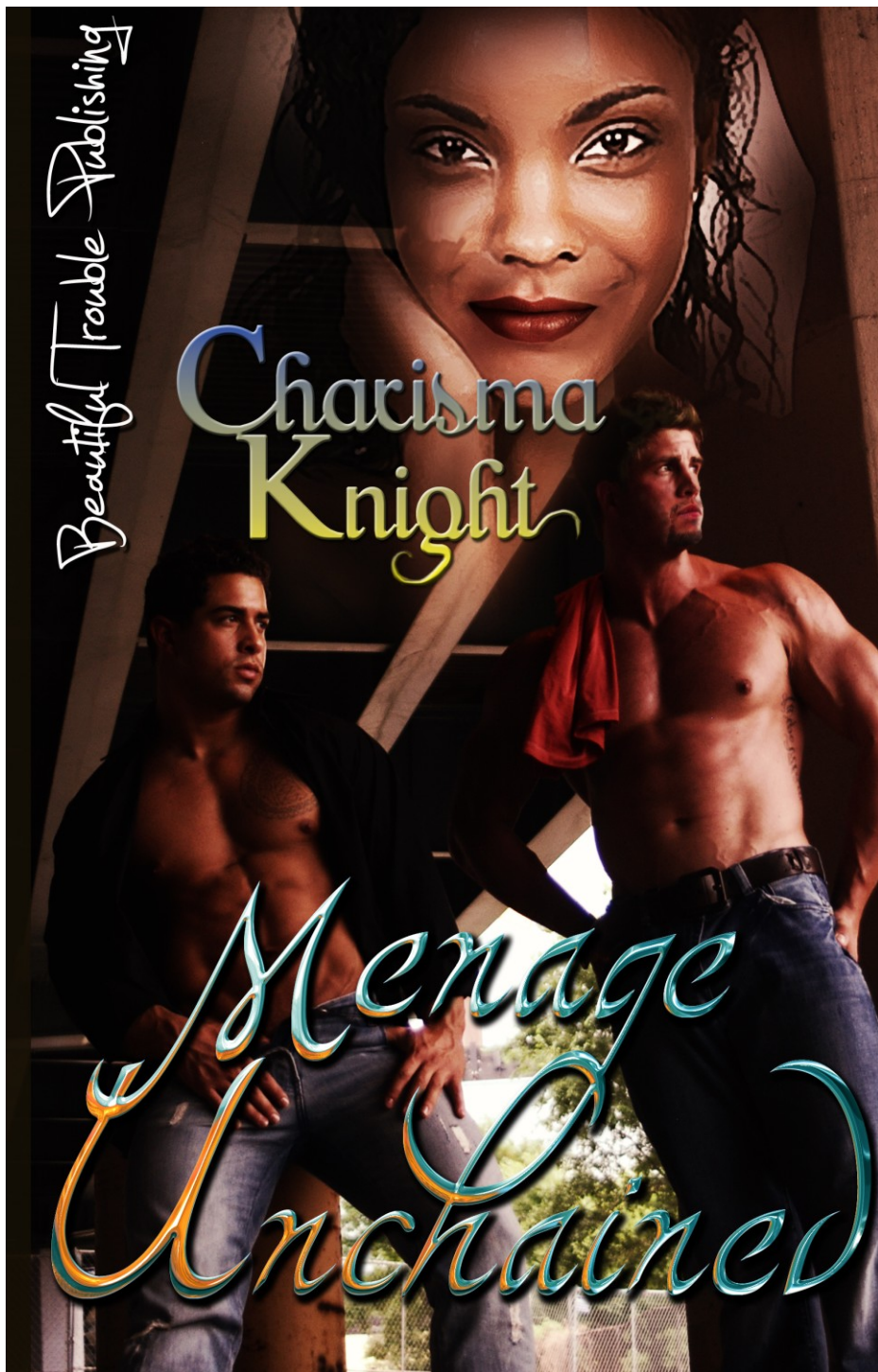


Beautiful Trouble Publishing

# Charisma Knight

## Menage Unchained





# *Ménage Unchained*

Charisma  
Knight



[www.beautifultroublepublishing.com](http://www.beautifultroublepublishing.com)

# *Ménage Unchained*

## Charisma Knight

Copyright © 2010 by Charisma Knight

All Rights Reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or shared in any form, including but not limited to: printing, photocopying, faxing, recording, electronic transmission, or by any information storage or retrieval system without prior written permission from the authors or holders of the copyright.

This book is a work of fiction. References may be made to locations and historical events; however, names, characters, places and incidents are the products of the author's imagination and/or used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons (living or dead), businesses, events or locales is either used fictitiously or coincidental. All trademarks, service marks, registered trademarks, and registered service marks are the property of their respective owners and are used herein for identification purposes only.

Published by  
Beautiful Trouble Publishing, LLC  
PO Box 61  
Colfax, NC 27235  
[www.beautifultroublepublishing.com](http://www.beautifultroublepublishing.com)

Cover Art: Les Byerley <http://www.les3photo8.com/>  
Editor: Stephanie Parent  
Proofreader: Novellette Whyte  
<http://proofreadernovellette.blogspot.com/>  
Formatter: Savannah J. Frierson, <http://sifbooks.com/editing/>  
E-book Conversion: Jim & Zetta, <http://www.jimandzetta.com/>  
ISBN: 978-1-61788-008-7 (e-book)

To Jeanie and Jayha—the lion tamers—who  
took turns wielding the whip and the chair!  
Thanks for your faith, patience, and support. A  
few rounds of the editing process with you two  
and I felt like I'd been on a stair-stepper for  
four hours straight. Still, I admit, I love the  
results.

# NOTE ABOUT EBOOKS

eBooks are NOT transferable. Re-selling, sharing or giving away eBooks is a copyright infringement.

# CAVEAT

This work of erotica contains adult language and sexually explicit scenes, which are smoking hot. This book is intended only for adults, as it is defined by the laws of the country in which the purchase is made. Keep this book out of the hands of under-aged readers.





## AUTHOR'S NOTE

The author would like to note that she is not dissing administrative assistants. Admins work hard. It is a good job, but not for the heroine in this story.

Also, please note the following term:

QBR (Quarterly Breakout Reviews) are where sales management (area managers) review the sales opportunity for each sales representative and her/his area(s).



# Chapter One

---

Simultaneously, Steve Guidotti and Jerry Frigaard pulled into the parking lot of Hemiotel—one of the largest IT firms in the Mid-Atlantic region. They parked across from each other, as if they were partaking in a modern version of jousting. Alpha males, they glared at each other through their windshields, each man's squared jaw tight with undefined emotion...as if invoking a silent challenge. If one didn't know better, it would be hard to tell they were friends rather than mortal enemies.

With the confidence he was renowned for, Jerry exited his black BMW X5 50i.

"You ready, Frigaard?" Steve asked his business partner as he exited his black Sequoia Platinum edition.

"I was ready eight months ago," Jerry said quickly. "We need to resolve this issue now, or we'll never get back in Siobhan's good graces. I hate the fact that she's shut us out. Even more, I hate the fact that we allowed it to go on for so long."

"I know, I feel the same," Steve said. "We're simply going to have to put our differences aside and stop the bullshit. You know she hates that."

“Well, I tried to tell you, but—” Jerry began.

Steve cut him off cold. “Don’t go throwing the blame around when we both fucked up. Hell, there are times when she won’t even acknowledge our existence, much less talk to us. It’s one thing to lose her as a lover, but quite another to lose her as a friend. ” He leaned against his Sequoia. “Hopefully, she’ll give us another chance.”

“Yeah, hopefully,” Jerry muttered. He started to say something else, but stopped.

Steve gave him a piercing look. “What else is eating you, Frigaard?”

“Nothing,” Jerry snapped as he grabbed his laptop from the front of his vehicle.

Jerry rarely shared his feelings with anyone, even him.

“Look, dude, we’ve known each other for years. You can’t snow me like that. Say what’s on your mind!”

Jerry faced Steve dead-on. “Look. While we’ve shared many women in the past, this arrangement can’t go on between us forever, man. If she’ll have me, then you need to find someone else.”

“Ah, so the truth finally rears its ugly head.” Steve smiled.

“What truth?”

“The truth that Siobhan just might be the

woman who tamed the great Jerry Frigaard.”

“I didn’t say that.”

“Well, when you can with certainty, let me know. I’ll back off. A word of advice: don’t wait too long. Siobhan’s an easy woman to fall in love with. Maybe if you give the woman a chance, she’d fall for you, if she hasn’t already.”

Jerry’s brows furrowed. “Maybe.”

“I’ll tell you this. Siobhan looks at me lustfully, as she should, being I’m a prime Italian male. She looks at you with something more.”

“Well, as much as I’d like to bear my soul to her, I don’t think I can take it if she shoots me down, so I’ll take what I can get for now.” Jerry sighed. “She gets me all crazy, you know.”

“Yeah, I know she does,” Steve confessed. “Look, don’t get me wrong, Siobhan’s a special lady. Like you, I hold her in high regards, but she just isn’t as into me as she is you, and I can respect that.” Steve chose his next words with caution. “Know what else?”

“What?”

“Cupid’s arrow got you in the ass!”

Jerry’s jaw tightened, and his eyes narrowed. “Shut the fuck up, man!”

“Naw, face it, dude. Siobhan’s got your ass. And if you’re not already in love with her, you soon will be.”

“Look, let’s get back to the original nature of this convo, shall we?” Jerry said.

Steve tabled the need to ride Jerry about this, knowing that while his longtime friend wouldn’t hesitate to show anyone his Viking heritage in a brawl or in bed, he wasn’t one to reveal his heart. “We can always come to an agreement on business, but when it comes to Siobhan, we’re at each other’s throats. That’s a first for us. Whatever the reason behind it, we need to put an end to this—*now*. Truce?” Steve asked, holding out his hand.

“Truce,” Jerry said, shaking Steve’s hand. “Glad to see we’re able to agree on something.”

Steve grinned. “You’re scared of her, aren’t you?”

“Not scared, just covering my ass! She’s got a tongue like a whip and a mind to match it. You know from experience that she has the power to cut you to the quick.” He shook his head. “Just a look and you feel like a complete ass.”

Steve laughed and patted Jerry on the back. “I know. If her words don’t get you then her eyes will. She’s cussed me out plenty with her eyes.”

Jerry chuckled. “Okay, time to confront the tigress. Siobhan’s a lot of woman to handle, but I do so enjoy the challenge.”

“As do I,” Steve said.

Laughing in unison, they headed toward the building. “Think she’ll take us up on lunch?”

“Dunno.” Steve sighed. “An Italian and a Viking working together should make it difficult for any woman to reject us.”

## *Chapter Two*

---

Siobhan Anderson damn near snapped her pen in half when she saw Steve and Jerry exiting the elevator. The way they carried themselves piqued the fire down below. Though they were opposite in appearance, each man sported equally handsome, godlike features. Standing about six feet even, Steve had wavy black hair, a goatee, green eyes, and a chiseled body from Hell beneath his expensive suit. Taller than Steve, Jerry looked like a modern-day Viking with his blond crew cut and blue eyes. His simple dress shirt and slacks topped a body packed with muscle.

Although her mind fought hard, her body welcomed the searing flames of passion both men invoked deep inside her. She was generally hip to what they were thinking. At the moment, the sexual sparks flickering in their eyes alerted her that they were horny for her. While everything female in her appreciated their desire, she was going to have to work extra hard in covering up her feelings for them, especially Jerry.

She sighed. Since all district meetings had been cancelled for the day, she hadn't expected them to



come to the office. Both were successful district managers who'd worked hard to obtain their positions at HemioteIp. Besides being successful businessmen, they were also her lovers—or had been until she'd ended things eight months ago. She wished a few more weeks had passed before they visited again, simply because of the searing sexual desires they invoked within her each time she laid eyes on them.

She nervously tweaked her shoulder-length braids as she considered what they'd had. Their arrangement had started as strictly sexual. While she'd been ecstatic to land two equally handsome men, she hadn't been happy with their constant bickering. Judging from the pair's many attempts to get her to change her mind, they regretted it too.

Slyly, she opened up the cosmetic mirror next to her computer. A quick glance assured her that she was looking her best. The fuchsia lipstick drew attention to her full, pouty lips. Her flawless mocha skin was free from any type of concealer; however, sweat had begun to bead at her eyebrows. *Damn them!* She wished they didn't have this effect on her.

She bit her lip out of sheer anxiety as she closed the mirror. Both men treated her like a queen. It seemed they knew what she wanted even before she did. If there was something she desired, they gave it to

her—no questions asked. It seemed there was no limit when it came to her.

Despite their separation, they continued to send small gifts. Quite often, Jerry would send her bouquets of roses or a gift certificate to a fine restaurant. It was their way of trying to win her back. And when she was brave enough to be honest with herself, she admitted she wanted them to win her back.

Easygoing out of bed, Steve had an innocent streak and was quite playful. He enjoyed any kind of outing including plays, football games, and festivals. He was so laidback, it didn't take much to please him, but he did enjoy pleasing her. In bed, he was gentle and could get her off with just a few strokes of his cock, tongue or fingers.

Where Steve was easygoing and allowed his feelings to show through, Jerry was demanding and often sought control. Sporting a tough exterior, he rarely shared his feelings. Jerry was quite assertive in bed and enjoyed establishing his dominance over her.

She couldn't deny that she'd missed them or that she secretly wished things could stay the way they had been. The absence of both men in her life had made her realize what her true desires were. Still, in light of that, she wasn't going to be anyone's fool—especially since she didn't know if Jerry shared her feelings.

The last thing she wanted was to face them now. She felt her face flush, among other things. Surely they knew they'd captured her heart. Despite their separation, she still carried their mark, physically and mentally, and it was damned annoying.

Folding her arms, she patiently waited for them to swipe their badges and smirked when Steve rang the doorbell while Jerry tapped his foot. Flashing them a come-hither smile as she batted her thick eyelashes, Siobhan pointed to her own badge, knowing they'd get the message. Laughter fell from her lips when Steve waved and rang the doorbell again. He was being an ass, as usual. Sort of like the last time they'd visited.

Siobhan ignored their antics and filed some papers, determined she was not going to simply buzz those fuckers in despite how fine they were. Corporate rules meant wearing visible badges and letting yourself in. Despite being big dogs in the company, they were no exception. Of course, they just couldn't resist having some fun with her, just like she couldn't resist showing them she wasn't a pushover.

*Let the games begin*, she thought, grinning to herself, determined to be the winner in this power struggle. Siobhan produced a challenging smile that seemed to frustrate Jerry. *Ha-ha!* Ruffling the Viking's feathers was something she did often for pure fun out

of bed and for pure pleasure in it, as it made for awesome down and dirty sex.

Returning her smile, Steve rang the bell again, while Jerry reached into his inside jacket pocket and retrieved his badge before swiping it.

Pretending to ignore them, Siobhan checked her voice messages, flaunting how unaffected she was. Lust brewed in both men's eyes. Good. She shouldn't be the only one affected. While arrogance was their middle name, she yearned to be tangled in a pile of steaming sex, just like old times.

A few days ago, both men had sent chocolates. While she'd enjoyed the gifts, she was beside herself, thinking they were still competing for her affections. If this was the case, Siobhan knew things wouldn't end well, especially as this was the very thing that had destroyed their relationship in the first place.

"Good morning, Siobhan. Got a conference room for us today?" Steve asked as he leaned his elbows on the ledge while tapping the conference-room book with his fingers. "By the way, you look exceptionally beautiful today."

"Morning, Steve, and thank you," she replied as she stared into the Italian's baby blues. Yeah, he still had the same effect on her. She cleared her throat, ignoring the moisture that formed between her legs.

“Are you guys expecting visitors, or will it be just the two of you?”

“No, just myself and Jerry,” Steve said.

“In that case you guys can take any of the guest offices.”

“Thank you. You’re definitely working that black,” he added with a smile. “But then, you already knew that or you wouldn’t be sporting it, eh, darling?” He stroked his goatee.

Her nipples pressed against her bra, and she squirmed in her seat. “Thanks,” she said, clearing her throat. The ringing phone saved her from having to say more.

As she hung up, Jerry ended his conversation and joined Steve. His squared jaw was tight, and those icy cold blues peered right through her before softening.

“I see I’m going to have to put you in your place while I’m here,” Jerry said with a half smile.

She glanced up at Jerry, batted her eyelashes, and flashed her pearly whites. It was amusing the way he always attempted to boss her around. She knew he was simply teasing, so she’d play this game...for now.

“You know the corporate policy, Jerry. According to security, all visitors are supposed to display their badges and let themselves in.” Before he could respond, she pressed on. Jerry might be a dom

in bed, but they weren't in bed right now. "Besides, you couldn't put me in my place if your life depended on it."

Jerry smiled. "Is that an invitation?" he asked in a soft voice.

Siobhan exhaled sharply. "An invitation for what?" She bit her bottom lip as the Viking's jaw muscle twitched a few times. He always had to be in control. And she always had to test that control. She loved plucking his nerves as much as the two men enjoyed vexing hers.

Jerry leaned across the ledge. "An invitation for me to bend you over the desk and have my way with you. You know from experience I can think of plenty of ways to put you in your place, and I know from experience you like it when I do," he whispered without blinking.

Suddenly, Siobhan found it somewhat difficult to breathe. She clamped her thighs together as an intense vision of being sandwiched between both men flashed through her mind. Tiny currents of pleasure danced on her clit, almost bringing her to the edge of an explosive orgasm. All she had to do was imagine Steve delivering a few swift licks of his tongue as Jerry tweaked her nipples.

“You know what you need?” Jerry paused, giving her a chance to answer. When she remained silent, he continued. “You need us.”

She stood her ground, soaked panties and all. “I’d love to, but I’m busy.”

“Too busy for us, darling?” he asked with a penetrating gaze.

“You two, simmer down. We’ve got conference calls in a few minutes,” Steve said as he checked his watch. “Jerry, let’s take one of the guest offices in the back. Once we’re finished with business, we’ll have more time to spend with our precious lady.”

“That’s if she’ll have us,” Jerry said with a smile. He paused momentarily.

She could tell he wanted to say more but would hold his tongue until a later time. “I really prefer this one,” he said, strolling over to the conference room next to her desk and peeking in.

Siobhan really didn’t want them sitting that close to her domain, but damn if she’d admit it. Right now her hormones were off the charts, and her wicked little mind harbored all kinds of delicious thoughts.

“That’s if it’s all right with Ms. Anderson,” Jerry added as his gaze seductively grazed over her form.

“Fine by me,” she replied with a sigh. Damn! Now she’d never be able to concentrate on her work. It was a slow day in the office, but she didn’t want them

to know how much she desired their attention. They didn't need to know her weaknesses.

"Maybe, if you're nice, we'll treat you to lunch," Steve chimed in. "We could take you to that fancy Japanese place down on Snowden River Parkway."

"No thanks. I've got lunch," she replied.

"Mind brewing us some coffee?" Jerry asked as he walked into the conference room, chuckling.

Something snapped inside her when she heard his chuckle, but she fought to maintain her cool rather than slapping the taste buds out of his mouth like she was tempted to do. The jerk knew damned well that the mention of brewing coffee would cause her to recall the French maid outfit.

Jerry got off on her wearing the French maid outfit he'd bought for her. She'd gotten into her role and brewed coffee for her lovers. While she poured coffee, Jerry had slowly run his hands up and down her body before undressing her, until she wore nothing but her spiked black heels and thigh-high fishnets. Steve was just as hot, she remembered, as he sat on the bed pumping his thickly veined cock. The memory of it all made her nipples tingle and harden against her bra.

Jerry smiled. "There are fond memories running through my head now."



"I'm not interested," she said, quickly turning her head for fear he'd call her bluff. Deep down, she was smiling. She remembered the mind-blowing sex they'd engaged in afterwards.

Jerry moved so he was right in front of her. "Do you have to make everything so difficult? Why are you denying us?"

She really didn't want to answer this question, but she knew there'd be no peace if she didn't. Both men stood before her with intense glares, waiting for her answer.

"Maybe you have to work for what you want," she said in a seductive tone, placing her hands on her hips.

Jerry's eyes narrowed. Siobhan suspected he wanted to laugh but knew he was too stubborn to give in. She could tell Jerry wanted to say something else, so she simply waited for him to speak.

Suddenly, Steve chimed in. "Darling, you just keep making things *hard* while we're making an effort." He laughed. "Pun intended."

Jerry nodded in agreement. "Damn straight on that one. Would you mind coming to Jersey with us?"

A spark ignited in her loins at the thought of the three of them alone again.

"Can't wait to hear this," Steve mumbled.

“We promise you’ll enjoy the trip,” Jerry claimed as he crossed his arms over his broad chest. “We had a blast in Vegas last year. Let’s have some fun on the East Coast. Maybe after we show you a good time on both coasts, we can talk you into being a little more relaxed when we go to the Bahamas. We all could use a vacation.”

It took everything within her not to scream “yes” and blow her aura of coolness. She had to take things slow. “Hmm, I’ll think on that,” she said quickly as she felt their strong gazes upon her. Goose bumps erupted on her flesh, and she found herself gasping for air. Wondering why she was even contemplating something so foolish, she huffed out, “And could you lower your voices? There are other people in the office.”

“No one can hear us, doll,” Steve said.

“You haven’t even heard the rest of my offer, and you didn’t answer my question,” Jerry said, almost smiling.

“What offer?” Siobhan looked at them both. Steve was pretending to fiddle with his BlackBerry. She would’ve believed he was busy with e-mails if not for the smirk etched on his handsome face.

“Come to lunch with us, and we’ll explain in more detail,” Jerry insisted. His eyes captured her,

causing her pulse to quicken. Already, she was wishing she'd brought an extra pair of panties to work.

There was something magnetic about Jerry's lust-filled gaze that forced her to stop what she was doing. "We'll make it worth your while," he murmured suggestively.

"How so?" she asked, cocking her head to the side. "The only thing worth my while at work is getting a raise, but I'm not under either of you."

"Come to Jersey and you'll be under both of us—like old times," Jerry said in a husky voice. Those words turned her into a quivering pile of jelly.

"We'll be staying at the Borgata," Steve added.

These two certainly knew how to live large. Hearing them mention the Borgata in Jersey reminded her of the fun they'd had at the Bellagio in Vegas. While they'd spent the days attending meetings, she'd found fun ways to occupy her time besides shopping until she dropped.

\* \* \*

Against her better judgment she let them take her to lunch. Excitement stirred in the pit of her stomach, and her throat became parched. Though she'd called things off, she knew they were trying to rekindle what they'd had. She also knew it didn't need

rekindling, because the fire between them had never gone out.

The three walked to Jerry's SUV. While she wasn't surprised when he opened the passenger side door for her, she was surprised at his words.

"Sit up front with me," he said while motioning her to climb in. Tension seemed to rise in the air as she caught Steve frowning. He quickly smiled at her as he climbed in the back, and a strange sensation fell over her. Siobhan hoped things would be different, but judging from Steve's body language, he was holding something in.

Siobhan knew what she wanted. She also knew what these two wanted, but she was determined to make them work for her. With a toss of her braids, she settled herself in the leather seat and enjoyed the ride to the restaurant. Located on the lake next to Columbia mall, Sushi Haven was one of many restaurants where they'd wine and dined her in the past.

"Table for three," Steve requested.

Nodding, the hostess guided them to a small table nestled in a corner next to the window with a breathtaking view of the lake. Once seated, Siobhan exhaled. She immediately warmed up upon noticing the heated looks both men gave her. It seemed like someone turned the temperature in the room up a few

notches—or maybe she felt warm because she was sandwiched between two of the sexiest men walking the face of this earth.

“Finally, some time away from the office.” Jerry clasped his hands together. “So, how’s Siobhan’s Day Spa going, and what the hell are you still doing at Hemiotel?”

Struggling with her X-rated thoughts, she eased into the conversation with brazen confidence. “Can’t complain,” she confessed. “Since I’ve deemed to speak to you, it would be nice if you got your hair shaped up there, like Steve,” she added with a smile. “And I’m still with the company because I want next year’s vacation pay.” She glanced down at her French manicure. “There’s a method to my madness, you know.”

“I’ll say,” Steve added. “I see your point, though.” He clapped his hands. “Kudos to you for having the balls to start your own business.”

“Well, thanks, baby,” Siobhan said, patting his hand. “It hasn’t been easy, but it’s worth it.”

“Yeah, it’s always good seeing an administrator extending above and beyond, and finally taking hold of her destiny,” Jerry said. “I’m proud of you, sweetheart, I really am.” He folded his arms. “By the way, our schedules don’t match up.”

“Sweetie, I’m just teasing you,” Siobhan said. “Unfortunately, I don’t really get to do hair as often as I’d like because of the daily responsibilities I have to tend to.”

Jerry smiled. “I know how much you wanted your own business. You really can’t depend on corporate much these days. I mean, you know about the changes coming.”

“Oh yeah,” Steve said. “Some offices don’t have front desk people, since everyone can work remotely.”

“I know the game plan on that one,” Siobhan said. “Totally not trying to move up the food chain because of all the corporate bullshit.” She cleared her throat. “I’d like to thank you two for letting me know what was going on a while back. The thought of being an admin for the rest of my life kills me.”

“Well, you would’ve made an awesome salesperson,” Steve said with a smile. “Jerry and I would’ve been fighting over you, since he’s enterprise, and I’m commercial.”

“Umm...that’s okay. I can sell just fine, but computer equipment and storage—no thank you!”

“Enough office talk. You need to know the real reason we invited you to lunch.”

Siobhan looked at them simultaneously. “Um—yeah, that would be cool. See, you got me all riled up,

talking about that damned place!” She laughed, eager to know their little secret.

“We want you back.” Jerry shot out.

“What are you talking about?” She shifted in her seat. She knew what his fine ass meant, but she wanted to hear both of them spell it out.

“Despite your calling it quits, our mutual interest in you has only grown,” Steve confessed while gently nudging her thigh. Dude thought he was being slick. She knew that hand would make its way to her sex soon enough. “We’re asking you to give us another chance.”

Siobhan crossed her arms when a waitress came over, taking their drink order. “Damn, Jerry, couldn’t you say that?” There were times when it aggravated her how hard Jerry fought to conceal his feelings.

“Ladies first,” Jerry said. “And, for the record, I could have said it but—”

“But what?” She looked in the waitress’s direction. “I’ll just take a large cranberry—no ice,” she said with a sigh. She was eager to get back to the conversation, especially the part where she grilled Jerry’s ass. She patiently waited until the guys placed their orders.

“Never mind,” Jerry said agitatedly.

Damn, she couldn't understand why it was so hard for the Viking to share his feelings. She smiled. "You know, you've got to tell me some time."

Quickly, Jerry changed the subject. "First things first. The conference is next weekend. I'd like the three of us to get reacquainted this weekend and see if we still mesh." She watched his Adam's apple move as he continued talking. "I promise...there won't be any arguing between us."

"Agreed," Steve added. "I'm interested to see how your body responds to us after all these months." His fingers lightly stroked her thigh, making her hot all over. "People change, Siobhan. Let's hang out at the Harbor—we'll take you to McCormick & Schmick's and then go back to Jerry's place."

Siobhan mentally gasped. They were bringing out the big guns. McCormick & Schmick's wasn't just any restaurant. It was one of the premier restaurants in the country. A classy place, it had a nice atmosphere, and even better food and drink.

"Just come on out and ask her," Jerry insisted.

"Ask me what?" Siobhan asked as both men fixed their gazes on her, making her slick with desire. Not only did the two enjoy working her up, they specialized in it. She was an open book, and they read every damned page. Her coolness had just been blasted to hell.



“Ask you to be ours,” Steve began. “We’ve given you your space, but now we want to reclaim that space.”

Siobhan gazed at them before sighing. “You do recall what happened last time we tried this? Getting along and sharing seems to be difficult for you two.” Things were getting a tad too complicated now, especially with the realization of her feelings for Jerry. But hell, if he wasn’t going to own up to the same feelings, why should she?

“I know, sweetling,” Jerry said in a low voice. “We’re the ones to blame. I’m sorry for pushing you away the way we did.”

Siobhan blinked several times. They’d been trying to burrow their way back into her life with small gifts, calls, and letters, but their raw honesty rocked her world.

While she wanted to jump up and down in excitement, she played it cool. Witnessing the solemn look on both of their faces, she had to bite her lip to stop from smiling. They more than wanted her. “You have a ton of women wanting you. I’m sure you two clowns can find someone else to take my place,” she said even though the words almost hurt her.

Jerry gently placed a finger beneath her chin, forcing her to look at him. “That’s the dilemma, sweets. We don’t *want* anyone else. I know I don’t.”

“Bullshit,” Siobhan said calmly while pushing his hand away. “You guys say one thing, but your actions say another. You haven’t been hurting for female company.”

“We’ve been with other women since we’ve been apart, Siobhan, but somehow, it’s just not the same,” Steve admitted.

“I mean—I’m all for good sex, but...” Jerry cleared his throat and arched a brow. Steve ignored him and continued to gaze deep into her eyes. Something was definitely up she thought as she took a sip of her cranberry juice. Her mind was working hard now. What were they fighting to hide from her? And could she handle it when she discovered what it was?

“I think you’re up to something,” she finally said. She would’ve gone on, but Jerry rudely interrupted. “Yeah, we are up to something, but we wouldn’t have to be if you hadn’t called things off,” he said while looking at her with intense eyes.

“I—”

“No,” Jerry said before lightly brushing his lips against her neck. “Don’t deny the fact that you still want to be with us, Siobhan. You accuse us of being up to something, but why can’t *you* own up to the truth?” He gently nibbled at her neck as her arousal gathered at the crevice of her thighs.

*Uh-oh*—they were calling her bluff. They were hard to withstand individually, but when the two knuckleheads decided to work together, they were downright irresistible. “What the hell makes you so sure I still want you?” she asked, hoping they didn’t see right through the tough façade she built in an effort to protect her heart.

“The way you look at us,” Steve said as he neared her heated treasure. “And the way you respond to us. I’d take you right now if I could,” he added in a low voice. “God, it’s awfully hot down there.”

Siobhan closed her eyes at his familiar touch, ignoring the feeling Steve was covering up something. As much as she wanted to, she could no longer deny the powerful pull they held over her body. She’d always hoped they felt as deeply as she did. How did she manage to bed two men and fall in love with one? She quickly thought of the future...and how empty it would be without them.

Siobhan shuddered as she felt Jerry’s hand creep into her lap.

“Don’t do that,” she murmured. She truly didn’t mean what she said, and the Viking knew it. His hand crept further up her leg, inching her dress up bit by bit.

“What would you like me to do instead?” he said huskily. “Come over tonight and we’ll treat you to

dinner.” His blue eyes filled with lust, and the hint of something more. His breathing intensified and his grip tightened on her thigh. She looked over at Steve, who had almost the same look in his green eyes, and suddenly wished she’d brought an extra pair of panties. An electric aura graced them, and she parted her lips.

“*Ahem.*” All three jumped at the sound of the waitress clearing her throat. They were like kids caught with their hands in Siobhan’s cookie jar. “Shrimp tempura, beef teriyaki and sashimi,” she said as she placed the tray on the table.

“Thank you,” Steve said, clearing his throat. Once the waitress retreated, the conversation continued.

“I don’t know about dinner. Look how much trouble you’re getting me into and it’s only lunchtime.” She laughed. Despite what she said, everything in her told her to take a chance. After all, they’d made her a happy woman the many months they were together.

“You know you miss us.” Jerry arched a brow. “It’s been awhile, and I really want—no, need things the way they used to be,” he continued.

“Ditto,” Steve agreed, before arranging his sushi. “Plus, *he* can’t stop talking about you.”

“Shut the hell up, Steve,” Jerry said in a low voice. “You’ve got a big fucking mouth, man.”

“See what I’ve gotta put up with?” Steve joked.

“Please—totally not wanting history to repeat itself!” Siobhan insisted, looking at them both. She wanted them, but it was time to lay down the law. “You two start arguing and drag me into the middle, we’re done. I’m not interested in spending our time together playing referee. If you two can’t act civilized, then I don’t want anything else to do with either of you.”

“We can be anything you want us to be,” Jerry said as he glanced at Steve coldly. “But I have a request for tonight.”

Siobhan frowned. “Tonight? I didn’t say anything about tonight, remember?”

“Stop being pushy, Jerry, or we’ll be in the doghouse again!” He looked at her and winked. “How about we come by your house tomorrow as originally planned and pick you up. I’ll drive. All you have to do is look beautiful. We’ll go out, eat, have a nice time, and come back to Jerry’s place,” he said with a boyish grin. “You’ll have fun. I promise.”

“Why are you tempting me?” Her cheeks flushed. If it wasn’t for her mocha-colored skin, everyone would be able to tell she was blushing.

Despite their earlier aggressiveness, Siobhan was ecstatic. True, she’d dated other men, but they always fell short of her expectations. For her, it was all

or nothing. She'd rather go without a man than be disappointed. Steve and Jerry knew exactly where to touch her and how to make her feel good—mentally as well as physically. Every other man seemed like a robot in comparison. There was no warmth in their gaze and no feeling in their caresses. And none jump-started her heart the way these two could.

“So, you'll go out with us?” Steve asked before seductively nuzzling her ear.

“If you promise to be good,” she began.

“We promise to be very, very good,” they both whispered.

She couldn't help but react to Steve's twinkling green eyes. By his facial expression, she'd made his day. It was hard to believe this man, a die-hard executive, was like putty in her hands...or was *she* putty in theirs? Hell, it was mutual.

“What's wrong with you?” Siobhan asked Jerry, before taking a bite of her food.

“Nothing is wrong.” Once again squeezing her thigh, he gazed at her intensely. “Make sure you get plenty of rest. You're gonna need it tomorrow night.”

Rendering her breathless, he released his grip and began to eat his lunch. She smiled as a gush of cream flowed from her pussy. Jerry meant business...and she knew it.

## *Chapter Three*

---

Friday seemed to whiz by. After leaving work, Siobhan strode into the house and headed for the bathroom, eager for the evening ahead with her handsome suitors. Earlier, Steve had called to confirm they'd be picking her up at seven o'clock sharp. She swore if either one of them got on their cell phones while in her presence, she'd bust their balls.

After her shower, she towed herself dry as she made her way into her bedroom. Threading her fingers through the braids, she contemplated whether to pin them up or let them flow freely.

Turning to the side, Siobhan looked at herself. Sliding her hands over her body, she smiled as she recalled the many compliments Steve and Jerry gave her on her thick thighs and generous ass. Steve, in particular, often said how her curves made him crazy. She palmed her melon-sized breasts, recalling how much Jerry loved them. If both men could see her now, tongues would be dragging along the floor. Yeah, she was going to make sure they had fun tonight.

Despite the impending pleasure, there was a storm brewing. She could feel it in her bones, and she knew one day she'd have to choose between both men.

Although she adored Steve, Jerry had that special way of making her heart thump against her chest. She also knew Steve's feelings weren't as strong as Jerry's. Pushing the emotion away, she strolled into her walk-in closet and rifled through the many clothes that hung there before finally choosing a black sweater dress with a plunging neckline. Feeling adventurous, she selected a pair of black fishnet thigh-highs along with her black leather thigh-high boots.

Feeling like the ultimate vixen, she glanced at the clock. It was almost seven. She hadn't even noticed the time flying by as she primped. The guys would soon arrive. Quickly she checked her overnight case.

Originally, she'd planned on returning home Saturday. However, knowing the power the men held over her body, she knew she would probably end up staying the entire weekend. Yeah, she was that weak.

She paced the floor a few times while contemplating the evening. Part of her was nervous as hell, but another part was excited, and craved their touch. The ringing phone pulled her from her thoughts. Centering herself, she answered. "Hello."

"Hey babe, are you ready? Because we're pulling up in your driveway," Jerry said.

She could practically see his smile through the phone.



“Yes, but you guys are early. You said seven o’clock, and it’s only six fifty-nine,” she pointed out.

“We’re right on time, love, but take your time,” he said.

“I can’t even be mad with you two.” Siobhan smiled before hanging up. What more could a woman ask for besides two white knights in shining armor? She laughed out loud, imagining them riding up on the backs of black stallions.

Still laughing, she shoved her cell phone in her black leather purse and retrieved her overnight case before opening the front door of her townhome. She wasn’t surprised to see both men waiting for her at the door. Jerry held a bouquet of roses while Steve clutched a big box of chocolates in his arms.

Jerry bent down and gave her a gentle kiss on the lips.

“Looking beautiful, as always,” he murmured as he took her bag from her.

“Thank you,” she said a moment before Steve pulled her against his hard body and planted a fiery kiss on her lips. Not only did they taste good, they smelled good, she thought as she accepted their gifts. The fragrances they wore were intoxicating and aroused her senses.

Both men took an elbow and escorted her to Steve’s vehicle, complimenting her the whole way.

There was nothing she loved more than receiving compliments from them. Opening the door, they tucked her in the passenger side before getting in.

“How do you feel, beautiful?” Steve asked as he adjusted the steering wheel.

“I’m really excited about tonight,” she admitted softly.

“Then we’re doing our jobs,” Jerry said from the back.

Turning a little in her seat, she looked right into Jerry’s eyes...and caught her breath. He looked like he wanted to pillage her. She wanted to be pillaged.

Steve’s voice pulled her from her naughty thoughts. “Ladies and gentlemen, in an effort to ensure we all continue to get along, I’m laying down some simple rules to follow while riding in my vehicle. With 381 horsepower and a powerful 5.7 liter V8 engine, the Sequoia is a powerful machine—not a toy. Therefore, all passengers are asked to behave”

While I don’t mind ass slapping, titty grabbing, hair pulling, and cock riding, we need to save those activities for the bedroom. Of course, seeing how fine Siobhan is, waiting might not be an option. In that case, I have no problem with finding a secluded area to pull into,” he said while looking directly at her.

“Why are you looking at me?” Siobhan asked even as she recalled the last time they all got frisky in a vehicle.

“Because, baby, you rocked my world in my own damned truck last time.” He smiled and started the vehicle. “Brings back some fond-ass memories.”

Siobhan folded her arms across her chest at the memory. They sure as hell had shared some wild moments. “I promise to behave myself,” she purred and looked back at Jerry. He didn’t say anything. He merely looked at her with those searing baby blues of his. His intense scrutiny caused her body to react. This was going to be a long night. And she was going to enjoy every moment of it.

\* \* \*

As soon as they entered the restaurant, a member of the staff took their coats before their host attended to them.

“Right this way, Mr. Frigaard and Mr. Guidotti,” Thomas greeted the guys before turning to her. “Ah, Ms. Anderson, you’re a sight for sore eyes.”

“Yeah, she doesn’t get out much,” Jerry said.

She shot him a venomous stare. Of course, all he did was smirk in response. Deciding to ignore him for now, she turned to their host.

“Thank you, Thomas. It’s good to see you too,” she said with a smile. “Contrary to what Mr. Frigaard thinks, I *do* get out.”

Glancing over at Jerry, she almost moaned at the flash of lust that ignited in his blue depths. She couldn’t help but revel in the satisfaction she felt whenever she managed to get under his skin. *One for Anderson; zero for Frigaard.*

Though he didn’t say anything, she knew he’d have plenty to say once they were seated. Sure enough, placing the linen napkin in his lap, Jerry asked, “So, how *much* do you go out?”

Sliding her chair closer to Steve, she let him stew a few moments before responding.

“I get out enough,” she said, knowing that response wasn’t what he was looking for and not giving a damn. After all, *they* had chased *her*.

“Are you dating someone?”

“And if I am?” she shot back. Really, it was none of his business whom she saw while they were apart. Being hot, virile men, she was sure they’d had more than their fair share of women. Surely they hadn’t strapped their dicks down for the last eight months.

Steve spoke through the tension. “Haven’t been to this place in a long time, especially with a woman as beautiful as you, Siobhan.”

Jerry fixed his eyes on her as he spoke. "I doubt any woman who has ever stepped through the doors has been as beautiful as Siobhan."

Before she could respond to their statements, their waiter approached and introduced himself. "May I start you off with a bottle of wine?"

"Yes. Give us the *Ménage à Trois*—the red blend," Jerry said.

"And give the lady whatever she wants," Steve said with a smile. "The sky's the limit for our lady Siobhan."

"I like the way that sounds," she said with a nod.

"If you know what you want, go ahead and order, Siobhan," Jerry said.

Siobhan was one step away from full-on annoyance when he leaned over and whispered in her ear. "I don't plan to spend the entire night here."

"I'll have the surf 'n' turf with asparagus and mashed potatoes, and I'd like a Bloody Mary with it," she insisted while trying to maintain her cool. Jerry liked trying to make her buckle under pressure. She liked letting him try.

"Sounds good. I'll have the same," Steve said.

"I'll take a rib-eye, baked potato, and green beans," Jerry said, his eyes never leaving hers.

"Would you like to try the crab soup?" the waiter suggested.

“Yes, please.”

“Make that two, please,” Steve interjected.

“Sir, would you like a bowl as well?”

“No, I’m good,” Jerry insisted as he handed their menus to the waiter. “I’m really looking forward to dessert.”

“Oh, I bet you are,” she said as she made a production out of licking her lips. She grinned when Jerry’s eyes ignited. Though his eyes indicated he was tempted to do something more, he merely chuckled arrogantly and winked at her.

“This feels like old times again,” Steve said. “We missed you. Did you miss us?”

“Oh, stop it.” She giggled. “I see you guys a few times a month. You act like you moved clear across the country or something.”

“You know what I’m talking about,” Steve pushed. “Seeing you at work doesn’t count since we can’t touch you like we want. I know for certain that it’s been killing Jerry.” He paused for a moment, then said in a husky voice, “You know, you just got it like that, woman.”

Heat rose to her cheeks and between her thighs as the sexual tension heightened between the three of them. Tiny currents of desire skated on her skin as Steve stroked the back of her hand.

Before she could voice her naughty thoughts, the waiter arrived with their drinks. He smiled as he poured, and Siobhan got the impression he knew exactly what was going on, most likely courtesy of Thomas. Their relationship must have radiated brightly, because she noticed the envious stares from both men and women alike at neighboring tables. Instead of being ashamed, Siobhan felt empowered, like Queen Nefertiti sitting on her throne. She smiled. If she was Nefertiti, that made Steve and Jerry her loyal subjects.

Jerry's voice interrupted her thoughts. "Looking damned good in that dress. The black thigh-high boots push it over the top," he breathed as he leaned in closer. "Promise you'll wear nothing but these later tonight."

Her pussy clenched at Steve's seductive words. Despite their relaxed mood, she knew they were simply biding their time. Regardless of the four-star food they'd ordered, she was the main course.

"Maybe," she replied breathlessly while struggling to maintain her composure.

"Doesn't she look good, man?" Steve asked Jerry.

"Better than good. She looks delicious enough to eat," Jerry said as he edged his seat closer. "Her eyes are sparkling, which means she's aroused." His own

eyes bore deep into her soul as she squeezed her thighs together. He was definitely on the mark.

"I'd say so," Steve answered for her. "Just look at her. She can't sit still."

"Stop it," Siobhan mumbled before taking a healthy sip of her wine.

"Why?" Steve asked.

"Yeah, why?" Jerry asked. "Better check her," Jerry suggested with a half grin.

Slowly, Steve's hand drifted to her thigh, causing her to jump.

"Come on, baby," he coaxed. "Mmm, bet you still taste as sweet as you did months ago." He lowered his voice. "Don't be ashamed of your desire, especially since you've got me rock fucking hard."

With a smile she parted her legs, allowing Steve access. When his hand crept farther toward the treasure he sought, she thought she'd die. She sucked in a breath as his hand rested at the edge of her pussy.

"Mm mm mmm," Steve sighed. "So...fucking...hot," he breathed as he slowly caressed her. Steve stroking the crease along her inner thigh was too much and not enough. Capturing his hand, she placed it where she wanted it before squeezing her legs together.



Steve didn't need further prompting. He paused momentarily, making her shudder as his fingers penetrated her pussy.

Jerry watched the expression on Siobhan's face as Steve curved his thick digit inside her, forcing her to whimper. "Yes, this will be a night to remember," he insisted. Just then his phone rang, and he cursed silently.

"I'm sorry, darling," he said, powering down the gadget.

"It's cool," she said in a low voice. "If it happens again, I won't let you come next time I blow you," she added before slipping the straw from her drink between her lips. Steve's ministrations were making her quite the wanton woman. Jerry look liked he'd fall through the floor as she slowly sucked it between her lips.

"Mmm, promise me you'll do that all night long," Steve said. The look in his eyes was intense, thrusting her to the brink of an orgasm.

"Baby, I want you to lose it, right here, right now," he demanded as he quickened the pace of his fingers inside her.

"You should stop," Siobhan said breathlessly as she arched into his hand.

"Nice," Jerry said in a whisper. "I'll get you later, woman," he added in a husky tone.

“Promise,” she murmured moments before the orgasm detonated through her core. In an effort not to draw attention to her pleasure, she bit down on her lip. She looked over at Steve as he withdrew his fingers before licking them clean.

“Damn, that was good,” Steve said a moment before the waiter arrived with their order.

Siobhan cleared her throat. “You’re such a badass,” she said, trying to compose herself before eating. Right now, food was the last thing on her mind.

Jerry smiled flatly. “Did you enjoy that, baby?” he asked before cutting into his steak.

“What do you think?” Siobhan said with a laugh.

“She better have, or I’ll be forced to break out the flogger and handcuffs.” Steve smiled.

“Oh yeah,” Siobhan groaned while squeezing her thighs together. “I remember the last time you guys spanked me.” She sighed. “Mmm!”

“I remember that too,” Jerry said with a smile as he dug into his dinner.

“Yeah, man,” Steve added. “It was cool taking turns smacking that delicious ass!”

Their conversation was as hearty as their dinner. They hadn’t realized how fast time passed until the waiter stopped to take their dessert orders.

“Would anyone care for dessert?”

“Not me,” Steve said.

"I'd rather have dessert at the house," Jerry whispered.

"Siobhan?" Steve asked. "Do you want dessert?"

"Not yet." She winked as anticipation shot through her core.

"Looks like we're all ready to go," Jerry added as he asked for the check.

\* \* \*

Siobhan was about to let herself into the passenger seat when Steve's word stopped her.

"Get in the backseat with Jerry, Siobhan," he said as he smacked her ass.

Climbing into Steve's SUV—with a lot of help from Jerry, who was feeling her up the whole time—Siobhan almost shivered as anticipation swirled within her. She didn't know exactly what awaited her, but she knew from experience that it would be good. Despite the fine wine she'd enjoyed, she was clearheaded enough to appreciate the good loving her men were about to give her.

Jerry climbed in after her and shut the door. Before she could speak, he pulled her close and planted a smoldering kiss on her lips, pulling a moan from deep within her throat. Caught up in Jerry's kiss,

she didn't realize the SUV was in motion until she heard Steve's command.

"Finger that pussy for me, man."

She didn't have to look at Steve to know he was glancing in the mirror at them. He enjoyed watching as much as delivering a good loving. Eagerly, Siobhan parted her legs, allowing Jerry access. She wanted him like nobody's business. His hand seemed to leave fire in its wake. She gyrated her hips as he palmed her mound before pulling aside her damp panties. He groaned as soon as he slid a digit deep inside her. In response, she arched into his hand.

"Oh my God," she exclaimed, throwing her head back. "Oh baby, yesss," she hissed as his kisses fell upon the crevice of her neck. "Yes, oh God, Jerry, bite me," she pleaded, panting. "Tell me you're gonna fuck me hard and fast."

"I'm gonna fuck you until you can't see straight," he whispered against her neck as he plunged another finger inside her, causing her to cry out. "Ah, you're so tight and wet," he groaned against her ear.

Siobhan grabbed his cock and squeezed. In response, he gave a quick yank on her braids.

"Mmm, you'd better stop," she said huskily. "You know I like having my hair pulled."

"Go on, just get me all worked up while I'm driving," Steve confessed.

Siobhan's arousal heightened as his words and Jerry's actions cascaded over her, like a gentle rainfall.

"Baby, I promise to make it up to you," she whispered as her nails lightly grazed the back of Jerry's neck.

"Oh, darling, there is no doubt in my mind about that." Steve chuckled.

Jerry sucked on her earlobe and whispered in her ear, "Wait until I get you in a bed or against a wall. I'm gonna make you scream loud enough to wake the dead."

"Promise?" she asked with a smile.

"That's a promise," he said softly.

The drive was no more than fifteen minutes, but it passed by torturously slowly. When Steve finally pulled into the parking garage of the high-rise condominiums overlooking the Inner Harbor, she was on the verge of coming.

Walking from the truck to the elevator was no easy task, especially with a soaking wet pussy that demanded attention.

Steve walked in front, carrying her suitcase while Jerry flanked her from behind. When they entered the elevator, Steve pulled her close to his hard body, forcing her to take notice of his erection. She sighed when he pressed himself against her ass, pushing her to the brink of an orgasm.

“You know you want us,” Steve murmured in her ear as he rubbed himself against her ass while Jerry grinded against her from the front.

This wasn’t the first time they’d gotten down and dirty in an elevator, and she was sure it wouldn’t be the last. Her pussy was screaming for penetration, and the fear of getting caught heightened her pleasure rather than dampening it.

“I never said I didn’t,” she murmured huskily. Through the veil of her thick eyelashes, she saw Jerry’s eyes glaze over in pleasure. One pair of hands fondled her breasts and pinched her nipples while another pair stroked her pussy. That was the joy of being with two men at once—having four hands exploring her body. She loved that she could no longer tell who was touching her where, and she didn’t care. She imagined the three of them in bed touching, tasting, and satisfying *her* every whim.

“Stop the elevator, now,” Jerry demanded as he unzipped his jeans. “Can’t wait any longer,” he continued as his nostrils flared. Quickly, he reached into his pocket, retrieving a condom.

“Fuck her hard, Jerry. Make her scream,” Steve rasped.

Siobhan watched as Jerry slid the condom over his thickly veined cock. That man had a cock that made her mouth water. Before she could finish the

thought, Jerry hoisted her up and impaled her on his member. Being that he'd worked her up so good in the truck, she was more than ready for him. Even so, she gasped as he stretched her wide.

"Oh *gawd*," she whimpered as she clamped her legs around Jerry's muscular body. His thrusts were powerful and demanding. Between the feel of what Jerry was doing to her and the image of Steve pleasuring himself, she thought she'd die of sheer pleasure. It had been too long since she'd been loved like this.

"Harder," she demanded as she looked into Jerry's eyes. Something else besides lust lurked in those blue pools. And it intrigued her.

He quickened the pace. "Siobhan," he whispered her name as if they were alone. Backing her against the elevator wall, he entered her, tearing forth a high-pitched squeal from her.

"Yeah, give it to her, man," Steve groaned. "Make her scream your name."

She couldn't hold off her orgasm. Moments later, she screamed her release, and Jerry found his pleasure on the tail end of hers.

With his intense climax rocking his body hard, Jerry yelled in triumph, "Oh, baby, fuck!" His body shook, and he leaned against hers. Even though he wore a condom, she could feel the rush of hot seed

invading her throbbing pussy. Exhaling sharply, he released her gently. With a smile, Jerry tucked his still hard cock into his pants as she pressed the button.

“Damn, it’s hot in here,” Steve said with a chuckle.

She found herself gasping for air as the Italian stroked her rock-hard nipples through the sweater dress. “Can’t wait to taste these,” he said as the elevator doors opened.



## *Chapter Four*

---

Anticipation hung heavy in the air as Jerry unlocked the door and they crossed the threshold of his condo. He flicked the lights on, and Siobhan gasped.

“Check you out,” she said. “When did you move here?”

The place was too large for just one person. Black leather furniture graced the large living room. She seemed to sink into the plush brown carpet as she walked around. On the far corner of the room were a large flat-screen television and a bar.

“I got tired of living in Federal Hill. It was just too congested, and I needed more room to roam,” he said, picking up the remote from the glass coffee table and pressing a button. “Now, I can look at this anytime I want,” he said with a gaze that pierced her soul.

Siobhan expected the flat screen to come on, but instead, the red and gold curtains opened, revealing a breathtaking view of the Inner Harbor.

She walked over and gasped. “Damn, you’ve got a pretty view, Jerry. I love how Baltimore City lights up at night,” she exclaimed.

Steve reached for her as Jerry looked on. He kissed her passionately, then released her.

Before she batted an eyelash, both men had her naked and in the shower. After several core-clenching orgasms while four hands soaped her up and explored every inch of her body, they finally made it to the bedroom.

While they dried her off, they explored her voluptuous body with their hands and tongues. Their cocks saluted her, and Siobhan reached out and stroked them both for their attention. She knew she was doing them right when she heard their moans of pleasure fill her ears. Her lips parted as Steve plunged a finger inside her, holding her mesmerized in his green depths. In a fit of ecstasy, she grasped hold of his wrist and held him there. Her body convulsed as he expertly and quickly brought her to orgasm.

“Damn you,” she said in a hushed breath, close to tears.

Gently, Steve laid her down on the bed while palming her breasts with his large hands. Wasting no time, he covered her nipples with soft kisses while Jerry parted her legs and knelt between them.

Siobhan’s breath deserted her when Steve squeezed her breasts together and greedily sucked on her aching nipples. Her hips lifted off the bed as Jerry’s tongue flicked across her fevered flesh, sending

bolts of lightning to her pussy. “Your scent drives me mad,” Jerry whispered before his tongue dove into her. He worked her into a frenzy before suddenly stopping.

“Please,” she begged as her body shuddered. Suddenly, she realized Jerry had her just where he wanted.

“Please what?” he asked before biting her inner thigh. She sucked in a breath at the pained pleasure.

“Eat me,” she demanded.

“Beg me,” he demanded.

“Fuck you!” she exclaimed.

“Yeah, we’re getting to that, babe.” Jerry chuckled as he continued teasing her. He bent down and gently bit her again before latching on to her clit with his lips.

“Oooh.” She arched her back and raised her hips to meet his lips, but he pulled away. “I hate you,” she whispered.

“No you don’t,” Jerry said with a smile. The tip of his finger traced her labia, tearing a wounded cry from her throat. Steve lightly bit her nipples as he nibbled along the crook of her neck. Jerry plunged two fingers deep in her pulsating pussy. Closing her eyes, she allowed herself to be carried away by the moment.

“Oooh, I’m coming,” she purred as her body quaked from their ministrations. Steve reached over to

the nightstand, retrieving a gold coin. Eagerly, he ripped the foil from the condom.

“How badly do you want to be fucked?” he asked as he slipped the condom over his cock. A smile twisted his dark features. “You want it bad, don’t you?”

“Yes,” Siobhan answered.

Jerry rose, stroking his dick. His intense eyes egged her on toward another climax. It excited her to see her own juices coating his handsome face. “Scream it, baby,” he pleaded.

“Uh-oh, yess,” she howled as Steve teased her soaked pussy lips. Slowly, he rubbed the thick head of his cock against the swollen, fleshy bud. Quickly, Steve sunk deep inside her. He placed her legs over his shoulders and slowly stroked into her as Jerry worshipped her breasts.

She bit her bottom lip and squeezed her eyes shut. “Oh, you’d better not stop!” she demanded. “Fuck me like you used to,” she pleaded. Jerry kissed her passionately while pinching her diamond-hard nubs. Her legs trembled slightly as Steve stroked deep inside her like a madman seeking redemption. The expression on his face turned her on to no end. His heavy-lidded eyes became narrowed slits, and his lips parted slightly. Each time she contracted her pussy muscles, he groaned.

“Ah, so sweet,” he moaned. “Yeah, baby,” he whispered while kissing the inside of her knee. “Oh, my beautiful cinnamon girl,” he exclaimed as his thrusts quickened.

“Oooh-oo-huh!” It got her off when he called her that. “Don’t stop, baby. Please don’t stop!” She could scarcely breathe as her pussy convulsed and clenched around his thick cock, making him pump her harder. Her clit throbbed, and she stroked it. She so enjoyed the tortured expression on her lover’s face.

“Yeah, honey,” Jerry murmured. “Play with that clit, stroke it harder, yeah, like that! Now pinch it,” he demanded. “Yeah, baby,” he groaned.

“Fuck me, harder, faster, *more!*” she demanded as the feelings centered around her clit.

Releasing her nipple, Jerry looked away from her and at Steve. Narrowing his eyes, he commanded, “Fuck her harder, Steve.” Returning his gaze to hers, he spoke in a hushed voice. “Work your clit, baby,” Jerry commanded. “I want you to cream on his cock.”

She mewled when Jerry stroked her cheek lovingly.

Steve slammed into her. With each thrust, she brought her hips off the bed to meet his cock, wanting, needing it buried deeper inside of her, as though her life depended upon it. She wrapped her legs around

his chiseled body, and he picked her up. She clung to him tightly as she slid up and down his cock.

“Get her ready now,” she heard Jerry say, as he rose from the bed and ripped open a condom. “It’s time to make a sandwich out of her. Been too long since I’ve had that tight ass,” he growled.

Her body tightened in reaction to Jerry’s words, and she felt her juices releasing over Steve’s cock.

“You just said the magic words,” Steve breathed. “She’s so wet, her juices are dripping down my balls!”

Steve released her and lay on his back. “Get on all fours, baby,” he commanded.

“Spank my ass,” she said, situating herself over Steve. She rubbed her aching cunt against Steve’s hardness as he smacked her ass.

“Yesss, baby,” she hissed. “Smack it again.” She threw her head back when Steve gave her another slap on the ass and impaled her on his cock.

“Ride it,” he demanded. “Yeah, like that.” He groaned as she slid up and down his thick cock. One hand reached up and gently fondled her breast. “Ah,” he breathed. “I love these fucking breasts.”

From behind, she felt Jerry’s hard cock teasing her rear entrance. “Oooh, careful,” she whispered. He slipped a finger inside, and she bucked against it.

“Shall I add another?” Jerry asked.

“Please,” she said through gasping breaths. Her pussy convulsed around Steve’s cock, and he held her still. “Uh!” she cried out when Jerry slipped a second finger in her. “Yesss, baby, please,” she pled as she started to come. “I want your cock in my ass, *now! Give it to me!*”

“She’s gonna snap my fucking dick in half,” Steve grunted. “Fuck, I’m close, but I don’t want to come yet.”

“You don’t have to ask me twice,” Jerry said, easing himself inside her. “*Ah, fuck!*” he exclaimed.

Siobhan turned around just in time to see the expression on his face. It turned her on to see evidence of him wanting her so bad. His muscles flexed with each movement of his cock. Chiseled biceps worked hard to hold her in place as he picked up the pace, pumping his hard cock into her ass.

“Yes, oh, yes.” She moaned, bucked, and squealed in pleasure as Steve’s dick drilled her. She shuddered as the intensity of being filled in both entrances overcame her. Her pace quickened, and she cried out at the pleasure she was receiving. After several more minutes, they came and collapsed in a sweaty, tangled heap.

Siobhan sighed in satisfaction as she reveled in being sandwiched between her two lovers. Physically,

she was satisfied. Mentally, she was on top of the world. Her heart raced, and she smiled.

When Jerry rose and peeled off the condom, he lifted herself from Steve's body and rolled over on her back. She shuddered as Steve ran the tips of his fingers across her abdomen, over her mound and along her inner thigh.

"Damn, that was good," he whispered, continuing his magical touch. "I could run a marathon now, thanks to you." He laughed.

"Dude, you're exaggerating, seriously," Siobhan said as Jerry made his way back to the bed. "Come on, baby." She patted her thighs. "Lie down and let me see how that crew cut is coming along," she teased.

"Oh, now you gotta go there with the hair," Jerry snorted as he lay beside her.

"Who did you get to trim it up this time?" Steve asked as he propped himself up with a pillow. "Siobhan's gonna kick your ass if you keep having other people tending your hair," he instigated.

"Well—umm..." Jerry stalled as he laid his head in her lap.

"Mm-hmm, sounds like a Twix moment if I ever heard of one," Siobhan teased, massaging his scalp. "Seriously, you keep going to that barber of yours... He's not conditioning your hair enough," she



chastised. “I can feel it, honey—your hair is brittle as hell!”

“Ah, c’mon baby, don’t be so pissed,” Jerry coaxed, reaching up to stroke her beneath the chin. “You weren’t talking to us, remember? Plus, you’re so busy with running the place, you’re never out on the floor anymore,” he added. “Damn, that feels good, baby,” he crooned as she massaged his temples.

“Hey, man, it’s your hair, just saying.” Siobhan sighed. “You know, there are other people who can take care of you. Isn’t that right, Steve?”

Steve shook his head. “Oh hell no, totally not taking sides, woman. I wish you could take care of me too, but that chick, Sophie, suits my needs well.” He glanced over at Jerry. “She’s right, man; you know the person you see is always in a rush.”

“Well, maybe I want my baby Siobhan to do it,” Jerry confessed. “I just go to who I know,” he said, wiggling his eyebrows. “What’s your schedule like? I’ll try and mesh mine to yours—maybe that will solve my brittle hair problems,” he joked.

“Now see, you got jokes, right?” Siobhan laughed. She narrowed her eyes at them both. “I should hope when you two birds are on the road, you point folks to our website?”

“Of course, you know we do!” Steve confessed. “Hon, we want you to be a success in your endeavors; you know that.”

“She’d better know that,” Jerry said, before sitting up and planting a smoldering kiss on her lips that made her heart flutter. The man could simply stare at her, and her heart would do flip-flops.

“Just checking, just checking,” Siobhan said as she rose to shower. A small part of her really wished for more alone time with Jerry. Never in a million years would she have seen that coming. Steve was still awesome, did all the right things in bed, but a nagging feeling pawed at her heart. In that moment she knew things would never be the same again. In the past, Jerry was Yin. Steve was Yang. At that time, she didn’t want one without the other. Her mind, body and soul demanded she have both. However, even though her body craved them both, her heart yearned solely for one. *Jerry.*

“Hey, Jerry said, “You okay?”

She smiled briefly. “Oh yeah, baby, just need to hop in the shower and freshen up a spell, know what I mean?” she joked while trying to play off her true feelings. She wanted some time alone to ponder her thoughts, and not feel as though she was under their hard glares.

“All right, doll, take your time,” Jerry said with a smile that made her heart dance.

Even though she’d had wonderful, mind-blowing sex with these two, there was something still lurking in the background. Loose ends needed to be tied up.

“What’s wrong, sweetie? I can see that something’s on your mind,” Steve said with a concerned expression. “C’mon, talk to us.”

Jerry’s gaze penetrated her soul, and for a split second, she thought she knew what he was thinking. Now was the time to regroup and gather her thoughts. “You mind running me home?” she asked, giving both men pecks on the cheek.

\* \* \*

Saturday morning, Siobhan woke up early enough to get into the shop before anyone else. Right now, she needed to keep her mind occupied, so she found some things to do at the spa.

She looked around the large spa and couldn’t help the smile that formed on her face. Everything she wanted was at her fingertips. Once 2010 was over, she’d kick off the 2011 with a bang. Already, her shop generated more than enough revenue for her to survive off of, and then some.

Though she was now a business woman, she'd always had professional aspirations, which was why she'd put herself through cosmetology school after graduating high school. Somewhere down the line she'd realized the benefits of therapeutic services and decided that when she opened her own spa, she'd offer massage. Since quite a few folks said she had a healing touch, she went to school and obtained her massage certification and license.

Her entire life, she'd socked money away in hopes of one day opening her own day spa catering to the specific needs of black women. Even though word of mouth traveled through friends and family, she put her heart and soul into worked her ass off marketing and advertising her spa. Located in the heart of Baltimore City, Siobhan's Day Spa was a booming business thanks to her hard work marketing and advertising.

Still beaming, she sauntered into the kitchen to brew a pot of her favorite chocolate truffle coffee. Another thought presented itself, leaving her grinning like a Cheshire cat: last night. Jerry and Steve had given her quite a workout. She was still sore from all the extracurricular activities.

Rachel, her best friend and one of the best hairstylists walking planet Earth, sauntered in.

“Hey, girl,” the perky woman said with a smile. “Wasn’t expecting to see you today, especially since you had a date with Jerry and Steve.” Rachel poured a cup of coffee and gave her an expectant look. “What’s the matter, cat got your tongue?”

“Oh, I don’t know!” Siobhan pulled out a chair and sat down. “You know what I told you, right?”

Rachel nodded, waved her hand and placed it on her forehead. “Yeah, yeah, yeah, oh, the agony of having two hunks lusting after you. Yup, quite the problem there,” Rachel teased. “Makes me glad I’m married.”

“I left early last night,” Siobhan said before taking a swig of her coffee.

“Girl! What are you, insane?”

“Oh stop it. You know why I did,” Siobhan said with a smile. “There’s something missing—kind of.”

Rachel shook her head and laughed. “As long as I’ve known you, you’re hardly ever satisfied. My girl, Siobhan, always striving for more,” she said, setting her coffee cup on the table and crossing her arms. She grinned. “Siobhan, the Conqueror!”

There was silence for a few moments before they both howled in laughter.

“They’re not acting like a bunch of fools again, are they?” Rachel asked as she tweaked her swank, gold-streaked pixie-styled hair.

“No, they’ve been good as gold,” Siobhan said. “It’s just—”

Rachel leaned over and touched her arm. “Yeah, I know, it’s Jerry, isn’t it? That man’s gotten into your heart, and you don’t know what the hell to do about it.”

Siobhan frowned and bit her lip. “Have you ever known me to fall for a man like this?”

“Nope,” Rachel said. “You’re simply caught off balance and don’t know what to do with yourself, that’s all. The ball’s in your court, and if you think about it, it always has been. I know for a fact you’ll make your decision when the time comes. Do you know what you want to do?”

Siobhan toyed with her braids a bit. “Well, after last night, there’s no doubt in my mind that I’m in love with Jerry. But—I can’t just blast that, you know?”

“Yup, perfectly well. Play your cards close to your heart until you know how he feels. Then again, maybe he’s feeling the same way, but won’t own up to it.”

“I’m not sure,” Siobhan said as she rose to straighten the break room. “I mean, he’s damned good at covering up his feelings.”

“Yeah, like someone else we know.” Rachel snorted.

“Now see, you didn’t even have to go there,” Siobhan replied.

“Well, like I said, the ball is in your court, and I’m sure whatever decision you make will be the right one for you.”

“Yeah.”

“You know, it’s none of my business, but maybe it’s time for you to settle down, girl,” Rachel suggested. “You never know when ‘the one’ will pop up, and if I didn’t know any better, I’d think Jerry may be that man.”

Pouring another cup of coffee, she gave Siobhan one of those “all-knowing” looks. “Just let me know if you need anything, okay?”

“Yeah, girl. Look, thanks,” Siobhan said as she replayed Rachel’s words of wisdom.

# Chapter Five

---

Monday morning approached like an impending dark storm, giving her just cause to contemplate calling in. After working her ass off in the spa Saturday and Sunday, having a few more hours of sleep would do her some justice.

She lay back down before jumping up a moment later. Now wasn't the time to be weak. Although her body was tired, her mind was strong. Hopping out of bed, Siobhan mumbled to herself. It wasn't easy being a business owner while continuing to work for someone else, but she'd been doing it for two years and was determined to hang in there for the remaining two months of the year.

\* \* \*

Arriving at the office, Siobhan noticed Steve and Jerry were already present. The two were setting up the projector and preparing their presentation.

"Well, well, well," she teased. "Look at the early birds."



“Yeah, need to lay down the law to our teams,” Steve chided as he answered a call on his PDA, leaving her and Jerry alone.

Her nipples hardened when Jerry smiled and walked over to close the door. Something was lurking just below the surface, something she wanted desperately to know. Hopefully, he was just as desperate to talk with her about it.

“Everything okay?” she asked. Sweat beaded her brow, and she found it almost impossible to breathe as he cupped her cheek in his large palm.

“Yeah, beautiful, all is well. There’s just something we need to talk about,” he said with a sigh.

“This isn’t the best place,” Siobhan breathed.

Jerry cleared his throat and straightened. “Yeah, you’re right.”

“Later tonight?” she suggested. Try as she might, she couldn’t ignore her sweaty palms or her racing heart as she stared into Jerry’s eyes.

He nodded. “Sounds like a plan to me.”

“I’ll see you tonight then, at my place,” Siobhan said quietly. It was time to lay all the cards on the table, because now it seemed they were on the same wavelength, at least. New rules needed to be established. The first would revolve around their exclusivity.

All right then,” Jerry said with a wink. “Mind telling Guidotti to meet me back here ASAP?”

Siobhan nodded as she walked out the door.

\* \* \*

After six p.m., Siobhan finally called it a day. Several sales teams, including Steve and Jerry’s team, were still in meetings.

After showering and fixing herself a quick meal, she lay down on the couch before checking in on the shop. Business was booming, as usual. An hour of relaxing later, a knock came at her door.

When she sauntered over to the door and looked through the peephole, she saw none other than the dynamic duo. Noticing the strange looks on their faces, she unlocked the storm door and ushered them in. “Hey guys,” she said in a dry voice. She knew everything was about to come to a head now.

Steve strolled over to the couch and sat down. “Frigaard tell you anything special today?” he asked.

Siobhan said nothing and exhaled.

“We all need to talk,” Jerry said, taking her hand in his before they journeyed over to the couch. Her chest tightened, and fire ignited within her loins at Jerry’s touch as he pulled her onto his lap. She was

damned sure that whatever they were about to lay on her was pretty heavy.

“Look, I enjoyed Saturday, but I can’t help but feel that I’m needed elsewhere,” Steve said with a wink.

“Steve, you guys didn’t do anything wrong,” she said. “I think there are some underlying issues we all need to address.”

“I’m in agreement,” Jerry blurted out. “I usually don’t share what I’m feeling with anyone, but this has gone on far too long.”

Siobhan arched a brow. “What has gone on far too long?” she asked in a hushed tone. She eyed the guys, who seemed to squirm beneath her gaze.

“Look, we’ve all had some good times, but—” Steve started until Jerry cut him off.

“What I think Steve is trying to say is, um...” Jerry’s face turned two shades of red while Siobhan smiled and leaned back on the sofa.

“See, there he goes,” Steve snickered.

“Steve!” Jerry snorted.

“Come on, man, don’t keep her waiting forever. I think you should be the one to say it, and then I’ll add my two cents worth. How’s that?” Steve said, rubbing his hands together.

Jerry clasped his hand over hers. “Just so you know, this is hard for me too. We’ve missed out on a lot together.”

“C’mon, man up, dude,” Steve pushed.

Jerry frowned. “I’m getting to it!”

“Well, while you’re getting to it, I’m going to make myself at home in Siobhan’s kitchen. She always has something good to eat.”

“Getting to what?”

“Um...” Jerry dropped his gaze to the floor, and then looked at her again. “I’m so not liking this.”

Her eyes widened. “You’d so better tell me what’s going on! Come on, what he said—man up!” she urged as her patience slowly ebbed away.

Your happiness is important to us both,” Jerry said in a hushed tone. He pressed his cheek against hers. “Plus—”

“Plus what?” she asked, eager to hear what he had to say.

“Never mind.” He lowered his gaze. “Maybe I shouldn’t say this.”

“Spill it!”

He stroked her cheek. “I love you, Siobhan,” he said in a low voice. “God, you don’t know how much I love you, and how long I wanted to tell you. Friday night, I knew for sure,” he confessed.

“I wish I had known earlier,” she said. Tiny currents skated across her skin while she gazed into his eyes. “I love you too, Jerry, with all my heart. Friday night cleared up so much for me and your words cleared up the rest, since I wasn’t sure of how you felt.”

Now things didn’t seem as bad. Jerry made an effort to voice his feelings, and she loved him even more for that. It sure as hell made things much easier. It looked like Rachel (and her heart) had been right all along.

“Please don’t feel pressured—I’m not trying to chase you away or anything. I just had to say my peace before I lost my nerve,” Jerry said.

“It’s all right,” she crooned. “I’m glad the truth is out, since it seems we’re both a little slow recognizing the truth.”

Steve returned from the kitchen. “So, what are you two birds talking about?”

“She knows everything,” Jerry confessed.

“Yeah?” Steve perked up. “Well, it’s about time!”

Jerry snaked an arm around her waist, pulling her close to him. She observed his breathing intensifying, and her pussy clenched. She closed her eyes as he brushed her lips with his, making her whimper as Steve continued to watch them.

“Um, dude.” Jerry cleared his throat as he rose from the couch.

“Oh, sorry, hard to break old habits, I guess,” Steve said with a laugh.

Siobhan looked Steve dead in the eye as she kissed Jerry. “I love him, Steve,” she confessed.

“Siobhan, I’ve known that for quite some time,” Steve admitted.

“Really?” Jerry arched a brow.

“Even before our conversation in the parking lot, I was thinking that sooner or later one or both of you would cave in to your feelings.”

“After Saturday night, I knew I couldn’t continue sharing you, not even with my best bud,” Jerry admitted.

“How true,” Siobhan said. “Saturday night was no joke, and that’s why I went home. If things were the same, I would’ve stayed the entire weekend.”

“I know that,” Jerry admitted.

“Siobhan,” Steve caught her attention. “I want you to know that I’ll always look twice when you enter a room, as I’m a heterosexual male and appreciate beautiful women. However, from here on out, you’re Jerry’s woman, and I’ll always respect that.”

“Thank you,” she said, appreciating Steve.

“All right, folks, time for me to go,” he said with a laugh. “See you in McLean, Jerry. We’ve got QBRs tomorrow.”

“See you then, my friend,” Jerry said with a nod as his buddy strode out the door.

“Alone at last,” Jerry said, nuzzling against the crook of her neck.

Siobhan’s heart shifted into overdrive as he slid his hands over her body. Her heart fluttered and her pussy tightened at the overwhelming sensations he reintroduced to her aching body.

She gauged Jerry’s reactions. He was turned on, but the look in his eyes told her he was relieved as well.

“Damn,” Jerry mouthed as he fondled her breasts. Unable to contain himself any longer, he squeezed them together before taking her nipples in his mouth.

“Oh, Jerry,” she murmured. “Bite them, gently.” Her pussy throbbed and her head spun.

His hard cock pressed against the softness of her body. She gyrated against him as he slowly explored her body, making her shudder. Kneeling over her, he glided his hands along the insides of her legs. Soaked with desire, her pussy clenched as his large hand brushed against it.

“Stop teasing me, Jerry!” she said as she reached up and cupped her own breasts.

Without fail, Jerry slipped his tongue inside of her, eliciting a shriek from her lips. His tongue plowed in and out of her, making her legs shake. Rising, he picked her up and took her to the bedroom. He wasted no time getting them into their favorite positions.

“Mmm, you feel so damned good!” Jerry exclaimed as he continued exploring her body.

“Touch me here,” she demanded, arching her back while he brushed her pussy with his cock. She positioned him so she could enjoy the added pressure of his dick against her clit. “Yes,” she whispered into his ear. “Oh God, yesss!” Her fingers glided along rippled muscle, down to his taut ass. “Oh, fuck yesss!”

“You’re driving me crazy,” Jerry said before lightly biting her earlobe. He thrust against her hard when Siobhan sank her nails in his ass cheeks. “Mmm,” he groaned as she wrapped her legs around his waist. “You know I like feeling those nails in my back and ass. You’re so wet for me, honey!”

“I need you now,” she whispered impatiently. She wanted to enjoy this man immediately, and for as long as they had energy. The thought of them making love until the sun came up flashed in her mind.



“Trust me, baby, I’ll be inside you soon enough,” he said in a husky voice, reaching for a condom.

Slipping it on, Jerry gently stimulated her clit with the head of his cock, further instigating Siobhan’s arousal.

She bit her lip in utter frustration as he explored her pussy lips with his throbbing dick while tweaking her diamond-hard nipples. His heated gaze cut through her soul, and was almost enough to thrust her to the brink of orgasm.

“Do you want this?” he teased before bending down to plant fiery kisses alongside her neck. Every so often, he’d gently nip her, holding her skin between his teeth.

“Bite me,” she sputtered.

He released her neck. “Umm, don’t know, woman. You sure you want to be bitten?” Jerry toyed.

“Yes, baby, please don’t tease me,” she choked out. Siobhan thought she’d lose her mind at the affection and amount of control he was summoning. She knew he was taking his time, prolonging their agony.

“All I want to do is please you,” he spoke softly. “That’s all I’ve ever wanted.”

“I love you.” The words slipped from her mouth without a thought.

Jerry looked her in the eyes and stroked her cheek. "I love you too, babe," he said. "I'm going to make love to you until neither one of us can walk," he promised before returning his attention to her neck.

He lightly nibbled her neck, occasionally adding more pressure. Every so often, he'd talk dirty to her. Her toes curled, and a spark twisted in her core at the words and sound of his voice as she thought of how much pleasure awaited them.

"You're killing me, Frigaard," Siobhan shot out as she lifted her hips off the bed, grinding her pussy against his needful cock. That was it. She'd exercised more than enough patience. In sweet heated agony, she arched her back and guided his cock inside her, invoking a groan from her lover.

"Ahh, baby, *fuck!*" Jerry called out as he threw his head back.

"Ohhh," Siobhan cried as he settled deep inside her. He stilled for a few moments, and then gently thrust several times until her back arched and her toes curled.

"Baby, you've got me hard as steel," he moaned against her lips. He looked at her through heavy-lidded eyes as their bodies moved in unison.

He brushed his moist lips against hers before his tongue parted her lips. Quickly her tongue greeted his, and together, their tongues danced erotically

against each other as Jerry treaded his fingers through her braids.

Their bodies glistening with a light sheen from their ministrations, they whispered to one another. “That’s it, baby, yeah, like that,” Siobhan moaned as she squeezed her hungry pussy around his cock, forcing Jerry to quicken his pace. “Harder!” she exclaimed.

“Yeah, baby? Harder?” Jerry repeated her words.

“Faster,” she cried.

“Faster?” he asked breathlessly, his body shuddering against hers.

“Yeah!” Siobhan called out in a high-pitched voice.

“Ah, fuck!” Jerry’s pace quickened. He pumped vigorously, as she dug her nails deep into his back.

“Pound me!” Siobhan demanded.

Obliging, he placed her legs over her shoulders and thrust harder, faster, and deeper inside her until she thought she’d seen stars. Their cries of pleasure filtered throughout the bedroom.

“Uh huh! Oh yeah, yess, God!” Siobhan cried at the top of her lungs as her pussy clenched around Jerry’s cock. Suddenly, her body had a mind all its own.

“I’m gonna come!” Jerry gritted his teeth and fucked her harder. “Oh yeah, fuck!”

The sounds of their sweaty bodies pounding mercilessly against one another filled the room, and one last time, Siobhan felt Jerry's cock swelling inside her.

"Now baby, come with me!" She howled her release like a banshee as her pussy milked Jerry's cock for all he was worth.

"Fuuuck!" Jerry's voice boomed in the air as their bodies spasmed together. His large hands squeezed her thighs as his body convulsed several times. Gasping for air, he reached down to fondle her breasts, making her suck in a breath.

"Oooh," Siobhan moaned, riding the last few waves of her orgasm as Jerry continued slowly pumping inside her.

He lay down beside her, possessively pulling her close to him as he planted a long, hot kiss on her lips. Then he stopped and looked lovingly into her eyes.

"You know, baby, I really don't mind just lying here for a while." She sighed and tightened her grip around Jerry. "I'm rather enjoying this. You don't have to do anything else right now but hold me."

"Siobhan," Jerry whispered, treading his fingers through her braids. "We have all we need right here. We'll do whatever you want."

Siobhan's heart fluttered, but she felt safe. Silently, she chastised herself for not sharing her

feelings with him earlier. But that was okay, because if it weren't for him, she would never have spilled her guts. She'd made that mistake once, and she'd never do it again. That old saying, *If you love something, let it go*, popped into her mind. *If it comes back to you...* She sighed before closing her eyes.

# *Epilogue*

---

Steve turned up the radio as he reveled in Jerry and Siobhan's union. He thought back to a few days ago in the parking lot when Jerry mentioned the situation wouldn't last forever.

That part of his life was now over, and his lips curled into a smile as the thought of Sophie, the beautiful massage therapist at Siobhan's salon.

Sophie carried a torch for Steve, and he knew it.

He sent up a silent prayer of "thanks" that Jerry sought hair care services elsewhere, because things would have been a mess had they both hooked up with Sophie.

A flicker of jealousy resonated through Steve's body at the thought of Jerry having Sophie. He wondered if Jerry had felt the same about his Siobhan. That was neither here nor there, he told himself.

Luckily he'd programmed her number into his phone. "Sophie Jensen," he said with a smile. After two rings, she picked up.

"Steve?"

"Yeah, baby."

"What's going on?"

“Umm, just wondering if you’d like some company tonight? Maybe go out to dinner, and back to my place?”

The woman giggled, sending delightful currents over his body and straight to his cock. Her sweet voice was like a light rain in the summertime, cascading over his being.

“Yes, I’ll be waiting,” she teased huskily.

“See you soon, baby,” Steve said with a smile. He sighed as he sped up. This was going to be a long night.

**\*\*Charisma\*\***





# Charisma Knight

Charisma Knight resides in the Maryland area with her daughters. An overactive imagination and her love for vampires, ghosts, and other paranormal beings prompted her to pursue writing in March 2009. On some occasions, her stories may contain regular human couples.

Charisma's stories are highly erotic and laced with a wild edge that will have you wriggling in your seat. She captures her dreams and fantasies, reinventing them as paranormal and contemporary stories. But be warned. As you will discover, sometimes Charisma walks on the darker side of the paranormal, and you may find yourself caught between this realm and another...

Charisma loves hearing from her readers and can be reached at:

Web site: <http://charismaknight.yolasite.com>

Blog: <http://charismaknight.blogspot.com>

[charismaknight1@aol.com](mailto:charismaknight1@aol.com)