get any work done on the latest website she was setting up for a new client. Worse, she'd been sleeping on the couch instead of in her own bed. Summer had called several times, but she'd avoided her. As she looked at herself in the mirror, she realized the truth. She missed Devon and Con. She wanted them back in her life. And not just as friends, either. What a mess.

Tuesday night, and she looked like hell. She hadn't showered, her laundry was piling up, and her house was a pigsty. The solution to her depression was stupidly obvious. All she needed to do was pick up the phone and call Devon. He and Con would be at her door within minutes. Her misery would be over. So why was she hesitating?

Easy—because loving two men wasn't normal. Guilt washed over her every time she thought of the night she'd spent in Con's bed. Guilt and arousal. Not a happy combo.

Forget about them and get a damn shower already, she told her dismal reflection. *Nothing happened, of course. That's what happens when you're miserable. You stay that way until something or someone kicks you out of it.*

Her doorbell rang, and her heartbeat sped up. Could it be Devon and Con? Had they finally stopped waiting on her to come to them? When she heard Summer call out to her to open the damn door or she'd break it down, Tory's hopes plummeted.

She left the bathroom and headed out to the front room. "Go away!"

"Open it, Tory."

Tory grumbled under her breath, but secretly she was pleased to have the company. Anything was preferable to wallowing in her own gloomy thoughts. She moved to the door, flipped the lock and pulled the door wide.

"Look, I'm not in the mood for company right now, okay?"

Summer pushed her way inside. “You’ve been avoiding my calls, and I want to know why.” She looked around, sniffed the air and screwed up her nose in disgust. “No offense, sweetie, but your house stinks.”

“Yeah, well, I like the smell.” Tory crossed her arms over her chest and tried not to gag when she realized she’d forgotten to take out the trash.

Summer arched her brow. “First, you’re going to get your skinny blonde butt in the shower. Afterwards, we’re going to clean up this mess. Then we’re going to have a nice little chat.”

Tory weighed the merits of denying her lifelong friend, but knew it wasn’t worth it. Besides, she did sort of need a good washing. “I think I’m going to go shower.”

Summer nodded. “Good choice. I’ll get started out here.”

“Whatever.” Tory started out of the room, trying really hard not to look at her bed as she passed it on the way to the bathroom. The sight of the bed made her think of Con’s bed and the night the three of them had shared. Her stomach knotted. Would she ever know pleasure like that again? Was it possible to have a happy future with not one, but two men? As she peeled out of her clothes and stepped into the shower, Tory let her mind drift to that night. The way the men had made her feel. It went beyond sex. They’d cherished her. Loved her. No other man would ever be able to hold a candle to Devon and Con. The mere thought of sharing her body with another sent a cold chill down her spine. They’d ruined her for anyone else. Damn, there she went again. Crying like a baby. She hated crying. She thought she’d cried herself dry. Apparently not.

After Tory finished her shower, she slipped into a clean pair of heather-grey cotton shorts and a white tank. She wrapped her hair in a fluffy cotton towel and went to see if Summer had made a dent in the filth. Tory was surprised to see the living room tidied and Summer doing the dishes. Summer looked over at her and nodded. “Get a rag and wipe a few inches of dust off those coffee tables in there. After I finish here, I’ll make us some of that herbal tea your mom bought for you and we can talk about what’s bothering you.”

Tory bent down and grabbed the furniture polish from underneath the sink and a few paper towels. “Tea sounds great, but I don’t want to talk about it,” she mumbled.

“Too bad. You could have come to me, but you didn’t. So, you lose, I win. We talk.”

“Geez, when did you get so assertive?”

Summer laughed. “Gage is wearing off on me, I guess.”

For the first time since Christmas Eve, Tory felt a smile curving her lips. An honest-to-God smile. Even as kids, Summer could always make her smile when Tory thought all she was capable of was crying.

Tory went to work on the dust. An hour later, her house looked livable again and no longer smelled of old garbage. Summer poked a finger in the direction of the round kitchen table. Tory took the hint and sat, while Summer served the tea.

Feeling like she should say something, Tory blurted out the first thing that came to mind. "I'm sorry for being such a Grumpy Gus. I'm lucky to have a friend like you. I really mean that, Summer."

"We're lucky to have each other," Summer said as she sat in the chair across from her. "But that's not the issue right now. Tell me what's wrong. What happened on your date with Devon?"

Tory stiffened. "What makes you think this has anything to do with Devon?"

Summer frowned as she spooned way too much sugar into her tiny cup of tea. "You've been in a funk ever since that night. So, give it up."

"It's not just about Devon. It involves Con too."

"What involves Con? I'm confused. I thought this was like a lover's quarrel or something."

No way could Summer know about the sex. It wasn't possible. "Devon and I are friends, not lovers," Tory hedged.

"Maybe that's what you've always told yourself, but I've seen the way you look at him when he's not aware. And I've seen the way he looks at you." She stopped, then added, "What happened at the party, Tory?"

Tory wrapped her hands around the steaming mug. This was one of those moments. Sort of like ripping off a bandage, she needed to get it over with fast and with as little pain as possible. "I made love to Devon and Con. At the same time. In Con's bed. And it was fan-freaking-tastic. Okay? Are you happy now?"

Summer's eyes widened. "Whoa! Both of them? Like, at once?"

Tory slumped, feeling guilty all over again. "Yeah, both of them like at once. I don't know what I was thinking."

"And you wish it had never happened?" she asked gently.

"Actually, no." Tory felt heat filling her cheeks. "I mean, yeah, I feel guilty, but I...I think I'm in love with them. Both."

"Wow," Summer whispered, then fell silent as she sipped her tea.

After several seconds, Tory couldn't stand the silence any longer. "Do you think I'm horrible?"

Summer put her cup down, reached across the table and covered Tory's hand with her own. "Don't be ridiculous. I would never think that, Tory. I do have one question, though."

Tory snorted. When a woman spills her deepest darkest secret, it made everything else seem like a piece of cake. "I'm an open book. Shoot."

"Do you have any chocolate around here? I think we need it to think this through properly."

Tory laughed, feeling better already. Apparently, confession really was good for the soul. Pointing toward the freezer, she said, "There's a bar on the door."

"Ah yes. I nearly forgot, you always keep a few one-pounders in there for emergencies." Summer stood and went to the fridge.

"I don't know what to do, Summer. It was supposed to be one night. Something wild and fun. But now, I think I'm in love with them. How crazy, right?"

Summer broke off a cold piece of the sweet bit of heaven and handed it to her. She sat back down at the table and stared at her as she ate. It was only after they finished off every last crumb of the chocolate bar that she spoke again. "How do Devon and Con feel? Were they just out for a good time?"

"No. They both talked about wanting a relationship with me."

"They care. That's a good thing, Tory."

"I know, but both of them? That's not normal."

"Ah, so that's what's bothering you. It's unconventional."

Tory shrugged and toyed with the lip of her cup. "I've always imagined a relationship like what my Nana and Grandpa had. Falling in love and having kids, then living all happily-ever-after."

"You can have that with Devon and Con. It'll be difficult, but what relationship is easy?"

Tory frowned. "This isn't just difficult. This is a mess."

"You've been miserable ever since you left them. I know what that feels like, and it's no fun."

"You mean because after Seth died you were miserable?"

"Seth's death devastated me. I didn't think I'd get through it. With the help of friends, I did. But that's not what I mean."

"Then what?" The towel on her head slipped to the side, so she yanked it off and threw it over the chair next to her.

"Gage. He and I spent some really wonderful nights together. I felt guilty, like I was betraying Seth somehow. It wasn't until Gage went back to Ohio that I realized I didn't want to live without him. I didn't want to admit it, not even to myself, but Gage had slipped under my radar. I fell in love with him and it scared me. That fear, had I let it, could've ruined my second chance at happiness. Don't let fear ruin this chance, Tory. Talk to Devon and Con. Tell them how you feel."

Tory stared at her tea, mulling over Summer's words. "I don't know, Summer. I'm so scared."

"What do you really have to lose?"

"What will people think? What will my parents think?"

Summer waved the words away. "I've met your parents. They're going to have a hard time at first. But they'll adjust. They only want to see you happy, and you know it. Stop making excuses."

"You're right, I am making excuses."

Summer started to speak, but the doorbell rang. She quirked a brow and said, "I bet I know who that is."

Tory's stomach bottomed out. "They're done waiting on me to come to them."

"Go to them, sweetie. Be honest with them. Be honest with yourself. It'll work out, you'll see."

"And if it doesn't?"

“You’ll come to me and we’ll cry together.”

“Thanks, Summer. I really don’t know what I’d do without you.”

“Back atcha, babe.” Summer winked as she stood. “I’ll let myself out the back door.”

It’d been too long. Devon had waited by the phone, willing it to ring. Willing the woman of his dreams to call and put him out of his torment. He’d gone over their night together in minute detail. Her expressive blue eyes, petite, curvy body and that tight little ass. He’d never been so obsessed with a woman. Now, as he saw her with her hair damp, her face free of makeup, and wearing a tight pair of grey shorts and a cute little white tank, Devon’s cock swelled and hardened. He had to shift on his feet to keep his dick from feeling strangled. Glancing over at Con, Devon saw the same raw need. The same desperate hunger. The past two days had been hell for the both of them.

“We wanted to know if you’ve made a decision yet.”

Devon had tried to stay away. He’d had every intention of waiting for her. But frustration won out. He needed to know if she was going to cut them loose or give them a chance to have something more, something beautiful. Of course, his dick just wanted another shot at paradise. And there was no reasoning with it, either. He’d stayed semi-hard since dropping Tory off after the party.

She motioned them inside. “Thought you two were going to give me time to think? What happened to that?”

Devon entered the small living room, Con came in behind him. “We gave you exactly two days, five hours and...” Con checked his watch, then looked back up at her. “Thirteen minutes.”

“Gee, thanks for the update,” Tory said, as she toyed with the hem of her tank. This close, Devon could smell her clean scent, as well as that damn coconut shampoo she was so fond of. She crossed her legs at the ankles, and Devon barely contained a groan. God, she looked good. The dressed-up version was downright edible. But the fresh-from-a-shower look was freaking delicious.

“You look good, baby,” Con growled. “Real good.”

He saw Tory’s eyes light with humor. She was so pretty when she smiled. It’d been way too long since he’d seen her smile. “I look awful, but thanks.” She started to fidget. As if trying to figure out how to tell him the bad news? Or was it good news.

“I’ve always found the direct approach works best, sugar.” Devon forced a note of lightheartedness into his voice. A lightheartedness he wasn’t even close to feeling at that moment.

Tory shrugged, then blurted, “I’m willing.”

Devon tensed. Con stepped closer, nearly touching. “Willing?” they said in unison.

“The other night was...wonderful. It was beyond anything I ever imagined. I don’t want to go the rest of my life wondering what *could have been*.”

Devon cursed and closed the gap separating them. “Damn good answer, sugar,” he murmured before dipping his head and tasting heaven. Oh hell, yeah. The woman was made for loving. Damn, he’d missed her taste. Her scent. Even her sassy mouth. No woman had ever gotten to him the way she did. It was as if she knew just which buttons to push. It pissed him off and turned him on at the same time.

As he devoured Tory’s plump lips, Con moved up behind her and wrapped an arm around her stomach, then pressed his lips to her neck. Tory moaned and twined her arms around Devon’s neck, melting back against Con. Devon teased his tongue back and forth over the seam of her lips, only too pleased when she parted and let him enter. Devon ached to be inside her tight heat. He released her long enough to flip the lock on her front door—he wasn’t about to be interrupted. Bending at the knees, Devon lifted her into his arms and took her to the couch. He sat her carefully on the cushion.

“Clothes,” she ordered.

Great minds, Devon thought. Within seconds, they were all three naked. Devon dropped to his knees and buried his face into the warmth of her pussy. “Son of a bitch, I missed you.” He reached around and palmed her buttocks. He squeezed and felt her shudder.

“We need you, baby,” Con admitted, his voice rough with emotion. “Only you.”

“It’s the same for me, Con,” Tory cried, burying her fingers into Devon’s hair.

Devon stood, turned Tory around so she was on her knees facing the back of the couch, then sank his cock deep. Tory shouted his name, throwing her head back and clutching on to the cushion.

“Jesus, that’s good, Tory. Tight and hot. Like a loving fist milking me dry.” In fact it was a little too good. “Condom. Damn, I forgot.”

“I-I’m on the Pill. And clean. Please don’t leave me,” she pleaded. “Not now, Devon. Please.”

Music to his ears. “I’m clean too and I’m not going anywhere, sugar.” For emphasis, Devon pushed deeper, filling her completely.

“Open your eyes, baby,” Con softly ordered. “I want those pretty lips around my dick.”

Tory’s eyelids fluttered open. With her gaze locked on Con, she leaned forward and took his cock in both hands and kissed the tip. Con snarled. “Suck it. Don’t fucking tease me, little girl.”

Tory grinned, then licked him from balls to tip. Devon watched her mouth work as he fucked her tight cunt. “Such a good girl,” Devon praised. “Swallow that cock real sweet for Con.”

Devon fucked her harder, faster, thrusting into her, while Tory sucked on Con’s cock. Her cheeks hollowed, and Con cursed. “I’m going to come, baby. Pull out now if you don’t want a mouthful.”

Tory moaned and appeared to clamp down harder. Con grabbed the back of her head and held her in a firm grip as he came, shouting her name. Devon pulled his dick all the way out, then slammed back into her once, twice. Tory erupted all around him, inner muscles tightening, her juices bathing him. He arched his neck as flesh slapped against flesh. She cried his name, climaxing once more. Devon exploded, emptying every last drop of his seed into her hot cunt.

Slumping over her, all three of them exhausted and sweating, Devon muttered, “You’re incredible, sugar. So damn incredible.”

“Yeah, what Devon said.” Con groaned as he collapsed onto the couch next to Tory.

Tory laughed and shifted around. Devon’s cock slipped free and he already missed the contact. “I don’t know about incredible, but I do feel like the luckiest woman in the world right about now.”

Devon’s head shot up at the shyly uttered words. “And why is that?”

She turned and kissed his cheek, then did the same to Con. “Because I have the two of you. Almost makes me feel a tad selfish.” She winked as a small grin escaped. “Almost.”

Devon took her face in his hands. “You’re our best friend and the only woman we’ve ever wanted to share our lives with.”

“Devon’s right,” Con said as he wrapped an arm around her shoulders and hugged her into his side. “You’re the only one, baby.”

Tory settled against Con. Devon couldn’t help but notice how right it seemed to see her there. “So, what are we going to do for New Year’s?”

Devon and Con both chuckled. “I’m sure we’ll think of something.”

Tory stroked a hand over Devon’s abdomen. His cock immediately responded to the feathery touch. “Mmm, I can’t wait.”

About the Author

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A Little Bit Naughty
What She Needs

Summer just got a whole lot hotter.

What She Wants

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Summer Chase has loved and lost, and she has no intention of ever going through that pain again. But when a Camaro-driving hunk shows up at her B&B looking for a room for the week, she sees something more than a hard-bodied guest. For the first time since her husband's death, her sexual interest is awakened—and she's not about to hit the snooze button.

P.I. Gage Knight is in desperate need of a vacation. An impromptu trip to Cape May, New Jersey is just what he needs to relax and unwind. But when he knocks on the B&B's door and comes face to face with its sexy owner, *relaxing* drops to the bottom of his to-do list. Now all he wants is a tasty Summer treat, and he plans to savor the curvaceous beauty one delectable inch at a time.

Gage's smoldering kisses turn Summer inside out, not to mention what he does to the rest of her body. But when it's time for him to drive off into the sunset, she comes to a horrifying realization—she's lost her heart.

Warning: This story contains a hard-as-nails, ornery, demanding, tattooed PI eager to please, a widow ready to get back to the business of living and loving, and the kind of hot summer sex that you just might want to bookmark for later.

Enjoy the following excerpt for What She Wants:

As the hostess led the way through the crowded restaurant, Summer turned back to Gage and whispered, "I really can't think of a better beach restaurant. Their crab cakes are fantastic."

When they reached their table, Gage held her chair for her and murmured, "I trust your expert judgment, sweetheart."

They were seated in the covered rear garden terrace. Summer's heart beat erratically, nearly drowning out the simple romantic beauty of the moment. It'd been so long since she'd enjoyed a meal with a member of the opposite sex in any kind of romantic way.

Though Summer had guy friends, friendship couldn't replace her need for intimacy. Tender touches and warm kisses—she hadn't realized how much she missed those things until Gage had shown up at her door. Sparks had flown. Being with him, even in such an innocent way as having dinner, caused Summer's juices to stir.

"So, Summer, do you come to this restaurant often?"

"I wish, but no, I'm usually too busy."

He leaned across the table. "You should never be too busy for fun."

Man, he was sexy. Summer's mind blanked as she gazed at him. In the muted light, his smooth, tan head shone. She'd never known how sexy a bald man could be until Gage. She had the urge to run her fingers over his scalp. His five o'clock shadow only added to his dark, masculine appeal. If she were bold like Tory, she'd reach out and stroke his firm jaw. Too bad she wasn't. He was so damn good-looking, and she really wanted to touch him. All over. For hours.

"Summer?"

"Oh, yes, I think you're exactly right," she breathed out. Lordy, even when she'd married Seth she hadn't been this excited. That thought gave her a momentary pang of guilt. Thinking of Seth and looking at Gage, she knew it was way past time for her to move on with her life. She'd been stagnant too long.

Seth would have never wanted her to pine away for him forever, living in the past and shoving the future further and further beyond her reach. He'd want her to move on, get through the grieving and get to the living.

With just a hint of an ornery smile playing at the corners of Gage's lips, Summer had a feeling he was the sort of man who lived life to its fullest. Even his profession was exciting. A private eye. Scandal and intrigue. Action and danger. Yep, definitely more exciting than running a B&B. What would it be like to make love to the roguish man? He was like a juicy steak sitting on the edge of the table, and she was the puppy dying to sink her teeth into the scrumptious feast. So close. All she had to do was reach out and she'd have him in her voracious mouth.

"Hey, Summer, care to share?"

"Share?"

"You looked pretty far off there for a second."

She waved his words away. "It doesn't matter. Tell me, what made you choose Cape May for your vacation?"

He picked up his fork and started back on his pan-seared cod. "My aunt made it sound pretty appealing." The fork stopped halfway to his mouth. His lips curved upward as he said, "So far, she was right on the money."

She took a sip of her diet cola. "You talk a lot about her. Are you close to her?" When she realized he'd stopped eating, she knew she'd said something wrong. "What did I say?"

"You don't know what happened to my parents?"

Her heart clenched at the obvious pain in his voice. "No, I'm sorry."

"They were killed at a carryout. Some guy high on acid came in and demanded money from the clerk. The clerk gave him what he wanted, but the asshole was so far gone he started shooting. Later he told the police he'd been trying to kill the *snakes*. Hallucinations. Mom was shot in the chest. She died instantly. Dad was shot three times. He died on the way to the hospital. The clerk took a bullet in the arm. He survived."

“Gage...I’m so sorry.”

He nodded. “It was years ago. I’d just graduated from college when it happened. Aunt Bev sort of stepped in and took over where mom left off. She’s been pretty great.”

“I’m glad you had her.”

“Me too. Anyway, that’s the reason I became a private investigator. I wanted to help people.”

Summer understood loss all too well. She also knew words were useless. She reached across the table and placed her hand over his. When he turned his palm up and twined his fingers with hers, the air around them changed, heated. Her comforting gesture had quickly morphed into something much more, much deeper.

Trying to act nonchalant, Summer slipped her hand from his and inquired, “So, how long have you been a PI?”

“I hung out my shingle five years ago. It was tough going at first, but now I can be choosy.”

“Do you enjoy the work?”

“I can set my own hours. I don’t have a boss breathing down my neck. The money is good. All in all, not too bad. Every job has its drawbacks, though.”

Just then the waiter came over and asked if they wanted dessert. She was about to refuse, but Gage spoke up before she could get the words out.

“What do you have in the way of chocolate?”

“Our chocolate pie is pretty popular.”

“Send us a big slice.”

“Us?”

He pushed his plate away. “I’m not eating it all by myself. You’re helping.”

Her stomach loved the idea, but her hips not so much. “Uh-uh, I can’t afford the calories.”

His gaze traveled to her chest and back up again. “A few bites of pie won’t hurt. Trust me.”

She laughed and caved. “Who am I to refuse chocolate?”

He winked. “That’s the spirit.”

As they drove home, Gage had to grip the steering wheel to keep his hands from reaching toward Summer. Damn, it’d been hell watching her eat the chocolate pie. The little sounds of satisfaction she made after each bite had his mind going straight to the gutter.

He took his eyes off the road long enough to see her stroking the smooth leather seat with a fingertip. Hell, Gage wanted that finger on the head of his dick. She wiggled as if attempting to get more comfortable. The movement caused her pretty breasts to jiggle beneath her beige tank top. To keep from

drooling, Gage focused on the road again. When he spotted her house, he pulled into the driveway and killed the engine, then turned toward her. "We're home."

"Yes, we are," she whispered.

His gaze roamed over her possessively before he leaned in and brushed his lips over hers. "Like satin. I bet you're like that all over, aren't you, sweetheart?"

"M-maybe you should find out for yourself."

Could he be hearing her right? "Summer?"

"I should be playing hard to get, I know, but I want you, Gage."

"I want you too."

She eyed his crotch and smiled. "I sort of gathered."

He stroked her hair, enjoying the soft strands beneath his fingers. "You go to a man's head, sweetheart."

"I'm glad."

He cupped her cheek and murmured, "You're sure?"

"Very."

Hell, yeah.

Love takes courage. Loving two men takes twice as much.

The Boys Next Door

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At seventeen, Tommy Ambinder was Annie Parsons' first love, the center of her world. Almost. There was a secret spot reserved for Judah, Tommy's elder brother. On the day she discovered Judah wanted her, as well, the aftermath drove Annie out of town—and a wedge between the men she loved.

Now, haunted by guilt, Annie has returned to Melgrove, Montana with one hope in her heart—that twenty years has overcome the rift between the Ambinder boys. If they've mended fences, maybe she can repair her own life too.

Tommy's missed Annie all these years, but he never realized how much until one glimpse reignites the passion that time hasn't quenched. Something else hasn't changed, either—half of her heart still belongs to Judah.

Now, with Annie poised to run again, history is threatening to repeat itself—unless one of them has the courage to break free of the pattern and blaze a new trail that's wide enough for all three.

Warning: This book contains all the volcanic intensity of first love, searing-hot sex scenes, and two brothers sharing the one woman they love!

Enjoy the following excerpt for The Boys Next Door:

Judah froze in shock as Annie buried her face against his chest, her arms wrapped around him so tight he could feel her heart thudding. "Oh God, Judah!" Tears were streaming down her face as she babbled, "I thought you were gone, I didn't know what happened, the house was all empty and I didn't know where you were!"

She looked up at him finally, a frantic sort of happiness shining in her eyes. "How are you? How's Tommy? Is he okay? God, I've missed you!"

He wanted to shake her. He wanted to hit her, almost. For twenty years she'd been gone, vanished off the face of the earth, and now here she was smiling at him, telling him she'd missed him?

How in twenty years could she have changed so little? She was still as impulsive, still as heedless of consequences, blissfully unaware of how her actions affected others.

He wanted to kiss her so badly he almost couldn't breathe.

He held himself rigid, not returning her embrace. Uncertainty bloomed like a shadow in the hazel depths of her eyes, and she dropped her arms, looking away.

Judah felt his heart lurch back into motion as her gaze released him, the sudden rush of blood making his head spin.

Annie Parsons. If she'd changed at all in twenty years, he couldn't see it. Oh sure, there were a few wrinkles at the corners of her eyes, and the lustrous brown hair which her mother had always kept neatly trimmed now hung in a careless shag cut he wasn't sure he liked. Unthinkingly, he started to reach out and brush the dust from her hair—then Judah stopped himself, fisting his hand at his side.

What in hell did he think he was doing?

Gritting his jaw, he jerked his chin at the hillside. "Came over to see what spooked the livestock. What are you doing here, Annie?"

She gave him a quick, almost guilty sidelong glance, then shrugged, her gaze tracing the low, weathered hills. "I just...wanted to see how you were, I guess. I'm sorry I panicked. When I saw the house..."

He nodded to himself. He knew that panic. It had flared in his own gut the day she'd disappeared, making him push past her crying mother and storm up the stairs, determined to see for himself.

Her abandoned room, her empty closet, had hit him like a hard punch straight to the stomach. Even now, the memory could still rock him if he wasn't careful.

"It just got to be too much to keep up, after Dad died." His terse explanation didn't begin to carry the weight of grief of those days, the way everything had seemed to fall apart all at once. Even her parents had moved away shortly thereafter.

But Annie must've caught an echo of his emotion anyway—she looked at him, soft concern showing in her hazel eyes. "When did it happen?"

It was his turn to shrug, looking out over the pastures. "Fifteen years ago." *Five years after you left. Where did you go, Annie?* He kicked at a clump of dried leaves clotting the porch, making them rustle. "It's amazing how quick things go to pieces out here."

She was still watching him, her gaze seeming to cut straight through the wall he was trying so hard to keep between them. The warm compassion in her eyes stroked him in a way that both angered and soothed him.

Damn it, Annie, stop looking at me like that.

"I'm sorry, Judah."

"Yeah, well..." He nodded briefly, pushing away her sympathy. "Ma's doing all right. She's sixty-three now, can you believe it? Sixty-three and still gets up at five a.m. to feed the chickens."

"And Tommy? How is he?"

Judah froze at the question. Annie's eyes were wide, direct, the concern shading their hazel depths not only for him now. Her voice was so gentle, damn it, asking about Tommy. As if she still loved him. As if she still cared.

Anger flared inside him, along with the old, twisted jealousy. If she'd ever truly loved Tommy, if she'd cared about him at all, she would never have let Judah kiss her beneath the bleachers. Never would have let him touch her as he'd dreamed of doing. Never would have run to his arms in the night...

Judah cleared his throat. Against his will, his gaze flicked downward, tracing the line of her thighs through her faded jeans. "He's all right. He's in Washington these days. Bought a farm there. He's married now." He watched Annie closely, wanting to see her reaction.

If his words surprised her, she hid it well. "That's great. When was this?"

"Seven, eight years ago. Something like that. He's got kids," Judah elaborated. "Two boys and a girl."

Something flickered briefly in her eyes, but she only smiled. "That makes you an uncle. Congratulations."

"Yeah, I guess it does." He cleared his throat again.

"And you?" she asked. "How about you?"

Her eyes were too soft. Too warm. Too lovely. Judah shifted uncomfortably and pushed back his Stetson. "Me? I'll never leave Montana." He snorted. "You know me."

"Do I?"

Two words, one little question, and suddenly it seemed like there wasn't enough air for his lungs. Never mind the vast blue sky above them, or the miles of open, rolling hills all around. Judah moved closer, his voice dropping half an octave. "I'll always be here, Annie. You know that."

Her gaze rose to meet his, full of shadows. Maybe longing. Something thrummed in the air between them, and Judah stepped away quickly.

Christ, what was he *doing*?

"So, how long you in town for?" He leaned against the porch railing, absently noting the flaking paint. *Ought to do something about that*, he thought, then: *Why bother? It's not like it matters.*

But it still broke his heart.

Annie shrugged. "Just overnight, really. I booked a room at the boarding house."

He nodded. "You drive out here?"

"Yeah. I parked up on the ridge. I...I didn't want anyone to see me."

Which was probably smart, Judah admitted. Even thoughtful. Maybe Annie had changed, if only a little.

Suddenly, he wasn't so happy with the idea.

Then he pictured her sliding pell-mell down the slope, sending dirt flying and scaring the cattle half to pieces. He had to fight to suppress a smile. Yeah, that was the Annie he remembered, all right.

"Well, come on," he said, straightening. "I'll give you a lift."

She was silent as he drove down the long, dusty ranch road, hopping out without his asking to open the livestock gate at the far end. Her hair hung in her face, and in the afternoon light she looked as slim and

nimble as she had at seventeen. She grinned at him as she climbed back into the truck. “Thought I forgot that, didn’t you?”

Judah merely grunted and turned onto Route 32.

But as they rattled up the dirt track running up to the ridge, he heard himself saying, “If you’re bored tonight, go on down to the pool hall. They put in a dance floor,” he added awkwardly. *Shut up, Judah!*

“Are you going to be there?”

“Dunno. I doubt it.”

Hell no, Judah, and what in hell are you thinking?

“Well, maybe I’ll think about it, then,” she answered. “Thanks for the lift. And say hi to your mom for me. I miss her.” Opening the door, she hesitated. “It’s good to see you, Judah.”

He didn’t answer, and after a moment she climbed out. He waited as she walked to what looked like a brand-new Buick, started it up and backed it around. Her eyes met his once through the windshield, and she waved as she drove past.

He didn’t wave back.

Judah watched in the rearview mirror until the Buick was out of sight. He wasn’t going to the pool hall. It had taken too many years for the hole in his chest to stop aching constantly. Too many sleepless nights wondering where she was, how she was. Wondering if she was all right.

She was fine, and that was enough. He didn’t need to know more than that. He didn’t *want* to know more.

And he sure as hell didn’t want her getting anywhere near Tommy.



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