

*Three lovers. Two days. One bed...*

Angie Wilson is a lucky girl. She loves her job, her life, and her man, Rick Craig. What red-blooded woman wouldn't revel in the attentions of a good-looking, athletic boyfriend who's secure enough to encourage her most adventurous appetites?

One of the worst heat waves in memory has hit town, and by Friday Angie is ready to really let loose. Craig and his best friend, Mark, are chilling on the patio with cold beer when she gets home from work, and the three get comfortable. As the night moves on and the talk turns to sex, Angie longs for more than just cool air on her bare skin.

And the heat's making her just crazy enough to go for it...

Warning: Contains hot, sexy fun had by all—with all!

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One Weekend  
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One Weekend

*Sasha White*

This story is a work of *fiction*. In reality, please practice safe sex.

## Chapter One

The second I entered the apartment my clothes started coming off. I kicked off my heels, dropped my skirt and peeled off my starched white blouse as I walked to the kitchen. I'd worked hard to become a CPA and I loved the work, but the uptight clothes required in our office were not what I would call comfortable. Opening the fridge I just stood there...a soft moan of pleasure slipping from between my lips as cool air finally hit bare skin.

"Ange?" Rick's voice floated in from the balcony.

My pulse kicked up a notch, and I smiled softly. Just the sound of his voice was enough to make my heart turn over. Rick Craig was my perfect match, my other half. "In the kitchen," I called back.

"Bring a couple more beers when you come out here, will you?"

"Sure, baby."

Eager to shake off the tension of the day I grabbed a bottle of white wine and a couple of beers from the fridge. Bottle opener and wineglass in one hand, beers in the other, I headed out to the balcony with full hands.

Three steps from the sliding doors I realized that Rick wasn't alone outside, and hesitated. It was easy to identify the other voice as Mark Hoffman, Rick's best friend. I glanced down at the sheer bra and panties barely covering my parts, and a deliciously naughty heat surged through me. It wasn't like Mark had never seen me in a bikini or something.

"Here you go," I said as I swept aside the curtain and stepped out onto the balcony. Stopping short I glanced from Rick to Mark, all wide-eyed innocence. "Oh! Hi, Mark."

"Hey, Angie." Pure male appreciation was clear in the look he gave me.

"Hey, baby, come here." Rick held out his hand, a knowing smile curving his lips. Confident in my love, Rick enjoyed watching me flirt with and tease other men almost as much as I enjoyed doing it.

I leaned down and gave him a lingering kiss, fully aware of Mark's heated gaze on my ass the whole time. Straightening up I handed out the beers before stretching out on the empty lounge in front of their chairs. The heat was killer when covered in clothes and stuck at a desk, air-conditioned office or no, but stretched out with a glass of chilled wine, it was bearable. Almost pleasant. "How long have you boys been out here drinking?"

"'Bout an hour," Rick answered. "How was work?"

"It sucked. The heat is making people crazy. Janice almost took a swing at a client because he called her sweetheart."

"Is she?"

Rick snorted at Mark's question. "Janice is one scary muther. Think tough as Gemma from *Sons of Anarchy* only ugly and fifty pounds heavier."

"Hey," I said as they laughed. "Janice is a sweetheart. You just have to get to know her."

Rick smirked. "Mark might be looking for a girlfriend, but no matter what you say, Janice is not his type."

Mark glanced away at that and took a deep pull from the beer in his hand. I raised an eyebrow. To say I was surprised was putting it mildly. Mark had a well-earned reputation as a player. "You're looking for a girlfriend? Seriously?"

Shaggy blond hair and deep blue eyes made Mark a good looking guy—not to mention tall and ripped with muscles that made grown women drool—but it was his easy confidence and sexual swagger that always got him the girl. Well, almost always. It might've been Mark who'd first caught my eye the night I'd met the boys, but it was Rick who'd caught my heart.

"I don't remember you ever having trouble finding a woman before, Mark. What's the problem?"

"None of them are you, babe." Mark's patented grin flashed, but his gaze held a certain intensity when he looked at me and my breath stuttered. "You broke my heart when you chose Rick over me. And I'm not sure he's willing to share."

Warmth that had nothing to do with the sun swept over me, and I swallowed a gasp. The man had just hit on my most secret fantasy, the one that had plagued me since the first night I met the guys. Guilty pleasure had me glancing at Rick only to find him watching us both, a speculative gleam in his dark eyes. "She *can* be hard to satisfy sometimes."

"Rick." Heat crept up my neck.

"Greedy is she?"

My man nodded sagely. "Insatiable even."

Mark reached down and adjusted himself obviously. "Another guy might come in handy."

"A relief pitcher...of sorts," Rick said with a grin that had me wondering what the hell he was up to.

Mark grinned back at him. "Double the dick. Double the pleasure."

Both men turned to me, and I squirmed. I was totally turned on and a bit embarrassed about it. Bravado was the obvious way to go.

"Well, I do love cock," I said with false casualness as I lay back and closed my eyes again. "But I doubt even both of you could totally satisfy me."

"Ohhh."

"Ouch!"

I ignored their groans of mock pain and pretended there was nothing strange about the conversation, *or* my laying around in my lingerie, but the tension was building.

Rick Craig sat back in his chair and considered his girlfriend. He'd wanted her from the first moment he'd met her. She was pretty, in a quiet reserved kind of way, but her attraction hadn't been about looks. With Angie he'd sensed something special—a deep-seated raw sexuality that she tried to hide from the world. It called to him and dared him to try and match her, to make her his.

When he'd first met her she was confident in her brains and her opinions, but she'd buried her sexual side. He knew now that previous boyfriends had made her feel too demanding or too freaky, and she'd retreated. But he welcomed her dirty-talking adventurous streak. He encouraged her to flirt and tease other guys. When she felt wanted and desired, she sparkled, and she got horny. Then he was the one who reaped the benefits. The fact that she was always game to try anything, and often pushed his own limits, was what had convinced him she was "The One".

"I guess I should head out and let you two enjoy your Friday night."

Rick shifted his gaze to his best friend. "We don't have plans to do anything other than relax and have a few drinks. Stick around."

"Cool," Mark said. "I'll go grab us a couple more beers then."

The bottle in Rick's hand was still half-full, but he nodded anyway. Mark had shown up unexpectedly an hour ago, in a bit of a funk over women troubles. The guy was a stud, no doubt about it. Women loved him. But for whatever reason, Mark wasn't having any luck finding a woman he wanted to keep. He'd never hidden the fact that he'd wanted Angie, but now he wondered if that was why he was having such a hard time. There wasn't anyone else like his woman.

Rick looked at the woman in question. Stretched out and basking in the sun in nothing but some flimsy lacey things, she looked amazing and his heart lifted. Angie was smart, sexy and fearless. A tempting idea began to form, and his blood heated. Mark hung out with them often, but it had been a long time since he'd been truly close to his friend and that was something he missed.

Suddenly the night was ripe with possibilities.

"Oh my God. You didn't!"

Twilight had turned the sky into a wash of red purple and orange, but the temperature hadn't dropped more than three or four degrees, so we were still out on the balcony. Our chairs circled the small glass table littered with empty pizza boxes and beer bottles, and we all had a nice buzz going. Against both Rick and Mark's objections I'd wrapped a cotton sarong around my body when I'd gotten up to pay the pizza delivery guy, and kept it on while we ate. Despite my adding a layer—albeit a thin one—of clothing, our conversation was once again in dangerously erotic territory. For the past three hours no matter what we talked about, the conversation always worked its way back to sex. It was like the three of us were bonded by one great big horny mind.

"Why not?" Mark asked with mock innocence. "The guy wanted to suck dick, and I enjoy being sucked. We both got what we wanted."

"But you never even saw him. You have no idea who it was!"

The men shared a laugh, and Rick grinned. "That's the point of a glory hole, babe."

A glory hole. A hole in the wall in the bathroom of some club that guys could stick their dick in and get it sucked by some nameless faceless person on the other side of the wall. My mind was thinking, *how stupid is that?* But there was no denying the arousal curling in my belly and the slick building between my thighs. How sexy would it be to suck a complete stranger off? STD's aside, the idea was dirty and dangerous, and it got me hot in all the right ways.

As if he could read my mind Rick stared at me intensely. Then his left eye blinked slow and seductively. It was a small and simple gesture, no leer, no smile, just a wink that said he knew what the sex talk was doing to me. The man knew that behind the logical straight-laced accountant was a girl who secretly loved the raw and raunchy.

Speaking of which... "How do you know for sure it was a him?"

"Easy." Mark shrugged. "Men do it different."

"And you know this how?"

"Because I've had both. If a guy is sucking your dick, he's doing it because he enjoys it and it shows. Most of the time when a girl is doing it, she's doing it to either get something from you or because you've begged. They're not exactly enthusiastic."

The mind boggled. What to tackle first? The fact that Mark, a guy so unrelentingly male, had been sexual with other guys before. How many and just how sexual? Had they all been nameless, faceless glory-hole types or perhaps there was something I didn't know about our friend? Then there was the fact that some women give head because they enjoy it.

Before I could decide which direction to take the conversation, Mark did it for me by smirking at Rick and saying, "I don't understand why women hate to give head so much."

I tried to sound casual. "Not all women hate it."

Mark snorted into his beer, but Rick nodded. "She's right."

As if neither of us had spoken, Mark continued on. "And what's even stranger is that women don't like getting it either. I love eating a woman until she's come a couple of times. Then her pussy is all juicy and wet and delicious, but that embarrasses them. Commercialism has women so convinced men don't like the smell of a cunt that they only let you get down there and have a couple of licks before they pull you up by the hair. It's been so long since I've had more than a tease I can't even remember what a woman tastes like. Guys like to know when a woman's turned on and the juice tells us that. It's hot." Mark glared at me shaking his head. "I just don't get your kind."

"Not all women are like that," I said again. "Some of us actually enjoy oral sex. Giving and receiving."

"Like Angie," Rick said, waving the hand with his beer in it in my direction. "I can tie her to the bed and eat her over and over until she screams, and then she thanks me for it."

Mark's eyebrows shot north, hiding under his shaggy bangs. "Really?"

"Oh yeah, and sometimes I think she prefers sucking me to fucking me."

Both men looked at me and a heat that had nothing to do with embarrassment crept up my neck and into my cheeks.

"Reeaaally," Mark repeated, drawing the word out and smiling at me. "I've always known a bad girl lurked beneath those sexy secretary outfits you wear, but this is even hotter than your ability to slam tequila with the boys."

Choosing to ignore Mark's bad girl comments, I addressed Rick's. "It's not that I don't love the way you love me, babe, but yeah, I have to admit there are times when I get off more on giving you pleasure than receiving it."

Rick's dark eyes gleamed. "C'mon, Ange, be honest. There's more to it than giving me pleasure."

Blame it on the sweltering summer heat, the sexual tension that had been building ever since I'd sauntered out onto the deck in my underwear, or the tequila, but I couldn't help myself. Sitting around with two hot and tempting men talking about sex for three hours had loosened my tongue and primed my pussy. The naughty devil that had perched on my shoulder all night jumped up and ran away with my tongue.

"I love to suck dick," I admitted bluntly. "I love the feel of a man's cock in my mouth. The totally male musky flavor, the sounds a man makes when he's on the edge, the hot throbbing against my tongue as his cock gets bigger and harder and come starts to leak out the tip. I love it. I love it all."

Lust was stamped clearly on Mark's face. "Damn, Rick. You're one lucky bastard."

"If Rick said it was okay, I'd tell you to come see me the next time you want your cock sucked," I continued rashly. "I'd show you a woman could enjoy it. I bet I'd give you the best head you ever had, better than any man *or* woman has ever given you."

Both men stared at me, mouths open in surprise. By the time my brain caught up with my mouth Rick had that look in his eyes. The look that said "I double dog dare you".

Unlike most men, Rick wasn't pissed off by what I'd said. Oh no, instead of getting all bent out of shape, my man was...aroused.

Sure enough, he quirked an eyebrow at me. “Go for it.”

## Chapter Two

I leaned in close and planted my hands on Mark’s shoulders. Fully aware of Rick watching my every move, I arched my back, and bent from the waist as I lightly scraped my lips down Mark’s naked torso. Like Rick, he was fit and firm and deliciously male. Nibbling on a flat male nipple, I sucked the musky scent of man into my lungs. He smelled different than Rick, not as dark or as spicy, but just as tasty.

Saliva pooled in my mouth, and I swallowed a moan of desire. Going slow was torture, but it was such a mouth-watering tease I couldn’t resist. Blowing softly on Mark’s belly button, I slid a fingertip into the waistband of his jeans and looked over my shoulder. “Are you sure about this?”

He’d always enjoyed watching me flirt with other men, but this was more than that; more than flirting, and more than simple enjoyment I was seeing in the tension in his body. Rick stared at me, eyes glowing in the near dark as he watched me kneeling between his best friend’s legs, and a slow sexy grin lifted one corner of his mouth. “Oh, yeah. Enjoy yourself, and I’ll enjoy the show.”

Fingers on the snap of Mark’s jeans, I looked up at him and smiled. The thick column of hardness under my hands told me he was good to go. “Guess I don’t need to ask you if you’re okay with it.”

Mark looked at Rick, then at me, and put his hands behind his head. “I’m all yours,” he said with a big grin.

“Oh, goody.”

With a quick tug I had his jeans unsnapped and slowly pulled the zipper down over his bulging package. “Tighty whities?” I asked when I saw the plain cotton straining against his hard-on.

“I like the way they cup me,” he said with a small shrug.

I reached into his jeans and palmed his balls. “What about the way *I* cup you?”

He sighed with pleasure. “Oh yeah.”

I pulled my hand out and reached for his waistband. Mark lifted his hips and with one move I pulled both jeans and underwear to his knees. Mouth watering, I stared.

There was no way to stop myself from comparing. His cock had to be at least eight inches long. Rick was no slouch in the size department, but never had one extra inch made such a difference. When I wrapped my hand around Mark, my fingertips almost touched, but not quite. Which made Rick slightly shorter in length, but bigger in width.

Pulling his cock back from his belly, I slowly licked up the underside from balls to tip, thrilling at the groan that rumbled out of Mark.

He sank deeper into the chair, sliding down and spreading his legs wider as I began to really tease. My hands stroked, my fingertips tickled and I followed each touch with a lick or quick

nibble. Sliding one hand between his thighs, I cupped his sac and fondled with the other hand while leaning close to breath hot breath on the shiny head. When his thighs started to tremble I finally took him in my mouth. Parting my lips I swallowed him down until my nose pressed against his neatly trimmed pubes, and the head of his cock brushed the back of my throat. Eyes closed I relaxed my throat and massaged the underside of his dick with my tongue.

“Christ,” he groaned, his hands cupping the back of my head, fingers flexing gently in my hair.

“She’s good isn’t she?”

Rick’s voice so close behind me told me he’d left his chair, and I hadn’t even heard him move. I opened my eyes and caught a glimpse of him in my peripheral vision, leaning against the patio railing less than two feet away. He’d moved so he could see more than my back. He could watch my mouth on his friend and see everything I was doing.

That made me hotter. I squeezed my thighs together and fought the urge to reach between my own legs and diddle a bit. Knowing Rick was there, watching me, enjoying it all, made it much more delicious. It might be me on my knees, but it was *us* living the experience.

As if reading my mind, a large hand stroked up and down my back for a moment. “You’re doing great, baby.”

Circling the base of Mark’s cock with one hand I pulled back and began to work him. Up and down, sucking gently, adding a twist with my hand every now and then. Our rhythm slowly picked up speed as slick juices began to spread over his cock and down my chin.

Mark’s cock throbbed against my tongue, and his fingers tightened in my hair, pulling. I whimpered and he let go quickly. Rick chuckled. “That was a whimper of pleasure, buddy, not pain. She likes it when you pull her hair, don’t you, Angie girl?”

I moaned and sucked harder. Mark’s fingers tangled in my hair once again, pulling tight as he thrust his hips forward, shoving his cock deeper into my mouth.

Bracing my hands on his hips, I closed my eyes and concentrated. Mark’s dick throbbed hotly in my mouth, and my heart pounded. Pulling up a bit, I focused on the head. Sucking hard, I bobbed my head up and down fast, using my tongue to stroke the sensitive underside. When his cock jerked and his grip on my head tightened, I knew he was almost there.

Opening my eyes, I tried to see Rick. I saw his body shift, but I couldn’t get a look at his face. A small whimper slipped past my lips and as if he understood he spoke softly. “That’s it, baby, take him deep. Make him come and swallow it all.”

I sank down on Mark’s cock and sucked hard, twirling my tongue and bouncing the head against the back of my throat. My breath rasped in and out through my nose, the scent of raw sex and sweat filling my head as his cock swelled, jerked and hot come filled my throat. Mark’s loud groan of pleasure echoed over the deck, and my pussy clenched. God, I loved the sound of a man losing control.

Seconds later his body went slack and his grip loosened. He began to stroke my hair softly, and I ran my hands up and down his thighs slowly and licked him clean before sitting back on my heels.

“Well?” I asked with a small smile.

He lifted heavy eyelids. “Best ever,” he confirmed.

I looked to my left and met Rick’s gaze cautiously. The part of me that had wondered at his not only being okay with it, but encouraging me, was put to rest by the heat in his chocolate eyes. My heart pounded. Only when he was super turned on did his eyes darken to midnight like that.

“My turn,” he said, grabbing my hands and pulling me to my feet. He wrapped his arms around me, held me tight to his chest and slammed his mouth down over mine. My knees buckled, and I clutched at his shoulders, thrilling at his strength and the power of his desire.

Rick struggled for some control as he eased off Angie. She whimpered, her fingers digging into his shoulders and her body writhing against his eagerly. Finally, he tore his lips from hers and spun her around in his arms. Grabbing her hands, he planted them on the patio table in front of them.

“Don’t move your hands from there,” he commanded, nipping at her earlobe. His control was hanging by a thin thread, and he couldn’t handle her touching him right then. He’d watched her make his best friend come, and now he wanted to make her come. He *needed* to make her come.

Pressing full length against her backside, he nuzzled his cock against her ass and reached around to undo the flimsy cotton thing she’d wrapped herself in. It fell open, and he pulled it off her and threw it to the ground next to them before shoving her bra up and cupping her tits. He tugged on her rock hard nipples, and she shoved her ass back against him.

“Fuck me, Rick,” she begged. “Fuck me hard and fast.”

With quick, sure moves he pulled her lacy thong down her legs and off. Spreading her legs wide, he ran his hands up her thighs and then over her rounded ass cheeks.

“You’re beautiful,” he said, lifting her cheeks and parting them so he could see her naked cunt. “So hot and wet and eager.”

Her head fell forward, and her back arched, tilting her ass up invitingly. “Please, Rick.”

In seconds his shorts were around his ankles and one hand guided his cock between her legs. Without hesitation he gripped her hips and thrust home. Her joyous cry filled the air, mingling with his groan of pleasure at the way her body welcomed him. Locking his stance, he gripped her hips and began pumping. There was no gentleness in him, but it wasn’t needed. They were both primed and ready to go.

Angie was no innocent. He knew she’d sucked men off before, and she’d always been up for any type of games or toys he’d brought into the bedroom. But she’d surprised him tonight. Watching her with Mark had not only made him hard enough to hammer nails, but it had made his chest tighten, and not with regret. He’d liked watching them. The only thing that could’ve made it better was if he’d been fucking her at the same time she’d been sucking Mark, but he’d been too entranced by watching them to interrupt their flow.

Now it was Mark’s turn to watch. The fact that Mark was close, watching them, watching *him*, sent a thrill through Rick. He lifted his gaze from the curve of Angie back and glanced at his friend. The sky was dark. It was full-on night, but light from the apartment filtered through the curtains and he could clearly see the other man.

Mark sat there, less than a foot away, his gaze glued to where Rick’s cock sank in and out of Angie. There was a hunger in Mark’s eyes that made Rick’s blood heat even more as it rushed to his dick. His balls tightened, and he struggled to breathe as his belly slapped against Angie’s ass and the table beneath her hands scraped along the floor with the force of his thrusts.

“Brace her,” Rick said. Mark’s gaze shot to his, and he nodded at the moving table. “Help her.”

Mark stood and reached for Angie. Rick stilled, gritting his teeth and trying not to come as Angie’s cunt tightened around him and Mark shoved the table out the way so he could to stand in



front of the couple. Angie straightened up a bit, her hands going to Mark's shoulders as she spread her legs further apart and pressed back against him. Rick started to move again, groaning at way the different angle let him go deeper.

Female moans mixed with his own heavy breathing, and Rick knew he couldn't last much longer. Hot blood pounded through his body straight to his cock as he slid a hand up over her belly to grip a swollen tit. He pinched the nipple, and she grunted, her hips jerking and her head dropping forward onto Mark's chest. Every muscle in her body tensed, and the first tremors of her orgasm squeezed his cock.

"Rick," she cried out.

"Come for me, baby, come on." He pounded into her harder, staring into Mark's eyes over her head. Something brushed against his cock as he thrust in and out of Angie, and lightening bolts of pleasure shot into his balls. The other man was fingering his girlfriend's cunt and stroking his dick at the same time!

Another brush of those fingers was all it took, and Rick lost it. "Fuck!" He locked his knees as his balls flashed and his head emptied out his cock as the world faded away in a haze of pleasure.

I clutched at Mark's shoulders, my breasts pressed against his chest. His fingers slowly pulled away from my clit and another jolt of pleasure sizzled through me. While I fought to get my breath back, I became aware of the hard-on nudging against my belly, and a desire for more began stirring within me before my orgasm even faded.

"Wow," I said breathlessly, and the men chuckled, breaking the rising tension before we could get caught up in it.

Rick moved back, spinning me around and catching me up in his arms in one smooth move that made my heart flutter in my chest. After a gentle kiss, he looked down at me. "Satisfied?"

I thought about Mark's hard-on and the slow-burning embers of desire still alive inside me. "Almost," I said honestly.

Rick kicked off the shorts around his ankles and strode into the apartment. He paused at the patio door, and I held the curtain as he turned back to Mark. He raised an eyebrow at his friend. "You gonna stand around out there all night, or you gonna help me out here?"

Mark's handsome face lit up and he moved to follow us. "Let's do this."

### Chapter Three

*Holy shit. We're really going to do it.*

My brain struggled to absorb what was happening as Rick carried me into the bedroom, but the wine, the tequila and the orgasm had pretty much shut any chance of thinking straight down. And really, why think so hard when things felt so good? Inviting Mark into our bedroom felt more than good, it felt *right*.

Mark was the one who'd introduced me to Rick the night we all met. He hung around with us almost all the time. He might've started out as just Rick's friend, but he'd become mine too. It just seemed like a natural evolution of things to have him there.

Once in the bedroom Rick set me on my feet and moved to turn on the light. Mark strolled into the room and shucked his jeans as I was getting rid of the bra still stuffed up under my armpits.

Suddenly we were all naked, just standing there. The guys stared at me, and I stared at them. One was dark and lean, the other blond and built, and both of them wanted me. Hunger gleamed in their eyes and any semblance of discomfort among us disappeared.

They moved forward as one. Rick stepped behind me, and Mark stopped in front of me, looking deep into my eyes as he began to run his hands slowly over my nakedness. Rough, calloused palms smoothed down my arms, and around to cup my ass cheeks, squeezing softly. Rick's hands came from behind, moving up over my ribs to cup my breasts, offering them up to Mark's waiting mouth. Fingers pinched and pulled on one nipple as lips and teeth did the same to the other. Hands fondled my butt, sliding lower to dip between my swollen pussy lips and tease my entrance.

The breath rushed out of my lungs and sensations washed over me as two sets of hands touched and teased, and two bodies pressed against me from both sides, surrounding me with hot hard maleness. Everything took on a dream-like quality as Mark's mouth moved down my body, and Rick nuzzled at the side of my neck from behind.

"You are so sexy," he whispered. "Such a wanton woman, so eager and hungry for cock. You're fucking incredible."

I reveled in Rick's praise. He made me feel desired and loved for being the sexual animal that I was. I didn't have to hesitate or worry that anything I did or wanted was wrong when I was with him. "More," I whispered. "I want more."

Hot breath teased my pubes a second before Mark's mouth was on me. His tongue swept over my slit from back to front, and my whole body jerked with pleasure as he licked and suckled at my core. I groaned when his lips, tongue and teeth began to gently work my pussy over. The rough stubble of his five o'clock shadow chafed at my inner thighs and his nose nudged against my clit. My inner muscles tightened and an orgasm began to take hold. Sensing it, Mark's lips surrounded my clit, and he began to suck rhythmically. Pleasure hit every nerve ending I had, and with a low moan I came, my knees buckling.

Rick caught me, cradling me against him as I trembled and shook. Before I could catch my breath, he picked me up and tossed me onto the bed. I bounced once on the mattress before Mark was between my thighs once again.

Proving that he loved to give as much as receive, he began eating my pussy again.

Rick stretched out next to me. Leaning over me, our gazes met and he lowered his mouth to mine. Our lips parted and tongues tangled as his breath became mine. I wrapped my arms around his shoulders and held him close, unwilling, unable to let him go as Mark slid a finger into me and began to fuck me with it.

It was unreal to me, a fantasy of feeling and sensation as Rick dragged his lips from mine to scrape his teeth along my collarbone and Mark added another finger to the one already pumping in and out of me. A moan of delight whispered out of me when lips surrounded one nipple and suckled hungrily at the same time another set of lips tugged on my clit. My body rejoiced at the

attention. My back arched, my hips rolled and another orgasm built quickly. Suddenly Rick bit down on one nipple and pinched the other hard, and I came with a sharp cry.

Mark pulled his fingers out, reared up and thrust his cock deep into my pussy. I cried out again, another orgasm crashing over me before the first one even finished.

When I became aware of what was happening again, Mark was gently thrusting between my thighs, and Rick was stroking my hair back from my face, love and desire shining from his eyes.

Then he grinned that bad boy grin that always got my juices flowing. "Still want more?" he asked.

With a small laugh I nodded. "Oh yeah, give it to me, baby."

He pushed a pillow under my head and straddled my chest. I reached for his hips, holding them still for a second and glancing around him to look at Mark. It was weird, having his hands on my legs and his dick pumping in and out of me but being unable to see him. "You okay down there?" I asked.

His gaze shifted from Rick's ass to me peeking out at him, and he grinned. "Definitely. You?"

I nodded. "I feel great. Or should I say you feel great?" I squeezed my inner muscles around his cock, and he groaned.

"Stop worrying about him," Rick said, nudging his cock against my lips. "I want to fuck your mouth."

His words had my pussy clenching again, and Mark groaned. "That's good," he muttered. "I like it when you do that."

Plumping the pillow behind my head I relaxed and stared up at my man. Rick guided his cock between my lips then braced his arms on the wall as he began to move. He started slow, his strokes matching the slow and steady pace Mark had going. How he knew that I have no idea, but the men quickly fell in time together.

I closed my eyes and enjoyed being full. One hard cock filled my pussy and another my mouth. I was in heaven. Passivity wasn't in my nature and before long I was cupping Rick's balls and sucking him greedily. Saliva and come dribbled out of my mouth as Rick picked up the pace, and juices dripped out of my pussy as Mark lifted my legs over his shoulders and matched his speed to Rick's.

Tension coiled low in my belly, pleasure building as both men fucked me. I gripped Rick's ass, urging him on faster, harder. I wanted it. I wanted both of them to fuck me hard. To come hard like they never had before. Rick shifted forward, his knees spreading wider and his body bowing as he leaned over me, his thrusts getting shorter and harder. I slid a hand under him and gathered some of the spilt fluids with two fingers before reaching behind his balls and circling his anus.

He grunted, and his thighs started to tremble.

"Oh God," Mark groaned as he began to pound into me like a jackhammer. My tits bounced, Rick's cock slammed against the back of my throat again and again and tears welled in my eyes. I fought the urge to gag and thrust a finger up Rick's ass.

"Fuck me!" he cried out.

I didn't think about anything, only rejoiced in the sensations swamping my body as both men pounded into me. The room was filled with their grunts and groans, my harsh breathing and the wet sucking sounds coming from both mouth and pussy as they were used. We sounded like

a freakin' porno, but it didn't matter. All that mattered was the pleasure as one cock hit the back of my throat at the same time another cock was hitting deep inside my pussy.

I couldn't hold back anymore. I fucked Rick's ass with my finger and pumped my hips against Mark's as a scream ripped from deep inside me and every muscle in my body tightened in ecstasy. Rick ground down as his cock throbbed and hot come spilled down my throat, choking me and extending my orgasm.

I grunted and pushed against Rick's hips, slowly coming back to reality in time to hear Mark's triumphant groan as he pulled out and hot fluid landed on my belly. Then the men fell. One on each side of me, dead weight as the night's activities caught up with them.

Strong arms wrapped around me, and I curled into Rick's chest. Mark sprawled out behind me, one hand still on my hip. A soft snore had me glancing over my shoulder and laughing softly. He was sound asleep.

I turned back to Rick and buried my head against his neck with a sigh. His fingers tightened in my hair and he pulled my head back until he could see my face.

"You ok?" he asked, his thumb gently stroking over my cheek as we stared into each other's eyes.

I nodded.

"I love you," he said, pulling me close again.

I smiled and kissed his chest where I rested my head. "I love you too."

Mark's dick was rock hard.

Waking up with a hard-on wasn't anything new, but waking up next to Angie was. He could smell her, smell them all, before he even opened his eyes. The musky smell of sex.

He opened his eyes and stared at the couple next to him. They were beautiful together—her so soft and womanly and him so hard and dark. Watching them had been almost as good as being with them. He hadn't really been *with* them though had he? He'd been with her, and Rick had been with her at the same time. It wasn't the same thing.

Rising up on an elbow, he looked at Rick's sleeping face and wondered if he knew it had been more than just sex to him? That he wanted more than—that he *dreamed* of more than one night of sexual escapades with the couple?

The alarm clock screeched and Mark jumped. Rick shut it off, and their gazes met over the woman between them. "Morning," he said.

"Mornin'," Rick replied. He glanced down at Angie, who hadn't moved an inch, then grinned at Mark. "Guess two dicks did the trick. She's out like a light."

Burying the longing in his heart beneath an easy grin, Mark played it cool. "Glad to be of service."

Rick snorted. "I bet."

Falling back on his pillow, Mark closed his eyes. They'd drunk quite a bit the night before and he should be hung over, but his head wasn't pounding, and aside from the ache in his dick he was feeling pretty good.

"Are we going to the dojo?" he asked quietly.

In the years since they'd left college and moved on to their separate jobs, he and Rick had made the commitment to always train together on Saturday mornings. Jiu-Jitsu was how they'd met so long ago, and it kept them together when other things in life pulled them in different directions. Rick's job in software development and his own in marketing had put them in

different work worlds, but it hadn't hurt their friendship because they'd made it a point not to. Both of them trained during the week as well, but there were always others around and they often ended up coaching someone or working within a group of at least four or five others. Saturdays were the one-day of the week they could get in and train without anyone else around. It was time together that Mark always valued, especially since Rick and Angie had become a couple.

"Yeah," Rick answered. "If I don't stay in shape there's no way in hell I'd be able to keep up with Ange."

"I'll shower first," Mark said as he rolled from the bed. He was already reaching for his dick when he got to the bathroom. If he was quick, he could get one off while the images of the night before were still fresh in his mind.

When I woke up I was alone in the big bed. The sheets were ripped off the edges of the mattress and rucked up underneath me, but the one on top of me was pristine. As if Rick, or maybe Mark, had covered me up with it after they'd crawled out of the bed. I stretched, pointing my toes and pressing my hands against the wall above my head, groaning loudly as aches and pains came alive all over.

There was no doubt about it, my body was well used, and I was totally satisfied.

The big question was, why was I alone? I'd half hoped to wake up and have some more lovin' with the pair of them before the fantasy night ended. There hadn't been much time for thinking the night before, but as I lay there remembering things, more and more scenarios with the three of us filled my mind and my pussy clenched eagerly. The positions and possibilities were endless.

The peal of the phone ringing jarred me from my thoughts and I rolled out of bed and stumbled into the kitchen looking for it. Snatching up my cell from the table on the third ring, I answered without looking at the caller ID. "Hello?"

"Where are you?" Carrie asked, her voice sharp.

I glanced at the clock on the wall. Ten thirty. Shit, I was late for our brunch date.

"At home," I answered, my voice rough from overuse the night before. "I just woke up. Order me a coffee and I'll be there in twenty minutes. I swear."

Without waiting for her reply I hung up and dashed to the bathroom. The time explained why I'd woken up alone. It was Saturday morning, and Rick met Mark at the dojo every Saturday morning at ten. Which is why I'd agreed to meet Carrie then. I wasn't willing to give up any of my time with Rick to hang out with a so-called friend who only called when she wanted something from me.

Thinking about Carrie made me sad. We'd grown up together, and I'd always thought of her as my best friend. When previous guys who'd flirted with me ended up with her I'd always thought it was because she was prettier than me. It had never occurred to me that she'd hit on them until the night she'd hit on Rick, and he'd laughed in her face before telling me about it.

Since Rick and I had moved in together she'd stopped talking to me, unless she needed a favor, and I noticed how much better I felt about myself when she—and her constant digs about my looks—weren't around as much.

Case in point, I felt fantastic that morning, and even meeting Carrie wasn't going to ruin my mood. I jumped out of the shower, and made quick work of drying off. I towel-dried my hair and worked a comb through it while standing in front of the mirror. Pulling my hair back into a high

ponytail, I stared at my reflection. There were faint circles under my eyes and a small love bite was visible on the right side of my neck, but I looked good. I looked happy and very relaxed.

Two men and half a dozen orgasms will do that for a girl.

Would it be awkward when I saw the guys again? Rick and I had never talked about having a threesome before. I knew he had a couple in his past, but I'd never asked who they were with. The smooth way he and Mark played me the night before made me think it hadn't been their first time together, even if it was mine.

I wasn't sure how I felt about that.

Knowing that I was going to see them both soon, I chose my outfit with more care than I had time for. Khaki shorts, a push up bra and a tight white tank top that showed off my plumped-up boobs.

Sneakers on, keys and purse in hand I dashed out the door and down the stairs. When I exited the building, the heat smacked me in the face and I grinned. The heat was the whole reason I'd stripped to my lingerie the day before. The heat had started it all, and it was gonna be another hot day.

## Chapter Four

"There's nothing sexier than watching two naked men rub against each other."

"They're not naked."

"They're shirtless, that's almost naked."

"They're also not rubbing, they're wrestling."

I ignored Carrie's effort to dismantle my fantasy and stared at the two sweaty men rolling around on the mats in nothing but long shorts. "I have a good imagination."

She shook her head. "You're such a pervert."

I shrugged. "Sometimes." I couldn't deny it, so why even try? Besides, one of the things Rick loved best about me was that I was so...erotically focused. And watching all the slick male muscles bulging and shifting as Rick and Mark grappled on the mats five feet away made me *very* focused.

Saliva pooled in my mouth, and my juices began to flow south. The guys were breathing heavy and grunting as they shuffled around and like Pavlov's dog my body was reacting. Part of me wanted to strip down and jump between them, but another part of me wanted to don a cloak of invisibility, sit back and watch.

Tearing my gaze from the boys, I glanced at the person next to me. There was something wrong with a woman who couldn't appreciate the view of the two lean, mean, fighting machines in front of us.

Mark was tall, blond, and blue eyed. His shaggy hair and casual confidence gave him a deceiving air of lazy seductiveness. Tall, dark and dangerously handsome, Rick was his perfect foil. All he had to do was breathe, and I wanted him. Always. It would've been embarrassing if

he didn't feel the same way about me. Before Rick, I scoffed at the idea of soul mates and true love, but there was no denying the connection we had.

As if sensing my thoughts, Rick glanced over at where Carrie and I stood in the doorway to the dojo. That split second distraction was all Mark needed, and he flipped Rick onto his back. Mark turtled over Rick, trapping his arms and pinning his legs until Rick finally tapped the mat.

"Whoo hoo," Mark crowed as he jumped up and threw his arms up in victory. "Nice try, buddy, but not good enough."

Rick laughed and rolled to his feet. "You got lucky. Next time I'll come out on top for sure."

Images of Mark on all fours as Rick sank his cock into his ass popped into my head, and I bit back a groan. "I've got to get my mind out of the gutter," I muttered to myself.

Rick raised one eyebrow as he got closer. "What was that?"

I flushed. "Nothing. How was your workout?"

"Almost as good as last night's," Mark said with a wink as he walked past us to the changing room.

The heat in my cheeks deepened. Nope, there was no awkwardness at all.

Rick leaned in and kissed me softly. "We'll shower and be right out. Okay?"

I nodded and watched as he walked away, chuckling. I wondered if they had separate shower stalls back there, or one big communal one. Imagining the two men together, completely naked and soapy in a steamed-up room had my insides quivering with desire.

"What does it take to get Mark's attention?"

Shit. I'd forgotten all about Carrie, *again*. "What do you mean get his attention?"

She thrust out her bottom lip. "I mean, I'm standing right next to you and he didn't even look at me!"

I tried not to be too pleased at that, or too insulted at her comment, but it was hard on both counts. I just wanted her to leave so I could be alone with the guys again. "Is that why you wanted to hang out today? So you could see Mark?"

She smiled her plastic smile at me. "I wanted to see you too, silly."

Yeah, right. It always had been boys before anything, or anyone, else with Carrie.

We stood there, each with our own thoughts, as we waited for the guys to finish changing. I had no clue as to Carrie's thought process, but mine centered on the tinge of green her question had given birth too. I'd never been possessive of Mark before, but suddenly it felt like he was mine. The idea of Carrie hitting on him, the idea of anyone hitting on him, made my stomach clench. And not in a good way.

Which was really weird because I had Rick. I was in love with Rick. Rick was everything I'd ever wanted, or so I'd always thought.

Carrie straightened up, tossing her hair back and sticking out her chest. "Here they come."

I watched the men walking toward us and my heart thumped against my ribs. Mark was wearing one of Rick's T-shirts, and the sight of it made me strangely happy. Both men were grinning, relaxed and completely at ease, and it hit me. One night had not been enough.

We went to a movie.

I'd been too stunned by the strength of my own desires when the guys had walked out of the changing room to stop Carrie from taking over our day. She didn't like the heat. She didn't want to sweat. She thought an air-conditioned movie theater was a great way to spend the afternoon.

Luckily, the men put up a fight over her choice of movie, and we ended up at the old Rialto watching *Interview with the Vampire* instead of Sandra Bullock's new feel good drama at the big theater. Anything vampire is making a comeback, you know.

I didn't pay much attention to the conversation going on around me as we got our tickets and found our seats. Rick sat on one side of Mark and me on the other, my heart swelling at being with them. It was stupid really. It wasn't like Mark never hung out with Rick and I before, but always before when we'd gone to the movie he'd sat on the other side of Rick. He'd been Rick's best friend. Now he was also my lover.

"I don't get why everyone said there were homosexual undertones between Lestat and Louis," Carrie said as we left the theater. "They didn't kiss or anything."

"That's why they're called undertones."

Carrie glared at Rick. "Whatever. I doubt two hot guys like that would be gay."

"Most gay guys are pretty hot," I said with a shrug.

"You don't have to be gay to be attracted to another guy," Mark stated. "Just like loving someone of the same sex doesn't automatically make you gay."

"If you're sexually attracted to a member of the same sex, it means you're gay. That's the definition of being homosexual."

Mark stared at Carrie, dumbfounded. "That's so wrong—"

"Leave it," I told him, reaching out and taking his hand. "You can't win this argument with her, no matter what you say."

"Did you like the movie?" he asked me.

"I would've enjoyed it more if the guys *had* kissed."

Mark turned to me, his frown fading into laughter as Rick slung an arm around my neck and planted a noisy kiss on my cheek. "You would."

I grinned wickedly. "Who knows? Maybe I'll be lucky enough to see a couple of hot guys make out sometime."

"Ewww, gross," Carrie said.

I ignored her and watched as Rick and Mark exchanged a look that made me cream in my panties. It was definitely time to get rid of Carrie.

We got to her car first so we all stopped, and I turned to her. "It was great seeing you again."

Ignoring me she stepped closer to Mark, stuck out her boobs and ran a playful finger over his chest while asking, "When will I see you again, Mark?"

A little green monster poked at my insides and Rick's warm hand wrapped around the fist I hadn't been aware of clenching. He tugged me close with a wicked gleam in his eye and lowered his lips to mine, effectively distracting me from Carrie and Mark.

Desire that had been sated the night before stirred again, sending curls of arousal through my body. Rick's hands smoothed up my arms and over my shoulders until he cupped my cheeks, holding me still as his tongue parted my lips and slipped between them. I lost myself in his touch, his taste, as he nipped, licked and nibbled at me. Fingers digging into his hips, I leaned into him, rubbing against him and mewling like a cat in heat. God, he felt so good.

"If you two don't stop I'm going to pull out my dick and start jerking off right here."

Rick lifted his head and the same simmering desire that was flowing through my veins was reflected in his hot gaze.

"Seriously, guys. Lets get out of here."



We pulled apart, and I noticed that Carrie was already gone, leaving the three of us alone. Just the way I liked it.

“Why are you friends with her?” Mark asked, breaking the silence that had fallen since we’d left the theater’s parking lot. He was driving, and we were almost back to the apartment.

“She’s not that bad,” I defended halfheartedly.

Rick smiled at me from the front seat. “Yes, she is.”

Yeah, she was. I’d never really clued in on how negative Carrie had gotten until I’d stopped hanging out with her so much. She blamed the fact we weren’t close any more on Rick, but in reality it was her constant little digs that had finally driven me away. It would’ve happened even if Rick hadn’t come into my life.

“Okay, so maybe she is that bad,” I shrugged. “But I’ve known her since we were kids, and we’ve been through a lot together. Besides, I don’t really have any other friends.”

“You don’t need friends. You have us.”

I met Mark’s gaze in the rear-view mirror, and my mind raced. Could I really have them both?

Rick watched Angie’s lips part and her cheeks flush, and contentment filled him. She really liked the idea of having them both. He met Mark’s gaze and winked. There was a time when they’d been lovers, but that had stopped when he’d gotten serious with Angie. He’d worried at first that Mark would resent her for that, but instead he’d fallen for her too. It had been an unspoken secret between the three of them for almost a year, until yesterday.

He’d dreamt of being able to have both Angie and Mark in his bed, but he’d never let himself think about it too much. He’d never thought it might actually be possible.

There was an open parking spot on the immediate left inside the apartment’s lot. Mark pulled into it automatically and turned the car off. Pulse pounding, dick swelling he sat there, waiting to see if he was invited in again. They hadn’t talked about it, not even at the dojo when it was just him and Rick. Talking about it might jinx it.

No one moved for a minute then Angie opened the back door and climbed out. “You guys coming, or you going to sit there all night?”

Relief and exhilaration hit him at the same time, making his hands shake as he reached for the door handle. Rick slapped him on the shoulder as they followed Angie inside. “You ready for this?”

“More than you can imagine.” He laughed at his best friend as he tried not to run up the stairs. Angie was already inside the apartment turning on the fans and opening windows to get cool air flowing through the apartment when they caught up with her.

Stopping dead in the middle of the living room he stared at Angie and shook his head sadly. “Damn.”

She raised an eyebrow. “Damn?”

“I was hoping you stripped every time you walked in the door of the apartment,” he said. “But here you are turning on fans instead of taking off your clothes.”

She grabbed a pillow off the sofa and threw it at him, laughing. “Idiot.”

“Well, if you’re not going to strip, I will.” He pulled off his T-shirt and tossed it onto the sofa. Her eyes widened and Mark saw her cheeks turn pink before she turned and pulled open the patio curtains.

“Shit,” she said, staring out at the patio. “I forgot all about this mess.”

Rick came from the kitchen to stand beside her and stare. “I can’t believe you left it like that this morning. You’re the biggest neat freak I know. Next to Mark that is.”

Angie arched an eyebrow at him and he shrugged. “Can’t help it.”

“Me neither. I would’ve cleaned it this morning but I slept in, and had to run to meet Carrie.”

Rick smirked. “Tired you out, did we?”

Angie shifted, wrapped her arms around Rick’s neck and planted a big kiss on Mark’s face. Just when Rick was ready to step in and demand his own kiss, she pulled back and grabbed one of the beers from his hand. “You wish. Now give Mark his beer and help us clean up.”

Fifteen minutes later they were all sweaty and the patio was clean. The three of them had hung out plenty over the last year, and there’d always been a level of comfort there, but things were different. Things were better. There was no tension between them, but as they trooped back into the apartment there was a certain awareness that had never been there before. Not with Angie anyway.

“Okay, boys,” she said, dropping onto the sofa. “It’s my turn.”

“Your turn to what?”

“To watch. The grappling, the movie with homo-erotic undertones...” She trailed off, giving them a wicked smile and waving a pointed finger between him and Rick. “I want to watch you two make out.”

Lust flooded Mark’s system. There’d always been a level of sexual awareness between him and Rick, ever since that first threesome in college when they’d forgotten about the girl and gone at each other like animals.

Mark didn’t consider himself gay, or even bi-sexual. He might be willing to let anyone suck his dick, but Rick was the only guy who’d ever fucked him. The only guy he’d ever wanted to bend over for.

There was something primal about Rick that reached down deep and grabbed him by the balls. As much as he liked besting his buddy on the mats, Mark still had wet dreams about being naked under him.

His gaze flew from Angie’s naughty grin to the guy stripping off his shirt and stalking toward him. Hot blood left his head so fast it spun as all his blood went straight to his dick at the heat in his buddy’s dark eyes.

Rick stopped in front of him, and without a word, cupped his head in large hands and brought his mouth down on Mark’s. His tongue speared between his lips and thrust deep.

Unable to stop himself Mark groaned. Everything inside him softened at the same time his body hardened, and he pressed against Rick.

## Chapter Five

I watched mouths open and tongues rub and stared in wonder.

My man, who was so strong, sexy and inherently male, was French kissing his best friend. Voyeur isn't a word I'd ever use to describe myself but wow, it was fucking hot! I could not tear my eyes away from them.

Rick's hands shifted from Mark's head and ran down his back as they pressed against each other. I wiggled in my seat, rubbing my thighs together as the guys rubbed and pressed against each other. When Mark grabbed Rick's ass my own fingers flexed with the yearning to touch. Their breathing got loud and harsh, and their kisses more carnal as one of Mark's traveling hands slid between them. I imagined his hand on Rick's cock, and my pussy throbbed.

The unadulterated carnal heat the two of them generated together was potent. When Rick tore his mouth away from Mark's, our eyes met and the pure animal lust there hit me square in the gut. Pulling my gaze from his, I studied Mark. Desire flushed his cheeks, and a question shone from his eyes. They wanted to do more than make out...they wanted to fuck.

"Do it," I urged looking back to Rick.

Why I assumed Rick would be the one doing the fucking, I have no idea. I just knew that was the way they wanted it.

"Strip," Rick commanded as he stepped back from Mark, already unbuckling his own belt. When they were both naked he grabbed Mark by the shoulders and spun him around to face the wall. He stepped in, planted a hand between Mark's shoulders and pushed him forward and down, slow and steady. Mark braced himself with hands against the wall and arched his back, sticking his ass out for Rick.

My breath caught when Rick gripped his cock with one hand and Mark's with the other. He pumped them both, and my own hand slid between my thighs, pressing against my clit through the damp cotton of my shorts. "Oh God."

Rick looked over at me and grinned darkly. "Enjoying yourself?"

"Uhhmm hmm." I nodded, unable to form complete words around the lust clogging my throat.

He let go of both cocks and focused on Mark again, running his hands over the firm butt in front of him. He squeezed and lifted, parting the mounds of muscled flesh until Mark was completely exposed. I watched as spittle dropped from Rick's mouth, and he rubbed it over the puckered hole with his thumb before inserting it. Mark's moan of pleasure echoed through the room and my mouth began to water with the utter rawness of it all.

Rick planted his feet and fisted his cock with one hand while prepping Mark with the other. I knew what he was doing. He'd use his thumb first, then one finger, then two, pumping in and out, scissoring wider and stretching the anus until he knew he wouldn't hurt him. It was the same technique he used with me, and seeing it being done to another had my body twitching in anticipation.

He inched closer, rubbing the purple head of his cock against the hole in front of him, and Mark pushed back. "Easy," Rick crooned, and I held my breath, gaze glued to where their bodies met as he pushed forward and his cock slowly disappeared into Mark.

"Oh, yeah," Mark moaned. "That feels fucking fantastic."

Rick's ass flexed and bunched as he began to slowly move in and out. Hot blood pounded through my veins and I started rocking in my seat as Rick picked up speed, thrusting faster and harder into Mark, until I couldn't handle it. I wanted more. I wanted to watch, but I didn't want to be just an observer. Mark had held me up when Rick had fucked me the night before, and

suddenly I wanted to do the same for him. Standing up, I ignored the trembling in my knees and moved closer. Rick's intense gaze followed me as I stripped off my clothes.

"Can I join in?"

He grinned. "Of course."

Mark lifted his head, smiling at me over his shoulder. "Fuck, yeah."

The boys stood still, and I crawled under Mark, sliding my back against the wall. "Wow," I breathed.

Mark chuckled, grinning down at me. "Like the view?"

I eyed the cock wagging in front of my face and laughed. I loved that these two über-alpha men could fuck and laugh and make me feel hot and horny and well loved all at the same time. "I think I'll enjoy the feel better," I said reaching out with both hands.

One hand cupped Rick's balls and the other Mark's cock. I stroked, rolled, squeezed and licked, thrilling at their groans of pleasure. It didn't take long for things to get serious again. Rick picked up the pace, thrusting hard and fast, and I dropped my hands. I unzipped my shorts and shoved a hand inside to diddle myself with one hand while the other pinched and pulled at one of my rock hard nipples. Groaning at the shafts of pleasure shooting through my own body, I sucked on Mark's cock. One of his hands cupped my jaw, his fingers rubbing under my chin and holding me still as he moved with Rick.

I closed my eyes, reveling in the sounds of skin slapping skin and male grunts and groans as my orgasm gathering force inside me. Pleasure built and built, as I rubbed my clit and sucked cock. The force of Rick's thrusts had Mark rocking back and forth and his cock sliding in and out of my mouth faster and faster. His cock swelled, jerked and his victorious shout bounced off the walls as hot juice shot down my throat pushing me over the edge and bringing on my own orgasm.

"Fuck yes!" Rick's shout was muffled by the waves of pleasure washing over me as my body arched, hips thrusting up against my own hand.

When I could, I opened my eyes in time to see Rick's semi-hard cock ease out of Mark before they both collapsed forward, landing on the floor between my legs. Mark rested his head against my chest, and Rick lay against his back. Reaching out, I brushed Rick's hair back from his sweaty forehead, and his eyes opened.

"Hey," he said.

"Hey," I whispered back.

"I love you," he said.

"I love you too."

"I love you both," Mark mumbled.

## Chapter Six

Mark stayed the night again, but when I woke up the next morning he was gone. I snuggled into my pillow and stared at Rick's sleeping face. He looked softer in sleep, almost gentle. Short

locks of black hair flopped over his forehead and his lips tilted up just a bit at the edges making me think he was having a good dream. When he opened his eyes and saw me watching him the smile grew slowly and my heart skipped a beat. He was beautiful.

“Good morning, sexy,” I whispered.

Warm hands slid around my waist and pulled me to him. “Mornin’.”

Neither of us spoke, we just lay there looking into each others eyes, breathing each others air, totally at ease. Finally Rick shifted, bringing a hand up to cup my cheek. “How’re you feeling?”

He wasn’t asking if I was sick or tired. He wanted to know how I felt about what had happened that weekend with Mark. More than one emotion swirled about inside me but I focused on the foremost. “Curious,” I said. “You guys have done that before, haven’t you?”

Rick’s smile twisted. “When we were in college Mark brought home a girl who wanted us both. There were touches during the night that made it clear neither of us were phobic, and it all felt good. The next morning when she was gone and we both woke up hard, we went with it.”

“That wasn’t the end of it though was it?”

He sensed the question beneath the question. “We’ve continued to fuck around over the years, but not since I started dating you. It wasn’t really a romantic thing between us, it was only about pleasure...a different sort of pleasure from what a woman gives. And neither of us could ever abstain from women, but we were lovers, yes.”

“And it’s something you’ve missed.” It wasn’t a question; once I’d opened up my eyes to them together it had been clear that they’d reveled in the raw taking of each other. Rick nodded anyway, but stayed silent.

A small part of me figured I should feel betrayed that I’d been living with Rick, loving him, for a year, and he’d never said a word, or even hinted that there’d ever been anything sexual between him and Mark before, or that he’d wanted there to be again.

An even larger part of me was okay with it. If I’d have known, I might’ve looked at him differently, looked at Mark differently. I might’ve felt awkward about all those times that the three of us had hung out. Instead, things had come out naturally, and no one had been hurt.

“Okay.” I gave him a soft kiss on the lips then rolled out of bed to grin down at him. “Now I’m hungry. Feed me.”

We had a nice lazy Sunday together, doing nothing but eating, and cuddling on the couch watching movies. It wasn’t even ten p.m. when Rick plucked me off the couch and carried me into the bedroom. He lay me down on the bed and covered my body with his. He started with soft kisses along my neck as his hands roamed under my thin tank top. His lips covered mine and it was like coming home. Clothes disappeared and I gloried in our togetherness. Rick stretched out over the top of me and I welcomed him into my body, and even deeper into my heart. Wrapping my legs around his hips, I stared into his eyes and moved with him. We didn’t speak. We didn’t need to. Hands stroked, bodies moved, and we loved one another well into the night.

A week went by, the heat wave ended and I didn’t see Mark the whole time. But when I got home on Friday night, there he was again, sitting on the patio with Rick, beer in hand, wicked gleam in his eye. One thing led to another and less than an hour later we were all piled in bed, naked limbs tangled together, exhausted, sweaty and satisfied.

“Hey, Ange?” Rick said, breathlessly from the other side of the bed.

“Yes?” I answered, not opening my eyes.

“You know you’re mine. Always, no matter what.”

“Yes.”

He paused, and I waited, my heart pounding. I knew my man, and I had an idea of what was coming.

“What do you think about making this threesome permanent?”

It was my turn to pause. My body was limp, ripples of pleasure still vibrating through it. I opened my eyes and looked from the man on my left to the one on my right. I’d been the one in the middle this time. Sucking my bottom lip between my teeth, I bit down on it softly. I should think about what was happening, two people in a relationship could get complicated enough, three would be so much more so.

I looked at Mark, who was suddenly very, very still. He didn’t speak, he didn’t move. He just met my gaze, and let me see into his heart. Mark had been part of our relationship right from the first night when I met them both. Sure, making the shift permanent would mean more complications, but it would also mean that much more love and pleasure and comfort to be had by all of us.

Screw thinking, I decided. I wanted to do, to *feel*...and nothing made me feel better than the idea of always having both my men by my side.

“Yes,” I said. “Let’s do it.”

#### About the Author

Gifted with a salacious imagination, Sasha White’s brand of *Romance with Heat*, and *Erotica with Heart* is all about sassy women and sexy men. With a voice that is called “distinctive and delicious” by The Romance Studio, Sasha White has published over twenty erotic stories in genres such as contemporary, paranormal, suspense and science fiction and is going strong.

To learn more about Sasha White, please visit [www.sashawhite.net](http://www.sashawhite.net). You can follow her on Facebook ([www.facebook.com/SashaWhite](https://www.facebook.com/SashaWhite)) or twitter ([www.twitter.com/SashaWhite](https://www.twitter.com/SashaWhite)) or send a personal email to Sasha at [sasha@sashawhite.net](mailto:sasha@sashawhite.net)

*One hot man is good. Two’s double the fun...until your heart gets involved.*

Tempt Me Twice  
© 2009 Eden Bradley

Jessie has been in love with her bisexual best friend, Paul, since their college days. He’s never made a move on her, though, and at this point she values his friendship too much to risk revealing her feelings. Especially since now he has a new male lover and seems so happy.

Paul and Noah have only Jessie’s rest and relaxation in mind when they invite her along on a camping trip to Lake Tahoe. She’s been pretty stressed out preparing to show her art at a major

New York gallery. A weekend getaway will do her a world of good—and they won't take no for an answer.

Jesse thought she'd be nothing more than a third wheel on this trip. But Noah is as sweet and hot as Paul, and their first night turns into a heated tangle of bodies in the dark tent by the lake.

It's an erotic, intense experience that must come to an end. And when it does, will she still have her best friend?

*Enjoy the following excerpt for Tempt Me Twice:*

Somehow they all got their clothes off, the men helping her to wriggle out of her damp panties. A hand slipped between her thighs, brushing her mound, making her cry out. She didn't even know which one of them it was until Paul said, "I always knew you would be like this. Wet. Ready. Christ, Jess. I need to fuck you soon. I can hardly wait."

"I need to fuck you both," Noah said, laughing.

They laid her on her back, came together over her body, and the two men leaned in, closer, closer, until their lips met. It went through her like a shock, seeing them kiss. Male lips on male lips, and then they opened to each other, and she could just make out the wet flesh of tongues, heard their quiet moans. Her pussy was absolutely aching with need, and the longer she watched them kiss, the hotter she became. Just when she was sure she couldn't stand it any longer, Noah reached down and cupped one of her breasts, used his fingers to tease the nipple. And Paul slipped one hand between her thighs.

"Oh! God..."

"Is that good, Jess?" Paul asked. "I want it to be good for you."

"Oh, yes. It's good." She could hardly speak through the desire lancing into her body. Her pussy throbbed. She needed him to really touch her, to push his fingers inside her.

She arched her hips into Paul's hand, her breast into Noah's.

"Our girl is needy," Noah said, humor in his voice, but it was rough with lust too.

"Let's give her what she needs then," Paul said. "Do you want us to go down on you, Jess? I've fantasized about that for years. I need to know what you taste like."

"Just do it. Please."

Was that her voice, so weak with desire? But she didn't have a chance to think about it. Paul leaned in and spread her thighs wide, lowered his mouth. His breath was warm on her mound for one moment, then he used his fingers to massage the lips of her sex. Desire, hot, intense, danced over her skin. Then he spread her pussy until she was wide open and planted his mouth between her thighs.

"God, Paul!"

His mouth was wet, hot, his tongue diving into her, into that needy hole, and she was gasping. Noah's hands were still on her breasts, kneading, tugging on her nipples.

"Noah...please..."

"Please what, Jessie?"

"I need...I need it harder."

"Like this?"

He pinched her nipples between his fingers, and she gasped.

"Yes!"

It was almost too much, her nipples burning with sensation, her pussy dripping and Paul lapping up her juices with his tongue. Pleasure upon pleasure, her body on fire. She squirmed, on the edge already. But it was too good to come just yet. She bit her lip, held back.

Paul paused, lifting his head for one moment. "Come on, baby. Come for us."

*For us.*

Oh, she was going to come any moment, despite her best efforts. She'd never felt anything like this. And she wanted to see them kiss again. She wanted them to fuck her, first one, then the other. She wanted to see them fuck each other. She wanted it all.

"Come, Jessie. I want to hear you moan," Noah said. "I want to hear you scream."

He twisted her nipples in his fingers, bent and took her mouth with his, his tongue pushing inside. And Paul was licking her, his tongue diving inside her pussy, then flicking at her clit. She arched into his face. She could barely stand it. And when he pulled her clit into his mouth, sucking, sucking, she came in a torrent of sensation. Exploding. Burning, fire spreading through her body in sharp currents.

"Oh God!"

She kept coming, sensation overload. She couldn't stop. Paul's hot mouth worked mercilessly between her thighs, Noah's clever hands worked her nipples. She shuddered, pleasure pouring through her, until she was drowning in it, helpless.

When it was over, they both held her, stroking her skin. She could smell desire in the air. Hers. Theirs. She wanted more.

"I need to see you," she told them. "I need to see you two together."

"Not a problem." She could make out Noah's slow, wicked grin in the dim light from the full moon shining outside the tent. Just enough light to see them, and it was the hottest thing she'd ever seen, Noah's head falling back as Paul leaned in to kiss his throat. Paul moved lower, drew one of Noah's small, dark nipples into his mouth and sucked. Noah groaned, and Jessie's sex filled, swelled, needy and wet once more. A small moan escaped her.

"You like to watch, Jessie," Noah said, his voice rough.

"Yes."

"Will you touch yourself while you watch? I'd really love to see that. To see what makes you feel good."

"Oh God."

Paul lifted his head, smiled at her, reached out and stroked her cheek. "I'd love to see you touch yourself, Jess. Do you know how often I've imagined that? Do it, Jess. Do it for me."

His words went through her like a hot storm, and she nodded, sat up, knelt on the hard ground, her knees spread wide.

"Just do it," she said.

They both smiled at her, watched with glittering eyes as she slipped a hand between her aching thighs. She was soaking wet again. Her fingers went right to her hard clit, stroking, sending pleasure through her in small waves. The two men turned back to each other, and Noah put his hands on Paul's chest, pushed him down onto his back. He straddled Paul's body, bent until his head was inches from Paul's cock. And as he slid the swollen tip into his mouth, Paul reached out and grasped Jessie's thigh, his hand like a brand on her skin.

She watched, fascinated, as Noah took his own cock in his hand and began to stroke. Then he lowered his mouth, Paul's cock sliding between his lips. He came back up, and Paul's cock



was wet with Noah's saliva, gleaming. Jessie slipped her hand between her pussy lips, slick with her juices.

"Come on, Noah," Paul whispered. "Really suck it."

A small laugh from Noah, then he went to work, drawing Paul's cock in between his lips, his mouth sliding, lowering, until Jessie imagined the head of Paul's cock hitting the back of his throat. She shivered as she watched, wanting to do the same, to taste him herself.

Paul moaned, and she plunged two fingers deep inside her pussy. Her juices dripped down her spread thighs, and desire was like a furnace in her system, heat on her skin, deep inside her as she thrust her fingers in and out.

Paul's hips were pumping into Noah's mouth, his hand gripping Jessie's thigh. She arched her hips, needing his touch.

"Come closer, Jess," he told her.

She moved until her knees were pressed against Paul's side, and he slid his hand up her thigh.

"God, I need to touch you. Spread for me."

She could hear the strain in Paul's voice, the wet sounds of Noah sucking his cock. The scent of sex was heavy in the air. And she could see Noah stroking his own hard cock, thrusting into his fisted hand. Then Paul's fingers were pushing in between her pussy lips, sliding into that needy hole.

"Ah, Paul!"

"Is that good, baby? I want it to be good for you."

"It's good...so good."

His fingers pushed deeper inside and his thumb went to her clit, pressing, rubbing.

"I'm going to... I'm going to come again."

"Yeah, come for me. Come for us, Jess. I want to come with you."

She could hear the strain in his voice and knew he didn't have long. Neither did she. It was all too intense, Paul's hand working her mercilessly, fucking her with his fingers, pressing on her clit. And the sight of their two beautiful male bodies—Noah stroking his rigid shaft faster and faster, going down on Paul, imagining how their cocks would feel in her mouth—was making her shake all over.

Heat pooled in her sex, her stomach, spread. She arched her hips into Paul's hand.

"Harder...please."

"Anything for you, Jess."

He added another finger, filling her wet pussy, pushing hard into her, grating against her G-spot.

"Paul!"

"Come, baby. I'm coming...coming..."

He gasped, groaned, and her entire body clenched in pleasure, her climax shattering her, sharp and blinding.

"Oh..."

She could smell the acrid scent of Paul's come, the scent of her own slick juices as her sex convulsed hard around his fingers. Noah's moans joined theirs as he came, the sound driving her on.

Finally, the last edges of her orgasm faded away, and Paul pulled his fingers from her, drew her to him until she lay against his chest. Noah was on his other side, stroking Jessie's hair. And

it felt so good, so incredible. Her body was buzzing, her mind clouded. And her heart was thundering with spent desire and emotion. She couldn't believe she was here with Paul. And sweet Noah. Sweet and dirty. She'd never felt like this in her life.

*The girl can't help herself...until she helps herself to a triple-hot fantasy.*

Tangled

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*Playing With Fire, Book 1*

Always wanting what she can't have. Scarlett learned this the hard way, and this time is no different. Drake, the one guy she's hot for, isn't hot for her. Nope, he's hot for Trevor, the gorgeous, arrogant actor she works with. Maybe it's time she let loose and let the right man capture her, for a change.

Trevor wonders why she can't see that the right man is right under her nose. He's crushing big time on the quirky, sexually confident Scarlett—a huge turn-on for a guy who's not your standard looking-for-vanilla-sex kind of guy.

When an argument with Trevor explodes into the hottest sex of her life, Scarlett thinks nothing has ever felt so right—until Drake joins in and kicks it into white-hot gear. Trevor is astounded that she trusts him enough to make her three-way happen for her. But suddenly he's not so sure he wants to share...

*Enjoy the following excerpt for Tangled:*

"What are you doing here?" She crossed her arms in front of her and tapped her foot, the pain shooting around her foot from the tight shoes. But she chose to ignore it, focused instead on taking the stern part of her costume to the fullest.

Trevor's stormy gray gaze assessed her from head to toe in a slow, lingering perusal that made her skin pebble with gooseflesh. As if he could see right through her clothing, through her entire façade and to the very core of her. All of her insecurities, her problems, her fears.

She didn't like it.

"I could ask the same of you." His rich, honeyed voice made ladies swoon on a daily basis. Not that she ever swooned. Not over Trevor Braxton, oh no. He was an actor. And she didn't have very high esteem for most actors, having worked with them for so many years at the theatre.

The fact that Trevor Braxton was one of the most conceited actors she'd ever met really didn't help her feelings toward the breed whatsoever.

"I come here on a semi-regular basis." She lifted her chin, daring him to object or make fun. She wasn't ashamed. She refused to be, especially in front of *him*. "Everyone knows that. Didn't you?"

"Actually I did." He mimicked her position, crossing his arms in front of his broad chest. Biceps bulged beneath his dark button-up shirt straining the fabric. His strong forearms, dusted with golden brown hair, were revealed by the rolled-up sleeves. "I was hoping to run into you tonight."

Her mind blanked at his words. Huh. Why in the world did he want to run into her? He didn't like her. Just as much as she didn't like him.

And yes indeed, she hated every blessed, muscular, sexy, handsome, velvety smooth bit of him too.

"I hoped you could show me around. I've never been to one of these places before," he continued.

She snorted. She really couldn't help herself. He'd never been to a sex club? Well, Tom's was technically a voyeur's club but hey close enough. All sorts of things were going on around them even as they spoke, every single one of them sexual in nature. The unmistakable scent of sex drifted on the air, faint but present. A couple walked by them, headed toward the door with satisfied expressions on their faces. The woman's skirt was hiked up almost to her hips. Scarlett even caught sight of her white panties and the man's ruffled hair—as if hands had clutched at his hair, tugging and pulling maybe while he knelt in front of the woman and licked between her legs.

Damn. Yet again, her fertile imagination took over at the most inappropriate of times. She squeezed her legs together, the position made more awkward by the high-heeled shoes. Trevor still stared at her as if he might be...interested. In her.

*No way.*

"You can't be serious," she finally said when she realized he was waiting for a reply.

"Why not?" He shrugged, bringing her attention to his wide shoulders. Very capable-looking shoulders. Shoulders a woman could anchor herself onto and never let go. All while she rode him, his thick cock pounding swift and sure within her wet, welcoming body...

*God.*

Scarlett's skin flushed hot, and she brushed a few stray hairs away from her forehead with shaky fingers. The position stretched her shirt tight across her bosom, and she forgot how many buttons she'd undone on the starchy white shirt. Enough buttons to show acres of naked skin, the black swirling lace of her skimpy bra.

His gaze locked right there, of course. Zoomed in on her cleavage, and she swore she saw a flash of appreciation in their brilliant depths.

Damn him, he had beautiful eyes. Eyes that could make a woman melt, and a voice that could make a woman come. At the very least shiver with awareness and bring her nipples to hard, aching life.

Yeah, she hated this guy. So very, very much.

She couldn't answer him, couldn't remember what he'd said. He smiled, a one-sided curve of sensual lips that was loaded with all sorts of meaning.

Sexual I-know-just-how-to-make-you-lose-your-mind meaning.

"Nice outfit," he drawled, his gaze locked on her breasts. "Love the bra especially."

"I'm sure." She stood tall, though she wanted to cover herself. Or bare herself completely. Take your pick.

"Kind of different from your usual look," he continued. She glanced at him sharply, surprised that he'd even noticed. "Not that I don't mind this particular outfit. You remind me of the librarian we had when I was in grade school. She was pretty. Hot. Young. I'd go in there and pretend to study after school just so I could sneak looks at her, maybe even talk to her."

Scarlett couldn't imagine Trevor Braxton as a child. He'd probably been a handsome little devil full of deviousness. Tricks and trouble and mischief—she could only surmise the torture he'd put his parents through.

"I'm sure you stood out. Someone like you hanging out in a library every day."

Trevor's dark brows drew together, his expression confused. "Someone like me? What do you mean by that?"

"Well, look at you." She waved a hand at him, wondered if maybe she should've kept her mouth shut. "I'm sure you've never studied a day in your life. You got by on your good looks alone."

He laughed, the sound warm and...how could this be? Inviting?

She really wanted to hate this man. But he made it hard. And that drove her nuts.

"I was a big nerd in school," he admitted once he quit laughing. "Dressed bad, funny looking, wore glasses, had braces. The works."

"I don't believe you."



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