

ELLORA'S CAVE EXOTIKA



My
Two-Stud
Stand
LARISSA LYONS

My Two-Stud Stand

Larissa Lyons

Because sometimes, a girl just really needs a good, hard puck...

When a professional hockey player – Russian by birth, sexy by the grace of God – propositions her, usually inhibited Carolina allows herself to be seduced with heavily accented words and devastating kisses, right up to Rurik's hotel room. Where Carolina, drugged on passion and feeling more self-assured by the second, is faced with *two* "players" when Rurik's roommate Jeff, the team goalie, emerges fresh from the shower.

Faced with the prospect of a two-stud stand, enraptured by Rurik's kisses and Jeff's speculative glower, Carolina debates with her protesting conscience. At stake? The night of her life. The prize? More orgasms than she knows what to do with.

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



www.ellorascave.com

My Two-Stud Stand

ISBN 9781419931284

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Edited by Mary Moran

Cover art by Syneca

Electronic book publication January 2011

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MY TWO-STUD STAND

Larissa Lyons

Dedication

This one's for my sister, who introduced me to the exciting world of professional hockey – and it's sexy “players”.

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Chapter One

The Encounter in Which They Meet

"Promise me you'll go out and get laid this weekend. You deserve it."

"*What?*" I stared at the colorful receptionist standing in the doorway of my glass-walled office, obsessively aligning the pile of loose papers in her arms.

"You heard me," she accused, abandoning all pretense of organization to look straight at me. "Go out, find yourself a hunk and get laid." This from the woman who—when she wasn't proposing insane schemes—I considered my closest friend at work.

I scanned the well-appointed office to make sure no one else had been privy to Kathi's outrageous words. Thankfully the only other realtor still present had better things to do than eavesdrop in on my tidy, just-Windexed corner. Or so I hoped. "Would you keep it down? Or better yet," I balled up the grocery list I'd started composing after scrubbing the panes so hard they squeaked and threw it at her smiling face, "put a sock in it."

"To celebrate your big sale, Carolina," she enthused, tapping her tongue stud against her front teeth with a *tsking* sound when my paper missile only grazed her shoulder.

The last few weeks had been, by turns, the most grueling and most exhilarating in my life. Yet with the ultimate goal realized, all my hard work culminating in a very satisfactory closing, an odd restlessness assailed me, kept me at the office far later than was typical on a Friday.

Dreading the return to my empty, lonely apartment?

Empty? my conscience screamed. *Empty!?* A mental picture of the leafy jungle my green thumb and I had created almost brought forth a smile, but a tepid one at best. A profusion of ferns and philodendrons did not good company make.

Knuckles rapped on one corner of my immaculate desk, bringing my head up, my thoughts back to the sterile office. Sterile except for Kathi, indigo hair punked out every which way, beaming down at me. "You've been majorly uptight since the deal almost fell apart, jumping through hoops to get everyone on the same page. I got all stressed just being around you." Kathi shrugged her shoulders, as if she were trying to loosen up, then she launched the wadded grocery list she'd picked up through the doorway, toward a trash can miles across the spacious workplace.

"Good arm," Trevor said snidely, walking over to pick it up from the floor and chunk it in File Thirteen before heading toward the conference room where he'd been sequestered with out-of-town buyers all afternoon.

"Bite me!" Kathi hollered in his direction. "On second thought, I wouldn't give you the chance, fucktard!"

"Ummm," I muttered, glad Trevor's clients had already left, giddy their counteroffer had been accepted. "Being a little harsh maybe?" Especially since I knew she'd harbored a crush on the conservative cutie since he'd joined our ranks earlier in the year.

She snorted. "The turd turned me down when I asked him out. Claimed it wasn't a woman's place. Whatever. Can I help it if he's a *loser! A loser whose socks don't match his sorry-ass sedate suit!*" This last part was projected loudly enough I knew the sedate, suit-wearing Trevor couldn't help but hear. "What kind of dickwipe wears a suit jacket these days? On a Friday! *In the office?*" Kathi grumped to herself.

Dickwipe? Firming my cheeks against the smile that threatened, I tried to commiserate. "He's too Republican for you anyway."

Once she realized he wasn't going to respond to her verbal baiting, Kathi rounded on me again. "Now you!"

"Me?" I'd assumed the topic of me was closed. Erroneously, it seemed.

"Weeks of haggling, weeks of worrying me to death over all the little details and you finally close the damn sale of the century, making the biggest commission of your

life. And what do I find you doing?" She indicated my pristine desk, the sparkling glass walls. "Stalling! When you should be out celebrating! Cutting loose. Partying 'til the sun comes up."

It wasn't even down yet. But still...

"Celebrate? By having *sex*?" I practically squawked, unaccustomed to discussing it so blatantly. *It* being sex.

"Works for me. When's the last time you got any? This decade?"

Just barely. "Of course."

"You hesitated."

"I..." She was right.

My face flamed at the images conjured by her scandalous suggestion. Have sex with a stranger to celebrate the multimillion-dollar property sale I'd successfully brokered?

What a completely crazy notion. What a strangely tempting idea.

I shook my head and tried to remember how I was the one with the common sense, not the wild libido. "I refuse to take sex advice from someone with a pierced eyebrow."

Crummers! Did I say that out loud?

But instead of taking offense, Kathi fairly gloated. She shimmied her hips, drawing my gaze to her crotch. "My eyebrow's not all that's pierced."

"You didn't!" She'd been *talking* clit piercing for weeks, but I couldn't believe... "You actually went through with it? Dang, Kath, I don't know whether to call you ballsy or brilliantly stupid." A flash of envy over her take-no-prisoners, damn-the-consequences ways speared through my conservative, chicken-hearted core. My clit buzzed, though, at the mere thought of a stranger putting his hands on me, spreading my folds to place icy metal – "No thanks!"

"You're just jealous of my stylin' ways. Meet me at Twist tonight," she mentioned the hottest nightclub around, "and I'll hook you up. Guaranteed."

Twist on the Town. Flashing strobe lights, lines of smack in the bathroom and music blasting so loud my eardrums went on strike for a week—I'd gone to the skanky place once and swore never to return. I shuddered at the memory of being groped in blinking black light by stoned players just out for nameless nookie. "Twist isn't exactly *my* style, but thanks for asking. I do appreciate it, really, but I'm good." Good at selling properties and growing plants. Neither of which I thought counted. I flashed a smile, hoping it didn't look as fake as it felt. "Really. I'll head home, make brownies..."

Kathi leaned forward and braced both hands on my desk. "Carolina, Carolina, Carolina..." She sighed as if I were the most pitiful thing in the world.

Her straight arms pressed the swells of her abundant breasts together, the casual position creating cleavage worth being jealous over.

I thought of the Victoria's Secret 34AA push-up she'd given me for my birthday—in an awesome purple tiger stripe, of all things—and reminded myself why I didn't absolutely hate her. The transplanted Texan was so comfortable in her own skin it would be easy to writhe with resentment if she wasn't so darn friendly. As it was, the closest I'd come to emulating her unselfconscious ways in the three years we'd been friends were the second piercings in my ears.

"I know you wanna get down and dirty, I can see it in your eyes. Pick somewhere else to go then. A hotel. A fern bar. Hell, even Bennigan's. Anywhere. Doll up and go trawling for tight tush." Laughing, Kathi abandoned her artless stance and strolled away, heading toward her own desk—and the missed trash can—near the entrance. "Find yourself a sexy stud," she said over her shoulder, "and have your wicked way with him, that's an order. Come midnight, you'll thank me!"

I rushed to follow, stopping in the safety of my doorway. "Right. Because men are just lined up, waiting for me to crook my finger so they can bow down before me, kiss my feet and hop into my bed." In my dreams, maybe. "Yeah, right. Like that's going to happen."

"Confidence, chickadee." Kathi grabbed the backpack that doubled as a purse and headed for the exit, walking backward. "After a big fat commission check like that? You should be riding high, girlfriend. Trust me on this, you're primed. Now go fix yourself up, buy a couple of drinks and let yourself go."

"A drink or two and I'm ready for sex?" I forced another smile, even as my ears heated just hearing her absurd advice. "That's all it takes?"

Kathi rested against the doorframe and I caught the sidelong wistful glance she shot toward the conference room. "It doesn't take any if you're in the mood. Promise me you'll at least think about it."

I shook my head, perversely unable to think of anything else.

"Promise!" Squaring her shoulders and giving me a jaunty wave, Kathi was gone, leaving me alone with my turbulent thoughts. That and my twitchy, tingling crotch. Clit ring? Not in this lifetime.

Come to think on it, this part of Ohio didn't even have a Bennigan's, not anymore.

Wait a minute. I wasn't considering her outrageous suggestion, was I?

Go out, just for sex?

That was so not me.

* * * * *

So why, three hours later, was I sitting at the swankiest bar I knew of in downtown Cincinnati, freshly washed, waxed and plucked, ready to be fucked?

Just thinking about it had my legs squeezing together, further mangling the pitiful scrap of lavender lace I wore that masqueraded as underwear. My fingers toyed with the flimsy napkin under the glass as I sipped my rum and Coke. And tried not to look desperate. Or pathetic. Or *virginal*.

God. Anything but that.

You've had sex before, I consoled myself.

Yeah, but it's been a loooooong time, my conscience insisted.

It hasn't been that long, I argued.

Oh yeah? And how many calendars have you changed out since?

I thought of my most recent less-than-spectacular encounter with my then boyfriend of four months. It'd sucked. As had the few times before. *Exactly. He said you sucked then said adios. That's why you haven't done it since.*

Damn lofty conscience, I thought. Why was it always right?

I swigged back the rest of my drink. So what if my last few sexual experiences hadn't been that great? If they'd soured me on wanting to jump back in the sack. Had made it easy to forgo men and concentrate on work?

I was older now, more mature. Curvier, thanks to my padded push-up.

Hornier!

"Another, please." I gestured to the bartender, thinking that my conscience was starting to sound an awful lot like the voice of the ever-nagging receptionist who had threatened more than once to get me drunk and pull the stick out of my ass.

Two mixed drinks and one bubbly champagne later—I *was* here to celebrate, after all—I was halfway to drunk all on my own. And the stick was disintegrating faster than I could've imagined as visions of my impending sexual breakthrough filled my head.

A one-night stand. Physical intimacy with someone I didn't know touching me, stroking me... The lips of my vulva swelled, chafed by the damn lace thong. I couldn't remember ever being this aroused. Turned-on by nothing more than naughty thoughts of being naughty.

"Cheers." I toasted myself then drank, wondering when I would garner the guts to make eye contact with one of the single studs out on the prowl. My newfound confidence had brought me to the door and enabled me to walk through, but old habits and insecurities overshadowed the desire to break out once I'd found my perch at the bar.

Holding the glass in front of me like a shield, I spun in a circle, whipping my legs around to twirl the barstool and peruse for new blood. “Fresh meat” Kathi would’ve said.

Just walking in, a strikingly tall hunk caught my eye. So far out of my league, with his confident swagger and casual ease, I didn’t try to catch his, wheeling back around before I wasted any time lusting for what I couldn’t have.

The place had ambience, I’d give it that. Soft, glowing lights, overhead ceiling fans that circulated the occasional waft of illicit tobacco smoke, and if the background music was a bit loud, at least the songs boasted a melody and weren’t nothing but nonstop drums banging around in my brain.

Noooo...all of the pounding was in my crotch, where my pulse beat a steady tattoo, eager for some action.

Here I was, primed for my first one-night stand and I hadn’t yet managed to find anyone I wanted to stand next to, much less get horizontal with. I’d shyly scoped out everyone present upon my arrival and had been sorely disappointed when no one immediately made my juices *vroom!* If I was going to jeopardize my spectacular run of unintentional celibacy, then I at least wanted to do it with someone who revved my stalled engine and got me so raring to go, the little voice in my head would shut up.

“I have question.” The deep words came from over my left shoulder and my stomach dipped in response. I was a sucker for a good accent. And this guy possessed a foreign one that indicated English wasn’t what normally tripped off his tongue.

“Are you talking to me?” I whispered without moving, praying that he was.

“Why does beautiful American woman waste time drinking alone in crowded bar?”

I swiveled on the padded barstool and had to keep from swallowing *my* tongue as I angled my neck up, up, *up* to study the tall man who’d spoken. Holy Toledo, Batman—the hunk I’d noticed!

He smiled, crinkling the skin around his mouth and eyes. Taking note of the conspicuous glass tray the bartender slapped on the counter between us, he snubbed

out his cigarette, saving me the awkward business of explaining how Ohio was the first tobacco-growing state to enact a nonsmoking ban in enclosed public areas.

“Russian?” I hazarded a guess, inspecting the gorgeous creature towering above me. The bar’s low lighting and the music’s high volume had me sitting up straighter to get a better look.

“Chelyabinsk,” he responded as if that answered everything. I wasn’t sure whether Chel-whatever was his birthplace or a breed of poodle, but either way, I was hooked.

He nodded toward the empty space on my left, conspicuous only because someone had relocated the barstool that normally resided there. “May I join with you?”

This one could join with me any time he wanted. He looked to be in his mid-twenties and I could tell he worked out, the bulging muscles beneath his shirt causing an instant Pavlovian response. My rum-hazed mind wanted nothing more than to follow him home and listen to him talk all night long. My sex-starved body just wanted to hump his cock.

I guess I didn’t answer soon enough because his smile dimmed. “Maybe another time, no?”

He started to turn away.

“No! Not another time. Tonight!” I practically bellowed over the music, afraid he was about to leave. And with him my one chance at the dirty, spontaneous sex that now seemed so all-fired necessary to my self-esteem.

His smile returned and he leaned close, surrounding me with the scent of Old Spice.

“Tonight?” The timbre of his voice deepened, his accent thickening. He brushed my hair over my shoulder, his long fingers curving around my nape. The skin on my neck sizzled in response. “You would like being with Rurik tonight?”

In that moment I knew—I no longer wanted to be at the bar, paying seven dollars a pop for a few ounces of liquid. I wanted this man’s lips on mine, his hands on my breasts. I wanted his tongue between my legs.

"If you're Rurik, then yes." I shouldered my purse and slid off the barstool, praying I hadn't left a wet spot on the cushion. Good Lord. I hadn't even known I could get this excited, but at the thought of having sex with this exotic foreigner, my insides burned so hot I was ready to melt – all over his cock.

"Yes." My voice was decisive. "Do you live nearby?" Had I just invited myself to this stranger's home? To his bed?

Damn straight I had! My conscience was ecstatic.

His white teeth flashed in the dim light. "Closer than you think. We go there now?"

God yes! I nodded, still amazed that he'd approached me at all. Granted, I wore the slinkiest outfit my closet possessed – a figure-hugging, sleeveless purple velvet dress, so short my ass almost fell out. I'd worn the micro-mini with white leather boots several years ago to a costume party. My own version of a go-go dancer.

For my seduce-a-stranger efforts, I'd exchanged the boots for a pair of three-inch-high sandals with ankle straps – in a deep plum color that didn't match anything I owned, save for the nail polish I'd bought on the way home. The heels were compliments of Kathi last Christmas. She'd called them "hooker shoes", and after our conversation at work, I'd known I couldn't wear anything else tonight.

Rurik pulled a twenty-dollar bill from his wallet, slapped it on the bar and grabbed my hand. Did he have a condom stashed in there? Maybe two? *Stop thinking!* I ordered myself.

Easy to do as he guided me through the packed bar. His large hand dwarfed mine. His thumb swept little circles over my palm and my head spun. He had to be six-foot-three or better, and I could only imagine how the rest of him would compare.

We navigated through the crowd and I admired his broad back, shown to perfection in the long-sleeved black shirt he wore. Silk, if I wasn't mistaken. Above the collar, his inky hair, shorn in a casual, choppy style, tempted my fingers to explore. Every time he glanced down at me, a wicked grin curving his lips, I thought I'd faint. Either from nerves or longing, I wasn't sure which.

We emerged from the bar and he wrapped an arm around my waist, guiding me up the sporadically lit street. His fingers curved over my hipbone, and I wished he were touching naked skin. The juncture of my thighs dampened with every high-heeled step I took. "Are you parked close by?"

The glass fronts of several exclusive retail establishments, closed for the night, reflected our journey toward my, for once, non-repressed revelry. I couldn't wait to get started.

"I hope I am not disappointing my little American..." His hand lightly grazed one side of my bottom, snagging gently on the velvet nap. Sparks danced from his fingers and exploded near my clit. "But I stay here tonight."

He indicated the high-rise hotel we'd reached.

The Riviera? Goodness. Those rooms weren't cheap. I'd never set foot in the prestigious hotel, but now I knew. "You don't live here, do you?"

This was perfect. Sex with a total stranger. One I'd *never* see again. If I fucked up or didn't do it right, it wouldn't matter. Absolutely classic. Relief rushed through me and I relaxed, no longer quite as concerned about my potential performance.

Rurik ushered me through the revolving doors and past the tiled entry toward a large bank of elevators. Alabaster marble flanked every available space. The floor, walls, even the giant columns supporting the multistoried lobby all shone, sparkled. I stood a little taller and added a saucy swing to my hips. I was drowning in luxury and couldn't be happier about my willing descent into debauchery.

"I am on road much of year. But very happy my team staying here tonight." He gave me a sultry, seductive look that was easy to interpret. "Very happy."

That made two of us.

He pushed the elevator call button and a set of double doors slid open, accompanied by a soft *ping*. I preceded him inside the mirrored elevator then turned around. And got my first really good look at him.

In the glow of the soft lights beaming down from the ceiling, I found myself staring at sin on a stick. The ends of his black hair were mostly dry but looked damp closer to his head, as though he'd recently emerged from the shower. Scraped carelessly back, the longish strands just barely brushed his collar. A hint of a well-groomed beard shaded his jaw and bisected his chin, coming to a stop beneath his lower lip. No mustache adorned the upper.

The distinctive facial hair only enhanced the exotic vibe he gave off every time he spoke. "Ah, I see you spot hit I could not block." Keeping my hand captured in his, he raised our arms to finger the beginnings of a bruise on one side of his jaw.

I was too embarrassed to admit the rest of him snared my attention so fully I *hadn't* noticed. Not until he pointed it out. With little guidance, I grazed my fingertips over the flushed swell. "Ouch."

And hadn't I become the brilliant conversationalist?

"I trust you will kiss and make better." That sinful smile flashed again and his dark eyes seared right through me.

Behind him the doors hissed shut. We were alone in the private space. After reaching over to push the button for a floor near the top, he narrowed the gap between us, dropped a kiss on my palm and then placed my hand over his shirt buttons, anchoring it against solid muscle.

What manner of man sported a bruised jaw and resided at The Riviera? Boasted a big, strapping body with rock-hard abs?

The floor beneath our feet quivered and started ascending. He drew me closer.

I had trouble breathing. "Your..." I swallowed, my free hand tangling in the strap of my purse, the other sinking into the muscled ridges cording his stomach. I was breathing fast, so very lightheaded with excitement. Excitement that soared when my fingers dragged a couple inches lower, toward his groin, and sensed the firm heat of his erection just waiting to be released. "Your team of what? Russian sex gods?"

"Hockey," he whispered, and curved one hand around the back of my neck, touching my jaw with the other. "Tulsa Tornadoes." He leaned down, his thumb edging my lips apart. "And now, my beautiful American, Rurik is going to blow you away."

I didn't care that the line was as corny as a tub of popped and buttered kernels. Didn't care that he'd no doubt used it countless times before. Didn't much mind that he was so obviously a player the label could've been tattooed across his forehead. None of that mattered. All I wanted —

His tongue dove past my lips and swept away my thoughts, banished my internal dialogue. I moaned around the supple intrusion, loving his dark, smoky taste, reveling in the feel of his lips grinding against my mine.

Hard, forceful kisses.

I decided there was nothing better.

Intensifying my contribution, I attacked him in kind, slanting my lips over his with voracious intent. He winced, an expletive I didn't recognize escaping from that talented mouth.

My head tilted back, eyes zeroing in on the bruise. "Too rough?" Darn. I'd just discovered I liked it a little rough. "I'll try to be more gentle."

Rurik chuckled. "Is sore, but the value of your kisses are worth it."

My kisses had value?

Taking in the bewildered look on my face, embarrassment tinged his. "Forgive me. My hold on English is not so good."

"Your *grasp* on English is exquisite," I said truthfully. "That means wonderfully good. Fantastic. Fabulous."

"I demonstrate fabulous." Renewing his seductive kisses, he cornered me into the mirrored wall and pressed against my body. The strength of him practically held me in place as his hands traversed from my nape and jaw to my shoulders where his calloused fingers snagged on the velvet.

Rurik released my mouth and leaned back. He stared into my eyes as he scraped his fingernails down, past my collarbone to the upper swells of my breasts. My nipples beaded and I inhaled, pushing them outward into his hands. He palmed both slight mounds and fiercely kneaded the flesh.

Nothing gentle in his touch—or in his eyes. A look of pure sin and hot sex blasted from his gaze. “Feels good, no?”

“Very good.” I tried to pull his mouth back to mine, but he resisted, squeezing my breasts.

“I make guarantee it will feel more than good when you are naked on bed,” he rasped his thumbs over my nipples, “and I take you into my mouth.”

How much longer was this elevator going to take? I clamped my thighs together, feeling the damp glide of my juices steaming the skin under my dress.

“Who says we need to wait for the bed? Touch me now,” I said boldly, swinging my purse over one shoulder and attempting to push my dress off the other, to free my breasts from their unintentional confinement.

He blocked my efforts by settling one heavy hand on my shoulder. “No. We wait. Wait for no interruptions.”

No? What did he mean *no*? In my own amateurish way, I was trying to be seductive here. Uninhibited. “But—”

His head swooped down and his tongue stalled my protest, spearing along mine, diving deep within my mouth. My fingers tightened around the corded muscles lining his neck and I sucked his tongue, pulling on the firm muscle until he groaned.

With one final squeeze to my breast and shoulder, his hands abandoned them for my legs. I gasped against his mouth when he skimmed his palms higher, raising my snug-fitting dress, digging his fingers into the bare skin of my hips.

I squirmed in his hold and he lifted me clear off the floor, bringing my pussy flush against his cock. Through the scrap of lace, his impressive erection nudged my flesh.

With eager abandon I wrapped my legs around his waist and rode him through his clothes.

Glorious heavens. This was exactly what I'd needed tonight—for ages, actually—kisses that completely overwhelmed my every sense, that obliterated any remaining insecurity. I ground myself against him and thick cream dripped from my center, flooding the fabric between us.

Ding! The elevator lurched to a halt.

The doors opened with a whoosh, but I was too far gone to care if anyone saw us. Evidently, he was too. Without disconnecting our fused mouths, Rurik's hands molded securely beneath the bare cheeks of my ass and he whipped around to exit the elevator.

Yeah, okay. As his fingers scuffed over my skin, his groomed beard my lips, I was willing to admit there might be something to this waiting. I thought of the promise he'd made, of his tongue on my nipples once we reached the privacy of his room, and rocked my hips faster.

At the sound of applause, I pulled away from his questing tongue, swallowing as I stared into his cocoa eyes. My core ached. My clit cried out for attention. Every step he took bounced my slick lips over his denim-covered cock.

"Lookit that, Jace! Not here fifteen minutes and Rurik's gone and found himself a puck bunny!"

I tucked my face into his shoulder, squeezing him tighter with my legs, and avoided glancing at the enormous hallway he was striding down. With every step, my pelvis gyrated against him without my control. God, I was about to come right there.

Me! The woman who had trouble letting go in intimate situations.

By taking emotion out of the equation—who cared if he *liked* me, if I was too tame or, conversely, too loud a lover—I felt free to simply experience every bit of sexual stimulus he wanted to deliver. Free to embrace my body's response without worrying.

Heck, I didn't need Rurik's tornado to blow me away. My own revelations were doing a fine job of it. That and his strong body surrounding mine.

Muted music and the rumble of multiple television shows emanated from the rooms we passed. Deep voices echoed beyond the closed doors as he navigated the corridor, a couple of wolf whistles emerging from the open ones.

Rurik's powerful legs just kept eating up the hallway. A man on a mission, his hands squeezed my ass, rocking my cunt over his cock.

Each long stride drove me closer to orgasm. When he finally paused before a door at the very end and didn't move, other than to slide me up and down his shaft, I wanted to scream. Why had he stopped?

"What is it?" I whispered into his ear, placing a kiss upon the lobe, then I drew it into my mouth and tongued the smooth flesh.

His long fingers tightened and pulled the globes of my bottom apart, digging farther toward the crevice of my ass. "One thing I forgot to tell you."

My sex sought his and I angled my hips, straining for relief. I released my hold on his earlobe. "As long as you haven't changed your mind, it doesn't matter. Just open the door. Take me inside." *Take me outside.* I wasn't particular. Not any longer.

"But I must... Need tell—"

"Rurik, please!" My lower body bumped against his, seeking an end to the intense arousal that held me in its grip. I was so wet I knew my juices had to be completely saturating the fly of his pants. Embarrassment vied with excitement over that realization. *What have you to be embarrassed about? He put you there.* True.

"Should ask..."

I dug my crossed feet into his thighs, every muscle in my legs tensing around him. "We're here. I'm ready." So dang ready, I'm close to mindless. "What are you waiting for?"

Giving a sharp nod, he ceased his fumbling explanation and, while holding me at an awkward angle with one hand, foraged in his pocket. The position pressed me even more intimately against his erection. I pumped against him, amazed that it no longer bothered me a whit whether I was ruining his jeans. They'd wash. Kathi had been right—with a new attitude and an ounce or two of liquor, I turned into a wanton.

It felt great.

After looking into my eyes for a second, he offered me a half-grin, gave his card key a quick swipe and turned the handle. Then he slammed his lips against mine and thrust his tongue deep.

God, could this man kiss.

The door swung open and Rurik crossed into the room, letting the door close behind us with a pneumatic *hiss-clank*.

The cooler air immediately assaulted my bare skin and recently exposed private regions. My purse slid from my shoulder and landed on the floor with a soft *thunk*, muffled by the thick carpet.

I heard another noise—running water?—but as if our newfound privacy unleashed his control, Rurik's hands were everywhere at once...grasping my ass, smoothing over my thighs, my calves, trailing up my torso to squeeze my breasts through my dress. My hips circled, abrading my clit against the hard ridge of his shaft.

His voracious kisses continued, giving me but mere glimpses of the well-appointed room in the glow from several lamps, still tidy, as though he'd just checked in. A kitchenette, sofa and large television—blessedly silent—vaguely crossed my notice before a few determined strides brought us up to the second of the queen beds occupying one wall.

Keeping me anchored at his waist, he leaned over and stripped off the quilted comforter, revealing pristine white sheets for our encounter. With strong arms, he laid me in the center, following me down a scant second later where his lips and tongue commanded my full attention.

The weight of him was heavy. The taste of him divine. He kissed with such passion, an intensity I'd never experienced, hardly allowing me to breathe. I loved it.

My fingers went directly to his silk shirt and started unbuttoning. Heat poured from his skin and I delighted in the feel of rounded, muscled pecs worthy of any gym ad. My feet moved frantically over his jeans-clad legs, the pointy heels preventing me from digging in as hard as I wanted.

Rurik raised my dress, bunching it at my waist. He released my mouth and aimed his potent kisses lower, lingering on one cheek, meandering over my jaw, sliding his hot tongue down my neck and past my collarbone. My nipples puckered with anticipation. His leisurely journey continued as he kissed his way to my chest, coming up against the dual fabrics of my dress and bra. Straight through the layers, he sharply bit one breast then blew a breath of hot air that streamed past the velvet and heated my nipple. I wanted the damn dress off and wiggled beneath him.

A door clicked open.

My head swerved toward the sound. Even buffered by the mattress, I nearly gave myself whiplash.

In a daze of desire, I watched a muscular blond emerge from the bathroom, a white towel draped around his hips. "Hey, R, you forget someth—" When he saw me, his expression turned to ice. "Dammit. What'd I tell you about bringing them back here?"

"Jeff. Is not—"

"Shhht!" A hard look on his face, the newcomer sliced his hand through the air, calling for silence. He evaluated us for several long seconds.

I couldn't move, couldn't breathe. Couldn't scramble for safety, wasn't sure I wanted to. I just lay there, heart pounding triple time, my head angled toward the blond, Rurik tensed above me.

"Just will you look at her?" Rurik implored. "I think you approve."

Chapter Two

The Encounter in Which They Connect

My sex clenched. My mind grappled with the facts—two men!—and the possibilities. *Two men!*

“Jeff is roommate.” I blinked and focused on Rurik, who hovered over my chest, trying to look conciliatory, his ragged breathing belying the effort. “He is team goalie.” In a calming gesture, Rurik stroked one hand down my hair and the side of my face. Addressing Jeff, he said, “You like, no?”

“What is she?” At the harsh words, my attention zipped back to Jeff. A few years older than Rurik, he looked downright livid. “A peace offering for this?” He pointed to a huge greenish-yellow bruise splashed over one shoulder. A row of neat stitches marched down the center. “I told you to quit apologizing. Never thought you’d turn to pimping rides to —”

“No. She is good time for us both, I am thinking.”

Jeff glared at me for a long moment.

Amazingly, given my past bedroom history, it wasn’t *me* I worried he might find lacking. Might object to. It was the situation he’d unexpectedly found himself in.

That makes two of us, I wanted to chime in.

You can’t be considering this.

What? Now *you* hesitate? *Hush up*, I ordered that nagging, pesky voice. *I’m trying to look alluring here.*

Not so easy to do when I was scared spitless. The lights were on, my dress half off. It might not be apparent yet that big-busted charms weren’t mine to boast, but at the rate this was going, it would be soon.

Strangers you'll never see again, I reminded myself. *So who gives a rat's rear what they think? As long as they get a stiffy and keep it 'til the job's done, that's all you need.* And based on the protrusion growing beneath Jeff's towel, coupled with the one still solidly snuggled between my thighs, that wouldn't pose a problem.

All things considered, I decided, I could handle being a peace offering.

As though he'd been engaging in a similar mental debate, and the side of a tango for three won out, Jeff's expression relaxed. His posture eased. Green eyes gleamed and a speculative smile curved his lips. "Rurik, buddy. I'm thinking you may have the right of it."

By the time he finished speaking, he'd already dropped the towel and was approaching the bed.

Oh Lord. Could a body be any more beautiful?

Fine golden hair covered a sun-tinted chest. Discounting the bruise, the words *sheer perfection* described his leanly muscled mass. The pale skin of his groin and white strip at the sides of his hips, combined with the thick strands of his bleached hair, would've marked him as a surfer if I hadn't just learned he blocked pucks for a living.

"Well now." His tone deliberated though his eyes conveyed pure conviction. "Mind if I join you two lustbirds for the next little while?" His voice was whiskey-smooth and it went straight to my head—and to my mound, every bit of slick, tender flesh welling open at the thought of having both men.

This is supposed to be a one-night stand, not a two-man orgy! my conscience had the audacity to protest again. For the uncharacteristic behavior, I ordered it to time-out.

Jeff hovered at the edge of the mattress, granting me an intimate close-up of his erection, already long and impressive. Trepidation of the torridly unknown aside, I wanted it inside me...any way I could get it.

"What's it to be, sweet thing? I sure would hate to be sent to the sin bin and—" At my confused *Huhmm?*, he clarified. "The penalty box. I'd hate to be expelled and miss out on such a tempting, fuckable sight." Jeff ended with a sigh, that gorgeous voice of

his making even the crude word sound seductive. "But if three's a crowd, I'll take myself out of the game, find somewhere else to bunk for the night."

Awe at my wicked good fortune weakened my vocal cords. Since *unmhh* seemed the best I could muster, I remained silent.

Rurik dipped his head and nipped my neck. "Make decision. Or I make one for you."

Caveman tactics? To think, I'd never known what a turn-on they were.

In answer, I unwrapped my legs from their chokehold around Rurik's waist and held one foot out to Jeff. A devil grin lit his features as he cradled my calf and one-handedly set out to unfasten the ankle strap. "These're some sexy sandals, darlin', but lethal."

He slipped one finger between the sole and the bottom of my foot, tickling my arch. Lightning shimmied from my toes and lit up my crotch. "It's a damn shame," he commented, tossing the fancy sandal aside, "but lose them we must. Don't want any gouges in my back that aren't put there by your nails."

I whimpered at the loss of my "hooker shoes", more at the thought of scoring his muscular back with my touch, but I didn't have the heart to protest their loss, not when his fingertips were stretching my toes, caressing them. After disposing of the second sandal, he pointed my foot and took one toe into his mouth.

Game on! *He was kissing my feet!*

Sensation streaked up my leg from his warm mouth and the slide of his tongue flicking the responsive skin between two toes. When he sucked hard on several, flicking his tongue over the tips, I thought my foot would explode. The extra fifteen minutes I'd taken to paint my plain nails with two coats of Passion Plum had been worth every second.

Rurik wedged his erection more solidly against my mound. With my dress pushed up and only the narrow front placket of the flimsy thong shielding my inner lips from an all-out frontal strike, he felt downright *huge*. A satisfied grunt sounded in his chest

and he returned to mine, stroking his fingers down and around the velvet covering my breasts, the swirling caress tapering on each revolution as he approached the summit.

Beneath the confining bra, my nipples strained upward as never before. Breathless with anticipation, I waited...

And dang if my foot didn't shoot a bolt of that tongue-triggered lightning straight to my bellybutton. My stomach muscles seized in a fast contraction that shimmied my chest and jerked my toes from Jeff's mouth.

"So...despite your disinclination to chat," Jeff said with a smile as he smoothed his fingers over my well-adored foot, drying me off, "I guess this is working for you? The thought of us both?"

Not giving me time to marshal a comeback, he stepped around Rurik and possessed himself of my other foot to begin subjecting it to the same scorching kisses.

The amorous torture Jeff's hot mouth delivered tempted me to cut and run. I was so far out of my element, if my brainpower hadn't been fogged back to the single-cell amoeban phase, I was sure I'd be terrified. At myself—for what I was doing. *For* myself—for where this was heading.

But as it was, I thrived on every ardent pull his mouth made upon my toes. Loved the unrestrained way the raunchy caress made me want to respond. When my leg started shaking, I bit my tongue to keep from pleading with him to stop. Bit it harder to keep from urging him to greater liberties. Years of ignored sexuality weren't that quick to emerge but I now knew, given the right situation and stimulation, I was well on my way.

"See now? You like this one." Upon reaching my nipple after his extended meander, Rurik purred with self-satisfaction. "When I spy her, I think we find perfect opportunity to bring us back on accord."

Jeff released my foot long enough to chide, "It's *in* accord, you big snipe," but with affection. "And I keep telling you we were never out of it, so quit wasting time congratulating yourself and strip that pretty purple dress the rest of the way off."

“Snipe?” I managed the one-word question coherently and congratulated myself. Was that anything like Snape? Just because Rurik had longish black hair?

“Sniper,” Jeff explained automatically, maintaining eye contact with the other man. “It means he’s a hell of a shooter on the ice.” He stroked one hand up my just-shaved leg, smoothing his fingers over my shin and the back of my calf, fondling my knee, and finally settling warm, rousing fingers on my outer thigh. “But yeah...” He imitated Rurik’s accent for the rest. “I am approving of this one.”

Before I could protest the distant way they both kept referring to me *as if I weren't right there*, he twined his tongue over the top of my foot and back to my toes, strangling off any paltry thoughts of discontent.

Following “orders”, Rurik tugged my bunched dress up my torso and over my head, leaving me lying bare, clad only in my push-’em-up-and-together bra and pathetic excuse for panties.

He didn’t give me a chance to become self-conscious, for which I owed him my unwavering gratitude. By the time I emerged from the snug velvet, hair mussed and mind made up to be more vocal—I had an opportunity here, one I refused to waste!—Rurik was murmuring enthusiastically, deep rumbles in his throat that vibrated against me, through me, inside me, acting as an aphrodisiac in places I never thought to appreciate. Holy erogenous zones, Batman, the point of my darn elbow got all stirred up by the sounds he made.

Fingers working his remaining two buttons, Rurik leveraged to his feet. While he scanned my entire form, which included taking in the feast Jeff made of my toes, I marveled at the bulky, muscular chest he divulged by ridding himself of his shirt—impressive and all male yet without a speck of hair. Made further intriguing by the detailed sun tattoo centered over his navel, orange and yellow rays arrowing outward...and downward.

As if to regain my attention, Jeff suctioned harder on my toes. A fresh gush of arousal coasted through my center, my body reacting as though I zoomed down a six-

story slide at a water park, landing smack in a pool of passion. Blinking back the haze of desire that threatened to pull me under, I tried to focus.

But my dazed, lust-soaked brain couldn't decide where I should look. At the Golden Boy with the foot fetish—which I'd quickly learned to prize—or at the dark European beside him. Or at the tiny swells plumped up on my chest.

Dang. For once in my life, I felt sexy all over.

After depositing one last lingering kiss on my toes, Jeff bent my legs, placed my tingling feet on the mattress and widened my thighs. Once my lower half was arranged to his satisfaction, he crawled up on the bed beside me, propped the side of his head on the heel of one palm and leaned toward my chest. His free hand traced the border of the bra as he stared at me, something I couldn't quite identify shining from his eyes.

Interest? Admiration? Simply awareness? I'd take any of the three.

My breasts quivered beneath his whisper-soft attentions. My feet quivered too. I wondered if I could get away with never washing them again.

He skimmed one finger beneath the bra's edge, just barely grazing my areola. Then two fingers snuck past the shielding fabric. He splayed them wide, brought them up and together, scissoring the soft tissue from base to tip, lingering over the puckered flesh at the top. "Feel this?" *Every sensual glide.* "I'm gonna lick here next. Just like I did your sweet little toes. Like I think Rurik's about to do to your pussy. He's gonna drink from you while I ply my thirsty tongue *right here.*" He ground his fingertip into the hard knot of my nipple, drawing a whimper from my parched throat.

When I thought of reciprocating and quenching my thirst—and curiosity—on the length of his erection, saliva flooded my tongue.

I wanted to floor him with a pithy reply, but sexually laced zingers weren't yet part of my repertoire. Salient sallies aside, I couldn't decide what I liked better—the way he touched me or the composition of his face.

A subtle citrus scent wafted from his squared-off jaw, indicating the scrape of a razor had recently met the smooth skin. Flared sideburns dipped below his ears. It was

clear the deceptively casual angle had been crafted with care. More than a tad retro, he totally rocked it. Owned the look—and my complete surrender after the way he paid deliberate homage to the one part of my anatomy I'd always struggled with feelings of inadequacy over.

With a creak of bedsprings, Rurik knelt between my legs. He used his shoulders to hold my thighs apart and brought his face right up to my core. Assailed by a stab of unease, I considered the “view” he was now privy to. Couldn't get much closer than this. Just when my newly stifled inhibitions threaten to surface, leading me to wonder and worry, to question how I might compare and be found wanting, Rurik again put any fears to rest.

“Ahh, is pink and puffy. Shiny with exciting,” he breathed over my engorged flesh, obviously pleased. As though preening under his attention, the compliment enticed my cream to run thicker. I tensed my thighs to hide their trembling.

“Excitement.” Jeff made the correction with the ease of long acquaintance.

“Yes. It is excitement I am feeling—and seeing.” His splayed hands on my inner thighs, Rurik leaned in and directed another puff of air over my “shiny” folds.

Jeff edged the lacy trim away from one nipple. The stretchy fabric scraped over the sensitive bud he'd just primed to erect attention and I flinched. “Are you always this quiet?” he pondered out loud, as if he didn't really expect an answer.

“Just taking it all in,” I whispered back. Regular volume might be beyond me, but I no longer wanted to hold my tongue. Not when there were so many other things I could do with it. “If you're so inclined, we can debate politics and religion post coitus.”

He gave a bark of laughter. “Why not add in finances and immigration laws while we're at it?”

“Don't forget sexual histories and gun control.” I smiled back, stunned at the easy, reciprocal exchange. Since when did I possess flirting skills in the company of a total stranger—make that two—and exhibit them with such aplomb? Especially while lying naked on a bed, about to be fucked?

"Fair enough. But that's for after. For now, I want you to watch what he's doing." The note of command was unmistakable, the humor sliding from his gaze. As the tips of his fingers fluttered over my breast, barely connecting with my skin, I told my eyes to look downward. But they refused to budge, remaining locked on Jeff's.

Even as I felt Rurik work a finger under the strap of my thong.

I swallowed my squeak to ask, "What made Rurik think you'd approve of me?"

He glanced at my bra. "I have a thing for purple."

My toes curled. "Don't forget feet."

"No. Just purple. And *your* feet. Must've been the killer heels. Now look at him," Jeff ordered. "I want to see your face while you watch him eat you out."

Good Lord. Two cavemen?

My arousal skyrocketed. Obeying, I glanced at my bent legs where Rurik was easing the soaked fabric from between my inflamed labia. Red-hot desire flared along my cleft as any token hesitation disappeared. I moaned, past caring about my inexperience, and lifted my pelvis toward his mouth, but Rurik backed away and only blew up and down my flesh. "Stop teasing me. Touch me. *Lick* me."

Reaching behind my back, Jeff released the clasp on my bra. I didn't have time to regret losing the added plump factor, not when he *mmmmmd* deep in his throat and covered both breasts, massaging them with his palms. Glorious relief shot from my nipples through my chest. "I like this all-natural thing you've got going on."

I had a thing? "I'm wearing a month's worth of makeup."

A look of pure indulgence suffused his features. "Sure you are."

I was! But didn't care enough to argue over it. My clit burned for attention. Worse than before now that Rurik had moved the thong strap to the side. I gestured toward my weeping center. "Hot air caresses are just that—hot air. I need you to touch me like you mean it."

"Ah, so the sweet thing flares to life. Rurik," Jeff drawled, leaning on his side to trace circles around my bared nipples, "do you think we should give the little lady what she's asking for? Appears to me we have a clear breakaway shot."

"I aim for goal now."

When both men put their lips on me, I stopped trying to muddle through their code speak. Practically stopped thinking altogether.

I'd been wrong earlier. There was something better than Rurik's kisses—having *two* men worship my body with their complete and undivided attention. And their hot lips and eager tongues.

Rurik licked the inside of my thigh and Jeff sucked one breast into his mouth, drawing on my nipple as he had my toes, granting the tight, aching bud with extreme suction I felt all the way to the thrumming soles of my feet.

Rurik's velvety tongue treated the folds of my sex to long, slow licks. Sensation battered me from every direction and my hips thrust against his mouth, seeking firmer contact. His tongue darted and delved, diving deep into my innermost flesh. Then it retreated to slide sinuously around my opening. I felt the liquid proof of my desire dripping down the crevice, toward my anus.

Jeff's lips encircled my nipple and his teeth brushed against me.

"Harder," I implored. He bit down, pinching my breast with the tips of his teeth.

Rurik lifted my hips clear off the mattress and brought my core higher toward his face as his hands slid over the halves of my butt. He fondled each cheek, pulling them gently apart, exposing my ass to the air.

My fingers tangled in Jeff's hair, keeping his mouth pressed against my breast. My sex flexed, riding along Rurik's chin. His tongue was doing wondrous things, flicking over my clit then plunging inside my tunnel. He groaned and lowered me to the bed. I whimpered at the loss of contact when he straightened, again when his hands went to his belt and he quickly unfastened his jeans and pushed them off.

More of that impressive maleness. Lots more.

"I am ready now," he announced, fisting his erection as he leaned over me.

"Oh God. I can't wait." My pelvis floundered, rocking in the air, edging closer to his flushed penis, so thick and hard, I thought I'd die from want.

"Hold up, cowboy." Jeff released my breast with a small *smack* and moved to straddle my face, his long cock dangling near my chin. "Can't go blasting off quite yet."

He leaned over and retrieved his wallet from the nightstand then flicked a condom packet toward Rurik, withdrawing a second one for himself, which he tossed near my head. When he rose above me and centered his erection over my face, I arched up and took the crown into my mouth. Securing my lips behind the raised ridge, I sucked hard. Then harder still.

I hadn't known what to expect, but the past few minutes my mouth had craved his cock, my tongue frantically swiping over my lips needing to suckle him.

To my extreme gratitude, he didn't try to shove inside, just balanced on bent knees over my torso, his elongated penis looming near my face, allowing me to come forward and take in what I wanted. His crest alone occupied a lot of my mouth. The hinge of my jaw worked, opened extra-wide as I tested positions, tilting my head to find the right angle.

In no apparent hurry, Rurik just kept massaging my entrance with his cock. His hand swept all over my thighs and hips, occasionally pinching or squeezing then moving on to fondle another part of my intimate anatomy.

I peeked up at Jeff and took in the sight of his long erection disappearing beneath my nose. Eagerly, I observed the fine golden hair on his groin, the ridged muscles of his abs above and, higher still, the flat line of his lips just below the serious look now shading his gaze. Trying to process it all staggered my mind. To be here, like this, with both these men? Surprising didn't cover quite it. Stupefying came closer.

I slammed my eyes shut against the visual stimuli and concentrated again on the new tactile world surrounding me, swamping me.

Hard, muscular thighs searing along either side of my torso. Crisp sheets beneath my fingers. Insistent cock parading up and down my pussy. *Put it in*, I needed to holler, but the one occupying my mouth swelled, lurched.

Jeff's hands came to my head and forcefully held me still. "Ease up, darlin'," he said on a gasp. "You keep on and I'm liable to blow."

I blinked up at him. Wasn't that the point?

He gave me the semblance of a smile and smoothed a strand of damp hair from my temple. When had I started to sweat?

Still ensconced within the confines of my mouth, his cock twitched and he rolled his hips, a languid, controlled motion that pushed him in a little more. Then he pulled out a fraction. Then back again. *In. Out. In.* "Slow and steady for a bit, hmmm?"

Mouth full, tongue busy, I nodded around him, exploring...tasting.

As though he'd been waiting for a signal, when I moaned at the salty ooze of Jeff's essence greeting my tongue, Rurik gripped my hips and tugged me to the edge of the bed. Jeff scrambled backward to stay lodged in my mouth but he needn't have worried. After finally getting a cock in there, a squeaky clean one at that, no way was I letting go.

Rurik placed his sheathed erection at my opening, rubbed himself up and down and along my vagina. The action tugged on the thong, abraded my saturated slit all the way to my anus.

After Rurik taunted me a few more seconds, he used his fingers to spread my pussy lips. I felt the nudge of his extreme maleness when he settled in place at my opening. A heartbeat later he buried his shaft all the way inside, filling me in one smooth stroke.

My lower body shuddered around him and I came, squealing my pleasure against Jeff's cock and shocking myself with the intensity of my orgasm. Nothing slow or controlled here, Rurik hauled out then plunged in again, thrusting deeper.

Spasms and sparks seized my loins. My fingernails scratched the sheets until Jeff captured my hands and interlaced our fingers. My tongue delved hard over the tip of

his cock, seeking more of his shape and taste. He leaned forward and trapped both my wrists overhead in one of his hands, bringing the other between us to palm my breast, pinch my nipple and cause me to instinctively bite down on his shaft. He grunted and pushed farther into my mouth.

Rurik started a rocking tempo, smoother now, sliding in and out of my passage. His fingers curved around my ass and the tip of one teased my anus. The foreign contact had my tunnel clasp his rod harder, trying to hold it deep. I couldn't stand it. Everything they did felt so damn wonderful. Another orgasm was building, tightening every muscle in my body. I wanted to scream. To vocally liberate every bit of restraint I'd reluctantly held onto for years.

"She is beautiful girl," Rurik said, lunging faster.

Scooching back, Jeff eased his erect cock out of my mouth and stared into my eyes. "That she is. Quieter than your usual sort. Softer."

Protesting the unexpected criticism, I licked my lips. "I can be loud."

Jeff chuckled and plucked my nipple. "Let me hear it, sweet. Loose that ragged cry I see brimming in your eyes. Free the passion."

Feel the pain, I could almost hear the unspoken sentiment. Then Rurik's voice, "I come now."

While Jeff held my gaze, Rurik pumped, his thick cock massaging the inside of my passage. I wanted to climax again, wanted to howl out my release just to prove I could, but something made me resist the temptation. I needed this experience, this fabulous feeling of decadence, of freedom to last.

One of Rurik's fingers edged inside my rectum.

Eyebrows soaring, I avoided screeching at him to get the hell out—because in a weird way it felt intriguing and maybe even totally good—and instead concentrated on constricting every muscle in my pelvis, holding him tight.

"You just hang in there," Jeff encouraged. As if I needed any encouragement. "I'll make you scream." Releasing my hands, he moved to the side and licked my breast again then he headed toward my abdomen, gliding his tongue along my skin, down the center of my chest, leaving a trail of liquid fire in his wake, staring up at me all the while, that heavy-lidded, focused gaze the stuff of fantasies.

The thought of having his tongue on my clit made me wild. My hips thrust upward, trying to meet his mouth. The action forced Rurik's iron rod deeper. Two quick driving plunges later, Rurik squeezed my ass and climaxed with a shout. He slipped his finger free but kept driving his cock inside. "It is time, Jeff. We change on fly, no?"

Just as Jeff arrived at my mons, Rurik's words halted him.

"I thought you'd never ask." He stood with a grin and curved his fingers around his long erection, stroking himself. I watched in silence as Jeff stretched over me to reach the foil packet he'd dropped. He made quick work covering himself.

Then he angled his body between my legs, alongside Rurik, gave one plum-tipped toenail a tweak and ran his hand up my thigh. "I think I'll have to tell you *no* more often," he cut a quick glance at his roommate, "if this is the type you bring back to tempt me." Jeff turned to me. "Let me know you're having fun. Let me hear it."

Faster than I could blink, Rurik pulled out of my pussy and Jeff invaded the hollowed space with his cock, stretching me. I gasped. My lower body convulsed, acclimating to his size. He was wide, filling me to overflowing. My eyelids slammed back down and he began to move.

I clutched his erection with my inner muscles, embracing him with all I had. Could this get any better? Awash on a sea of sensual bliss, I gripped my breasts. The hard knot of my nipples pressed into my palms, so tight and achy I wondered if I'd ever find relief. Bracing my heels on the bed, I rotated around Jeff's shaft, squirming to get closer. I bit my lip, luxuriating in the long, slow drives of his cock as he plundered me so thoroughly I couldn't imagine a more spectacular way to celebrate.

"What's your name?" he asked the question and increased his rhythm, pistoning inside me so fast I was jolted backward on the bed.

"Car-o— Oh God!" Sudden warmth brushed over my clit then enveloped it in slick heat. My eyes popped open and I jerked forward, braced on my elbows.

Rurik had his mouth fused to my inner lips. His dark head was nestled at the juncture of my legs and he licked and sucked, directly above Jeff's plunging cock. At the sight, my anus and vagina spasmed in response. I gave a keening shout. The walls of my sheath rippled around Jeff, who was grinning like a demon. "Sorry." He sounded anything but. "I didn't quite catch that."

"Crlna," I said in a rush as Rurik angled his head and winked. He rose above the folds of my sex and gently pulled them apart, exposing my needy clit. His tongue snaked from his lips and danced over the delicate nerves.

"What, darlin'?" Jeff asked, his hands braced on my hips, lifting them higher, bringing us closer. He swung from side to side, his cock ratcheting deeply inside my body. With two fingers he snagged one side of my pitiful panties. Twisting, he caused the strained fabric to cut into my ass. My anus fluttered against the added stimulus.

"Carolinaaaa," I said on a long exhale as the turbulent sensations these men caused wound me so tight I was ready to burst.

"Well, Carolina, Rurik and I have enjoyed fucking you tonight." Releasing his hold on panties and hips, Jeff lowered me back to the mattress, Rurik following the change in altitude without a hitch, his lips staying glued to my core. "Immensely."

On straight arms, Jeff bent forward and propped himself over my torso, increasing the speed of his thrusts. I couldn't stop the small cries that escaped every time he plowed deeper.

Rurik hummed his agreement and changed the pressure of his tongue by sliding the flat of it over my clit.

Jeff strummed several fingertips over one nipple and I came full-out, an impressive scream announcing it to the world. My pelvis rocked violently between their attentions

as the spring inside me uncoiled with a snap. My release erupted around his shaft and my whole body shook from the force of it. Rurik's tongue kept licking, driving me higher and I exploded again.

With a primal yell, Jeff drove in deep and froze. His cock pulsed within my tunnel, surrounded by the quivering aftershocks of my body.

Someone in the next room pounded on the wall.

Rurik plucked at the thong strap by his cheek. Still embedded and without taking his gaze off mine, Jeff wrenched the threads apart, disposing of the pathetic panties.

Too sated to be self-conscious, even knowing we'd been overheard, I simply lay there, exhausted and staring at his captivating green eyes. "I enjoyed..." I was panting. Energy thrummed through me unlike anything I'd ever experienced. "Enjoyed...myself immensely...too. Can't imagine anything...better."

And I couldn't. These two hot hockey players had restored my faith in my own sexuality, had kindled my desire to keep on exploring. Kathi would be so proud.

"You can't?" Jeff sounded dismayed. "What's wrong with these Midwestern boys? That was only the first period. There's two to go. And didn't you notice—you've yet to scratch my back."

"We're not...not finished?"

"Not by a long shot." Jeff grinned at me. "Or as our friend says, 'Not by a slap shot.'"

Rurik raised his head, his bearded chin shiny with my dew. "Want me to call rest of team?"

Oh God.

Yippee!!!!!!!!!!!! that little voice hollered. The one I'd finally let out to play.

About the Author

Larissa Lyons loves cats, chocolate and her husband – though not necessarily in that order! She's been a clown, a tax analyst and a pig castrator >^..^<, but none of those endeavors satisfy quite like putting pen to paper and seeing her stories come to life. To learn about Larissa's quest to have brownies declared an official food group or her penchant for Roaring Rogues, visit her website.

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

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