



Double Coverage

Mercy Celeste

Double Coverage

Mercy Celeste

Published 2011

ISBN 978-1-59578-803-0

Published by Liquid Silver Books, imprint of Atlantic Bridge Publishing, 10509 Sedgegrass Dr, Indianapolis, Indiana 46235. Copyright © 2011, Mercy Celeste. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Manufactured in the United States of America

Liquid Silver Books
<http://LSbooks.com>

Email:
raven@LSbooks.com

Editor
Jean Cooper

Cover Artist
April Martinez

This is a work of fiction. The characters, incidents and dialogues in this book are of the author's imagination and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events or persons, living or dead, is completely coincidental.

Blurb

Maybe it was the sand or the Gulf breeze. It could have been the three appletinis. But when former quarterback Trigger Morgan makes a pass, Kailey Whitmore decides to throw caution to the wind and take him up on his offer.

A one-night stand at the fifteen-year reunion—how cliché. Unless Trigger has plans for more than just one night.

But Trigger's best friend, star NFL wide receiver Bullet Brady, has ideas of his own. And those ideas include making Kailey part of his fantasy team. That is if Trigger is still game for a little Double Coverage.

Dedication

To Rita VF—Thanks for the girl talk and the commas.

Chapter One

The Alabama Gulf Coast Early Summer

Kailey Whitmore sat at the bar gazing out over the people who'd shown up for the fifteen-year reunion. Back in the day, they'd all been skinny and fabulous. Now they were just old. Okay, maybe thirty-three wasn't old, but Kailey sure as hell felt every one of those years keenly. In five years, when they gathered for the "official" reunion, she would be ancient—unless something changed, and fast.

Pink's "So What" blared over the lounge sound system at Kailey's request. "So What"—a song about a bad breakup, anger, and coping set to a hard driving beat—pretty much summed up the past year of her life.

Fresh out of college, she'd married the first guy she'd made love with. Yeah, looking back, he was a pathetic waste of a spectacular body, possessing very few brains and no humanity to speak of. However, she'd been stupid then too, and hadn't noticed or cared as long as the sex was good and there was money.

And there was money, lots of money—mostly hers, earned from working two jobs in those first years while he finished dental school, and then his after he finished dental school. She never noticed that the sex had become stale or that the money was disappearing until it was too late.

He started staying late so she put in more hours. He said business was bad because of the recession, so she took on special projects that kept her out of town—after all her job was recession-proof. Then he'd stopped coming home altogether. That's when she'd noticed. That's when suspicion led her to discover more than she wanted to know.

His hygienists were named Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday; there was even one named Saturday. Sure, those weren't their real names, just the days he met them for lunch or dinner and a fuck at their place. The bitches. All of them with gorgeous long, flowing hair and outstanding boobs. Boobs that he'd paid for on more than one occasion.

Sorry sack of shit—waste of her youth, her life, her love.

Kailey sipped an appletini as she watched her former classmates gyrate on the dance floor. Some of them were actually married to their partners. How novel. There was Veronica Hutchins—the bitch head cheerleader and all-around perky nemesis of girls like Kailey—with Mark Cullman, former basketball captain, on the dance floor. She wondered if Ronnie's hubby knew they were bumping uglies off the floor as well. Brad Brickman, the men's wrestling captain, was flirting outrageously with Heather "Bunny" Kaufmann. Too bad he was so deep in the closet he was having adventures in Narnia. Too bad Bunny was too stupid to tell there wouldn't be a happy ending for her tonight.

And then there was the captain of the football team, just as gorgeous and as single as ever, and headed straight for her. Oh, for the love of God, he *was* headed straight for her. Her heart somehow managed to skip a beat when he smiled her way.

"You look stunning, Kailey." His voice was deep, masculine, and damned sultry. She smiled at him behind her glass, looking him over. He had the body to match his voice, well-developed shoulders, slim waist, and muscular thighs. His face wasn't bad either,

with little laugh lines beside his brown eyes, and a straight nose and square jaw.

"I could say the same about you, Trigger." She swirled her drink, sipping to hide the smile she hadn't expected when he blushed. Trigger Morgan had actually blushed! Damn, that was priceless.

"Just Trig now, Kailey. Trigger was embarrassing enough back then." He placed his foot on the bar rail and leaned on one elbow beside her. "How's life been treating you?"

"Oh, you know, can't complain. I work too hard, play too little. Same old, same old." She wondered why he was standing there looking at her as if she were a buffet. "Are you drunk, Trig?"

"No. Why do you ask?" He signaled the bartender for a beer, then looked her up and down, undressing her with his eyes. Jesus. So, that was what it felt like to have Trigger Morgan look at you with those bedroom eyes of his. Like liquid fire, all tingly and hot.

"Because you never spoke to me back in the day, Trig. Remember? Dorky little Kailey with the glasses and braces, and the straight As and perfect attendance award. Thirteen years worth of straight As and perfect attendance awards, I might add." But that was fifteen years ago, and the braces had paid off; the glasses had been replaced by contacts. She still had perfect attendance, damn it all to hell.

"That's because I was afraid of you."

"Bullshit. I was just a dork. There was nothing scary about me. You were a stuck-up jock who thought I was beneath you. Admit it." She was still beneath him if the rumors were true. He was now a doctor. Trigger Morgan had gone and gotten himself a medical degree. Trig Morgan was a goddamned pediatrician. Well, at least he wasn't banging his patients, unlike a certain dentist she could name.

"You know, Kailey, I've always had this one particular fantasy. It was about you, and you were definitely beneath me." He smiled at her over his glass, heat and promise in his eyes. Oh holy hell. "We'd be good together."

"What's wrong, Trigger? Strike out with the cheerleaders this time around?" She glanced over at the Rah-Rah table where several sets of blue eyes were staring daggers at her. "Or did you lose a bet? I'm going to go with the latter. So what was it—kiss the valedictorian in front of everyone or steal a mascot head from the rival school? I bet stealing the mascot head will be easier."

"There is no bet, Kailey." He slid his hand along her arm.

Heat and electricity shot through her, taking her by surprise. She gasped, and he smiled. Oh dear God in heaven, the man had a killer smile.

"I've always had a thing for you, and I figured I'd catch you between husbands and see if maybe you might have had something for me once upon a time."

"You're kidding, right?" His hand trailed up her arm to her shoulder. She shivered; her skin prickled with a combination of desire and humiliation. "Don't screw with me, Trigger. I'm not in the mood."

"I'll take that as a not interested, then." He removed his hand, grazing her nipple "accidentally" as he stepped away. "Nice seeing you again, Kailey. My condolences on your divorce."

"Son of a bitch," she said to his retreating backside.

"Do you believe that guy?" She turned to the bartender when Trigger was out of earshot.

"Honey, what is wrong with you? That hot piece of ass wanted you. He's been

watching you all night, and you broke his little heart, bitch.”

The guy smiled as he spoke, but his words startled her. Trigger Morgan wanted her. Yeah, right.

“And Cher is a man.”

“Hey, now, no call to get nasty, honey. I was just sayin’, but if you don’t want him, I’ll take him.”

“He’d rip you apart.”

“Oh honey, one can only hope.”

*

He watched her laugh at something the bartender said. She was stunning when she let go. Okay, she was stunning when she had that stick up her ass too. But when she really let go and smiled or laughed, Kailey Whitmore was a knockout.

Growing up, she’d lived down the street from him. Her older brother used to drag her out to play ball with all the boys. He’d teased her because she threw like a girl, but damn, after a year or two Kailey could throw a football almost as well as he could. He liked that about her. At twelve, she stopped coming out to play. Her brother had grown up and moved on to girls and cars, forgetting the kids and her. As time had gone by, he’d watched her blossom from gangly tomboy to full-grown woman. Obviously awkward in her own skin, she’d always avoided him and most of the other kids. She liked school—really liked school. She didn’t have time for ball games and prom as she won science awards and writing contests.

Kailey was a bona fide brain, one with boobs and long legs and pretty brown hair with blond streaks that he wanted to run his hands through, and eyes so green he couldn’t help but think of heaven. But Kailey had never looked twice at him.

Tonight she looked so lonely sitting at the bar all alone. There was something about the way she held herself that gave him courage. It helped that the gossip about her breakup swirled fast and furious around him. Her dentist husband caught banging his hygienists, *all* of his hygienists—Jesus Christ, was the man blind or stupid?—when he had her to come home to. She’d divorced him, a nasty divorce that cost him his license after his other extracurricular affairs came to light. Damn shame—for the dentist.

Trig wanted her for himself, always had. When she called him by his teenage nickname, he’d gone hard with greedy, syrupy desire. Then she looked at him with those goddamned green eyes turned hard as emeralds, and he knew he didn’t have a chance in hell.

He sighed, wondering how he had reached this point in his life, lusting after the one woman who didn’t know he existed, while a whole tableful of them would claw each other’s eyes out to go home with him tonight.

He watched her lean in to whisper in the bartender’s ear. If she preferred some damn bartender to him, then so be it. He set his glass on the table and said his good-byes to those around him. Tomorrow he would try to get an earlier flight back to New Orleans and put her out of his mind once and for all.

*

She saw him shaking hands and patting backs. He hugged one of the cheerleaders, patted another’s very pregnant belly as he headed for the door. He looked resigned, almost defeated. He was leaving. Of course not. Trigger wouldn’t just leave because she turned him down. Would he?

“Girl, he’s walking out the door. You better go get him, or mark my words, in five years you are going to regret letting him go.”

“Who the hell are you, anyway? Sister Lonely Hearts?” Kailey reached into her purse, pulled out a hundred-dollar bill, and shoved it at him. “Well, whoever you are, keep the change.”

“Go get him, cowgirl,” he called after her. She felt her face turn red and avoided all of the curious gazes as she rushed past the tables, especially the Rah-Rah table. She was out of breath when she caught him at the door.

She tapped him on his shoulder, trying to catch her breath before he turned around. And when he did, she didn’t think—she simply acted.

She pressed her body close to his; she could feel his heart beating wildly. She could feel his breath on her lips, her breasts crushed to his chest. She didn’t know what hit her when her lips touched his; lightning flashed in her head, thunder rumbled in her chest. Oh, Christ, he felt so nice, tasted so sweet she thought she would die.

“Your place or mine?” she asked, her hands skimming his shoulders.

“I’m upstairs; where are you?”

“Your place, then. I don’t think I’ll make it to mine.”

Chapter Two

The room tilted, but she didn't care. Trig Morgan—quarterback, football captain, and everybody's all-American unapproachable jock—nibbled her ear. The elevator was too damned slow, her dress was too damned in the way, and he was too damned yummy for her own good.

If that damned elevator didn't get here soon, she'd melt or explode or come to her senses. There were eyes on them. Some she knew, some she didn't, but she didn't care. She wanted his hands on her body. He was good with his hands, everybody said so.

"You smell nice," he whispered in her ear, his tongue dipping in for a taste. She trembled, pressing her body closer to his, so close she could feel every muscle hidden beneath his shirt. The bulge he pressed against her belly took her breath away. "Taste good too."

"You talk too much." She leaned against him, her clit throbbing, her panties soaked just because he blew in her ear. "And that elevator is too slow."

"Are you in a hurry or something?" The elevator finally opened with a ding, and she thought the people on board would never get off before he backed her inside right up against the wall and ground his cock into her belly. She didn't notice if they were alone; she didn't care. "We can start right here."

"I thought you wanted me beneath you?" She ran her fingers through his hair. Leaning into him, she flicked his lips with her tongue. "But here is fine too."

"Don't tease me, Kailey. I've dreamed about making love to you since freshman year. I might come in my pants, and this will all be for nothing."

"Listen, Trig, I haven't had sex in more than a year. I'm pretty much a sure thing. You don't have to lie to get me naked, at least not tonight. I've had enough liquid courage to do the entire football team."

"What makes you think I'm lying?"

Was he serious? She couldn't help feeling as if he'd cut out her soul and fed it to her.

"You could have had me—freshman year or any year after that for that matter, but you never tried." She hadn't meant to admit that. Her crush on Trigger Morgan had been embarrassing enough then; now it was just pitiful. "I wanted you too. I used to lie in my bed wishing you would sneak in through my window. You lived two houses down. It wouldn't have been a difficult feat to accomplish—sneaking in, I mean."

"I thought about it, especially at the end of senior year. After you announced you were going to England to study at Oxford for the summer, I knew I'd never see you again." The elevator slowed, then lurched to a halt on the fourth floor. The doors swept open, and they weren't alone any more.

"Why didn't you?" She waited until they stood in the corridor. Reckless abandon had now abandoned her. He held her hand, the simple contact the only thing keeping her from changing her mind.

"Because I was afraid of you, Kailey. I was afraid you'd laugh at me and call me a stupid jock, like you did downstairs."

"I didn't call you stupid. You're a doctor and I'm just an archaeologist. I teach school; you heal people."

“You teach school at an Ivy League college, and you travel the world. I work in a free clinic in New Orleans. Jesus Christ, Kailey, believe me—you have the bigger dick in this contest. Stop making excuses. I *was* just a dumb jock who went away to school and finally had some sense knocked into me. There is no comparison.” There was sincerity in his voice and longing in his eyes. “So did you mean it when you said you were a sure thing? Damn, Kailey—that makes me hard just thinking about it.”

“How much farther to your room?” Why the hell were they standing around talking? What did it matter what happened fifteen years ago? That was then and this was now, and Trigger Morgan had a big dick, and she wanted to taste it.

At least that’s what she told herself as he opened the door to his room and held it open for her. She was swimming in self-doubt. Her sorry husband was all she knew. What if Trig didn’t like what he saw when she stepped out of her clothes? What if she’d been doing it wrong all these years? Was that why Charlie had looked elsewhere, because she didn’t give good head?

Once inside, he crossed the room, pulling at the tie hanging loosely around his neck. She followed, feeling lost and cold and out of her league. Everyone downstairs knew she’d come up to his room. *Oh good God—things can’t get any worse.* What the hell was she doing?

Getting naked with the quarterback at the reunion—how cliché.

Cliché or not, she laid her purse on top of his jacket and closed the distance between them. “Trig,” she said softly. “I’m broken. I don’t know how to play this game, but I want to be with you. So maybe if you stop talking and go back to kissing me, we can find out how good we can be together.”

He looked at her with those big brown eyes of his. There was a question behind them. She saw it burning brightly, but he didn’t say anything. He simply reached out and cradled her face in his long fingers. Oh God, he really did have soft hands.

He smelled faintly of beer and aftershave, his breath hot on her lips. He didn’t kiss her, just teased, licking her with his tongue, gently touching his lips to hers, only to pull away.

“You’re killing me.” She groaned, pressing her body to his. His cock—still rock hard and hot—felt so good against her. His shoulders beneath her hands were wide and hard. There was too much material between them, and the buttons on his shirt were tiny and frustrating. “Kiss me, please ... Trig.”

“I thought you’d never ask.” He smiled against her lips, his eyes filled with lust, and then she saw nothing. Her eyes fluttered closed the very second he closed his mouth over hers, his moan of pleasure all she needed to turn her knees to jelly. “You taste so good.”

“And you have too many clothes on.” He took advantage of her open mouth to glide his tongue deep inside to tease and torment her. She sighed a short while later. “There are too many buttons.”

“Really?” He tore his lips from hers, and taking both sides of his shirt in his long-fingered hands, he pulled roughly, sending buttons flying everywhere. “How’s that?”

“So much better, thank you.” She found flesh. Hot, silky smooth flesh rippled with muscle. Oh yes, that was so much better. She ran her hands over his stomach. He sucked in his breath; his eyelids fluttered when she licked his throat. “You taste pretty good yourself.”

“Shit, Kailey, that’s not fair. I’m about to burst as it is.” He struggled for breath

when her mouth found his nipples. She licked, drawing one hard point into her mouth as she slid his shirt down his arms.

“So nice.” She breathed against his belly, running her fingers over each defined muscle. The man had a six-pack—oh sweet lord, he was nice and hard all over. His body quivered when she dipped her tongue into his navel. “So, so nice.”

The carpet beneath her knees was soft, his belt argumentative, his cock hard and long when she freed it. His hands in her hair felt deliciously wicked. The ragged sounds that escaped his throat when she blew on the tip of his erection drove her wild. “Kailey, what are you doing to me?”

“Tasting you, Trigger. You have a big beautiful cock, and it’s just begging me to taste it.” She blew over his cock again, and again watched him throw his head back and groan as the organ in front of her face pulsed, growing larger, seeming to beckon to her.

“Kailey?” His voice was ragged, his hands gentle in her hair.

She ran her tongue over the blunt head; he tasted salty and sweet and carnal as sin.

“That feels so damned good.”

“You taste nice, Trigger, like candy. I’m going to suck all the sweet off of you.” She tugged his pants down his hips, leaving them in a puddle around his ankles. Wrapping her hands around his hips, she gripped his tight ass and did just as promised, taking him into her mouth and slowly easing him deeper until she felt him at the back of her throat.

His moans of pleasure sent ripples coursing through her body. Desire dripped and puddled between her legs. She squeezed her knees together; her clit throbbed ruthlessly, robbing her of breath. His fingers clenched in her hair; his cock grew taut. His breathing turned shallow and fast. She eased away from him, looking up into his eyes. “Are you in a hurry, Trigger?”

“No.” He tugged her to her feet, then kicked off his shoes and pants. “We’ve got all weekend.” He touched his mouth to hers, his tongue hot, insistent, as he delved into her mouth, sucked her tongue into his mouth—forcing a thrust and parry that had her writhing against his naked body. The fabric of her dress was rough against her nipples when she rubbed against him.

“I think I’m overdressed for the occasion.” She broke off the kiss. Standing on tiptoe in her gold strappy sandals, she still wasn’t tall enough to meet his eyes directly. “And my panties are soaked.”

“Well, damn, I think we need to do something about that.” Before she could protest, he lifted her off her feet, carried her over to the massive bed that sat in the middle of the room, and tossed her on top of the comforter. “It’s a pretty dress. I love green on you. The color makes your eyes dance.”

He placed a knee between her legs, his cock jutting proudly as he skimmed her thighs, drawing her skirt up as he crawled onto the bed.

“Damn, Kailey, you’re right. You soaked them clean through,” he drawled, watching her face as he ran a finger along the edge of the lace just below her navel. “Do you want these off?”

“Please.”

His mouth hitched into a smile, his eyes flashed wickedly, and she moaned at the touch of that one finger tracing her lower belly, toying with the elastic. She grabbed the comforter with both hands, arching into his hand. “Please, take them off.”

“I don’t think so.” His smile turned evil. He bent over her, brushing a kiss on her

belly. Just as she had done to him earlier, Trig dipped his tongue into her navel and swirled it a couple of times before moving downward.

She cried out when he settled between her legs, his breath hot on her already throbbing clit as he blew across the soaked lace that covered her pussy. “Trigger?”

“Yeah, Kailey?” He smiled up at her expectantly.

“Do that again.”

* * * *

Lust swirled painfully in his loins. His cock throbbed against the bed, begging for relief, demanding he climb between her legs and bury himself deep inside her. He ignored his cock and his baser instincts. This was Kailey; he didn’t want to fuck this up and end it all too soon. He wanted to savor every moment, but she’d surprised him when she went down on him. Her talented mouth had him on the verge of disgracing himself.

There was time, so much time, and he didn’t want to waste a second of it on a quickie. He sure as hell didn’t want to disappoint her after all these years of dreaming about her.

Her soaking-wet panties sent waves of lust shooting into that very part of his body he was trying to control. She smelled musky and sweet and hot. Goddamn, she was hot, scorching hot. He could feel the heat radiating off her body; he could see her clit pulse beneath the black lace. “Do that again,” she demanded, her voice low, almost a whisper. Desire burned like fire in her eyes as she looked at him, pleading with him. He throbbed and ached and lusted.

“As you wish.” He dipped his head and blew long and hard on that spot that pulsed just behind the lace. She cried out, arching her hips toward his mouth. Oh Christ, she tasted so damn good. He licked the spot, catching her just below her clit, the soaked lace rough against his tongue. Her voice echoed in the room when she swore and buried her fingers in his hair.

She was wild. Brainy, reserved Kailey was wild. She bucked under his mouth when he closed his lips over her clit and suckled her gently, flicking her with his tongue while she thrashed and cussed and begged for more. She tasted so sweet, he wanted more. He wanted her wild and thrashing and crying out his name.

He slipped a finger under the lace and tugged the material to the side. She froze beneath him, her breath caught in her throat as if waiting. He blew across her swollen flesh, deep pink and throbbing, and watched as she pulsed, her vagina opening for him, throbbing, pulsing, slick with cream.

“Trigger.” She breathed his nickname; the sound made him groan. That name had never sounded as good as it did coming from her.

“You’re so sweet, like honey.” He blew again and watched her eyes glaze over before he dipped his head between her legs again, this time tasting her without the lace barrier. Just like before, he drew her clit into his mouth, suckled deeply—flicking her clit with his tongue until she arched into his mouth, her body going rigid; her cries were hoarse, almost strangled.

“Trigger.” Her cries enflamed him; her orgasm pulsed beneath his mouth; and he groaned against her.

“I’m sorry, Kailey. I can’t wait any longer.” He crawled up her body, drawing her legs to his hips. Her vagina throbbed around his cock, and he moaned with her as he

pushed inside her.

“Hurry.” She turned unseeing eyes on him. Wrapping her arms around his shoulders, she pulled him to her. Her mouth became greedy as she thrust against him, drawing him deeper inside where she pulsed around him, as another orgasm built and swirled around him, taking him with her.

“Trigger?” she said a while later her voice barely a whisper. “Why am I still dressed?”

Chapter Three

“Why did you stop coming out to play with the neighborhood kids?”

Sated and hovering blissfully on the precipice of sleep, Kailey lay against his side listening to his heartbeat. Maybe it was her foggy mind or the alcohol finally catching up with her, but she didn’t have a clue what he was talking about. “When? I don’t remember.”

“When we were all kids—me, you, Sarah Beth Lawrence, and a bunch of younger kids. Your brother would come out, dragging you with him, and we’d all toss around the football. You stopped coming out.” He lifted a strand of her hair, tugging gently as he rubbed it between his fingers.

“Oh, that. I was the only girl left by the time Brad escaped babysitting detail. Sarah Beth had moved on to cheerleading and gymnastics. I felt awkward, like a tomboy. I was never that interested in football, you know. I just played because Brad made me.”

“You know he was one of the reasons I played ball. Bradley Whitmore could throw a wicked spiral. We all idolized him. Pity he stopped playing. Where is he now? If you don’t mind my asking?”

“He quit school, got his GED, and went into the Marines. Seven years ago—well, let’s just say the war in Iraq happened to him.”

“I’m sorry, I didn’t know.”

“He died doing what he loved, I guess you could say. Mom and Daddy split after that. I was in New Jersey; Brad was gone. I guess they just got tired of pretending. They both left to find new lives. Mom is down in Boca Raton doing hair at a salon. Daddy is still driving trucks; he remarried a few years ago.” She shrugged a shoulder. None of that mattered anymore. “I don’t like talking about that time; we weren’t exactly the picture of the perfect middle class family.”

“Perfect?” She detected a hint of bitterness in his laugh. “No one had a perfect home life, Kai.”

“You did. You had the clothes, the car, the attitude of a spoiled-rotten athlete, and the popularity that goes with that.”

“You’re confusing money with perfection, and we didn’t have that much more than your family had, I’m sure. The difference is that I was an only child. I had an emotionally distant mother and an overly ambitious father who wanted to relive his glory days through me. I spent my life on the football field or in a weight room. I took the classes he wanted me to take—just enough real school to stay on the team and to get the big scholarship because my old man wanted me to go pro. I had very little time to actually go out and play. I could have spent my time riding my bike or playing video games. I played ball with your brother because you played.”

“And you teased me because I threw like a girl.” She remembered that now. “Sarah Beth threw worse than I did, but you didn’t tease her.”

“That’s because Sarah Beth Lawrence was hopeless—and I liked your spunk. Even when we ganged up on you, you didn’t cry or pout. You picked up the ball, and you threw it until you did it right. I liked that about you.”

“So my tenacity as a ten-year-old is why we’re lying here naked tonight? That is sort

of sick, if you think about it.”

“Okay, I admit your prepubescent self didn’t rock my little world. Hell, I just thought girls were into tea parties and ballet back then, and those were not activities I wanted anything to do with. But sometime around the end of ninth grade, I think—that’s when I started noticing you again.”

“Mmmm, I was rocking a serious set of braces in the ninth grade. And my mom refused to let me get contacts. And let’s not forget those god-awful braids I wore because I thought I was Laura Ingalls Wilder. Why in the hell wouldn’t you want to hit that?”

“You were cute. Ow—don’t pinch me. You were. Even the braids. But that wasn’t it.”

“What did it for you, then? Seriously. My huge brains? Oh yeah, little Miss Egghead, so smart even her parents were afraid of her. The epitome of every fourteen-year-old boy’s fantasy.”

“Well, if you want to know when I started thinking of you as more than some little geek girl I used to play ball with, it was the day you stood up in Dr. Caldwell’s algebra class and told him he was an idiot. Then you went to the board, took the chalk from my hand, and corrected his formula. When you finished, you went to the principal’s office before he could send you and filed a stupid-teacher complaint. That was what did it for me.”

“Oh my God, I remember that day. I was an insufferable know-it-all brat.”

“Yeah, you really were. And I never forgot it. Never. You had guts. The man humiliated me that entire year, and you stood up for me. That stays with a person.”

“That *was* you at the board, wasn’t it? What was it he said? Something about you waiting for divine intervention, when all the time his formula was wrong. He couldn’t teach worth a damn, and he was mean. I just got tired of listening to his drivel and snapped. My mother was so proud of me that day. That’s sarcasm, by the way. I nearly got suspended, but it was fun.”

“I was terrified of you. Most of us were. You were so smart, and quiet—we didn’t know how to interact with you. That day, you impressed me. I didn’t have the courage to stand up for myself. I wasn’t kidding downstairs when I said I used to fantasize about you. I was too afraid of you to try anything.”

“What sort of fantasies?”

“Oh, the usual teenage under-the-bleacher stuff. You wouldn’t like it if I told you.”

“Hot and sweaty, taking my cherry in the back of your daddy’s car stuff? I wasn’t kidding when I said you could have had it. I used to watch you cut the grass from the balcony outside my room. I used to fantasize about you pulling a Romeo and climbing the trellis at night. Stupid, little girl stuff, I wouldn’t have known what to do with you if you had.”

“Looking back, knowing what you know now, what would you do if I climbed into your bedroom?”

“Oh, I don’t know. Something like this, maybe.”

She licked a path to his mouth. His quickly in-drawn breath made her bold enough to crawl over him until she straddled him. He was hard and ready, and she only had to arch just a little to take him inside. “How does that feel?”

“Like we should have done this a long time ago.” He buried his hands in her hair, his strong fingers holding her captive while he took control of her mouth. Soft kisses turned

heated, frenzied even. She rode him slowly, teasing him until he couldn't take it another second, and before Kailey knew what had happened, he had her on her back, his cock buried inside her, driving into her, taking her to dizzying heights, only to plunge her back to reality.

When she could form a coherent thought again, she wrapped her arms around him, and held him close. "Trig?" she whispered in his ear.

"Yeah?" His voice was sleepy, sluggish.

"That was really nice. Thank you."

"My pleasure."

* * * *

His heart raced wildly as he watched the sex kitten amble out of the hotel, her sun-streaked hair tousled from some lucky bastard's hands. The pale green sundress she wore hugged her curves in a way that made him happy to be a man. She looked at him as she passed; there was no recognition in her green eyes, and she sure as hell wasn't someone he knew. The reluctant smile she gave him turned sultry, but she kept on walking until she disappeared into a red SUV.

"Damn." Regret made him watch as she drove away. If only he'd been here earlier. Her hair would be more than just a little tousled, and she sure as hell wouldn't be walking away this early in the morning.

* * * *

How many people had she run into on the way out of the hotel? How much speculation and gossip would be flying about her and Trig when she returned for the evening festivities? "If I go back. I don't have to go back."

Damn, what the hell had she been thinking, going up to Trig's room? Curiosity, lust, stupidity? Whatever it was, she sure as hell wished she could undo it, or at least have had the sense to leave before dawn to avoid the stares. The walk of shame. Oh dear God—she, Kailey Whitmore, had taken the walk of shame for the first time in her life.

Now, because she couldn't contain her libido, she was late for the meeting she'd been anticipating since before she even knew about the reunion. Not to mention the drive across the bay into Mobile. She hated driving through tunnels, hated the irrational fear that the damned thing might break and flood while she was inside. And Christ, but Trig made love like a damned machine—he just kept going and going. How many damn times had she come? She couldn't remember. Three before he even managed to get her naked.

Oh, shut up. Just shut the hell up. However, her brain just kept on whirling away, turning over every minute detail of the last few hours.

"Who the hell was that guy in the limo?" she asked the steering wheel, remembering the big man climbing out of a stretch limo just as she let herself into her car. He'd stared at her as if he was planning to have her for his next meal. He looked familiar, but she couldn't place him.

Funny that she could hardly place any of her classmates, but all of them knew her. Okay, not necessarily by sight. Apparently, she'd changed a great deal since her braces-and-glasses days. But they all knew her, every last one of them. She had no recollections of any of them whatsoever, which was why she'd sought refuge at the bar with no one but

the safe bartender and a trio of appletinis for company.

She wouldn't go back; that was all there was to it. She would go to her meeting at the university and then directly to the airport. Forget all of her belongings. She'd have the rental company send them to her when she called and canceled her month-long lease. It was a mistake coming home. Yes, a mistake.

A spiraling, clenching, tingling feeling started in her stomach. Oh, but Trig's cock had felt so good, and she wanted more. So much more, she squeezed her legs together, hoping to stop the throbbing before it started. She shouldn't think of Trig and his talented tongue or his magnificent cock, she told herself, not if she wanted to get through this interview with her dignity intact.

She pulled into the exit lane just the other side of the tunnel, the radio blaring Pink's CD. All of her anger and determination came racing back. With effort, she put a mental block on her night with Trig. She focused on her notes and all of the things she planned to say.

And just who the hell *was* that guy in the limo?

* * * *

Trig stumbled out of the elevator, bleary, rumped, and starving, to the sound of crowing. Why was there crowing?

"Woo-hoo, look at what the cat dragged in." That wasn't crowing; that was Bullet. *Oh fuck.*

Robert "Bobby" Brady, otherwise known as Bullet—because who the hell wanted to go through life as Bobby Brady and because he was the fastest animal on two legs—was the best wide receiver in the NFL and his best friend. Or he used to be, back in the day.

"Rumor has it, Trig, my man, that a certain brainiac valedictorian was seen taking the walk of shame shortly before I arrived. Rumor also has it she was seen leaving the party with a certain gunslinger last night. Care to comment?"

"Is there coffee anywhere around here?" Trig ignored the accusation, but it sure would explain why he'd woken up alone. "I can't see straight."

"Over there." Bullet cocked his head to the buffet set up in an atrium room. "So is it true? Trigger scored with Indiana Bones last night? Inquiring minds want to know."

"No comment." Trig stumbled past his friend and into the atrium, where about fifty others of their former classmates sat, some looking as bad as he felt. "Why are you here? I thought you couldn't get time away from some football thing."

"Called in a favor and took the red-eye down last night. You know you look like you've been rode hard and put up wet, don't you? Oh fuck, Trigger, did you just blush? Little Miss Valedictorian couldn't have been that good of a lay." Bullet hooted, pounding him on his back.

Damn, he really was glad to see Bullet, but couldn't Bullet have waited until Trig could clear the cobwebs from his befuddled brain before being so loud, so ... Bullet.

"No comment." There was coffee, strong dark coffee so black he could see himself in it. He took a whole pot and a cup and found a table as far away from the happy chattering as he could. Too bad Bullet followed him, his oversized body radiating good humor and happiness. "Don't you have groupies who need your attention somewhere else?"

"So she wasn't what you expected, man. No need to take it out on me." Bullet spoke

low—which for him was just below a shout—as he leaned over the table peering into Trig’s eyes, sympathy sparkling in his almost black eyes. “There’s a set of twins staying here. What say you and me revisit the good old days?”

“No thanks, Bullet. I’m not sure I can handle that kind of blast from the past.” Trig felt the heat rise in his face, remembering some of the things he and Bullet had done when they were turned loose on the world. Before Trig busted his knee and had to give up football—before the Broncos drafted Bullet, and Trigger was left behind. “Besides, after last night I’m not sure I’ve got anything left.”

He really shouldn’t have said that. Bullet crowed again, a sound somewhere between a hoot and a guffaw that echoed around the room. “Worn out by a dork. What the hell is the world coming to when Trigger Morgan can’t get it up for a set of twins.”

“Shut the fuck up, Bullet, before I shut you up,” Trig said with more bravado than he felt.

Bullet just smiled and leaned over the table, his mouth turned up in a grin, humor in his eyes. “You and what army?”

Chapter Four

"I'm going to make you eat sand, pretty boy," Bullet shouted over the sound of the waves and the blood pounding in Trig's brain. Full-tackle football on the goddamned beach. What the hell were they thinking?

"Yeah, Bullet, you and what army?" He threw the taunt back in his friend's face, just as he signaled his center. Bullet leaped across two of his linemen coming right for him, a grin of mayhem on his pretty face the second the ball was snapped. Somehow, Trig managed to shoot off a perfect spiral before Bullet took him down.

"I don't need an army to drop you, pretty boy. You're out of shape, slow, sloppy, and distracted." The intensity in Bullet's eyes actually made Trig freeze for a moment. Would that be him if fate hadn't intervened and his life gone a different direction? "But you haven't lost your arm. I guess that's all that matters."

"Since we just scored a touchdown and your wimps are sitting winded in the sand, I guess that is all that really matters." He looked down the beach at one of the guys spiking the ball and doing some stupid dance. Farther in the distance, a curvy body with a long flowing mane sauntered their way, and his brain went into a tailspin. He knew those curves. "Get off me, Bullet, before someone starts thinking there's more going on between us."

Bullet just grunted and rolled over onto the sand, pulling his extremely ripped body into a sitting position beside him. "I think I might be getting too old for this shit."

"It's just the air down here. It's heavy, and you've been up there in Denver all these years. You're not used to it." Thirty-three wasn't exactly old for football, but Bullet was right; he wasn't a spring chicken anymore. He probably had another two, maybe three years left in him, unless his knees went, and then all bets were off.

"Yeah, well, I've got to get used to it before training camp starts," he said, staring off in the distance, directly at the same set of hips sashaying their way. His eyes flared wide in appreciation. "Check out that babe. Do you believe the tits on her? I could bury myself in those puppies for a month and not come up for air."

"World-class tits, that's for sure." Distracted, Trig followed the white halter-top up to the woman's face when he realized he really did recognize those curves. "Why do you need to get used to the air down here?" He needed to distract Bullet before he had to kill him, but Kailey saw them and veered their way.

Bullet stood up, dragging Trig with him. "Didn't I tell ya? I was traded to the Saints. Ain't that a kick in the balls? Hey, honey, how you doing?"

Trig watched as those green eyes flitted up and down Bullet's body, appraising him. Apparently, she liked what she saw if the smile she flashed Bullet meant anything. "Fine. How about you?"

"Now that you're here, I'm freakin' awesome," Bullet said, his eyes flashing dangerously when she stepped close to Trig and pressed her lips to his right there in front of everybody.

"Hey there, Trig. I think I missed you today," she said, and before he could pick his lower jaw up off the beach, she walked away.

"Fuck! Who was that? Do I know her? Can I know her?" Bullet looked at him. The

blatant, lustful anticipation in his eyes had Trig seething.

“That was Kailey Whitmore, and I’ll tell you right now, man, I will kill you. Friend or not, hands off.” He didn’t know what knotted in his belly, but the way Bullet was looking at her had him twisted up in so many damned knots he didn’t know what else to do.

“Sexy nerd babe. Christ, that must have been one hell of a night, Trigger—one hell of a night.”

“You don’t know the half of it.” Trig sighed. He wasn’t in the mood to play high school games. Especially with Bullet.

* * * *

Bullet watched his best friend walk toward the shower, and echoed his sigh. Right up until that moment Trigger had been his same old happy self. After the shock of seeing him again that was. And for a little while Bullet thought they could go back in time, that past mistakes could be forgotten.

That is until he recognized Kailey Whitmore from this morning. The sex kitten with the killer smile who had starred in an incredibly vivid X-rated fantasy while he waited for Trigger to show up. Kailey Whitmore had no idea what she was getting herself into by hooking up with Trigger. Bullet sighed; even after ten years apart he and Trigger still had the same taste in women. Yeah, Kailey Whitmore was going to be a problem.

Bullet sighed again when a dark-haired blur separated from the group of women at the pool. Shit, Kailey wasn’t the only problematic female he had to worry about. Jennifer Hunter was still on the prowl and still had her sights set firmly on him, it seemed.

He really didn’t want to deal with her right now. Pretending he didn’t see her, he set off at a Bullet-paced jog down the beach.

* * * *

“Hey, Kailey.” One of the Rah-Rah girls ran up to her, her voice perky, as if she was Kailey’s best friend and she was so glad to see her. Maybe that stunt on the beach had sent a message to the girls lounging around the pool, but she wasn’t sure if she wanted this kind of attention after all.

“Hi, uh...” God what was her name? They’d had history together for four years, and gym, and she could not remember her name.

“Heather. You remember me, right? We had gym together. You had a mean spike in volleyball, and we all wondered why you never went out for the team.”

Heather McDaniel, right. *That* was her name. Well, it was before she married, anyway. Now, she was round with her first child and just about the cutest little thing out there.

“Of course I remember you, Heather, but I am not really good with names.” That wasn’t exactly true. She could remember the name of every fourth-century king from every country in existence. She had trouble with real people. “You sat in front of me in history. We did a project on the Revolutionary War together once.”

“Yeah? That was you, wasn’t it? I remember that. That was a fun project. I actually learned something that time. Usually, history wasn’t interesting to me. Okay, well, the girls and I were wondering if you’d like to come and sit with us. We’re all just hanging

out by the pool having drinks.” Heather, looked back at the gang of pep girls and former cheerleaders and waved. Most of them waved back, one or two didn’t, and one actually staring daggers at her.

She felt so out of place. None of the kids she’d hung out with had shown up. She was the lone academic surrounded by stay-at-home moms, hairdressers, secretaries, and hygienists. Not that there was anything wrong with those professions; it was just that they all had one thing in common. They were the popular kids, and she was still a geek.

“Yeah, sure, I guess.” Kailey pasted on her perkiest smile and hoped she didn’t look like a lunatic as she followed Heather over to the umbrella-shaded tables where the girls sat sipping colorful drinks.

“Ladies, all y’all remember Kailey, don’t you? She was our valedictorian, and she was a mean volleyball player. Kailey, this is Becca, Heather—we still call her Bunny so we don’t get mixed up—Veronica, Marissa, Caitlyn, Georgia, Sarah Beth, and Lori—oh, and that’s Jennifer chasing Bullet down the beach. She’ll be back later.”

Heather M rattled off a bunch of names of which Kailey only knew three—Heather, the one they’d called Bunny back in the day; Marissa Carpenter who had been in most of her classes, and Sarah Beth Lawrence who’d lived down the street from her. She and Trig had ridden the same bus as Kailey throughout elementary and middle school. In high school, it had just been Kailey on the bus.

“Hi, everyone. It’s nice to see you all again.” She hoped she sounded confident and collected. She hoped she wasn’t using her teacher voice. “Mind if I join you?”

“Not at all, Kailey,” Georgia Sutherland replied, her accent thick and sweet with the South Alabama upper-class twang. Georgia was Junior League/Dr.’s wife/volunteer material if she was anything. “We were just talking about you.”

“Be nice, Georgia. It’s not her fault Trigger is so yummy. She’s not stupid. Get him while he’s still hot, sugar, and don’t apologize. But Bullet, honey, Bullet you have to watch out for. He plays dirty. Of course, Jen will likely scratch your eyes out if you mess with him,” Sarah Beth said in her mommy voice, but her eyes were veiled. “It’s nice to see you again, Kailey. Your mom tells me you’re a doctor now, up there in one of those Yankee states.”

“I have a doctorate, yes, but I’m not a medical doctor. I’m a professor of archaeology.” Kailey took the chair so recently vacated by Jennifer, which reminded her ... “Who’s Bullet? I can’t remember anyone by that name.”

“That guy on the beach with Trig. You saw him, right? You spoke to him?” Georgia sounded exasperated, as if she were the stupidest thing in shoe leather. “Robert Brady—everybody calls him Bullet. He’s famous, plays for the Broncos.”

“Oh.” She was still drawing a blank. “Did he arrive in a limo?”

“Yeah, this morning.” Heather M flagged down a passing waiter. “We were all surprised when he walked in; no one expected him, you see. Since then, he and Trigger have been thick as thieves.”

“Trigger and Bullet, you can’t have one without the other. They go together like coke and rum. Speaking of which, I’ll have another,” Bunny drawled, glancing up at the waiter. “What would you like to drink, Kailey?”

“Uh, well, rum sounds good. How about a daiquiri? Strawberry will be fine.” Kailey watched the women as they primped and preened for the waiter, who winked at her. He was the drop-dead gorgeous bartender from the previous night, the one who preferred

guys like Trig and Bullet to women like them.

"I see you caught the hottie after all," he whispered in her ear, making her blush. "And by the way, thanks for the tip."

"You're welcome," she whispered back, still blushing when he left to fetch their drinks.

"Kailey, you little tramp, look at you go," Sarah Beth said, a genuine smile tilting her pretty blue eyes up at the corner. "You should have hung around more with us back in the day."

I wasn't invited, she couldn't help thinking, but she wouldn't say so aloud. She knew the score. They were just sizing her up because she'd slept with Trig. The question first and foremost on her mind was which one would be the one to go for her throat in the end?

"That would have been nice."

"Hey, ladies, mind if I join you?" Six-foot-two, eyes-of-blue. Damn, he was probably taller than six-two and his eyes definitely were blue. Crystal blue and dangerous. He looked her up and down before he sat down between Georgia and Bunny, draping a pair of long muscular arms over both their shoulders. "Little Kailey Whitmore—look at you, all grown up and stunning. No wonder my boy Trigger is out of sorts this morning."

"Now, I remember you. You were in my math classes, you and Trig, but I thought your name was Bobby or something like that." Kailey took her drink from the waiter slash bartender who nearly dropped it on her. He was staring at Bullet so hard, his face had gone so white one would think it was the second coming or something.

"Yeah, good old Bobby Brady, that's me, was me. Now I go by Robert, Rob, or Bullet. I prefer Bullet." Bullet grinned lazily at her, oblivious to the waiter staring at him as if he wanted him for supper. "Hey, buddy, could you bring me a beer, something cold? I don't care what."

"Yeah, sure thing, Mr. Bullet, sir." He disappeared quickly, returning with a frosted glass faster than she could even blink.

"Okay, Rob." She had no idea why the girls were laughing, one humming the theme to some old TV show that was older than they were. "Could you tell me what a bronco is, besides a horse?"

"Oh God, Kailey, come on. You are kidding, right?" Heather M looked embarrassed for her.

"No, I'm not sure what type of work a bronco is. I've never heard of it." Damn, she had never felt more stupid in her life than right at that moment.

"He's a football player for the Denver Broncos, Kai." Trig came up behind her, his eyes taking in the group, especially Bullet, who was grinning like a fool. "He was drafted right out of college, makes five million dollars a year, and thinks he's God's gift to women. He's also sizing you up for the kill."

"Six million. The Saints offered me six million, and I took it. I'm coming home, babies, back to the coast where I belong, and I'm getting season tickets for all of you." All of the girls screamed, one covered him in kisses. Only Kailey and Trig sat there looking something less than ecstatic.

"The Saints are the New Orleans team, Kai. They won the Super Bowl last year," Trig explained to her, his eyes still on Bullet. There was an accusation in them. "You told

me you were traded, Bullet. Why did you lie?"

"Traded, free agent, what does it matter. I hated being all the way up there in Denver. I wanted to come home, to be near my family and friends." Something strange swept across Bullet's eyes, his voice serious for the first time since he'd sat down.

"Aren't you happy we're going to be neighbors again?"

"Yeah, Bullet, I'm happy," Trig said, though Kailey didn't hear a bit of happiness in his voice. Something wasn't right here, something she wasn't sure she wanted to have anything to do with.

"Oh come on, Trigger—you and Bullet back together after all these years. How can you not be thrilled?" Sarah Beth said. She must have seen Trig tense up as well.

"Trig, Sarah Beth. I'm not Trigger anymore." Trig sat down next to Kailey, his arm grazing hers. Electricity and longing shot along every nerve ending, and she decided she didn't much care for the superficial conversation after all.

"You'll always be Trigger, Trig. You need to get over yourself." Bullet looked from Trig to her; his eyes were almost predatory when he smiled at her, and she shivered. Now was definitely the time to leave.

"I need to get over myself! Look who's talking." Trig bristled beside her. Yes, definitely time to go before things turned ugly.

"Trig, Rob, ah, Heather, Bunny, Sarah Beth, everyone, thank you for letting me rest for awhile, but if y'all don't mind I'm going to go inside. I'm not used to this much sun," she said into the tense silence, standing and taking her drink with her. She escaped to the cool interior of the hotel with no idea what to do with herself for the next couple of hours, but damned if she wanted to pretend she knew what was going on with people she didn't remember.

"Where were you this morning?" Trig caught up with her, taking her arm before she managed to get too far inside the hotel. His hand was warm on her skin, and she trembled despite herself. "I looked all over for you."

"I'm sorry. I had an appointment in the city. I couldn't stay." Though she wished she had. She wanted more than just a few hours with Trig Morgan.

"Oh." He looked defeated for a moment, and somewhat flustered, much as he had been when he first approached her at the bar last night. Almost as if he were unsure of himself. Almost as if he were shy. "Hey, about all that out there. Don't mind them. They're just trying to one-up each other."

"It looks like your friend Bullet has the upper hand over everybody. Six million a year, that's impressive. That should buy him a lot of friends." She wandered over to the indoor pool, which was thankfully deserted. "I think I'm going to take a swim, Trig. Would you like to join me?"

"I thought you'd never ask." She could hear the hesitancy leave his voice. His face lit up with a smile that had her gasping for breath. She set her drink down on a table near the pool edge and reached for the knot that held her peach silk sarong. She untied it, feeling his eyes on her body. She wished that they weren't in such a public place, because she really wanted to slip out of her suit while he watched.

*

"Damn, Kai, you have a beautiful body." He watched her stand there in a white one-piece suit that showed very little skin but left nothing to the imagination. Her hips were round, her waist small. What little cleavage that showed was tan and firm. Her nipples

grew hard and sharp against the material while he watched.

“Thank you, Trigger.” She smiled brightly just before she dove in, leaving him standing there hard and horny and stunned by the desire that nearly overwhelmed him when she was around. “Are you coming in?”

“Right behind you.” He kicked off his flip-flops, dropped his T-shirt on the chair with her skirt, and dove in, surfacing right in front of her.

“Hi.” She wrapped her legs around his waist and pressed her body close to his, her lips only inches from his, her hair slicked back, her eyelashes spiky. Damn, she was a beautiful woman. He wanted her for more than just a weekend romp. He could happily spend the rest of his life with this woman wrapped around him, and he didn’t know one damned thing about her.

“Hi yourself.” He touched his lips to hers. “I missed you this morning.”

“You said that already.”

Her tongue was pink and warm; she flicked the tip of his nose before moving back to his lips.

“Yeah, right. You said you had an appointment in the city. Nothing serious, I hope.” He naturally assumed a doctor’s appointment. “I mean you look and feel pretty healthy to me. Trust me—I know what I’m talking about.”

“What?”

For a moment, she looked at him as if he’d just said something ridiculous. “Oh, no, it’s nothing like that. There’s a position open in the archaeology department at the university over in Mobile, and I went in to interview for it. I’m thinking about leaving New Jersey. Like your friend Bullet, I want to come home.”

“But—I hear a ‘but’ in there. You’re not sure, are you?” There was sadness in her eyes that hadn’t been there the night before. The rumors of her divorce were sordid, but until that moment, he’d paid very little attention to them, because they were just that, rumors.

“No, I’m not sure. I’m taking the summer and next semester off—to find myself, I guess you can say.” She laughed a bitter laugh. “I’m thirty-three years old, and I have no idea who I am anymore.”

“Because of your ex-husband?”

“That’s part of it, yes.” She closed her eyes and sighed heavily. “Scandal is a major motivator, don’t you think? My divorce was front-page news. Oh God, Trig, it was bad. You can’t even imagine the things he did, and I was blind. So goddamned blind. I didn’t see the signs, or I ignored them—I’ve never been quite certain which.”

“He cheated?” He didn’t want to believe the rumors.

“Did he cheat? That’s an understatement. The man had a damned harem in his office, one for every day of the week, and the secretarial staff for the weekend. If that wasn’t enough, he was fucking his patients, too. Money started going missing from our accounts. I didn’t notice. I was busy trotting to dig sites all around the world on weekends and breaks. Then money started going missing from his practice. I found out because of a freaking IRS audit. And as they say, after that the shit hit the fan. He lost his license and is facing jail time on extortion and embezzling charges. He’s in debt to the government for a couple million dollars. They tried to take my house, but since it’s in my name, and we file separately, they couldn’t. My department head tried to have me fired because of the bad press, but I’m tenured so that didn’t happen. Damn, Trig, it’s a mess. I was

married to that prick for eleven years, and I didn't even know him."

"So what's wrong with the local university? Why not come home?"—or to New Orleans, he wanted to say.

"It's a significant pay cut, but that doesn't bother me as much as losing tenure in this economy, and with my ex's debts hanging around my neck like a noose, I don't know if I want to risk starting over."

"But you're looking?"

"It doesn't hurt to know what's out there, you know, and who knows? I might find something that grabs me by the throat, something that is worth leaving my little bit of security behind for."

"Come to New Orleans." Well, that resolve lasted a long time. "Tulane, UNO—I'm sure there are about ten other small colleges that would love to have you. New Orleans is only an hour by plane from here, five by car. You can live with me until you get on your feet." Or forever if you'd like.

She groaned and buried her face in his neck. Not a good sign. "Don't tempt me, Trig. Last night was great. Right now is fabulous. But I'm not ready for a relationship. I was too young when I married Charlie, and until last night, he was all I knew—and look how that turned out."

"Okay, so we have the weekend. I can live with that." A hookup was the last thing on his mind, but he would take what he could get. Maybe one day in the future she would reconsider and come to New Orleans. Until then...

"How cavalier of you, Trig Morgan." There was a second of something in her eyes—almost regret—before she sighed and touched her lips to his. "Maybe I can spend some time in New Orleans this summer. I've always wanted to see Bourbon Street."

"I could show you around, maybe, if my schedule permits."

"Wow, for a guy wanting to get inside my panties, you sure do play hard to get."

"You're not wearing panties right now, Kailey." He went rigid at the thought of what she was wearing, and what that little strip of material was covering and just how close he was to that particular part of her anatomy. "We're alone. It wouldn't take too much for me to be inside you."

"Promises, promises," she said against his neck, gasping when he lifted her higher and pressed his cock against her clit. "Oh don't do that. That feels too damned good."

"There's no one here but us, Kailey. No one to see if I did this." He reached between them, tugged the crotch of her suit to the side, and inserted one finger inside her. She hissed between her teeth, her eyes wild as she looked around.

"That is wicked, Trigger. Mmm. Someone could come in any minute, and oh God, I think I might—" Her eyes fluttered closed, her mouth went slack as he stroked her, going deep inside her. Her nipples were hard as diamonds pressed against his chest, her gaspy little breaths inflaming him. "—come, oh God, Trigger."

Her vaginal muscles contracted around his finger. His cock throbbed from wanting her, and she came just like that. She was incredible, biting her bottom lip to keep from crying out, and then she couldn't help it—her voice echoed in the empty room.

He pushed her against the side of the pool closest to the entrance so he could watch for unwelcome visitors. "I'm sorry, Kailey, I can't help myself." He pulled his trunks down just far enough to free his erection, and with very little effort, he was inside her, sinking deeper into temptation, her vagina still pulsing with orgasm. And he was lost.

* * * *

He followed them, watching Trigger stroke the woman's arm, his eyes needy, his moves amateurish. What the hell! This was Trigger here, not some damned virgin trying to score with the prom queen. He'd seen Trigger smooth-talk his way into some bimbo's pants in half the time.

She was fabulous, the damned valedictorian—hell yeah, he remembered Miss Braces and Glasses from way back then, and that chick sure as hell did not have tits like that. He would have noticed, braces or not. Little Kailey Whitmore had had a growth spurt after high school, because those puppies were real. And that ass, God help him—she stripped out of her sarong quick enough, watching his buddy Trigger with those eyes ... oh hell yeah, she wanted him. She wanted to strip for him right there in public. Hot little professor of archaeology, and Trig was hard as hell lusting over her.

Trigger had always lusted over Kailey Whitmore. He knew Trigger well enough even before the wild days to see that he wanted her, glasses, braces, straight As, and all. She had never even looked at him, and that was how it should have been then ... but now? Damn he was hard just looking at her himself.

She dove into the pool. Oh God, didn't she know that suit was transparent, the deep pink of her nipples clearly visible when she surfaced. *Damn, Trigger, get out of the way.* He heard a laugh and stepped back when a couple walked past him only to disappear down the hall to the workout room. He returned to the cozy little spot just out of their line of vision in time to see her wrap around his friend. Sweet little kisses in the pool. *Aw, come on, Trigger, you can do better than that.* Fucking small talk? What the hell?

She was looking at taking a teaching job in the city, which was interesting. Another lost child looking to come home. Her ex-husband really screwed her up. Shit, no wonder Trig was moving slowly. She was hurt, and he wanted something long term. Oh, good boy, bring her to New Orleans. Damn, was it hot in here? Him and Trig and the sexy professor in The Big Easy. God, now that would be fun.

She looked around the room, listening while Trig kissed her, teasing her. She was all but orgasmic just from small talk, goddamn. She didn't see him standing just over to the side. Oh, but he could see her, her face flushed, her eyes fluttering, her mouth gone slack. Christ, she was in the throes of orgasm, crying out Trigger's name, the small sound echoing around the room.

Jesus Christ, Trig pushed her against the side of the pool. He was looking right at him but he was blind to everything except the sweet piece of ass he pushed inside of, his face going blank as he concentrated. He'd seen that face before; Trig was about to come—he was fighting it. Sliding into her, completely unaware he was being watched. Her little cries of pleasure were so sweet he wanted to join them in the pool and make her scream. He wanted Trigger to know he approved.

Trig looked up, startled, when he stepped into the doorway. His eyes went hard, then just as quickly glazed over as he came, his face growing taut, his mouth forming an *O*, but he didn't cry out. When he finished, he leaned his forehead against the side of the pool waiting for her. Trigger's eyes, when they met his again, were cold—dismissive.

Aroused and seriously confused, Bullet left just as quietly as he'd come.

Chapter Five

“Where is the sexy professor?” Bullet waited for him outside his room. He was dressed in expensive clothes, black silk shirt, slacks that looked tailor-made just for him, and shiny black shoes. He also wore a diamond in his ear. That was new, as was the jealousy radiating off him.

“What the hell do you care, and why were you watching us?” Trig grabbed Bullet’s wrist when he raised it to check the time. “We’re not kids anymore, Bullet. I don’t want to play those games.”

“You looked so hot, Trig, fucking her in the pool. It made me horny just watching you ... I want her, Trig, just once, you and me and the professor. For old times’ sake.” Bullet whipped around. Catching Trig off guard, he grabbed him by his hair, dragging his face close to his. “You’re slow, man. What happened to you?”

“I grew up, Bobby. I had to get a real job. I stopped pretending I’m super human about ten years ago. And I am not interested in sharing, not this time.” He could smell Bullet’s aftershave; his face was smooth, and his eyes were cold, nearly silver. God, he hated Bullet’s eyes, they changed color depending on his mood, from silver to blue black and every shade in between. He hated the things Bullet did to him even more. “Not this time, Bullet. She’s mine.”

“What if she wants me? She’s rebounding, pretty boy, and that shy act you’ve got going on with her isn’t going to keep her. She’s just looking for a rebound sex, then she’ll run back to the security of that college she works at, and you’ll be a distant memory.”

Bullet was so beautiful, Trig forgot how dirty he could play. Trig breathed hard, but old habits were hard to break, and Bullet knew his weakness. Bullet *was* his weakness. The light sparkling in Bullet’s eyes told him the very second when Bullet knew he’d caved.

Damn, Bullet. Why couldn’t you stay safely far, far away?

“But it’s her choice. You can’t force it, Bobby. She’s fragile, and you have a tendency to break fragile things.”

“I’m insulted, Trigger. I’ve learned a few things since we’ve been apart.” Bullet smiled, his lips stretched wide on his angelic face. He pulled Trig closer, pressing him against his chest, his breath on his face, his cheek grazing his as he whispered, “Trigger and Bullet together again, just like old times. I’m hard just thinking about it.”

“Get off me, you son of a bitch.” Trig squeezed the wrist he still held, forcing Bullet’s hand back until the man’s face went white. “I can end your career right here, Bullet. Let me go.”

*

“Since when are you so defensive, Trigger? I’m just having a little fun, the kind of fun you used to like.” Bullet’s nostrils flared. He could smell adrenaline pumping through Trig’s body. And anger? What the hell? Trig knew he was harmless—he’d never hurt anyone off the football field. He’d never hurt any of the girls they’d shared either. So why the sudden aversion to a little fun for old times’ sake? More importantly, why the aversion to his touch? They’d always been Trigger and Bullet, the most powerful weapon on the team. They worked well together, always had—but they played so much better

together, and he wanted more playtime. Was that so wrong?

“Like I said, Bobby, I grew up. Now let me go, or I’ll break your hand.” The hard look in his eye said it all. Bullet had no doubt that Trig would do exactly as he threatened. He let go of Trig’s hair, letting his eyes linger over Trig’s half-dressed body just to freak him out.

“That thing you think happened between us, Trig, didn’t. How many times do I have to tell you that,” he said when Trig continued to hold his wrist captive. “We were drunk and nothing happened. Why don’t you believe me?”

“Because I know you, Bobby. I know there’s no stopping you when you’re drunk, and I don’t remember anything from that night.” Trig let him go finally, his eyes going dark; he looked everywhere but at Bullet. “I went home, back to school. I grew up. Why can’t you?”

“Because I’m having too damn much fun, Trig, something you should reconsider abandoning.” Bullet turned to leave, his heart heavy. Leave it to Trig to suck the fun out of everything. “See you downstairs, Trigger.”

He held up his right hand, pointer and middle finger extended, and pumped his thumb imitating a gunshot, Trig’s signature gunslinger move from back in the day. Trigger just stood there looking at him as he walked away.

* * * *

Bullet sat alone in the ballroom downstairs, drinking sparkling water while old memories drifted in.

Trig Morgan had been his first friend when he moved to Alabama from Florida; they were paired up on their youth league football team before school had even started that year. The coach was Trig’s dad. His own dad had died the year before, and he had no one like Trig’s dad in his life. Trig’s dad hadn’t minded Bobby tagging along. In fact, Trig’s dad was the first to notice his speed and how he always beat everyone else downfield.

“Trig, toss the ball to Bobby. Bobby, run, go long.” Bobby ran, and he’d never stopped running. Trig’s dad had first called his son “Trigger” their first season in middle school, an accidental slip of the tongue when Trig out-threw even the varsity coach one afternoon spent goofing off. “That’s my boy. Trigger, fire that ball”.

Trigger had turned to him and said, “If I’m the trigger, then you’re the bullet. Go deep, Bullet.”

That’s where it all began. Through high school they were Trigger and Bullet; they were a team. They always got the job done. Same thing at LSU. They’d been a team, right up until that night when one of those damn Ole Miss sons of bitches had ripped Trigger’s knee apart. They’d lost—first time ever that Trigger and Bullet had failed their team—Trigger because he was taken out by ambulance, Bullet because he went after the son of a bitch that cost his friend his career. He’d been ejected for unsportsmanlike behavior and never regretted it for a second.

But that was then, and this was now.

Now the skirt that was coming between them was walking in the door. Her twisty brown hair gathered at her nape, she wore a blue dress that cupped her magnificent breasts, then fell loose and flowing to her knees and a pair of gold high-heeled sandals. Damn, she was hot. Probably the hottest woman he’d ever seen.

Her eyes scanned the room. He knew she was looking for Trig; she found Bullet

instead. Her smile was wary as she approached him with hesitation. The intelligence in her eyes was somewhat intimidating; the come-and-get-me smile she gave him set him at ease. He grinned back, letting his eyes sweep her body so she knew exactly where she stood with him.

“Trig’s still upstairs. I’m sure he’ll be down soon. Why don’t you have a seat so we can catch up on old times.”

*

“How are you this evening, Bobby, uh, Rob? I’m sorry, I’m having trouble keeping all these names right in my head.” She liked the way he looked at her. She knew he was undressing her with his eyes as if trying to imagine what she wore beneath her dress. It thrilled her.

He was beautiful, golden all over except for those eyes—strange, changeable blue eyes that could see through her. He knew how to seduce with those eyes; she felt tingly again from just the promise he conveyed in a single glance. He was quiet now, all the bluster and bravado from the afternoon beside the pool replaced with a quiet intensity she’d never encountered before.

“All these nicknames are hard to keep up with. Just call me Bullet, sugar, everyone does. Even my mother.” He was all southern charm, his drawl slightly different from Trig’s. She missed the low caress of a sweet-talking man, she realized. And she had two of them, both laying it on so thick she had to be candy-coated by now.

“Okay, Bullet. Are you sure you don’t mind if I sit down?” She moved to the chair he pushed out with his foot, the one right beside him.

“What are you drinking tonight, Kailey?” He signaled a waiter over, the same one from last night. His eyes were hard now, as he glanced between them almost reprovingly. “Hey, Sam, bring the lady whatever she wants and put it on my tab. Hell, put everyone at this table on my tab. You want champagne, Kai?”

First Trig had called her that, now Bullet. His voice seemed to caress the stolen endearment, his eyes telling her how much he relished her reaction. Shit, she couldn’t help if her damned nipples had a mind of their own lately. “Yes, thank you, that will be fine.”

Music blared over the loudspeaker, band music, the fight song. People clapped and shouted, but it was just a test of the speakers. It was early yet, and people were just now starting to trickle in, those staying at the hotel followed by those living in town. Yet Trig had still not made an appearance.

“Hey, Bullet, are we at your table?” Two of the unattached Rah-Rahs—what were their names?—Marissa and ... Jennifer, that was it. Jennifer, the one who’d do bad things to her for messing with Bullet, sat down at the table across from her when Bullet nodded. Jennifer glared daggers at her because she was at Bullet’s right. Slowly all of the chairs filled up, leaving only the one beside her open, presumably for Trig, if he ever showed up.

Then he did, standing in the door, his brown hair still damp from the shower, his shirt a silky blue that set off his brown eyes, while clinging to his body like a second skin. He spotted her, his smile hesitant as he looked from her to Bullet, then to the empty chair next to her. He ran his hand down her bare arm when he sat down beside her, leaning in to kiss her cheek. “Sorry I’m late.”

“It’s all right, buddy. Seems the fireworks are yet to start.” Bullet’s voice was

strained as he spoke, his eyes hard, unlike that afternoon on the beach when they'd both been laughing and playing together in the sand. Something was definitely off now, something she couldn't put her finger on.

Even the others at the table looked between the two men, frowns of confusion on their faces. No one spoke much, and the liquor flowed like water. Sam—his name really was Sam—seemed to be their waiter exclusively; and even he noticed the tension at the popular table. She just shrugged when he looked at her, a question in his eyes. She didn't have a clue, but the source did seem to be Trig and Bullet, almost as if she were sitting pretty in the middle of a war zone. Kailey did not like it, not one tiny little bit.

"Welcome, Class of 1996. Wow, has it really been fifteen years?" Bunny stood at the front of the room, microphone in hand, her blond hair pulled artfully into a twist that cascaded over one shoulder. She was just as perky and bubbly as she had been senior year when she was class president and salutatorian. Kailey had forgotten that; Bunny was damn near as smart as she was, yet she'd chosen to have a social life and extracurricular activities instead of immersing herself in books.

"What's wrong, Kai?" It was Bullet who felt her disquiet, not Trig. She looked at him—his eyes were serious, the bluster gone.

"Nothing. I'm just thinking about what I missed out on." She'd never admitted that little detail to anyone before. "Maybe I should have gone out for the volleyball team. I could have been active in student politics and clubs, instead of hiding behind a wall of textbooks."

"You can't judge yourself by what-ifs or the accomplishments of others, Kai, especially Bunny up there. She was an overachiever; still is from what I hear. And then there's me. I didn't miss out on anything and look at me. I'm thirty-three years old; I don't have a college degree, and I have only one skill. In a couple of years I'll be put out to pasture, if my knees hold out that long." Leaning close to whisper in her ear, Bullet laid his hand on her thigh under the table.

Something liquid and warm swirled in her belly. Need, want, desire—son of a bitch. Trigger was sitting on her other side oblivious to his friend's advances. The memory of his slow lovemaking that afternoon was still fresh in her mind, and here she was craving the touch of another man.

"Ahem, why, mmm, why didn't you graduate?" She hoped to distract her philandering little mind, but his fingers gently stroking her leg just below the hem of her skirt had her brain whirling. "I thought you went to college."

"I did for four long years. As soon as I was eligible for the draft, I thought it was more important to move on with my career instead of finishing the semester of school I needed to graduate. Trig was the smart one, he went to medical school instead of going pro. Of course, it took having his knee torn to shreds, or he'd be right here with me, wouldn't you, Trig?"

She looked up to find Trig watching them. His eyes landed on Bullet's fingers on her thigh. Something flared there—something bordering on violence. As she watched in amazement, he locked his gaze with hers and smiled. Oh God, liquid puddled between her legs, making her squirm. Trig knew what Bullet was doing, and he didn't mind, his eyes blazed with a fire that had her gasping.

"I would have graduated on time regardless, Bullet. I didn't dick around by changing my major three times or taking just the bare minimum required to stay on the team. But

yeah, if I hadn't been injured senior year, I would have been right there with you. I wouldn't have gone to med school."

"So it was good thing you were injured, then? I'm confused." Mostly because Trig had her hand in his, stroking her thumb, and Bullet's hand was inching her skirt up. The double assault made it extremely hard to focus on anything but their insistent touch and the increasingly erotic thoughts swimming through her mind.

"Shh," Jennifer shushed them from across the table. Her eyes narrowed when Kailey looked up. "We're trying to listen to the program."

"Sorry, Jen," Bullet, not the least bit contrite, said. He smiled darkly across the table, sipped his drink, and slowly slid his fingers up her thighs. Trig didn't bother to apologize. He turned his attention to the group at the front and the slide show that was starting. His hand rested on her other thigh.

A jolt of something carnal swept through her then. She wanted their hands on her, both of them. Oh God, she wanted to be touched so badly her whole body throbbed with need. Her brain melted, literally melted, when Bullet eased his hand along her inner thigh, parting her legs. One finger grazed her mound, making her jump just as her name was called out over the speaker, dragging every eye in the room her way.

"Kailey Whitmore, valedictorian, now a professor of archaeology at Princeton University in New Jersey. Kailey holds three bachelor degrees, a masters, and a doctorate but prefers to spend her time digging in the dirt. Voted most likely to become a rocket scientist, Kailey became the Indiana Jones of our class."

Images of her flashed on the screen at the front of the room, images from back in the day, an elementary yearbook photo, her braids from middle school, the thick glasses she'd worn, and the braces. God, she'd been such a geek. The images changed to her in college. There was one with Charlie that had her cringing. Several of her on digs around the world, her hair sun-bleached and wild, dressed in tank tops, cargo shorts, and work boots. She hardly had time to wonder where the reunion committee had scared up the photos when the slide moved on to the next unsuspecting classmate.

"You are one hot archaeologist babe, Kailey," Bullet leaned over and whispered in her ear, his finger resting between her legs so close to that spot that craved his touch she thought she would explode. "And I know your secret."

"Oh God." She couldn't stifle the low moan, aware that Trig was staring at her, his hand still resting lightly on her other thigh. He knew where Bullet's hand was, and he didn't care. In fact, lust blazed in his eyes when he glanced between them. Her stomach twisted; a vague feeling of nausea nearly overwhelmed her.

"I've got to go. I can't do this."

Chapter Six

“Kailey wait.” Trig gripped her thigh. She was about to run. Her breathing had gone shallow and fast; her face flushed. It was obvious she was on the verge of panic, at least to him. Bullet just smiled; it was all fun and games to him. “Not here,” he said to Bullet, watching as he reluctantly withdrew his hand from between her legs.

“Wait a few minutes and then you can slip out without notice.”

She nodded; her eyes were aflame with lust and confusion. *Damn it, Bullet, why did you have to be right?* Kailey wanted him. Hell, she was turned on just from his hand on her thigh. Goddamn, she was just like all the rest.

Twenty minutes later, the slide show turned to a tribute to the classmates they’d lost over the years, the lights grew dim and music swelled. “Now, Kailey.”

She turned liquid eyes on him, her hand trembling as she took one last sip of her drink. Then without a word to anyone, she excused herself and headed for the exit. A minute later, he followed her, giving Bullet a look that told him to behave. Bullet just smiled innocently up at him and raised his glass of water in salute. Only Jennifer saw him leave, her eyebrow raised as she watched him follow Kailey out to the corridor.

A few moments later he found her exiting the ladies’ room. She looked composed now, but wary when she looked his way.

“What was all that about?” she asked softly as another classmate followed her out of the restroom. “What are you and ... and ... whatever his name is playing at?”

“I’m sorry, Kailey—just a bit of jealousy that got out of hand.” He wondered exactly who he was referring to, himself or Bullet? God, Bullet had her orgasmic with just a touch—and he’d played along. What the hell was wrong with him?

“The two of you were feeling me up, and everyone in the whole room saw. Trig, do you know how embarrassed I was sitting there with his finger on my pussy and yours on my thigh?” Her voice rose as her agitation level rose. Her nipples were hard beneath her dress, her chest heaving as she threatened to launch into a full-out assault.

“You really are magnificent.” He hadn’t meant to let the words escape his lips; she’d been on the verge of orgasm with every eye in the place on her, yet she looked so cool and collected, no one looking at her would have suspected the red infusing her face was anything more than humility. The more he watched her, the more he touched her, the more he wanted her.

“What?” He’d startled her, her eyes went round as he closed the distance between them and pressed his lips to hers.

“You are magnificent, Kailey. Don’t you know this? All of your accomplishments aside, you grew into a beauty, and you have this innocence about that you that drives men wild. You’re a contradiction, and you’re driving me crazy.” There, he’d said it. He was crazy about her, the fantasy of her be damned—the real woman was everything he ever wanted.

“Trigger.” She leaned into him, her body thrumming in his arms, her voice soft, and her breath warm. “You’ve got me so confused. I want you so much my skin hurts every time I look at you. It hurts to want you so much, knowing we live in two different worlds.”

“Come to New Orleans for the summer, Kailey. Give me a chance. I want to get to know you, I want to wake up with you every morning and go to bed with you every night. I want you so much I ache from it, Kailey. I think I’m falling in love with you.”

“Don’t say that, Trig. I might believe you.” Her voice caught on the words. “I’m not ready to love again. I’m not ready for another commitment.”

“I know, baby. I know it’s too soon, but I’m not like him. I’m not your ex, Kailey.” He said the words with his heart hammering in his chest.

“I know you’re not, Trig, but…”

He touched his lips to hers, stopping the words. He didn’t want to hear anymore. He didn’t want to know that when she walked out the door that night he would never see her again. She leaned into him, sighing as her eyes fluttered closed, her hands clasp and unclasp his arms. “We have tonight. I want tonight.”

“Umm, look at this.” Bullet’s voice was soft when he stepped up behind her, his presence overwhelming, his eyes alive with lust and greed. “My two favorite people all hooked up. Mind if I join you?”

“Get lost, Bobby.” Trig pulled Kailey tight against him, hoping to protect her from this thing between him and Bullet that just would not go away.

“When the lady tells me to and not until.” Bullet placed his hand gently on her shoulder running his hand down her arm. She moaned, her body trembling where she pressed against Trig. “Hey, sweetheart, did you miss me?”

There was shame and helplessness in her eyes when she looked up at him. Trig felt his gut tighten painfully until something burst inside. “I’m so sorry, Trig.”

“Trigger, our girl here has a secret, don’t you, darling?” Bullet smiled in triumph, his eyes dancing. He stepped closer, pressing against her back. Kailey squirmed against him, gasping when Bullet hooked his hands under her arms, cupping her breasts. “Tell him, Kailey. Tell Trig here your secret.”

She shook her head, her eyes going hazy. Bullet in full-on seduction mode was hard to resist; his voice could make a woman tremble. Kailey, no exception, was trembling as he spoke softly in her ear. She was lost. He’d lost her in a matter of seconds. Bullet smiled down at him, victory in his eyes.

One night. Bullet only wanted one night. After that they were done.

*

“What’s your secret, Kailey?” Trig’s voice changed. There was a hardness to it now that she’d never heard before. He took her arms, running his hands down them. He linked his fingers with hers, then lifted her arms over her head wrapping her hands around his friend’s neck. “What secret does Bullet know about you that I don’t? Come on, baby. You can tell me.”

She watched him detach, his eyes going distant when Bullet nuzzled her neck. “Tell him, Kai. Tell Trigger our little secret.”

Trig pressed her back until her body was pressed against Bullet’s, his erection hard against her back, Trig’s against her belly. Liquid fire spiraled through her body, a trickle pooling hot and wet between her legs. “What are you doing to me?”

“Do you want us to stop?” This from Trig, his hands resting on her shoulders, his fingers hot where he touched her.

“No.” God, no. She’d never felt like this before, as if she would melt and explode all at the same time. Her pussy throbbed—all of it, not just her clit. The whole damned

region was pulsing so fast she couldn't breathe. Her breasts ached beneath Bullet's hands; her nipples were so hard she thought she would scream from the brush of her own dress as she moved against them. "Please don't stop. I want you, both of you."

She heard Trig sigh. It was a defeated sound she didn't understand. His hands had her gasping for air when he stroked her shoulders, trailing a line over the swell of her breasts; his fingers plucked at her nipples.

Bullet breathed in her ear. A little laugh escaped, caressing her neck. "I told you Trigger, she's a hot piece of ass. Tell him, Kailey. Tell him your secret."

Cool air washed over her heated breasts. Bullet's hands were hot on her flesh as he tugged her dress down. Trig's tongue even hotter on her nipples. Hot piece of ass, for God's sake. Oh God. Her eyes flew open when a pair of hands cupped that particular part of her body, his eyes wide with surprise as he looked down at her.

"I'm naked under this dress," she told him, but it was too late—he already knew.

*

Trig moaned. His cock throbbed painfully in his pants, wanting to be free. She was naked, completely naked except for a blue floaty dress and a pair of high-heeled sandals. She'd dressed for him, to be with him. Her eyes tormented him. Her sighs robbed him of breath. Bullet's throaty laugh turned to strangled moan set him on fire.

"Kiss him." *Oh God, what, was he saying?* Why was he so eager and willing to hand her over to him? Why did Bullet's hands on her breasts, holding her for him, make him so damned horny he couldn't see straight? "Kailey, I want to see you kiss Bullet. Kiss him, baby."

She didn't question him, she simply leaned her head back against Bullet's chest, angling her head up, her mouth closing on his friend's. Her body arched against Trig's, her naked breasts jutting forward. He caressed her nipples, pinching them, watching her moan against Bullet's mouth, her tongue tangling with his. Oh God, what the hell was he doing? His cock jerked against his zipper when Bullet covered her breasts with his big hands.

"Trigger." It was his name that slipped off her tongue, inflaming his lust. She was naked beneath that dress, and it was all for him, Bullet meant nothing. Bullet was just a helping hand.

He tugged her skirt up to her waist. Her bare pussy arched out at him, her clit peeking past the hairless folds, engorged and throbbing; moisture covered her thighs. "My turn." He pressed into her, stealing her lips from Bullet's greedy mouth, his hand covering her throbbing clit. Bullet didn't mind; he found her ear.

*

"She's on fire, Trigger," she heard Bullet say against her ear. His chest rumbled where she lay pressed against him. Trigger pressed against her, his hand covering her pussy, his mouth hot against hers. "I'm about to explode, Trigger. We need to hurry this up."

Hurry? God no, there was no hurry. She pressed against Trig's hand, gasping when her clit throbbed painfully. Okay, maybe there was a need to hurry. "Trigger, touch my clit, please, I'm begging you."

"Trigger, the lady wants to feel your fingers inside her. He likes pussy, Kailey. Trigger would rather eat pussy than food, I believe."

Oh God, that felt so good. Trigger's finger slid across her clit. Bullet's hands were

on her breasts, his fingers pinching her nipples. Oh God, she wanted Trigger's mouth on her, just like last night.

"Shut up, Bullet." Trig's voice was ragged when he spoke, growling at Bullet. She didn't care as long as those long slim fingers pressed inside her continued stroking her. He pressed his palm against her clit. *Oh God*, she arched into his hand, grinding her pussy in time to his stroking.

"I'm a tits man myself, and you have glorious tits, Kailey." Bullet pulled her nipples, twisting gently, his mouth hot against her neck. "Trigger, tell the lady how glorious her tits are."

Trigger simply growled, his mouth turning hard against hers, his hand between her legs growing insistent, faster. He pressed a second finger inside her, pumping her.

"She's wet, Trigger, dripping down her legs wet. Christ, we need to move this party upstairs before I bend her over right here in the corridor."

In the corridor! Oh God, Bullet's fingers were so much larger than Trig's, thicker. He pressed into her, joining Trig's fingers; her vagina stretched almost painfully when he entered a second one, then he withdrew, leaving her gasping. "She's fucking hot, Trig. We need to go upstairs now, man."

He pressed against her back hole, inserting a finger, swirling, withdrawing, dabbling in her slick vagina, then returning. "Have you ever been fucked here, Kailey?" His voice overwhelmed her; Trig's kisses stunned her silent. She could only nod yes.

"Jesus," he said, stretching her wider, impaling her in one long, slow thrust with one finger.

She cried out; colors she didn't know existed swirled in her brain. His fingers moved inside her, long, slow, liquid thrusts. She tightened her arms around his neck, arching against Trig when Bullet lifted her leg, holding her wide open and pressing ever deeper inside her. Trig's fingers were slick inside her vagina, thrusting deeper until the colors burst. She cried out against his mouth, orgasm licking greedily at her, rocking her against both men, whirling and swirling until there was nothing left of her but a puddle. "Oh, God, Trig."

* * * *

"My place." Her voice was distant; her body trembled as Bullet held her, supporting her weight and Trig's. "I'm parked outside, red SUV."

"My room would be quicker, or Trigger's." He loved the little sounds she made when he touched her. Her nipples were swollen, sensitive. The simple act of pulling her dress into place had her gasping. Damn, she was ready to go again. Her cries of pleasure had hardly stopped ringing in the hallway, and she was arching against Trig, wanting more.

Trig was lost, his eyes veiled with need so dark Bullet really was afraid he would do her right here. "We're lucky no one came around the corner. Christ, Trigger, we need to move this party to someplace much less public."

Lust cleared Trig's eyes in an instant. He rose to his full height and looked around, a horrified look on his face. "Shit, that was out of control."

"No kidding." Bullet helped Kailey steady herself on her feet. Her hair was tousled, her eyes overly brilliant, but she seemed presentable otherwise. Trig had a bulge in his trousers, his eyes distant; he looked fine as well. "Where's your place, Kailey?"

“Half a mile down the street, I rented a house for the month, I wanted more room. King-size bed.” Her words were slightly slurred. She wasn’t drunk; she’d only had one drink that she didn’t finish, so it must be the sex. Getting finger-fucked in public seemed to have that effect on more than just her.

“Take me home, Bullet.”

Chapter Seven

“Anything you want, babe. Trig, grab her purse off the floor,” Bullet ordered. Trig seemed to teeter a little as he regained his composure, then he was all business. That was one of the things Bullet admired about him—Trig had always been the poster boy for grace under pressure.

He pulled a wad of bills out of his wallet and thrust them at Trig. “Here man, go settle up with that bartender and let’s get out of here. And hurry. We’ll get the car going.”

“Bullet, there’s a thousand dollars here.” Ever practical, Trig counted the money, straightening the stack.

“Just give it to the guy and hurry up or I’m leaving your ass here while I make sweet love to your woman.” And she was Trig’s woman, there could be no doubt. She’d called his name when she came. Damn, but that made him want her even more, that and Trig’s unwillingness to share her.

Trig didn’t say anything else. He turned on his heel and disappeared into the ballroom where the fight song was playing to the sound of cheering. Bullet didn’t miss the glare he gave him just before he walked away. No, Trig was not happy sharing this one, but whether he was happy or not, he was turned on, more so than any of the times before. “Come on, Kailey, before the party breaks up.”

Bullet took her keys from her and unlocked the driver’s-side door. Instead of helping her inside he opened the back door and all but pushed her in, climbing in behind her. Making out with the valedictorian in the backseat wasn’t a half-bad fantasy, at that.

“Who’s going to drive?” Kailey leaned against the seat, her eyes alight with lust and distrust. He liked that about her. She might not like him, but she sure as hell wanted him.

“Trig will. I want you to myself for a few minutes. Is that all right?” He leaned into her, pressing her back against the seat, his lips on hers. That was the last thing he thought of for a while.

*

He kissed divinely, his tongue dipping into her mouth, drawing hers into a game of thrust and parry. His lips were relentless, closing over hers, suckling her lips into his mouth, her tongue. He ran his hands through her hair, pulling out the clip that contained the massive curls, as he feasted on her.

“There you are.” The front door swung open, and Trig climbed in. Bullet thrust the keys at him. “Son of a bitch!”

“Just shut up and drive. The quicker we get there, the quicker we get naked.” His hand snaked beneath her dress, dragging it up above her breasts. “The quicker you can join me with this scrumptious little morsel.”

Trigger’s eyes raked over her body, watching as Bullet buried his face between her breasts, his hand covering her belly. Her whole body reacted at the intrusion of two thick fingers between her legs; she ran her hands through Bullet’s blond hair nestled at her chest, his greedy mouth sucking her nipples, his fingers gently stroking her below. Orgasm hot and fast consumed her. Before she could come down, Bullet laid her down on the seat and settled his body between her legs. Trig continued to watch, his eyes glazed with lust.

“Trigger—” she focused on him as if willing him to drive “—turn right out of the lot, go past the hotel next door, then five mailboxes. It’s the one with the pink and green mermaid.”

“Okay,” he said, dragging his eyes off her and Bullet for the five minutes it took to pull into the driveway of her rental house.

Kailey felt herself being lifted out of the backseat, her body cradled between the two men, one dark as sin, the other a golden god. She was hallucinating surely, sexually inebriated. That was it—she was drunk, and this was all a dream, one massive doozy of an erotic dream that she couldn’t wake up from. She didn’t want to wake up. She throbbed and pulsed in places she hadn’t known existed—her nipples were swollen, her silk dress coarse against the tortured peaks. Cream dripped down her thighs, slippery, decadent, dirty. She should be ashamed of what she had done that evening. Ashamed to want one man while another pleased her, ashamed to want that man too. If this was shameful, then by God she didn’t care, she wanted more. Tomorrow she would sort it all out, and tomorrow was a long way off.

Bullet supported her as they walked up the stairs to the house twelve feet off the ground. Trig fumbled with the locks while the salt air filled her lungs. Once inside, she flipped a switch flooding the entire main room with light and proceeded to cross to a second set of stairs to the loft bedroom above, her suitors hot on her heels, Bullet bringing up the rear. Once in her room, Trig moved toward her, again becoming the aggressor. Bullet wrapped her in his long arms from behind.

The climb had cleared her head. She studied them now. Trig, the shorter of the pair, had broader shoulders, a leaner body. Bullet looked down at them both; his powerful muscles rippled beneath the silk shirt he wore. A decadent grin spread across his face, washing both Trig and herself with its brilliance. His eyes lingered on Trig a little longer than he meant to.

“Unzip her dress,” Trig ordered, like before. It was Trig who took the lead calling the shots, and Bullet who did as he was told. Damn, that was sexy as hell. She reached out, grasping the buttons on his shirt. She needed skin, and Trigger tasted so damned good she couldn’t wait to get her mouth on him again. Bullet’s low groan when she stood naked pressed against him brought her attention to the windows overlooking the Gulf. They stood mirrored in the black surface, two fully dressed men and one woman wearing nothing but gold sandals.

“I have died and gone to heaven,” Bullet moaned, his hands drawn to her breasts, his mouth to her neck just like in the corridor at the hotel. She wrapped her arms around his neck, leaning back against his body. “I do love a woman with a naked pussy. What do you think, Trigger?”

*

Trig stood watching them, his eyes drawn to that spot of her body, her lower lips glistening, her pink clit just peeking past the folds. She stood there pressed against Bullet, her body nude, her eyes slitted with pleasure. She watched him watching her, her arms above her head wrapped around his best friend’s neck, wearing nothing but heels. His cock jerked and throbbed behind his pants, demanding release. But damn, he wasn’t ready for this night to come to an end. “I think she has a beautiful pussy, Bullet.”

“Trigger, lick her clit. I want to watch you in that mirror.” It was a demand, a lurid demand from Bullet. Bullet never made demands of him, but was always the submissive

one letting Trig take the lead, but tonight something was different. Bullet was different. Kailey was like crack to him. Her pussy would be sweet; he could smell her need on his fingers still. He longed to taste her. Her eyes beckoned him; her soft moans called to him.

Trig dropped to his knees in front of her. Trailing his fingers up her thighs, he parted her pussy lips. Lifting one leg, letting Bullet hold her wide for him, he leaned in, his cock throbbing hard at her scent. Addictive, musky, sweet, cream coated her thighs. Her vaginal walls throbbed, begging him to fill her. Her clitoris swelled, the hard nub standing out waiting for him to take it in his mouth and...

She cried out his name when his lips closed around her, his tongue hot and rough as he licked her, drawing her deeper into his mouth. God, she tasted divine. He spread her wider with his fingers holding the outer folds open. He sucked her deep into his mouth, flicking her clit with his tongue while Bullet held her still for him. Her cries grew louder as he sucked her, Bullet's whispered encouragement all he needed to drive her over the brink. He licked lower still, finding her opening, swollen, throbbing dripping with cream. He fastened his mouth over her, driving his tongue inside her, until she lost control.

"Goddamn, Trigger man, she's going to claw me to death if you keep that up." Her body went rigid, her thighs shook violently as she went over. Her cries became long and drawn out as he continued to thrust his tongue deep inside her until she went limp against Bullet. Her cries of pleasure turned to whimpers.

"See, Kai, I told you my man Trigger loved pussy. Damn, Trig, that was hot, and Christ, that was so nasty I about came right along with her."

* * * *

The world slowly came back into focus. The body holding her up was hot and hard, his erection pressed against her backside grinding into her, one hand still cupped her breast, the other held her leg. She watched as Trig pressed kisses along her inner thigh, his fingers working the strap on her sandal. Once her foot was free, Bullet lowered her leg to the floor, and Trig removed the other sandal. He rose to his feet towering above her. She caught sight of the three of them in the mirrored window—her body, nude and small between two still fully dressed giants turned her on. It should have scared her to death, but something crude swirled inside her. A monster reared its head, wanting more, more, please, a lifetime of more.

"You ready?" She heard Trig say over her head, his hands gliding up her arms, unhooking her hands from behind Bullet's neck, drawing her arms down, caressing her flesh as he spoke.

"We forgot the condoms." Bullet sounded disappointed. Her heart started pounding in her chest; there would be no more. Then she remembered stopping at the store on the way home from the city, an impromptu purchase.

"In the bedside table drawer." She nodded toward the bed, her eyes growing large imagining what was going to happen there. Bullet left her then, her back cold without his support. There was more than just condoms tucked in there, and she heard Bullet crow. He'd found the lubrication and her dildo.

"Little Miss Professor came to play," he cried from the bed. She heard a thud followed by another as he climbed in. She looked past Trigger in time to see Bullet prop himself up on the stack of pillows at her headboard and sprawl his long heavily muscled legs out on her bed, making the king-size mattress look small. He unbuttoned his shirt

while she watched, tugging it out of his pants, his erection bulged large beneath his zipper, and in two smooth steps he freed himself. Gripping his cock at the base, he stroked upward. She watched, fascinated, as it lengthened and throbbed in his hand. "I'm ready."

"Ready for what?" Fear gripped her as she looked into Trig's eyes. He watched her, a cold intensity hiding in the brown depths, his mouth tilted into a grin that mirrored the ones Bullet wore so often.

"For you, baby." He dipped his lips to hers, lifting her off her feet. He kissed her and drew her tongue into his mouth, and she forgot her fear as he placed her on the bed between Bullet's knees. "I want you to suck him, Kailey."

Oh God, she looked from one to the other. Bullet lay on the bed, his monster cock waving in front of her, his eyes lit with fire, a smile on his lips. Trig stood on the floor undoing the buttons she hadn't managed to free, then tugged his shirt off and tossed it on the floor.

Oh God, oh God, oh God. She couldn't help herself; she took Bullet's cock in her hand. He was thick and not as long as Trig, the head of his cock more pointy, less blunt. Oh God, he tasted so damned good it scared her. He moaned when she took him inside her mouth. His eyes fluttered closed; he threw his head back and moaned again. Heat swirled in her pussy. She gasped at the force of the desire that clawed at her, driving her to do things she never would have considered before. And she took him deep, circling his cock with her tongue gliding around him, deeper with each dip of her head.

"Fuck, Trigger, she's good." Bullet wound his hands in her hair and held her as he thrust into her, gently at first, then his strokes grew longer until she felt him hit the back of her throat. Trigger's hand on her back startled her. He lifted her body, drawing her away from Bullet and the prize she'd won for herself. "He's too close, baby."

He drew her onto her knees, leaning her against his chest. He was naked now. She wrapped her hands behind her, gripping his ass cheeks. His lips grazed her neck, then his teeth. His hands cupped her breasts, lifting them high while he thumbed her nipples. His teeth were sharp against her skin, his mouth holding her, sucking her until she began to shake from anticipation.

*

Nearly forgetting the condom, Bullet stifled a groan. Goddamn, Trigger had learned some new tricks since they'd last been together. He held her to his body, feasting on her neck, pinching her nipples until she was shaking, crying out his name, begging for release. Christ, he'd never seen anything so damn erotic in his life. Her orgasm washed over her. She bucked against him, slamming into his body. His cock throbbed with the contact, as she came just from Trigger's mouth on her neck and his hands on her tits. When her tremors subsided, Trig walked her up the bed until she straddled Bullet's legs, and then, with a sigh, he was deep inside her.

"Hey there, sweetheart, did you miss me?" He took her lips, pulling her against his body, her swollen nipples hard against his chest. He stroked her back, waiting for the muscles between her legs to stop throbbing before he dared move again. "You feel so nice sitting there on my cock, Kailey."

She wanted to move, to ride him, but he held her still, waiting for the sound of the condom package ripping. Trig met his eye from above her. Bullet spread his legs wide, forcing her even wider as Trig settled in behind her.

*

Cold wet liquid trickled down her backside. Kailey, intent on the cock inside her, looked back to find Trig stroking his condom-covered erection. He tossed the tube of lubricant onto the bed, and her heart slammed into her rib cage as he moved behind her. With the tip of his cock probing her ass, gliding across the opening, he opened her wider, and slowly dipped inside her, working the liquid in, stretching her.

“Hey, baby, shh, shh, look at me,” Bullet called to her, his rough hand on her face drawing her attention away from the scene behind her. His mouth locked with hers, greedily suckling her mouth. She ignored the pain that always came with penetration there. She kissed him back, taking what he so freely gave.

“Oh baby, that feels so good,” she said as Trig leaned against her back pressing her against Bullet’s chest, rocking into her from behind.

“Trigger.” Bullet threw his head back, his breathing harsh. “That feels so good. That’s it, Trigger.” Trigger didn’t say a word as he pistoned into her, driving her body onto Bullet’s cock, forcing her movements, controlling the pace. She could feel them inside her, separated by a thin wall of muscle and flesh, pressing against each other. The image in the mirrored window went beyond carnal. She saw her face as Bullet bucked into her, short fast thrusts that had her panting, and Trig’s long, slow thrusts driving her more and more over the edge. Orgasm, hot and nasty, began in her toes, the hot molten lava traveled her body spinning out of control.

“Fuck, oh God, fuck.” Bullet went rigid beneath her, his cock throbbing violently inside her, pushing her over the edge where sensation turned to pain and back to swirling violent pleasure. She watched them in the mirror, the man beneath her arching into her body, his face twisted in release, his hands cupping Trig’s ass, urging him deeper. He begged for more, and Trig complied, pushing into her, slamming her against Bullet’s chest until her own cries mingled with Bullet’s. Then Trig lay against her, his body straining. Sweat dripped onto her shoulder as he kissed her, and then he rolled onto the bed where he withdrew and simply held her until her body cooled.

“I don’t know about you two, but I’m starving.” Bullet’s voice penetrated the haze in her brain a short while later. He rolled on his side, his mouth soft on her lips, his blue eyes sated and amused. “We missed dinner.”

Trigger tucked her against his body protectively and sighed. “I could eat. How about you, Kailey? Are you hungry?”

Were they insane? She couldn’t even move. How the hell did she know if she was hungry? “There’s food in the kitchen. Help yourselves. I’m going to curl up here and die for a while.”

Bullet’s laugh triggered something deep in her belly. “That is probably wise, Kai. Trigger will be ready for seconds soon.”

“You two have done this before.” She didn’t know whether to be upset or thrilled. “Seduced the same woman, I mean.”

“Not for a very long time.” There was regret in Bullet’s voice, a loneliness she didn’t think he knew was there. “After we went to college, Trigger and Bullet, loose on a campus where we were gods—it was contagious like a disease. But damn, it was fun—just me and Trigger and one girl between us.”

“Are we getting food or what?” Trigger wasn’t as nostalgic about Bullet’s walk down memory lane. “That was a very long time ago, Kailey; we were stupid.”

“Yeah, just a couple of stupid kids living life to the hilt. Damn, I miss those days. I want chicken and a big freaking glass of iced tea. Where are her keys, Trigger? I’ll get dinner.”

“I think I dropped them by the door. Don’t be long, or I’ll carry on without you.” Bullet stood, then adjusted his clothes. He looked down at them, his eyes veiled. She became aware of Trigger’s hand on her thigh, gently stroking. She could feel Trig’s body stiffen when their eyes met. There was something more between them, something neither wanted to acknowledge. Bullet just gazed at them longingly for another moment before he left, his eyes sad.

*

“Kailey, baby, this wasn’t planned. I want you to know that. Bullet and I haven’t done this since, hell, I can’t remember when. Ten years at least.”

He did remember the last time. It was right after he could walk again without pins in his leg, right after the football season started and Bullet was a rookie wide out in Denver, who on a fluke made it into the opening game and on another fluke had scored the winning touchdown. He’d been there for that game, and afterward there had been so many parties and so many girls, and Bullet was high as a kite on booze and sex and his own fantastic self. He remembered the girl; she hadn’t wanted any part of their game, and she’d left after the first course, but Bullet was too far gone.

He didn’t want to think about that night. He pinched his eyes closed and rolled Kailey beneath him. Her breath was warm on his face, her movements languid. “I’m sorry. I didn’t want this. I meant what I said about falling in love with you—that wasn’t just a line.”

“Trig, I…” She sighed almost as if she was going to say something. There was pain in her eyes, maybe a little fear. “Make love to me. Slow love. I want to savor you while I still can.”

“Come to New Orleans with me tomorrow.” He reached for a second condom, rolling it on before easing inside her body, thrusting slowly into her, loving her, holding her eyes with his as she loved him in return.

“Stay here with me,” she countered when orgasm took her, her skin blushing as she strained against him, his name sweet when she could contain it no longer.

“I would like that.” He could arrange for another week of vacation time. That would be nice, to stay here with her. Heat simmered in her eyes, her smile all it took to push him over the edge. He came calling her name, lust and love percolating in his gut from her soft touch.

“Chicken is downstairs.” And just like that his bubble burst. Bullet had come up the stairs quietly. He leaned against the stair rail watching them. There was something in his eyes that he quickly hid from him before bounding back down the way he’d come.

Chapter Eight

She stretched beneath the sheet, arching her body like a cat. Sated, satisfied, and oh so content. No wonder it was a while before she realized she was alone. She looked around the room but found no sign of the hedonistic adventure of the night before.

Damn, she needed a shower—and food. Food would be really good. She flung the covers off, went into the bathroom to take the much needed shower, changed her mind, and just brushed her teeth before going downstairs to raid the refrigerator.

It wasn't until she was standing on the floor in the large open living space that she discovered she wasn't alone. Bullet stood in her kitchen wearing nothing but a pair of blue jeans, his tanned back turned to her as he worked dough on the counter.

"What are you doing?" Curious, she pulled up a seat at the island counter to watch.

"Making cinnamon rolls. Do you like cinnamon rolls?" There was a streak of flour dusted across his chest where he'd wiped his hand. His eyes seemed alive, sparkling blue, the exact color of the summer sky.

"Yeah, I like ... wait. You're baking cinnamon rolls from scratch? Who the hell are you?" That's when she noticed food and grocery bags littering her counters and floors; hot molten waves of *oh yeah* washed over her. A golden god who could bake pastry could move in with her any day of the week.

"My mama taught me to cook when I was a kid. She had to redirect my energy somehow, I guess. Plus I liked to eat ... a lot. She told me kneading dough built muscle. It was probably the smartest thing I ever did—learn to cook. That is."

"You can cook too. Damn, Bullet, can I keep you?"

"You can keep me until training camp starts. Then I belong to the Saints." He grinned at her, and something deliciously wicked swirled in her belly.

His grin turned to a frown as she looked around the room. "Where's Trigger?"

"Probably checking out of the hotel or running a couple of errands. He said he'd be back soon." He pounded the dough into a ball, then placed it into a bowl, covered it, and set it on the counter to rise.

"When did you do all this shopping and change clothes? You've changed clothes." Too much was swirling in her mind. Trig was staying the week with her. And Bullet, how did Bullet fit into this strange little scenario?

"I left you and Trigger sleeping just after dawn. I went back to the hotel, showered, changed, and thought about some things. On the way back, I decided I was hungry. I guess I went overboard."

"I can see that, Bullet. There's a lot of meat here, and ice cream. I'm going to get fat with you around." She blushed thinking about the night before and the creative things this man had done to her after he'd stuffed her full of chicken and biscuits. Damn, she couldn't look at the counter without thinking about being spread over it with a man on either side doing nasty, wonderful things to her body. "Maybe not."

"I'm leaving tomorrow, babe, unless you put in a good word for me with Trigger. You're his woman, much as I'd like you for myself. He's been in love with you since school. I don't want to get in the way of that." He leaned against the sink and wiped his hands with a wad of paper towels. "You didn't know that, did you?"

“No, I was pretty much doing my own thing. Trig lived down the street. I’ll admit I had a crush, but I didn’t think he’d ever look twice at me, so I kept to myself.” She played with the ceramic chicken salt-and-pepper set that sat useless on the counter, purely for decoration.

“And you didn’t even know I existed, did you?”

She shook her head no. “Did you know I existed?”

“Hell yeah, dorky brain babe. I knew who you were, Kailey. Everyone did. You were the only person who thought you were anonymous. The rest of us either envied you or hated you. You made everything seem easy—calculus, oh dear God. I barely made it through that class, and you made straight fucking As. You were a damned pretty girl too, one who hid her body and her looks behind dumpy clothes and thick glasses. I’m glad you finally realized you were beautiful.” His smile could melt glass. A megawatt, movie-star-quality smile that seduced her from across the room.

“You’re just saying that because I saw Trig first. You want him jealous and off his game. Why is that?” She had an idea. She wandered into the sitting area, crawled into the massive sectional sofa that took up most of the room, tucked her legs up beside her body, and leaned back.

“You know, Trig and I go way back. I was his wingman on the field and off. We shared a lot of things. I wanted a taste of the old days, I wanted a taste of you, of you and me and Trig.” He followed her into the sitting room and sat on the back of the sofa with one leg on the floor, the other crooked at the knee. “And you taste good enough to keep, Kailey Whitmore. Can I keep you?”

That surprised her. First, Trig wanted her to move in with him, now Bullet. Had she grown a third boob? Did she taste like candy? Why now?

“I’m not the type of woman you can keep, Bullet. Money doesn’t impress me much. I have a bad tendency to work long hours. I might take off on a dig in South America or Africa without any notice. I can’t cook, sew, or do anything remotely wife-like. On top of that, I don’t know one damned thing about football.”

“Maybe that’s why I like you so much, Kai. You have no idea who I am. I’m tired of women who see me on TV throwing themselves at me. The cougars, barracudas, some sharks in high heels circle me, trying to get pregnant, hoping to marry me or just take my money. I’m tired of being alone, and I want...”

“You want what you had with Trig all those years ago, before he found out you were in love with him.” His eyes turned hard, the teasing light and the color fading to cold silver. She’d hit a nerve.

“I’m not gay. I don’t fuck men, and I don’t need Trig Morgan to help me get off.” He slid over the sofa, his eyes so intense she couldn’t tear her gaze away. He loomed over her, his body huge, intimidating. She backed into the nook of the sectional, a trickle of fear slithering into her throat.

“There are different kinds of love, Bullet, and you love Trig. I can see it. You want him, if not sexually, then companionably. You like to touch him. You call his name, encourage him. He’s your soul mate, and it scares you how much you want him, doesn’t it?” She stroked Bullet’s shoulder. He was smooth and golden brown and so ripped she wanted to cry with joy. His eyes, though, were cold as he loomed over her, denying her observation.

“You’re wrong. Kailey, Trig is my friend—or he used to be. I’m not sure what he is

to me anymore. This was just for kicks, nothing more. I like you, Kailey. Hell. I could love you if Trig wasn't there first. You're his woman." He pressed closer to her, his soul bare on his face. He loved Trig. It was all right there in his eyes. His fear of losing him was so clear. There was something else there as well—something that scared her.

"I'm nobody's woman, Bullet. I'm free, and I intend to remain single for the rest of my life. I don't want a repeat of the last eleven years." Great, she'd let him turn the tables on her. She'd let him put her on the defensive; the look in his eyes told her he'd scored.

"Does Trigger know that?" He picked at the ties that held her robe closed, tugging a little at a time until she felt the fabric gape open.

"Stop that." She gripped the lapels together, aware that his mouth loomed closer to hers. "Stop seducing me, Bullet. Of course Trig knows. I've told him I'm not looking for a relationship right now."

"But he wants you to come to New Orleans anyway." He wouldn't be deterred. His fingers somehow found their way inside her robe. The material slipped from her hands. She was lost in his eyes and didn't really mind his fingers brushing across her stomach, slowly caressing her until her mind was rattled and she forgot what they were arguing about. "Why don't you come to New Orleans? Help me find a house. You can go back to that college at the end of the year, sexually sated, no ties, no relationship, just lots of hot sex."

"With you?" Oh God, yes, that would be wonderful. His long, thick fingers grazed her thighs, working slowly upward until he found that spot that made her want to purr.

"You're already wet just thinking about making love with me, aren't you, Kai? Slippery wet and hot." He parted the tender folds resting his thumb just beneath her clit.

"That wasn't the question." She forgot what that question was as he stroked her, gliding up along the tip of her clit, gently flicking her until her body trembled.

"With me, with Trig. I don't mind sharing you. With or without Trig, I want you, Kailey. Can I have you?" His mouth grazed hers, his tongue gentle, cunning, seducing hers from hiding. She opened for him—mouth and legs and heart. Oh God, he felt so good against her hands, his chest against her breasts. She wanted him so badly she could taste it.

"Yes," she sighed against his mouth. "You can have me, Bobby, now, oh please now, before I melt."

His mouth twisted in victory as he pulled her beneath his body. Stripping her robe in one quick motion, he pressed against her. His cock—hot, hard, and thick—pulsed against her vagina, denim in the way of heaven. "Say you'll come to New Orleans for the summer. Come and play, Kailey. You need to play."

"I'll come to New Orleans, but just for a few days. Bobby. Please, Bobby, stop teasing me." White light whirled in her vision. Liquid need, hot and all-consuming, coursed through her veins. She'd promise him anything, if he would just stop teasing her.

His chuckle washed over her like lava, inflaming her. He'd won. She wanted him. She wanted everything he promised—sin, sex, fun, and Trig. She wanted him and Trig, both of them. She didn't want to share them. She wanted it all, every luscious little bit of both of them.

She cried out when he pulled away. She watched in fascination as he tugged his jeans over his hips. She sighed when his knees pressed between her legs, pushing her wide. He was thick, Goddamn, he was so thick she thought she would split wide open. He

pushed into her, slowly spreading her legs, lifting her higher against the cushions until he was seated against her pelvis.

“You feel so damned good, Kailey. I could stay here forever.” He rocked into her, slowly withdrawing, gliding back in deeper each time. The muscles in his shoulders bunched, strained, and flexed beneath her hands making her crazy.

“Bullet.” The word love entered her mind. She quickly squelched it. She loved him. She loved Trigger, She wanted, wanted, wanted ... greedy desire spiked inside her, twisting and clawing until she gave in. Crying for more she repeated his name. Arching her body against his, she shattered into a million pieces. She wanted everything.

Chapter Nine

Trigger watched them on the couch, his best friend and the woman he loved in each other's arms, their bodies connected. Each straining against the other, begging, pleading, gasping. Jealousy ripped through him, hot and nasty. It gripped him by the balls, clawing at him. He wanted to kill Bullet, drag him off her straining body, and tear his throat out.

Her cries of pleasure worked against him. Her golden body arched into Bullet, her breasts gleamed with sweat. Her legs were spread wide as Bullet thrust his equally golden body into hers, the muscles in his ass clenching and unclenching as he pumped into her, his eyes gleaming with desire and love. She came beneath him, calling his name, begging him for more. Begging, pleading, promising the world, she would come to New Orleans for him, be his forever if he'd just love her harder. And then she called a different name—Trig, she cried out for Trig while Bullet worked into her. She wanted him and Bullet; she wanted them both.

He set his bags on the floor, his body and mind at war. She wouldn't come to New Orleans for him but she would for Bobby. She would be his only if Bobby was part of the package.

Fucking Bobby.

Goddamn, she looked magnificent beneath his best friend with her beautiful breasts straining against his chest and her gorgeous eyes glazed over in orgasm. His cock jerked and throbbed inside his jeans. His heart slammed in his chest. He stumbled across the room like a man possessed, dropping to his knees on the floor beside them, where he laid his hand on Bobby's back, drawing his attention.

"Trigger, man, she is magnificent. I couldn't help myself." Bullet looked startled and apologetic. There were stars in his eyes when he looked up at him. She called his name, touching his arm.

"It's all right, Bullet. I like seeing you inside her." He groaned, running his hand down Bullet's body, his cock throbbing at the contact. This was wrong, yet so very right. "You're magnificent inside her. She loves it. Look at her face, Bullet. She loves your big cock thrusting inside her. I want to watch you with her, Bullet. Oh God. That is so nice."

"Trigger." Bullet flexed between Kailey's legs, his cock slid out, then back in. Trig laid his hand on Bullet's ass, next to Kailey's thigh, urging him faster, marveling at the feel of his muscles as he flexed slowly. "Take your shirt off, Trig, I want you to feel this with me."

Trig groaned. He couldn't help it. Bullet's eyes on his body inflamed him. Kailey's cries of pleasure ignited something in him he hadn't known existed. He stripped out of his shirt, letting Bullet touch him, pull him closer. He placed his hand on the small of his back. "Kailey, baby, Trigger wants you to suck his cock, baby, like you did for me last night. Will that be all right?"

She looked at him then, her eyes flaring with want. She nodded reaching for him, her fingers useless on his zipper. He throbbed against the heat of their hands. He couldn't shed his clothes fast enough before he was on the sectional with them, leaning over her, her fingers around his shaft, stroking him, guiding him to her mouth. Bullet buried his face in between her breasts, his hair grazing Trig's thighs, sending shock waves through

him.

*

“That’s it, baby, suck him, take him deep. Oh God, that is ... oh God, I don’t think I’m going to last much longer.” He held still, his breath ragged as he fought for control.

“That’s it, Kai, suck him. He tastes so good. Doesn’t he, baby?” Bullet flinched when Trig laid his hand on his back, almost costing him the control he wanted so much to hang on to. Unlike Trig, who recovered quickly, when Bullet came, that was it for a long time. Trig’s hands on him felt so goddamned good, he wanted to burst into her.

Trig’s dick in her mouth as she sucked him, taking him deeper with each flex of Trig’s hips wasn’t helping. Bullet throbbed, aching to come. Aching for more until there was nothing left. She came again, her vaginal muscles sucking him in the same rhythm as her mouth did Trig’s cock. He buried his face to block the view. “I can’t, I can’t, Trigger, I can’t.”

“Shh, Bullet, just relax. Pull out if you have to. That’s it buddy, we have all day. Just relax.” She cried out at the loss when he withdrew, rolling over her slick body to rest behind her. “It’s all right, Kailey. Bullet needs a minute. Kailey, that feels so good, I need to come, baby. Suck me harder, please, Kailey.”

She rolled onto her side, snuggling her ass against Bullet’s raging hard-on, taking Trig deeper into her mouth, sucking him, moaning around him, and Bullet slipped his hand between her legs, finding her little magic button, teasing it until her moans grew louder, her body throbbing around him. “Suck him, Kailey. Make him come. He tastes so good, Kailey. Make him come, make him beg.”

Trig dropped onto his hands, catching himself on the back of the sofa as he continued to thrust into her mouth. His face was so close, his lips so close, Bullet could feel his breath on his face. He ached with want as he watched her mouth surround Trig, suckling him. God, she was good; she had Trig whimpering. He thrust into her mouth, his body trembling, until he couldn’t control himself.

“That’s it, Kailey, suck him dry, baby. Drink him deep, take it all, Kai,” Bullet instructed, when Trig laid his forehead against his, his breath hot, against his cheek. He needed, wanted, just one taste, just one. And before he could stop himself, he angled his face until his mouth melted to Trig’s, his tongue timid, his lips surprisingly soft, surprisingly sweet.

“Bobby.” Trig moaned against him, fire shooting from his loins. Kailey’s moans joined his. “I’m ... Bobby, this feels so good.”

* * * *

Dazed and confused, Kailey lay against Bullet, his erection hot against her back as he gently rocked against her. Trigger leaned over her, his body trembling, his mouth touching Bullet’s as he breathed heavily, coming down from orgasmic ecstasy.

Something monumental had just happened. Something that should scare her but didn’t.

She pressed into Bullet’s body, rolling until she faced him. She touched her lips to his, sharing a kiss with Trigger, then Bullet. Mingling tongues, she kissed them both. Hers—they were hers, both of them—hers to touch, to kiss, to hold, hers to share and satisfy. And she was theirs. She knew that now, knew that as surely as she was breathing. Their lips touched, their tongues touched, one touching her mouth kissing her, then the other. She sighed, needing their touch.

“Kailey,” Trigger was the first to break the silence; his voice seemed far away. “Can you take us both?”

“Where do you want me to take you? Will there be food?” Her besotted brain was slow to catch on.

“We’ve never gone that far, Trigger. What if we break her?” She could feel Bullet’s cock throb against her belly; his breath grew rapid, harsh.

Oh. They wanted her to do what now? Take both of them at the same time in the same place? Oh God. Her pussy throbbed. Was that even possible?

“I won’t break,” she heard herself say; greedy pulsing desire raged through her making her squirm. “I want you both inside me. I want to feel you come inside me, I want to be with you both, please—that would be lovely.”

“Oh God, Trigger, I want to keep her. She’s everything we need, Trig.” Bullet’s eyes were needy when he looked from her to Trig. His loneliness was almost palpable, his bravado stripped away to bare his weakness—Trig. He wanted Trig and her. He wanted the family they could become. “Kailey, baby, say you’ll stay with us.”

“I’ll stay, Bullet, I want to be yours and Trig’s. I want you deep inside me.” She shocked herself. She wanted this with all her heart. “Trigger, please, can I stay? I want to be yours.”

“I like the sound of that.” He leaned away, pulling her with him. “I want to be deep inside you. Bullet, are you ready?”

He hadn’t answered the question, but she didn’t care. His nimble hands caressed her body. His mouth hot on her neck, he stoked her desire, coaxing her to open for him. He leaned her back against Bullet, lifting her high against his chest. “Spread your legs, Kailey, straddle him. Oh yeah, that’s it. His cock looks so good jutting from between your legs.”

“He feels good there, Trigger—thick and hard. Oh God. This feels so good.” She couldn’t help herself. She ground her clit along the hard ridge of Bullet’s cock. She reached for his hands, wrapping them around her breasts. She twisted her head to find his lips. “Bullet, Bobby, you feel so good. I love your hands on my breasts.”

“Damn, Kailey honey, you do wicked things to me.” Bullet moaned against her mouth. He lifted her higher against his chest until she felt the tip of his cock press against her, filling her. He let her slide down again until she was fully seated. “Oh shit, that feels nice.”

“Spread your legs, Bobby. Wider, stretch her wider.” Trigger loomed over them, his eyes blazing with a fire so bright she thought she would burn to a cinder. Then he stroked her body, starting at her shoulders, pressing lower until he found her clit. “Stroke into her, Bobby, slowly, just like that.”

Bobby moaned beneath her, his body trembling, and then she knew why. Trig inserted a long finger inside her, matching Bobby’s stroke, robbing her of breath. “Soon, Trig, very soon.”

“Ready, Kailey?” Trig leaned over her, sucking first one nipple, then the other, before he touched her lips, his finger still deep inside her.

“Long past ready, Trigger.” She heard Bobby gasp, his chest rising rapidly when Trig settled his knees between their spread legs. His face hovered over theirs, his eyes tender. “Make love to us, Trigger. Love us both.”

“Oh God, Kailey.” He groaned, his body shaking violently as he entered her slowly,

stretching her, slowly filling her, the ridge of his cock gliding along Bullet's until she thought she would burst. "That is so..."

"Tight. Christ, that is..." Bullet arched his body beneath hers, lifting her higher as he spread her thighs as far as they could go. He couldn't speak, his voice lost as sensation overwhelmed him.

"Nice," she finished for them. Trig lay over her, breathing heavily with his eyes closed and his lips parted, tempting her. Touching her lips to his, she wrapped her arms around his shoulders and held him. "Love me, Trig, slowly."

Sensation, hot and jagged, streaked throughout Trig's body. He could feel everything, her body pulsing around him, the thick ridge of Bobby pressed against him, pulsing in time with her. It was too much, their eyes—one pair green, the other a cloudy blue—gazing up at him, burning with identical flames of desire, were almost his undoing.

Heaven or hell, he wasn't quite sure where he was, but God, it felt so good he wanted to stay. She wanted him to move slowly. Her lips were so soft, he would give her anything. Slowly, oh so slowly, he withdrew. Bobby glided with him slowly, fitting his cock to his, becoming one. They moved inside her, gliding, thrusting, gasping as sensation overtook them. Bullet arched into her, his pelvis thrust against Trig's, his body hot where they met.

"That feels so good, Trigger, your balls slapping against me. Christ, Kailey baby, tell Trigger how good that feels." Bobby stroked his back, going lower until he cupped his ass, guiding him as his breath turned harsh. "I'm close, Trigger, too damned close. Kailey, tell him how good this feels."

But Kailey didn't speak. She lay sprawled against Bullet's chest with her eyes glazed over and her mouth round as her body throbbed around him. "Shit, Trigger, faster. She's ready to go over. Make her scream. Fuck her, Trigger."

She grabbed him, her fingers clenching and unclenching. She threw her head back and screamed. Her vaginal walls contracted violently, until Trig could do nothing but grind his body into her. Bullet pulsed with her, his cock growing harder; heat engulfed him, strangled him. He followed them over the brink into a world so bright he wondered if he would ever leave it.

*

Two heartbeats pulsed inside her. Liquid heat swirled through her. Slowly, very slowly, she became aware of the men around her. Bullet cradled her to his body, as if she were a prized possession, Trigger's body draped over her, protecting her. She kissed first one, then the other, slowly enticing their tongues into her mouth—tasting, trembling, sharing.

Trigger to Kailey's amazement, laid his head on Bullet's shoulder. Bullet drew in a breath, "I love you, Trig. We love you, Trig."

"Oh, fuck." The look in Trig's eyes became angry and he pulled away, his body trembling again but not from exertion. "How did this get so complicated?"

"Life is never simple, Trig." Bullet lifted her to his body, cradling her as he moved into a sitting position. "I'm lost without you, Trigger. I love you, but not like you think. I want to be with you, but you're afraid of me, afraid that I took advantage of you that night. I didn't; we kissed, that's all that happened. I missed you so much, missed what we were together. I lost my head. Trigger and Bullet were a powerful weapon, a team. Now we have Kailey. You love her; you'd sell your soul to have her. I love her, too. I love her

the same way you do. We're a team, Trig, don't you see? And Kailey is part of our team."

"People don't live as a trio, Bobby. What if people find out? You live in a fish bowl. I don't know if I can stand that type of scrutiny. What if the media finds out we share a woman, that we ... that you love another man? What will your fans say? We can't hide this from the world for long, and lord help us if Kailey should get pregnant. Whose baby will it be—mine or yours?"

"Ours." She tingled with an awareness she hadn't previously considered. Children had never crossed her mind, one way or another. Charlie hadn't wanted children. She'd never questioned that choice, assumed she agreed. Trigger wanted children. She heard the longing in his voice. He wanted a family. He wanted forever.

Bullet longed for family. He wanted love. He was silent on the issue of children. She trembled, a dam bursting free inside her. She wanted children. She wanted their children. It didn't matter what color their eyes would be or their hair or whose personality they would have. Any child would be theirs.

"Ours, Trigger. A child would be ours, to love, hold, and spoil. Your child or Bobby's would be our child. You know this. You can feel this, can't you?"

"I don't hear him saying that, Kailey. He's selfish. He's spoiled. His ego is too large to encompass a child, especially my child."

"Is that what you think of me? That I'm selfish? Yeah, I have an ego, but so do you. One just as large as mine. Our egos have never been the problem. Our egos have always been compatible. I'm far from selfish, and I would hardly call myself spoiled."

"You gave a thousand-dollar tip to a waiter last night. You throw your money around to influence people, throwing season tickets like candy just so everyone will love the great Robert Brady. You went after Kailey knowing I didn't want to share her. You made her love you. You convinced her to come to New Orleans; you wanted her for yourself."

"I wanted her for us. I want you to have the woman you love. She loves us both, Trigger. Don't you see that? We can have everything. I have tons of money that I won't ever spend in my lifetime. I don't have a family I care about. I don't have love, and I want the one person I've always loved to be a part of my life. I want to have children and be happy, just like everyone else. I want you, and I want Kailey. But if you don't want that, say so, and I'll leave. I don't want to hurt you, Trig, and I won't bother her again if you tell me to go. I want to be with you, Trig. This is the only way. But I'll go; just say the words."

She could feel the sorrow wash over him. She was sorry she'd started this. She reached out to him, taking his hand in hers. He brushed her hand away, distancing himself from her. He pulled his jeans on, his shoulders slumped as he moved away. "Say something, Trig. Don't let him go like this."

*

"Do you love him, Kailey? Would you prefer him to me?" Trig didn't know what hurt more. Watching his friend walk away or the panic in Kailey's eyes. She loved Bullet. After one day, she'd fallen for his charm, his charisma, and his good looks.

"Yes, I love him. I love him with all my heart, but I don't prefer him to you. Trig, I love you too with that same heart. Please don't make me choose between you. I can't. It's both of you or neither of you, that's what I want, Trigger. All or none."

Bullet stood at the window overlooking the Gulf. Black storm clouds gathered on the

horizon, the same color reflected in his ever-changeable eyes. Trig felt his heart clench. He hadn't meant to hurt either of them. He'd loved them both from afar for so long.

Bullet, his best friend, the brother he never had. Boisterous, bouncy Bullet, faster than lightning, softer than cotton. He'd been with him since forever. He'd been there for him when he'd busted his leg. Bullet had been right there the whole time, holding his hand while he screamed in pain, talking him through the depression that nearly killed him when he found out he couldn't play ball anymore. Not his mom or his dad—it was Bullet. Always Bullet. Bullet had suggested medical school. Bullet had encouraged him to keep going when it got too hard. He'd wanted to quit so many times, but Bullet would call him up as if he knew, and everything would be all right. Everything would always be all right as long as he had Bullet at his back. Bullet and Trig, two parts of one powerful weapon.

"Bobby." His voice broke. He couldn't find the words.

"Don't say it, Trig. Kailey, he loves you. He loves you more than life itself. Stay with him. Let him heal you. You need a man who loves you. He won't press you to do things you don't want to. He will treat you like a queen, if you let him. I'm just a jock. I'll break your heart. Women line up around the block to get in my bed. You'll never know where I'll be, who I'm with."

"You'll be with us, Bobby. I love you. Don't leave me. Don't leave us. We need you." He could hear the panic in her voice, he knew Bullet was right. Trig would treat her like a queen. He loved her, would never do anything to hurt her. He was stable, grounded, and most importantly, dependable. Traits he'd never liked about himself until that moment.

Bobby was none of those things. Bobby was a party in motion, constantly watching, moving. He spoke loudly, played hard, never predictable and as much as Trig hated the idea he had to admit that he and Bobby had always been two sides of the same coin. They'd always been a team.

"Stay here, Bobby. Stay with us. We need you. Trig and I need you, Bobby. Stay for a week." The plea in her voice twisted in his gut. The truth in her words tore him apart.

"I'd rather have forever. I need forever." A tear trickled down Bullet's cheek. He swiped it away hastily.

"Stay forever, Bullet." Trigger didn't know what ached more, their loving eyes on him or the thought of losing either of them. "Stay with Kailey and me forever. Bullet, Trigger, and Kailey forever—that's how it should be."

"I can do forever." Bullet smiled then, Trig could tell his world was suddenly spinning out of control—which was just the way Bullet liked it. "What was it we were about to do?"

"You are going to bake cinnamon rolls; Trig is going to clean up this mess; and I'm going to get a shower. After I'm clean and fed, I will think of new ways to get dirty, and we can start all over again."

"Christ, I think I love this woman, Trig. What do you think, should we keep her?" Bullet laughed. Trig simply stared at her, a silly look on his face.

"I think that is the best idea you've ever had, Bullet."

Epilogue

“Go long, Bullet,” Trigger shouted over the sound of the waves. He took the ball and dropped his weight onto one leg, drawing the ball back, slowly moving forward and back again while Bullet took off down the beach, his legs pumping hard in the soft sand. Then Trigger let the ball fly high and long. It spiraled on the wind, dropping into Bullet’s outstretched hands.

Five years full of memories soared on the air with that ball. Five years of bliss she’d never imagined could happen to her. Five years of living with two beautiful men, giving them much more than her body and her heart. She’d given them children, a family.

They’d built careers for themselves in New Orleans. Trig moved into private practice and continued to volunteer his time at the free clinic. She no longer taught school; instead she did occasional work for a local museum, preferring the Indiana Jones lifestyle when her time and children allowed.

Bullet had become the cornerstone of a powerful football dynasty. One that took him away from them for large amounts of time. But she cherished the reunions. The last one in February when she and Trigger had nearly missed their flight to Miami to see him play his final game. Bullet had been so full of nervous energy she hadn’t gotten inside the door before he was buried deep inside her. God, she was going to miss those reunions.

“So, Kailey, when are you and Trig going to get married?” Sarah Beth sat in the sand surrounded by a bunch of children building a sand castle, her eyes following the men on the beach.

“We haven’t discussed marriage, Sarah Beth. We’re so busy chasing after children, we can barely find the time to sleep much less plan a wedding.” Kailey used the one excuse that tended to halt the wedding talk.

“Seems you can find time for baby making.” Jennifer, bitter as ever, sat on the chaise on the other side of the sand castle pit, her gaze floating to Kailey’s round belly. “Surely you’ve heard of birth control, Kailey?”

“Sure, I’ve heard of it, but you know, Jen, I’m not getting any younger. I thought I’d get the reproducing portion of the program out of the way while there’s still time.” Jen was childless, working on her second divorce, still scheming to get Bullet into her bed, still staring daggers at Kailey every time Bullet was nearby.

Three little faces looked up at her. Carly, her four-year-old daughter with dark brown curls and a heart-shaped face, dumped a bucket of sand on twenty-seven-month-old Jack with his sandy blond hair and impish features. Baby Hayden sat on Sarah Beth’s lap. He offered her a slobbery toy with one hand and pulled her hair with the other. His hair was dark like his father’s, with temper to match.

“Mama, make Jack stop knocking the castle over.” Speaking of her father’s temper, Carly let out a wail of dismay.

“Honey, Jack didn’t mean to. He’s only trying to help.” Trig swept in, taking the little girl in his arms and settling in to help rebuild the demolished sand pile. Her green eyes, still petulant, turned up to meet his, her lips pouty because Trig had taken her brother’s side.

“Daddy, you’re doing it wrong. Watch me.” Carly patiently shoveled sand into the

bucket and then tipped it over. Her face wilted when the sand fell apart.

“How’s the little mama?” Bullet scooted into the chaise behind her, sprinkling sand over her as he rubbed her round belly. “How are the twinsies doing in there?”

“Five, Kailey. Five kids. Don’t you think that’s overdoing it a bit?” Heather M with her two little boys—one almost five, the other three—looked startled, her eyes darting back and forth between Trigger and Bullet, waiting for fireworks. There were none.

“Yes, well, after the twins, my baby factory is officially closed, and my bed is off-limits to anyone who hasn’t had the snip-snip,” she said specifically for Trig’s benefit. He just wrinkled his nose at her.

Stubborn man.

“There’s still plenty of time between now and then, Sugar. Lots of time.” Trigger pulled Hayden into his lap. The baby’s little mouth stretched wide in a yawn.

“I don’t know, man, four months isn’t that much time at all. It’s going to take a couple of months before you’re sure it took and let’s not talk about the swelling and the soprano voice.” Bullet laughed at his friend.

“See, Bullet knows. Bullet, you’re welcome in my bed any time.” She pressed a playful kiss on his cheek, smiling when he swelled to life behind her.

“But, Bullet, don’t you want to have children?” Jennifer sat up on the chaise, her eyes large. “You’re still young.”

“Who says I don’t already have children, Jen? It’s not like I’ve been a monk all these years.” His large hand stroked her belly. She knew the twins wiggling inside were his. She’d known the second they’d been made—on Super Bowl Sunday just hours before Bullet had won his second ring, then promptly retired. She’d known who had fathered all of her children before they were living, breathing beings.

Carly was Trig’s daughter, complete with his dark hair, fair skin, and serious personality. Baby Hayden was his also, though his personality at fourteen months old was sometimes more Bullet than Trigger. Jack with his boundless energy, fair hair, and golden skin was all Bullet. The twins—both girls—would look much the same.

“Hey there, buddy,” Bullet said when Jack crawled over her to get to him. At almost two and a half he was *finally* starting to talk, *dada* being his favorite word and person. “What ya got there? A bucket? Do you have a bucket? Don’t hit your mama with a bucket, Jack. That’s not nice.”

“Oh, oh, ooohhh.” Sarah Beth looked between the three of them, taking in the blue-eyed child with boundless energy, her voice surprised—then understanding dawned.

“Kailey, I—Oh wow, Kailey ... they are all beautiful children.”

“Thank you,” she said, her eyes serious as she connected with Sarah Beth. Sarah Beth nodded her unspoken request.

“What children, Bullet? You don’t have any children. We would have heard about it. You’d be parading them around for the entire world to see. You like showing off your things. Look at that house you bought in New Orleans. You took a television crew through there. Trig and Kailey were the only ones living with you at the time, no baby mama. And that house down the beach, just for you and Trig’s family. I thought after you retired, you’d be ready to settle down.” Jennifer’s voice rose in pitch as she spoke, sheer panic driving her to finally speak out.

“Honey, I’m as settled as I’m going to get. The Bullet is retired. I have everything I want—a couple of kids, a good woman, a best friend, and my knees—thank God, I still

have my knees. Little Bullet is retired too. No more women trying to get pregnant just to get in my bank account. I'm not getting married, but I'm not on the market either, Jen, so stop embarrassing yourself and go look for husband number three somewhere else."

Jen glared at him and stormed off, kicking sand in her wake, leaving Sarah Beth and Heather behind, their mouths agape as they watched her storm away. A smile played on Heather's mouth, but neither woman spoke.

"Hey, Trigger, I think it's time we took these little guys home. Hayden over there looks like he could use a nap." Bullet gathered up Jack in his arms and helped Kailey to her feet. "Come on, Carly, grab your gear."

"But, Daddy, I don't want a nap. I'm a big girl now. I don't take naps like babies do," she shouted at Bullet, but Trigger intercepted her.

"It's been a long day, baby. Let's all go take a nap, and then we'll go see grandma and grandpa and play in their pool. Okay, baby?"

"Okay, Daddy." She grabbed her bucket, stuffing her floaties inside with the shovel, her towel thrown over her head, and a look of mischief in her eyes. "Go long," she yelled just before she took off down the beach.

"Damn, look at that girl go. Sugar, are you sure she's not mine?" Bullet asked after Trig, holding sleeping Hayden like a football, took off after her. He caught her just before she hit the surf.

"Sometimes, Bobby, I'm not sure she's even mine. Hey there, Baby Jack, want to come to mommy? My sweet baby Jack. Look at that sweet baby." She tucked her son against her breast and waddled off down the beach, Bullet fast on her heels carrying the baby bag and cooler in one arm. He draped the other over her shoulders. They joined Trigger, who wrapped his one free arm around her waist. With Carly two steps ahead of them, they walked home, leaving the women sitting on the beach, their mouths wide in surprise.

That night at the reunion banquet, the Morgan-Whitmore-Brady family was a no show, and most likely the talk of the reunion.

Kailey didn't care. She was happily sated, lying between her two most favorite people in the world, listening to the blessed silence of children visiting doting grandparents.

"You know, Bullet, I think you like shocking people. Wasn't it enough that you told everyone in America you were retiring after the Super Bowl to spend more time with your children and family? Did you have to let that bunch of harpies in on our secret this afternoon?" Trigger ran his hand over Kailey's belly, moving over to caress Bullet's hip to take the sting off his words. "Why not just announce it to the whole world and be done with it."

"Give me the word, and I will gladly shout it from the rooftops, Trigger. I'm in love with my best friend and our beautiful lady. We have three beautiful children with two more on the way. I can't be any happier than if I'd won the Super Bowl. Oh wait, I did that too. Damn, my life is just about perfect. I can't help but want to share it with the world." His fingers trailed over Kailey's breasts, making her gasp. His cock pressing against her backside had her panting before he moved on to stroke Trigger into life. "Of course, I could think of something that would make me happy right now."

"Bullet, don't you ever get enough?" She rolled on her back between them, her body in flames as the pleasuring began. Lips and fingers and hot molten kisses entwined to

make her the happiest woman in the world.

“How can I ever get enough of these tits?” Bullet lifted her swollen breasts to his greedy lips, nipping slightly just to watch her eyes go molten. “Trigger, her pussy is throbbing, just waiting for your tongue. Oh God, that is more like it. Lick her, Trigger. Make her scream.”

And she did.

Thank God for irresistible, insatiable men.

The End

About the Author:

Author website: www.mercyceleste.blogspot.com

**Meet Lsb Authors At The House Of Sin
Lsbooks.Net**

We invite you to visit Liquid Silver Books

LSbooks.com
for other exciting erotic romances.

2007: Terran Realm

Urban fantasy world: TerranRealm.com

Featured Series:

The Zodiac Series: 12 books, 24 stories and authors
Two hot stories for each sign, 12 signs

The Coven of the Wolf by Rae Morgan
Benevolent lusty witches keep evil forces at bay

Fallen: by Tiffany Aaron
Fallen angels in hot flight to redeem their wings

The Max Series by JB Skully
Meet Max, her not-absent dead husband, sexy detective Witt, his mother...

And many, many more!