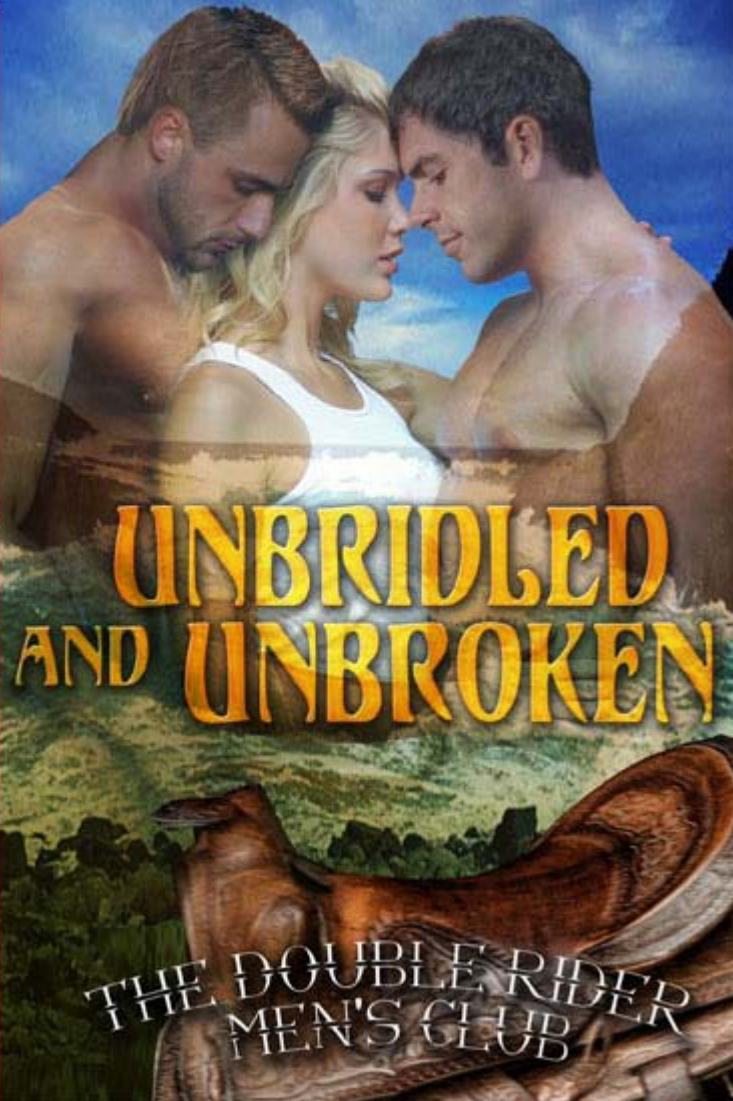


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Ménage Everlasting

ELLE SAINT JAMES



THE DOUBLE RIDER
MEN'S CLUB

The Double Rider Men's Club

Unbridled and Unbroken

A forgotten lotto ticket and a strong dose of lust send Veronica after Johnny and into his hotel room. She's introduced to his good friend Adam and their ménage lifestyle, which further intrigues her. But Veronica has a dark secret she dares not share with Johnny or Adam. It forces her to live a lie and worse, threatens their newfound love.

Johnny and Adam consider themselves lucky to have found a woman intrigued by their ménage lifestyle. Even though they weren't looking for a partner, they've found the perfect girl for them. But Veronica is hiding something that has her running out the morning after the Double Rider Men's Club annual event. An old friend associated with their men's club is hell-bent on putting Veronica in jail.

Will Johnny and Adam be able to protect her from Zachary, or will they lose her forever?

Genre: Contemporary, Ménage a Trois/Quatre, Western/Cowboys

Length: 51,760 words

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Elle Saint James

MENAGE EVERLASTING



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With heartfelt gratitude to each and every member of the Siren-
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Thank you very much.

UNBRIDLED AND UNBROKEN

The Double Rider Men's Club

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Chapter One

*Quick 'n Easy Mart, 5 AM
Forrest Ridge, Northern California*

At least he's not naked this time.

Veronica Greenwood sat up straighter on her stool behind the bulletproof glass of the convenience store the moment she recognized the white van entering the parking lot. Still resting an elbow on the lotto generating machine, she watched her most annoying return customer very carefully.

Before he'd pulled in, she'd planned to fantasize about the next attractive man who stepped inside the store. It was a game she played with herself to keep the pervasive boredom at bay during the wee hours of the morning before the rush came.

The trouble was very few of the patrons were attractive at this hour of the morning. Especially the idiot currently parked next to the Easy Mart fueling island.

Yesterday, he'd exited his van through the sliding door wearing nothing but saggy boxers, with the fly gaping wide open, and black socks. He'd pulled on sweat pants while she kept her gaze averted

hoping the initial sight of his swinging dangly bits wasn't forever burned into her retinas.

Jerry, the crazy customer she'd been avoiding for the past week, had a routine. He'd watch her for awhile from inside his vehicle then get out and buy a dollar's worth of gas. Once he replaced his gas cap, he would saunter inside and linger in the store doing his best to entice her from behind the safety of her secured work space. *As if.*

A second twin beam of lights turning into the Quick 'n Easy Mart broke her miserable reverie and she anticipated who else might enter at this early hour. Would it finally be someone worthy of her attention? Or at least someone who'd stay until Jerry departed?

The cashier on the next shift wouldn't arrive for another hour, so she was on her own until then.

Veronica noted the large pickup truck was a rental when it pulled in to the first slot closest to the door. She had a tense moment each time a new customer showed up while she was alone. Jerry didn't count since he made her tense *any* time he showed up.

She always hoped the next person through the door wasn't on a fury-filled rampage of terror with armed robbery on his mind. Only an hour until her relief showed up and thirty minutes later she'd be free until tomorrow at midnight. In the meantime, and for better or for worse, her vivid imagination kept her company.

A man alighted from the vehicle. Most notable was his cowboy hat. Something new. And even through the tinted glass she could see that he was much more attractive than the usual patronage. Tall, rangy with muscles to spare, he strode to the door with purpose.

She brushed her hands down her uniform with the in-born need to pretty up for a man. Then she promptly dropped her arms to her sides deciding nothing would help her looks now.

A cheap bell attached to the door chimed as he pulled the door open and stepped inside. Veronica noted two things right away. The cowboy was gorgeous, and he would be the perfect candidate for her stranger fantasy. Sexual fantasies being her only comfort in a

substandard life she'd never intended on living, she quickly committed the cowboy's features to memory.

"Howdy, ma'am." He tipped his hat to her in a chivalrous action she wasn't used to and allowed the door to swing shut on its own. "Is the coffee fresh?" The extra deep tone of his voice contradicted the sound she expected. He should be on sexy late night talk radio with that voice. Any woman with a pulse would no doubt pour out her innermost secrets to a seductive voice like his.

She cleared her throat. "I just brewed a new pot twenty minutes ago."

"Excellent. Thank you." He made his way across the store in front of where she was perched with a determined stride to the coffee center at the far left of the store. She took the opportunity to fan herself a little to cool off her inappropriate ardor. He *was* a stranger.

But you so love the idea of improper behavior with handsome strangers. Isn't that what got you into trouble long ago? Or was it because of one too many apple martinis? The devil on her shoulder certainly encouraged her provocative behavior, but never let her forget the past. This, however, wasn't the same as long ago. This time she was in possession of all her faculties and could remember.

Veronica took a deep breath to steady herself. She slid off the stool and prepared to ring up his order as she watched his delectable behind move across her view to get a morning cup of wake up juice.

The cowboy hat concealed the color of his hair, but with the wide shoulders filling out his denim button up shirt, tucked inside a well-worn pair of clinging denim jeans, Veronica decided that he was already perfect. Definitely the most attractive stranger she'd seen since tucking her tail in place and accepting this job four months ago as the last of her savings ran out.

When he turned around, she noted that he had made two cups. She mentally sagged in disappointment at this turn of events. Probably getting a morning cup for himself and his equally gorgeous cowgirl wife. Nonetheless, she appraised his features and committed them to

memory for her dirty little pleasure plan once she left work and slipped between the sheets of her standard double bed.

His strong square jaw line, vivid blue-green eyes and easy stride would likely make him the perfect candidate for her sexual fantasies for weeks to come.

The store security automatically took a still picture of every customer who entered the store. It was a grainy black and white, but Veronica knew how to print out a copy without anyone finding out. She hadn't ever done it, but this cowboy was the first worthy candidate that might make the risk worthwhile.

She glanced at the security monitor below the counter which showed the still shot created when the cowboy had entered. It captured him in a perfect candid shot with a gleam in his eye and a heart melting half smile shaping his sculpted masculine lips.

Good lord above, he had a face that would make an angel weep.

Her clit itched with need and she wished she had the nerve to proposition him for a real date. The very idea made heat rise to her cheeks.

A couple of minutes later, he placed the two cups on the counter and she got a full look at his face close up. Lord above, he made *her* want to weep.

She cleared her throat. "Is that all you need?"

His gaze roamed her face a moment and he grinned as if he liked what he saw. "And a lotto ticket, please."

Veronica blinked in surprise. She hadn't pegged him for the type to waste money on the lottery. She understood statistics and the likelihood that he would win the big jackpot was remote. "Do you want to pick the numbers yourself?"

He shook his head. "Nah. Just push the button and we'll see what fate hands me."

Veronica wanted to hand him her phone number and see what fate had in store for her if she dared follow him home.

"So do you win very often?"

He pulled his wallet from his rear pocket, a lovely tight place she'd studied as he made his coffee, and pulled a twenty from the fold. "I don't usually play at all. Truth is, I have a friend who wanted me to pick up a ticket. Personally, I think I'd have better luck getting struck by lightning than winning the big jackpot, but a dollar now and again won't break me, and it keeps my friend happy."

"That'll be three dollars and seventy nine cents, please." Was his friend male or female? *Foolish question. Pay attention to the job. Your rent is due. You can fanaticize later.*

He handed her the twenty through the opening on the stainless steel counter beneath the bullet proof glass. This was the first time she wished she wasn't so protected.

"Do you know of any good places to eat around here close by? My friend and I are staying at the Redfield Hotel down the street, and the restaurant has a breakfast buffet that's a little bit hoity-toity for me and my buddy."

His buddy? As in not a nameless, faceless cowgirl wife waiting to make mad passionate love to him for bringing her a morning coffee?

Veronica took a deep breath to calm down. "Well, there's a diner about a mile down the road on the same side as the store here, and it has a few pretty good meals if you like good down home cooking or fried food."

"I like down home meals, and I don't mind fried things on occasion. Do you eat there?"

She nodded and leaned forward. "I do. It's close to where I live." Veronica was obviously blinded by his good looks and sexy drawl. Otherwise, she would never have told him even a vague idea of where her residence was located. Then again, the notion of peeling off his shirt to see what his muscular body looked like and stroking it with her eager fingertips until she'd had her fill also crowded her mind.

She stared at him for a moment with his twenty in one hand and the lotto ticket in the other, unable to filter out touching him to finish the transaction. "You okay?" he asked after several seconds.

The heat rushed into her face so fast it was a wonder her cheeks didn't burst into flame and smoke. "Yes. I'm sorry. You remind me of someone." *Liar. Liar. Face on fire.*

"I'm Johnny Dyer. I just flew in from Colorado to attend a rancher's conference with my business partner, Adam. I've been here before, but it was a few years ago."

A few years ago, Veronica still had a future in finance. Times had changed for her and apparently so had her attitude about strangers, ranchers and the possibilities of her future life.

Perhaps it was time to take a chance on lust at first sight.

What did she have to lose? Each move from where she was right now would definitely be a step up.

* * * *

Johnny Dyer squinted a little and studied the girl behind the scratched plexiglass shielding her from any criminal elements. He genuinely hoped she was protected by bulletproof glass. She'd been staring him down since he entered and, to be honest, she intrigued him.

She looked for all the world like she didn't belong in a job quite like this one. Her name tag said Veronica. A cultured, classy name clearly perfect for her.

Her elegant beauty was at odds with a cheap nylon blend convenience clerk's smock. Johnny had a lot of respect for not only those who worked the late shift, but also employees stuck in quick mart stores like this everywhere. He'd seen his fair share and usually the workers weren't nearly so attractive as this girl. She had an air of high class. Difficult to define, but he knew it when he saw it, and it turned him on.

If he was the sort of man who picked up women in convenience stores, she'd be his first choice. Alas, he didn't usually select strangers as dates.

He used the term girl, but truthfully she was a full grown female, nicely rounded and exceptionally gorgeous.

However, even her poor outfit didn't hide the luscious curves she possessed. Her best feature besides her figure had to be her eyes. The color emerald never looked so good on anyone before.

Her hair was held back with some sort of clip he didn't see, but the color was like golden summer wheat. He wondered how long it was. Did it come below her shoulders? That would be fine.

A sudden image of gripping her golden hair in his fist, his cock buried to the hilt in her slick, hot pussy as he rode her doggie style slid into his morning fogged brain. He shook off the image and grinned. He likely needed to drink both of these coffees to wake up.

"How long will you be in town?"

Her question took him off guard. He stopped his sexual wool gathering and smiled. "We'll be here about a week or so."

"If you happen to stop by again, I work the late shift this week until about this same time on Friday morning." Her coy expression gave him ideas, but just as fast he curtailed his lust.

He and his business partner, Adam Keller, had particular tastes in both women and bed mates. Often they found a way to indulge both while on this annual trip, but more likely than not, this girl wouldn't want the same experience they had in mind. They loved to share a woman between them, ideally, but often any women they met were only interested in one or the other of them. More was the pity because she was really pretty.

"When do you get off today?" *What on earth made me ask that?*

She tilted her head to one side and answered with a shy expression on her lovely face. "I get off in an hour and a half. Why?"

"I don't usually do this, but would you like to have breakfast with me this morning, Veronica?"

She inhaled a quick, sexy little breath. "How did you know my name?"

Was that the noise she made when she climaxed? His cock stiffened slightly at the idea.

He pointed to her breast where the name was embroidered on her smock jacket. "Your name is stitched on your shirt."

A glance down and she blushed yet again. She'd had a lovely rose color high in her cheeks since he'd arrived.

"Oh. Right. My name tag. I forgot." She brushed a slim hand across her chest, touching the gold thread-embossed letters of her name before allowing her arm to drop. He swore his cock reared from just watching that innocent gesture. Jesus.

He'd only been in town for a half a day. They'd come in late last night. And it wasn't like he hadn't had a woman in a long time. True, it had been longer than he would have liked, but not long enough to warrant a response like this for a veritable stranger.

"It's very kind of you, but I don't think it would be a good idea. Thank you for asking me all the same, though."

"Tell you what, I'm staying in room seven fourteen at the Redfield hotel if you change your mind."

Her eyes narrowed as of taking the information as offered, but not truly expecting to use it. Smart girls didn't show up at the hotel room of strangers.

He was an idiot to expect her to agree to his overture. Smart girls also didn't take chances wicked nights of pleasure with a man she didn't know. And especially not with two randy strangers. Adam waited back in the room. Johnny eyed her again with speculation to calculate the likelihood of that possibility.

Nope. She'd never show up to satisfy their lustful urges.

But she sure was pretty.

* * * *

Veronica was very tempted by his offer of not only breakfast, but an open invitation to his room. His hotel room. Her dirty little

fantasies would reach epic proportions at just the idea of taking him up on his offer or, better yet, just showing up at his door unannounced.

The flames returned to her face.

Johnny turned slightly to one side as if embarrassed to have propositioned her by inviting her to his room. She wasn't insulted. Stranger or not, she didn't get a bad vibe off of him. Still, she wasn't stupid enough to promise to meet a stranger in his hotel room no matter how handsome he was. And there was no mistaking, how very attractive this cowboy was.

His gaze rested on the ledge of counter on his side of the protective glass. She decided to offer him a caveat so he'd know she wasn't insulted by his gesture.

"Maybe I'll run into you at the diner later on this week. It's called Mary Ann's." She focused her attention on making change for his purchase.

She did her best not to allow her fingers to tremble as she slid the coins, bills, receipt and lotto ticket beneath the reinforced glass. The numbers on his lottery ticket caught her attention as the random digits had personal meaning.

Scanning the small paper quickly, she noted that the first two were a four and a thirty, and her birth month and day. The next four digits for his fated lotto numbers corresponded to the address where she used to live. How strange. Sixteen, three, nine and seven. Her pride and joy at purchasing a home paled in comparison to losing it once all her money ran out. Barely able to sell it at a loss before the bank foreclosed, a very large portion of her dwindling savings went to the difference.

That house had only been hers before she fell from grace for a mistake she didn't remember but had paid a steep price for all the same.

It was completely unfair. But when all was said and done, she couldn't prove she hadn't done what they'd accused her of. Her

passwords had been used to place an ill-fated transfer order from a holding file. It might not ever have been noticed, but an audit followed closely after the transaction.

A surprise audit.

She'd been as astonished as the accountant when they showed her the log with her secret password being used for the illegal purchase. Unfortunately, the date corresponded with the night she'd had that fateful blackout episode during an after-hours party and she honestly didn't remember what had happened.

Her previously spotless record accorded her the privilege of resignation instead of being fired outright and put in jail. Her immediate supervisor and former mentor, Tom Callen, had had a hand in that benefit. She was lucky that he'd been so supportive during her fall from grace.

Life was often unfair and now she lived in her fantasies.

Headlights from another vehicle pulling into the front lot cut across the inside of the building. Both she and the cowboy turned suddenly at the disruption.

Oh shit. She'd forgotten about Jerry.

He'd moved his crappy white van from the gas pump to a spot in front of the store and was headed inside. Veronica tried to be pleasant to everyone, especially gorgeous cowboys, but it was getting difficult to wait on Jerry. She knew his name because he hit on her every single morning without fail.

Just two days ago he'd waited for her to get off work and pulled out of the parking lot behind her. It had frightened her enough that she hadn't gone home but instead drove to a busy coffee shop.

As humiliating as it was to go anywhere in her work uniform, she'd been grateful for the bustle of the patrons as she sat inside and watched that very same van cruise past at least four times. She'd lingered over a cinnamon roll for a good half an hour before feeling safe enough to go on home.

Jerry the Creep emerged from his vehicle, adjusting his ball cap then his jean-clad crotch and she cringed inside.

“What’s wrong?” Johnny asked and glanced out the front window at Jerry.

“Can you hold on for a second?” She’d been admiring his body ever since he had come into the store. Right now the best part of the to-die-for cowboy was his height and those nice wide shoulders. He was a pretty big guy. He turned back, a questioning look on his face and she said quietly, “Could you do me a huge favor and stay just another minute?”

“That guy a problem for you?”

Veronica released a grateful sigh at his quick assessment of her problem. “Yes. He’s been giving me a hard time. Even with this glass between us, he frankly scares me about half to death.”

“I’d be happy to stay a minute and chat.”

Veronica relaxed a notch. “Thank you so much.”

Her gorgeous cowboy collected his coins and slipped the change in his front pocket. She stared at the front of his jeans for way too long wondering at what glorious pleasure awaited behind his zipper. The bills and receipt he slid into his wallet and the lotto ticket he picked up last and shoved in his back pocket along with his billfold. Only the two coffee cups remained.

Bending forward, he placed his elbows on the counter. “What if we pretend I’m your new boyfriend? Maybe then he’d leave you alone for good.”

His charming grin distracted her so much she barely heard Jerry come in the front door. “That would be great,” she whispered.

“What’s your favorite breakfast at Mary Ann’s?” he asked.

Veronica smiled. “I love the buttermilk pancakes there.” That was the God’s honest truth. “Best I’ve ever tasted.”

“Excellent. I love pancakes.” He winked at her. “So is that what you’ll be ordering when we go to breakfast there together undercover as a couple?”

She laughed and stared at his beautiful aqua eyes. She loved playacting with him. "Absolutely."

Jerry walked all around the store as they flirted and chatted. She almost forgot he was there. Almost. He approached the counter, likely to ask some inane question like he always did, and the cowboy said, "I really enjoy having breakfast with you, honey."

"So do I," she answered wishing they really went on imaginary morning dates together as a couple."

Johnny suddenly leaned in so close, he practically kissed the plexiglass. "Honestly, the best part of my day is waking up next to you. I love knowing we'll be sharing our first meal together every morning. Knowing you're all mine doesn't hurt either."

Veronica was so stunned by his very realistic sounding heartfelt declaration, she didn't have a ready response. Her mouth dropped open, but no sound came out.

Johnny winked once.

Playacting. It was just his way of helping her get rid of her pesky stalker.

Say something flirty.

"I...really like...being all yours." She managed to stutter knowing she'd never win an award for her lame acting skills. Fortunately, a glance at Jerry and she knew she wasn't the only one convinced over Johnny's acting abilities.

"Will you stop by my place after you get off work so that we can," he paused for a breathless moment as a number of activities crossed her mind, "chat some more about our future?"

"I'd love to."

Jerry listened in to their conversation with rabid interest. When she finally tore her gaze from her cowboy hero, Jerry stared at her with accusation in his eyes. His gaze then strayed to Johnny. The cowboy returned his stare and straightened to his full height and he was a head taller than Jerry. Without saying a word, Jerry adjusted the

ball cap on his head again, threw a dollar on the counter and stalked out to his van. Thank heavens he was gone.

Once the van disappeared from view, the cowboy leaned in and said, “Now that I’m your new boyfriend and everything, maybe I’ll see you around this week. If you’d like, we can go out and have a real breakfast together.”

Will I wake up next to you, too?

Veronica’s heart sped up at the idea. “Maybe so. I’ll keep it in mind. Thanks again for staying behind to protect me. You were very convincing. I’ll likely never see him again.”

“No problem.” His grin almost gave her an orgasm on the spot. “Have a great day,” he with a wave. He picked up the coffee cups and moved toward the door.

“You too,” she said in a breathless whisper

He pushed one of the doors open with an elbow, turned and walked out into the pre-dawn light. She watched his perfect ass with every step he took all the way out the door. Which was how she saw what happened.

The lotto ticket he’d purchased for his friend fluttered from his back pocket to the floor just as the door swooped shut. The blast of air from the door closing sent the small square paper rolling towards her. She banged her palm on the glass trying to get his attention, but he quickly slipped into his vehicle and drove away before she could unlock herself from the prison behind the protected glass cage of her desolate employment.

She rescued the ticket from beneath the rack holding a large assortment of candy bars, gum and mints and watched his tail lights head in the direction of the hotel where he’d told her he was staying.

Fingering the stiff corner of the lotto ticket, Veronica wondered if she should go after him once her shift had ended to ensure he got the final item of his purchase.

Was it foolish for her heart to speed up at merely the thought of seeing him again?

Without the protection of the glass separating them? They'd be able to touch each other.

She shivered with involuntary excitement at the vision and slid the ticket into her pocket. It would be only right to take the ticket back to him. Her duty even. If he didn't return for it himself. She owed him a huge favor for helping her get rid of Jerry.

Veronica watched for him to come back all through the next hour and a half of morning rush until she got off work. After a quick trip to her small apartment, she cleaned up and changed out of her name-emblazoned polyester work clothes.

A shower pepped her up enough to surf online for a while to pass the early morning hours. A glance to the clock after a reasonable length of time, and Veronica finally did what she'd been waiting two hours to do. She refreshed her memory using a map program to request instructions from her tiny place to the Redfield Hotel.

She smiled. It wasn't too far away.

Perhaps today was the day to bring her untried fantasies to life.

Chapter Two

From their adjoining room, Adam heard Johnny return along with the scent of coffee which also drifted in. Usually, they acquired a suite when they traveled, but there had been a problem with their reservations and this deluxe set of rooms had been their only option for this trip. Both rooms had king beds, nice views and a kitchenette each for intimate dinners when they stayed in.

He planned to “stay in” as many times as possible this trip.

Johnny rapped his knuckles lightly on the door between the rooms and entered. He extended his arm leading with a large Styrofoam cup of goodness. Adam wasn’t much of a breakfast lover, but he couldn’t function well without coffee. He’d probably spend the majority of the trip here working including the time he should have been sleeping. Regardless of the time investment, he loved being an architect. When they weren’t kicking around at the ranch, that’s where Adam spent his days. Johnny understood his caffeine addiction and had volunteered to fetch the morning brew for them.

“Did you get any sleep while I was gone?”

“Nope. But I’m finished with the plans for the Archer building. Now I can get some rest.”

“Good. Finish your coffee and rest up. I want you fully functioning for tonight’s festivities at the DRMC offsite.”

“Don’t worry about me. Watching ménage sex is one of my favorite pleasures. I won’t miss it.”

Johnny sipped his coffee. “I hope so. Because you still look like you could use about twelve straight hours of sleep.”

“I don’t need that much. The meet and greet doesn’t start ‘til ten. And the live show isn’t until eleven. Trust me, I’ll be ready. I just wish we’d reserved a suite for the event night now. If I’d known we wouldn’t have a suite at our hotel, I would have reserved us a room for the night there.”

“Want to bring someone back here?”

Adam glanced around his hotel room. “We could, but it probably won’t be as nice as a room at the club. Maybe it isn’t too late to get a room there tonight. I can call and at least ask.”

Johnny shrugged as if indifferent. Adam wasn’t sure what *that* was about. His business partner was usually much more excited about impending sex shows and a woman ready to fulfill their ultimate desires.

Adam took a sip of his coffee. It was delicious. Piping hot and flavorful. A complete surprise since, given the container, he assumed Johnny had gotten it at a gas station. “Where’d you get this? It’s surprisingly good.”

Johnny smiled and nodded. “From the Quick ‘n Easy Mart a couple miles away. The girl said it was twenty minutes fresh when I got there.” His eyes lit up as he spoke about the clerk and provider of coffee.

“And the girl is attractive, is that right?” Adam deduced his friend’s interest immediately. That’s why he was being so noncommittal about tonight.

Johnny laughed. “Indeed she is very pretty. Downright beautiful if you ask me. She’s got silky blonde hair and intelligent vivid green eyes. Seriously, I could have stayed awhile and just looked at her.”

“Great. Did you get her number?”

He made a face and shook his head. “Nah, but I did tell her where I was for the week. If she’s interested, I guess she’ll find me. And if she shows up, I’ll introduce her to you.”

Adam nodded and drank deeply from his cup nearly scorching his tongue with the strong brew. “Unless she comes while we’re occupied at tonight’s party.”

Johnny tilted his head. “Or if she comes in time, we could bring her with us.”

Adam lifted his brows in questioning surprise. Had Johnny found a girl willing to participate with them in wild threesome activities?

Johnny shrugged and shook his head, meaning that she hadn’t expressed any unusual desires. However, Adam knew Johnny and if he found her intriguing, he wouldn’t let the matter of her sexual preferences lie until he’d explored it fully. “No. But there was something about her. She was beautiful, but also smart. You would have liked her, too.”

“I’m certain I would have. You know what I like.”

“Her name’s Veronica.”

“Veronica, the Quick ’n Easy Mart clerk,” he said with a smile. “What does she look like again?”

“Blonde, green eyes and gorgeous. She actually looks out of place there. Like maybe she should have been in a richer, more distinguished environment, but opted for a job beneath her for some reason.”

“Maybe she’s hiding out in witness protection,” Adam joked.

Johnny rolled his eyes and took a sip from his cup. “Or maybe she’s working her way up in life.”

Talking about pretty girls and the possibilities of sex with one should have aroused Adam immediately, but he was very fatigued. Johnny was right, he needed a long nap. He’d worked on the red eye flight they took all the way here. They’d checked in at the crack of dawn, delighted and grateful that the hotel didn’t make them wait until early check-in at noon.

The coffee Johnny had brought wouldn’t keep him awake for long, but it made him feel so much better. “I’m going to take a nap.

Don't get into too much trouble while I sleep, or at least wait until I'm rested enough to join you."

"Like I ever get into trouble." Johnny stood and walked through the double doors to his room. "I'll be working on the plans for construction for the blueprint you just finished. Rest up. I expect we'll be up all night. At least we will if I have anything to say about it." He swung his door in, but didn't close it all the way.

"Yes, indeed." Adam pushed his door almost shut, too. Johnny wouldn't keep him awake either. He finished drinking his coffee, discarded the cup in his bathroom trash can and sat on the edge of his bed. The curtains in the room blocked out most of the sun from the single window, but a faint light at the edge crept in and put a thin orange streak along the wall next to the mirror.

He closed his eyes and drifted off, but hadn't had time to dream when he startled awake sometime later.

Adam glanced at the clock, noting he'd only had his eyes shut for less than three hours. Before he closed his eyes again to rest, there was a knock at the door from Johnny's room.

Who could that be? He sat up and slid from the bed to find out.

* * * *

Veronica entered the Redfield Hotel as if she belonged. Shoulders back and spine straight, she prepared to rebuff anyone who tried to stop her. She headed directly to the elevator, stepped inside the first open car and pushed the button for the seventh floor before she lost her nerve. Alone in the plush space as quiet classical music played, she was whisked to her destination in no time. She exited the elevator and marched down the quiet hallway until she found the number she sought. *Seven fourteen.*

Losing her nerve at this point was bad timing. She paused and stared at the door and tried valiantly to summon the courage to knock

on it. What's the worst that could happen? *Being turned down for the illicit sex with a stranger I've come to crave with every breath.*

Hands sunk in the front pockets of her denim skirt, she took a deep breath and stepped away. She no longer held the capacity for disappointment she once had. Life was different now. It sucked. Each and every disappointment weighed more heavily than it would have a year ago.

The memory of Johnny's ass, both on his way getting coffee and then as he left the quick mart, slid into her brain, teasing her with the dangerous possibilities of her wanton desires. She eyed his door again.

Seriously, what do I have to lose?

Do or die. Now or never. This is it.

In her right rear pocket rested the lotto ticket he'd lost. She removed her left hand from her front pocket, fisted it and aimed a knock at the center of the door. It opened immediately as if he'd stood by his door waiting for her to arrive. The man decorating her fantasies appeared in the frame. She froze in place, as still as ice, with a hand still in the air as if she were a prize fighter about to land the winning punch. She quickly dropped her arm.

His sexy smile, formed the moment his eyes focused in on her face, warmed the private space now heating and moistening between her legs. "Hey, Veronica, right?"

Not trusting her voice to work, she nodded. Her gaze swept down his tall, lean frame and took in the nicely sculpted muscles of his incredible body. His hair, a burnished blond, was cut short. Just the right length to run her fingers through to test the silky texture. He was just as attractive without the cowboy hat.

"Come in. I was just about to get some ice." The door opened wider and he lifted an arm gesturing her to come inside.

She entered and looked around the tidy space. The hotel was very nice and the rooms were superior. Upscale. Exactly like all the hotels she used to stay in before her fall from grace.

“I don’t want to bother you,” she said, but hoped he’d let her stay.

“No bother at all. I can’t believe you came here.” Johnny’s handsome rugged face and shocked smile had lured her inside his room. But even with the door closed behind her, she didn’t get any kind of bad vibe. All the vibes running through her body were electrified and ready for sex.

“I’m a little shocked myself. Actually, you forgot something and it gave me the added courage to find you.”

His eyebrows lifted, but the surprised grin remained. “What did I forget, besides you?”

“Your lottery ticket.” She pulled it from her back pocket and handed it to him.

He took the small rectangular paper as if in awe. “Thanks.” A quick grin shaped his mouth. “I’ve never won the lottery before.”

She cocked her head sideways and smiled back. “But you still don’t know if you’ve won yet. They won’t pull the numbers until tonight at six o’clock.”

“Given that you’ve delivered this in person, I’d say it’s as good as winning the lottery. And my odds are better across the board.”

“How do you figure?”

“You’re here,” he repeated and took a step closer. “Now I can use my boyish charm to convince you to stay.”

“Actually, it was your tight, fine ass that brought me here. Your boyish charm is simply a bonus.”

He laughed out loud. “I’m so glad I could entice you here, for whatever reason.” He brushed a tendril of hair from her face and tucked it behind her ear. The tingle of his touch from that simple act zipped warm arousal straight to her core.

Johnny took a long look at her hair, her face and then a slow perusal of her body came next. Her golden hair was likely her best feature. Or at least that’s what she’d been told by a jealous woman in a ladies’ room awhile ago. Once she pulled her hair free from the clip she wore during work, it was fairly long.

Given the sexy once over he gave her, Veronica thought he might like her long hair, too. The way he caressed her body with his gaze made her want to lunge on him, free his cock, impale herself on his rod and have her wicked way with him. Her panties got wet at the vision dancing in her mind.

“Not that I’m complaining at all, but what made you decide to find me? I didn’t think smart girls went out with strangers.”

“Since you told me your name and where you were from, I looked you up on the internet.”

His eyes widened. “Really? What did you find?”

“You’re basically a rich building contractor from Colorado. You aren’t married because there was a lovely article about you in the Hot Bachelors of the city issue of last month’s local paper. You also own a big ranch with hundreds of cattle and you looked great in last year’s ‘Cowboys in Colorado’ calendar.”

“Wow. I didn’t realize you could learn so much about someone on the internet.”

“It’s shocking. But ultimately you didn’t seem like a homicidal maniac. So with you forgetting the lottery ticket as incentive, I got a wild hair and came for a visit. Is that okay?”

“It’s perfect. Would you like something to drink?”

“Not really thirsty. I just wanted to see you. Get to know you a little better.” She smiled and moved closer before her nerve departed. She wanted to touch him, stroke him and get naked with him.

“Okay. Great. Where would you like to start?”

“I already have.” She smiled wider and moved to within inches of his frame. She wanted full body contact.

The tips of her breasts brushed his shirt and the sudden contact made her nipples tingle in desire. She’d never done anything as bold as this before. Today she planned to make a special memory.

Before thinking it through too clearly, Veronica quickly wrapped her arms around his neck and pushed her mouth against his.

The sudden contact was electric and vivid, and she knew she'd made the right decision in coming here the moment her lips brushed his.

Veronica needed this wild experience. She needed to feel wanted. She needed to feel wanted by someone before they found out all about her tragic past. Eventually it would come out if she spent any time at all with him. But for now she could hide in anonymity. Just a woman wanting to be with a man.

His arms came around her back and crushed her against his muscular chest. He felt so good. His tongue slipped inside her mouth and licked the tip of hers. A gush of moisture filled her panties with the warm wet contact. He twisted his mouth across her and kissed her in earnest. He was very good at it. The seductive slide of his tongue dancing in her mouth made her glad she'd come here. She moaned and tightened her grip on his neck.

Anyone attempting to come between them right now risked serious injury. Desire for this sexy cowboy made her reckless. She wanted wild, wicked sex.

No, better yet, she wanted Johnny to make sweet love to her.

In her perfect fantasy, Veronica wanted to pretend that they were madly in love and needed to fuck repeatedly or die from the lack of pleasure.

He massaged the muscles along either side of her spine and she moaned again. She couldn't help it. After being alone for so many months, humiliated and ashamed, today was the first time she'd come out of her self-imposed shell to desire something and actively pursue it.

His cock hardened between them. Veronica pushed her hips forward for encouragement, but he didn't grab her and throw her onto the bed. He did reach between them to gently caress her breast. Perhaps she needed to make the first move. His on-line profile suggested a certain level of gentlemanly intent. There weren't any

splashy headlines showcasing him with any wild women where he was from.

If she wanted to ensure a sexual liaison with this visit, maybe she'd have to make the first move. That wasn't a problem. Galvanized by her desire, she pushed him backwards toward the large bed centered against the hotel wall.

Once his legs hit the edge, the kiss broke and she pushed him back onto the flat surface of the comforter. She kicked her sandals off and signaled that she wanted to straddle him. He grinned and scooted back until she could sit on his lap without falling off of the bed. He then cupped her breasts through the thin T-shirt she wore. Could he tell she wasn't wearing a bra? Time to show him.

She pulled her shirt off to reveal her naked tits. His eyes widened appreciatively and after a single kiss to her lips he moved his head to suck on one of her very sensitive nipples. The suction of his mouth went straight to her moistening pussy. She wanted to be naked and pressed against his perfect body.

His hands moved from her lower back to her ass and he pushed his hard cock against her panties. Could he feel how wet she was for him?

She pulled back, shot off the bed and pushed her denim skirt and totally saturated panties to her ankles. "Time to get naked, cowboy. I don't think I can wait any longer."

Veronica climbed on the bed and straddled his legs. The outline of his cock was nearly bursting out of his pants. She reached down to unbutton his fly. The slow slide of the zipper intensified her reaction. The back of her knuckles brushed against his straining cock. The hard, wide feel of his shaft made her pussy gush. Veronica wanted to relinquish any foreplay he planned and simply impale herself on his ready cock.

Just as he put his hands on her bare hips and the tingle from his touch further delighted her senses, she heard a sound from behind her

as if from the connecting room. And then Johnny's cell phone began ringing urgently.

Chapter Three

Adam did everything possible not to groan out loud as he watched Johnny and his new girlfriend engaged in what promised to be a very arousing sexual encounter through the slit in the door between the rooms.

The phone call was bad timing, but hopefully Johnny would get rid of the caller and get back to the spontaneous sexual program. He watched Johnny's expression become irritated with each word spoken.

Mentally, he told Johnny to get off the damn phone and get back to what was much more important. Wild, spontaneous sex.

"No. That's not possible. We have all the permits for the Colorado property lined up." Johnny's voice got serious in a hurry when he spoke about the DRMC's property in Colorado.

What it sounded like, unfortunately, was a potentially long, detailed phone call not conducive to continuing the impulsive sexual romp. Adam worried that they were in jeopardy of losing this remarkable girl. So he did the only thing he could think of, he barged in and pretended he hadn't heard her in the room.

"Johnny," he began as he pushed the connecting door open. "Are we still going to lunch later on?"

Having watched her through the crack between their doors, Adam knew she was exquisite. She turned suddenly and his eye was drawn to the sway of her perfect breasts. In the next second, their gazes met, right before her hands came up to shield her rosy, kissable nipples.

"I'm sorry," he said, but couldn't turn away. His gaze dropped to her hand covered breasts again. He should back away, but lacked the

will to do so. Her golden hair framed an oval face, the length of which almost covered her breasts for her. Almost. He scanned her naked body waiting for her to start putting her clothes back on. She didn't.

Like a deer caught in headlights, she froze in place. Adam couldn't tear his gaze from her luscious body.

Johnny said into his phone, "Can I call you right back? Let me get into the files on my laptop and I can answer your questions in more detail. Yeah. Give me five minutes. Thanks."

During this exchange, Adam didn't move. She didn't either. Instead of embarrassment, he wondered if she was intrigued. Maybe she would be willing to spend time with them both. It was a remote chance, but if true, she'd be the ideal woman for their needs.

"Sorry," Johnny said. The mood was broken. She ended the intense gaze between them. Her cheeks turned bright pink as she looked over at Johnny. He glanced down her body as if still in awe that a naked woman was in his room. As if suddenly realizing she was nude and in a room with two men, a small yelp came from her mouth and she snapped out of her trance. She bent over, scooped up her clothes and hurriedly started putting them back on.

"No," he put up hands, trying to placate the situation. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to barge in." Adam watched every move of her hands as she got dressed. He backed toward his door.

Once her skirt was back in place, she grabbed the T-shirt and pulled it over her head. A pity. Hair covering her face, she quickly slid her feet back into the sandals. Finished dressing now, she turned and flipped her long hair over one slim shoulder. God, she was sexy.

"I'd probably better be going," she announced and took a step toward the door. "Sounds like you're busy."

"No. Wait." Johnny grabbed her arm and pulled her into his body. "I'm sorry for the call." He glanced at Adam. "And for the unexpected intrusion. This is my good friend, Adam."

Adam resisted the urge to stick his hand out after the quick introduction. Once he touched her, he wouldn't want to stop.

She turned her head and stared at him. “Nice to meet you, Adam.” Her gaze slid from his head to his boots and back again.

“You don’t have to go,” Johnny whispered. “We’d love for you to stay.”

“It’s okay.” She looked at Johnny again. “You’re busy and it wasn’t like I was invited.” Her hands came up to his chest.

Johnny hugged her tighter. “Please don’t leave. After this phone call, I swear, I’m all yours.”

She glanced at Adam once more before settling her gaze on Johnny.

Without taking his earnest eyes from her, he said, “Convince her to stay, Adam.”

“If you must leave, let me walk you to your car.” The words were out of his mouth before Adam realized he planned to say them all along.

“What?” That got both Johnny’s attention and Veronica’s.

“Johnny’s got to make the return phone call. If you don’t want to stay, I understand. But please allow me to escort you to your car,” he repeated. “I’d like to make a better apology first for barging in and second for staring.”

Her eyes widened slightly. “You don’t have to apologize for that. It’s okay,” she mumbled.

Adam moved closer to them. Her gaze darted back and forth from Johnny to Adam and back again. He loved her attention to both of them. “But you *will* let me walk you downstairs, right?”

“Yes.” She flashed a quick smile. “Thank you. That would be very nice of you.”

Johnny grabbed a business card from his shirt pocket. “Call me and let’s get together soon. Next time I promise to destroy my cell phone first.”

Veronica laughed. “You don’t have to do that.” She took the card and tucked it into the pocket of her jean skirt. The skirt that had been pooled at her feet only minutes ago.

Adam took a deep breath and thought about all he would say to convince her to return to their suite of connected rooms. And that *was* his primary goal in walking her to her car. Secondary only to spending just a little bit more time in her company was to ensure she came back.

It literally pained him to think they'd never see her naked or otherwise ever again.

* * * *

"I'm truly sorry I barged in on you and Johnny," Adam said before they got two steps away from Johnny's door. "He'll kick my ass if you never come back again. I hope you'll consider returning if only to save me."

Veronica stopped and stared deeply into his handsome face to assess his level of seriousness. Seeing his eyes dancing with merriment, she also laughed. "Well, we'll see. This was sort of a spontaneous visit. I guess it wasn't meant to be." *Damn it.* All revved up and no one to screw.

Veronica glanced at Johnny's friend once more. She thought she remembered him from a picture on the internet when she'd been researching Johnny before her surprise and yet failed visit.

Adam moved closer and grabbed her elbow. His mere touch tingled her skin. What was that about? "And you think next time you stop by won't be a surprise?"

She shrugged and started moving down the hall again, only this time, Adam had a hold of her. His touch had a similar effect as when Johnny caressed her and she ceased thinking clearly.

"I may not have enough nerve to come back."

This time he stopped the two of them walking and turned to her. "Now that would be a terrible shame. I hope you'll reconsider."

Side by side each man was similar in height and build, but instead of dark blond hair like Johnny, Adam had dark brown hair and his

eyes were a lovely chocolate color she could certainly get used to looking at regularly.

His intense gaze burned a trail to her soul. She couldn't seem to look away.

"What are you doing for lunch?" he murmured and moved closer still. He smelled so good. Just like Johnny. She wanted him. Just like she wanted Johnny. Her dirty little fantasies were hitting territory she'd never been to before. Attracted to two men in the space of about two minutes was a whole new level of sexy for her.

Somewhere a pin dropped in the quiet reaches of her mind, and she realized she was leaning closer and closer to Johnny's friend.

Will he kiss me? Her heart sped its beats to a dangerous high. Then Johnny's grinning face

Shit, what am I doing?

The shock of being as attracted to Adam as she was to Johnny sent her brain into a sudden tailspin. "I thought you were having lunch with Johnny."

Adam didn't move. The overt sexually charged expression on his face told her he was experienced at seducing women. His gaze held her mesmerized. Was he remembering her naked? Her pulse spiked at the thought of being naked and straddling Johnny as Adam watched them.

"You could join us. We were just going to get a sandwich and explore the area a little."

"And pick up women?" *Why would I say that?* Why did she feel the need to poke the bear as her mother would say?

Maybe because she needed a little distance from the powerful pheromones Adam was sending her way. He didn't reply to her query about women. Perhaps she'd hit the nail on the head. Or maybe she was about to miss out on exceptionally hot monkey sex.

He squeezed her arm gently above her elbow and guided her down the hall again slowly.

Her escort, Adam, was the very definition of sexual dominance in a cowboy flavored package. And way out of her league sexually. At least that was her current perception. A deeply sick part of her brain wanted to discover his secrets. He'd come in while she'd been bare-breasted, bare-assed and straddled over Johnny's impressive erection. He hadn't seemed eager to leave either. Translation from her point of view? He wanted her, too, and didn't care if he and Johnny shared her. Which was way, way out of her league.

In fact, his expression had been as if he wanted to join them on the bed. Too bad the phone rang and burst the sexual bubble they'd found themselves in. As horny as she was at the time, she might have considered it.

Now Johnny had to take care of something and Adam was escorting her to her car. She wasn't sure she wanted to leave. Walking alongside Johnny's business partner, Veronica was very aware of his scent. It differed from Johnny's clean outdoorsy fragrance.

Adam's expensive cologne made her want to tear his shirt off to get a better whiff. Would he allow it? Would he stop her? Likely not. But what a thrill ride if she had the courage. What kind of woman was immediately attracted to two completely different men in such a short space of time? The slutty kind? Whatever.

She chanced another look to her side. He was amazingly charismatic. Just his aura made her want to do wicked things. That and she remembered the intense longing look of desire he gave her back in the room. When she'd been naked and on a fast journey to being impaled by another man's cock.

Even though they hadn't finished the act, it wasn't a stretch to understand what was about to happen between her and Johnny. Did that turn Adam on? Did he like to watch people having sex? Stupid question. Watching sex was a billion dollar business called pornography. Lots of people liked it. Including her, on occasion.

What would a man like Adam do to a woman if he had her alone in his room? Or would he prefer to share her? A light went on in her

mind. Stupid of her not to have offered when she was naked and horny. Now she was just horny and on the way to her car.

“Maybe I’ll pick up a woman,” he finally responded quietly. His predatory grin took her off guard a little. “Does that turn you on?” Each word he said reverberated in her core. Was he reading her mind? She was just thinking about what turned him on. The tone of his voice as each measured word came out sent her heart beat back into the red zone. Yes, she was turned on, but not by his previous plans to barhop and pick up women. She wanted him to pick her up and take her back to the room.

She was currently falling in lust with both of these two men. Each man was the direct opposite of the other in both looks and demeanor. Adam couldn’t be described as “easy going” and sexy like Johnny was. Instead, he was a different kind of sexy. The forbidden bad boy kind of sexy.

“Perhaps I’ll just seduce you. We haven’t gotten too far away. Want to spend some quality time in my room until Johnny’s finished with his call?”

“What?” Veronica’s mind had wandered a little and she wasn’t paying attention when Adam moved closer, tightening their intimate space.

“Do you like karaoke?” Again she was taken off guard. Perhaps that was his intent. To keep her guessing.

She knew her expression had to border on incredulous. “What?” she asked again.

“Do you like dancing or karaoke, or both?”

She shrugged.

“How about dancing in clubs? Do you like to do that?”

Again she shrugged. “Is that how you intend to seduce me? With karaoke and club dancing?”

His gaze stayed fixed on her eyes. “That’s how I’d start.”

“So which do *you* prefer, karaoke or dancing?”

He grinned like a predatory cat about to pounce on something tasty. “Definitely dancing.”

“Why?”

“Think of it,” he murmured and took a step closer to her. “We’d be pressed up against each other all sweaty and breathing hard. We’d move rapidly to the sound of a musical beat pounding in the air around us like fireworks in July.”

Her eyebrows rose. She was thinking about it all right. Dancing and sex had lots in common.

“Maybe a version of salsa to start us off and then on to dirty dancing. Interested?”

“Maybe. However, I’m wondering about our friend, Johnny. Wouldn’t he be jealous?”

Adam broke his intense gaze with her to lift his head and laughed out loud. The deep rich sound wrapped around her soul. “No. Not at all.”

A warmth initiated in the center of her chest and dropped lower to her belly at the sound of his genuine amusement. She wanted him. She wanted to dance, visit karaoke bars, and have sex with him.

“Why not? He seems very interested in me, too.”

“Oh, he is. Trust me, we are both very interested. Can you wrap your head around the idea of having both of us doing our best to delight you?”

“At the same time?”

He put his gaze directly into her eyes as if trying to breach her core.

“Do you wonder what it would be like having two men pleasure you until you broke?”

“You couldn’t break me.” The truth was she’d been broken long ago and didn’t expect to desire any loss of control ever again. But she pictured each of them. Each kissing, touching, and licking her until she screamed.

He stopped and moved so close, she thought he was about to kiss her. “I meant breaking apart your inhibitions, but is that a dare?” His whispered query set her blood on fire. Her panties, once damp, were now saturated with the arousal of possibilities he ignited with mere words.

Johnny had started things. She’d opted to leave. He hadn’t wanted her to go. He also hadn’t seemed worried about Adam walking her out or showing an interest.

“No. Not a dare,” she whispered and gazed into his fathomless eyes. “It’s a fact.”

“I love a challenge.”

“I’m not even in your league.”

“I disagree. Give me a chance and I will coach you to heights you’ve never even thought possible. Want to play?”

“I only play games to win. I could kick your ass in any number of board games, but you don’t want to play children’s games. I suspect in any competition where you and I might participate, I’d never be allowed to win, only ridden hard, left at the gate as far as any satisfaction was concerned and fucked until I broke and admitted you were a sex god. But that wouldn’t yield *me* any pleasure.” What demon had taken over her body enough for her to admit something like *that*.

Adam blinked once. That was the only signal he gave that her declaration of war had any impact. Her previous experiences with sex had left her a little wary of men who promised much and delivered little.

And yet she still dreamed of the perfect man. A man with the perfect body and lovemaking skills to go with it. A man who would do all the things romance heroines got to do. Two men attempting to bring her orgasmic pleasure sped her heart rate to double the norm. Just the very idea of it made her tingle with desire.

“Come with me and I’ll prove that statement dead wrong.”

“Meaning you’ll stick your hand down my pants and stab your finger in the direction of my crotch for awhile, but if I don’t climax in ten seconds you’ll pout, start whining and whispering about carpal tunnel.”

His eyes widened suddenly. He moved so close they were practically sharing the same space. His vibrant gaze drilled into her very soul. “Please, I beg of you. Let me prove to you what I’m capable of in the art of hands down your pants maneuvers. Or perhaps I’ll just use my tongue.”

Veronica shuddered. “No. That’s even worse.”

“Having my tongue on your clit is worse?”

She nodded and knew she blushed. A college boyfriend had once gone down on her, but after several minutes of his tongue almost licking her hot spot, but not quite, and her inability to move her hips into the correct place, he’d become quite impatient. The evening had declined immediately, where he’d said she must be defective in some way. And she’d believed him all this time.

When she wanted an orgasmic release, she knew how to get one. Her best friend for climax was her pulsing shower massager because it was nonjudgmental about how long it took her to come.

“I’d rather not.” The heat in her cheeks felt like twin explosions of lava had dropped on her face. The remembered humiliation of being unable to climax from oral sex had always made her feel less a woman somehow.

“So some idiot male from your past has stolen untold delights from you due to his inept performance? Please, I implore you, let me make it right.” His hands gripped her shoulders as if to convince her to participate in his oral fantasy.

She shook her head. “No. Thank you.”

“I promise you’ll love it.” He nuzzled her neck and she decided that if anyone could do it, this bad boy probably could. “Satisfaction guaranteed,” he whispered and kissed her jaw. Then again, it wasn’t about his performance. It had to do with her lack of ability.

“What if I can’t?”

“Can’t?” Clearly, he didn’t understand the problem.

Veronica pushed out a long sigh. “What if I can’t come that way! I take way too long. Your tongue would probably fall off.”

The very definition of disbelief encompassed his beautiful face. He put his hand on her cheek gently stroking his thumb along her upper lip. “You need to know something about me. First, I don’t give up, and second, I don’t give up ever when it involves pleasuring a woman. Neither does Johnny. Trust me.”

“So you can last all night?”

“If I need to because, like I told you, I don’t give up. Truthfully, I’d *never* give up or stop until the song was over and you’d sung the final high note. No matter how long it took.” Were they still talking about oral sex or had they drifted back to karaoke and dancing? Wait, this was probably a double entendre? She was *so* in over her head.

And yet Veronica ignored her lack and persisted in this mad quest to see if he revealed exactly what he referred to. “What if you get tired? Or what if you slip up, relax your muscles and lose all control?”

“I never slip. I never lose control.”

“Says you.”

“Don’t you know the secret?” His deep laughter filled her space and she gave him a confused look.

“Secret? What secret?”

“That’s what sports statistics are for.” Definitely a double entendre there. “So are you interested in *dancing and singing* with me this morning?”

Hello. There was definitely a double entendre in that remark. The one she didn’t have the experience to pull off. But he seemed so confident. *Satisfaction guaranteed.* Curiosity won over practicality and she decided she didn’t have anything to lose.

“All right. I guess I could play. Let’s go dance together and then sing.” Veronica didn’t expect him to succeed in his plan to lick her

clit to satisfaction until she reached any high notes, but his utter confidence made the idea so tempting she decided to let him try.

Perhaps he knew secret moves. If he couldn't bring her off, she could still pretend he had, scream in delight and then retreat home to her pulsing shower massager for relief.

He grabbed her hand and literally dragged her to the door next to Johnny's. He closed the door behind them and signaled her to remain quiet. They heard Johnny's voice still working out the details to some intricate construction plan from the next room. Adam quietly closed the adjoining room door and turned to her. "I'll invite him to join us later, all right?"

Veronica nodded. "Are you sure he won't be upset?"

"Positive. He's busy working and once he's done, he'll want to relax. I hope you'll let him join us."

She nodded, but her heart sped up a beat at the thought of the idea of two men in her bed. *I'll cross that bridge later.*

"How shall we begin?"

Adam turned to her and moved very close. "I'm going to undress you slowly, then I'm going to rock your world. I can't wait to show you what oral sex is really all about."

His fingers went to her the hem of her t-shirt and quickly pulled it over her head. In quick order came her skirt, sandals and still saturated panties. He removed only his shirt and kissed her so tenderly, she actually relaxed in his arms.

She expected him to fully undress, but he laid her down on the bed and didn't remove his pants. He only kicked his shoes off.

He brushed her mouth with his lips, starting tenderly and moving quickly onto a deeper and more aggressive kiss until soon she was panting and moaning, trying to keep up as he devoured her. Only then did he move his hands to cup her breast. He rubbed her nipple as he kissed her, but soon broke the kiss and smiled. "Now I'm going to kiss my way to your clit," he said with utter confidence coating his tone.

“Okay,” she responded without enthusiasm.

“You don’t believe me yet, but you will. I’ll have you screaming in no time.”

He kissed his way to her nipples and laved lots of attention on each of them. It felt great and made her wetter and wetter below.

The anticipation of what he was about to do had an impact on her arousal. She wanted so much for him to be right, but still a healthy amount of nagging doubt still weighed her spirit down.

He kissed her belly and scooted down the bed until he pushed his face between her legs. The urge to clamp her legs closed was overridden only by sheer will. He kissed one inner thigh and put his hands on her legs to keep them open.

Perhaps he read her mind and didn’t want his head stuck in the vice tight grip of her legs. He kissed the other inner thigh and then suddenly she felt his tongue lick her pussy lips. The sudden sensation was incredible. His fingers touched her and parted her lower lips.

She trembled as he continued a slow sweep all the way to her clit. Once he reached the hooded hot spot, he lingered. His tongue wiggled across her clit in perfect synchronicity. A tingling sensation built in her core. If he kept up what he was doing, she might just be able to come. But what if he got tired? Doubt always crept in.

Veronica tried to focus on what he was doing, but worried over her previous inability. He suddenly veered off her clit and licked her pussy lips again. A third lick and he pushed his tongue inside her pussy. *Whoa*. That was new.

“You taste incredible. I could eat you all damn day.”

“You may have to,” she mumbled.

He didn’t respond, just wiggled his tongue back in her pussy. It felt nice. But the direct stimulation of his tongue on her clit was what she craved.

He reached one hand up to pinch her nipple. He then licked her clit in the perfect spot in rhythm to his hand. It felt amazing.

Veronica pushed her hips slightly into his face as he licked her. She gushed moisture with each stimulation and for the first time in her life thought he might be right. Perhaps he could make her come with his tongue. She glanced down at his head working between her thighs and a spike of pleasure rode through her limbs. The visual of his dark head positioned between her legs would be burned in her mind forever.

He was a machine. Licking her clit and alternating pinching each nipple. Veronica started to pant. A crescendo was building inside her body. She wanted to come. She wanted to fall over the edge of oblivion and scream out in orgasm from oral stimulation. Ever so slowly her arousal built. Adam never wavered. And he also never stopped or even paused.

But she was also aware that time was going by. Too much time. He was amazing and she was taking too long. It felt so good, but it had gotten long past the time where she should have gotten off. Now she waited for him to stop and admit she was a lost cause where oral sex was concerned.

Adam didn't stop. He moaned.

Veronica was about to tell him to give up, but he suddenly shifted slightly. One hand slid between her legs and two of his fingers dipped into her pussy. He still licked her clit and the added finger pressure in her core kicked up her arousal level. She was so close to coming. She wanted it. Please don't give up quite yet, she silently pleaded. She tried to clear her mind of negative thoughts.

His fingers pushed in and out of her pussy. It felt incredible. His tongue licked her clit, his other hand flicked her nipples.

She was on the edge. She wanted it. Old humiliation crept in, holding her right on the edge of climax. Not quite able to fall over and scream. Not yet. Unable. Broken. Damn it.

Suddenly, his fingers shifted again, it felt like all four of them tried to enter her pussy. Then his entire mouth clamped over her clit.

He sucked the hard bud between his lips. Mother of god, it felt so incredibly good. That's perfect. Don't stop. Don't stop.

In the next breath, he pulled his fingers out of her pussy and his pinky slid toward her puckered hole. He sucked her clit once more. Heaven. She was on the brink.

He pushed his pinky into her virgin ass up to the second knuckle. The rest of his fingers slid into her slick wet pussy. He sucked hard on her clit and pinched equally hard on one nipple.

The combined sensation was astonishing. Her hips bucked up as a climax of earth-shattering proportions washed over her body. She screamed his name at the ceiling, bunched handfuls of duvet cover between her fingers and pushed her hips into his face, trying to get closer. He sucked the climax right out of her. She spiraled as more rushes of gratification pounded through her veins. Her hips took on a life of their own, pushing into his lips, demanding every drop of orgasm she could get.

Panting like she'd run a mile, Veronica floated on a high. She felt a little faint as she settled back against the pillows. He sucked her until *she* finally pulled away. Suddenly, her clit was too sensitive to be touched. He pulled his fingers from her pussy and rosette and rested his face on her thigh.

"Goddamn, you're so sexy when you climax. I almost came in my pants when you screamed my name."

Veronica smiled, "You're amazing. And you were right. You do know how to make me climax."

"I should have made a wager."

"You should worry about me following you around for the rest of your life begging for this repeatedly."

"Actually, that appeals to me."

The connecting door suddenly pushed open to reveal Johnny framed in the doorway.

Adam shifted his head on her thigh to look back at the door. She couldn't move, but felt her cheeks heat in embarrassment.

“Okay if I come in and join you?” Johnny asked. Was he upset?
Was he jealous? She wasn’t sure.

“Johnny,” she whispered. “I should explain.”

Chapter Four

Johnny's heart had actually ached the moment Veronica stepped out of his room accompanied by Adam. His only hope was that Adam would convince her to come back. They had an understanding. If he could, Adam would have her naked in his room within the hour. He was usually pretty good at that, but the startled look on her face when Adam had come in asking about lunch made Johnny question his luck this time. She didn't run screaming to the bathroom, but she was obviously embarrassed. She'd gathered her clothes and got dressed in a hurry.

The phone call lasted longer than he expected as there was a slight problem at a building back in Colorado needing some attention. He soothed his client and assured him the problem would be fixed pronto. Then he called his lead construction foreman and walked him through the process of what needed to be done to assuage the client. After which he called several sub contractors to get them working on the unexpected project.

In between the calls he spent several long moments begrudging his profession and the hands-on way he ran his business. If he delegated more, perhaps clients wouldn't call him during important sexual dates. And Veronica was so very important to him.

Johnny thought about her long blonde hair and perfect tits in between all the subsequent calls he made. He'd had a perfect woman naked and straddled across his lap and he'd chosen to take the stupid business call. He wondered at the sanity of his choice. Then again, he had lots of people depending on his skills. An excellent reputation for impeccable customer service had always been the cornerstone of his

business. So he tried to shrug off his bad luck and the client's horrible timing.

After half an hour, he had gotten the ball rolling and called his client back with the news that his problem would be resolved before the end of the week. And thankfully, his presence wasn't required. The client was duly impressed and told him, "That's why I always call you, Johnny. You're the only contractor I know that makes an effort to finish the job on time."

"I'll see you in a week, Mr. Garth." Johnny was glad this impromptu project could be completed in his absence. He hated to leave the day before the conference even started. Although cattle ranching wasn't his primary occupation, he knew one day it would fill his later years. His cousins currently managed his substantial land and all the livestock for the day-to-day operation of the ranch. Johnny still loved to come home at night to his property.

The land had been in his family for generations. Someday he'd have children, but not quite yet. He loved his construction business too much to give it up. Truthfully, his life was nearly perfect. The only thing he lacked was a permanent love interest.

Adam had recently expressed that longing as well. Each of them knew what they wanted, a woman to share between them on a permanent basis. That dream had been a difficult thing to acquire. They'd met several women over the years willing to try out a threesome lifestyle, but most of the women selected ultimately favored only one of them or the other and threesome time became an awkward dance.

He glanced at his watch noting almost half an hour had gone by. He looked at the adjoining door and realized Johnny hadn't heard Adam return during his phone calls. He took a step towards the adjoining room in time to hear a seductive and very feminine voice shriek Adam's name as if in supreme pleasure. He took another step forward before he realized he'd moved. His cock, as yet unsatisfied

from earlier, reared in his pants pointed towards Adam's room still ready, willing and able to go.

He pulled the door on his side ajar and promptly pushed open the door into Adam's room hoping to see Veronica recently satisfied and resting on his bed naked.

The first thing he saw was Adam, shirt off, and face resting between the slim thighs of a naked woman. He pushed the door open further to ensure the right woman had just been gratified.

Veronica lifted her head from the pillow and blushed furiously the moment her gaze landed on him. She didn't know he was elated by her being here.

"Okay if I come in and join you?" Johnny asked.

Adam lifted an arm and motioned him inside.

"Johnny," Veronica lifted up onto her elbows. Adam remained where he was, face between her legs as if watching her pussy intently. "I should explain."

"I thought I heard orgasmic shouting from in here," he said to the two of them.

He lifted one hand to keep her from feeling guilty and grinned at her. "No need to explain. I just hope you're still willing to spend time with me as well as with the both of us."

Adam sighed and lifted up from the bed. "I told you he wouldn't be upset."

She nodded. "Yes. You did." Her focus came back to Johnny's face. "So do you do this often?"

"What's that?"

"Lure women to your room to pleasure them more thoroughly than they've ever experienced before?"

They both laughed. "Not too often, no."

"I can't wait to find out what happens next."

"What would you like?"

"I'd like to finish what we started in your room." She sent a glance to Adam.

“Good,” Adam said with a grin. “Will you let me watch the two of you satisfy each other?”

She nodded. “And perhaps later you’ll let me take care of you the way you just lit my world on fire.”

Johnny assumed she meant oral sex and his cock stiffened in response. He *so* loved blow jobs. Both watching them and getting them.

“Works for me,” Adam said with a grin. He seated himself in the side chair positioned next to the king-sized bed.

Johnny approached the bed, shucking his clothes as he went. He put on a condom from his wallet stash as quickly as possible as she watched him from the bed.

Veronica was already beautifully naked. Her bountiful breasts begged to be kissed, the rosy nipples sucked on until she screamed in joy. He kneeled on the bed and recalled the fantasy he had the first time he’d met her earlier at the convenience store. Hand fisted in her hair, cock pushing hard and fast into her pussy as he rode her from behind, bent over so he could get his cock really deep, surfaced his in his mind. Would she consider that for a starting position, he wondered?

Instead, he decided to start slowly and build to sex. First he wanted her to scream *his* name. He climbed over her prone body and leaned down to kiss her mouth. She flung her arms around his neck the moment their lips touched. Apparently she wasn’t looking for a slow seduction. That was fine with him.

Johnny buried his tongue between her lips and stroked inside the warmth of her mouth. He felt her breasts mashed against his bare chest and her nipples hardened as they kissed. He reached between their bodies with his hand to stroke her clit and entice her to climax again.

The moment his finger stroked across her clit once, she tilted her hips up and into his body. His cock thickened and pressed against her soft belly. He wanted her so desperately it wouldn’t take much for

him to release. He could likely do it groaning against her body even without the constricting force of her pussy to thrill him.

Johnny broke the kiss, but kept his hand stroking her clit. “Want to put on a show for Adam?”

Her eyes drifted open. “What do you mean?”

“Get up on your knees on the bed facing his chair. I’ll position myself behind you. Then he can watch me bring you off. Would you like that?”

She nodded, but uncertainly colored her expression. “All right. But I have to tell you, I’ve never come twice so close together before. I’m not sure I’m able.”

Johnny cocked his head to one side. “Are you challenging me, sweetheart?”

She shrugged. “I just don’t want you to worry if you can’t.”

Adam laughed. “She told me she didn’t like oral sex either. She said she might not be able to come even if I licked her clit, but I convinced her to let me give it a try.”

“And now *you* want to try, don’t you?” she asked.

Johnny nodded. “Trust me, I’m up for it. I’ll make you come again, no problem.” He nudged her with his cock.

“At this point, I’m certainly willing to give you the benefit of the doubt.”

Together they got into position in front of Adam. She was on her knees and suddenly trembled as he nibbled at the back of her neck. Her nipples hardened as he reached down between her legs to stroke her hot clit. He palmed one breast and pinched her nipple then did his best not to release against the soft flesh of her ass.

She writhed against his groin pushing her butt into his throbbing cock as if to entice him. He was very tempted. Another wicked thought entered his mind as she undulated against him. He wondered if she’d ever had anal sex. The mere idea of initialing her virgin ass with his stiff cock almost made him lose it. He took a deep breath and

cleared his head. Later, he'd ask, but for now he'd enjoy making her scream while Adam watched.

Johnny slid his hand around to cup her pussy and easily found her clitoris. She was very wet already and his cock throbbed in response.

Veronica panted and moaned as he stroked her clit. It wouldn't take her long to come at all. He knew she was close by the amount of juice running out of her pussy as he fingered her clit.

Shifting his hips, Johnny allowed his cock to slip inside her primed body. She moaned even louder and pushed back against him. His cock slid a few inches into her slick tight walls of her pussy and he had to concentrate not to let loose.

She pushed her hips backward again so he thrust his cock deeper still. Johnny glanced over her shoulder to see Adam rubbing a hand over his stiff cock still buried in his pants. Johnny bent down and kissed a spot beneath one earlobe and her body suddenly arched against his back.

Impressed with Adam's stamina, Johnny couldn't wait until they shared her at the same time. And hoped they'd get the opportunity. Something about Veronica was unique.

Johnny flicked his fingers over her juicy clit and pushed his cock into the heat of her body with more force. Short strokes midway inside the tight walls of her vagina would hopefully hit a good place inside her pussy, so he concentrated on keeping his cock in the sweet spot. She reacted immediately. Her moaning intensified and her hips swayed in perfect rhythm with his thrusts.

Adam watched from across the room, his attention focused on Veronica's face. He watched for her to come.

Her pussy suddenly clamped down on his thrusting dick. She tilted her head back and shrieked. The moment she slumped, Johnny pushed her forward onto the bed. Her head was almost off the edge. She braced herself on her elbows as he grabbed a fist full of her beautiful blond hair. He slammed his cock forward into her body once, twice, three times very hard searching for the nirvana of release.

“Adam,” she called as Johnny fucked her pussy harder and harder. “Come here so I can satisfy you.”

Johnny’s eyes almost rolled back in his head with pleasure. He clamped down on his need in order to watch her suck Adam’s cock. Seeing a blow job as he fucked her would be the best satisfaction yet.

Adam stood quickly and unzipped his pants. He didn’t even push them down, merely retrieved his rigid cock and shoved the head towards Veronica’s willing mouth.

Johnny kept thrusting into her pussy. The moment she had Adam’s cock between her lips and started to suck, Johnny stroked inside her pussy one last time before the climax of a lifetime accelerated through his body. His legs trembled as cum shot into the end of the condom reservoir. Orgasmic release rushed through his body, centered at the focal point of his cock sliding deep into her pussy.

Hand still fisted in her hair, he penetrated her body once more and let loose a wail from the depths of his soul as supreme pleasure settled all the way to his bones.

Adam had his eyes closed as if afraid he’d come the moment her lips closed around his cock. Johnny completely understood that. He released his grasp on her hair. She sucked Adam’s cock deeply into her mouth Adam growled in appreciation. He grabbed her head, slipping his fingers into her hair and tried to pull his cock out of her mouth. Veronica grabbed a hand around his ass and held him in place.

Johnny watched as she sucked the orgasm right out of him. And damn, if she didn’t swallow every drop of what Adam gave her the moment he released.

He leaned down and kissed the center of her back between her shoulder blades. Johnny quietly excused himself, pulled his cock from her still slick pussy and headed to the bathroom.

Behind him he heard Adam snuggle up next to her on the bed. Whispering ensued, but Johnny couldn’t hear what they said. Didn’t

matter. Perhaps if she came with them tonight to the Double Rider Men's Club annual get together, she'd understand their desires better.

They'd never shared a woman quite like her. And not once had she balked about being with the both of them after it was suggested. He couldn't wait for round two.

He opened the bathroom door and got into bed with both of them. Adam on one side and Johnny on the other.

"That was amazing," she murmured.

"We're so glad you think so," Johnny said. "What do you have planned this week? We'd like to see you again."

"I have to be at work tonight at midnight."

"What if you called in sick and came out with us?" Johnny asked impulsively. Adam's eyebrows lifted slightly in question. They should probably already have a permanent understanding worked out between the three of them before inviting her there, but he was caught up in the moment. He didn't want to let her out of his sight for fear they'd never see her again.

She shrugged. "I don't have much sick time built up in this job, but I have a couple of personal days."

"Will you consider it?"

"Where are you going?"

Johnny traded glances with Adam. "To a strip club where there will be a live ménage performance."

"Ménage performance? Like what we just did?"

"No," Johnny said. "Where two men will doubly penetrate one woman on stage while we all watch and wish we were participating instead. We find it very stimulating to watch. Maybe you will too."

Veronica's mouth fell open. Johnny hoped it meant she was intrigued and not appalled.

* * * *

“Doubly penetrate,” she murmured the words as all sorts of things flew through her mind. “Explain that to me.”

Johnny leaned forward. “In our case it means that I’d sink my cock into your virgin ass as Adam fucked your pussy.”

The words he whispered formed a vision in her mind. She wanted to do it. Her heartbeat kicked up a notch in her chest at the very idea of sex with two men.

“I never even knew that was possible.”

“It’s a rather unique lifestyle.”

She opened her eyes and looked first at Adam and then at Johnny. “But you two enjoy this lifestyle.”

They both nodded. “Sometimes,” Adam said. “But we don’t have a permanent companion, as of yet.”

“Are you looking for one?”

“Of course,” Johnny murmured. He kissed her mouth with tender care. “Perhaps you’d like to join us and see for yourself how it works. Then you can decide if you’d be interested in pursuing this way of life.”

Veronica inhaled a deep breath and with it came the scent of spicy sex. She was intrigued.

“I’ll go with you tonight. But what if after I see the show I don’t want to continue?”

“No harm, no foul. We’ll still have a nice evening together. And we can do whatever you’re comfortable with.”

“I really liked what we did today.” She searched their eyes for their reaction.

Adam leaned up on one elbow. “So did we. We like a wide variety of sexual positions. Go with what feels good to you. But don’t ever feel pressured to do anything you don’t want to do. “

Veronica didn’t feel pressured. She was excited. This unusual experience was like an adventure. It was an exciting vacation away from the dreary hum-drum life she’d been leading hidden away and humiliated. She definitely needed a break from her current reality.

The plans for tonight sounded like the perfect sojourn from mediocrity directly into a higher level of fantasies.

“Okay, I’ll go.”

Veronica spent a little bit more time with them before heading home. She needed to get a little bit of sleep before heading out for the evening.

She called her boss, Mr. Feeney, who wasn’t at all pleased she was taking a day off. She didn’t lie and claim to be sick. She simply told him that she had something to take care of. That much was true. He didn’t need to know the specifics or that her own self-esteem was what she tended. He reluctantly agreed to her request.

After an hours-long nap, a long shower, and a drastic clothing change, Veronica left her car behind and took a cab back and met them in the lobby of their hotel. She was dressed in her best slinky, black dress with the side slit almost to her waist and the sexiest fuck-me black stiletto heels she owned.

Johnny kissed her and whispered, “I’m glad you decided to join us. You look beautiful.”

“Wouldn’t miss it.”

Adam hovered close by, but didn’t try to touch her. Although by his expression when his gaze finally caressed her body, he wanted to do more than just touch.

Johnny grabbed her hand and led her to a waiting taxi. Adam followed behind and she swore she felt his gaze on her ass, but didn’t turn around to check.

The taxi ride didn’t take long, but being pressed against two delectable men in the backseat of a narrow cab made it seem like an eternity.

Adam’s leg rested along one of her uncovered thighs and Johnny’s pressed the other. Veronica kept her hands in her lap until Johnny grabbed one and laced his fingers through hers. He licked the tip of each finger. Her mouth fell open at the seductive visual.

Adam's palm brushed her knee briefly as he slid his hand beneath her skirt, eased by the slit in her dress, and distracted her from Johnny.

Adam whispered, "Let me play with you."

She was about to ask what he meant, but his fingers suddenly slid all the way up one thigh and teased the edge of her thong panties aside. One finger wiggled its way beneath the barely there fabric to caress her pussy lips. Her gaze went to the driver, who seemed occupied with driving and not what his customers were doing.

Adam stroked her clit as Johnny sucked one of her fingers into his mouth. She pushed out her breath in a rush as sultry sensations coursed through her body. Her nipples hardened beneath the sheer top of her dress as Adam fingered her clit even faster and planted a kiss on her shoulder. Johnny kissed her cheek. She turned her head toward him.

Veronica's intrigue level zipped into the stratosphere as the taxi glided to a smooth stop in front of an upscale club she'd never seen before. Adam removed his hand from her as if it had never been there, opened the door and was outside before she took her next breath.

Johnny had his wallet out to pay for the ride as Adam's hand reached into the cab to help her out. Veronica decided she'd have to be on her toes with these men. One second they seemed ready to "do" her in the back of a taxi and in the next second they were ready to jump out and head for the club as if nothing had happened.

The club they were about to enter was in an up-and-coming area of the city. A long, two story, red brick building with a single set of black double doors with sleek silver handles was manned by a single large, well dressed man. It was likely the bouncer. Although it was the middle of the work week, Veronica expected the place to be much busier.

"Ready to go in?" Johnny asked.

She nodded. "It's surprisingly quiet tonight. What sort of club is this?"

“It’s a very exclusive and private one.” Adam’s hand pressed the center of her back as they walked toward the door. “The entire property was purchased just for us tonight.”

“Us?”

“Our club.”

The bouncer they approached looked very intimidating. He had to be six and a half feet tall. His shaved head and dark piercing gaze focused on each person entering the club gave him a scary aura. She didn’t ever want to get on his bad side or meet him alone in a dark alley. He opened the door as they approached.

“Hi, Clay,” Johnny said to the giant holding the door for them.

Clay didn’t speak or smile. He just nodded once.

Veronica didn’t have time to wonder if this was a good idea or not. She bounded forward into this experience ready to learn something new.

She’d never been to a strip club before. Certainly never to a place to watch a sexual act.

They came into a long hallway that opened into a small bar area. Several men and women were in attendance. Most had drinks in hand and the various snatches of conversation she heard as they walked through seemed to be focused on ranching, cattle and the conference. They introduced her to a handful of men on the way to the bar and each had eyed her carefully and completely. To say they all undressed her with their eyes was the understatement of the year.

Veronica was surprised to see quite a few women mingling in the bar. She had expected only men to attend.

“Want something to drink?” Adam leaned in close to ask.

“Do they have apple martinis?”

He nodded and smiled. “I’m certain they do.”

“I’ll have one or two to start. And keep them coming.”

It was probably a bad idea to start out double fisted drinking, but found she wanted the crutch of alcohol to settle her nerves.

“Let’s start with one. I don’t want you drunk on your ass. You might not enjoy the seductive evening entertainment as much.”

“What if I don’t?”

“Don’t what?”

“Enjoy the entertainment. I’m suddenly not so sure about this.” She stared up into his dark, delicious eyes. They hadn’t forced her to come or gone overboard explaining what would happen. Truthfully, she was having a moment of panic at the night to come.

“There’s nothing to be afraid of, okay? We’ll just watch and if you’d like to go back to our hotel for a repeat performance, good. If not, also good. I’m sure we can think up other ways to occupy ourselves in the room later tonight.”

“Okay.” She inhaled and exhaled.

Adam kissed her forehead and headed for the bar. The security guy, Clay, entered the room, headed for the bar and started talking to Adam as he ordered their drinks. Beside her, Johnny conversed in quiet tones with another man, but he kept his hand around her back and lightly gripped her upper arm as if to keep her from running.

She was being silly. She’d only come to watch. Deep down inside, she already wanted to return to their hotel room to act out the double penetration scenario they’d mentioned. At least tonight would be a visceral and visual education for what they’d be doing later on tonight.

Adam returned with their drinks and they moved through a doorway to a larger room where tables and chairs littered the space in no particular pattern. Centered on the opposite wall was a waist high stage with curtains closed across the back and a runway extending perhaps twelve feet into the room and leading out to a brass pole.

Veronica smiled to herself as she recognized the place for what it was, a strip joint. It was decorated very well with upscale furniture and expensive fixtures, but still a place where performers would take their clothes off and do wicked things for the assembled crowd.

She couldn’t wait for tonight’s performance to begin.

The dim lighting made the place mysterious and once everyone found a table and more drinks were ordered and delivered, the curtains slowly pulled back revealing a beautiful bikini clad woman. She stared straight ahead at some unseen point as if she stood alone in the room.

Sexy music suddenly swelled from unseen speakers in a steady rock and roll rhythm. The woman strolled forward bouncing and swaying to the beat of the bass drums. Her arms came up in the air, fingers snapped and she spun in a circle halfway to the pole. Two more seductive spins and she undulated down the runway toward the waiting crowd.

She latched onto the pole with two hands and swung around, one hip pushed out and both feet planted at the base of the brass fixture.

Veronica had once been invited to a co-workers home for pole dancing lessons as an exercise program. She'd been intrigued way back when, but hadn't taken advantage of the opportunity. Watching the girl on stage made her regret not making time.

After several moves and twists around the pole, the girl took a step backward from the brass fixture. As if she conjured them from thin air, the woman was suddenly joined by two men on stage. They appeared on either side and helped her quickly undress.

The two attractive men were already completely nude, and fully erect. Veronica couldn't look at anything but the two hard cocks up on stage, until the three started having sex.

Chapter Five

Johnny didn't know whether he was particularly on edge because of the arousing stage show, or if it was because he and Adam brought Veronica to share the experience.

Having never brought a woman to a Double Rider Men's Club event before, he thought it might be the newness of sharing this world with someone he didn't know very well. Or maybe he simply wanted her to love it as much as they did for reenactment later on and his senses were heightened for that reason.

Whatever the cause, he was wound tighter than an eight day clock. His gaze darted between the amazing ménage sex on stage and Veronica watching the show. He wanted her to be excited by it. Wanted her to love it so they could show her up close and personal how they'd do it together later on. Her gaze never wavered from the three on stage acting out their love.

Adam leaned over and whispered something in her ear. Her eyes widened at whatever he said. Johnny silently hoped it wasn't anything that would scare her off.

"I don't know about that." Johnny heard the barest whisper from her lips.

Over her head, Johnny gave Adam a look to convey, "Don't frighten her."

Adam just smiled and shook his head. He had a bold streak a mile wide and rarely curtailed his personality. Probably better that she know up front what she was getting into with them. Johnny was less bold but no less persuasive when it came to their ménage lifestyle and the sexual positions they shared.

A woman from their distant past had referred to them as the Bad Boy and the Seducer. They had always worked well together when it came to this way of life and with women. He'd always assumed that one day they'd find someone to share their life with although he couldn't say they were actively looking.

Their passive search had yielded Veronica.

Veronica gasped when one of the males in the trio on stage began slathering lubricant between the cheeks of the woman they were about to fuck. Johnny's dick, already hard, throbbed in delight at the visual on stage.

He leaned and whispered, "Watch carefully because that's exactly what I want to do to you later." He kissed her cheek gently. She never looked away from the stage, but shifted in her seat. Johnny put a hand on her thigh and while she startled a bit, her gaze remained on the three making love on stage.

Her gaze shifted to his eyes and he could see she was very aroused. He leaned in closer to lightly kiss her lips and she nearly devoured him. Tongue buried in his mouth, he couldn't seem to keep himself from sliding his hand beneath her short slit skirt to access her readiness.

She was very ready. Adam nudged him.

They broke the passionate kiss and turned their attention back to the stage in time to see one of the men push his cock between his woman's butt cheeks until his balls rested against her ass.

Veronica sucked in a quick deep breath. The other man on stage moved forward sandwiched her between them and carefully pushed his cock into the woman's pussy until she was doubly penetrated.

Johnny's cock barely stayed within the confines of his slacks. He wondered if there were any rooms available on-site so they didn't have to go all the way back to their hotel to give Veronica her own personal demonstration of how their sex life worked.

On stage, the two men found a good rhythm and pushed in and out of the very happy woman. If her shrieks of pleasure were any indication, she was well satisfied by the two men fucking her.

“Does it hurt her?” Veronica asked in a barely heard whisper.

“Maybe at first, but I think she’s enjoying it now,” he replied.

“Fuck me harder,” the woman on stage screamed. The two men doubled their efforts, thrusting in and out of her body at a faster tempo.

The man fucking her ass reached around and slid his hand between her legs in the area of where her clit was. Seconds later the woman arched her back and shrieked, “Yes, yes, yes!”

The men continued fucking her harder and harder until first the man stuffing her ass stiffened and came with a grunt. The man pushing his cock inside her pussy stroked in and out three more times before he growled and stopped moving.

The curtain fell seconds later and cut off the view.

Adam leaned in to the two of them. “Clay told me there is a room available here tonight for us, if we want it.”

“I want it,” Veronica said without hesitation. Her heated gaze went from first Adam then to Johnny. “I want to try it.” She nodded her head once toward the covered stage.

“Excellent.” Adam stood up. “I already made the arrangements. Let’s go.”

Johnny helped her stand up then leaned in and kissed her mouth. He couldn’t seem to keep his lips off of her. Adam nuzzled her neck as he moved through the wide room.

The lights remained low as threesomes from other tables also migrated toward a hallway across the room on the other side of the stage.

Once they were in the hallway, Adam directed them to a small elevator as the other trios walked further down the first floor hallway out of sight. “We’re on the second floor.”

They stepped into the small space barely big enough for three people.

“How many times have you done this?” Veronica asked quietly.

He and Adam exchanged a look. “Watched ménage sex on stage? Not too many times. Our men’s club hasn’t been in existence that long.”

The elevator doors opened and Adam led them to the first room on the right side. He merely waved the card in front of the small flat box next to the door handle and a green light came on. A beep sounded quietly as the lock on the door clicked opened.

“Neat trick,” Johnny said.

“The latest in hotel room key technology. You know how Clay is. He likes the newest gadgets and toys.”

“Who’s Clay?” Veronica asked. “Was he the man who opened the door?”

“Yep. He’s the security guy for our men’s club.”

Adam opened the door and ushered her inside the darkened space. “Lights,” Adam called out. And suddenly the room lit up with the warm glow of lamp lights in several places. Johnny shouldn’t have been surprised by the command-operated lighting system. It was another example of exactly the type of high tech gadgetry Clayton Forrester would insist needed to be installed for the week.

The room was dominated by a black iron four-poster bed with a printed silk canopy. The color scheme of the rest of the room was done in mostly blue. Rich, gleaming wood paneling comprised all the walls. Johnny felt like he’d stepped into some turn-of-the-century English lord’s bedroom.

Johnny whistled his appreciation. “Wow. Nice room.”

He noticed the discreet holes in various places in the walls. They were disguised as knots in the wood grain. He wasn’t sure if Adam had agreed to let anyone watch them along with acceptance of this space. While the idea intrigued him to no end, he wasn’t sure Veronica would be happy to find out the same information. Perhaps

later they could introduce her to the seductive voyeuristic possibilities.

“There’s champagne chilling in the cooler. Want some?” Adam asked Veronica.

She shook her head and walked toward the large bed. Along the footboard was a padded bench seat in the same color as the canopy. Veronica seated herself and looked over one shoulder at the men.

“What happens first?”

“If we’re going to bypass the drinking,” Adam said as he moved toward her, “then we all need to take our clothes off.”

Johnny said calmly, “Then by all means, let’s all get undressed.”

* * * *

Veronica seated herself on the tapestry-covered bench at the foot of the massive bed and tried to relax. She took off one of her shoes and then the other very slowly. Her heart beat so fast it was about to exit her chest and race away. Her dress was stretchy and it didn’t take too much effort to push the sleeves from her shoulders or shove the remainder of the dress off her body to the floor.

Adam, in only his boxers, picked up her dress off the floor and placed it gently on a chair in the corner.

The stage show had been very arousing and she was currently so turned on she didn’t quite know if she’d be able to get her panties off without screaming in climax.

Johnny moved closer. Without giving her impulsive actions much thought, Veronica grabbed him by the front of his jeans and pulled him close. She had him unbuckled, unzipped and was sucking his cock before he had time to say the words, “Suck my cock.”

He probably wouldn’t have said that, but his groan of surprise and the way he grabbed the back of her head said he appreciated her impulsive gesture. She grasped the base of his cock one-handed and sucked him as deeply into her mouth as he would go.

Johnny's growl of appreciation reverberated through his body.

"She's really good at that, isn't she?" Adam asked. Veronica couldn't see him, but knew he'd moved closer by the sound of his voice.

"Amazing," Johnny whispered reverently.

Veronica found a comfortable rhythm sucking his cock. She then reached her free hand to grab Johnny's fine ass. The sculpted muscles of his cheek contracted against her palm.

"I'm about to come," Johnny murmured. His hips thrust forward. She sucked hard and squeezed his cock, but he didn't come. She expected the rush of salty fluid slid down her throat, but Johnny stroked his cock inside her mouth a few more times before disengaging and seating himself beside her.

"I would have finished."

Johnny grinned. "I know. But I'm saving myself for your tight virgin ass."

* * * *

Adam enjoyed the blowjob show, but now he wanted a taste. He moved close, undressed her as fast as possible and had her spread eagle on the bed in under a minute. She drew her legs closed as he climbed on the bed.

"Open your legs, I want to taste you," Adam demanded.

He crouched between her thighs as they spread slowly apart.

"I'm going to come the minute your tongue hits my clit."

"You can last longer, honey." Johnny came up along one side and tweaked her pert nipples. She moaned and writhed with each pinch.

"Okay, I'll try not to explode with one lick. It won't be easy."

Adam lowered his face and kissed each inner thigh before he buried his mouth in her pussy. As wet as she was, it was no wonder she was about to come.

He licked a path from the opening of her pussy all the way to her clit. The moment his tongue swirled once around her hooded hot spot, Veronica moaned and moved her hips forward into his mouth. He grabbed her thighs and pushed his face in closer. He sucked on her clit twice before she climaxed, screaming. Johnny was kissing her neck and after she settled down some, he rose and knelt between her legs.

Her eyes opened and the look in them said she wanted him.

“Now what?” she whispered.

“Now we recreate what we saw on stage.”

“And does that mean you’re about to fill me up?”

“We both are.”

“Then I’m ready.”

Adam couldn’t wait to push inside her warmth. “Let’s let Johnny get you more ready. Sit up a minute.”

She glanced down at his rigid cock. “What if I want you inside me?”

He grinned. “Your wish is my command, so here I come.” Adam lowered his body between her legs and pushed forward until his cock rested at the opening of her juicy pussy. Her thighs widened for him as if to encourage him to fuck her. He didn’t need any more encouragement.

Johnny continued to play with her nipples as Adam sank his cock deeply into her wet, warm pussy. She rose slightly to meet him until he was fully seated. To say it was amazing was an understatement. She was so tight and so warm and so wet and so responsive, he couldn’t stop or slow down at first.

Johnny reached between them and fingered her clit as he powered thrust after thrust into her willing body. He didn’t want to let go just yet.

The moment she came he felt her pussy clamp down hard. He slowed his thrusts because he wanted Johnny’s cock buried in her ass

all the way to the hilt when he came. The anticipation of waiting was excruciating, but it would be worth it.

Johnny slid from the bed. He hugged Veronica to him and rolled them over until she was on top, straddled over his hips. She was still draped over his torso. The perspiration from her breasts tickled his chest hair and made him want to kiss her senseless.

“Kiss me,” he said.

She lifted her head and their mouths met in a passionate duel. By the time Johnny got back to bed with the lube, he was on the very edge of losing control.

“Johnny’s going to get your tight ass ready for his big cock.”

She nodded and pressed back down on to his chest. He kept his cock buried deep as Johnny slathered her asshole with something to ease his entry this first time.

“Relax,” he heard Johnny say to her. He patted her behind then steered his cock into her tight virgin channel.

The moment his head disappeared she sucked in a sharp quick breath as if surprised.

“Wait until he’s all the way inside, honey,” Adam whispered. “You’ll feel every inch of him.”

* * * *

Veronica was nearly at her capacity for sexual arousal. They’d only been in the room for about half an hour, she’d already come twice and now she was about to experience the naughtiest form of sex she’d ever imagined.

Johnny’s wide cock felt like a steel I-beam lodged in her ass. The more he pushed inside the more aroused she became. Adam hadn’t moved but his wide cock was still buried inside her stretched pussy waiting for her to be twice penetrated. Once they were both inside, she could only imagine the two of them moving. Just watching this act downstairs had made her crave it.

Being on the brink of experiencing double penetration left her breathless.

Johnny grabbed her ass cheeks and pushed his cock slowly inside until she was sandwiched between them and doubly filled with two glorious cocks.

“How does that feel?” Johnny asked her.

“Very naughty.”

He chuckled. “Wait until we start thrusting in and out.”

And they did.

Johnny first and then Adam. She watched Adam’s face as the three of them moved carefully in this initial erotic dance.

Johnny pressed his chest into her back and buried his face in her neck as he moved within her. One hand palmed a breast and the other braced at her hip for leverage.

Adam pinioned his hips in and out of her pussy with short strokes since he was beneath her.

“Her ass is so tight, Adam,” Johnny said reverently. “I’m not going to last much longer.”

“Her pussy’s just as tight. It’s all I can do not to lose it.”

Veronica was about to explode. Sensations like lava burned through her veins each time one of them thrust inside her body. Adam put his hand between them and stroked her clit as the two of them continued to power strokes inside her over stimulated body. She was at the edge of orgasm for a third time.

“Oh, god!” she screamed as a white, hot climax burst within her body. Adam thrust up one last time and stiffened beneath her moments later. Johnny stroked her breast several more times, powering thrusts deeply into her ass.

The dark and naughty feel of him stretching her rear channel made her burn with pleasure. Each stroke heightened the lingering waves from her orgasm. Johnny pinched her nipple, gripped her thigh and growled before he stiffened against her back.

“Jesus, that was amazing.” He promptly buried his face against her neck and kissed the sensitive spot beneath her ear.

“Tell us you liked it. Lie to us if you have to.”

She laughed, “I loved it. Very exotic and very naughty. Just like the live show.”

Adam rose up and kissed her cheek.

Suddenly she was exhausted. Johnny extracted himself carefully and Adam did as well.

She crawled to the center of the bed and climbed beneath the sheets to wait for them.

She didn’t mean to fall asleep, but couldn’t keep her eyes open any longer.

Veronica woke in the middle of the night and realized it was the first time in a while that she hadn’t done so due to a nightmare. Instead, warmth infused her spirit and she gradually became aware of the two men who had brought about this change.

Reclining on her side, Veronica opened her eyes and saw Johnny sleeping on his back. That meant the hot body spooned up behind her was Adam. The night had so far been nothing short of amazing. Her sexual education had increased tenfold in a single night.

Her memories going forward would always hold these two in a delightfully decadent light.

One of Adam’s arms was slung over her middle. She sat up and dislodged it.

“Where are you going?” he said quietly yet very clearly. His arm tightened around her further, but his eyes never opened. Her attempt to dislodge his arm failed. He had a death grip on her. Was he even awake?

“Bathroom,” she whispered.

“Okay.” He released her.

She smiled, scooted off the bed and into the luxurious bathroom. Once she returned, she’d woken up too much to go right back to sleep.

Staring at Adam as he slept, Veronica tried to imagine a more perfect man. Then she looked over one shoulder at Johnny and found one. These two men were absolute perfection.

She rolled back to watch Adam again. When his eyes suddenly opened and caught her, she sucked in a quick breath and stifled a scream.

“Need something?” he whispered.

A slow smile crept over his mouth when she nodded.

“What if I want more?”

He rose onto one elbow and stroked a hand down her body. “Oh, honey, all you have to do is say so.”

Veronica leaned forward, kissed his cheek, and whispered the word, “So.”

A grin erupted. After securing protection, he snaked an arm around her waist and pulled her halfway beneath his warm body. “You are a very delectable treat. I can’t believe I get to have seconds.”

The kiss he delivered fairly blistered her lips with his intensity. She felt utterly consumed by him.

His cock rested hard and heavy against her thigh. She lifted her hips, pushing against his erection in silent invitation. He ratcheted up the level of the kiss to earth-shattering and one hand cupped her bare breast. The tender slide of his fingers over her nipple forced a moan from her throat. She wanted him with increasing desperation.

Next to them, Johnny stirred. Adam didn’t seem to hear, or if he did, it didn’t prompt him to stop. If anything the scorching kiss intensified. His hips moved against her body, his cock plowed a furrow in her thigh as if in mock penetration. She was ready for the real thing.

“Fuck me.” She tore her lips from his to whisper her desperate desire. “I need you inside me.”

Adam didn’t hesitate. Two seconds later he was embedded inside her pussy and tingling pleasure rode across her body in waves.

Next to them, as they made love without a concern for how loud they were, Johnny stirred awake. She heard him clear his throat as Adam pumped his cock deeper and deeper. He drove her to delirious heights of arousal by merely pumping his cock inside. His mouth was fastened securely to the center of her breast sucking the hard nipple until she thought she'd go mad with pleasure.

Each nibble and suck of his mouth sent an electric vibration from nipple to clit. Each thrust of his cock sent streams of fire shotgunning through her veins to every nerve in her anatomy. He moved a hand between them to stroke her clit. Both Johnny or Adam, without fail, ensured she had a blistering release anytime they came together. As if she, and especially her orgasm, was the most important component of any lovemaking. With his hand, mouth and cock triply busy, it didn't take long for her climax to explode. Veronica moaned. Her fingers made their way to his head and the silky hair she loved to touch. His soft hair funneling through her fingertips, she grazed his scalp with her nails. He groaned in response.

The thrusts sped up. Veronica, with waves of orgasmic bliss still lapping through her limbs, wrapped her shaky legs around his hips to pull his wide cock even deeper into her pussy.

Adam thrust one final time and roared his release and flattened his body onto hers, breathing hard warm breaths against her throat.

Johnny sat up in bed and turned over to watch them panting in utter gratification. He punched Adam in the shoulder. "I can't believe you didn't wake me so I could watch."

"Guess we'll have to do it again," Adam joked.

"I don't think I can come again," Veronica murmured. Although the idea of having Johnny instigate another round of sex wasn't unappealing.

Johnny laughed. "Is that a challenge, sweetheart? I promise that I'm 'up' for it."

“Nope. Not a challenge.” She reached out and stroked his stubbly cheek. “I’m babbling in satisfaction. I don’t even know what I’m saying.”

“Well, what if I just roll on over there quick-like and ‘do’ you?”

“Wow, you’re some kind of Mr. Romance,” Adam murmured.

Johnny punched his arm again. “Oh, I can alter the plan to long and enduring in a heartbeat. I just want her to be happy.”

“I’m not only happy, I’m delighted. And I’d love to have you ‘quick-like’ inside me. Come on over.” Without looking away from her for a single second, he reached behind his back one-handed, grabbed a condom and secured it. He tossed the empty wrapper over his shoulder and gave her a sexy smile.

Adam slid to one side and fondled her breasts as Johnny moved over her and took his place.

Veronica’s heart stuttered in her chest with excitement. Being with the two of them was so overwhelming sometimes. Sex with two men instead of just one had so many advantages. And there was something extremely naughty about having one man mount her right after the other had finished gratifying her. And *that* after having both of them inside her earlier at the same time. *Sinfully wonderful.*

She shuddered with wicked anticipation as Johnny settled between her thighs. His huge cock was poised at the entrance to her gushing pussy ready to satisfy her once more.

Veronica couldn’t wait. Her eyes drifted shut momentarily to savor the moment he entered her as his hips moved slowly forward. All her senses were on high alert. The spicy scent of his cologne still clung deliciously to his face. She inhaled, taking the smell of him into her waiting lungs. The front of his muscled thighs brushed along the top of her legs. With a quick thrust of his hips, Johnny’s cock impaled her deeply then retreated, starting an erotic dance as old as civilization itself.

She’d never felt so desired or loved or wanted. Interesting that two men were involved in making her feel so good about herself.

Veronica didn't know how long this unexpected relationship would last, but she intended to enjoy it fully while she could.

Johnny kissed her cheek and pulled her from the sensual reverie. In the here and now, she was fully engaged. Adam watched them with hooded eyes and occasionally reached out to circle or tug at her nipples increasing her overall pleasure as Johnny pumped his gloriously wide cock in and out of her slick pussy.

The climax that had been building with each stroke of his cock suddenly imploded in her core. Her eyes slid shut as her body arched in familiar ecstasy. Johnny's thrusts sped up.

"Open your eyes, Veronica, I want you to watch me come."

She flattened against the sheets and opened her eyes. Johnny's intense expression was so sexy as he pushed his cock deeply and stiffened suddenly. His lids slanted half closed, his teeth ground together and the ensuing growl from his throat couldn't be interpreted as anything other than magnificent release.

Chapter Six

Justin Smith logged onto the company's computer and checked his former investment firm employer's latest internal memos for news on insurance pay outs.

A sudden grin shaped his mouth when he read the latest monthly distribution output report. There it was. The investigators had pulled the case from active scrutiny and placed it on pending further information status. That meant they didn't have squat on what had really happened and planned to move on to more active files.

Just exactly what Justin had been waiting to happen.

Finally, his long wait for the payoff on the recent scam he'd expertly engineered was over. It had been a long six months, but worth every moment. The money, held secretly in a dummy account, would be safely wired within the week to his offshore accounts and he could finally retire to a more tropical locale where issues with extradition weren't a worry.

He made a mental note to contact his coconspirator. With this news, Veronica's life would also change dramatically. He smiled in memory of her beauty. Wouldn't she be surprised to finally get out of the dismal low class life she lived and on to a different one all together?

He logged off the computer, wiped it down to ensure his prints weren't ever found, not that anyone was looking for him anyway, and whistled a tune as he gathered his things. He locked the private office, strolled over to the cleaning cart he'd left in the hallway and pushed it to the nearest janitor's closet.

After he'd changed out of the maintenance uniform and exited the building, he ticked off the errands he'd run tomorrow. First he'd head to his travel agent and cement the final plans for travel to the preselected island paradise and then he'd contact his partner to set things in motion and finish this very financially lucrative project.

Justin could almost taste the fruit and rum drinks served with festive paper umbrellas that he'd be sipping in only one short week from now. The flavor of victory was very sweet indeed and second only to early retirement and a future spent beachcombing with a beautiful woman at his side.

* * * *

Veronica carefully put her dress back on and gathered her fuck-me shoes in one hand. Adam was still facedown in bed and fast asleep. Minutes ago, Johnny had woken her when he exited the bed. Before heading into the bathroom, he whispered, "Go back to sleep."

She contemplated what she might say when he returned. Glancing at Adam's tousled hair, the more difficult problem might be what she'd say to him if he woke suddenly.

The awkward morning after a night of wild uninhibited sex conversation was something she decided quickly she could do without. She didn't want to ruin her memories with stilted words and vague promises.

While she was very intrigued by this lifestyle and certainly wasn't opposed to continuing it, she didn't know the rules or Johnny and Adam's intentions. What if it was similar to any other one night stand? What if they were finished? If so, she didn't want to ruin her amazing evening memories with "how can we get rid of her" expressions first thing in the morning. Better to leave with her fabulous memories intact and soon.

Once the shower started, Veronica carefully slipped from under the satin sheets and searched the room for her clothing. Spying her

dress across the room, flung over the arm of a chair by the door during last night's zeal for double penetration sex, she walked quietly to the chair, grabbed her dress, and slipped the hopelessly wrinkled garment over her head.

Keeping a close watch on Adam and listening for Johnny's shower to finish, Veronica picked up her evening bag and wondered where her panties were.

Probably tangled in the sheets or bunched under the wayward pillows in the oversized bed. With the pillows strategically piled in the center of the bed, it looked like someone was still sleeping alongside Adam. She took a step in that direction, but then the water in the shower stopped and she decided it was worth it to lose them in favor of not having to face either of them this morning.

Having little experience with the kind of sex-capades from the night before, facing two men rather than only one seem an insurmountable obstacle to her mood.

Just get out.

Veronica turned and quietly opened the door, scooting outside in a flash. The door closed on its own and she was sprinting down the hallway barefoot seconds later.

The elevator stood open as if to help her escape and whisked her to the first floor in no time.

She stepped outside the doors into the plush hallway and slipped her shoes back on. Handbag clutched under one arm, Veronica strolled carefully to the room where last's night exhilarating performance had taken place. A glance at the stage and the brass pole made heat sear her face in memory.

"Can I help you with something?" A deep voice came out of nowhere on her right and almost made her trip.

Veronica stared as the attractive security guard from the night before appeared seemingly from the walls. She inhaled deeply and put a hand to her chest to still her heart beating like speeding helicopter blades in her chest.

“I need a taxi,” she managed to say.

His response was a single nod and a curt, “I’ll call one for you.”

“Will it take long? I’m in a bit of a rush.”

He cocked his head slightly to one side. “Ten minutes tops.”

“Great. Thank you. I’ll wait outside.”

“No need to be uncomfortable. You can wait in the vestibule.” He pointed to a different doorway than the one she’d come through last night.

“Okay. Thanks.” Her morning after a one night stand “walk of shame” was now complete with a witness to her escape. Although she wasn’t actually ashamed of anything that happened last night. Her only regret was that she might never see them again. That would be a crying shame. Veronica sighed and headed to the small room next door.

After a few minutes a man walked inside. Thinking it was her cab driver, Veronica approached him.

“Hi, are you here for me?”

His eyes narrowed and he scanned her body from what was likely her mascara streaked eyes to the wrinkled dress she wore and the semi-scuffed fuck-me shoes. Hopefully he couldn’t tell that she was sans underwear.

“I don’t think so.” His puzzled expression shifted to the inner door she’d just come through. “Do we know each other?”

Before she could answer, the man from earlier, Clay, she thought his name was, stepped into the doorway. “Hey, Zachary.” He nodded once at the stranger she’d hoped was her ride.

“Have a seat, ma’am, your cab will be here any minute.”

Zachary’s face suddenly split with a grin and he nodded once as if in understanding. As many of the men in this club were, he was also very attractive. He now understood she’d thought him a cab driver. And that fact apparently amused him.

Scanning his clothing more closely, she realized her mistake. His suit was worth more than she made last quarter and once the scent of

his expensive cologne reached her, Veronica sighed in the wake of her error.

“Sorry,” she mumbled and turned away from them.

His chuckle as he walked away made Veronica feel even more foolish.

The two men stepped into the other room out of sight, but she could still hear them talking.

Zachary said clearly, “Perhaps I need to fire my tailor if I look like a cab driver.”

Clay murmured something she didn’t hear and both men laughed.

Veronica shook her head, embarrassed to be here. Maybe she should wait outside. She stood up from her seat.

Clay’s voice came clearly through the doorway. “What are you doing here so early, Zachary? Your room won’t be ready until noon.”

“It’s not ready now?”

“When you called and canceled, I gave it to someone else for the night.”

“You gave my room away?” Zachary’s incredulous tone didn’t sound too serious. “Don’t you know who I am?”

Clay laughed. “Yes. Yes. I know who you are. Zachary Barrett, hard ass criminal lawyer for our club and someone who shouldn’t expect his room to remain empty for the annual DRMC event when he doesn’t bother to show up for it.”

The air in Veronica’s lungs froze the moment she heard his full name. Her hands came immediately to cover her mouth and smother the scream about to escape. *Fuck.*

Zachary Barrett.

He was the lawyer who wanted to put her ass in jail.

Veronica didn’t waste a moment. She scrambled for the door, barely able to stay in her wobbly shoes. Once outside the door, she pulled them off and ran in her bare feet down the street.

A cab coming from the opposite direction slowed as she waved her arms wildly and ran into the street to flag him down. Thank heavens, the cab was free.

Tears welled up and poured over her cheeks the moment she got settled in the backseat.

She babbled the address quickly and sat back before sobbing quietly to herself.

Shit. Shit. Shit.

What were the odds of Johnny and Adam being associated with the lawyer she was hiding from?

She barely held it together until she got back to the safety of her horrible little apartment.

* * * *

Adam woke up halfway, rolled over on one side and reached out expecting to encounter Veronica. Instead he found her pillow resting in the center of the bed where she'd been earlier. Opening his eyes fully, he realized he was alone in bed. Too bad. He'd wanted to snuggle up and demonstrate his morning prowess. He vaguely remembered hearing the shower earlier. Perhaps they had moved the sexual antics into the bathroom. Perhaps he should wake his ass up and join them. Then again, he didn't hear the shower running anymore. As a matter of fact, he didn't hear anything in the room.

He sat up, rubbing the sleep from his eyes as delicious memories of the night before filtered into his mind. He took a deep breath, realizing that the bed still smelled like sex. He leaned down to nuzzle Veronica's pillow and inhaled deeply. Her perfume lingered on the linens. The subtle scent of her unique female fragrance put a smile in his heart.

He glanced at the bathroom door which stood ajar and calculated his chances of another round of sex for breakfast. The mere thought of

food made his stomach growl. However, finding Veronica so he could have sex again would be better than any morning meal.

Although, given that he hadn't slept much the night before, perhaps he should try and get more rest. Now he definitely needed to find her, because curling up with Veronica would surely help him sleep better, right? He smiled inside at the ludicrousness of his mood. He wasn't usually so goofy over women he'd just met.

Veronica was different. She hadn't once balked at any position they asked her to try. Her sultry uninhibited view on their sexual lifestyle and practices made him desire her all the more.

The door across the room opened suddenly and Johnny stepped inside carrying two Styrofoam cups. Adam hoped it was coffee and that one of them was his.

"You're awake." Johnny scanned the room. "Where's Veronica?"

"She isn't with you?" He looked over at the bathroom door again. The door was still partly open, but no sounds were coming from that direction.

Johnny walked over and looked inside. "She's not in here." The tone of his voice held a certain desperate note. "Where did she go?"

"Do you see me sitting here naked in bed?" Adam grouched. "I don't know where she is."

Johnny sighed and held up one of the cups. "Want some coffee, grouchy?"

"Thought you'd never ask."

Johnny handed him a cup and sat down in the small side chair located next to the kitchen area to drink the other cup he'd brought.

Adam's very first sip warmed his belly and woke up his foggy brain. "Maybe she had to go home for some reason. It's not like we made plans." *But we should have.*

"Could be." Johnny stood suddenly and stalked around the room, searching nooks and behind furniture as if she'd be found behind the sofa or hiding in a remote corner. "We should have made plans," Johnny murmured his exact thoughts out loud.

Adam took one more healthy, long drink of his coffee. The more he woke up the more he wondered why Johnny was so ape shit over her being gone already. “What are you really worried about?”

“Nothing.”

“Bullshit. You’re acting strange even for you. It’s not the first time a woman woke up before us and left. Why the concern now?” Truth be told, Adam was slightly worried too. Last night had been unexpectedly amazing. The three of them had what he considered to be an exceptional sexual aptitude. They moved together perfectly without speaking as if they’d choreographed the sex in advance and merely acted it out to its phenomenal conclusions. Exquisite was the best single word description he could come up with.

“I just want to make sure she’s okay.” Johnny kept moving around the room. His clockwise search yielded nothing. “She’s special to me.”

Adam silently agreed, but shrugged and pretended that her sudden absence this morning wasn’t just as big of a bitter disappointment to him. He tried not to get so attached to new women, but wondered if it was already too late.

“What in the hell are you looking for?”

Johnny lifted one shoulder. “I don’t know. A note, maybe.”

Adam was less concerned about a note. The room was lavishly decorated, but he wouldn’t expect writing implements on the premises. This was, after all, a sex club.

The converted building, which had been remodeled to suit the DRMC’s needs for last night’s premier event and coming week, was only temporary. Eventually they’d have a permanent club located in Colorado, but an issue with the land they’d purchased last year had delayed construction on their permanent playground. This hastily renovated building had been the quick fix they’d come up with instead of foregoing their annual private event during the week of the Western Association of Rancher’s conference.

Johnny stopped his search of the room. “What if she left because of what happened between the three of us last night?”

“Why would she? The sex was amazing. She loved it.”

“Are you sure? It was her first time. Were we too rough? Maybe she woke up with regrets.”

“If she did, and I highly doubt it, then it’s better we find out now rather than later. I told you not to get too attached.”

Johnny opened his mouth but just as quickly snapped it shut. Adam didn’t know what he’d been about to say, but obviously her departure worried him more than an average date might have.

“So why the big concern?”

He shrugged again. “I like her.”

“Well, so do I, but don’t jump to conclusions. You’ll stomp around here wasting your energy only to find out she had to go home and feed her goldfish. Calm yourself until you know for sure. And consider also that maybe she only wanted the one night.”

Adam needed to give himself the same advice. The mere suggestion that last night hadn’t been perfect for the three of them, especially her, suddenly weighted on his heart. *Had* they been too rough? No. Otherwise she likely would have departed and wouldn’t have instigated rounds two and three in the middle of the night.

“If she hasn’t called us by tonight, I’ll go visit her at work.”

“I’ll go with you.” Adam finished the last of the hot coffee, got out of bed and stretched.

“You don’t have to.” Johnny’s eyebrows rose in exaggerated question as to why he wanted to accompany him.

“But I want to.” Adam sent him a quelling look. “Okay, fine. Maybe I like her, too.”

Johnny grinned. “Last night was amazing, right? She made it amazing for us.” His expression slid into one of awe and wonderment. Forget getting too attached. Johnny was probably already in love with her.

“Yep, amazing,” Adam replied and wondered if he also wasn’t just a little bit in love with Veronica.

They gathered their things and found an earring in the bathroom. Adam assumed it was Veronica’s because these rooms had been built especially for the Double Rider Men’s Club. Last night was the first night this room had ever been used. If Adam had his way, it wouldn’t be the last. But he knew they had to surrender the space. If Veronica was still okay with their arrangement, they’d have to reenact it back to their hotel room at the Red Field Inn.

This room had originally been booked by their friends Dell and Zachary, but they’d had a flight delay and didn’t make it out of Colorado last night. Clay had offered the room to them when they showed up with Veronica.

Adam made a note to thank them all for the boon.

“How hard would it be to track her down before tonight?”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, we know her name. Surely we could find out where she lives.”

“Hunt her down, you mean?”

Adam nodded. “Perhaps I’m just as anxious to ensure she enjoyed last night as much as we did.”

Johnny smiled. “Now you’re talking.”

The phone rang as Johnny and Adam prepared to leave the room.

Adam answered the phone by the nightstand and spied Veronica’s panties protruding from beneath a pillow and tangled in the sheets.

“Hello,” he said distractedly and reached for her underwear. He couldn’t wait to return them to her.

“It’s Clay. Last night I told you to get out before ten in the morning, right?”

“I don’t know, why?”

“Zachary is here, wanting his room.”

“We took Zachary’s room?” Adam shoved Veronica’s panties in one jacket pocket and laughed.

“Yeah, but he wants it back. And I still have to send up the cleaning service.”

“Too fucking bad, maybe I’m not done with it yet.”

“Both Zachary and I saw your girl from last night making her escape this morning. She didn’t even wait for the cab I called for her.”

“What? You saw her!”

“Yeah, she ran out into the street barefoot and flagged one down headed in the opposite direction.”

“Was she upset?”

There was a pause on the line for a few seconds. “Is there a reason she would be upset?”

Adam knew that Clay had a strict policy on distressed women. He didn’t like for any of the female persuasion to be troubled and avoided angering them at all costs. He also was known to beat the shit out of anyone caught mistreating any women.

“No. Not any reason that I’m aware of. She just didn’t say anything to us before she left.”

Clay cleared his throat. “She seemed a little embarrassed and ruffled. Said she had to get somewhere, so I called her a cab.”

“Well, what else did you say that made her run into the street?”

“Don’t put this on me. I didn’t say anything to make her run. “

“Did Zachary see her? Did he say something?”

“No. She mistook him for her cabbie. He’s planning to get a new tailor, but otherwise our conversations were innocent. Maybe she had to—I don’t know—go somewhere in a fucking hurry, shit. Now, let’s get back to my initial question. When are you and Johnny leaving?”

Adam put a hand in his pocket and rubbed his fingers over Veronica’s forgotten underwear and smiled. The fact that she wasn’t upset when Clay saw her, but instead embarrassed and ruffled, calmed Adam down but he’d feel better after they spoke to her again.

To Clay, he said, “Don’t get your panties in a wad. We’re leaving right now.”

Chapter Seven

Veronica glanced at the clock on the wall about every two minutes the moment she was in her plastic work cage.

Fear kept her alert.

It seemed patently unfair that the men of her dreams belonged to the same club as the man who wanted to destroy her life and all she knew.

She didn't know what scared her more, knowing Johnny and Adam might find out about her past and give her location to Zachary Barrett so he could have her arrested, or never seeing either one of them again.

Having them find out about her disgraced past was bad enough. And that fact was likely a given at this point. Would they come to witness the culmination of her disgrace or simply write her off?

The clock ticked away as she waited for the police to show up and take her away. It was an agonizingly slow night. She almost wished for a rush of customers to take her mind off this excruciating wait.

She should have taken another night off, but her boss had been so cranky that she'd taken the night before she didn't dare anger him.

With the remote possibility of "not" being found out, arrested and exposed, she still needed this job to pay her bills.

If no police cruisers, or Zachary Barratt himself, showed up for her tonight, Veronica planned to stay as far away from Johnny and Adam as possible. She may have escaped discovery this morning, but further contact with them was just asking for trouble.

She didn't need trouble.

She needed her old life back.

In fact, after last night she desperately wanted her former life to look forward to. If she couldn't have perfection with Johnny and Adam, she deserved to return to the life she'd worked so hard for.

A flash of headlights swung across the store at a few minutes past midnight. A white van pulled up next to the gas pumps. Damn it. Was that Jerry again?

She watched closely as someone exited the driver's side door. She caught sight of long gray hair in a ponytail.

Not Jerry.

She pushed out a long breath of relief.

Her respite was short lived as a familiar rental truck suddenly pulled into the lot and parked in the first space by the door.

Johnny was driving. She could see his cowboy hat outlined in the driver's seat. This time, though, he wasn't alone.

Veronica discovered she was more glad to see them than alarmed. If they'd talked to Zachary, she'd be in jail now, wouldn't she?

Maybe they didn't know anything about her past. Maybe Zachary hadn't realized who she was. Maybe she'd get to speak to these two perfect men once more before they found out about her ugly past.

At the very least, she owed them an explanation for sneaking out this morning. Although, her excuse at the time was firmly rooted in the I-don't-want-any-awkward-conversation variety. The fact that she hadn't been arrested the moment she got to work two hours ago was a clue they didn't know what had happened in her previous life or that it had seriously impacted their men's club.

Perhaps she'd misjudged them. Perhaps they wouldn't care about what she'd done or rather what had been done to her. Perhaps they'd support her, give her the benefit of the doubt, and not care that she was sort of a fugitive. She glanced at their silhouettes in the truck. There was only one way to find out.

The van at the pumps had paid with a credit card and left.

Johnny and Adam still didn't emerge from the truck. What were they waiting for? Suddenly another thought occurred to her. She had

run out without saying anything. Did they think she didn't want to see them?

After another long moment, she raised her arm and waved at them.

Immediately, both truck doors opened and they spilled out into the night as if they'd only been waiting for a positive sign from her in order to engage.

Three strides later and they were inside the store. Adam led the way this time. Veronica glanced down at the security footage in time to see a perfect bad-assed still shot of him entering. She smiled at the knowledge that she now had access to both of their pictures for future reference.

Johnny followed him in and they both came right up to her window.

"Can I help you gentlemen with something?" she asked pleasantly.

They exchanged a glance, and Johnny said, "Is the coffee fresh?"

Adam rolled his eyes and said nothing

"The coffee is two hours old. But I could make a fresh pot, if you're interested in waiting for it."

Johnny smiled. "Thanks, that would be great."

Veronica slid off her stool and walked over to her security door. She unlocked it and exited. Both of them followed her directly to the coffee area.

Her back was to the camera, which tracked her movement across the store. Over one shoulder she said, "There are cameras in here but no sound. Say whatever you want while we're alone, but please don't touch me."

"That's so unfair," Adam said. "Now touching you is all I can think about." Johnny punched him in the arm.

"We just came to see if you enjoyed yourself last night."

Veronica was amazed her hands didn't shake as several erotic images of the night before flooded her mind. She drained the old coffee from the canister and removed the grounds in the filter.

"Did the two of you enjoy it?"

Both took a step closer until her back stiffened and they stopped. "Yes. Of course. We loved it. Every moment with you was exquisite and perfect. And we want more, but only if you also liked our lifestyle," Johnny said in a low, rushed voice. "Did you?" He paused for a moment. "Like it, I mean."

Veronica inhaled deeply and with the breath came each of their masculine scents rushing around her as if to torture her senses in a place she couldn't respond. If the cameras weren't running she would have already instigated a kiss with each of them. "I enjoyed myself very much." To be honest, given even a tiny meager bit privacy right now, she'd be on the ground in front of the coffee maker ripping her clothes off, unzipping their pants and inciting them to fuck her senseless.

"Why did you leave without saying anything?" Adam asked quietly.

She shrugged. "I wasn't sure you were interested in more. We didn't really discuss any future plans. And most of all, I didn't wish to ruin my perfect memories of last night with stilted conversation and embarrassment if you only wanted just the one night from me."

"Whew," Johnny said. "I'm so glad to hear that."

"Johnny thought you didn't like what we did to you last night and ran so as to avoid any possible future encounters."

She spun around in surprise. "No. Not at all. I'd love to have many future—" Veronica cut off her own impassioned speech when she noticed the camera in the corner.

"Stupid surveillance," she muttered. She parked a big smile on her face and said, "If the action wouldn't be immortalized on the store's video feed, I'd leap into your arms and show you exactly how I feel about last night in the form of a very long, deep, wet French kiss

guaranteed to express my exact emotions on last night's repeated events. And I'd further throw you both to the ground and demand you pleasure me until the three of us had reached satisfaction or had to be pried apart using the Jaws of Life."

Adam laughed out loud as Johnny's mouth fell open a bit during her fervent speech.

"When do you get off of work?" Adam asked.

"Not for six more hours, damn the luck." She turned back and procured a new filter and added fresh coffee grounds. Pushing the button to start machine, she turned again and said, "The fresh coffee will be ready for you in about five minutes."

"Can you stay out here with us?"

"And be tempted to touch you each and every second?" She laughed and shook her head. "I think it would be best if I retreated back to my secure cage, for *your* safety."

Johnny grinned and nodded. She walked a step and Adam put a hand on her shoulder. She halted and looked up at him in shock. He leaned in close and whispered, "Just lift your arm and point across the store like I asked you where something was."

She smiled and pointed at the energy drinks case in the corner. "You just got away with touching me. Good job."

"Well, you challenged me. I had to find a way."

He squeezed her arm once before releasing it and walked over to the case she'd pointed out.

"That's so unfair," Johnny said in petulant tone of voice. "I want to touch you too."

Veronica walked over to him, put her hand on his arm and squeezed as she pointed to chips and snacks section of the store.

"Do you have a private back area we could retire to?" he asked the moment she touched him.

Veronica laughed. "Don't tempt me. I need this job." She dropped her arm, walked back to the cage and locked herself inside.

They purchased not only two jumbo cups of coffee, but also four packages of beef jerky, three bottles of Gatorade, two bags of chips and a can of whipped cream.

Veronica rang up the purchases slowly.

“Will you meet us for breakfast?” Johnny asked.

“That depends on if you’re serving whipped cream covered beef jerky or something else.”

“I was thinking more along the lines of room service back at our hotel. The whipped cream is to lick off of your nipples.”

She paused a moment, smiled and continued.

Adam leaned in close. “I also want another lottery ticket.”

“You know the odds of winning are unfathomable, right?”

“I know the last time I wanted one, you came and personally delivered it.”

“Oh, is that your plan? To leave this ticket behind and hope that I bring it to you?”

“Well, yeah. That was my plan. What do you think? Will it work this time?”

Veronica slid the ticket under the opening in the window. This time the random numbers didn’t have the same impact on her former life. But now she wanted to spend more time with these men. “You take your ticket. I can find my way to your room without it.”

“Excellent. When can we expect you?”

“I’ll be there after I go home and shower.”

“You could shower at our room,” Adam suggested.

“But I’ll still need fresh clothes.”

His sudden wolfish grin disarmed her. “You won’t need them, trust me.”

She shook her head. Agreeing to meet them again knowing they were likely friends with Zachary Barrett was a very bad idea. Unless she didn’t tell them about him. “How about ten o’clock?”

“How about it’s a date?”

“I can’t stay long. I need to get some sleep for my shift tonight.”

“We’ll let you sleep all you want.”

“No you won’t, you’ll lure me into amazing sexual positions and the screaming orgasms will keep me awake all day. And if you don’t, then I’ll have to kiss you until you comply. I’d insist.”

“Yes, but during the time we test out all our favorite positions, we’ll let you take short naps in between bouts of sexual pleasure.”

Veronica laughed. “You’re all heart.”

Johnny leaned forward. “Understand this. We want to see you again. No need to sneak out or worry about stilted conversation when you wake up and want to go.”

“Okay. Thanks. I’ll see you in the morning. Should we have a secret knock, so you’ll know it’s me?”

Adam shook his head. “You’re the only visitor we’re interested in, honey. The rest we won’t let in. Also I have your panties. You know, the ones you left behind in our bed this morning.”

Veronica felt her face heat up. He merely winked at her.

“Did you find my other earring?”

He nodded. “We’ve got that too. Can’t wait to see you, honey.” They gathered their purchases and exited. She pushed out a long sigh and counted her blessings that Zachary Barrett apparently didn’t know her by sight. Veronica needed for that to remain true in order to continue the tentative relationship with Johnny and Adam.

Veronica couldn’t allow him to find her before things got straightened out. When she got home in the morning she planned not only to shower and change clothes, she also planned an emergency call to her old boss and mentor, Tom Callen.

He was the only friend who remained from her old life. Tom held the only possible key to her future. He believed she wasn’t involved with the embezzlement, even though she didn’t remember what had happened. And he needed to know she’d inadvertently crossed paths with Zachary Barrett.

A long time ago she’d entertained the idea of searching Mr. Barrett out to plead her case. Surely anyone would understand that

what had happened was a set up. But Tom had talked her out of it very quickly.

“No. You absolutely can’t go to him. He wants your blood after what happened. The organization he works for lost the money in that account at a crucial financial time for them. They almost had to forfeit the property they were attempting to purchase.”

“But if I explained about the blackout and that I have no memory of the transaction, maybe he’d understand.”

“Don’t bet on it. My understanding from a friend who has worked with him before is that even on a good day he’s a mean, hard assed lawyer used to eating people like you for breakfast.”

“He’s going to want see proof along with the identity of the actual thief, if it isn’t you. Which you don’t have. We need to find the true perpetrator before you explain your side of the incident. If you go to him prematurely, he won’t listen or side with you or give you the benefit of the doubt. He’ll call the police. Worst of all, if that happens, I won’t be able to help you anymore.”

“All right,” she’d replied grudgingly.

“I promise that I’ll keep after this matter on your behalf very discreetly. Just be patient and trust me.”

So she waited in this humiliating inadequate life for Tom to find the proof of her innocence.

Tom’s last words to her before she left were, “Don’t let Zachary Barrett find you or he’ll slap you in jail so fast your head will spin and you’ll never get out.”

She recalled the horrified look Zachary had given her this morning when she’d asked if he was a cab driver. And then he’d threatened to fire someone in his employ. Tom had been right. Zachary Barrett probably wouldn’t have forgiven her, then or now.

Now more than ever, Veronica understood how the *real* world worked and she was terrified of being put in jail for something she didn’t do.

* * * *

Clayton Damien Forrester liked to believe he was acutely attuned to the varying moods and desires of most women. When he'd first seen the girl Johnny and Adam had ushered in last night, he figured she was very new to this lifestyle and looking for adventure. The unbridled sexual nature of the annual DRMC "live sex show" event should have explained everything in vivid visual detail. If she didn't bolt soon after the curtain went up, then she was probably good to go for the night.

After watching the show, Clay had noticed that she went willingly upstairs to the room he'd offered to Adam. The fact that she stayed the night also said she likely enjoyed whatever they did. He'd meant to check them out in the secret hallways for viewing surrounding each room, but hadn't made it there.

When Clay had seen the same girl strolling through the club early this morning, he'd decided she wanted to make a quick getaway. Not because she was upset over her undoubtedly brand new experience, but instead more like she didn't like facing sexual partners first thing in the morning. He could sympathize. Even though she probably didn't have much to worry about in that regard with Johnny and Adam. They were stand up men. He'd watched private sexual performances with each of them.

Besides, Clay had a nose for women who were abused by men and she didn't fit the bill. Still, something had sent her running into the street, unwilling to wait for the taxi he'd called. He heard the vestibule door slam open and the glass rattle in the panes and gone to check it out. Through the open outer door of the club, he'd seen her run into the street and flag down a cab. Something was wrong. Why hadn't she waited for the taxi he called?

He'd pondered this question all day long. Once he had some down time he decided to investigate the incident. It was after midnight

before he was able to set aside some time to check the club's surveillance tapes.

Loading the security film from this morning, he fast forwarded to the incident and the minutes directly before she left racing into the road.

The vestibule camera had a perfect view. She rose when Zachary entered and asked him if he was there for her. Zachary's puzzled expression, then Clay knew he'd come to the door right then. Zachary exited the room. She looked sheepish over the tailor remark. A few seconds later and bam. There it was. She gasped and put her hands over her mouth as if to keep from letting a shriek escape.

Good lord, what on earth had she heard to garner that frightened reaction?

Clay paused the tape and scrolled his memory back to that moment. Zachary had said something about, "Don't you know who I am?"

His eyes popped open. Clay remembered he'd said Zachary's full name in his response.

Changing to a different camera footage from outside the club, Clay watched as she slipped her shoes off and ran into the street to catch a cab on the opposite side. He'd seen it before, but zoomed in on her face.

She was clearly terrified. Of Zachary? Clay couldn't fathom a reason why she'd be afraid of him.

Maybe it was time to ask Zachary.

First, he'd have to find out her name. Then he'd grill Zachary about why a girl he didn't recognize was scared to death of him enough to run into a traffic filled street barefoot.

* * * *

Johnny waited impatiently for ten o'clock to arrive. He'd slept fitfully after their midnight coffee and snack run to Veronica's

convenience store. He'd been so relieved when she was happy to see them last night he'd once again forgotten to get her phone number.

He wasn't even sure she'd give it to him. Her privacy was obviously very important to her. Given the antics of the nut job, Jerry, on the first night he'd met her, Johnny couldn't really blame her.

The truth of the matter was he and Adam were visitors from another state. Perhaps she didn't see their recent intimacy as a lasting possibility for a relationship and therefore unimportant.

An irrational part of his mind feared Veronica wouldn't show up this morning. And if they visited her work place tonight, they'd discover she'd quit her job and disappeared into the world and they'd never see her again. An ache formed around his chest at that particular disappointment.

True, they hadn't known her long, but he knew in his heart that she was special. He wondered at Adam's feelings on the matter. Adam was so much more practical in affairs of the heart. He could distance himself more easily, but Johnny thought even Adam liked Veronica enough to consider a future with her. As if his thoughts had conjured his friend, Adam walked past the adjoining room door.

Johnny asked, "Should we start talking to Veronica about a more permanent situation?"

"What?" Adam entered his room buttoning a pressed dress shirt.

"If we discover that she's the right woman for us and she wants to join our lifestyle, will we encourage a long-distance relationship?"

Adam grimaced. "That's not exactly optimal. But then again, maybe she'd be worth it."

"Think she'd move to Colorado with us?"

He shrugged. "I guess we could ask her, but you'd better be prepared for her to say no."

"Not the encouragement I'm searching for."

"You want a different answer from her, ask a different question. We don't even know where she lives or her phone number. There may be a reason for that. She obviously guards her privacy. Besides, she

acts more like she wants this to be a temporary arrangement. So don't ruin it by pressuring her. I want to see her as much as possible this week."

"Fine. I won't bring it up. I wanted you to understand my intent."

"I like her, too. But don't fuck things up. Your *intent* may be well placed, but I don't want to scare her off."

His phone rang and interrupted the brewing argument. Johnny looked at the caller display surprised to see Clayton's number.

"What's up, Clay?" he asked instead of a civil greeting. Adam's attention turned his way as if to listen in.

"Not much. Just wondered if you spoke to your date from the other evening again."

"Why?"

"She ran out of here in a hurry yesterday morning and I want to make sure she's okay. I'm always concerned over anything that might reflect poorly on the club."

Johnny's heart stuttered in his chest. He'd forgotten all about asking her why she'd left in a hurry. Not to mention, why she'd been upset. He was grateful he'd seen her last night at the convenience store or this phone call would have been much worse.

"What are you saying, Clay? Do you think we did something adverse to her?"

There was a long pause on Clay's end of the line. "That wasn't the first notion I had. In my limited experience, you two always treat women very well. But she seemed very upset when she left and I've got the video surveillance to prove it. So my concern is justified."

Johnny knew the club was important, but it was also supposed to be discreet. He resented even a hint of the implication that they'd done anything abusive to their date. "What do really you want, Clay?"

"I'd like to speak to her." Johnny drew a breath to disagree, but Clay quickly added, "Don't get upset. I just want to make sure she's unharmed. Maybe I want to make sure *I* didn't do anything to scare her."

“What did you do?” The urge to leap to his feet and race down to the club to watch the video, and ensure Clay had been completely above board in dealing with Veronica, rushed through his limbs. He had to force himself to remain seated.

“Nothing. I just called a cab for her. But something soon after that upset her and I simply want to make sure she’s okay. I’d like to talk to her if it’s at all possible.”

“It might be possible. What will you say to her?”

There was a long sigh at the end of the line. “My only concern is club related. I simply want to ask her a couple of questions. That’s all. Maybe she was late for something and it had nothing to do with the club. I just want to make sure. Will you ask her for me please?”

“Fine. We spoke to her last night and we’re meeting later on today. If she’s willing, I’ll have her call you.” He snapped his phone shut without a civil farewell, too.

“What did Clay want?”

“Apparently, because Veronica looked so upset when she left the club yesterday morning, Clay wants to speak to her to ensure it won’t come back on the DRMC.”

“Well, obviously she wasn’t upset about anything we did, or she wouldn’t have agreed to meet us today.”

Johnny glanced at his watch. His body deflated slightly as there was still more than two hours before she’d be here. Now he really hoped she showed up and hadn’t been putting them on. And he also wanted to know why she was so upset when she left.

Chapter Eight

Veronica raced home after her shift and got ready to spend some quality time with Johnny and Adam. She even went so far as to gather an extra uniform and put it in her car in case she didn't make it home before it was time for tonight's shift at work.

Her phone was ringing insistently when she came back inside. She didn't have a cellular phone, as it was too expensive to maintain and one of the main reasons she didn't give her number out. The other was because she was frightened. This could only be either her convenience store boss, and she hated talking to him, or her former supervisor Tom, from her previous life. Tom hadn't called in so long she didn't expect it to be him, but at this hour of the morning and given where she was headed, she wasn't looking forward to talking to either of them.

She closed her eyes, picked up the handset and whispered, "Hello."

"Veronica," Tom's exuberant voice came charging through the line, "I'm so glad I caught you."

"Tom. What's going on? I haven't heard from you in so long. I'd almost given up hope."

"I know and I'm sorry to be so distant for this long of a time, but nothing much had changed. However no news is often good news. It also means no one else has found you. And that's always the best news."

The memory of hearing Clay say Zachary Barrett's name, and how she'd promptly panicked, rushed forward in her mind. Before she

thought it through too much, she blurted, "I actually almost ran into the lawyer from the case yesterday."

"What!" Tom's shocked and outraged tone replaced the previously congenial one. "I told you not to seek him out. My Lord, what did he say to you?"

"I didn't talk to him, Tom. I also didn't seek him out. I overheard someone say his name, and then I ran like my life depended on it." Veronica wondered why he was so belligerent all of a sudden.

She heard Tom's sigh of relief over the line. "Good. You did fine."

"He didn't look so scary."

"Well, that's because he doesn't know who you are. If he finds out you were the one who sidelined the property deal he was arranging for his client, you'd see his big, bad lawyer side in a hurry. Don't contact him Veronica, I'm warning you, he will put you in jail before you can utter a word in your own defense."

"Are you certain? Even after all this time?"

"Yes. His client almost lost the property they were seeking to acquire. They had to renegotiate the deal at a higher price to get the parcel of land they already set to buy before their account was drained of funds. The insurance replaced it, eventually, but the timing couldn't have been worse. They were very unhappy about the situation and your part in it."

"But I wasn't the one who stole the money."

He released a long sigh once more. "I know that, but as of yet, that information cannot be proved. The money is still missing and your password was the one used for the transaction. Which was never in dispute. And unfortunately, you can't remember who you were even with that night. Or has that changed? Are you remembering anything from then?"

"No. Nothing's changed. I blacked out. God only knows where I was, who I talked to or what happened during that twelve hour period.

Given the ache in my head and stomach the next morning when I woke, I'm still certain I was drugged."

"Which you can't prove because you didn't go to the hospital and have a blood test run at that time."

"I didn't know that my password had been used during the time I was unconscious. That revelation didn't come until much later. Besides, I still believe my history with the company should count for something. I should be presumed innocent until proven guilty."

"I have no doubts at all that you're innocent. That's why I've helped you all this time. I'm just saying you don't have any card to play right now in your own defense."

"Still—"

"Stop, Veronica. We keep hashing over the same argument. You have to trust me. Stay hidden and don't approach Zachary Barrett. You'll be arrested before you can even say, 'I didn't do it.' And more importantly, I won't be able to intercede on your behalf this time."

"Fine. I know you're right. But I need to know how much longer this will take. I hate this life so much." *Except for Johnny and Adam.* "I don't know how much longer I can stay here and not go completely stir crazy." *I'll truly go insane when they go back to Colorado.*

"I've still got a discreet detective agency looking into the incident. They haven't come up with much that we don't already know, but they seem confident something will turn up soon. Hang on just a little while longer. Don't give up."

Veronica pushed out a breath. "Okay. I still think if you gave me the opportunity to look over the information, I'd be able to figure out what happened."

"Not an option. Too many people know you here and as your former boss, *I'm* not even allowed to access the files. Once they finished questioning me at the beginning, I've stayed low on the radar and as far away from the internal company investigation as I could. I didn't want them to ask me any further difficult questions. I certainly don't want to get caught in a lie"

"I'm sorry, Tom. I don't mean to sound unappreciative. I hate that this stupid incident ruined my life and tarnished your reputation."

"Not to worry. I don't want to give you false hope but I will tell you this, I've heard the internal auditors are running out of viable leads to follow. The six month anniversary of the incident has already passed. The active investigation will shift to inactive, according to the company's standards and procedures, so the immediate danger of your discovery will lessen. When my detective service discovers the truth, you'll be vindicated and I'll insist you're reinstated with back pay."

"Thank you, Tom. Your continued support means a lot to me."

"I just wish we could find the bastard that did this to you."

"You and me both."

He cleared his throat and added, "I want you to prepare yourself for it to be Justin."

"No. It can't be him. We've had this argument before, as well. He wouldn't do that to me." Justin had been an intern at the company for over a year by the time the irregularity had been discovered. He'd been ambitious, but hard working, and completely loyal to Veronica as he'd proved on a daily basis. He stuck up for her on more than one occasion. He'd never hurt her. In fact, she'd always wondered if he had a slight crush on her.

"People backed into corners often do things they normally wouldn't. It's the law of nature and survival."

Veronica wasn't convinced Justin was as cut-throat an employee as Tom implied, but perhaps she'd overlooked his darker side. "Has anyone heard from him?"

"No. He hasn't turned up."

"Maybe he's hiding like me under a false name."

"Doubtful. You're just lucky you look so much like my niece and that she's out of the states in a third world country with the Peace Corps."

Veronica was currently borrowing Tom's niece's credentials to hide from the world she used to thrive in. Meanwhile, Tom's niece,

who had the same first name but a different last name, selflessly donated her time to those less fortunate. Hopefully, she'd never need to know that Veronica had borrowed her identity temporarily to work as a convenience clerk. "I'll never be able to thank you enough for all you've done for me."

"Just stay hidden and safe. Do not contact Zachary Barrett or let him find out who you are."

"Of course, I won't. I know you're right about this no matter how frustrating it is."

They said their goodbyes and she hung up feeling slightly better about the situation. Things sounded like they were progressing, even if it seemed to be at an agonizingly slow pace, and all she had to do was keep out of sight until she could be proven innocent of embezzlement and criminal fraud.

She turned her thoughts to her immediate future. Johnny and Adam waited for her. She wasn't sure if seeing them continually was a particularly great idea, but in this stress filled existence she decided she'd go stark raving mad if not for some diversion.

Those two were the very definition of diversion. They had turned her sexual life upside down and inside out. She couldn't wait to see them again. Couldn't wait to feel safe in their arms as they took turns pleasuring her to heights she'd never thought possible.

Veronica checked her watch as she stifled a yawn. It was only eight o'clock. She had to be at work again in fourteen hours. Two more hours until bliss time with her new men. She only needed about six hours of sleep to function. That left at least six hours to spend in the arms of the two men she was trying very hard not to fall in love with.

She decided against a quick nap before heading for their hotel. She didn't want to oversleep and be late. If she dozed off, better that she was already satisfied and snuggled between the two of them in their bed.

She'd told them ten, but perhaps she'd leave now and arrive a little bit earlier than expected. Perhaps they'd like a surprise.

* * * *

Johnny watched Adam as he stalked around their hotel rooms like a caged panther ready to spring through the open door onto the first person stupid enough to release him from captivity.

He'd been on edge since Clay had called.

They both wanted to know why Veronica would have been so upset. The wait for her to arrive was endless.

Adam stopped suddenly. "I think I need to go have a chat with Clay."

"Why?"

"I don't like the idea of him nosing around Veronica's life or asking her questions. I want to know what he saw, beyond her running out, that has his knickers in such a twist."

"But Veronica will be here in an hour and a half."

Adam turned on him and smiled sardonically. "I should be back by then, but if not, I give you permission to start without me. Perhaps when I return, I'll watch for a bit from my room before joining in. Don't tell her I'm watching, if you happen to see me."

"Fine. I won't tell her. Might be fun to see the surprise on her face if she discovers you all by herself."

"And it would be a strong indicator to determine if she's truly okay with our lifestyle."

"I don't think that's a problem."

Adam shrugged. "Likely not, but I'd like to know for sure."

Johnny wanted to pursue her, but knew better than to ruin things by coming on too strong or pushing her too hard too soon.

Moments after Adam left, Johnny only had time to turn on some music and think about ordering some food from room service before a knock came at his door. Had Adam forgotten something?

A look through the keyhole and there was Veronica. She was early. That boded very well for this morning's activities.

He popped the door open, hooked an arm around her waist and quickly pulled her inside his room. She didn't shy away from his fairly yanking her into his room like a caveman with a hard on.

She dropped her purse by the door and kissed his mouth. The touch was all too brief. Johnny kicked the door shut, threaded his hand in her hair and gave her a serious kiss. He pushed his tongue in her mouth and they tangled together for a long minute in passionate abandon.

She was so soft. So kissable.

Her hips pushed into his stiff cock and before he knew it her hand slid around and grabbed his ass. His cock throbbed in response.

Johnny danced her back to the bed, keeping their lips attached as they both started losing pieces of clothing. By the time they made it to the sheets, they were both completely naked.

She broke the kiss long enough to finally ask, "Where's Adam?"

"He had an errand to run, but he'll be along eventually."

Johnny's heart beat a staccato rhythm as Veronica climbed on top of him. This was just like the first time she'd come to his room. This time he wasn't answering his phone.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw movement by the connecting door. Adam already watched them? What was he doing back so fast? He must have seen Veronica's early arrival and returned. He didn't have time to have even left the hotel.

Things had progressed so far so fast, he hadn't had the time to ask if she'd be horrified by someone watching, even if it was only Adam, but it didn't matter. Adam was welcome to watch and hopefully Veronica would be turned on by the discovery.

For now he cupped her beautiful, soft breasts and filled his mouth with her pert nipple. She moaned soulfully with each tug of suction he applied. He decided to let her make all the important moves. With new partners it was always fun to explore. He knew several things she

liked from the time they'd already spent together, but having spent such a short time together as lovers, they were still very new to each other.

He couldn't wait to penetrate her pussy again. That first, slow tight slide into her welcoming body was a particular favorite of his as he'd recently discovered.

With Adam watching, he planned to voice it as he thrust inside her the first time this morning. Her hips wiggled back and forth across his lap with increased gusto.

Johnny wrapped an arm around her waist, sucked her other nipple into his mouth and slipped his other hand between her legs intent to find her clit.

It didn't take long. He rubbed his middle finger across her clit and sucked hard on her nipple. She arched and groaned her response which made his cock throb again and want to fuck madly.

"Oh God, that feels so good," she murmured. "So good."

He smiled against the soft flesh of her breast, continued stroking her at a faster pace and pushed his hips upward with each suck of her nipple.

Johnny chanced a glance across the room to the open adjoining door. The space between the door and the door jamb had widened. He saw Adam with his hand on his crotch and a feral gleam in his eyes. Perfect.

"I want to be inside you when you come, Veronica. Let me in so I can feel your pussy climax on my cock."

She shuddered in his arms as he spoke. "God, I almost came when you said that."

He laughed as she shifted her hips and his stiff cock slid to the opening of her pussy an inch.

"Can you feel me about to enter you?"

"Yes."

He stroked her clit hard.

“Ohmigod, you feel so good.” Her whispered declaration made his cock pulse in delight. He pushed up with his hips a little more and the tight heat of her pussy made him pause. Jesus, she was really tight.

Her head fell back. “You’re so big. You feel incredible inside me. Go deeper.” The last two words were uttered in an intense whisper.

“Here I go.” Johnny inhaled deeply and shot his hips forward as he took a nipple in his mouth again. Her hands landed on his shoulders. Her fingertips pushed into his back. Her nails grazed his muscled flesh with delightful pressure. He’d likely have marks to show for this.

She bounced as he thrust and the sensation of wanting to climax began to pulse through his veins. They found a smooth rhythm. He pushed up as she came down and ground herself on his cock. He sucked her nipples and stroked her clit. The scent of her arousal swirling around them intoxicated his senses.

He thought he heard Adam panting from across the room, but he was too consumed by Veronica to confirm it or care. Each thrust into her tight pussy was a joy. He didn’t want this to end too quickly, but they were moving towards satisfaction at a speedy pace.

Knowing Adam watched them increased his desire. Knowing she *didn’t* know Adam watched them also increased his arousal.

He knew the minute her orgasm hit her by the force of her pussy clenching on his thrusting cock. Also a guttural scream erupted from her lips and sped her movements as if in a frenzy of delight. Her fingernails dug deeply into his skin as he penetrated her pussy one last deep time and climaxed with a roar.

Johnny’s body stiffened as cum blasted through his cock. She arched backward so far, he wondered if she could see Adam upside down in her field of view.

Their hips stilled after a fashion and she rose again to hug him close. Her legs wrapped around his hips. Johnny kept his body in an L shape and fondled her breasts. She slipped her fingers through his hair and grazed his scalp with her nails. It felt so incredibly good that he

already wanted her again. He wasn't even soft yet, but couldn't wait until he sank his cock back into her body again.

They didn't speak. Just held each other in a sweaty, satisfied afterglow of lovemaking.

Johnny glanced up and noticed Adam wasn't at the door anymore. It was still open, but he was out of sight.

Veronica kissed his forehead and distracted him momentarily with another sultry kiss on his mouth. "You're amazing," she whispered against his lips. "And what we just did was also amazing. I feel like I should thank you."

"No. I'm the one who should fall to my knees in gratitude. You rock my world." Johnny clutched her in his arms. Her head rested on his shoulder.

"Have you ever been to Colorado?"

"No. Why?"

Johnny, charged up from the extraordinary sex, asked. "Want to come out and visit us on our ranch and spend some time together?"

She lifted her head and stared him in the eyes. "What do you mean? When?"

Johnny didn't even care if Adam overheard and made fun of him. "Any time you want to. Any time we can get you out there. My intense feelings for you are becoming more difficult to ignore. I don't think a single week will be enough time to spend with you. I want to discuss a more permanent arrangement, if you're interested."

Adam pushed the door open and entered his bedroom.

Veronica twisted around in surprise. Johnny's cock shifted inside her pussy as she turned. He was still embedded fully in her tight body.

"How long have you been there?" she asked with a certain excitement in her breathy tone.

Adam smiled with sardonic amusement written all over his face. "Long enough to become aroused. I came to get some attention and relief. Are you interested in satisfying me?"

A sultry smile shaped her lips. “Perhaps. Did you see us from the beginning?”

“Oh yeah, I’ve been watching the two of you since you stripped to nothing.”

Johnny expected Adam to say something negative about his uttering his heartfelt feelings, but he didn’t. Instead, he turned his gaze to Johnny and said, “One other thing you should understand. *Both* of us want to see you on a permanent basis. I also hope you’ll seriously consider a visit to our Colorado ranch sometime in the near future and the possibility of a more permanent arrangement between the three of us.”

Veronica glanced at Johnny and then back at Adam. “I’ll keep your request in mind.”

That’s all they could ask for.

“Tell me, Veronica,” Adam said as he approached the bed, “Does it bother you that I was watching you have sex with Johnny?”

Her lips parted and a small sexy noise escaped.

Johnny suddenly felt her pussy clench on his cock as she stared over her shoulder. “She likes it, Adam. You should feel the titan grip her pussy has on my cock right now.”

Chapter Nine

Veronica clenched her pussy around Johnny's cock once again the moment Adam approached. The idea that he'd been watching them have sex was like a newly discovered super aphrodisiac.

"No. It doesn't bother me at all. It makes me excited."

"Good."

Adam was as stealthy as a cat as he approached the bed. As if he could only barely contain the raw animal power he possessed. She couldn't wait until he unleashed all that authority over her in a predatory sexual way.

Johnny's stiff cock pulsed within her core as if he hadn't already come once.

From behind his back, Adam produced what looked like a tube.

"What's that?" she asked, noting that her voice sounded two octaves lower than usual.

Adam approached them on the bed a smile graced his lips. He leaned in close putting his mouth against the shell of her ear. "It's lubricant," he whispered, sending a tendril of desire zinging through her body. He straightened, twisted off the cap and squeezed a clear gel onto his fingers. "Bend over a little. I need to get you ready for my cock to penetrate more easily."

His words even excited her. Johnny had initiated her into anal sex at the club. She craved the idea now. And Adam's cock was just as big as Johnny's. Her heart sped in anticipation.

Johnny flattened himself onto his back and Veronica bent forward until her breasts brushed his chest. He kissed her lips with tender care as Adam rubbed cool gel over her anus. She heard his zipper lower.

Seconds later she felt his fingers probing the entrance to her backside as if to assess the possibility his cock wouldn't fit.

She sucked in a deep breath. She straddled one man, his cock buried to the end of her pussy, while another was about to pierce her rear hole. She shuddered in ecstasy unable to stop or control her desire. Her pussy clenched against Johnny's wide cock and gushed in anticipation of Adam's imminent thrust. She heard the sound of a condom wrapper opening from behind her.

Johnny's arms came around her shoulders as Adam's hands suddenly gripped her hips. She felt his cock press into her ass slowly, his ease of entrance aided by the lube. The dark pleasure of having Adam fuck her ass sent her pulse racing in anticipation.

His sudden deep thrust almost hurt, but she liked the naughty idea of what he did to her. She cried out in equal parts of pain and pleasure once he'd fully inserted himself. He pulled out again halfway and quickly buried his cock deep once more. Her knees ground into the bed covers with each thrust. Johnny didn't move at first, but once Adam found a solid rhythm, he also began to move within her.

The sensation of two cocks moving in and out of her body was both excruciating and rapturous. Being sandwiched between them and doubly penetrated was an experience she'd never expected to crave. Johnny pushed his hips up into her body as Adam slammed his cock into her backside once more.

She rose up and planted her hands next to Johnny's shoulders. She locked her gaze on Johnny's beautiful eyes. He smiled and pinched her nipples seductively.

Twin streaks of pleasure trailed from her breasts to her core. Orgasmic release was moments away. With each thrust either of them made, she was lifted further and further into the ecstasy she desired. Adam growled and forced his cock even deeper inside her ass. The thick feel of his shaft burned as he moved inside and the thrust took her breath away putting her at the very brink of satisfaction. He roared and pressed a little bit deeper. His groin was flattened against her butt.

Johnny squeezed her nipples as he also thrust deeply. Her climax flooded across her body like a tidal wave of sensation. She moaned as her limbs vibrated with pleasurable aftershocks.

Flat on his back, Johnny pushed his hips deeply and growled in what had to be an orgasm.

Veronica slumped onto Johnny's chest in complete and utter boneless wonder. Adam bent over and kissed the center of her back before pulling out of her ass. He disappeared into his own room, leaving her still panting trying to catch her breath. Sprawled over Johnny's spent and relaxed form, she gloried in the way they made her feel.

"That was amazing," she whispered when she could finally speak.

"Yes. It was."

"It's always so incredible being with the two of you. A few days ago I'd never even heard of double penetration sex, now I feel like an old hand at it."

He kissed her mouth. "You're incredible at it."

Johnny rolled her on to her back and excused himself as Adam returned.

Completely naked, Adam strolled across the room and lowered himself onto her boneless form. He kissed her collarbone and trailed more kisses to her chin. "I could just gobble you up in one bite."

"I don't have the strength to stop you."

"Would you stop me if you had the strength?"

She laughed. "No, likely not. You feel too good."

Johnny soon joined them once more and the three of them snuggled under the covers.

"Tell me about Colorado and your life there," Veronica said as she got comfortable between these two incredibly sexy men. Adam spooned her and she faced Johnny. One of Johnny's arms supported his head and he stared lovingly into her eyes, mesmerizing her.

Johnny traced one finger down the side of her face and smiled. “Well, we have about thirty thousand acres of prime cattle land. We operate a working ranch.”

“What do you two do on the ranch?” She pictured them roping cattle and peeling their shirts off, exposing sweaty chests rippling with muscles.

“Depends. The majority of the work is businesslike in nature regarding cattle and horses.”

“So you don’t ride the range?”

He grinned. “Sometimes we do. If you came to visit we’d definitely do it and show you whatever you wanted to experience. But mostly, it’s a business like any other. Adam is an architect and I own a construction company. That’s where we spend the most of our working time, but the ranch is home. Even so, we know how to do all of the ‘cowboy’ activities, but spend the bulk of our time in meetings or on the phone with our other jobs.”

“I might be interested in coming out to see a working ranch. Mostly, I’d like to see the two of you again. I’d hate for this week to be the end of things between us.”

The two of them exchanged a smiling glance. Johnny said, “We’d really hate that, too.”

Adam nuzzled her neck and whispered, “What about you? Anything we need to know? What makes you happy, sad, and most especially, what makes you excited?”

“I think you already know exactly what makes me excited.” The intensity in their faces made her realize she hadn’t shared much about herself. That was partially on purpose. “Then tell us something else. No detail is too small.”

In the aftermath of their extremely satisfying sexual interlude, Veronica waffled with the idea of sharing her life story. Truthfully, she was dying to confide in someone. She wanted to feel normal again.

Maybe it was because she was so sexually satisfied that her defenses were down. Or perhaps it was because she'd been so alone for so long cloistered in miserable endless silence that the urge to voice her deepest darkest feelings overpowered her good sense, but the secret Veronica had held onto for all these months spilled out of her like arterial blood from a throat wound.

"I used to work as an account executive in an accounting and investment firm six months ago, but one fateful day a surprise audit showed that my password and keycard had been used to embezzle funds from one of my accounts in a holding fund."

"Did you tell the auditor it was a mistake?" Johnny asked. He seemed so sincere that she couldn't have been culpable she wanted to kiss him.

"Oh yes. I told them it had to have been a mistake, but then they showed me the computer log. It was definitely my password and key code used to make the fraudulent transaction." Even now after all this time, the familiar cold dread of that day washed down her body.

She remembered looking at the time and date stamp listed next to her password and keycard number with dismay, knowing immediately she didn't have an alibi for the time in question. She had absolutely no memory of it. "I couldn't confirm it wasn't me with absolute certainty. I didn't remember where I was during the time in question."

"Do you remember where you were right before or after that time?"

She paused. Should she tell them? "Honestly, I don't remember much at all. I'd been to a party that evening and truthfully, I don't even know how I got home that night. I woke up in my own bed late the next morning with a raging headache."

"Sounds like you were drugged and framed," Adam said. He grabbed her hand and kissed the top of her fingers as if to console her.

Veronica wished these men had been a part of her life back when this had happened. It was the first time someone had readily come up with a scenario that mirrored her own, instead of the silent accusatory

stares she'd received from her coworkers and, more worrisome, the senior managing partners of the accounting firm where she used to work.

"Unfortunately, the unexpected audit didn't come up until over a month afterwards. If I was drugged, I couldn't prove it after so much time had gone by. Given the climate of corporate spies and such, I wasn't even afforded the benefit of the doubt. And the truth is I don't know if I gave up my secret codes willingly, while drugged, or if someone hacked the system somehow and found out mine then used them to steal funds. Either way, I resigned before they could fire me."

"Mighty convenient that you had a blackout episode at the exact time the funds were stolen. Did you get a lawyer?"

Veronica stiffened. She didn't want to discuss lawyers with them. What if they recommended Zachary Barrett? She'd have to do a careful dance to avoid further conversation on the sensitive subject.

"Because if you need one," Johnny said, as if plucking the notion from her fretfully guilty mind, "we know a really good one."

"Thanks anyway," she responded quickly, "but a good friend from the company I worked for is looking into the incident for me. If he can help me, he will. My hope is to be reinstated one day very soon."

"So how did you end up at the Quick 'n Easy Mart?"

"Long story, better left for another day." She glanced at her watch. "This has been amazing as usual, but I need to get home and get a few hours of sleep before I go to work tonight."

The two of them exchanged a look like they weren't ready to let her leave the room quite yet. "You could sleep here," Johnny said. The offer was enticing, but the lure of staying with them lost its appeal after over-sharing her tainted life story. It had been foolish to tell them any information. After all, they were very good friends with the very man who threatened her freedom.

"If I stay, you and I both know I won't sleep."

"We'll let you sleep." Johnny grinned. "Maybe."

She laughed. "But I won't want to. I can only be strong if I'm not tempted. Both of you tempt me beyond reason."

Adam kissed her. "I'll walk you down to your car."

"You don't have to do that." She loved that they were so polite and wanted to escort her everywhere. She'd miss them both after they left. It was already getting difficult to picture her daily life without them. There was not a single iota of distrust in his steady gaze.

He pinned her with a lust-filled yet serious gaze. "I insist."

Ten minutes later, Veronica and Adam strolled slowly down the long hallway outside their rooms.

Adam's arm was slung around her waist with familiarity. She loved being with them. *I do have one more personal day that I could take off from work.* Her spine stiffened as wicked thoughts of throwing caution to the wind and skipping work tonight occurred to her. However, her egregious job would likely also fly out the window as a result. And she needed the meager income for a little while longer. He leaned in closer and kissed the side of her head as if reading her mind and trying to lure her back into his bed.

She breathed in his masculine scent, which was rich with the underlying flavor of recent sex, and made calling in sick the preferred possibility for the rest of her day. She turned toward him as he kissed his way along her jaw and before she knew it his lips melted into hers.

He kissed her like he never wanted to let her go. Seconds later, her back rested against the wall and Adam's perfect body pressed into her.

"You *are* dangerous," she muttered.

"How did you know?" He kissed her cheek. "Are you reading my mind or something?"

"Or something."

An unrecognizable gleam came into his eyes. "How would you feel about a little game?" His hand trailed down her arm raising goose bumps all the way from shoulder to wrist.

"Game?" *Like a sex game?* Her heart stuttered at the very idea.

“Either that or we could try out karaoke and dancing.”

“Is that a code for something? Last time we talked about karaoke and dancing, I was introduced into a sexy new ménage lifestyle.”

“Regrets?” he asked.

“None.”

“Good.”

“So a game as in a sex game?”

A predatory grin appeared. “Maybe, come with me and we’ll find out together.”

She glanced at her watch. Sleep would be a valuable commodity later on when she went to work. “I’m not sure I’m up to it. I should be sleeping, as you know, and I do have to work tonight, but I guess I’d be a fool to turn down such an intriguing offer.” *What did I just say? I must be crazy.*

“Are you joking? Because if you’re serious, I can show you exactly what a karaoke and dancing with me truly entails.”

“I’m more worried about what game you want to play. I’ve never played a sexual one before.”

His gaze narrowed and focused intently on her eyes. “Nothing too damaging. What do you expect my sexual game entails?”

“I’m not sure. Do I get to be the one in charge?”

“No.”

“Why not?”

“Ever been in a dominant or submissive role during sex?”

“I don’t think so. How does that work, exactly?”

Adam’s devilish grin made her reconsider her question. She quickly added, “I mean, I know generally how *that* type of sex works, just not the whole control and obey as a part of sexual bondage aspect.”

“It’s simple. I’ll tell you what to do and you must obey, or else.”

Or else? “Wh—what will happen if I disobey?” Her stammered question sent her heart fluttering with endless possibilities of pain for

the sake of discipline. “Would it hurt?” she whispered, almost afraid of the answer.

“I’d never hurt you, honey, but I’d punish you all the same.”

“What kind of punishment?” *Barbed whips and flails?*

He moved closer. His face pushed to the side of her head and his lips barely caressed the top of her ear. “There are lots of thing I could do. For example, I might prolong the foreplay, teasing you and not letting you climax until you’d waited quite a bit longer.”

“That doesn’t sound so bad.”

He laughed. The breath from his amusement tickled her ear. “I’ll remember that when I’ve got my tongue buried in your pussy right before I suck your clit between my lips, but stop before letting your orgasm wash over you. Then you can decide if it isn’t so bad.”

The words made her core gush so freely she felt like she’d wet herself. The mental picture of his face buried between her thighs was enough to make her almost come without having him touch her at all. But she really wanted him to touch her.

“Touch your nipples,” he said as casually as if he’d commented on the weather.

“I beg your pardon?”

“No. You’re supposed to say, ‘yes, master.’”

She pulled away and leveled an angry stare into his amused eyes. “You’re not my master.” She already hated being dominated.

His expression softened. “You see, this is part of the game. And it *is* a game. Some take the game more seriously than others. If you choose to play, you must play by the rules or be punished. If for any reason you don’t want to play anymore then use your safe word and I’ll stop.”

“Why do people like this?”

One of his impressively wide shoulders lifted slightly and a sardonic smile played around his luscious lips. “Some like to give over control on a temporary basis in the bedroom. You’re ensured a blistering orgasm the likes of which you may not have ever felt before

in your lifetime, and all you have to do is what you're told for a short time. Not forever. Only in the bedroom. Just until each of us reaches the ultimate fulfillment. It's about trust and giving over control."

"And then afterward, we don't have to play the slave and master stuff anymore."

"Unless you want to continue the game longer. If you do, it would lead into another round of sexual pleasure. You don't *want* that, are you sure? Because I can go for several rounds before tiring of the game."

"I'm not even sure I want to go through a first round."

"Try it. You might like it. Why don't you throw caution to the wind for once. Let go your inhibitions and give over the power you clasp for a little while. Just one time. I'll give your control back to you later on. After we've finished our little game."

"You promise to give it back right after we finish, correct?" She'd never bargained for her power before. Having lost so much in her personal life, she was reluctant to give over any kind of power or control. But then again, having Adam take command of her for a short while to gratify her was sort of exciting.

A little lightheaded at the idea of playing a sexual role-playing game, Veronica charged on ahead with the slim wisp of courage she had left. She should enjoy all the time she had with him.

His gaze poured over her face, down to her breasts and back up to her eyes again. "Yes. I'll give it back afterwards."

"Okay."

"Tell me your safe word. Something you'd never say during sex."

"Um...how about windmill."

"Windmill it is. That's what you say if you want the game to stop. Now touch yourself. Squeeze your delectable nipples for me. Show me how much you want to have sex with me and perhaps I'll reward you."

Veronica pushed out a long slow breath and said, "Yes, master." It didn't hurt too much. In fact, it was just a little sexy and exhilarating.

She pulled her hands from his waist and lifted them to her breasts. Her gaze lifted to focus completely on his chocolate brown eyes. He looked away down to where her hands slid up her body. First she covered the mounds with the palms of her hands. She found one dead center and squeezed, but the other pinch only barely caught an edge of areola.

Given that they were in a semi-public place, the idea that someone might catch her touching her breasts and pinching her nipples, even just through her shirt and bra, made a trickle of juice run out of her pussy. There was a certain reckless pleasure in wondering if some stranger might stumble into their intimate space and see her at any minute. And what if they stopped to watch?

A heaviness crept into her belly and core at the thought of someone actively watching her pleasure herself. Perhaps she was more comfortable with this sort of sexual role play than she'd originally thought. Adam kept his focus on her breasts as she squeezed the tips through her shirt and circled her fingertips around her now very sensitive nipples. What if both men watched her do this? A lightning bolt of carnal desire centered in her pussy when the idea of also having Johnny watch her touching herself surfaced in her mind.

A moan escaped her lips and her eyes drifted closed in rapture. Adam expelled a deep breath as if trying to gain control of his breathing at her noise of pleasure.

"That's it. You like that, don't you?" His whisper tickled her ear.

Veronica moaned again and pinched both of her nipples once more. The sensation rocketed down to her pussy where a flood of moisture waited for his cock.

"Now slip your hands beneath your shirt, pull it up to your neck and undo your bra's front enclosure. I want to suck on you." He kissed the space beneath her ear lobe to punctuate his outlandish demand.

She sucked in a quick breath. “But what if someone comes around the corner?”

He pulled back. “What did you say?” The anger in his tight expression made her heart flip over once.

She started to repeat her question, but remembered the new game she played. “I said, yes master.”

A slight curve appeared at one corner of his sculpted mouth. “That was a blatant lie, but I’ll let it slide this time. You are, however, trying my patience. I think you *want* me to punish you.”

“Only if you think I deserve it, master.” She grinned because she only half believed in the game.

His brows furrowed for a moment. “You definitely have it coming. Now do as I told you. Pull up your shirt and undo your bra.” One of his forearms was braced above her head. The other arm dangled at his side. His body didn’t even block any portion of the view down the hallway next to them. She lifted her shirt until her bra was revealed and sent a furtive glance at the hallway before unhooking the front enclosure.

The cups parted and her breasts spilled out like water over a flooded dam. Her pussy clenched in the most acute arousal she’d ever felt as the chill of the air hit her unprotected breasts.

“Hold your bra open for me so I can get a good look at your nipples. Then I can choose one and get the taste I desire.”

Veronica closed her eyes at the thought, but obeyed. She pulled the cups away, exposing her breasts, complete with hardened nipples, to his view. It was by far the sexiest thing she’d ever done in her life. He leaned forward and kissed the space beneath the center of her collarbone.

Eyes still closed, she waited barely breathing as he kissed a slow path down her chest to her exposed breasts. The second his mouth latched onto the peak of one nipple, her pussy clenched with pleasure in what felt like pre-orgasm. Her clitoris throbbed with dire need to release.

“Open your eyes, Veronica, and watch me suck on you. Think about where we are. Out in the open in a public hallway. Anyone could show up at any moment and see us.”

She stiffened, but he only smiled. “That’s right. The idea turns you on, doesn’t it?”

“Yes, master,” she whispered.

Not only was she turned on by the prospect of getting caught, she was so horny now she wanted him to bypass her breasts, bury his face between her thighs and lick her dry as she clasped his face between her legs and climaxed shrieking. He *had* taught her to love oral sex the first time they were together. Perhaps she *would* like game playing equally well.

His warm mouth slid into place over one stiff nipple. He sucked it between his lips and Veronica sagged against the wall in delight. Her pussy pulsed with the need to be fucked. Hard.

“May I make a request, master?”

“You may.”

“Once you finish with my nipple, will you lick my pussy and then fuck me as hard as you can?” Just saying the words out loud almost made her climax complete. If he reached down and touched anywhere near her crotch, she’d scream the walls down with an orgasm of epic proportions.

“Not quite yet, my delicious little slave. And don’t even think about climaxing without permission. I don’t think you’re ready for the kind of punishment that would require.”

Her clit throbbed again on the very edge of release. He lowered his head to her nipple again and not only sucked on her tip, he nibbled it. The little bites sent virulent streaks of electric pleasure to her core. He stopped teasing her nipple and she released the breath she’d been holding to keep herself together.

He promptly kissed his way to the other nipple and pulled the tip between his warm lips. An ache filled her pussy with immediate

urgency. Seriously, one touch and she was going over the edge of oblivion with or without his permission.

Veronica's panting came in short, gasping breaths of barely contained control as he pulled at her nipple with one hypnotic suck after another. She was fast coming to a place where she wasn't going to need him to touch her clit to climax.

Don't come. Don't come. He'll punish me if I come.

Each tortuous tug of his lips against her nipple tested her ability to stay just this side of climax. When she had gotten up the nerve and was about to beg for release, he stopped suddenly, lifted his face and pushed his wet wonderful mouth against hers in a seductive, demanding kiss that she had only thus far dreamed about. His tongue slid easily inside and tangled so fast with hers she didn't think she would keep up. His chest pressed against her bare breasts, covering her pushed up shirt and unhooked bra. His crisply starched shirt absorbed the moisture left behind from his mouth at the same time it abraded her exposed nipples.

Voices neared and she realized that someone was about to discover them. She stiffened against Adam, barely keeping hold of her burgeoning climax as he made love to her mouth. She glanced at the doorway out of the corner of one eye as two suit clad business men came through the archway from the elevator area and turned right, walking away from them down the hall.

Trembling from the excitement of nearly being caught with her nipples hanging out, Veronica held her breath, fearful any noise, no matter how slight, would signal their presence and bring the strangers back to witness her depravation.

When the voices disappeared, he released her mouth and stared at her. "You're trembling and it better not be because you came."

"N-n-no. Didn't. Still want." She couldn't even form complete sentences, but added, "Master."

"Good. Very good. "

She cast a glance down the hall again to ensure the men were gone. If he hadn't been adhered to her like gorilla glue, she would have already fastened her bra and pushed her shirt down. She squirmed against him when he didn't move. He didn't release her to straighten her clothing so she stopped moving.

The amused tone continued. "Since you were a good little submissive and didn't release before you were supposed to, I'll grant you the boon of privacy for the continuation of our game. Would you like to go back to your place to finish our first round of game play?"

"I...I, my place?" Should she take him back to her dismal little duplex apartment? Veronica quivered and tried to make her lips work.

"Well, we could go back to my room, but you need to sleep sometime this afternoon, correct?"

She nodded quickly.

"If I follow you home, then we can resume our game there in privacy. And then you can sleep in your own bed. Would you like that?"

"Yes, please, master."

His grin of superiority was beautiful. "You please me very much."

Not trusting her voice, she nodded and smiled. Her shoulder blades peeled from the wall she'd been pressed against as he removed his furnace hot body from hers.

He reached up and lowered her shirt but didn't fasten her bra. Breasts swaying with every step, she followed him. He then led her further down the hall to where the elevator was and the parking garage. The room where she'd spent the early part of the day with Johnny as Adam watched them have sex was nice, but she secretly fanaticized about bringing one or both of them back to her place for untold pleasures and the memories that would be created. She was about to get her wish.

Still not quite over her earlier thrill filled sexual ride and the double penetration sex directly afterward, she hesitated only a moment at the threshold of the door to the parking garage. Sleep was

the only thing she'd miss if she spoke up and declined to drive back to her place. Sleep, in this instance, was overrated. She could sleep once Adam and Johnny had gone back to Colorado.

Veronica walked to her plain, no-frills car, opened the driver's door and turned as Adam crowded close to her.

"I'll follow you in my rental, okay?"

She nodded.

"Just in case, though, tell me your address. I don't want to lose you." Adam's sexy grin lit her world on fire. She recited her address, closed her eyes briefly and opened them in time to see that he'd moved even closer.

Putting his lips close to her ear, he whispered, "And no fingering yourself at stoplights. I'll know if you climaxed, so don't do anything that will require punishment, understand me, honey?"

Veronica nodded. She was so hot and excited, it was a wonder she didn't implode during his small lecture.

"I'm parked only two rows away. Wait for me to catch up."

She nodded once more and ducked into her car. Her breathing was erratic and her cheeks felt like they were on fire. They hadn't even started the sexual part of the game and she quivered in desire as if she hadn't had sex in a year.

Veronica waited for him before she backed out and headed to her home. Glad she'd taken the time to tidy her simple place up before leaving it earlier, Veronica thought about what was about to happen.

Adam, her new master, was about to introduce her to a sexual game. Well, in fact, she'd already been introduced and only waited to change venues before continuing.

A smile she couldn't stop shaped her lips. Veronica tried to picture how much sleep she'd actually get this afternoon. Likely none. And that notion made her smile wider.

They arrived at her abode in no time and without incident. He pulled his rental car, and not Johnny's truck, next to her in the small

driveway leading to her duplex. The place was slightly run down, which was how she could afford it. But inside wasn't too bad.

At least she hoped it was okay. Likely he wasn't here for the decorations.

They exited their vehicles at the same time and she led the way to her front door.

She handed him her key ring with the house key facing the afternoon sky. He caressed her hand while removing the keys from her fingers. He slowly slid the designated key into the lock and when the click came releasing the lock, he opened the door wide, but didn't make a move to go inside.

Instead, Adam paused and gave her an inquisitive stare. "Is there a word you'd like to say to me before we enter your domain?"

Veronica looked down at his large, square hands and knew he'd likely be able to go several rounds of pleasure before releasing her from their game. A glance down showed his cock already strained the fabric of his expensive slacks and out of nowhere came a strange notion. She wondered what he'd look like in chaps. Did he ride the range on his ranch back in Colorado dressed in chaps? The thought sent her mind in a different direction than intended and again her face went as hot as the sun.

"No, master. I'm ready."

He motioned for her to enter. Her home this time. Familiar ground. Where the role playing sex game would continue. Where she had to do what he said or be punished and she wasn't allowed to come until he said it was okay. *Oh my.*

Veronica glanced around the living room, barely noticing it at all as she kept on a straight path to her bedroom.

Adam secured her front door. She heard him push the deadbolt into place. Before she realized how fast he could move, he was pushed up behind her at the entrance to her bedroom.

"You didn't pleasure yourself on the way here did you?"

No. But she'd barely been able to think of anything else as she drove home. "No, master," she responded. Her tone already breathy in anticipation of what was to come. He put his hands on her shoulders and pushed her out of his immediate space.

"Take your clothes off. I want to watch you strip."

She spun around slowly and did her very best strip tease. She swayed and sashayed around in front of him as she pulled each article of her clothing off and flung it about her room. She ended up naked and seated at the foot of her bed.

"Now undress me. But don't make such a mess of my clothes."

"Yes, master." Veronica approached him slowly and removed each article of his clothing slowly and carefully. She folded everything and placed it neatly on an overstuffed chair by her dresser.

Once she was finished and they were both naked, Veronica walked over to face him. She looked down at his immense cock.

"Turn around," he commanded.

She smiled and did as he demanded. His hands came around her waist and slid between her thighs.

"Are you wet?"

"Drenched."

His finger zeroed in on her clit and began a slow seductive repeated stroking. "Don't come until I give you permission," he whispered. "Do you understand?"

She nodded. His stubbly chin grazed her shoulder and sent a zing of sensation down her arm. Veronica did her best not to become aroused too quickly, but the truth was she'd been a few strokes away from orgasm since they entered her house.

Every fiber of her being wanted to release in what was sure to be a blisteringly noteworthy climax.

Veronica could hardly catch her breath she panted so hard.

"Don't come yet, Veronica, or I'll turn you over my knee and spank your bare ass until it glows red." Adam accompanied his warning with a strong pinch to one of her nipples. A flash of white,

hot pleasure streaked down to her pussy. An inarticulate noise escaped from her throat.

One last stroke of his fingers across her clit, along with his inflammatory words of forewarning, was all it took for her to fall over the edge of the ecstasy chasm.

Veronica arched against his chest and screamed the walls down in the most acute and gratifying orgasm she'd ever experienced...and shouldn't have.

Unfortunately, she didn't have Adam's permission.

He held her upright in his arms until she stopped heaving and trembling.

"What did I tell you?" he whispered harshly in one ear.

"That you'd spank me if I came."

He grabbed her arm and dragged her over to the side of the bed. He seated himself on the edge and she saw his wide eyed expression of purpose. He looked slightly pissed off. He pulled her over his lap. "You've left me no choice. I must punish you."

"Yes, master." Veronica didn't think he'd really do it. Until the first slap of his open hand on her bare unsuspecting ass cheek resonated across the room and the sting of her sensitive flesh registered the smack.

At the exact same moment her pussy gushed in anticipatory glee. He didn't make a move to spank her again, but Veronica decided it might not be so bad if he did it once more.

Without warning, he smacked her other cheek making her flesh tingle and another gush of moisture flooded her pussy lips.

Another spank on the first cheek and a moan escaped. He alternated spanking both of her cheeks until her entire ass had to be fire engine red.

He spanked her like a naughty child caught misbehaving, and god help her, she liked it.

Chapter Ten

Clay suspected he was a damned fool for pursuing this endeavor, but so be it. He couldn't get that vision out of his mind. Veronica Greenwood had risked life and limb and raced into the street after hearing Zachary Barrett's name. Clay intended to find out why.

He'd called Zachary, but hadn't actually gotten a hold of him. He'd left a vague message for a return call while he pondered what to do, if anything.

He pretended it was because he was worried over exposure to the club. And if anyone asked him about it, like say Zachary, he intended to remind him about last year in Colorado. A seemingly innocent videotape had caused some trouble in Zachary's love life back then. It wasn't without precedence.

Clay had managed to only get her name from Johnny. His past included a few perks that helped out now and again in the form of easily obtainable information not necessarily available to the general public.

When he discovered a woman named Veronica Greenwood listed as working at a convenience store in town, that information wasn't too surprising. But when he also found another woman with the same name working as an active member of a relief organization currently out of the country and completely unavailable to communication, Clay got very suspicious.

A quick illegal search of a federal database he still had a backdoor access to showed that each of these women shared the same social security number and his suspicion morphed into warning bells blazing in his brain.

Clay researched Veronica's immediate family members. She wasn't married and she was an only child. Her parents, also relief workers, were listed as members of the same relief organization and also with her in the exact same third world country for the past eight months.

Had her identity been stolen? Clay continued his search.

Veronica's mother had only one brother. He was a single man, and coincidentally his address was a local one here in California. Not believing at all in coincidences, he looked further into the life of Veronica Greenwood's only uncle.

A quick search of Tom Callen's name revealed not only his home address but his work address as well. Clay learned the most insightful information since he'd started looking. The address cross referenced to a business name that sent a sound like a Klaxon blaring in his head. He recognized the name of the company Tom Callen worked for instantly.

A scandal from six months ago that had been mostly kept under wraps came into view on his computer's flat screen display. Clay knew quite a bit about that outrage and promptly hacked into the California Realty accounting firm's former employee file. She hadn't been fired outright, but instead had resigned after an unexpected audit revealed her part in unlawfully removing money out of DRMC's account. The firm had replaced the funds, but hadn't been able to do so in enough time to meet the requirement of the deal Zachary had struck to purchase land in Colorado for the club's permanent headquarters.

Clay looked at a company photo of the woman who looked exactly like the frightened girl who'd run out of the club two mornings ago. And her name hadn't been Veronica Greenwood back then. She was the same woman that the California Realty accounting company casually mentioned and vaguely blamed for the DRMC's financial fiasco several months before.

The news of her participation, so carelessly mentioned as an justified excuse, had so enraged Zachary, he'd uncharacteristically lost his temper during the hastily called meeting and made dire threats against her in that public forum. Zachary had regretted his outburst almost immediately, but no one except Clay knew it.

No wonder she'd run into the street after learning Zachary's name. Clay wondered how she'd been able to steal Veronica Greenwood's identity. The only other thing he wanted to know was why she'd hooked up with Johnny and Adam. What could she possibly hope to accomplish in her relationship with them?

One way or another, he intended to find out her intentions and ensure Johnny and Adam knew she wasn't who she claimed to be.

* * * *

"Guess where I am?" Adam said when he'd called earlier.

"No clue."

"I'm on my way to Veronica's house to play a sexual game."

If Adam had flown in the hotel window shouting, "Fiery brimstone is falling from the sky and melting our world," Johnny would have been less surprised. *He was about to play a game with Veronica?*

"What sort of game did you talk her into?" he asked and wished they'd come back to the room before deciding to play.

"Sometimes I don't even realize how good I am. It was totally spontaneous. One minute we were talking about karaoke and dancing and giving up control, and the next I had her shirt unbuttoned, her bra open and I was sucking on her bare nipples...oh, and did I mention we were in the public hallway just outside our room?"

"And she was excited about playing a game?" He wished Adam would have convinced her to return to their room to "rest" instead of going to her own home to sleep, but as usual, his best friend had outdone himself in convincing her to play a sexual game. Too bad

Johnny didn't get to participate this time. His cock thickened and pulsed in eager desire to fuck and he'd already come twice earlier.

"Oh yeah, she's excited all right."

"I wish I got to play a game, but I'm glad you're on the way to her house. I'll feel better knowing where she lives. I'd hate to leave without making future plans. And I keep forgetting to get her phone number."

"Me, too. Don't you have a meeting in an hour anyway? You don't even have time to play a game right now."

"True. But how is it that you never have a critical meeting when she wants to boldly go new sexy places? You're such a lucky bastard."

Adam laughed. "Yeah, that's me, only I'd say I'm the luckiest master in town. Gotta go. She's pulling into a driveway. I'll call you later."

"I'll want details about your adventures."

"I'll think about it."

"Think hard." He hadn't even gotten the two word response out of his mouth before his phone started beeping signaling that another message was coming in. Adam had already hung up.

Fuck. He really hated missing out.

Johnny looked at the readout and cursed to himself once more. The familiar phone number contained an urgent text message regarding the Double Rider Men's Club. And unfortunately, any problem with the club was one he couldn't ignore. He dialed the number to talk to Clay in person.

"What's up, Clay?" The terse tone in his voice was surely hard to miss.

"I need to see you and Adam back at the club. There's something I need to show you and then we need to have a talk."

What the hell? "When?"

"Now. It's important." It wasn't often that Clay made demands, so Johnny took him very seriously.

“Adam’s not here. He’s busy...elsewhere.”

“Fine. When can *you* be here?”

Johnny glanced at his watch. His meeting didn’t start for another hour and a half and it was actually at a restaurant close to where Clay wanted him to be. “I’ll be there in ten minutes. I can’t stay very long.”

“It won’t take too long. See you in a few. Ciao.”

He folded his phone closed and slid it into his pocket. His mind wasn’t on what Clay wanted to talk about or his meeting.

Johnny was picturing what Adam and Veronica were doing and how amazing it would be to watch them, even if he couldn’t participate. His cock throbbed at the possibilities.

Was Veronica obedient during sexual role play as slave to his master? Would Adam have to punish her?

The delicious probabilities swarmed in his mind as he made his way to the temporary meeting place for Double Rider Men’s Club this year. He hoped whatever Clay was in such lather over was easily solved or answered.

* * * *

Veronica sagged across Adam’s lap after he administered the last smack across her bare ass as punishment for climaxing without permission.

Her ass was heated from his palm and her pussy was so drenched from the excitement of being naughty, she felt the juices from her arousal leaking down the inside of one thigh. If he touched her clit, she knew she’d come again very easily, with or without permission.

Adam rubbed his hand over her ass with gentle caresses as if to soothe her burning skin as she panted like she’d run a mile up a hill and tried desperately to get herself back under control.

“Get down on your knees and suck my cock.” His voice was low and tight as if he was also on the verge of losing control of his imminent climax. Likely he wouldn’t have to be punished if *he* lost it.

Veronica shivered. She didn't mind sucking cock, but instead she really wanted his cock rammed in her pussy repeatedly.

"Do it. Now."

"I'd rather you fucked me hard and deep, master."

His gaze intensified. "Do you want another spanking?"

Maybe. Yes. No, because she'd come again if he did. "No, master." She slid from his lap and turned to take his cock between her lips.

"Wait, stand up straight for a minute." Veronica dutifully rose until she stood before him. He leaned in close, placed his hands carefully on her hips and pushed his face between her legs. Holy shit, if he licked her she'd come. And then he'd spank her. She closed her eyes and trembled as she waited for his next command.

His tongue darted out and barely grazed the edge of her throbbing clit. Her legs suddenly shook so badly, she nearly collapsed on the floor. He slid his hand between her thighs and two fingers pushed inside of her pussy.

A small moan escaped from his sexy mouth. "You're so wet, my little slave."

"Yes, master." She was on the verge of another blistering orgasm.

"You liked that spanking, didn't you?"

Maybe. Yes! "I thought it was punishment." Her eyes drifted open and she stared at the top of his dark head. He tilted back to look at her.

Adam's intense gaze drilled a hole through her soul. "That's partly true. But I can smell your desire and I can feel how wet you are, so it must have been an enjoyable punishment." He removed his fingers, but didn't pull them from between her legs. Seriously, if he stroked her clit, she'd lose it and earn another spanking. Veronica mashed her eyes shut again. The visual of a repeat punishment slammed into her brain and she moaned.

Veronica pulsed with unsatisfied desire even though she'd just experienced a vivid orgasm only moments ago. The eager notion that

she was about to do something on the naughty edge of her comfort zone to incur another spanking made her vibrate with sensations so acute she wasn't sure she'd survive this game.

"Want me to suck your cock now, master?" She needed to keep busy so she wouldn't come before it was allowed.

"Yes. Let's start with that."

She fell to her knees, leaned between his thighs and took his substantial cock into her mouth. He groaned the moment she had him lodged at the back of her throat. She sucked him in and out a couple of times before he pulled her off.

"What's wrong?"

His gaze pierced her. "Nothing. Get on the bed on your back. Spread your legs."

She stood on wobbly legs and complied with his wishes.

Adam climbed on the bed and kneeled between her legs. His palms slid beneath her butt and lifted her up to meet his cock. She held the pose until he thrust his cock balls deep inside her pussy. He slid his thumb across her clit and her pussy immediately clenched on his cock.

"Don't come yet."

"No, master." But she was so close she could taste it.

He pulled out and pushed in at an even faster pace. The sensation was incredible.

"Touch your nipples. Squeeze them. Roll them between your fingertips."

The moment Veronica put her hands on her breasts she had to clench her teeth to keep control.

"Oh God," she heard herself whisper. "I'm about to come again."

"Don't. Not until I tell you."

"Please."

"Pinch your nipples." She pinched and a streak of pleasure went straight to her core. Her pussy clenched on his cock again.

"What happens if you come before I allow it?" he asked.

“Oh God, you’ll spank my bare ass with your open hand.” She was on the rabid edge of losing control.

“Slide one hand down and touch your clit.”

She groaned. “I can’t. I’ll come.”

“No, you won’t come. Not until I tell you to. Now do it. Touch your clit. Rub it.”

Veronica slid a hand between her legs. The motion of his repeated deep thrusts already tested her capacity to stay on this side of climax.

One forefinger slid across her clit. The blazing intensity of the sensation was almost more than she could manage. “Oh God. Feels so good. Want to come.”

“Not yet.”

“When? Want to...want...” She pinched her nipple and brushed the barest touch across her clit. One vibration more from his movement caused her pussy to clench down hard. She cried out and promptly sucked in a breath to quench the need to let go her barely there control.

He growled and pushed his wide cock all the way inside her body. “Now. Come now, Veronica. God, you’re so fucking tight.” He stiffened and lodged his cock so deeply inside her pussy it was as if he never planned to leave.

She pushed a hard touch over her clit, rolled her nipple and then couldn’t stop as her spine arched in heightened pleasure. The intense orgasm washed across her body like water from a fire hose shooting at full blast. She shrieked as a second wave of gratification rolled from somewhere near her back teeth, shot to her ankles and then back again.

Adam slumped forward and trapped her beneath him. His harsh breathing was second to hers. She slid her arms around his neck and hugged him.

“I can’t believe I spanked you,” he eventually whispered. “Just so you know, that wasn’t exactly my initial intent when we came in here.”

"I can't believe how much I liked it." She squeezed his neck.

"Really? You liked it?" He lifted up onto his elbows and locked his gaze onto hers as if to ensure the "spanking punishment" hadn't been more than she'd bargained for.

"Honestly."

"I thought I'd hear your safe word the moment my hand made first contact."

She laughed. "If you'd asked me beforehand, I would have said that I'd scream windmill at the first mention of the word spanking. At least until your hand made first contact. Then I wanted more. What does that make me?"

"Mine."

Veronica kissed his cheek. "I'd like to be yours."

"What are you doing with the rest of your life? I know how Johnny feels. He's in love. I'd like you to understand that we both want you to be a part of any future we have together."

Her mouth opened to reciprocate his feelings.

The reality of her current situation promptly slammed back into her mind. She had lots of hoops to jump through before she could consider a life with them. She tensed beneath him as streams of memory assaulted her mind. "I appreciate it. Thanks for your candor. I'm not sure I'm ready for anything permanent, but not because I don't care deeply for both you and Johnny. I just have a few things to work through before making any promises."

He pushed out a long breath. "Okay. But know that we'll be ready when you are."

"For how long?" She couldn't realistically expect them to wait until her fucked up past was all back to normal. It could take awhile.

"For as long as you need."

Veronica snuggled close and kissed his neck.

"Get some sleep, sweetheart. I hate to leave you, but I've got a meeting in an hour."

“That’s okay, I need to get up in about five hours for work,” she murmured.

“I’ll set an alarm for you before I go.”

“Thanks.” And that was her last conscious thought until the incessantly ringing phone brought her out of a deep, satisfying sleep about three and a half hours later.

Adam was gone. He’d left a note on her pillow with a sweet message of gratitude for being so perfect and an additional request to consider their future together. She picked up the phone expecting it to be either Adam or Johnny.

“Veronica? It’s Tom. I have some great news for you. I may have found a way to prove you didn’t steal that money from the account. We need to meet tonight.” Shifting gears quickly, Veronica mashed her eyes shut and opened them again. It didn’t help. She shook her head to clear the fog of sleep deprivation.

“Tonight?” Eyes barely open, Veronica glanced at the clock. She had to leave for work in a couple of hours. “I can’t, Tom. I’ve got to go to work.”

“Call in sick. I’ve got someone you need to meet. And it needs to be tonight.”

“I don’t have any sick time left.” She’d already used up most of it this week spending time with Johnny and Adam.

“Then take the time off without pay and meet me at the building.”

“What building?” She hated to seem so dense, but she really hadn’t had enough sleep to function.

“The building where you used to work and the place where you told me repeatedly that you wanted to get your job back.” The exasperation in his tone gave her pause. Maybe she was just tired. She’d waited so long what was one more day.

“I appreciate it, Tom, but couldn’t we meet tomorrow during the day? I’m seriously beat. I probably shouldn’t drive. Besides I’d have to sign in.”

“Don’t worry. I’ve made arrangements for us to meet in my office at midnight so you won’t run into any of the higher ups that are here during the day. Besides it’s the only time the guy could be here. He says he has proof of your innocence. This endless wait to prove you didn’t do anything might all be over tonight. Come on now. You’ve waited a long time for this. Don’t be late.” He hung up before she could offer any further protest.

A call back took twenty minutes and several vulgar words to find his number and dial it properly. She tried three times and all of them went straight into his voice mail. Her head pounded in pain with the need for more sleep. Damn it. All she could think of was the desire to snooze for another ten hours.

The meaning of his words started to sink in once she’d stood up and walked to the kitchen. She made herself a cup of coffee and drank half before analyzing his call. Could she really get her old life back? Now that she’d met Johnny and Adam, did she even want her old life back?

She picked up the phone and called her convenience store clerk boss.

“Yes. Mr. Feeney? I know it’s a lot to ask, but could I use my final personal day for my shift tonight?”

“No.” He didn’t even hesitate. And he sounded like he was in even a more sour mood than normal.

“There is something really important that I need to take care of at midnight. Could I come in late then, I’d only need to take a couple of hours--”

He cut her off. “No. No more time off. You don’t show up tonight exactly on time and you’re fired. Is that clear enough?”

“Yes. Crystal clear.”

“Are you going to be here?”

“Yes. Just as soon as I can after...”

“You’re fired.” He hung up before she could respond to say she was only asking for an hour to resolve her life problems. Then again,

screw it. She was glad to be rid of that job anyway. If Tom really had someone that could prove her innocence she'd be a fool not to make the effort. Then she wouldn't need that stupid convenience store job.

She shuffled into the bathroom and splashed cold water on her face. It helped a little bit better than the half cup of coffee had in an effort to wake herself up. Maybe she should call Johnny and Adam and ask if they'd go with her for moral support. She wasn't thrilled about traipsing around the warehouse district at midnight. And that was where her former office building was located.

Veronica started to dial Johnny's number and then stopped. If she involved them, she'd have to confide in them regarding what she'd done. If she didn't have to let them find out the "whole" truth about her past, she wouldn't. Not yet.

She hadn't shared everything about her plight. In retrospect, she likely should have at least told them her real name. Then again, with them being friends with Zachary Barrett, it was better to straighten everything out first and then confess all to them later on.

She hoped they'd be understanding when they found out that her name wasn't truly Veronica Greenwood.

And that she'd "borrowed" her current identity.

Chapter Eleven

Johnny watched the video surveillance of Veronica running out of the DRMC building the day after her first foray into double penetration sex and public displays of sexual activity for a third time. Clay stood over his shoulder like a mother hen about to peck him.

He knew she couldn't have been upset about what they'd done in bed because she'd already come back for more. And she hadn't gotten upset about Adam watching them earlier because she was currently playing a sex game with him at her house.

Relief washed down his body with the evidence that at least she wasn't upset about anything she'd experienced between the three of them or their lifestyle from the DRMC event. He knew it.

"Okay, I give up. Why do you think she ran out of here? And why do I care?"

"I've done a little research since we spoke and I have a theory."

"Do tell."

"Unfortunately, for you, I also have some documentation to back up my thoughts and you aren't going to like the findings."

Johnny sighed. He didn't want to be here. He wished he'd blown off this meeting and also the next one he had in just under an hour down the street. His focus remained on a future with Veronica and how to make it happen. He'd lost interest in any theories Clay had. "So why are you telling me if I won't like it. Save me the pain, why don't you?"

Clay narrowed his brows and glared. "You should know by now that's never going to happen. And besides, this is directly related to the DRMC."

“What? How?”

“She was running from Zachary.”

Johnny shook his head. “She didn’t run when she saw him. Hell, she thought he was a cab driver for Christ’s sake.”

“But that was before she learned his name.”

“And learning Zachary’s name made her run into the street as if she feared for her life?” Johnny rolled his eyes.

“That’s my working theory. Turns out she may have had a very good reason to run.”

“I don’t buy it. Zachary wouldn’t do anything to her.”

“In fact, he would. There’s more you don’t know.” Clay started to say something then stopped.

“Spit it out, Clay. I have somewhere else to be in half an hour. The truth is you’re probably wasting your breath. You’ll going to have a hell of a time convincing me that she’s guilty of anything.”

Clay crossed his arms. “Remember the problem we had six months ago with the sale of the land for our permanent headquarters in Colorado. We only recently resolved it. This week, in fact.”

Johnny rubbed his eyes. “Remind me. Wasn’t the problem about some money slated for the transaction went missing or was embezzled or something?”

“Yes. And she was the one who embezzled it.”

“No, she wasn’t. There’s no fucking way.” He’d had enough. He stood to leave. “If she embezzled it, she’d be in jail.”

“Okay, they couldn’t prove anything, but she was involved. She was definitely the number one suspect at the time. Then she ran. Just like she did when she discovered Zachary’s name. Then she disappeared and no one could find her.”

“How do you know that?”

“I saw a report from the insurance investigators.”

Clay dropped a manila file folder on the table. Johnny opened it and found Veronica’s picture attached to the left side with a large paper clip. On the right hand side was a written statement explaining

her story of blacking out during the time her key code and password was used. The story seemed familiar. Wasn't that similar to what she'd told them regarding her past?

"She had her password and key card stolen."

Clay shrugged. "Or she was in on it."

Johnny shook his head. He refused to believe she did anything wrong. "She told us what happened." He gave Clay a short version of her story.

"What if she's lying to you?"

"She was drugged and couldn't remember the incident a month later. They only found out after the audit."

"So she says. They only did the audit that day when we called because our money wasn't where it was supposed to be and her name was listed as the last person to access the account. Which was to drain all the money out of the account, by the way. The company insurance covered the transaction loss, but as things of this nature often do, it took some time. Zachary had to renegotiate the deal and we had to pay more."

"She didn't embezzle any money. She was horrified over the incident, you should have heard her. As a matter of fact, why don't I call Adam and have him bring her here and she can tell you herself."

"That would be great."

Johnny dialed Adam's number but it went straight to voice mail. He was probably otherwise engaged and ignoring his phone.

Lucky bastard. Maybe Johnny shouldn't be so willing to give her up or force her to come explain herself to Clay. He needed to get her side of the story first. The whole story, and not just a vague rendering.

Johnny closed his phone. "Adam isn't answering."

"Where is he?"

Johnny shrugged. He refused to give information on their love life or Adam's whereabouts.

"He's with *her*, isn't he?"

Johnny shrugged again. "What if he is? With news like this, I'm not inclined to disrupt them."

Clay stood and leaned palms on the desk. "I believe you should go get her and bring her back with you pronto."

"Well, given your lust for her blood. It's not going to happen. I'll talk to her first before letting you grill her."

"I'm not going to grill her."

"It doesn't sound like you plan to give her the benefit of the doubt. She's not manipulative. She just..." Johnny trailed off as facts of her life occurred to him. She was hiding out.

"Just what? Can you call her or not?"

Johnny released a long sigh. "Truthfully, I don't have her contact information. She's been reluctant to start a permanent relationship with two guys only in town for a rancher's conference. I find it hard to blame her."

"I don't find it hard at all. I don't think you understand the dire nature of this dilemma."

"Explain it to me." Johnny knew that things had worked out. The DRMC had ended up purchasing the land they wanted. What difference did it make now? "What has changed after so long?"

"I just got new information from a source I'm not willing to share. There is talk that new charges have been issued for your girlfriend. She's wanted for fraud, embezzlement and a variety of other charges."

"What?"

"Yeah. So now you're harboring a fugitive."

Johnny called Adam again. This time he left a message.

Clay says, "I can't understand why you believe her even though she hadn't confided her most basic personal information."

"It's a gut instinct. The way she talked about her past tells me that she's embarrassed about her financial circumstances. If she had a big wad of money hidden away, why would she work for a convenience store?"

“Maybe she’s laying low until things quiet down. Once the insurance is paid off and the investigation into the matter goes cold, she can do whatever she wants.”

Johnny gave him an irritated stare. “She didn’t do it.”

“I’m not convinced.”

“Adam and I are planning a future with her.”

“I wouldn’t get my hopes up on that account. There’s something else you don’t know.”

“What else?”

“She’s lying to you. Veronica Greenwood isn’t her real name. “

Johnny blinked a couple of times, but calmed his racing heart with the knowledge that she was likely hiding out under an assumed name trying to clear her name. “So she changed her name until she cleared her old one. I’d still be willing to give her the benefit of the doubt at this point.”

Clay was already shaking his head before, Johnny finished talking.

“In addition to all her other ‘alleged’ crimes, she stole the name she’s using.”

“She must have had a good reason.”

“Unfortunately, Zachary won’t agree with you. I’ve called him with the information I collected earlier. He’s checking into what our options are and if he wants to pursue any action.”

“You called Zachary?”

“Yes. He *is* our lawyer.”

“You’re only looking at one side of this whole scenario. I still say she didn’t do it.”

“Then why is she hiding out using someone else’s identity?”

“What? Someone else’s identity? I thought you said she just had a fake name.”

“No. She stole Veronica Greenwood’s identity to hide from prosecution. The real Veronica Greenwood is out of the country doing

charity work. Which in my book makes your girlfriend look very guilty.”

“What happened to the money? Why would she hide out as a convenience clerk if she had access to lots of money?”

“I don’t know. Perhaps she has an accomplice.”

“That’s absurd.”

“Is it? And you know this because you know her so well and she’s confided all her personal information to you.”

“Screw you. Sometimes you have to go with your gut.”

Clay gave him a sardonic look. “I don’t believe it’s your *gut* doing the talking.”

* * * *

Adam left Veronica sleeping only long enough to procure a piece of paper and pen from her desk to leave a note of gratitude for when she woke. He headed to an evening conference event in a fog of satisfaction. Being with Veronica was fast becoming his favorite pastime.

Barely noticing his surroundings after leaving Veronica, he found himself in the hotel coffee shop before it occurred to him to check his phone messages.

Shit. He’d never done that before. Veronica made him stupid in love. He grinned and decided quickly that there wasn’t anything wrong with that.

He sipped his coffee and accessed the list of messages. The first couple were from fellow conference attendees and one from Clay with a simple terse, “Call me as soon as you get this.” Adam rolled his eyes but then there were four messages in a row spaced about two minutes apart and in increasing tones of urgency from Johnny. The snippets of news he imparted in each message got worse with each call.

His good mood, now gone to hell, Adam wanted to punch a wall in frustration. He and Johnny were both in love with Veronica. The afternoon spent together further convinced him she should be a part of their permanent future. She couldn't have deceived them so thoroughly.

Each of Johnny's messages sounded not only more urgent in tone, but more and more disheartened Adam vowed to get someone on their side. Clay wasn't the only one with investigative contacts. Before he called Johnny back, Adam brought up a list of business contacts and scrolled through, searching for someone that would be able to help.

Adam called a fellow member of the club who used to be a corporate fraud investigator. Dominick Hunter was in town for the conference and Adam had seen him at the club event two nights ago.

Dominick picked before the first ring ended.

Adam didn't even say hello. "I have a job for you."

"I'm on vacation." Dominick had never been one for pleasantries anyway.

"But you'll help me anyway, right?"

"What do you want?"

"Inside information."

"Of course you do, because it's probably illegal for me to get it."

"Maybe. Maybe not. I'm not asking for specifics, but I need the general gist of the problem with the DRMC land purchase from six months ago, any ongoing follow up actions and if any current investigations are currently in effect and what they know."

He huffed. "Ask Zachary."

"Can't. I need someone not involved in the original trouble." Hopefully his disheartened tone conveyed his need. "Here's the issue." He gave Dominick the short version of what had happened with Veronica.

Dominick was silent for a full minute. "What do you want me to do?"

“Help me track down the particulars of the case and see if it’s ever happened before.”

“You think she did something like this before?”

“I don’t think she did it at all. Maybe someone is framing her for it. Will you check it out for me, please?”

There was silence on the line for a full thirty seconds. Adam checked to see if they were still connected. Then he heard a long sigh. “All right. Give me all the pertinent details and I’ll see what I can find out.”

* * * *

Veronica parked on the lonely street in front of the tall building that housed the accounting business where she’d worked until the life-changing incident months before.

A sense of nostalgia encompassed her as she stared at the front doors. Funny to come back after avoiding the place for so many months. The building and surrounding area looked the same as always and yet strangely unfamiliar maybe because she’d been away so long. Veronica leaned down in her front seat to take a look inside the ground floor lobby area.

She could see the night guard seated behind the desk through the glass double doors of the well lit floor.

An approaching car passed her but kept driving. Where were Tom and his contact? She looked around and didn’t see Tom’s car. Probably he’d parked in his covered space in the underground lot. He was likely already inside wondering where *she* was. She glanced at her watch noting it was ten minutes until midnight. Better get going. She grabbed her purse, stepped from her car, locking it before she crossed the wide cement walkway on a trajectory to the lobby.

The guard smiled the moment she stepped inside. “Can I help you ma’am.”

"I'm meeting a friend here. His name is Tom Callen. Did he leave a message or my name on a list for entrance?"

"What's your name and I'll check?" he asked, his smile still wide.

"Veronica Har...I mean..." She cleared her throat. She'd almost given him her real name. Soon, but not yet. "My name is Veronica Greenwood."

The guard lost the smile as if it had been too much work to fake a good mood and picked up a clip board in front of him. As he searched the list, she walked a little closer to the desk. She'd have to sign in before he'd allow her upstairs. Her heartbeat sped up.

"I don't see any Veronica Greenwood here, ma'am. Who are you supposed to see?"

"Tom Callen. His office is on the ninth floor. Number nine twenty six." Pulse thrumming through her veins, Veronica forced herself to take a deep, calming breath. If the guard got too close, he'd probably be able to hear her pounding heart rate. She wished she could just get up to the ninth floor without any outside contact. Why had Tom wanted to meet here anyway? Weren't clandestine meetings usually held in dark alleys? As frightening as a dark alley was, right now she would have preferred it.

Veronica glanced around as a prickly sense of unease crept across the back of her neck. Wasn't Tom supposed to leave her name at the desk? She didn't recognize the guard, but didn't expect to because it had been so long since she'd been here. He was suddenly giving off a strange vibe. Why wasn't Tom already down here to meet her?

"Let me call him and see if he's here."

He picked up a phone, dialed a few numbers and plastered the smile back on his face.

"There's a Veronica Greenwood here. Should I let her come up?"

She didn't hear a response.

The guard handed her the clipboard. Attached was a sign in sheet. She filled it out and with her name and the time.

As her focus was on the sign in sheet and getting the correct name on the numbered black line, she didn't hear the police officer's approach from the left side behind the desk.

"Veronica Harrington."

Veronica looked up to see two uniformed police officers and four other men in plain clothes approaching. She opened her mouth to respond and suddenly realized they'd said her true name. *Oh no.*

Without verifying her name, she asked, "What's going on here?" The two police officers crowded her on either side as a balding man in an overcoat approached to complete the circle. Her back was to the desk. *Where was Tom?* And then she spied him behind the growing crowd of men closing in on her. He looked slightly embarrassed at first until she caught his eye and she realized he'd probably been the one to turn her in.

The balding man held a badge up in her face. "I'm Detective Garland. Miss Harrington, you're under arrest for embezzlement, fraud and identity theft. Please put your hands behind your back."

She saw him remove a set of handcuffs from the back of his belt. Veronica stared at him. "Is that really necessary? I promise I'll go quietly."

"It's procedure." He nodded at one of the uniformed officers who turned her to face the desk.

She started to send a hateful glare to Tom, but realized it wasn't his fault. He'd tried to help her. Instead, she attempted to smile. One corner of her mouth raised. She probably just looked pathetic.

The cold metal clicking on to her wrists sealed her doom. Not only wasn't she ever going to be able to prove her innocence, she was about to go to jail and she'd probably never see Johnny or Adam ever again.

* * * *

Adam skipped the evening conference and met up with Johnny at the Double Rider Men's Club facility. Clay had invited Zachary, who arrived at the same time. They nodded to each other but otherwise didn't speak.

Once assembled together, the four of them watched the video Clay had called attention to which set this whole debacle in motion.

"She really looks terrified of me. And with good reason," Zachary said.

"Don't force me to bruise my knuckles on your jaw." Johnny squeezed his fist and gave Zachary a dirty look.

Clay stepped between them. "Let's wait until we have all the facts before any bare knuckle bar brawls ensue."

"Fine." Adam crossed his arms. "But just to let you know, I have someone else looking into the matter."

"Who?" Clay asked.

"Doesn't matter. It's someone I trust. He's going to call as soon as he has any information."

A minute later, Adam's phone started ringing. Two seconds after that Zachary's phone started buzzing.

Adam walked to a quiet corner and listened intently as Dominick spoke with efficiency in his summary.

"You were right. I did find several other embezzlements that were similar."

"Why wasn't anyone ever caught?"

"They happened in different states and all were more than several months apart sometime a couple of years. If I hadn't plugged in specific information that you requested, I don't imagine anyone would have ever found this out."

"Any name attached to the crimes?"

"No. But each of the stolen fund transfers went into the same bank account in New Hampshire briefly before being pushed out to the Cayman Islands and finally distributed elsewhere. Put a flag on the

account before any further transactions go in and you'll get your criminal."

"Thanks, Dominick."

"Don't thank me. It's doubtful you'll be able to prove any of what I've told you. But if you can get the feds to find out the name attached to the account in New Hampshire you might get lucky and find your embezzler."

Adam hung up and turned to the other three men. Johnny looked like he wanted to kill someone. Zachary didn't look too happy either.

"What's wrong," he asked, not expecting to like the answer.

Johnny answered, "Veronica was arrested tonight. She's in jail."

Chapter Twelve

Upon her arrival at the local precinct, the policeman who had run her through the humiliating process of being hauled into custody wearing handcuffs, then fingerprinted and photographed for the pending arrest warrant told her she could have a phone call in the morning after breakfast. Unfortunately, the horrible truth was Veronica didn't have a single soul to call. Not a single person in the world cared about her existence, let alone her innocence in this matter.

A district attorney by the name of Mr. Morgan came to show her a damning piece of evidence she'd never seen before as he delivered the charges leveled against her. A video of hotel surveillance on the night she'd blacked out showed Justin Smith escorting her to her room. She stared incredulously at the footage. She didn't look too drunk, but altered all the same. Tom had been right. Justin was involved. He was the one who'd framed her and left her to face the consequences.

"Perhaps we can make a deal if you're willing to give your partner Justin Smith to us," he remarked. "Do you know his whereabouts now?"

"No. I didn't even know Justin was involved. I haven't seen him since before all this nightmare started. He's not my partner. I didn't do anything."

"You falsified your name and hid from us for months."

"Because I was trying to prove my own innocence."

"How? By hiding from the authorities and keeping silent about your partner's whereabouts? I can't help you if you aren't willing to help us."

"I don't know where he is," she said in an elevated tone. "Ask Tom, maybe he has information."

He shook his head as if disgusted with her. "Fine. You don't want to help yourself, then my hands are tied." The DA stood up and gathered his things.

Veronica wanted to shake him. If she knew where Justin was, she'd probably spill the information. "You aren't listening to me. I don't know where he is."

"I *am* listening, Miss Harrington. I simply believe you're lying to protect Justin Smith so he can escape. The two of you looked pretty cozy on film together before entering the hotel room."

"I was drugged."

"So you say." He shrugged. "Can you prove that?"

Veronica leveled an angry stare his way. "You know I can't."

"Then you leave me with no choice." With that he left her to ponder the new information of a former friend who'd utterly betrayed her.

She spent the rest of the night in a cell with several others. Seated uncomfortably on a bench next to the front of the cell, she dozed off and on and pondered the idea of calling Johnny or Adam, but wasn't ready to have them find out about her sordid past or the mistakes she'd made in trusting the wrong person.

Even *she* had wondered, at her very lowest, if she'd done this horrible thing in a drunken haze after too many apple martinis. Someday a long unused Swiss bank account would be discovered with the missing money. No one would be more surprised than Veronica to discover she'd embezzled company account funds while drinking too much after sending ill gotten funds to a private bank.

On the other hand, even sober she didn't know the procedure for acquiring a Swiss bank account. And anyway wasn't the new place to hide money in the Cayman Islands? *Whatever*. The headache from lack of sleep had crept back into her brain. Justin must have known

how to do all those things. Her only question was, how could he have accomplished it alone? Had she unwittingly helped him?

Didn't matter at this point. She would pay the ultimate price.

She pushed out a long sigh and waited for her journey in hell to come to its final conclusion. Life in prison.

"Veronica Harrington," the jailer called. She stood, figuring they were taking her to a worse place than where she was now. Perhaps she was headed for permanent prison instead of just the local jail.

She looked around at the colorful and suggestive clothing of several other detainees, suspecting they were prostitutes. The remaining women looked like they'd been picked up for vagrancy or drug use. No one was talking. Veronica tried not to look anyone directly in the eyes as she passed quickly to the opening door of the large communal cell.

She stepped through to relative freedom and asked, "What time is it anyway?"

"Just after seven in the morning." He clinked the door shut.

"Where are we going?"

"Your lawyer's here."

She stopped dead in her tracks. "What lawyer? I didn't call a lawyer. I didn't even get to use the phone yet." Not that she had anyone to call. Tom was the only contact and since he likely was instrumental in putting her in jail and adding the crime of identity theft to her list of charges, she didn't think he would have called a lawyer on her behalf.

The man didn't answer. He just led her to a small room, pointed to the chair on one side and cuffed her to the center of the table once she was seated.

Minutes later Zachary Barrett walked in like the boogie man from her worst nightmare. "I believe we have a few things to discuss," he began.

Veronica stood up and tried to pull the table with her as she attempted to run far away very fast.

She turned to the guard. "Help me."

The guard didn't budge to aid her. In fact, he looked puzzled. "He's been assigned as your lawyer. Are you saying you want someone else?"

"Miss Harrington, please give me a chance. I'm here to help you."

Her gaze shifted to Zachary. His expression was not one of anger but more conciliatory. "How can you be my lawyer? You probably helped put me here."

He sighed. "At one time, yes, I might have been the one to put you here, but not right now. Not this time. I'm truly trying like hell to get you out of here."

"Really? Why the sudden change of heart? Last I heard you wanted me slapped in jail and never heard from ever again." She rattled her cuffs on the table. "Mission accomplished. Kudos to you for your efforts."

"I swear, I'm not here to hurt you, Veronica. I agreed to represent you and I promise to do my very best."

Veronica watched him carefully. The sincerity in his tone matched his expression of calm, but she wasn't quite ready to trust him. "Why?"

"I made a grave mistake six months ago and because I regret some things I said about you before finding out what really happened." He cleared his throat as if he had more to say but was somehow reluctant to express everything.

"Why else?"

"Well, because Johnny and Adam threatened to beat me senseless if I didn't make this right with you. And I deserve it. I should have known something was fishy about the whole embezzlement disaster. I should have looked harder for the truth way back when."

She shook her head and sat down. "And what is the truth?"

"Justin Smith instigated the whole embezzlement scheme, but Tom Callen also helped set you up. I believe they were partners, but it hasn't been proven yet. Justin likely drugged you and escorted you to

the room. There are powerful drugs available that make the recipient very cooperative. You would have answered questions even if they were secret. He then stole the money from my client's account and made you the fall guy...so to speak. Tom made sure you remained the prime suspect long after the theft.”

“The DA showed me a picture of Justin Smith escorting me to my hotel room the night of the illegal transaction. I have no memory of it at all. I’ve come to believe Justin screwed me over but not Tom. He was my only friend. My only contact to that world for all this time. In fact, he helped me hide. He gave me his niece’s driver’s license and social security number to help me survive all this time.”

“Justin may have instigated things, but Tom hid you and remained your only friend because the two of them needed time to move the stolen money to a safe location, and that took months. He couldn’t do the transfer until the insurance investigators stopped their active pursuit of the case.”

“Why didn’t he want me to see you?”

“They kept me from doing an investigation by blaming you. I might have found about their part in the scheme. They needed time without me looking into the crime. I should have done it anyway. I’m sorry.”

“What were they waiting for?”

“Once they’d waited the allotted six months for the insurance to repay the company and stop looking for active leads, Justin cashed in and had you on the line as an available scapegoat to the crime. Tom, meanwhile, alienated you at work after you left and if you’d talked to any of your other former co-workers they would have confirmed it.”

“I’m sorry your company was the one he stole from. I hate that you and your club were involved.”

“Six months ago I would have agreed with you. At the time I wasn’t as conducive to it, but now I am delighted because we caught the real culprits and not the scapegoat. I never wanted anyone except

the true embezzlers. Which isn't you. I wish you hadn't had to hide out for the past six months."

"What will happen to me now?" Veronica couldn't believe it was over. "Will I get bail?"

He shook his head. "No bail. We're going to sit here until they process your release paperwork."

"I'm being released? Even for the identity...I borrowed?"

He nodded. "I explained the extenuating circumstances. Tom and Justin were the true thieves. Justin likely found a way to slip a drug into your drink that night. My theory is that afterward, he escorted you to your room, duplicated your cards, acquired your password since you were plied with drugs, made the transfer and then disappeared. Tom remained behind to keep you dependent on him for your very existence by keeping you away from anyone else at your company. You were duped by both of them."

"So did they already arrest Justin and Tom? "

"Yes and no. Tom's in federal custody as of late last night and probably stumbling over himself to make a good deal while ratting out Justin. They haven't caught Justin yet, but hopefully it won't be too long before they get him."

Veronica pushed out a long sigh and then asked, "Do Johnny and Adam hate me for lying to them about my real name?"

"No. Absolutely not. They didn't ever believe you had done anything wrong and they completely understood why you were hiding."

Veronica relaxed.

Zachary turned to the guard. "Think you could release her cuffs. I don't think she's going anywhere."

The guard looked over his shoulder and then walked over. "I can undo them from the table, but until she's officially released, they have to stay on her wrists." He unhooked her from the table and resumed his stance by the door.

Veronica put her hands in her lap. "Thank you."

“Not a problem. One other thing. Next on my list of things to do as your new lawyer is strenuously fight on your behalf to get you your old job back. I’ll not only explain about your being framed, but also that you were innocent all along. I’ll settle for nothing less than your full reinstatement to the original salary you had then.”

“Really?”

“Of course. I’ll also demand six months of back pay at the salary you had upon termination. Hopefully it will help you get a good start again. I know you suffered and gave up a lot. They should have done a better investigation initially. I regret my part in their overall fuck-up.”

A nervous giggle escaped at the unexpected vulgarity. Once more she said, “Thank you.”

“Did I mention that Johnny and Adam are waiting for you out in the police lobby?”

“No.” She laughed. “Why didn’t they just wait for me at the hotel?”

“Trust me, they probably won’t let you out of their sight ever again. As a matter of fact, I may be representing them for kidnapping charges when they abduct you and take you back to Colorado with them.”

“If I don’t get my job back, I might just let them.”

Zachary gave her an even stare. “Don’t worry. I’ll get you your job back.”

She shrugged. “Guess I’ll have to decide if I still want it or not.”

His eyebrows rose in question. “That’s entirely up to you. Don’t feel like you have to keep it on my account. But you deserve to make the decision and not be kicked to the curb without cause. I want you to have the option.”

Veronica nodded and started pondering the two equally satisfying choices. Her old job back along with all the elements she’d earned and missed all these months as she hid out or chucking it all to start a life in Colorado with Johnny and Adam.

* * * *

Johnny was never more relieved in his life than to see Veronica walk out of the police station next to Zachary. He and Adam raced up to her and crowded her on either side.

“Are you okay?” he asked. He studied her features carefully.

“I’m fine. Thanks to the two of you. I appreciate you sending Zachary.”

Adam grabbed her hand. “Next time tell us and we’ll help you. I hate that you had to spend even a minute in jail.”

She nodded. “I’ll keep that in mind. But hopefully there won’t be a next time.”

Zachary came up behind them. “I just got a call from the investment firm where you used to work. They’ve agreed to discuss a settlement and reemployment. I’ve arranged a meeting for next Monday morning if that’s agreeable.”

Veronica nodded. “That is great. Thank you so much.”

Johnny turned to Zachary. “Any news on the whereabouts of Justin Smith?”

Zachary shook his head. “He’s still in the wind.”

Adam smiled. “But probably not for long.”

Veronica turned to him. “How do you know?”

Zachary also looked up and parroted, “Yeah, how do you know?”

“I had a friend looking into the details of your particular incident. He discovered three other companies that had money embezzled in the same manner, but those thefts didn’t get discovered until over a year after those incidents.”

Veronica narrowed her eyes. “How did your friend discover the crimes were committed by Justin?”

“He used the same account number to transfer each of the initial theft of funds before having it distributed. Once they had his name and face, the video from the hotel surfaced. Plus, apparently Tom

Callen tried to access the account the money was transferred to late last night after Veronica was arrested. It set off a flag. It's how he got caught. Justin was then tracked down when he tried to access the same account soon afterwards. I don't think it will be long before he's also in custody."

"Not too smart," Zachary commented.

"Maybe, but he got away with it for a long time," Johnny said. "And he might have gotten away with it this time, too."

Adam sighed. "The truth is the cases were so different it's likely no one would have ever put them together. We got lucky asking the right questions at the right time." Veronica smiled. "Well, I know I'm lucky."

"And free to do whatever you want."

Zachary's phone rang. "I've got to go. Good luck, Miss Harrington."

"No need to be so formal. You can call me Veronica. Thanks for everything."

He nodded once before answering his phone as he walked away.

"So now what should we do?" Johnny asked.

Veronica grabbed his hand. She still held Adam's hand. "I think we should go somewhere so that I can show you my gratitude and appreciation."

Johnny leaned in and kissed her cheek. "How about a visit to our room?"

"Sounds good."

Adam brushed a finger down her other cheek. "First you sleep for a minimum of eight hours then we'll discuss gratitude and appreciation."

Johnny looked at the faint dark circles beneath her tired eyes. "I agree. Let's get you back so you can get some sleep. We'll guard over you."

She laughed. "You're going to let me sleep? I'm not sure I believe that."

“Well, we’ll let you sleep for awhile, and when you wake up, then we’ll convince you to let us pamper you with sexual favors.”

She gifted him with a shy smile. “I like the sound of that.” She leaned her head into his shoulder as they walked the distance to his rental truck.

They took her to their hotel room to sleep. After she was rested, they asked if she wanted to go back to the room they’d had at the Double Rider Men’s Club for further carnal activities. She thought it would be awesome to spend time in the opulent room for sexual purposes.

Veronica was ushered inside to the same room they’d been in before. Last time she’d been so filled with lust, she hadn’t looked at the room beyond color and decor. This time she looked around more closely and noticed there were several places in the walls that might be strategically placed holes. Were they there so others could watch?

Adam came up behind her. “So are there peepholes in this room?” she asked.

While Johnny closed the door, Adam reached around stroked his hand down the front of her shirt. “Maybe, why do you ask?” She leaned back into his chest as he massaged her breasts. Before she realized it, half the buttons on her shirt were open. He nuzzled her neck as more buttons released from their buttonholes. When he finished, she said, “Well, it seem obvious given the venue. We watched a live sex show in this very building not a week ago.”

“That’s true,” Johnny remarked as he joined them. He stood in front of her and pushed his hips against her body. His wide, stiff cock brushed across her belly. He started helping undress her.

She looked into Johnny’s eyes. “Is there even a remote possibility that someone will watch us while we’re having sex in here?”

Fingers inside the waistband of her skirt, he paused in undressing her to say, “What if someone does? They’ll watch us drive you insane and doubly penetrate you. All the while they’ll be wishing they were in here pleasuring you.”

Veronica looked around at various places in the wood where there might or might not be holes. Now she wasn't even sure she saw them. They blended into the woodwork rather well. "I'm not sure I'm ready to be watched."

"Well, it's not exactly a guarantee. There might be ten watching or maybe no one will be there. You'll never know one way or the other. But it's exciting, right?" Adam distracted her by sliding his hand over one breast. Johnny pulled her shirt from her shoulders and tossed it aside.

She didn't protest as they undressed her completely and stood her at the end of the huge canopied bed. She then watched as all of their clothes came off piece by piece.

Johnny came behind her and dropped a kiss on her shoulder before rubbing his hands on her ass cheeks. His aroused cock brushed her hip. She wrapped her hand around him and squeezed until he moaned and nibbled the back of her neck.

Adam stood in front of her. His stiff cock gently poked her belly. She circled his cock one-handed. One cock in back and one in front. Adam cupped her face and kissed her lips with an eagerness she'd come to expect. Veronica was exactly where she wanted to be, sandwiched between her two men.

The dimmed lights in the room gave her a sense of meager privacy as her two men began their ultimate seduction.

Her pussy gushed in readiness for what they planned. The additional notion of any strangers watching them make love pushed her arousal to its peak. She glanced over at a place near the bathroom. If anyone were watching it would be an excellent place to see everything they did.

Veronica glanced over to where she thought the peephole was located several times as they kissed her and rubbed against her body.

Johnny whispered in her ear, "Keep checking over there, honey, and think about someone watching us fuck you."

Adam broke the kiss they shared. "Does it turn you on?"

Staring into his eyes, she nodded. "Yes."

"Then let's put on our own show." Johnny pushed his hand between her legs from behind, and his fingers soon found their way into her pussy. He rubbed her clit a few times. "She's so wet for us, Adam."

Johnny moved his fingers, spreading juice from her pussy across her rosette and into her butt. She felt his cock slide across the now saturated place between her ass cheeks.

She wanted him inside. Pushing her hips back as he pressed his cock forward gave her exactly what she desired. The dark pleasure of his cock penetrating her ass sent a ripple of arousal along her spine. He pushed deeper, and the blazing thrust of his cock made a moan escape from her lips. Her clit ached to be touched. She reached down to touch herself, but Adam beat her to it. His finger stroked her clit as Johnny stroked in and out of her ass.

"Don't come yet," Adam warned. "I want to be buried deeply in your pussy when you shriek." His expression was like when he'd spanked her. And that thought sent a spiral of unbidden pleasure thrumming through her body.

"Hurry." Veronica was fast coming to a pinnacle of ecstasy she didn't think she could stop from happening.

"Nope. You need to slow down, honey." As if to demonstrate, he slowed his finger stroking her clit, although Johnny kept of a steady pace in and out of her ass and that kept her humming toward the edge of oblivion.

"Please. Come inside." She was panting so hard she could hardly talk. "I want you to fuck me hard."

Adam's cock slid between her legs, but he didn't enter her. He teased, putting only the head of his cock at the opening of her pussy lips.

"Please," she begged. "I so want you inside of me."

He didn't respond, but teased her for several heart pounding moments before he suddenly thrust his cock all the way inside her

pussy. With both of her men penetrating her, she nearly lost it. Her head tipped back, ready to scream the papered walls into dust, but the sound of a muffled thump across the room, as if a door closed somewhere in the building, then nearly stopped her heart beating in her chest.

“What’s wrong?” Adam pushed his cock deeper inside her body.

Doubly penetrated and mashed between two strong cowboys gave her limited mobility.

“Did you hear that? It sounded like a door closing.”

“I didn’t hear anything,” Adam whispered. He kissed her face.

“Me either. And I’m too busy to care.” Johnny pushed into her ass as Adam pulled his cock halfway out of her pussy. “Don’t worry about it, honey.”

“Maybe someone is watching us.” Veronica sent her gaze first to the place she suspected a hole in the wall might be and then skipping around the room noticing all sorts of other places where strangers might be watching. She stiffened as another muffled door closing sound came.

“You had to have heard that.” Veronica tried to relax, but the idea of someone watching her partly terrified her. She also was willing to admit, if only to herself, that it was also exciting if someone watched.

“Maybe,” Adam murmured and thrust all the way inside her pussy. She forgot about any holes in the walls momentarily as the two of them took turns pushing in and out of her pussy and ass.

It was the most unique feeling having two men inside her body. Before last week, she’d never thought to experience such a wildly exciting sexual position. Her orgasm teetered on the brink of awareness. She wanted to come. Wanted to scream. But across the back of her mind came the memory that someone *might* be watching. Her heartbeat kicked up a notch.

Anyone in the club might be watching them.

Neither Johnny nor Adam stopped moving or seemed worried about anyone seeing them. If anything, they increased the pace of

their thrusts. Her clit throbbed in anticipation of being so close to release.

Adam stroked his finger across her clit once more and that was all it took. Veronica arched between them, threw her head back, and shrieked her orgasm until she thought the walls might indeed crumble. Pleasure, so acute she ached with it, pulsed through her veins.

Johnny thrust into her ass twice more and then roared in climax. Adam's breath came almost in gasps as he pierced deeply and also growled what had to be his release.

Veronica tried to catch her breath and come back to her senses. Panting hard, she glanced once more around the room, wondering if the strangers had enjoyed the show. If anyone even watched them. Perhaps they were alone.

She was so wobbly from the powerful release she couldn't stiffen in fear or embarrassment anymore. Neither of her men seemed to be too worried about the idea anyone was looking at them panting.

An obvious conclusion came to mind. "Did you invite someone to watch us?" she whispered. Her pulse sped up with desire.

Adam nodded slightly. "Dominick, a member of our club who helped us free you from jail, might be back there. We told him he could if he wanted to see perfection."

"You told him we'd be in here?" Her heartbeat kicked up another notch.

He laughed. "Yes. That's often how it works."

Johnny nibbled the back of her neck. "Are you upset with us for inviting others to watch you?"

"Others?"

He laughed. "You do understand the way this club works, right? Relax."

"I guess it *was* pretty exciting. How long will they watch us?"

"That's the beauty of it. We won't know, but we have to assume anytime we're in here someone could be looking in. Are you okay with this?"

She thought about it for a moment or two. “Yes. I’ll have to admit that it was actually very exciting.”

Veronica had been turned on. She didn’t know if she would have agreed to it if they’d asked in beforehand. The word windmill surfaced in her brain. But the thrill of being watched through a peephole having sex was much more arousing than she’d expected. The naughty idea of others watching her make love to her two men was definitely something she liked.

* * * *

Behind the uniquely constructed walls of the room Johnny and Adam currently had sex with Veronica in, Clay pushed out a long sigh and glanced at Dominick.

When Veronica had commented on hearing them enter the hidden room, he realized the soundproofing obviously hadn’t been as well done as he’d planned on. The building had been refurbished quickly for their purposes. But the unexpected sound didn’t seem to ruin anything inside the room. Clay made a mental note for the future at their permanent headquarters to check the soundproofing on the finished project better.

“Think you’ll ever actively live the ménage life again?” Dominick asked directly after Johnny and Adam finished fucking Veronica.

“What’s it to you?” Clay didn’t hide his anger. His hackles went straight north at any reference to his participation, or lack thereof, in this lifestyle.

“Don’t be such an ass. It was just a simple question. You watch, but you never take part. Why not? Tyler and I would set up and invite you for a foursome, if you’re interested.”

“I’m not.” *Damn it.* Clay despised when the subject of his love life was brought up. He should have known Dominick would stick his nose into this after watching Johnny, Adam and Veronica together tonight.

“What about you and Tyler, are the two of you looking for a permanent relationship?”

Dominick narrowed his eyes. “Not with the new offer of permanent residence in Colorado. At least not yet.”

“It’s also none of my business.” Clay turned away from Dominick’s intense scrutiny. He didn’t want to discuss his love life or lack thereof. He barely wanted to watch others performing beautiful acts of sexual ménage, an activity that he used to take great pride in and enjoy to the fullest, let alone think about why he was alone. The automobile accident had taken everything from him. Even two years later, the incident was an excruciating conversation to contemplate. So he didn’t.

He avoided any and all thoughts of participating in this life beyond simply watching others. That’s all he could handle currently.

Clay remained quiet until Dominick asked a different question.

“Where are we with the headquarters in Colorado? Will our playground be finished by next year’s annual activities?”

“Several of the buildings have already been constructed off site in a warehouse to our unique specifications. All the constructed buildings have a log cabin exterior. It will blend in with the western mountainous environment very well.”

“Well, good. When will you be out there?”

“A couple months.”

“Okay. Me and Tyler will be out there about the same time in early summer. We’ll have a solid eight months for construction.”

Clay laughed. “With the snow accumulation the way it is out there? You’ll be lucky to have three months.”

“Johnny said we’d get all the foundations poured and the constructed buildings placed and spend the winter months finishing the insides.”

“Well, Johnny would be the expert on that.”

“Then the three of us will spend the winter getting things set up for our first permanently headquartered annual DRMC event.”

“Yep.”

Clay took a final look in the peephole to see Johnny, Adam and Veronica snuggling up in bed to sleep. He exited the secret paneled area with Dominick close on his heels.

He hoped being holed up in the deserted half constructed Colorado headquarters for the next winter wasn't going to be a bad idea. He didn't want to be pressured into actively participating in the DRMC ménage lifestyle.

He wasn't equipped to deal with it. Not yet.

In fact, Clay wasn't sure he'd *ever* be ready to share that life again.

Epilogue

Colorado - Six months later

Veronica stepped inside the ranch house she shared with Johnny and Adam. Her two husbands apparently weren't home yet.

She hung up her long, leather coat on the hook by the front door and stepped out of her sensible boots. Leaving her footwear to drain off the melted snow by the front door, Veronica headed to the master bedroom in her stocking feet.

The transfer to a Colorado subsidiary of her former company had been the best move of her life. It was painfully clear on her first day back in her old firm that Tom Callen had poisoned any and all future relationships with her former co-workers. Half an hour after she entered the office, she heard disparaging whispers over more than one or two cubicle walls. Apparently, no one believed she was innocent. Many said, "Who was she trying to fool?" And the rest were convinced she'd framed Tom for a crime she committed.

Veronica intended to wait a week and then apply for a transfer. She didn't last an hour before she was in her new supervisor's office with the request form in hand. If he was surprised by her request happening so quickly, he didn't show it, but she did catch his look of relief as he put his signature on each of three forms to end her agony.

Less than a week later, she showed up on Johnny and Adam's doorstep. They welcomed her with open arms, thinking she'd have to wait for a couple of months before being allowed to be transferred.

Not only did she live with two of the hottest men east of the Rocky Mountains, she had all the love she could imagine in the ménage lifestyle she shared with Johnny and Adam.

Once in their bedroom, she left a trail of clothing all the way to the shower and shimmied out of her panties last before stepping into the warm spray of the competing shower heads.

She'd barely gotten her hair all wet when she heard the bathroom door open.

"Who goes there?" she called.

"Someone who loves you," came Johnny's quick reply.

"Someone can join me in here if he wants..."

The shower door slid open before she finished her sentence. "Thanks for the invite, honey." He moved next to her, slid his arms around her shoulders and squeezed her tight against his chest. He whispered, "I missed you."

"You always say that."

He laughed. "It's always true." He ducked his head under one of the two shower streams and scrubbed his scalp one-handed. His other arm stayed around her as if he couldn't let her go for even an instant once they were together.

"Are you going to do wild and wicked things to me?"

"Of course, and I'll start by washing your hair."

The mesmerizing feel of his finger massaging her scalp drove her insane with desire. There was something very sensual about having Johnny scrub her scalp with the firm pressure of his strong fingertips. Minutes later she felt as boneless as melted honey.

"Shower or bed?" He meant where were they going to make love this time.

She laughed as he rinsed the suds out of her hair. "I choose...both."

"I love you so much, Veronica." The stiffening evidence of his regard for her pushed into her hip. He kissed her neck and moved his massaging fingers to her shoulders.

Veronica braced her forearms against the cold tile of the shower wall and pushed her butt next to his erect cock. Before he made a move to enter her, the shower door slid open and Adam stood at the entrance.

He was fully aroused and wore only a grin. "Mind if I join you two?"

"I wondered when you'd get your ass in here," Johnny groused. He poured liquid soap in his hand and began to slather it all over her body. Adam joined him and, with four male hands roaming across her body, it was a wonder she remained standing.

They rinsed her off and sandwiched her between them just out of the warm spray.

Adam pulled her into his arms. "Hello, love." He brushed his lips across hers all too briefly before seducing her with his mouth. Before she knew it their tongues were touching, licking, devouring. She couldn't get enough.

Johnny lubed her rear hole as she kissed Adam. Soon he pulled her ass cheeks apart and pushed his wide cock inside inch by glorious inch until she was completely filled. Her pulse spiked the moment he was fully seated.

Adam continued his kiss as Johnny rocked in and out of her rear entrance. Her clit throbbed with need at his dark intrusion. As if he read her mind, Adam lowered a hand to stroke her clit as Johnny picked up the pace of his thrusts.

He slowed only long enough for Adam to knee her legs apart and push his cock into her gushing pussy. He resumed stroking her clit until she came to the ragged edge of a monumental climax.

Doubly penetrated. Doubly loved. Doubly happy.

Veronica arched her back the moment her orgasm claimed her. She moaned and moaned as Adam and Johnny thrust in and out, in and out. She came long and hard and the experience was particularly satisfying.

Johnny growled in her ear and stiffened against her back the moment he climaxed. Adam released seconds later and kissed her even more senseless as he slowed his pumping inside her body.

The three of them always moved in perfect sensuous rhythm together.

Veronica knew they were meant to be together forever.

Once they got out of the shower and stumbled into bed, Veronica demanded more.

“I love you,” Adam said as he curled next to her after a second round of wild pleasure in their oversized bed. “You’re absolutely the best wife.”

Johnny, still slightly out of breath, kissed her cheek. “I say we keep her, Adam.”

“Definitely.”

They both fell asleep snuggled and sandwiched around her. Her life had certainly changed drastically from a year ago. Fate obviously had a hand in her current happiness. She nearly been broken after losing her job and her life the way she had over a year ago. But if that hadn’t happened, how would she have met her two perfect men?

With Adam and Johnny at as her lovers and life mates, Veronica knew she’d never be broken ever again.

THE END

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

There are rumors that Elle Saint James used to live in Intercourse, PA, where she devoured gothic novels filled with seductive heroes seeking redemption from feisty heroines. This was where her erotic writing imagination was developed.

Others are convinced Elle Saint James spends her afternoons supervising the cleaning of her personal dungeon and her nights directing the delicious torture that goes on there. Fortunately, her slaves take dictation, enabling her to write while otherwise engaged.

However, neither of these scenarios are entirely true.

The majesty of the Rocky Mountains, as well as her gorgeous husband, serve to inspire Elle Saint James' dark and deliciously sexy novels. She writes for those who are not afraid to take a walk on the wild side and explore more erotically charged sexual adventures in reading.

Also by Elle Saint James

Ménage Amour: Badlands 1: *Mail Order Bride for Two*

Ménage Amour: Badlands 2: *Two Wanted Men*

Ménage Amour: Badlands 3: *Double Chance Claim*

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