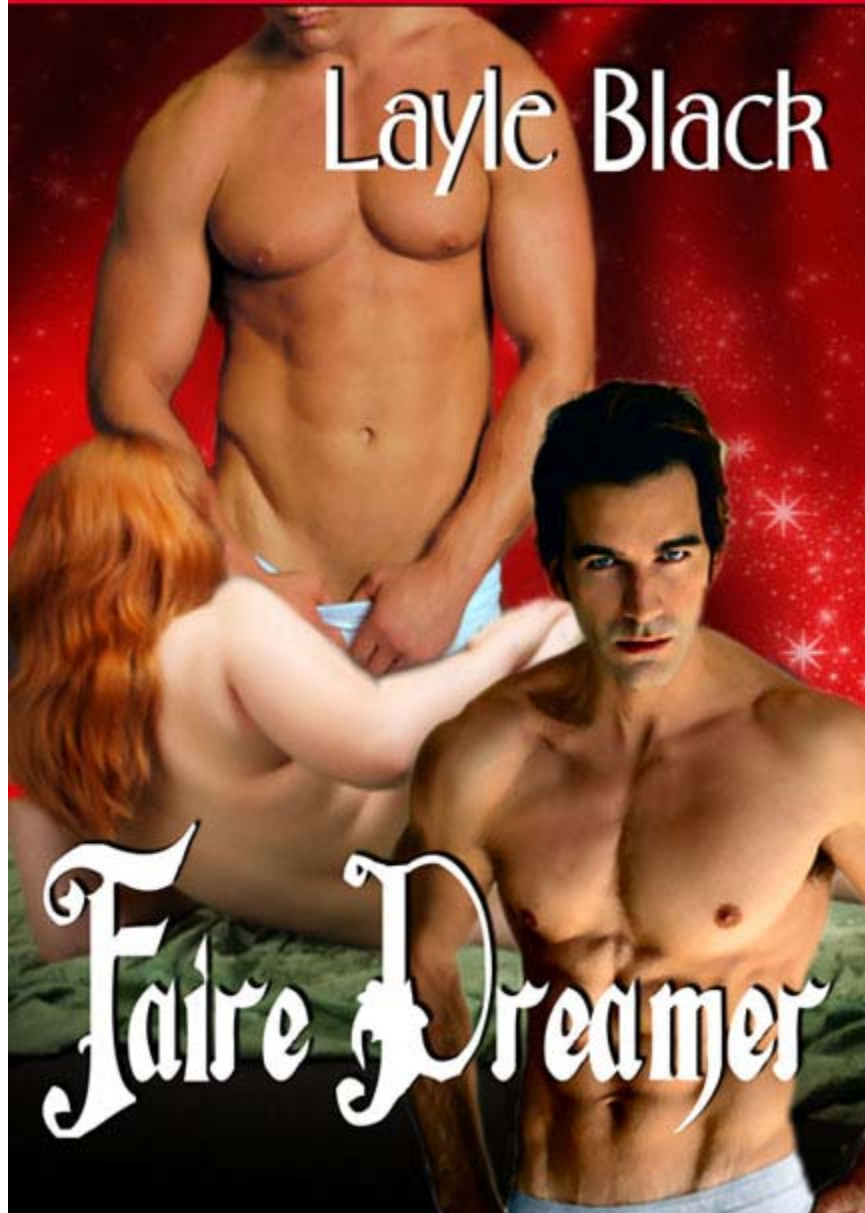


Siren Publishing

Ménage Amour

Layle Black



Faire Dreamer

Lindsey Holt is a woman on a mission. Every year she attends the local renaissance faire to celebrate her birthday and enjoy a little escapism. This birthday weekend is going to be the wild party to end all wild parties!

With the encouragement of her fun-loving friend, she dresses the part of a wench and goes forth in the pursuit of a pleasure-filled weekend. She catches the eye of two drop dead gorgeous knights who have set their sights on her, but she gets more than she bargained for when a sensual siege ensues.

Ethan and Christian are walking, talking sex gods, and their tight emotional bond cries out for a third to complete their unique relationship. Lindsey is the voluptuous beauty of their lustful dreams, and they are determined to have her.

Genre: Contemporary, Ménage a Trois/Quatre

Length: 64,405 words

FAIRE DREAMER

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MENAGE AMOUR



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DEDICATION

To Libby, Julie, Jennay, Tess and Courtney, the best fan club a girl could ever have.

To Eileen, you amaze me...you change everything you touch and everything you touch changes...love you

To my father, who even now watches over me...I love you, Dad

To my mother, who loves me regardless.

FAIRE DREAMER

LAYLE BLACK

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Chapter 1

It was like stepping into another world. Excitement quickened Lindsey's pace to the main entrance of the Renaissance Faire. The closer she got to the gates, the stronger the intoxicating sounds of laughter and merrymaking became. She managed to get into a fairly short line for ticket sales. Lindsey had been waiting a whole year for the faire to come around again. As pathetic as it may have sounded, it had been the highlight of her birthday for the last two years. She didn't know what she loved the most, the sights, sounds, or people. She had come upon the festival by accident, having taken a wrong turn from the freeway. With time to kill, she'd decided to investigate and been hooked ever since. Now, the simple romance novel didn't cut it anymore. There was no beating the pageantry and ribald enjoyment that could be found here. This place was the all-time fantasy fix.

It was more than just "fun." This was escapism of the best kind. Escape from the demands of her job and the sometimes mind-numbing tedium of her life. That was not to say she didn't love her job or the success she had made of her life, but the single-minded drive to make a go of her small accounting firm had taken a toll on her personal life. She rarely went out, and dating was turning into a

mythical beast, rarer than a unicorn. The faire was one of the opportunities Lindsey could use to relax and be other than herself.

Lindsey was the middle child and the center pillar between a flamboyant but absent older sister and a very married, PTA-mom younger sister. It seemed the only time she saw either of them was at weddings, funerals, and the odd holiday family meal. Not that she was complaining too loudly, but to be honest, her older sister, Sylvia, always made her feel inadequate, and her younger sister, Sarah, had a way of making her feel less than normal because she hadn't decided to settle down and procreate. Her own mother had gotten a new lease on life since leaving Dad. Right now, she was on some Greek island with a couple of girlfriends, no doubt partying like freed slaves. No one expected Lindsey to marry or have children.

Well, that may be so, but this was her birthday weekend and the highlight of her year. For the first time ever since coming to the faire, she was going to completely let go. She'd had it with reality. She planned on having the time of her life!

"Time for a little me-time," she murmured determinedly.

Lindsey had always felt like she'd been born out of time. Rather than a simple accountant with mundane concerns, she should have been a fair damsel or a swashbuckling she-pirate, though she knew she was neither fair nor swashbuckling. According to her mother, she was a "late bloomer."

"How about out of season?" she muttered morosely.

She had no illusions about her looks or how people might perceive her.

If she stood before a mirror now, she'd see a thirty-something, overweight, redheaded female with less than stellar fashion sense.

A blessedly ex-boyfriend named Stan once told her that she had a really pretty face, and if she lost more weight, she could be really hot, though not as hot as her best friend at the time, Monica. Stan had decided waiting for her to "look hot" would take too long, so he opted

to sleep with her best friend instead. Not a particularly happy chapter in her life.

No, she chastised herself. Today was not the day for depressing thoughts! Dwelling on her shortcomings was almost a second job, and she refused to go there.

Suddenly, hands covered her eyes from behind.

“Hey, sexy!” Lindsey already knew who it was. The light smell of roses and patchouli was her friend Catrina Miller’s signature scent. Lindsey had never had the heart to tell her she smelled like old hippie.

“Cat, how come you never say hello like everyone else?” Lindsey turned around to hug her longtime friend.

“Because being like everyone else is boring,” Cat said in an admirable Groucho Marx-ish imitation.

She could only smile at Cat’s antics. They had known each other for three years and still had never had a boring moment. If Lindsey was the quiet one, then Cat was walking dynamite. She was the personification of the sexy, blonde beach bunny, and with the added drama of her Renaissance wench, she was a knockout. A cornflower-blue bodice accentuated her hourglass figure and slim hips, a perfect ten in any book. Light blue skirts and white blouse added to the undeniably charming picture. Despite the fact Lindsey often felt like the “ugly friend” when they hung out together, she genuinely liked the woman.

She had met the vivacious blonde at a “pleasure party” a soon-to-be-married girlfriend was hosting. Cat was the presenter of the various lotions, lingerie, and edible undies. You name it, she sold it. Despite her rather bubbly personality and haphazard way of approaching things, she was one of the most intelligent women Lindsey knew. Cat did well for herself by owning a “for girls” business. Lindsey knew because she prepared her books before tax time every year.

“What are you doing waiting in this line? I have a ticket for you already.”

“Oh, I didn’t realize. I thought you were going to meet me inside,” Lindsey replied, surprised and pleased her friend had thought ahead.

“I know, but I just couldn’t wait. Besides, I kind of like the patrons to check out my endowments.” She gestured grandly to her burgeoning breasts, barely contained by her blue leather bodice. Cat had always been an exhibitionist, so the Renaissance Faire just gave her a stage on which to present.

Lindsey felt an odd mix of resentment and love for the woman who’d made it her personal mission in life to bring Lindsey out of her shell. They’d done everything from makeovers to five-minute speed dating events. Cat seemed to be under the impression that if a woman went without a good lay for months, let alone years, she was in danger of spontaneous combustion. Sometimes, Lindsey was inclined to agree with her, but she would never give her friend the satisfaction of knowing that. Not that Lindsey denied she was in need of one good shagging, but one must be inspired, and she hadn’t been inspired since Stan the Man got his walking papers four years ago. She still laughed when she remembered the look of abject horror that graced Cat’s face when she found out how long it had been since Lindsey last got laid.

Besides, her friend was flamboyant and attention-getting enough for both of them. Lindsey saw yet another male tourist give Cat an interested onceover.

She had always preferred to be in the background, observing instead of being visible and judged by onlookers. She’d never had a problem being outshined growing up, but being around Cat sometimes brought an uncomfortable inkling that she was missing out on something.

A look of confusion appeared in Cat’s cornflower-blue eyes. “Where’s your stuff?” she asked, looking pointedly at the ground around her feet and the camera bag in Lindsey’s hand.

“What stuff?” Lindsey replied, checking through her bag for sunscreen, wondering if she should have brought her hat from the car.

Cat tapped her foot impatiently. “Your overnight bag, silly. Is it in the car?”

A moment of trepidation gave Lindsey pause. This was the weekend of cutting loose, but her friend hadn’t mentioned they were going to actually spend the night at the faire grounds.

Cat had invited her to stay overnight at her apartment because the faire was a good forty-five minutes from where Lindsey lived. She had left her bag in the car, expecting to go to Cat’s place later.

“Why would I bring my overnight bag?” Suspicion began to rear its head.

“Well, the thing is, my dear, I have a little surprise for you.”

The mischievous look glistening in her blue eyes heralded impending doom. Lindsey hated Cat’s surprises. It usually meant she was going to be embarrassed or in some other way inconvenienced. The last time Cat “surprised” her, she’d been talked into jumping out of a plane in an awkward foray into skydiving. The only plus had been the instructor, who’d been incredibly attractive but, regrettably to the straight women of the world, very gay.

“What surprise, Cat?” Lindsey asked slowly, vowing not to fire until she saw the whites of her eyes.

“Well, do you remember that really hot guy I told you about? The glassblower? Kent?”

For a moment, Lindsey had to give it some real thought. Cat told her about a lot of hot guys, and she had a hard time keeping up with the ever-changing roster. The last hot guy had only been in the picture a matter of days. Not that Lindsey thought Cat was a slut. She just seemed to have the incredible knack of making bad choices.

“Uh-huh...What about him?” This was definitely leading up to something inconvenient.

“He’s running his own stall this year. He has a kiln and everything. He also has camping passes for two extra people. One of those people being you!”

“Cat, are you kidding me? Where the heck are we going to sleep?” Immediately, Lindsey thought to rephrase that. “Where am I going to be sleeping?” Obviously, Cat was going to be screwing her brains out with Mr. Glassblower.

“Already taken care of, sweetie. I brought an extra tent with me. This is going to be so great! Don’t worry about your stuff. I’ll ask Kent to go grab it from the car this afternoon.” By this time, Cat was practically bouncing with excitement. Before Lindsey could get in another word, Cat grabbed her hand and was hustling her through the gate. The ticket was handed off to one of the smiling gate attendant wenches at the entrance without a pause. Then they were immersed into the sea of faire-goers.

Lindsey’s irritation over Cat’s rather high-handed tactics melted away with the sights and sounds around her. The air reverberated with the cries of street hawkers and raucous laughter.

“Ah, Venice.” Lindsey sighed. Suddenly, nothing mattered, and any mundane thought was too much thinking at all.

“Kent’s shop is just up the way,” Cat shouted over the din. Lindsey did not reply, too caught up in what was going on around her. The stalls varied in size, shape, and color. Some were even large pavilions bedecked with brightly colored flags that caught the light of the morning sun. Everyone had something to sell, and the stalls were filled with every possible curiosity one could imagine. The proprietors yelled at the top of their lungs, extolling the importance of buying from their stalls.

“Bronze and pewter medallions here! Buy one, and your man will stay hard forever!”

“Wooden shields and swords for young knights in training!”

“Chocolate-covered bananas! The hardest, sweetest things you’ve ever had in your mouth!”

Lindsey guffawed at some of the things people yelled to get attention, wondering if it had been historically accurate to be so risqué. Then again, it didn’t really matter.

“Make thee way, you unworthy lot!”

Despite the noise, a booming voice managed to be heard loud and clear. Lindsey looked up in time to see a great black horse decked out in shining armor plodding its way toward her. She felt Cat grab her arm and pull her off to the side with the rest of the spectators. Behind the great black horse, a column of six others in varying colors appeared. If the horses were fierce in silvered plate armor, the men riding them were magnificent. The riders sat tall on their mounts, decked out in chain mail and wicked-looking swords.

“Oh, yummy, the knights are on parade. Aren’t they beyond hot?” Cat asked, tugging on Lindsey’s arm with excitement.

Lindsey was about to reply, but it felt like any sound dried up on her tongue when her eyes met *theirs*.

“My God, they’re beautiful!”

“Which one?” Cat asked, her eyes bouncing between the men on horseback. Lindsey hadn’t realized she had even spoken out loud. She was lost first in one pair of the most gorgeous gray eyes she had ever seen and then became enraptured by a set of exotic, deep brown ones. The knights in question seemed to sit taller in their saddles than the others of the retinue. The gray-eyed knight sported dark plate mail instead of silver, blackened and studded with gleaming, red rivets. The chain mail was also darkened, adding to a menacing air. Unlike the others, his hair was short, spiky, and dark as pitch. This only made his eyes appear almost clear in his bronzed face.

His companion was a golden Adonis decked out in gold armor with stunning scrolled designs adorning the chest and shoulders. His brown eyes clashed exotically with his beach-blond, shoulder-length locks. They were like fallen angels, one dark and intense and the other almost like a heavenly Renaissance portrait.

“Good Lord, I think you can crack walnuts on that chest.” This came from a gaggle of female patrons standing next to Lindsey and Cat.

“Do you think it’s the same for his ass?”

Lindsey cringed at the little girl giggles coming out of the forty-and-up crowd of women. She had to wonder if the constant ogling bothered the knights. Though despite herself, she did wonder about the density of their chests and could easily fantasize about their asses. How long they gazed at each other she couldn't say. For a moment, time had lost meaning when their eyes had locked. They only finally broke contact as they moved past her, following the leading knights-errant down the dusty road toward the tilting field.

"Earth to Lindsey...hello, Lindsey." Cat was tugging her ponytail. "You okay?"

Lindsey gave herself a mental shake. How could it be possible that men like that even walked the earth? Well, it didn't matter. She'd never get a chance at that kind of fantasy.

No doubt they were either married or gay and, more than likely in her case, just wouldn't be interested in her.

"I'm fine. Off to the glassblower?" Lindsey pasted a smile on her face and gave Cat's arm a tug. "Let's meet this fabulous Kent of yours."

They were moving back into the fray of the bustling crowd, making for the stall. Suddenly, her surroundings weren't as enthralling, except for a certain black knight with ice in his eyes.

* * * *

Ethan couldn't get the voluptuous redhead out of his head. She had appeared out of the sea of onlookers like Aphrodite from the sea foam. Just his luck he was stuck up on the damn horse heading for the jousting show. He wondered what her name was and, more importantly, if she had a man. Even in the loose, concealing clothes, she couldn't hide the curvaceous body beneath. He'd never been into stick-thin women, preferring the healthier variety. He had taken many a ribbing in college because of his taste in women.

He'd never cared what others had thought of his preferences. He simply liked what he liked, and he definitely liked her. If she took down her hair, wore more form-fitting clothes, and showed off those legs...Ethan's blood began to heat just thinking about the possibilities. Clothing or no clothing, for that matter.

He wondered how her hips would fit in his hands and how her thick thighs...

Ethan shifted uncomfortably in his saddle as the racy thoughts awakened his confined cock.

His armor was suddenly hotter than usual. The sun shining on the metal made it entirely too warm, but the direction his thoughts were going in turned it into a walking sauna. Sweat beaded on his top lip.

"You okay, buddy?"

Ethan turned to his longtime friend, Christian Langdon, the golden knight riding by his side.

"Yeah, all except for the fact I'm in this suffocating getup and I think this horse has fleas," he replied sarcastically.

Chris guffawed at Ethan's obvious disgruntlement. It was not the first complaint he'd heard this morning.

Ethan couldn't help but smile as well. He had to admit he'd been acting like a fishwife since yesterday when he arrived at the faire.

"How did you ever get persuaded into this, Ethan?" Chris asked, his smile full of mirth.

Ethan had to wonder himself, but he already knew the answer. If Christian needed help, all he had to do was ask.

The men had been friends since they were kids sneaking into this same Renaissance Faire. Hell, more like brothers, if the truth be told. Neither of them had come from the best homes, so the escape provided at the faire from the realities they'd lived in cemented their friendship as nothing else had. They'd turned to each other in the best and worst times of their lives. They had learned early on that sometimes they could almost read each other's thoughts and feelings.

Ethan had gotten over the strangeness of it years ago, but every now and then, it would still amaze him.

Christian had been a latchkey kid with a mom who worked as a waitress. Ethan never knew his own mother, but he would have traded a frazzled, overworked mother for the abusive son-of-a-bitch he had for a father any day. At least Chris's mom had loved him. Ethan's father just liked to beat the shit out of him, drunk or sober.

He shook off the disturbing thoughts. No point in dwelling on the past. Everything turned out okay in the end.

Chris and Ethan got caught and busted so many times by the faire security they had become permanent fixtures. The owners of the local faire, Ted and Diane Kelly, took a shine to the delinquent boys. Chris's mother died when he was fifteen, so the Kellys took him in. Unfortunately, Ethan's father had been alive and well, making his own escape impossible. At least until he turned eighteen. No sooner had his birthday arrived than he was gone from that house like a bat out of hell. He'd survived by working odd jobs to put himself through night school. The Kellys had provided him a place to stay while he worked for them during the summer months when the faire was open.

By age thirty-one, he was the youngest CEO of a growing computer software company, and Christian was his partner. They boasted having the most innovative software company in the country. Their combined desire to never do without again made them a force to be reckoned with.

Chris still chose to work with the Renaissance Faire, training knights and performing in the jousting arena. Ethan chose to spend his free time working, but they both realized that though the company had saved them from the cruel grip of poverty, the faire had saved their souls.

This brought him to how the hell he'd gotten here in the first place. One of the knights had managed to get himself pretty banged up in a motorcycle accident. Chris, being stuck for replacements, called on Ethan. Not that he minded too terribly, because he knew the

jousting like the back of his hand. Both he and Christian had played in the arena since they were kids.

Ethan would never forget his first sight of a knight charging down the field during a performance. He'd been sixteen and had been put to work mucking out the stables for the show's horses. The scream of the crowd and total adulation for the knights who battled and won the bouts had been deafening. He watched as the knights raised their arms triumphantly. At that moment, Ethan knew what he wanted, what he craved. To be loved like that, cheered and respected. Ethan knew now what he'd been seeking. It was something he never got at home...love. Later that day, he'd brought Christian back to the same field to see the show. He soon fell in love as well.

The rest, as they say, was history. By twenty, they were both seasoned knights and performing great feats of daring and bravery every summer. It was the most magical time of their lives. Here at the faire, there was no drunkard father or overworked mother too tired to be a parent. During the off-season, they'd worked their asses off, working part-time to pay their way through college. Ethan would never forget how hard times got.

In a moment of desperation, they both got jobs working as strippers for clubs and private parties. When the experience became more and more degrading, they flipped burgers and cleaned hotel rooms. All the hard work and suffering finally panned out two years after they graduated from the local state college. Both of them held degrees, Ethan in business and Christian in computer science. With the help of the Kellys' considerable investment, Dark Light Graphics, one of the best software designers in the business, was born.

Though helping out this weekend was a pleasure to be certain, it could not have come at a worse time to be away from the office. The company was up for an audit, and the office was in a shambles. They had just bought out a smaller computer software firm and were facing a mountain of restructuring. A temp accountant was coming in next

week to finish up going over the accounts. As much as he loved the faire, he really needed to be in the office.

“By the way, Ethan,” Chris said, “I really appreciate you filling in for Morgan at the last minute. I know you’d rather be in the office this weekend. I can’t believe the kid was dumb enough to get hurt before opening weekend. You’re the best man I’ve seen in the ring, other than myself, of course. Don’t worry about the audit. We’ll both be back in the office by Sunday afternoon.”

Ethan shifted again in his saddle. “Well, you’re lucky I’ve been keeping up with my riding, buddy.”

“Speaking of riding, did you catch sight of that red-haired Venus in the crowd?”

Christian’s question caught him off guard. It seemed the older they got, the more they could read each other’s responses. Christian had similar tastes in women. Voluptuous and lusciously well endowed.

Christian saw the spark of interest that flared in his friend’s eyes and had his answer. It was not unusual for them to be attracted to the same women. As a matter of fact, there were occasions when they’d discovered they’d slept with the same woman. There were even very rare times they’d fucked them together to the women’s screaming joy. It had only happened twice, once in college and the second time after a New Year’s Eve party. They had all been more than a little drunk, and the result had been a revelation on both Ethan’s and Christian’s parts. While their female companion had dozed in languid fatigue, they had stayed up to the wee hours discussing this new aspect of their friendship. With other men, a ménage would have sparked sexual competition, but for them, jealousy seemed petty. Something about their comradeship made it okay and even right somehow.

“Yeah, I saw her.” Christian watched Ethan shift uncomfortably in the saddle. He could not hide his laugh at his friend’s obvious hard-on. He had been sporting a rather impressive one himself since first sighting the woman.

The thought of beautiful, red hair spread on a pillow as he suckled her breast made him unbelievably hard. Even sexier would be to swallow her moans of pleasure while Ethan lapped at the engorged flesh of her creaming pussy. The steamy thought made him tighten his buttocks against the sudden heat filling his balls. Next to him, Ethan groaned in frustration.

“Concentrate on the joust, buddy. I’d hate to accidentally take your head off if you’re not focusing on the fight.” Christian laughed aloud, watching Ethan shift again in his saddle.

“Don’t worry, I’ll keep my mind on the job.” He’d try, anyway.

They were slowly moving into the jousting field. The moment they took their marks for the beginning of the show, the crowd in the stands went wild.

At that moment, Ethan and Christian let reality fall away and became the dreaded Black Knight and the revered Golden Dragon Knight. The feeling was heady and made Ethan feel buoyant with anticipation. The trumpets sounded. Both men put on their helmets and charged full tilt around the ring. Despite the excitement, each knew that at the back of their minds lay a beautiful redhead with the body of a siren.

Chapter 2

“I am not putting that on!” Lindsey didn’t know how much more insistent she could be.

Cat just kept coming. “Come on, Lin. Don’t be such a stick in the mud. This bodice will fit you perfectly.”

Lindsey stared in dismay at the hunter-green bodice and the mound of skirts lying at the entrance of the tent. Cat took another threatening step toward her, the bodice held out to her.

“Lin, you are being really silly now. This is a great opportunity to explore the faire as a worker instead of a guest. I borrowed this from the costume rental, and I think it will fit you just right.”

Lindsey was about to put up another argument but stopped. Cat had an incredibly good point! Lindsey had been coming to the faire for the last two years, and she had never once dressed the part. Her reasons varied from “I’ll look like a whale” to “I’ll look like a whale cinched in the middle.”

What the hell! What did she have to lose? This was her thirty-fifth birthday weekend, and damn it, she wasn’t going to go with the flow!

“All right, Cat. Do your worst.”

Cat squealed with unsuppressed excitement.

“You are going to look so good! Just trust me, okay? This is going to be a great birthday weekend.”

With that, Lindsey put herself in Cat’s harebrained hands.

The next hour gave Lindsey call to regret her initial enthusiasm. She was pinched, squeezed, tugged, and finally, strapped in.

“I can’t breathe, Cat. This can’t be right,” Lindsey moaned hoarsely.

“You’re almost there, sweetie. Hang in there. Just one more hole...now, just shift the girls up.”

“Huh?” Lindsey just knew she would be seeing spots any minute.

“Here.” Cat grabbed her hand and eased it between the side of her right breast and the tight cloth of the bodice. “Now pull up,” Cat instructed like a drill sergeant.

Lindsey did as instructed and eased her breasts in a higher position. She could breathe! Then she looked down. “My God, I am huge!”

Cat smiled with glee. “Add one bodice and instant brick house!”

Lindsey had to admit her cleavage had never looked so good, and by the feel of it, she’d lost two inches about the waist. She felt so...feminine!

“Okay,” Cat said. “Just one last touch.” She reached over and began to unbraided Lindsey’s hair.

“Cat! If I take my hair down, it will be too wild.” Lindsey tried to grab her loosened tresses.

“Good...Look, Lin, do you really think the attention is going to your hair with your boobs up to your chin?” She continued to finger-comb Lindsey’s hair out so the red curls spiraled about her shoulders.

Cat stepped back to look over her handiwork and gasped. “Oh, Lindsey, you look stunning.”

“I do?” Lindsey replied, at a total loss. She had never looked stunning in her life.

She ached to look in a mirror. Unfortunately, the small tent didn’t come with one. Cat seemed to read her mind. “Let’s go to the park restrooms. They have full-length mirrors!”

Cat was already grabbing her hand and pulling her out of the tent. *No time for thinking here, I’m committed now.*

Fifteen minutes later, she stood before a mirror unable to believe her eyes. Gone was the dowdy carrot-top. Enter the temptress from another time. She’d been right about losing inches in her waist. She looked like a perfect hourglass! Her chest had never looked so good,

and her hips had gone from a liability to a sexy asset. Lindsey gasped. "I am so gorgeous."

All the pinching, prodding, and lacing suddenly seemed well worth the discomfort. She felt her eyes begin to moisten with emotion.

"I'm beautiful...I'm really beautiful." Her voice was hoarse with tears.

Cat gently turned her, wrapping her arms about Lindsey's shoulders. "You were always beautiful, Lindsey. You just needed a push, honey. You've been so caught up in taking care of your business you kind of forgot about yourself for a while."

Cat's own voice had become hoarse from the poignancy of the moment. Lindsey had never loved her best friend as much as she did just now. This was the best gift a person could have given her...herself. Taking a deep breath then laughing sheepishly, she said, "Now what, my fairy godmother?"

Cat winked. "Why, we take a stroll about the faire and then hang out at Kent's shop. We must sing for our supper." She gestured grandly to the exit. Excitement lightened Lindsey's step as she followed Cat out the door.

* * * *

Ethan dodged groping hands for at least the fiftieth time.

"Pray, good mistress, I must away. Mayhap you have a husband in the crowd who could suit your desires?" He was getting damn good at that line. The woman smiled wantonly, refusing to take the courtly brush-off for an answer. "Surely, Mr. Knight, you can spare a minute to check my laces." Her words were slurring together, adding to his discomfort and disgust. If there was one thing he couldn't stand, it was drunks. The woman was leaning heavily on him now, trying to reach her arms around his neck. He assumed to pull him in for a kiss, but she couldn't seem to keep her balance. There were two other

women standing in the background, laughing and snapping pictures, more than likely her friends. He knew the purpose of the knights walking about the faire was to draw attention to the jousting and to add ambiance. This was bordering on the ridiculous. He was tired, hungry, hot, and sick of being groped.

He tried once more to disengage drunken woman's arms from about him. Just then, he looked up and felt shock ripple through his body. It was her, the curvy woman with a riot of flaming hair trailing down her back like a molten waterfall. In an instant, he made eye contact and wanted to fall apart. Deep brown eyes, like milk chocolate, had widened briefly and turned away. All other thoughts flew from his mind on windblown strands of liquid fire. He had to meet her! The primal urge to hunt down and consume prey sang through his veins. Mine!

Rather brusquely, he pulled the woman's arms from about his neck with an uncompromising yank and stepped cleanly past the inebriated woman. Ignoring her protests, he moved to pursue the luscious redhead.

Oh, my God, Lindsey thought, that was him, the ice-eyed knight from this morning.

He was even more attractive up close than sitting atop a horse. Who was that woman he was in the clinch with? Maybe his girlfriend or lover? Before she could ponder further, sun-warmed metal gently touched her shoulder.

"Pardon me, milady. Do not rush from my sight." The deep voice was like melted honey on her skin, rich and golden with a husky timbre. Slowly, she turned and beheld her knight in all his dark glory. His eyes were molten silver. She had heard enough faire jargon to respond in kind, but the witty verbal anachronisms were suddenly forgotten.

"Umm...I have to go to work," she mumbled. Where that hell had that come from? Who cared about work when this dark dream walking was talking to her! She could have kicked herself.

“You work here, beauty?” he asked.

There was that voice again! She was going to melt right here!

“Um, yes,” she said softly. Great, he was going to think she was an idiot. *Come on, Lindsey, what happened to going with the flow? This is more like swimming upriver.*

She was not being terribly forthcoming, Ethan thought. Maybe she was here with someone. “Mayhap I may walk you to your place of business?”

He moved in a little closer. She wouldn’t have noticed but for his breath on her face. “Oh, okay...um, but my friend...”

Lindsey looked around for Cat, but she seemed to have disappeared. In this crowd, that was easy. “Um...sure,” she mumbled.

Absolutely scintillating conversation, Lindsey thought sheepishly. So much for a breakout weekend. Her lack of candor did not seem to deter Mr. Knight-in-shining-hotness. They both turned and began making their way past bustling stalls.

“So, what brings you to the faire?” As soon as Ethan asked the question, he felt like a flaming idiot. *Great, she’s going to think my armor is too tight and has cut off oxygen to my brain.*

Suddenly, she stopped. “You sure your lady friend over there won’t mind?”

“Lady friend? Oh, no, it’s a big faire. I am sure they’ll find another unsuspecting male to ambush.” Ethan laughed.

Lindsey laughed in return, liking the way his startling eyes crinkled in the corners. They continued weaving through the raucous crowd, and every step of the way, Lindsey was achingly aware of the sway of her hip next to his towering frame.

Before long, they came to a large booth named, appropriately, Fyne Glass Curiosities.

For a moment, Lindsey felt the age-old fear suffered by women with undeniably attractive girlfriends. *As soon as he sees Catrina, I am history.*

Emotionally girding herself for the coup de grâce, she walked into the crowded stall.

It was bursting with merry faire-goers in various states of garb, laughing at the collection of unorthodox glass objects lining the tent walls on makeshift wooden shelves.

She knew her knight was behind her, hence the shiver walking up her back like marching ants. She wondered how he was fairing in all that magnificent, heavy, black armor.

Though judging by his height and the impressive width of his shoulder, she'd be willing to bet he could manage to lift and carry just about anything. She could not help but wonder if he could manage her with as much ease.

Cat was showing off some conspicuously penile-shaped glass goblets, eliciting scandalized guffaws from curious onlookers. When she looked up, her blue eyes lit with surprise and more than a little curiosity. Lindsey's heart sank.

"My, my! Me thinks a lady has snagged the dreaded Black Knight." The mischievous twinkle in her eyes blew any historical authenticity she tried to purport in front of the patrons.

The Black Knight stepped forward, taking Catrina's hand and bowing over it to grant a lingering kiss on her skin. .

"My lady does me honor by recognizing a lowly servant of the realm," he responded in kind, his voice a dark, sexy timbre.

At that moment, the great, green jealousy monster proceeded to chew happily on Lindsey's voluptuous backside. She found herself turning to stare in pretended interest at a shelf of glass sculptures, absentmindedly picking up one and running her fingers over the cool surface.

"Perhaps my lady would like one of her very own?" the Black Knight whispered in her ear. The now-familiar shiver ran from the back of her neck to settle into the heated delta of her thighs. Turning her head, she found her mouth only a hairsbreadth from his gently smiling one. Her hands gripped and stroked the glass sculpture

nervously. Suddenly, his eyes closed, and a groan emanated from beneath the black armor encasing his chest.

“If my lady would cherish a man as she does that sculpture, he would be a man blessed by the gods.”

Lindsey’s mind drew a blank until she looked down at the now-warm glass in her hands.

The sculpture was a large, glass penis, almost exact down to its flared head and smooth-hewn veins. The sudden heating of Lindsey’s ears was the first sign she was going into a full-on, beet-red blush.

* * * *

Ethan saw the blush going into full bloom on her face and knew he would like to see her blush all over and gloriously naked. The way she had been stroking that glass cock made his own rise to a deliciously painful attention. *Down, boy. It hasn’t been that long since you’ve been laid.* He allowed his eyes to wander over her glorious figure, imaging her stroking his turgid length. The desire must have shown in his eyes, because she blushed even harder, placing the sculpture down with almost too much force.

“Weren’t you talking to Cat?” Her question sounded a little snippy to her own ears.

Great. I have turned into a nagging, jealous girlfriend, and we just met.

Ignoring her question, he picked up the abandoned sculpture. His large, gloved hand seemed brutal wrapped around the delicate cylinder of glass. He held it so gently she wondered how his hand would feel against her own skin. Would he be rough or gentle against her heated flesh? Taking his time or rushing to find release in her quaking body?

To feel that warm leather brush her nipples would make her come instantly. Even as her thoughts became more lurid, his finger continued to move gently over the glass, brushing the head and

moving back down the shaft. Suddenly, her mouth was dry, and her tongue darted out to moisten her lips. She had a blistering image of how he might stroke his cock, pleasuring himself to orgasm. In her mind's eye she could easily envision him in the shower, sheets of steamy water rivulets flowing down his body, lovingly adhering to each muscled curve and angle of his body. She could imagine his gray eyes darken with the impending explosion, his hand gripping and stroking his hardness. His sudden indrawn breath drew her attention back to his face.

To her shock, his eyes never left her mouth as he stroked the glass phallus.

"How would that sweet mouth taste, I wonder?" he said quietly as if musing to himself.

Liquid heat pooled between her thighs instantly. She watched the hand place the sculpture back on the shelf then reach up to gently brush her bottom lip.

"If my lady would grant me a taste, I would consider it an honor." His voice was alluringly husky now, heavy with need.

All the breath seemed to leave her body in a rush as her brain struggled to make sense of this fantasy come to life. He must have taken her silence for an assent, as he leaned in to take what he wanted.

Lindsey may not have been a perfect ten, but she had been kissed plenty of times. Whatever she was expecting was blown out of the water the moment his tongue gently traced her lips as if savoring their taste. The first gentle contact sent a knifing shock of pleasure through her, followed by a spine-tingling chaser.

"Open your mouth. Let me..." Whatever he might have said was lost when she opened her mouth to his tongue. He took her mouth like a pirate taking an unsuspecting ship.

He sucked her tongue into his mouth, playing with it as if it belonged solely to him. The way he thrust in and out of her mouth was reminiscent of what the ache between her legs clamored for. One of his gloved hands reached around to grasp her ass, shockingly

massaging the cleft. She knew if she were naked, that hand would have slipped between the cheeks to wreak havoc. As if by a will of their own, her arms reached to lie against his metal-clad chest. If it were not for the brace of his arm at her back, she would have been on her knees.

“Maybe you two could take that outside to make room for paying customers.”

Cat’s amused voice broke into the sensual dream. Lindsey pulled away from him, breaking the spell he had woven.

Her friend stood with her hip saucily cocked to the side, shaking her head in mock severity.

“Put a girl in a bodice, and suddenly, she can’t control her sexual urges.”

If Lindsey was blushing before, her head was going up in flames now. Looking around, she saw a few of the patrons looking on with knowing grins.

Stepping away to put some space between them, she tried to look everywhere but in his eyes.

Ethan took a second to recover. He had not intended to touch her, let alone kissing her. It was as if some invisible force prompted him to take what he wanted, and he wanted her. He had not been able to help himself. Watching her stroking that glass cock had nearly done him in. Her hips had fit his hands as if made for him, and her sweet mouth made his cock hard as marble. He made a mental note to convince that hot mouth to spare his cock a little attention. Just the thought of those lips wrapped around his shaft, stroking and sucking him into the hot, moist cavern of her mouth, made him want to cream in his armor.

“I think I need to start helping around here,” Lindsey murmured, still trying to avoid his gaze.

Ethan reached over, raising her chin to look into her eyes.

“Must you?” His leather-clad thumb rubbed sensually over her lips, leaving tingling awareness in its wake.

"I..." Words completely failed her because she was so caught in the quicksilver of his molten gaze.

"There you are. I've been searching all over the grounds for you."

Lindsey turned at the interruption of another male voice. The tall muscular form of another knight stepped into the stall, this one the blonde knight from the parade. If the Black Knight was the shadow of midnight, this one was the dawn of the day. He was about the same height and decked out in silver armor with scrolled designs in bronze at his breastplate. His hair was golden, streaked almost white from the sun. His eyes were a deep, chocolate brown, contrasting exotically with his tanned face. His shoulders were broad, and he carried himself with a masculine grace that made her shiver.

What am I doing? Have I just gotten downright greedy? How can I want them both?

"I see you've found a reason to enjoy the faire."

Gray eyes sparkled merrily, and from the wry grin Lindsey saw on her knight's face, she suspected an inside joke, making her blush even brighter.

"What a charming blush, my lady." The golden one had stepped closer to gently touch her cheek. "I only pray I am the cause of such a flush to your beautiful face."

Lindsey felt as if she were going into a sensual overload. She stood between two armored gods, their bodies boxing her in.

"Now, it's really getting crowded over here." Lindsey had almost completely forgotten about Cat standing off to the side. If she was amused before, she looked like she was about to burst with laughter now.

Ethan had always been possessive about anything he considered his. He attributed it to the rough way he grew up living under the cruel hand of his father. Despite this, seeing his best friend touch his flame goddess did not bring the spark of jealousy he expected.

He supposed it might be because they had grown up together and had often shared things.

Sharing women had been a rare occurrence and never intentional. If anything, he felt a strong jolt of desire at the thought of this woman's five-foot-four frame sandwiched between their large bodies protecting her and bringing her indescribable pleasure. The possibilities were endless. Ethan could see the same tempting thoughts reflected in Chris's eyes, sensing the answering desire he broadcasted by their bizarre link.

"I hate to leave you, fair one, but I fear my brother knight and I have a joust to attend."

Lindsey heard the Black Knight close in her ear, his whispering breath sending a fresh flow of desire through her, thoroughly soaking her panties. *I am turning into old faithful. Every five minutes and I'm a gusher.*

He stepped away from her and nodded to his golden friend, their eyes meeting in silent communication. They both bowed to her in unison before turning to leave. Just before exiting, the Black Knight turned. "Don't disappear tonight." Then they were gone, swallowed up by the bustling crowd.

"You weren't kidding. This is your breakout weekend!"

Cat wrapped her arms around Lindsey's shoulder, hopping up and down.

"I thought they were going to bend you over a shelf and give you one hell of a ride."

I wish they had, she thought, immediately bringing herself up short. This was too much. How could she go from a dry spell to a torrential rainstorm in a matter of hours?

Cat threw her arm companionably around Lindsey's shoulders, affecting a faux French accent. "Come, my dear, let me show the sights."

Chapter 3

As the day progressed, Lindsey found working for the glass booth to be fun and maddening at the same time. Before long, she was falling into the fun-loving spirit that infected the people around her. She was swaying her hips and quipping in bawdy, fake Elizabethan cant with the rest of them. This was what she had imagined stepping outside of herself and being free to take any identity that took her fancy. No questions asked. Kent, Cat's man of the month, turned out to be a really likable guy. Normally, Cat gravitated toward men who treated her like shit. Kent seemed to genuinely adore her and all her quirks. At one point in the day, Lindsey imparted the observation to her friend. Her usually twinkling eyes darkened with trepidation. She turned to watch Kent as he worked a piece of glass into a beautiful vase.

"I know, he's wonderful." The reserve in her voice belied her comment. "If only he wasn't so needy. It's like he wants everything from me. My time, my body, my soul, even my heart. Why can't he just be out for a good time, like any other guy?"

Lindsey rarely got truly angry with Cat, but this was pissing her off fast.

She gently grasped Cat's arm, giving a not-so-gentle pull.

"Cat, he seems like a really good guy. Don't be an asshole, okay?"

Cat smiled tremulously, promising to stay open minded. Lindsey's anger dissipated with the realization that her friend was scared. The fear in her eyes broadcasted the hope blossoming there. Lindsey understood that fear and gently hugged her friend.

"Take a chance, hon. You never know."

Cat seemed to pay heed to Lindsey's advice, appearing relaxed and even more carefree, if possible. Kent took fool advantage, having no qualms about pulling Cat aside at a moment's notice and kissing the living daylights out of her. Cat would pull away flustered and furiously flushed, trying to find customers, all the while doing a terrible job trying to appear unruffled by his sexy antics. Flustered had never been a state Lindsey had seen her in.

She had to admit it amusing to watch her normally sexually independent friend fall apart at the touch of the gentle giant. Despite the business of the day, the two beautiful knights were never far from Lindsey's mind. She was leaning against a wooden plank that served as a counter for cashiering, wondering what the Black Knight meant about tonight. She felt her body shiver with the anticipation of seeing him and his brother-in-arms. Just the thought of standing between the two giants made her body tighten and thrum with desire. She clenched her thighs together, trying to ease the delicious throbbing.

"Penny for your thoughts," Cat chirped, playfully nudging her shoulder.

Lindsey laughed, nudging Cat back. "Just thinking about the awesome time I'm having."

"You wouldn't happen to be thinking about two particular sexy knights, would you? If you are, then I have a stupendous idea." Cat's eyes gleamed with a look that had become altogether too familiar to her.

Lindsey was immediately apprehensive. The mischievous gleam in Cat's eyes was a sure sign of "something wicked this way comes."

Cat grabbed her arm and pulled her out from behind the counter. "Come on. We're going to catch the last joust of the day. We'll grab a couple of turkey legs on the way."

Before Lindsey knew it, they were forging out into the crowd toward the jousting fields.

* * * *

Twenty minutes later, they were comfortably seated in the front row on wooden bleachers, turkey legs firmly in hand. The excited chatter of the crowd was loud and contagious. Happily munching on her meal, Lindsey looked around the wide arena. The ground was covered in a mix of hay and loose dirt. The slight smell of horseflesh and hay strangely did not deter her appetite. If anything, the anticipation of the crowd and gregarious laughter enlivened it, making her food taste even better. Suddenly, there was a loud blare of trumpets.

A lone rider thundered onto the field upon the biggest horse Lindsey had ever seen. The animal was a mist gray with dappled spots of black, outfitted in a brightly colored leather harness and saddle. The rider was dressed as a Scotsman of old, from his red and black kilt to his brightly colored tam, slanted at a jaunty angle with a feather held in place by a red cockade.

“Lads and lasses! Welcome to the ultimate contest of will! On this field of honor, you will see the mettle of man tested true. They will present before you the ancient art of war.” The Scotsman gestured grandly about the field, and his voice boomed like a true showman.

“For you, lads, a rousing exhibition for your barbaric senses. For the lasses, a glimpse into the romance of old-world Europe.” The Scotsman winked in an over exaggerated manner. Women in the crowd twittered while the men guffawed.

All of a sudden, horns blared again across the dirt-covered field. The curtain at the end of the field parted to reveal a cavalcade of magnificent knights in full armor. They marched onto the field like a victorious army, bright-colored banners waving gaily in the wind. The crowd went wild at the sight of the warriors on horseback. Lindsey cheered with the rest of her neighbors, but her eyes roved hungrily for two particular knights. Finally, she saw the Black Knight. He carried a black standard with a bloodred griffon blazoned on the front. She was stunned anew with the otherworldly sight of him on horseback.

Though his head was encased in a black helmet, she imagined his ice-gray eyes wandering the crowd for a glimpse of her.

If wishes were horses, she thought peevishly, I would have a lot of damn horses.

Lindsey caught the sight of the Golden Knight riding up slowly behind his dark counterpart. He held aloft a bright green standard with a rampant golden dragon shimmering in the sun. The sun gleamed brightly over his golden armor like a many-faceted diamond. He was beautiful and deadly sexy, she thought with no little amount of lust. Lindsey found it hard to believe that only an hour before, she had been cornered between these two armored giants. The heated memory made gooseflesh rise and her blood run thick with hungry desire.

“Ladies and gentlemen of the realm! I bring you the queen’s own champions! These men of steel and honor will demonstrate the jousting and fighting techniques of days gone by.” The Scotsman’s burr seemed to get thicker and thicker as he went on to introduce the mounted knights to the crowd of spectators one by one, encouraging the enthusiastic cheers and inviting them to choose champions among the knights. Moving down the line, he finally came to the Black Knight, sitting astride his horse like a conquering dark lord.

“Ah, here is the dreaded Black Knight from across the waters, fiercely primal and without mercy to his opponents. Who will take this one as your champion?”

The bleachers immediately broke out in a barrage of booing and hissing. The Black Knight raised his banner and bowed his head in a courtly manner. He acted as if their jeers were accolades. He was lowering the standard when he suddenly paused.

Wondering what was distracting him, she realized he was looking her way.

She wished she could see his eyes under the grated visor of his helmet, but there was only black metal. Just as she was about to dismiss his action for her imagination, he lowered his standard and pointed it directly at her!

“It seems, my friends, that our lethal Black Knight has chosen a fair damsel to demonstrate his prowess.” For a crazy moment, Lindsey thought the announcer was talking about Cat, who bopped up and down in her seat, clapping her hands gleefully.

Then the words, “Behold the flame-haired Scottish maiden who’d set any man’s blood afire. The Black Knight has chosen well!”

Me? She suddenly froze in her seat. The crowd whistled and guffawed as the announcer went on to extol the wild nature of redheads. *He should also talk about the blushing curse.* Lindsey didn’t know whether to be embarrassed or flattered. Just then, another deep, booming voice filled the arena.

“I challenge the Black Knight for the lady’s favor!”

The Golden Knight had ridden a little forward, placing his standard over that of the Black Knight’s.

“What say you, good people? Will these knights fight for the honor of the lady’s favor?”

The crowd went wild with the prospect of getting to see some bloodshed. Lindsey turned to Cat, who sat looking very pleased.

“Did you plan this?” Lindsey’s voice sounded like a squeak to her own ears.

Cat smiled broadly. “Are you kidding? As if I would have the time to throw something like this together. It’s fucking great, though! Go with it!” She put her arm around Lindsey’s shoulder. “Besides, aren’t those guys from earlier?” Before Lindsey could reply, the horns blew again, and the knights turned to ride off to their respective points at the end of the field, where attendants wearing tabards matching their banners waited.

The next hour was packed with clashing swords and the sound of breaking jousting poles. Periodically, the Scotsman would break in to further whip the crowd into frenzy. Finally, the contest had come down to two combatants, the Black Knight and the golden challenger. They had given up their horses and faced each other on foot, their swords drawn. Slowly, they circled each other, taunting with threats.

“She is mine, knave! Withdraw your challenge, and I may let you live.” The Black Knight’s voice was as resonating as Lindsey remembered. Through the visor, it sounded even deeper and downright menacing.

“Never! She is the queen I have been searching for! She will be mine!” The Golden Knight charged his opponent. For a moment, Lindsey’s heart lurched as the two warriors of equal height slammed into each other. She realized this must have all been rehearsed, but the clang of metal made it seem strangely very real.

The battle seemed like hours, but she knew it must have been only a matter of minutes. The knights finally stood apart, their great chests rising and falling with exertion.

The Scotsman broke the silence. “It appears we have a draw, good people! Who will decide the fate of this contest? Shall it be the lady in question?”

The people roared their approval, and the Scotsman turned his attention to Lindsey. She knew she must have looked like a moron with her mouth hanging open like a guppy. A couple of young women sitting behind her patted her shoulder encouragingly.

“Choose the gold one, girl,” one woman said. Then her friend interrupted her. “No, choose the Black Knight. He’s sexy as hell.” Both women broke out in laughter as the crowd started shouting for one or the other. Both knights had walked up to stand before her, their heads bowed, awaiting their fate. A wild thought took hold of her. Lindsey stood and leaned forward over the banister. She reached out far enough to touch one broad shoulder of each knight.

The Scotsman crowed his delight. “It appears the lady is truly generous!” His laughter was lost in the wild cheers of the crowd. Suddenly, she felt both her arms grasped in hard yet gentle gauntleted hands, and she was lifted over the banister as if she weighed no more than thistledown. Like before, she stood between two ironclad gods, and a sensual shiver moved up her spine. She looked up to see Cat

clapping wildly, mouthing the words “Meet me at the glass booth later.”

Before she knew it, Lindsey was escorted off the field toward the curtained exit. She flushed bright red at the crowd’s loud applause and more than a few off-color comments.

She turned her head for a last look for Cat, only to see her filing out of the stand with the spectators. Soon, they were before the great curtain then through it, where a mass of activity was afoot. Workers were scrambling around securing horses and equipment.

Lindsey waited for the knights to thank her any moment for “being a good sport,” leading her back to the main faire ground. Instead, they continued walking to a large, red pavilion bedecked in bright flags emblazoned with mythical creatures.

The Black Knight reached out and pulled aside a heavy canvas flap that worked as a doorway. In the blink of an eye, Lindsey was in the large tent and seated on a wide wooden bench in front of a larger wooden table. Despite the heat of the day, the pavilion was surprisingly cool. The late-afternoon breeze caused the walls to flutter and move. The inside was decked out like a true medieval knight’s quarters at least, what Lindsey imagined they would look like. At the center was a wrought-iron tripod, and between the three legs hung a large pan of some sort. It looked like it held old ashes from a fire, perhaps from the night before. Across from her were two single wooden bed frames, stacked with warm blankets. Between them was a great chest, filled with clothes she could only guess about.

A loud *thunk* broke the silence and brought her attention back to the knights.

Oh, did it bring her attention back! The Black Knight had just removed his helmet and was reaching for the straps at his shoulders. His black-as-pitch hair was plastered to his skull from wearing the headgear. Only a god could look that good with hat hair.

Suddenly, a sensual chuckle rumbled from his chest. "I am glad you think so, my lady." His quicksilver eyes sparkled with hidden laughter.

She could have died, could have just died! She had to get a grip on the thinking out loud, mortified that once again her wayward mouth had gotten the best of her. "I'm sorry. I'm not usually so forward. It must be the place and the clothes." Lindsey suddenly had a case of the fidgets, fingering the laces of her bodice, looking everywhere but into his laughing eyes.

The Golden Knight had gone over to another table in the far corner to start removing his own armor. His hair was in the same plastered condition, but like his fellow knight's, his appearance was none the worse for wear.

Lindsey grew increasingly uncomfortable. Neither one of the men had made mention of her exiting stage right, and she didn't really want to leave. *Well, I'm not going to stand here like an idiot.*

"So, I guess I'd better head back out to the faire. My friend is probably waiting for me." The words stuck in her throat as her eyes made another longing sweep of the two metal-clad men before her.

Yeah, right, Lindsey thought, swallowing past the huge lump of disappointment lodged in her throat. She was in the room with two walking fantasies, and somehow, she'd managed to blow it. She hadn't felt this bad since she was a teenager. With a stiff upper lip and a sagging ego, she stood and turned for the pavilion doorway.

"Was it something we said, fair one?" The deep, resonant voice moved through her, halting her progress at the opening.

Turning to face the Golden Knight, she thought he looked like an armored god stepping from Mount Olympus, flat hair and all. His brown eyes were molten pools of dark, rich chocolate with just a hint of gold at the center, contrasting incredibly with his fair mane. Up close, she noted the exotic slope to his eyes, reminiscent of a lion's, calm and intense. His gaze didn't waver once. He seemed to be memorizing her, as if fascinated by what he saw.

Looking to the right of him, she saw the Black Knight had ceased his movements to observe as well.

The golden one gently took her arm and steered her away from the tent flap, urging her toward one of the benches next to the wooden table to sit.

“We would not have you leave so soon. Perhaps a drink to quench your thirst?”

If this was an act, they were playing it like true Renaissance Romeos.

“Perhaps my lady would be so kind to assist with removing my armor.”

The dark one had moved closer, standing before her. Seated, she was forced to look up, her gaze moving up his metal-clad body, struck anew by his size. Definitely a dream, Lindsey thought as she stood.

“Sure, I can help. You’ll have to show me what to do. I’ve never taken off armor before.”

He smiled again, this time gently and patiently. “Just unbuckle where I put your hands.”

After slowly taking her hands, he placed them on his left shoulder. So the process went for the next five minutes. By the time she reached his leg buckles, she was practically sweating with tension. His hands would gently glide over her skin and hair at every opportunity.

His scent in the proximity of the tent and warmth of the day caused a now-familiar gush between her legs.

Finally, he was free of armor, and it was stacked neatly in a corner to be cleaned later.

My God. It was like Christmas in the middle of a heat wave. Lindsey took in the glorious body that had emerged from the black armor. He had removed his shirt, revealing a broad, bronzed chest with light, silken swirls of hair. He was muscular in the way of a great jungle cat, every muscle like smooth steel under velvet. He only stood now in loose, black, harem-style pants. They hung low on his hips, revealing a thin, swirling treasure trail of silky hair that disappeared

under his pants. The bulge in front was substantial, and the longer she stared, the bigger it got. Her face heated, realizing she had been just staring at his crotch like a cock-hungry vulture. Her eyes snapped up to meet his knowing gaze.

“Finding something else to your liking?”

Slowly, he walked toward her until their bodies were flush against one another.

“I was just...um...” She never finished her sentence. His hand began gently moving along her arms. Slowly, he leaned in, but instead of going for her mouth, he captured her neck in a teasing nibble. His large hands moved from her arms to her waist, pulling her impossibly closer to his chest. She could feel his hardened cock, even through the folds of her skirt.

“I wanted you the moment I saw you in the crowd. My flame goddess, I want you,” he growled in her ear.

His lips skimmed up the side of her neck, sending an electric current to her already throbbing pussy.

Lindsey sighed in relief when his mouth finally met hers, his tongue slipping wetly along the seam of her mouth before gliding between her lips. He stroked the inside of her mouth, sucking her bottom lip in a warm pull, leaving a wet trail of fire.

Lindsey felt her reason drift away on the breeze as both his hands reached around to grasp her ass, kneading the tender flesh beneath her skirts. For a brief movement, she pulled her head back. “I don’t even know your name,” she gasped, trying to think clearly beyond the red haze of lust filling her head.

He smiled wickedly. “Ethan, my lady. My name is Ethan.”

The name suited him, hard, strong and gentle in the same breath. Suddenly, Lindsey felt a warm presence at her back and another pair of lips nudging her shoulder. She turned her head to meet the bluer than blue eyes of the Golden Knight.

“I’m Christian, my lady. I’m at your command.”

His voice was husky with desire. She saw the questioning and the plea in his eyes.

Lindsey turned back to Ethan to get his response. He looked at Christian then back at her. "Know that you can say no, baby. Nothing happens that you don't want to happen. Just say the word, and this will end, right now."

For a moment, Lindsey really thought about what she was doing. These men were virtual strangers, yet she felt so safe with them. Somehow, she knew they would not let anything happen to her. She trusted them to take care of her, and she had never felt that way about any one man before. Dare she do this? Then it occurred to her, why the hell not? For the last year, she had devoted her life to creating a business and a career. When she returned home, all of this would become a pleasant dream, something she would have to warm her at night.

Besides, a threesome was one hell of a birthday gift. How far was this going to go?

She took a deep breath and leaned back against Christian's hard chest, allowing her head to fall back. Her eyes remained on Ethan as her body sent the message of acceptance. He nodded as though receiving a great gift. Reverently, he ran gentle fingers down the side of her neck, tickling her throat and settling to dally in the valley between her breasts. She had always had large breasts, and the tight fit of the bodice made her cleavage even more spectacular.

From behind, she felt Christian's strong arms reach around her waist. He nuzzled the other side of her neck, cuddling her. His gentle nuzzles made her heart melt with the tenderness of his touch. Christian had removed his armor, standing in a similar state of undress as Ethan. She looked down at his arms, bronzed and well muscled.

"Have you ever been pleased by two men at once?" Ethan's question caught her off guard.

Oh, yeah, every day, actually. I just had a fuck fest a little over an hour ago. She would have spoken her tongue-in-cheek musing except for the serious look on his face.

“No, have you?” Her attempt at being a smart-ass was lost in the husky rasp of her own voice. He laughed and leaned in to gently brush her swollen lips.

“I only ask, my love, because we don’t want to frighten you. It’s going to get very intense. We do nothing that you aren’t begging for.”

He punctuated each of his last words with gentle swipes of his magic tongue over her lips. Lindsey had never thought herself a fan of explicit language during sex, but the sexy words coming out of Ethan intensified her already mind-blowing arousal.

Suddenly, she felt cool air brush over the heated skin of her thighs. Christian had begun to raise her skirts from the back, exposing her ass to his lustful view. For the first time, Lindsey felt a moment of discomfort. The Renaissance outfit she wore hid a multitude of sins. Her rather voluptuous ass was one of them. Her embarrassment deepened further when she thought of the soaked state of her panties. She had been in a semi-aroused state on and off all day today. Her fears spiked when Christian stilled. *Damn, the truth is out. I’m a whale.* She began to squirm in discomfort, pulling forward away from his hold. Then, shock of shock, the satisfying sound of skin striking skin filled the air. A hot tingle radiated from her right ass cheek and traveled on an electric current straight to her drenched pussy.

His voice growled a sensual warning as he proceeded to grasp gentle handfuls of her quivering flesh. “Don’t move away from me, baby. I want to look over your sweet ass.”

His touch was firm, brooking no argument but, at the same time, sweetly coaxing. Meanwhile, Ethan had discovered the laces that tied her securely into the bodice. The feel of four hands caressing her was the stuff of erotic dreams. She had fantasized like any other woman about the possibilities of two men, two cocks. Never in her wildest dreams had she thought she would be the recipient of a fantasy made

real. The tingle of Christian's firm spank on her ass would be a good memory. Another item to add to the kink list, apparently.

A sudden loosening in the bodice refocused her attention on Ethan's clever fingers as they began slowly unlacing her. The rapid release of the constrictive clothing brought a sudden, delicious rush of relief. She watched as his gently palmed her loose breasts, lifting them as though weighing them. His thumbs circled the now-hard nipples, eliciting a strangled groan.

From behind, Christian was being just as meticulous in his inspection of her ass, handling her tender cheeks as if preparing dough, kneading and parting, kneading and parting.

The peasant blouse beneath the bodice had an elastic collar, which Ethan easily stretched the collar to catch under her breast. She was bared to him like a feast, and his eyes glinted greedily like a starving man's.

"I love your breasts, my lady. May I partake of them?" His voice seemed a whisper, barely heard over her thundering heartbeat. She leaned even farther back in Christian's caressing embrace, arching her back, offering anything he wanted.

"Oh, yeah," he groaned, latching onto her right breast, sucking the whole nipple in his hot mouth. The sound and feeling of his suctioning kiss made her almost jump out of her skin. He lapped and teased the turgid tip until it gleamed, pink and engorged. Pulling back, he gently blew over it, the constant hum between her legs going into a full aria.

"Oh, God...please!" Never had she sounded so needy, so hot. They did this to her, made her mindless. Cool air wafted over her whole bottom half. Looking past Ethan's bent head, she saw her entire skirt rucked and held around her waist. The only thing that lay between her and their questing hands was an arousal-saturated pair of panties. Oh, how she ached to take them off.

Without the skirt in the way, she could feel the raging heat of both their cocks pressing into her stomach and her ass. Christian parted her

cheeks and placed the hard ridge of his cock squarely between them, slowly undulating his hips. Ethan ceased his mind-numbing play with her breasts, beginning a torturous journey down her body.

“I want to taste your honey first, love. That all right with you, Chris?” Ethan’s voice was faintly muffled because his head was already beneath the scrunched folds of her skirt. She could feel the very warm exhale of his breath on her skin.

She heard Christian’s sexy chuckle in her ear. “Feast away, my friend. I’m otherwise occupied.”

His occupation was that sinful rhythm his hips were creating against her backside, making her ass cheeks tighten with anticipation. Lindsey had never been a fan of anal sex. An ex-boyfriend tried to convince her to try it, but quite simply, she had not trusted him enough. Somehow, she knew Christian would take the utmost care with her untried channel. She felt heavy with anticipation as Ethan’s hands began to run up the inside of her soft thighs.

Suddenly, she regretted all the aborted attempts at working out. Just looking at a treadmill would break her out in hives, besides the fact that running in place on one of those things in a crowded gym was downright distasteful. The thought of all her soft parts jiggling like a go-go dancer was not her idea of a good time.

Despite her own doubts, Ethan seemed undeterred, his fingers brushing closer and closer to her aching core. Ethan’s hot mouth replaced his fingers, and his breath moved over the sensitive skin on her inner thigh. Lindsey wanted to bow down and thank the gods of close-shave razors. The fact that she had just manicured her private garden before coming out this weekend was a blessing. All thoughts of shaving fled her mind at the first brush of his lips at the very edge of her panties. As his questing fingers pressed just past the elastic seam, his faintly bristly cheek rubbed her thigh, heightening sensation acutely. Her body’s natural urge was to part her legs farther, granting him complete access to her creaming pussy. She stopped herself from thrusting her hips toward his foraging mouth. Lindsey didn’t think she

could take this teasing much longer. She'd never been so ready to fuck in her life, aching to be filled, touched, anything.

"You want my tongue in that hot pussy? You feel me play with that hard clit? Say it."

Ethan's voice carried a sensual command that singed her burning skin. Suddenly, he stopped his nuzzling and sat back on his heels.

"Say it," he demanded, refusing to continue until she did. Stopping while so close pissed her off.

"Don't you dare stop!" She was surprised by the almost feral quality in her voice. She was never mild mannered, but now, she sounded like an angry bitch in heat. Who was she kidding? She was definitely in heat and quickly turning into a bitch. "Yes, put your tongue inside me. Lick me until I come!"

The mirthful glimmer in Ethan's silver gaze changed to the steely gaze of a predator. His lip gently curled into a smile of sensual promise.

"As you wish, my lady, no more games. Spread your legs."

The determined edge in his voice sent a hot current through her bloodstream. The old saying of be careful what you wish for echoed in her head, but it was too late to stop the storm now.

Slowly, she parted her legs, maintaining eye contact with him. The added support of Christian at her back allowed her to spread as wide as possible. Ethan grasped the crotch of her soaked panties and yanked. The rending sound only made her shake harder with anticipation. She'd barely caught her breath before she felt the first swipe of his hot tongue over her engorged flesh. She could not hold back the moaning cry at his first lick.

Christian gently palmed her chin, forcing her to turn her face toward his mouth. Her moans then became muffled with his invading tongue. The feel of two tongues entering her body was beyond erotic. The Golden Knight kissed as if it was his mouth sucking and licking her clit. His tongue let no corner of her mouth go unexplored.

Ethan pulled back to look at his handiwork. The lips of her cunt were red and swollen, glistening with the mixture of his saliva and her own body's juices. She tasted so damn good, a subtle mix of a woman's musk and soap, an addicting combination. He couldn't get enough. He had to get closer. He lifted her right leg and looped it over his shoulder.

"Hold her up," he growled to Christian before latching back onto the beckoning pussy.

Raising her leg gave the Black Knight undeniable access. He had not only opened her even wider but had full access to her seeping opening. He licked once, twice, and then plunged in, thrusting his tongue like a piston. Lindsey could not keep her hips from pushing against his face, riding that wicked tongue. Christian released her from his drugging kiss.

"You like that? You like the way he's taking you?"

Lindsey could only nod, feeling the beginnings of a mind-blowing orgasm pooling like hot, viscous honey in her belly.

"How about this?" The Golden Knight gently nipped at her neck. His hips stopped their gently thrusting, and he replaced his turgid cock with his fingers. Lindsey felt those fingers slide between her ass cheeks, heading toward the tender ring of her anus. She arched with the unexpected pleasure of his gentle probing.

Using the juices flowing from her body, he lubed the tight orifice liberally. Then he used a delectable pressure as he ever so slowly pushed one finger into the tight hole. Just then, the Black Knight replaced his thrusting tongue with his own fingers. She was so slick he was able to slide smoothly in to the hilt.

Thrusting slowly as if checking the wetness, he removed his finger. Lindsey moaned in frustration because she was so close. Then he came back, and two deft fingers slid in this time, not as quickly but achingly slow. It had been a while since she'd last made love, and she was tight. At the same time, Christian massaged her sphincter until she felt his finger begin an easy thrusting into the tight passage. It

pinched at first but then turned into an addicting pleasure-pain that made her inner muscles spasm. She knew it was only his finger, but it may as well have been his cock. It felt huge in her virgin anus. The tight ring clenched spasmodically around the slick intrusion.

She fleetingly wondered if any passerby could hear what they were doing. She couldn't make herself care, because she was too consumed with the eroticism that was engulfing her. Christian's mouth had moved from her neck to tease the shell of her ear.

"Will you come for us, baby? Will you spill your sweat cream all over us?"

The orgasm germinating in her abdomen began to unfurl into a fiery, red blossom, succulent and heavy with dew. The Black Knight had three fingers inside her now, thrusting through the moisture of her heated channel, seeking even deeper entry. She could hear the subtle, wet friction combined with her own elevated breathing. The sound only ratcheted up her own desire as she mindlessly rode his marauding hand. He did the one thing guaranteed to send her into orbit, bending forward and passing deep laps over her distended clit.

That was all she could take. Lindsey felt every muscle tighten as the climax took her. It had been so long, and she had never responded like this. She had only had two boyfriends in her life, and neither of them had made her feel like this. A glimmer of fear must have shown in her eyes as she approached her peak. Ethan looked up into her eyes and must have seen there was a part of her that was fighting it.

"Let it, honey. Let yourself go. That's it, baby. Ride it out for us. Let it happen." His voice was comforting and encouraging. The Golden Knight was at her ear, whispering other dark, seductive litanies, lending further encouragement.

With the gentleness of midwives, they eased her into the most profound orgasm of her life. Lindsey knew tears were running down her face with the intensity of the moment. Wave after wave of pleasure cascaded over her, sending electrical shocks shimmering down the length of her body, pooling in the heated apex of her

quivering thighs. When the mind-numbing explosion ebbed, her body was left warm and unbelievably elastic. Ethan gently released her leg and guided her to lie on the floor while her other knight's arms remained securely around her, almost cuddling and cushioning her at the same time. Her head lay against her Black Knight's chest as he tenderly stroked the sweat-dampened hair at her temple. She did not know what had just happened, and she would not question it. All she knew was she felt more protected and cared for than she had in her life. Never mind the mind-blowing orgasm that rocked her world.

The golden aftereffect left small tremors vibrating through her body. All she wanted to do was lie there and relish it before reality intruded and made it all disappear.

Chapter 4

A gentle slap reverberated off Lindsey's bare ass, bringing her out of her orgasm-induced stupor. She lay curled on her side on one of the single beds she had spied earlier. Across from her, the tripod had a small fire merrily crackling in the metal pan between the three legs.

"Awake, Sleeping Beauty, or we'll miss the after-hours festivities." It was the deep voice of Ethan, and the note of mirth was not lost on her befuddled brain.

Of course he is laughing, you idiot.

Her bare, pale-as-the-moon ass was practically poking in the air. She closed her eyes tightly, wanting to put off the brush-off she knew was coming her way. She felt something wet begin to gently glide over her exposed ass.

Turning over onto her back, she rolled against Christian, who was perched on the edge of the cot. In his hand he held a washcloth over a small basin of water. The highlights in his golden hair shone like coins in the firelight. She watched as he rinsed and squeezed the excess water from the cloth. Laying his hand on her knee, he slowly pulled it toward him, opening her legs.

"We figured you would want to clean up a little before we went to dinner." His eyes were kind as he gently wiped the sticky residue clinging to her thighs. Strangely, she did not feel embarrassed or ashamed. She watched him reverently clean her thighs, moving toward her pussy. The moment he touched her core, she felt her body ache anew. The Black Knight had moved to stand on the other side of the bed. Kneeling down, his chest eye level with her head, he tenderly combed his fingers through the hair at her temple.

“Are you hungry, little one?” He leaned over to brush a kiss on her forehead, then her nose, and finally, her lips. Just then, her stomach growled. Obviously, the mention of food set it off.

“I take that as a yes.” Christian leaned over to lay his head against her protesting stomach. Suddenly, a shocking thought occurred to her. She’d only just found out their first names and had no clue who they were outside of this fantasy they were all living in. What did they do for a living? What were their last names? The question leapt out of her mouth just as quickly as it appeared in her mind.

This was supposed to be a fantasy, and no names were necessary. *Of course that plan had already gone out of the window.* Somehow, she’d known if names were spoken aloud, it would change and become real. *If not for them, most definitely for her.* Lindsey looked up into the eyes of the two men sitting on either side of her. They were like opposite sides of an ancient coin, one side dark and brooding and the other golden sunshine.

“Forget I asked, okay? No last names are necessary. Let’s get some dinner, okay?” The words came in a rush. She could barely hear over her hands cupping her ears. Both sat for a moment looking at her in puzzlement then burst into deep laughter. Now, Lindsey was feeling a little peevish. Dropping her hands, she reached forward to pinch the Black Knight on his well-muscled arm.

“What is so funny, iron breeches?” Her irritation only served to escalate their mirth to new rounds of laughter.

Ethan gently nuzzled her neck, and his laughter turned to a deep chuckle she felt reverberate deliciously through her.

“We’re sorry, my love. It’s just you’re so cute when you’re being obstinate. Makes me want to spank that gorgeous ass. Maybe next time or after dinner.”

Lindsey shivered. Next time? Or after dinner? There was going to be a next time? She tried to tamp down the anticipation that spiked.

They wanted her again, and so help her, she wanted them again, too. The gleam of amusement had been replaced by molten desire.

Looking down, she saw the Golden Knight's gentle nuzzling at her tummy had become full-fledged caresses.

"I would have your name, beauty." The Black Knight's voice had become flame, moving over her body, reawaking her senses. She resisted the urge to blurt it out at his behest.

"I don't think that would be good idea. I mean, let's be honest here. We will never see each other after this weekend. Why spoil the moment with too much reality?" Was that her voice sounding as weak as water? He had such beautiful eyes. She was drowning in quicksilver pools. They should have softened as he relented, accepting the logic of her explanation. They instead darkened with a hardened determination that stole her breath.

"Understand me, beauty. I will have your name. As for what transpires here this weekend, none of us will question it. Christian?"

Christian looked up from his work of driving her to distraction. His warm breath caused gooseflesh to rise on her inner thigh. He smiled wickedly at Lindsey's distress.

"Don't try to resist, baby. Ethan is ruthless when he wants something, and I"—he leaned into her now-weeping pussy, flicking his tongue roughly over the outer lips—"can be a demanding bastard, too. Give us your name, hon."

Every word he spoke was punctuated by small, gently nibbling kisses around the soft mound of her pussy. Her instinct was to reach her hand down to his bobbing head, stopping the sensual torture.

Ethan's body rose over her, gently but firmly holding her upper body immobile, pulling her arms above her head and holding them shackled in one strong grip. His free hand set to work pulling her peasant blouse down below her breasts. The evening had set in, and the gentle breeze from the day had grown cool, causing her nipples to harden immediately. Ethan groaned. "You have the most beautiful breasts. So full and large, ready for me to love them, suck them."

He slowly caressed her right breast, plumping it so the dark rose nipple was even farther distended. She watched in mesmerized desire

as his dark head bent toward the proffered breast. Instead of fastening on the breast at once, his tongue eased out and gently flicked the sensitive tip. He swirled his tongue about it as though tasting a fine chocolate treat, pulling back to enjoy the flavor then returning for more.

Seeing past Ethan's head, she watched Christian grip and release her thighs in an almost catlike kneading motion. She was so wet with her own desire the sensitive nether lips pulled at each then clung back together, teasing her feverish clit. She could no longer see his face over the folds of her skirt, just the top of his golden head as he bobbed and nodded, feasting on her with as much abandon as his friend. The suckling and slurping noises he made as he lapped at her creaming pussy only enhanced the orgasm building inside her.

Lindsey's breath came in gasping sobs, and the dual action of Christian tasting her and Ethan suckling her breasts made her come almost instantly. Not as intense as before but somehow more important. It was if her body was preparing for their eminent departure from her life and was soaking up every ounce of pleasure it could take. They would never see each other again. This was just a fantasy anyway, right?

"My love, your name?"

Ethan rose from the glistening mess he'd made of her nipples, his eyes smoky and hooded. Lindsey was about to confess when it struck her how high-handed these men were. Why should she just fold like a house of cards? Why, indeed?

She smiled languidly, arching her back as much as Ethan and Christian's close proximity would allow. The action brought her breasts into erotic prominence. She knew she was acting the coquette, but damn if she cared. This was her dream fantasy, and she was taking it to the hilt. The play on words made her giggle, her breasts jiggling with her mirth.

“How about you call me...Beauty all weekend. I like that name.” The fact that these two beautiful men called her beautiful at all made up for a lot of past hurt ego.

Ethan laughed at her antics of playing the tease to both of them. Lindsey watched her men exchange looks as if coming to a silent agreement. Christian sat up on his knees. She could see the sheen on his lips caused by the copious amounts of liquid passion oozing from her well-worked flesh. Smiling down at her, he winked rakishly.

“We’ll accept this for now, Beauty. When the faire is done this weekend, all bets are off.”

Her heart lurched with excitement. There was the reference to “after the faire” again. Oh, how she wished it were true. Things like this did not happen to her. If only it would last forever. Feeling reality intrude again, she pushed the thought away. Just then, her stomach growled again hungrily, reminding her she hadn’t eaten since the joust. Ethan laughed, biting her lovingly on the neck.

“Time you were fed, Beauty. You’ll need to keep your strength up. Besides, we need to get your things.”

“My things? Oh, my gosh! Cat!” Lindsey would have sprung up from the cot if not for the two male masses that still pinned her.

“Let me up, guys! I have to find my friend. I should have caught up with her a while ago. She’s probably worried sick!”

Immediately, she was free, and both men stood up out of her way. Jumping to her feet, she found her legs wobbly and weak. Christian was immediately at her side, steadying her until she found her balance. Wow, that had never happened before. She’d always thought “weak-kneed” was just a phrase. Whoever coined it must have been talking about two knights pleasuring a woman until she couldn’t stand. She inwardly laughed at the thought, looking around for the bodice they had removed earlier.

“Let us help you.”

Ethan stood before her, holding the bodice out so she could put it on. For the next few minutes, Lindsey luxuriated in the feeling of

being dressed and petted. Ethan's hands were gentle as he secured her back into the bodice. Christian adjusted her blouse and gently finger-combed her wild curls into some semblance of order.

They laughed at Ethan's attempt to tickle her and Christian's periodic kissing of her neck and face. Finally, she was presentable and got to sit and watch the men dress themselves. Both men wore the baggy peasant pants that seemed common for the menswear at the faire.

Ethan raised his arms above his head to pull on a black pirate shirt. The action caused his pants to slip lower on his abdomen, revealing the enticing treasure trail of black hair that disappeared beneath the waistband. The gentle light from the small fire danced off the muscled landscape of his chest and abdomen. She'd never been this close to a six-pack in her life, and the view was inspiring.

She turned to look at Christian and was struck anew by the beauty of the golden knight. He sported the same muscled physique, but it was more slender and whip corded. His chest was completely hairless except for the dark gold trail of hair leading to his crotch. He was truly day to Ethan's mysterious night. A sharp sense of pride filled her, for they were hers. Well, for the night, anyway. Both men topped off their outfits with tall, black boots that reached almost to their muscled thighs. The thought of them in those boots and nothing else sent an electric shock to her awakening pussy. *Down, girl!*

"Time for dinner." Lindsey looked up to see Ethan holding his hand out to her. Taking it, she allowed him to pull it through his crooked elbow. Christian stepped to her other side, taking her free arm. Together, they stepped through the flapped doorway and into the night.

* * * *

The walk to the glass stall was impeded by faire workers constantly stopping the two knights to chat over the day's events.

Apparently, they were both well known among the others and well liked. Not once during their brief conversations with passersby did they let go of her arms. Not even when she squirmed with discomfort at the sidelong looks they received. She felt as if everyone knew what these two men did with her in the privacy of the pavilion. At one point, she had managed to squirm out of reach, but Christian had neatly grabbed her around the waist, pulling her against his body, not once breaking conversation with a chatty blacksmith.

“Where did you think you were going?” he whispered in her ear as they walked away down the road.

His breath warmed her ear and tickled her throat. The undertone of possessiveness was mirrored by Ethan’s secure hold on her arm. Lindsey had never imagined herself the type of woman who got off on Tarzan attitudes from men, but with these two, their obvious need to keep her near was thrilling.

The faire grounds seemed just as busy in the waning day as they were during the open faire. Shop owners restocked their shelves, and food venders were preparing supplies for the next day. They were almost to their destination when they were stopped by the Scotsman announcer from earlier at the joust. A stunning older woman with steel-gray hair lying loosely upon her shoulders accompanied him.

“Good job today, boys.” The brogue from earlier was replaced by a New England lilt. The change was a little shocking because he was still dressed in full Scottish regalia. The woman next to him was decked out in a Berber-style belly dancing costume. She couldn’t have been a day under fifty, but she wore the outfit like a twenty-year-old.

“Beauty, this is Jack and Jill Kelly. They’re the owners of the faire.”

Ethan made the introduction as if she were meeting his parents. The obvious warmth in his voice portrayed a close relationship. She watched both men leaned in to kiss Jill on the cheeks.

Jill smiled warmly. "I know. Jack and Jill? Can you believe it? He had the hardest time convincing me to marry him just for that reason." The woman's chagrin prompted Lindsey to laugh out loud. She liked this woman.

Jack turned his merry gaze to her, and his eyes widened in recognition, taking in the holds that her knights maintained on her body. He winked knowingly at her, and she blushed like a four-alarm blaze.

"Greetings, my lady. I trust you enjoyed this afternoon's fun?"

It amazed her how easily he slipped back into the Scottish persona, like changing shoes. For a moment, she wasn't sure what part of the afternoon he was referring to. She shifted uncomfortably under the perusal of the older couple. Well, damn, if they didn't suspect anything before, they sure as hell suspected now. The sun had set, and the only lights on the grounds were strategically placed floodlights, campfires, and the odd light glowing from stalls lit with gas lanterns. She thanked God because if they could see her blushing face, there would be little doubt. Sometimes, she hated being a redhead.

"Hey, you!"

The joyous shout across the grounds heralded a smiling Cat quickly making her way over to the group. Never had Lindsey been so happy to see her friend. Despite Lindsey's long absence, not a glimmer of concern darkened her cornflower eyes. Instead, Cat wrapped her in a warm hug, patting her head like a proud mother.

"I wondered what time you would finally make an appearance. Hi, Jill. Jack."

Cat greeted the couple warmly then turned her interested gaze to the two men who were content to stand back and watch the interaction.

"Well, if it isn't the scourge of the jousting field. You guys really put on a good show today. I could hardly stay in my seat!"

Jack Kelly nudged Ethan manfully on the shoulder. “The best damn knights I ever trained, these two. I remember when they couldn’t go near a horse, let alone ride one.” The older man went on to regale them with stories of the men’s younger days and their antics. Soon, Lindsey and Cat were almost in stitches over the “Scotsman’s” stories.

She turned to face Ethan and Christian and found both men stoic and quiet. They smiled at the appropriate times but otherwise looked downright uncomfortable. Did they not want her to know about their growing up? Suddenly, Lindsey was hungry for any knowledge about who these men were who brought her so much pleasure.

What were their likes and dislikes, could they cook, and what were their pet peeves? The list could get dangerously long, and she knew that was where the danger lay. She found herself chanting the mantra “This is not real. This is fantasy” in her head. Shoring up her thinking, she interrupted Jack before he broke into a new tale.

“I am starving! Is anyone else dying of hunger here?” Wonderful, Cat picked up on Lindsey’s cue.

“If I don’t eat, I’ll start chomping on people! Let’s go to the Middle Eastern marketplace. I heard they’re providing dinner and entertainment tonight.”

Jack caught the hint and smiled good-naturedly.

“You folks go on ahead. I have plans for a quiet romantic dinner with my lady fair.”

Jill leaned in to give Lindsey a hug, saying in her ear, “I think we’ll meet again.” Placing his arm around Jill’s shoulders, Jack began to steer them in the opposite direction. Lindsey felt more than a bit envious. All these years and the couple were still head over heels in love.

Cat grabbed her hand and pulled her from between Ethan and Christian before they could react.

“We’ll meet you guys at the market! Save a spot for dinner!”

Before she knew it, Lindsey was being dragged toward the marketplace.

Chapter 5

Ethan and Christian watched a befuddled, red-haired siren be dragged off toward the busy Middle East marketplace. The sounds of laughter and the tuning of instruments told them the entertainment would be beginning soon.

“What are you thinking?”

Ethan turned to his best friend, not sure how to answer him. The day’s events had left him just about speechless and unbelievably horny.

“I don’t know what to think. I’ve never felt this way about any woman. It’s a little scary, to be honest. How about you?”

Christian paused for a moment, weighing his words. The fact was Christian wanted her as well. He knew this situation could make or break their friendship if they were forced to choose between their friendship and the love of their lives.

“I won’t step aside, Ethan. I don’t know what it is about her, but I plan to stick around. If this is going to be a problem, let me know. You’re my best friend, buddy, but don’t ask me to give up what we were having in that pavilion. I think I’ve picked up an addiction, and only she can provide the fix.”

Ethan couldn’t help but laugh at Christian’s flair for the melodramatic. Though truth be told, he was feeling the bite of Beauty’s loss, and she’d only been gone a matter of minutes.

Smiling at his friend, he said, “How will we play this, then? This is hardly a typical situation. We would be asking a lot of her. What if she bolts?” More than a little worry clouded his question.

Christian couldn’t blame him, because he felt the same fear.

“We go slowly, my friend. She didn’t fight us in the pavilion. That’s a good sign, and I’m hoping we have her so ready for a second helping she won’t deny us.”

Christian tried not to sound smug, but the remembered moans and gasps from earlier were an assurance she was just as affected by what they shared. God, to feel her against him again and to swallow her screams of pleasure. The very thought gave him a cockstand. *Must be patient...very patient.*

Ethan looked over at his best friend, contemplating what this new facet of their friendship could mean. He knew everyone perceived Ethan to be the literal “dark half” in this relationship, but few knew the depth of darkness his friend held within his soul. There were things not even the Kellys knew about Christian’s past. To most, he was the shining, golden Apollo, all smiles and jokes. Ethan alone knew most of it was just a façade to keep others at bay. He used his easygoing manner as a protective shield. In those private moments in the pavilion, Ethan saw a vulnerable side of his best friend that rarely saw the light of day. That little fire goddess had them both in her hands. Ethan just hoped she would be gentle.

“Earth to Ethan. Come in, spaceman.”

Ethan met the gaze of his longtime friend, smiling sheepishly.

Christian smiled, gently nudging Ethan’s shoulder. “It’s all right, buddy. She got me daydreaming, too. Come on, let’s go get some grub. I hear Sami is making his famous garlic couscous tonight.”

Sami was the proprietor of the souk in the Middle Eastern portion of the faire. He hosted the belly dancing shows and managed the tavern where all the entertainments took place. The small, portly man had a way with cooking that brought a whole new meaning to the word *bam!* They’d known him since they’d first started sneaking into the faire as kids. He’d always had a ready smile and free, good food to cheer up two lonely boys. The taste of his cooking always gave them a feeling of well-being, like everything was going to be all right.

Suddenly, Ethan knew he would like nothing better than to share one of Sami's meals with their redheaded siren. Her being there would only bring more meaning to the food.

"Let's eat."

Christian agreed, but he didn't really have the taste for couscous. More like a voluptuous redhead with legs splayed as he dined on her glistening pussy. Hunger and lust rolled between them like turbulent waves. An easy jaunt to the marketplace became a dead run.

* * * *

"Will you stop dragging me, Cat?"

Lindsey barely gasped out before they finally stopped in a dark alcove behind a stall. Cat stood with her arms folded against her chest, lightly tapping her foot. *Here it comes*, Lindsey thought, *the inquisition*.

"Well, don't just stand there, Mata Hari. Spill!" Cat was practically squeaking now. She looked like a pissed-off fairy, Lindsey reflected.

"I know you guys were up to some funny business in the tent earlier." Cat's eyes gleamed with mischief.

"How would you...? Oh, God! You came by the pavilion?" She was seeing red and maybe a few black spots.

Cat laughed uproariously.

"Of course I came by the pavilion, sweetie. You were gone for three hours, and I was getting worried about you. I know I told you to have a good time, but you were gone quite a while. I went by the pavilion, and lo and behold, what do I find? You're getting serviced by two of the sexiest men at this faire. I don't know whether to be jealous or proud of you!"

Lindsey bowed her head into her hands, rubbing at her bloodred cheeks. Peeking through parted fingers, she asked the dreaded question.

“What exactly did you see?” *This is so embarrassing. Not only have I become a greedy man-eater, I’m an exhibitionist!*

Cat laughed at Lindsey’s embarrassment, patting her gently on the shoulder.

“If it makes you feel any better, I didn’t really *see* anything, exactly. I heard panting and a few ‘oh, God’s. Sounded like a good time to me.”

Lindsey stared at her friend dumbly, wondering when she’d be able to get off this twilight zone freak ride. The morning had started so normal when she had woken up. Brushed the teeth, washed the hair, kissed her dad bye on the way out the door. Nothing unusual there, just a regular day in the life of Lindsey. How that had turned into a Roman sex party she had no idea. Not that she was totally ashamed, but to tell the truth, she was a little frightened. She was incredibly sexually drawn to two of the most sensual men she’d ever met.

The sharp tug of emotion she felt every time she looked at them was, in a word, scary. Keeping a fantasy and not crossing into the realm of real emotions was getting harder and harder. She wanted them to be sure, but keeping them in her life was a thought that kept creeping into her mind. She must be crazy, absolutely fucking certifiable. She hadn’t even had intercourse with them...yet. The thought of *yet* sent a hot shiver straight to her pussy. Whoa, Nelly!

“Lindsey? Are you okay, honey?”

The soft look of concern in Cat’s eyes sent Lindsey rushing into her arms. Her friend gently patted her back in reassurance.

“What am I doing, Cat? I feel like my world has gone crazy,” Lindsey moaned.

Cat stepped back, holding her firmly at the shoulders.

“Sweetie, you’re thinking too much. Just enjoy the ride, and be careful. Take all of this for what it is. A fantasy, a playground. You have two gorgeous men who are hot for you. Most women would give their right butt cheek for something like this. Just enjoy it for now.

Tomorrow and all its bullshit will get here soon enough. What happened to the breakout weekend?”

Lindsey looked into her friend’s eyes, knowing Cat was right. She was thinking too much about reality, and she wasn’t enjoying the fantasy. She gave Cat a last warm hug, feeling relieved and more than a little free. This was going to be a breakout weekend, her weekend to be totally wild.

“Let’s go eat! I’m starving.”

Cat laughed at Lindsey’s about-face.

“You still haven’t told me what happened in that tent, wild child.”

Lindsey laughed, taking her friend’s hand and pulling her from behind the stall.

“Believe me, it’s not over yet. I’ll tell you all about it later, when there’s more to tell.”

Chapter 6

The sensual beat of Arabian drums and the haunting melody of Egyptian flutes greeted the women when they stepped into the crowded tavern. Tables had been cleared from the center of the floor to create a dancing area. Right now, a woman dressed in full belly dancing gear moved about the floor in a gyrating tempo. For each shimmy and thrust of her hips, the drums kept pace. Spectators stood mesmerized by the woman's skill in the dance. Lindsey felt her own hips sway with the heart-pumping beat of the music.

She had the urge to go onto the dance floor and join in with the sensual movement. Looking up from the shaking hips of the entertainer, she met the liquid mercury gaze of Ethan. He stood on the other side of the room, looking dark and intense. Lindsey would have thought his gaze would have strayed to the dancer at least once, but he never broke eye contact with her, his whole being focused on her. Lindsey felt that achingly familiar moisture begin to accumulate between her thighs. The throb between her legs thumped in time with the blood-rousing beat of the drums.

Cat nudged her in the side, signaling to move farther into the crowded tavern. They moved along the periphery of the floor as to not obstruct the view of the other spectators. Not that they would have noticed if a freight train had come barreling through the building. They were all wrapped up in the undulating movements of the exotic dance. The tables were set up as if creating the mood for an evening at the Kasbah. They sat low to the ground, surrounded by pillows of bright, jeweled colors. She loved it!

It was as if she was moving from one world to another, each one an adventure in sensual delight. There were no artificial lights, only the soft glow of candles and lanterns. This only enhanced the mysterious air, casting a golden sheen like an ancient coin of a pirate's treasure. The subtle light forced her other senses to sharpen.

Finally reaching the table, Lindsey's hand was gently taken by her Black Knight. His hold was firm and warm, leading her the rest of the way across the room. Christian lounged languidly against a pile of sumptuous cushions. His deep brown eyes moved over her as if sizing her up and finding what he saw desirable. A teasing smile graced his lips.

"We were just about to send out a search party to hunt you."

He said it in an amused tone, but there was a hint of seriousness, and a shiver of sexual apprehension eased down her spine. The thought of them hunting her was a sexy thought. *I've turned into a total pervert.*

Lindsey was about to take a seat on one of the cushions but found herself seated between the two men. Cat sat down directly across from them, looking more than a little smug. She eased back into the cushions, as if settling for a long winter. If either of the men noticed her interest in their interaction with Lindsey, they pretended not to.

"Nice to see you boys have decided to grace me with your presence!"

Lindsey looked up to see a short, portly man sporting a black handlebar mustache and what appeared to be a floppy chef hat. He was dressed in what she would assume was a Middle Eastern-style peasant outfit of loose-fitting cotton pants and billowy shirt. An apron finished off the ensemble, all reminiscent the jolly chef on cans of premade spaghetti.

Despite the affronted quality to the chef's voice, the twinkle in his eye was distinctly welcoming. Lindsey watched as Ethan and Christian stood, taking turns dishing out what could only be described as bear hugs with hearty thumps on the little man's back. The

camaraderie between the three was obvious, making her even more curious about their backgrounds. Who were these men who inspired such respect among the faire workers? It wasn't just that they were good performers. All of the passers-by they'd met on the way to the tavern spoke with them as if they were longtime friends.

Whoa, girl! She had to stop wandering down that path of curiosity.

This was a fantasy, not the beginning of a love affair. A woman just didn't date two men at once in the real world. Well, they did, but the guys usually didn't know each other. At least, not in the world she knew and understood.

"Who are these radiant beauties?" The chef had turned his attention to Cat and Lindsey.

Ethan gently placed his hand on Lindsey's shoulder.

"This beauty is, in fact, Beauty. This is her very good friend, Cat. Ladies, may I introduce Sir Sami. He runs the tavern and the belly dancing venue. He's also the best damn cook in the whole faire."

"The faire? Try the tri-state area." The chef, Sami, flushed with pleasure, despite his vocal dismissal of such a small compliment.

Lindsey couldn't help but laugh at the little man's by-play with Ethan. Christian would not be forgotten and began to bandy words with the rotund chef. Before long, the whole table was awash with laughter. The three men threw barbs back and forth like accomplished knife throwers. The comments grew steadily bawdier and sharper, but the obvious closeness among the men kept it all in good fun.

Finally, Sami raised his hand in surrender. "Enough, you scamps, I cry uncle! You can wear an old man out with those sharp tongues of yours."

Their tongues were anything but sharp, Lindsey thought, watching the obvious enjoyment of the three old friends.

"Enough talking now. I must feed these beautiful ladies before they waste away to nothing. The souk was very busy today, and the

patrons had just about cleaned me out. Lucky for you, I made extra hummus and grilled chicken.”

The mere mention of food sent Lindsey’s stomach growling. Christian, who had retaken his seat close to her, smiled and gently placed his hand over her stomach under the table. The light touch sent a wonderful, warm glow through her, firing her senses. She turned from Christian’s twinkling gaze and looked to Ethan. He had also retaken his seat right next to her, placing his hand on her thigh and gently kneading. The little chef had disappeared, to get their food, she supposed.

Cat sat across from her, looking relaxed and just a little mischievous. Ignoring her friend’s obvious enjoyment of her discomfort, Lindsey took in the sights around her. Their table was situated in the farthest corner of the tavern, affording her a clear view of the dancing platform.

The belly dancer continued to sway sensually before the crowd, commanding their attention with every shimmy. The drumbeat was intoxicating, reverberating through Lindsey’s body like an echoing heartbeat. Once again, she found herself swaying to the enthralling tempo, closing her eyes and letting it take her to places where mysterious Arabian princes ruled with voluptuous concubines. The atmosphere vibrated with anticipation as the drumbeat quickened and people began to clap in time as the music reached for a crescendo. The dancer’s hips were shaking wildly, thrusting as if in the throes of making love, fighting to reach orgasm. Lindsey had never thought herself attracted to women, but something about the sensual, frenzied movements called to something inside her, arousing her. Every beat of the drum sending a siren call, her vagina clenched as if grasping for something, dying to be filled.

Finally, the music crashed into a bone-jarring finish, leaving the onlookers breathless and the dancer looking on like a satisfied lover. Lindsey’s heart stumbled when she felt a questing touch travel up her thigh. Turning to her right, her eyes met liquid silver, warm and

inviting. Ethan maintained her gaze as his hand continued to move until it nestled in the skirted delta between her thighs.

The remembered passion in the quiet of the pavilion came back, bringing a fresh gush of desire with it. His secretive smile said he remembered it, too, and wanted more. Christian leaned in from her other side, his breath brushing her ear.

“Not hungry for food, sweetheart?” The impious note in his voice brought another dreaded blush to her face. These guys were too much. Lindsey felt like she was going to go up in flames with the constant sensory overload. Between the sensual displays of the dancer, the erotic music, and the drugging heat of their bodies on either side of her, her mind still hadn’t come to terms with what had taken place and the fact that these two men desired *her* and had no qualms about showing her. Despite the strangeness of the entire situation, a part of her felt a growing sense of rightness. The notion scared and excited her at the same time.

A sudden clanging sound brought her from her reverie. Sami had returned with metal tankards brimming with frothy liquid, the sides condensing from the ice-cold contents.

“The finest ale on tap!” Sami left for a moment, returning with a metal platter piled high with food, then bustled back off into the crowd. A large chicken stuffed with green olives and dates sat in the center surrounded by small bowls of an oily, golden-brown mixture. Fruit and nuts completed a picture of culinary heaven. Her stomach growled again in protest at being ignored for so long.

“That looks almost as good as sex! I am starving.”

Lindsey had almost forgotten her friend was sitting at the table. Cat smiled hugely, reaching for a leg of chicken, her eyes moving knowingly from Lindsey to her male companions. She winked slyly as she took a less-than-dainty bite of the chicken.

“May I join the party?”

Cat’s boyfriend, Kent, had appeared beside the table, tankard of ale in hand. Cat immediately made room for the tall man, leaning over

to grant a smacking, greasy kiss. Kent laughed, wiping at his mouth, and his flushed face was telling. He had obviously been imbibing much earlier than the rest of them. He greeted Ethan and Christian like old friends, congratulating them on the success of the day's jousting show. His congenial smile and gregarious laughter were contagious, livening the table with his antics.

Before long, they were all delving into the platter, trying to swallow over the bursts of laughter. Sami returned periodically, toting more frothy ale and food. Lindsey had never been a fan of any kind of beer but found the frosty ale's nutty flavor like ambrosia on her tongue. A golden glow of wellbeing warmly settled in her belly, radiating down her body to the tips of her toes. She didn't drink often, but she was definitely in the middle stage of a good buzz.

Lindsey's hands barely touched the platter. She was constantly fed by either Ethan or Christian. She moaned as each succulent piece of chicken and honey-dipped dates passed between lips with such sensual ease. The ale had long since relaxed her, leaving her open to their coddling. They took turns wiping her mouth, following with yet another swallow of golden brew. Each drop of food was accompanied by a fleeting caress here or a kiss stolen there. Every move and gesture lulled her deeper into the embrace of their wanton seduction.

The drummers had begun another round of drumming, this time slow and erotic, designed to accompany the decadence of the atmosphere. Every slow beat echoed through her body, calling every sensual thought to the fore. Lindsey would have felt embarrassed by the constant attention the men were giving her in front of her friend, but it was obvious from periodic glances in Cat's direction that Lindsey's actions were the last thing on her friend's mind.

Kent was following suit and slowly feeding Cat from the platter, at times following with playful kisses. Lindsey watched as his hand slid down to glance the smooth swell of Cat's breast. She watched her friend arch into his caress, her body swaying to the intoxicating rhythm of the music. Lindsey looked around the tavern, wondering if

anyone else was watching the couple's antics, but everyone seemed caught up in their own debauchery.

"Do you like to watch, baby?"

The gruff question was posed to her by Christian, who meanwhile continued his maddening play on the inside of her covered thigh.

"I..."

Lindsey paused before answering because it occurred to her that maybe she did. Watching Kent's hand glance over the top of Cat's breast and seeing her friend's breath catch, she saw their need was communicated silently between accidental touches and prolonged stares. Anyone could see the smoldering lust emanating between them. How could anyone deny the display was titillating and more than a little arousing?

Lindsey's breath caught when she saw Kent's hands disappear below the table. Cat giggled and leaned close into his embrace, her lower body squirming in an almost needy fashion. He was obviously touching her intimately, teasingly.

Cool air brushing Lindsey's legs brought her attention back from the couple's sensual antics. Looking down, she saw two different hands easing her skirt up, bunching at her waist. Alarmed, she gave the room another frantic look. Could anyone see what was going on?

"No one's paying attention to us, Beauty. They're more focused on the own pleasures." Christian nuzzled at the base of her neck, sending shivers straight to her pussy.

With another look, Lindsey could see he was right. People began to couple off, some dancing to the slow beat of the music or amusing themselves at other tables. From the giggles and periodic bursts of laughter, she could pretty well guess what they might be up to. Besides, the tavern had become so crowded people could barely get around the floor, let alone crane their necks to watch each other.

A momentary feeling of relief evaporated with the first stroke of steady fingers at the opening of her vagina. Ethan had maneuvered her leg to lie across one of his, leaving her open to their every whim.

It was Christian's hands playing havoc at the lips of her weeping pussy, gently swirling around the liquor produced by her aroused body.

All Lindsey could do was sit back and take the merciless torture. Ethan began feeding her from a giant tray of fruit and honey, choosing crisp slices of apple dipped in golden honey. He carelessly drizzled her chin and lips liberally on the way to her mouth, immediately cleaning the sweet mess with his mouth. For every bite of fruit and drugging kiss, Christian's nimble fingers danced flirtatiously just within the folds of her nether lips.

She couldn't keep her hips from straining up from her seat, straining toward a deeper caress. In the back of her mind, Lindsey wondered at how the men moved in tandem with each other, as if anticipating each other's moves. Each action was designed to drive her to complete erotic madness.

Suddenly, Christian pulled his hand away, and cool air flooded the heated delta of her thighs. She moaned in dismay at the loss, her hand reaching out as if to pull him back. Chuckling, Christian grasped it, bringing it to his mouth and grazing the knuckles with a fleeting kiss of farewell. His met Ethan's gaze over her head.

"I'm going to the pavilion, to make things...comfortable." His dark gaze returned to Lindsey. "Bring her in twenty minutes."

Placing a final kiss on her sticky lips, he stood and left the table. Lindsey frowned in confusion and turned to Ethan. "What does he mean?"

Ethan brushed his lips across her neck, whispering in her ear. "He's going to make a place for us to be alone. We'll join him shortly. Come on, let's dance."

Before she could protest, he had her out from behind the table and on the dancing platform with other swaying couples. Turning to look back at the table for Cat, she found no help in that quarter. Kent had her practically bent backward over the table and was feasting on any flesh exposed to his sight.

Ethan pulled Lindsey flush to his chest. His hips moved in erotic conjunction with hers. Giving up the fight, she allowed the music to take her. His arms formed steel bands around her waist, holding her to the leashed power of his muscular chest. She could feel his arousal pressing into her stomach. The drumming became erratic, building into a crescendo, every thump the soundtrack to ravenous lust, and she was lost in it.

“Can you feel how hard I am for you, my Beauty?” Ethan rasped his passion in her ear, thrusting his hips fiercely against her, punctuating his words.

A verbal response was impossible. Instead, she stood on her toes and pulled his face toward hers. She let her tongue play at the edge of his lips, daring him to take what he wanted. It was like waving a red flag at a bull, and he charged full tilt.

She was unprepared for the onslaught. His mouth was ravenous, ravishing her lips as if they were his alone to toy with. She embraced the storm of passion, encouraging him, not caring who was looking on. He tore his mouth away, gasping for breath, his eyes molten mercury in his tanned face.

“I’d say it’s been twenty minutes. Let’s get the hell out of here.”

He pulled her from the dance floor, heading toward the tavern door. She heard him mumble something about Christian being ready or not because they were coming anyway.

Lindsey gasped, trying to slow their momentum. Abruptly, Ethan stopped and turned to face her, his eyes blazing with an undefined intensity. Her breath caught at the determination in his gaze. His grip on her arm was gentle but unrelenting.

“Do you want me? Do you want us?”

His question sounded forced and desperate. Lindsey blinked at the note of uncertainty underlying his voice. Uncertain? He looked as if his and Christian’s lives depended on it. Slowly, she nodded, unable to deny the lust eating her alive. He let out a deep sigh as if he’d been

holding his breath waiting for her response. A warm smile eased the tension tightening his handsome face.

“Come with me.”

Lindsey nodded again, ignoring her fear of the unknown. He pulled her from the light of the tavern into the mysterious darkness of the night.

Chapter 7

The pavilion was dark save the light from candles and the glowing embers from the brazier. Christian had been busy. Not only had he lit candles, but he had made an inviting bed of blankets and pillows on the floor next to the warmth of the fire. Lindsey felt a zing of anticipation shoot up her spine and settle warmly in her belly. Ethan had walked in ahead of them, moving to an open chest. He pulled out a large bottle filled with an amber liquid and three goblets. Going over to the wooden table, he poured equal measures in all three. The silence of his actions made them appear ceremonial and solemn. Slowly approaching her, he handed her one of the goblets.

“Here is your last chance, Beauty. Now is the time to refuse us. Know that if you wish to leave, the door is open. We will not stop you or think badly of you.”

Lindsey already knew her answer, and nowhere in that answer was the word no. Slowly taking the goblet from his tanned fingers, she raised it to her lips and swallowed. The taste of warm fruit exploded in her mouth, and the slight alcohol kick tingled at the back of her throat. The flavor was mellow and honey sweet, delicious. Her delight was easily communicated by her moan of pleasure.

“You like it? It’s pear honey mead. I made it last year and have been saving it for a special occasion. Don’t drink too deeply. It’s sweet to taste but has the kick of a pissed-off mule.”

Christian laughed, walking over to take the other goblet from the table. “I could tell stories about that mead, Beauty. Ethan, remember the time you had a little too much of Sami’s brew? You ended in the

stables with the horses, trying to kiss one on the mouth. You were lucky you didn't get trampled to death."

Ethan's look of obvious chagrin sent Lindsey into peals of laughter. It helped that she was a little tipsy.

Christian was obviously trying to break the ice on a very tense moment. The question in her mind was how they would begin. Sex had always been a little awkward for her. She was used to following the lead of her partner. It was clear that they wanted her to make the first move, to show she was ready for this. She drained the goblet of the remainder of the mead and walked to the center of the pavilion.

Upon reaching the bed of blankets, she slowly began to pull at the ties of her bodice. For a moment, nervousness almost undid her. Before her stood two of the most beautiful men she had ever seen. Tonight, they had proven to be gentle and kind, attentive to her every desire. She wasn't fooling herself about what this meant or how this might affect tomorrow. This was one night of pleasure. Her body clamored for the feel of the hands that had teased her all day, taunting her with the pleasures that could be hers if only she gave the word.

Christian was the first to move toward her, taking her quaking hands into his, halting their ineffectual tugging at the bodice ties. He slowly raised the quaking fingers to his lips, kissing them. The unexpected contact made her breath catch. She watched mesmerized as his tongue snaked out, swirled, and teased each finger. He pulled them into the heat of his mouth. The languid rush of anticipation became a blaze of rampant desire shooting straight to her now-weeping pussy. The desire was so strong her thighs trembled with the unrelenting urges these men inspired in her.

Releasing her hands, he completed the task she'd started, neatly pulling the laces from their moorings. They had already seen her without the added support of the bodice, but they had not seen the whole package without the wrapping. Despite the dimness of the tent, the golden glow of firelight would put all of her imperfections into stark relief. From the rounded pooch of her belly to the excess flesh at

her hips, all would be in plain sight. Strange that after all of these years, Lindsey had thought she had made a shaky peace with her self-image, despite many bad experiences from her childhood. Standing before what could be perfect examples of the male animal in his sexual prime did something to her already flagging self-confidence.

Ethan stood mesmerized, totally absorbed by the luscious curves about to be revealed. The almost overwhelming urge to speed up her slow progress nearly overtook him. He turned to Chris, finding his best friend in a similar predicament. The front of his pants sported an impressive tent, much like Ethan's own, thrusting eagerly at the seams. Turning back to Beauty, he almost missed the look of dismay that flickered across her face. Smiling encouragingly, he took a slow step toward her.

"Don't you know you are the most beautiful woman in the world to us? We ache to see all of you. Please show us."

The sound of his voice deepened the flush of her already heated face. She took a deep breath, the resolute look in her eyes conveying her decision.

They watched as she quickly undid the remaining laces of her bodice, dropping the garment on the ground next to her. She made quick work of the shirt and skirts, soon standing naked before them. In the dim light of the tent, Ethan could just make out the gooseflesh prickling her flesh.

Lindsey blocked all embarrassment from her mind, determined not let her fears steal this moment. She watched as first Ethan then Christian removed their clothing. Soon, two bronzed and gloriously muscled bodies stood before her. The differences in the coloring were a fraction of their individuality. Though they both sported the physiques of conditioned athletes, Ethan sported a broader frame and slim hips. Christian had the body of a swimmer with a long torso and muscled flanks. Her eyes fell to their heavily engorged cocks, both full and weighed down by the heft of their arousal. Both were fiercely impressive in girth and length.

Ethan's was almost as thick as her wrist, with a blood-engorged head that resembled a ripe plum. Christian's erection was not as thick as his dark companion's but no less intimidating. The shaft pulsed in rhythm to the blood pumping through it, the bobbing movement reminiscent of a come-hither gesture as it arched toward the corded six-pack of his abdomen.

Ethan was the first to close the distance, pressing his muscled chest flush to Lindsey's heaving breasts. At the first contact, a groan emanated from deep within his chest.

"Ah, Beauty, I've waited all day with the hope of being with you like this." Ethan's words rasped sexily in her ear, his hot breath bushing her neck like a physical touch. The thickness of his need prodded at her belly, giving her the urge to rise to her tiptoes to try to tuck it between her thighs. She couldn't keep her back from arching farther.

Suddenly, Lindsey felt molten heat at her back. Christian had joined them. Her heart raced at the first touch at her back, gently stroking down her spine. Their sensual play from earlier in the day paled in comparison to the lava flow they were bathing her in now.

"You have such a sweet ass, Beauty. Made just for me to kiss, hold, and possess."

Christian nuzzled the other side of her neck, punctuating his words with gentle thrusts of his hips. Each thrust wedged his thickness farther into the crevice between her ass cheeks. Lindsey stiffened in a moment of apprehension, remembering the size of his cock. Was it possible? As if reading her mind, he petted her reassuringly.

"Only when you're ready, both emotionally and physically. When it comes time, we will slowly initiate you. Would you like to know how we'll do it?"

Lindsey could only nod jerkily. Ethan had dipped his head to gently tongue her aching nipples.

Her attention was deliciously divided between these two sexually potent males. Nipping gently at the flesh of her ear, Christian began to describe in excruciating detail what they were going to do to her.

“Have you ever been massaged with sweet almond oil? No? You’re in for a treat, my love. First, we’ll warm the oil with our hands so it doesn’t make little goose bumps on that sweet flesh.”

As he said this, his right hand moved to her hip, gently raking his nails back and forth. The savagery of it made a small orgasm blossom in her belly like a tiny explosion. Looking down, she saw Ethan grasping her breasts, feasting on the hardened peaks in deep swallows. The stunning sound of his suckling kisses and wet tonguing once again permeated the silence of the pavilion.

“You like what he’s doing to you?” Christian whispered sensually against her flushed cheek. “The way he’s tasting those beautiful nipples as if they were full of honey? Feel how hard he’s sucking? Tell me how much you’d like that tongue to devour that beautiful pussy.”

Christian moved his hands around her quivering hips, slowly gliding down to the delta of her thighs. With one long finger, he shallowly delved between the saturated folds of her womanhood.

Lindsey shook with the sensual barrage laying open siege to her body. Both men were relentless in their assault on her heightened senses, driving her into a state of erotic bliss. Ethan maintained his gentle grip on her pliant flesh, periodically teasing the hardened buds with his work-roughened thumbs.

“While he’s working that sweet, wet hole, I want to play with that beautiful ass. I want to push my tongue into that tight ass while Ethan is eating that hot pussy. You like that?”

So this was losing your sanity, Lindsey thought abstractly. Her entire being was centered on the tumultuous world below her waist, being tormented in the most erotic way she’d ever experienced. Christian’s hot words and Ethan’s onslaught were leaving her little control. All she wanted was to lie down and be fucked into oblivion,

anything to satisfy the four-alarm fire reigning in her body. She even tried to bend her knees, urging them all to the welcoming blankets. Christian wouldn't have it. He was relentless.

"Not quite yet, my sweet. I'm not finished telling you how we will prepare that luscious ass of ours. After we've covered your whole body in slick oil, I'll start working the cheeks of your ass, kneading and relaxing them. I'm going to push those cheeks as far apart as I can and let Ethan hold them apart so I get total access to that perfect rosebud. Do you know what I'm going to do next?"

Lindsey moaned in response. She could already imagine his warn breath teasing the ultra-sensitive area. She ground her hips back into the huge cock poised in that very spot. She knew if she thrust her hips more forcefully, the head of his turgid flesh could easily begin a pinching penetration into the untried canal.

Once again, Christian intercepted her wild thoughts. "Don't even think about it, Beauty. It would hurt you and bring little pleasure. Be a good girl and listen."

He followed his slightly stern reprimand with a firm but gentle swat to her ass cheek. The pleasure-pain of the blow caused her pulsing clit to reverberate. Another landed smartly on the other cheek, followed by a slightly lighter one on the first cheek. Her breath caught at each closed-palm spank. Lindsey knew her ass was blushing red from Christian's spanking. Every time his hand landed, it forced her hips into Ethan's attentive hands.

"I can't take much more of this. Please, just take me! Do it now!"

Ethan's deep-throated chuckle vibrated through her chest, and he lifted his head from his tortuous task. The minute he moved, cool air replaced the heat of his merciless mouth.

"You'll take as much as we dole out, Beauty."

Ethan knelt down before her, his face eye level with the curvaceous expanse of her hips. Gently, he halted the thrusting action of his friend's hand, and for the briefest moment, their eyes met in

silent communication. No words were necessary, each knowing the other's desire.

She felt Ethan's tongue play around her moist nether lips, making long, teasing laps, rimming the sensitive flesh, furrowing between the tender folds of the hypersensitive mound. She could barely control the urge to grind down on his face, dying to feel the teasing tongue enter her tight slit. Tiny mini-orgasmic explosions ignited in her abdomen. Her body trembled with the exertion of remaining upright.

"Are you ready to hear the rest, my love?"

Lindsey could barely pay attention to the inflaming words Christian whispered in her ear. His hands had reached up to take hold of her breasts, not so gently pinching the engorged nipples. The combination of his pulsing cock nudging the tight sphincter of her rear and Ethan's voracious tongue at her pussy sent her over the edge once again.

Thrusting her hips forward, she vainly tried to ride Ethan's marauding tongue, trying to seek a fulfilling relief to ease the fire roaring in her center. His tongue remained frustratingly outside her pussy, continuing only to tease, making brief flicks at her clit and opening.

"You ready to come again, baby?" Christian asked as he gently bit her earlobe, keeping up the hypnotic rotations of his hips.

"Oh, yes! Fuck me! Please...I can't take it." Lindsey's voice felt ragged in her parched throat.

"Ethan, I think our Beauty wants a ride. Will you do the honors?"

Ethan lifted his head from her gleaming pussy, a smile of wicked relish baring his perfect teeth. Lindsey groaned when she saw how his lips shone wetly, knowing it came from the flowing honey of her body.

She watched as he gently released her leg and readjusted his body to lie back onto the pile of blankets. Before she knew it, Christian situated her over Ethan's head, releasing her breasts and gently urging her forward until she was on all fours.

The position forced her ass and pussy to lie open like a split peach, impossibly wet and inviting. Christian knelt behind her, feeling the anticipation course through his body, knowing the same gnawing desire pumped through Ethan.

His mouth salivated at the gleaming, pale ass presented before him, quivering and poised over Ethan's face. The cheeks were beautifully reddened by his little punishments. Years ago, Christian had discovered the fine line between pleasure and pain. With just enough of both, a sexual encounter could triple in intensity. He wanted so badly to show her, but it was too early to share that side of himself. Not yet.

Lindsey could feel Ethan's breath at the oversensitive flesh of her pussy. The engorged nubbin of her clit lay distended and open, waiting for a new torture. Strong arms wrapped around her thighs, securing them open and in place. Any question of what they intended dissolved when Ethan's first suckle at the heated clit sent her mind spiraling.

Ethan relished the tender flesh between his lips, gently worrying it between strong sucking motions and just the lightest brush of his teeth. As he feasted, he moved his hands to the soft curves of her buttocks, pulling the cheeks apart.

Christian saw the tender, puckered rosebud slowly appear, and his breath became harsh in his chest.

"Hold her wide open for me, Ethan."

Ethan grunted in response, his head bobbing in rhythm to Lindsey's grinding hips. Tightening his hold, his fingers made slight indentations in the soft flesh of her ass.

Lindsey felt the tightened hold on her rear, which still tingled from Christian's spanking. She'd never thought she had a lurking desire for this kind of kink, but the mild pain served the dual purpose of heightening the pleasure and super sensitizing her skin. She could feel the cool rush of air passing over her exposed flesh.

Did Christian mean it? Was he going to take her in the ass now? Her stomach clenched in a moment of fear and anticipation. Could she take him all inside her?

Ethan's tongue began to piston in and out of her hot cunt, shallow then deep. All she could do was try to bring herself as close to that working mouth as possible. She was dying to have it as deep inside her as possible, sliding over and lapping those clenching inner muscles. It was then that she felt gentle licking in her ass. He wouldn't! Would he?

"Oh, my God!"

Christian was licking and kissing inside the hypersensitive folds of her ass, gently rimming the tender, puckering flesh. The sensation was like nothing she'd ever fantasized about. His tongue was like a wily snake, slithering around the tender anus, all the way to the crack. Uncontrolled shivers passed up her spine when she felt a prodding at the entrance.

"You like that? Our tongues on you and in you?"

Lindsey felt puffs of warm air at every word Christian spoke. She mewled, rolling her hips, not knowing whether to push back into Christian's questing tongue or thrust forward to ride Ethan's ravenous mouth. The dual impact of having a tongue in her ass and pussy at the same time made her want to stutter like an idiot. Any amount of fantasy fuel she could have thought up would have paled in comparison to the torture she was receiving. Another orgasm slammed into her, nearly taking her breath, and her lower body gyrated as she strove for yet another release. Sweat glistened on her body in a fine sheen.

Ethan's mouth moved away to be replaced by one long finger gently sliding into the hot cream of her slit. She was so wet with desire she very nearly didn't feel the initial glide in the impossibly slick passage.

Ethan groaned as he watched his finger slip into her to the third knuckle. She was so juicy, so ready for their heavy, thick cocks. He

had to tighten his grip slightly on the cheeks of her ass because her skin was slick with perspiration.

“Oh, God, I can’t take it! Mmmm...yes! That feels so good.”

Christian almost came at the throaty growl emanating from Beauty’s hoarse throat. Her hoarse cry of sensual distress sparked his own wrenching need to a new high. With a guttural moan, he increased his efforts, determined to wring of drop of pleasure from her.

Lindsey heard a high keening sound, like a woman on the verge of dying. With mild shock, she realized the animalistic cry was coming from her. Christian was working her like a lollipop, licking and tonguing in a frenzy. She could feel every thrust and retreat, in and out. If this was what it was like to have a cock in that forbidden place, she was a brand-new fan. Every few minutes, she felt cool air as Christian pulled back, and then she felt the startling liquid slide of his tongue down over the heated area. Lindsey thought she’d reached a peak of satisfaction until Ethan’s finger transformed into three, filling her pussy with each relentless thrust. Letting her head drop, she could see Ethan lift up and take her clit into his hot mouth, sucking and laving wickedly.

“I think you’re ready for us, my Beauty.”

Christian had ceased his play with her ass and begun kissing up her back until his chest brushed against her. His husky voice sent shivers straight to her quivering pussy, which Ethan had just relinquished with a slurping pop.

“Damn right, she’s ready. Aren’t you, sweetheart?”

Lindsey should have become used to seeing the sheen from her juices on this man’s lips, but each time, it never failed to make her melt.

“Who shall it be, baby?”

Christian was grinding his hips against her ass, his staff sliding easily back and forth between her slick ass cheeks. The feel made her want to impale herself on the long cock. The erotic teasing was

driving her to distraction. Christian wasn't faring much better. His thighs jerked as if trying to keep himself from pounding into her. At each pass, the plump head would catch on the rim of her anus.

At this point, Lindsey was just about beyond all coherent thought. She needed to be fucked right now, and she didn't care which one of them took her first. Mincing words was a waste of time, so she decided to make an obvious gesture.

Spreading her legs as wide as possible, she pressed her crotch flush onto Ethan's face, praying his tongue would snake out to take her to those erotically mind-blowing heights.

Christian let loose a bark of laughter, watching their shy Beauty go for broke on his buddy's face. He would bet Ethan was laughing under there somewhere. Getting up from the floor, he walked to one of the large trunks across the tent. Opening it, he went straight to a box of condoms. For a moment, his eyes rested for a moment on a brown bag containing one of Kent's glass cock creations. Without a pause, he picked up the bag and a bottle of sweet almond massage oil. Anticipation settled warm in his belly.

He turned to see Beauty had readjusted her body so that her legs were spread in front of her, her arms supporting her upper body while she ground her cunt over Ethan's madly flickering tongue. Her head was flung back, her mane of flaming red hair cascading down to tickle and tease Ethan's throbbing cock. It was the most beautifully erotic sight he'd ever seen, her riding his best friend's face. Ethan's cock thrusting up into the mass of hair tormenting his flesh, groaning and writhing.

Christian waited for a rush of jealousy, even of twinge of anger at being left out. Nothing came but a placid feeling of rightness and a driving need to join the fun. He knew Ethan was loving it, too. A moment of doubt froze him in his tracks. It was obvious Beauty was getting off, but what about the morning after? Would the pleasure of their company survive a night of mind-blowing eroticism?

Suddenly, cold determination filled him. Damn right, it would! Something this right, this good deserved every chance in the world. In the morning, they were going to have one long talk. If they didn't get distracted, that was. *Speaking of distraction*. Christian watched as Ethan sat up, easing Beauty gently off his chest. She willingly eased away, a look of disappointment furrowing her brow.

Christian had to smile. She had started to look a little pissed. The girl wanted to come, preferably on a cock, today! Walking over to the blankets, he placed his treasures off to the side except for the condoms. Opening the box, he tossed a couple to Ethan, who immediately began to roll one over the taut flesh of his shaft.

Lindsey watched Ethan as he expertly rolled the paper-thin latex over his huge dick. The sheer girth gave her butterflies, making her wonder if he would fit. Her eyes wandered over to the impressive package Christian sported. She saw his width was a little above average, but the length had at least an inch and a half on Ethan.

"Want a ride, baby?" Ethan was reclining back on the blankets, caressing his cock in strong, almost rough strokes. His eyes shone with sharp desire. Did she ever! Trying to look sexy but not overeager was tough when she felt like a bitch in heat. For a moment, she paused, looking back at Christian, not sure how he felt about her taking Ethan first. What she saw both shocked and comforted her. He didn't mind. In fact, his eyes were melted chocolate pools of lust. She watched as he reached for his own cock, slowly stroking to the tip and back down the shaft in an agonizing pace.

"Take him, Beauty. I want to watch you ride Ethan's cock."

Christian's voice was harsh with arousal, his eyes hooded as he stroked his cock.

Turning back to Ethan, she began the journey up the muscled landscape of his body. Straddling his thighs, she kneeled, poised above his sheathed, pulsing cock. He released his hold on his penis, smiling recklessly, the glint of sexual challenge gleaming in his eyes.

"Do the honors?"

Lindsey grasped his cock, and heat emanated from it, making it feel feverish in her hand. Taking a deep breath, she eased the bulbous tip just inside the opening of her slit. She was so wet all it took was a gentle push and the cherry-plum tip popped into the tight opening. She was glad he had been so thorough with those nimble fingers. Slowly, she allowed her thighs to relax, easing herself down on his turgid shaft. Lindsey gasped because she was full to bursting.

“Oh...oh!” Her breath hissed out between pursed lips. The momentary relief of being filled by him was immediately followed by a new urgency.

Ethan gritted his teeth, trying to maintain control. She was so fucking tight, so good. Turning his head, he saw Christian lie down on the blankets, his fist moving in agonizing strokes up and down the thickened staff of his cock. A pained look glazed his eyes, his thighs tight and spread.

Placing his hands back on her hips, he lifted and then brought her back down, moving her in a tantalizingly slow rhythm. Damn, he wasn't even all the way inside her, and he was going crazy. Looking down, he watched the thick crown of his cock disappear inside with mind-numbing ease then reappear drenched with her juices.

“Ride me, baby. Take all of it, fucking take it all,” he grunted, on the edge of exploding deep inside that sweet channel.

Lindsey felt overstuffed with Ethan's cock. She felt her nether lips as they flared and stretched to accommodate the girth of his thick shaft. With every lift of her hips, she could feel the wet glide of his cock stirring snugly inside her. As she lowered herself, his thickness plumbed another inch, spreading her wider still. Hearing a gasping moan, she turned to where Christian lay stroking himself urgently. A drop of cum oozed from the blood-engorged tip and poised atop the head like a liquid pearl.

Mesmerized, she watched as his thumb passed over it on a downstroke, adding lubrication down the length. His hips lifted from

the ground with every down thrust of his fist. She realized his hand was moving in time with the rhythm of her hips as she fucked Ethan.

It was like she was fucking both of them at the same time. Her hips jerked hard on Ethan's cock, rocking harder now. She allowed her body to relax and sink down to the hilt on the throbbing cock between her legs. The whole time, she watched Christian as she took in Ethan's hardness, watching his body struggle for completion, his muscles brought into stark relief as his back arched, his fist pumping his cock in a steady, rough rhythm. Lindsey's attention was divided between the thick cock stretching her pussy and watching the mesmerizing sensual display of Christian masturbating.

His free hand glided down the glistening plane of his muscled chest, stopping at his nipples to tease them roughly, pinching them until they peaked. Her breath caught at the stunning sight he made, torturing his body into painful pleasure. She watched his hand continue down his body, grasping his balls and rolling them sensually. Lindsey never knew watching a man like this could be so hot, such a turn-on. There was no denying the incredible surge of power she felt, knowing that these beautiful men were at her mercy.

Ethan felt his balls tighten with every downstroke of Beauty's pussy. Every stroke was like a fist, milking his cock of every drop of cum he could give, begging it to spew in her sweet flesh. He let his hands slide to her ass for better leverage. He wanted to pound into her, but his sensual lady was controlling the pace. Looking up, he saw her mesmerized gaze was fixed on Christian, who was fighting to delay his completion. Beauty wasn't aware, but Ethan knew he was experiencing the same gut-wrenching pleasure in his body.

Lindsey leaned forward to let the pebble-hard nipples of her breasts brush Ethan's chest. The forward motion allowed her more freedom of movement to ride his cock. Tiny spasms ricocheted through her pussy, creating little shivers up her spine. Watching Christian fist his cock, his eyes reflecting erotic desperation, suddenly

she had an intense desire to have that beautiful dick closer to her, in her mouth, to taste him.

“Come here, Christian. I want to see *my* cock a little closer.”

The commanding element in her voice got an immediate response from his straining body. Rolling to his hands and knees, he moved toward her with the grace of a panther. Christian kneeled next to Beauty, watching as she rode Ethan’s cock with an agonizing slowness. Sitting up on his knees, he continued the rough stroking of his cock, unbelievably turned on by the sensual display.

Lindsey reached up to take Christian’s swollen cock in her hand, gently nudging aside his pumping hand. She took over the motion, gently exploring the turgid shaft while tracing along the engorged veins that pulsed along the sides. She traced her thumb over the velvety head, enthralled by the creamy dew that formed at the tiny slit at the tip. Still maintaining a sliding glide on Ethan’s cock, she leaned forward, tentatively touching the pad of her tongue to the weeping head. She let the warmth of his essence collect on her tongue, taking in his male essence. Opening her mouth wider, she slowly engulfed the entire head, all of a sudden hungry for more of that salty emulsion. Holding the shaft, she bobbed her head up and down, sucking and licking, drawing pained moans from Christian. She imagined she could feel his groans reverberate up the shaft of his cock into her mouth.

Christian and Ethan watched, fascinated, as their siren continually bobbed and suckled the turgid cock. They were both riding a knife’s edge of control, fighting the orgasmic maelstrom engulfing them all. Christian’s hips began a slow thrust into her steamy, hot mouth.

“Lean your head up, baby. Try relaxing your throat.”

Christian lifted the sweat-dampened hair from the side of her neck and head, cooling her and providing an incredible view of her sweet mouth loving him. The gentle rasping of her tongue over his head made him see black spots. The urge to thrust urgently rode him hard.

In hushed, desperate words, he instructed her how to open her throat for his deepening thrusts. She was a quick learner and was quickly able to take half of his length in her throat without gagging. He watched his pulsing cock slide deeply between her lips and emerge again dripping with pre-cum and saliva. So beautiful. So hot.

Lindsey was moving atop Ethan wildly now, the heavy slide of his cock making wet, slapping noises coupled with her muffled cries. She felt Christian gently grasping the back of her head, guiding her movements as she swallowed his straining cock. Her thighs trembled as yet another orgasm was setting to detonate inside her. The incredibly erotic feel of hot cocks in her mouth and pussy simultaneously pumping away was mind blowing. She took Christian's balls in hand, massaging the tightening sac between her fingers. Looking up, her eyes met his desperate gaze, his eyes darkened pools of lust. His chest rose and fell with his struggle to maintain control. She wouldn't have it.

Releasing his cock with a wet smack, she said, "Come in my mouth. I want more. Give me more." Her voice was hoarse and sounded like sex itself to her ears.

He groaned as he watched his cock disappear into her mouth, her tongue darting constantly to lap at the seeping tip. Looking down, he saw Ethan's face reflecting the same monumental strain. His friend's thighs were raised from the floor, pumping madly. The mound of her ass jiggled with every powerful, driving thrust, his cock a relentless piston.

Ethan cried out as he gave up the fight, letting the orgasm take him. Lindsey almost choked on the hot jet of cum that filled her mouth as she fought to swallow and maintain the pumping rhythm.

"Oh, God, baby! Take my cum, yes, yes!"

They were all moaning, and Lindsey couldn't differentiate between hers and theirs. The rushing sound in her head overrode everything around her. All she could do was ride the storm, her mouth filled with Christian's essence, her pussy packed and spasming

around Ethan's cock. The world broke into pieces, shattering like colored glass.

Chapter 8

What a dream she was having, Lindsey thought, as oiled hands massaged her back and thighs. Lying on her stomach, she allowed those magical hands to do their work, seeming to know exactly where to knead and mold, her thighs especially, pleasantly sore from earlier exertions of their sexual play. Her body still pleasantly hummed from the numerous orgasms she had racked up not an hour before. Lindsey's heart tightened at the remembered tenderness with which they cooled and freshened her where she was sticky from their combined releases. Oh, how she wished it could be this way forever. To be cared for like this and not to have to be the strong one, the dependable one.

Opening her mouth, she allowed another succulent grape to be placed on her tongue. Biting down, the sour and sweet juice burst over her palate. She moaned with the decadence of the moment. Christian lay on his side, propped up on his elbow, picking through a large bowl of fruit, choosing succulent pieces for her to sample. He'd cut up peaches and pears he had produced from one of their giant trunks. Besides fruit, there was cheese, sausage, chocolate, and even an array of crackers. It was like traveling with The Swiss Colony, she thought laughingly to herself. All thought ceased when Ethan's glorious hand landed on a particularly tender spot on the inside of her thigh.

She couldn't hold back the moan as he expertly rubbed more warm oil onto the tender flesh.

"You two joust, romance a lady, and give massages. What did I ever do to deserve this kind of luck?"

She giggled when Ethan gently tickled the inside of her thigh then leaned down to take a little nibble as if he couldn't resist the temptation. His oiled hand passed over the abused spot, gentle and sensual, only to return again for another caress. He continued this exquisite torture, each infliction of pleasure-pain rekindling the barely cooled desire in her body.

Christian passed a slice of juicy peach across her lips, leaning over to suck the wetness away.

"You were born, Beauty," Christian whispered against her mouth as he played havoc with her swollen lips, tender from the passionate feasting on his cock. He ached at the remembered feel of that hot mouth and how it laved his skin and swallowed his erupting ejaculation.

Tonight had been a glorious taste of the pleasures yet to come. She had only experienced a fraction of the ecstasy they would bring her. He let his hands join Ethan's as they rubbed and caressed her body, attuned to every catch of her breath and shudder. Looking up, he met the gaze of his friend and saw the glimmer of moisture collecting there. He was feeling the incredible bond as strong as Ethan was, engulfing them both in the shock wave of emotion.

There was no doubt now their Beauty was the one true love for both of them. Her sweet trust and passionate response to their touch awakened voracious need and hunger for more of the same. The only question now was how did she feel about them? To say this kind of relationship was unusual was an understatement. They could only hope she felt strongly enough to take the risk. There was only one sure way to ensure she would even consider it, and that was pure, unadulterated seduction—love her so hard, so completely that to imagine a life without them was impossible.

Ethan nodded in silent agreement to the determined, almost ruthless gleam in Christian's eyes. They would begin tonight.

Lindsey wasn't sure what alerted her to the change in mood. The lighthearted air had changed to one of tension. The hands caressing

her body became surer, knowing exactly how to touch her to gain a response. Ethan's playful nibbles became passionate bites followed by a gentle suckling. Christian moved from in front of her to sit next to her, and Ethan retreated to the other side. She lay between them, getting more than a little nervous due to the change in ambiance.

"Just relax, baby. You've trusted us this far. Trust us a little more." Ethan continued to murmur gentle words of encouragement, massaging her back in short, caressing strokes.

Another set of hands, heavily coated with oil, began kneading the mounds of her buttocks. They moved in hypnotic circles, lulling her body into a state of arrested delight. All she could do was lie still and feel those hands stimulate her overeager flesh.

Lindsey felt the cool glide of more oil being poured over and between the swells of her buttocks, making her slick and pliable.

"Remember what we talked about earlier, Beauty? About how we wanted to prepare that sweet ass for indescribable pleasure?"

Her breath caught at the remembered erotic promises Christian had whispered. Primal fears of the unknown made her body tense, fighting the urge for flight. As he spoke, a slick finger slipped between her thighs and moved up to the well-greased threshold of her cunt, making burrowing forays up between the slack folds then thrusting shallowly into the wet heat of her pussy.

Lindsey ignored the faint soreness as he slowly fucked her with his finger, reveling in the pleasure of being slowly filled. Each stroke thrust farther, stretching and sensitizing the inner muscles. Even after being thoroughly fucked by Ethan's thickness, her pussy still felt tight and needed to be stretched. Her hips lifted from the blankets, desperately seeking a deeper penetration. Christian's clever teasing sought only to stir her desire, not satisfy it, and he was ruthless in his denial of her release. Ethan's gentle massaging had ceased, and he maintained a firm hold at her waist, stilling her gyrating hips.

Christian eased her legs even farther apart, leaving her completely open to his assault. His free hand glided over the oily contours of her

ass, and his fingers slid in the slick crevice. Her heart raced at the first shallow infiltration of his nimble finger. She could hear the men's breathing become harsh and labored.

Ethan watched his friend as he pumped the reddened bud of Beauty's anus. The tight flesh reluctantly released the tip of his finger every time he pulled out, slowly parting anew at each reentry. It was unbelievably arousing hearing Beauty's mewling cries at each thrust. One finger became two, thrusting in a slow corkscrew motion, each pass stretching her wider still. Ethan felt her body stiffen under his hands. She was hurting.

"Christian, take it more slowly."

His gruff instruction was almost missed by his friend's single-minded concentration on his task. Sweat beaded on his forehead, trickling in rivulets down the side of his face. Christian stopped to look up, meeting Ethan's gaze, the desperation and complete arousal matching Ethan's own, heightening to almost unbearable reaches.

"More slowly, man. She's hurting."

Christian momentarily removed his questing fingers but maintained the deep thrusting into the moist depths of her vagina.

"It's okay, baby. We've got you. We want you to let go, sweetheart."

Lindsey could barely hear Ethan over the conflagration taking place in her quaking body. Christian's first penetration into her untried anus had produced a momentary discomfort. As he continued to play with her, she'd felt the whole area begin to loosen and soften under his touch. The moment a second finger tried to ease inside the tight canal, she couldn't keep her body from tensing as a pinching pain seared up her spine. Despite the discomfort, she didn't want him to stop. The feeling of both her orifices deliciously filled was addicting. Lindsey felt another cool drizzle of oil glide between the cheeks of her ass, oozing down to further lubricate Christian's drenched fingers. Impossibly, she felt the nudging of a third finger ease into her already overstuffed pussy, struggling to take in yet

another intruder. She squirmed against the blankets, not knowing whether to encourage or fight another orgasm singing in her tortured body.

“What do you want?” Ethan’s voice was harsh with the passion riding his senses and stealing what little patience he had left.

Lindsey moaned. “Please, fuck me!” To her own ears, she sounded garbled and unintelligible. She had reached her limit and teetered on the edge of sweet oblivion.

“How?”

Ethan was close to her ear now, whispering sexily. Her response must have been too slow for his liking. His hand reached up to first stroke her tumbled curls then suddenly took a firm grasp, tugging the strands. The fierce tugging only served to enhance her pleasure, sending tingles over her scalp that echoed the sensations roving over her body.

“How do you want it, baby?”

Another sharp tug followed, sending another electrified thrill shimmering down her spine. Purposely, she tugged her head forward, tightening the merciless hold and sharpening the sensation. Helpless against the ecstasy assailing her, she thrust her hips up and back, yearning for an even deeper caress. She was hungry in ways she couldn’t describe, her body clamoring to be filled.

“Please, in my ass. Fuck me there!”

Mere seconds after the words left her mouth, the distinct pressure of a finger filling the tight orifice of her anus returned. This time, it moved in a slow corkscrew fashion, massaging the loosening inner muscles. She had become addicted to the feeling, the impossible filling. Lifting her hips, desperately trying to thrust back into the questing finger, wanting it deeper. Christian’s finger become two, disappearing repeatedly in the puckered hole. Every few thrusts, more oil was drizzled and the fingers disappeared deeper in her ass until they were burrowed to the hilt.

Christian trembled with the incredible desire to lift her plump ass from the floor and ram his raging hardness into the glistening rosebud. He knew she wasn't ready to take the girth of his cock.

"God, yes," he groaned, inadvertently tightening his hold on their love's now-dampened mane of curls.

Lindsey's breath hissed as she felt the tightening hold of Ethan's grip on her hair. The sharp tugging sent pinpricks of sensation radiating over her scalp. She found herself pulling her head forward, increasing the pressure and heightening the pleasure-pain.

"It's all right, Beauty. Let it happen. Let the pleasure take you."

Ethan leaned down as he spoke, turning her head to gently take her mouth in a searing kiss. Her thoughts scattered and reformed in the searing images of what they'd done to her body earlier. Every loving and tender touch was hotly underlined by the sweet savagery of their combined passion. She let any remaining fear fall away, concentrating on the hot slide of Ethan's tongue in her mouth. Both men had an incredible gift for kissing, making love with their tongues and mouths. Ethan's other hand reached under to gently cradle her face, his thumb lightly gliding across her lips, passing back and forth across until the digit slid between her lips into the warmth of her mouth.

Lindsey obeyed the natural reaction to suck and lave from tip to base. She easily imagined his finger was a full, turgid cock, hot and on the edge of erupting, sending a creamy load into her mouth. She had already tasted Christian's essence and was dying for a sample of what Ethan had to offer.

Ethan felt his cock harden even more as he watched Beauty service his thumb. Reluctantly, he pulled free from her mouth with a soft pop, wanting to taste those wicked lips again. His tongue played the same game as his thumb had, running slickly along the edge of her mouth, daring to take what she offered. He was quickly sucked into the heated warmth of her mouth, and his tongue became her new toy to be sucked and teased. At the same time, he could hear Christian's

groans as he fought to maintain his own frayed control. Ethan pulled away to gently nibble at her lips, speaking in hushed, seductive tones.

“God, baby, you’re so beautiful.” Christian’s voice sounded guttural and labored.

His hand remained steady, beginning a fluid thrusting motion. The friction of the shallow penetrations awakened a searing hunger in Lindsey’s body, and she lifted her hips up from the floor, fighting to meet the questing thrusts.

“That’s it, sweetheart. Feel how good it is?” The sensuous drone of Christian’s voice was intoxicating.

Lindsey couldn’t have responded if she wanted to, because the incredibly intoxicating feeling of being filled ravaged her senses. Every silky, pinching slide of those fingers spiraled her to further heights of ecstasy. Any discomfort melted into wave after wave of forbidden pleasure. She’d had no idea a woman could come this way. It was beyond anything she’d imagined. The shallow penetrations became deeper and firmer.

“Oh, God! Oh, yes! Please, harder, fuck me harder!” Lindsey was frantic now, having pushed her legs as far apart as she could and raising her hips at every downward thrust of Christian’s fingers. She was riding the edge of bliss when those wicked fingers pulled from her body with a slick ease. She moaned in dismay. She’d been so close, almost there.

“Don’t think we’d let just my fingers have all the fun.” Christian’s sensual chuckle lightened the sexual tension darkening his voice.

Strong hands grasped her hips and pulled until she was on all fours. Ethan kneeled in front of her, and his waving cock bobbed before her face. Grasping the reddened staff, he pumped it in long, firm strokes, squeezing from base to tip. The tiny slit of the head was level with her eyes, affording a view of an iridescent sheen of cum accumulating at the tip. The overwhelming urge to take his tumescence into her mouth was beyond compelling.

As if reading her mind, Ethan playfully bumped the blunt tip against her chin, daring her. Unable to resist, Lindsey allowed her tongue to streak out, granting a teasing flick across the tip.

Ethan groaned, watching Beauty play the coquette, tempting and teasing.

Lindsey couldn't keep the smile of satisfaction at bay. Feeling powerful and conquered all at the same time was unbelievably heady.

"You like sucking cock, Beauty? You like the taste?" Ethan reached up with his free hand, brushing her damp curls from her face.

Ethan looked up to see Christian's gaze, fixed on the round lusciousness of her ass. His own gaze was captured by the lurid picture before him. His friend now had the tip of his cock at the oiled orifice between Beauty's ass cheeks.

He watched as Christian pulled the slick cheeks farther apart, slowly beginning to penetrate. They both shivered, watching the swollen head ease in with a slick pop. The moment Lindsey opened her mouth to gasp, it was immediately filled with the blazing heat of Ethan's desire.

Christian fought the consuming desire to ram home into the fist-tight hold of their love's anus. She was unbelievably tight, and every contraction was like a hand milking the engorged tip. The slick snugness fisted the tip of his cock like a silken vice, pushing him toward the edge of endurance.

Lindsey moaned around the girth filling her mouth, her body assaulted by dual penetrations. Christian's clever fingers had been replaced by a firebrand, forging into her flesh, leaving a trail of exquisite fire. Ethan's hands held her head still as he began to thrust into her mouth shallowly. Remembering Christian's sensual tutoring, she relaxed her throat to allow Ethan's cock even more depth to thrust.

Christian found a rhythm, measured his penetrations from shallow to deep, alternating at an erotically maddening pace. She felt another

wave of ecstatic energy move through her body. Her body rode the knife edge of impending orgasm.

Ethan was the first to lose the battle, his back arching in fierce release. Christian quickly followed, his thrusts become staccato as he gave in to the culmination of unrelenting pleasure. Their cries were all the encouragement Lindsey needed to give in to her own release.

Lindsey almost choked on the hot jet of cum coating her throat. Swallowing convulsively, she sucked all the harder, encouraging more of the elixir from Ethan's straining cock. At the same time, she felt another scalding stream pump in her anus, setting off another heart-stopping orgasm.

Ethan pulled his softening penis from her mouth and then lifted her chin for a slow, erotic kiss. He could taste his release on her lips and tongue. Christian had pulled from her body as well, planting tiny, teasing kisses over her glistening buttocks and back.

The air was thick with contentment and spent lovemaking. Christian eased over on to his side, pulling Lindsey flush against his body. Gently pulling blankets around them in a cozy nest. She watched Ethan rise his feet, moving around the pavilion lowering lantern light and banking the small fire in the brazier. Without missing a beat, he crawled under the blankets, lying flush against her other side. With a sigh of sensual exhaustion, she let sleep take her.

* * * *

Lindsey awoke surrounded by warmth, sandwiched between Christian's and Ethan's sleeping forms. She could see early dawn light creeping through the edges of the pavilion walls. Moving experimentally beneath the muscular arms across her chest and stomach, she winced at the protesting ache in her thighs and back.

I haven't had this kind of action since I stopped going to the gym. She laughed to herself.

A warm glow of contentment settled low in her belly, filling her with a sense of fulfillment. Turning her head, she gazed upon Ethan's sleeping face. With his eyes closed, he looked innocent, without a care in the world.

Lindsey let her gaze wander to her other side, where Christian slumbered. His mouth was open, and a slight snore accompanied every breath. His golden hair lay tousled across his forehead, making him look like a boyish satyr lying down after a night of debauchery. A shiver slid up her spine, and the memory of the night's events prodded at the cooling embers in her body.

What a night it had been. She looked down at their entangled bodies on the mussed pallet of blankets. She would never forget it as long as she lived, even if she never saw them again.

Cold reality finally reared its ugly head, chilling the warm memories of her lovers. Of course she would never see them again. There was no other way for this to turn out. Besides, they'd all had their fun, and now the time had come to return to life as she knew it. The golden glow of contentment began to fade away with the morning light, leaving her bereft and weepy. The thought of never seeing her lovers again made her heart clench.

This was not supposed to happen. She wasn't supposed to feel this way. Lindsey's eyes began to burn with unshed tears, and she fought like hell to keep them from spilling over. She had to get out of here, to think away from these two big distractions. Held in place by their arms was like being tied with steel bands, and they weren't budging.

Then another chilling thought occurred to her. Had they done this before? They had moved in unison, as if they had practiced on other women. During the throes of each orgasm, Lindsey had marveled at how they seemed to know exactly what the next move should be to elicit the best response.

Another hot rush of tears glazed her vision. They had definitely done this before. Her heart was crushed with the thought of being one

more notch on a pair of belts. She had to get out of here and go somewhere to lick her wounds in peace.

For the next five minutes, an excruciatingly slow squirming session ensued as she gained freedom in inches. Finally, she managed to pull herself free, rolling to the end of the pallet of blankets. She looked around until she found her costume neatly folded on one of the benches. She choked on a sob, damning these men for their thoughtfulness, for making it all the harder to leave.

She slowly stood to walk over to the bench the firm grasp of a hand wrapped around her ankle halted her. She looked down into the liquid, gray pools of Ethan's eyes. A sleepy smile graced his sensuous mouth, making him appear even more adorable.

"Where are you going, Sleeping Beauty?" His voice was incredibly sexy, roughened from just waking up.

The lie stuck in her throat, choking her, but she knew she couldn't break down now.

"Oh...I am going to head over to the glassblowing stall and get a change of underwear. I'll be right back."

"I'll go with you." He made a move to get up.

"No! I mean, don't worry about it. I'll be back in no time."

She hoped the forced lightheartedness in her voice wouldn't give her away. Ethan hesitated, and his questioning gaze darkened with concern. He was about to question her further, but Lindsey couldn't afford to stay a moment longer. She was at her breaking point.

"Don't worry, I'll be right back." She pulled at her ankle, still grasped by his bronzed hand, praying he would let go. Sighing, he released his hold, lying back in the blankets.

"You better. I'm in the mood to serve my lady her breakfast."

Lindsey nodded, hustling into her clothes. She left off the bodice, not wanting to waste another moment. She was going to the doorway flap when Christian's husky voice interrupted her escape. Turning, she saw her golden Adonis sitting up, and the blanket covering him had fallen to barely cover his crotch.

“When you get back, we need to have a talk, all three of us.”

Lindsey smiled tremulously. Great, what were they going to tell her? No doubt what she had already figured out on her own. It was fun, it was great, and it was over. Like she would stick around for that kind of rejection. Fuck that.

“Yeah, sure. When I get back.” For a second, she tried to commit as much as she could to memory. The inviting picture of her lovers, her knights in shining armor lounging on the same blankets where they’d driven her to complete ecstasy, was too much. Spinning, she practically flung herself out of the pavilion and ran. She ran as if her heart depended on it. Sadly, she suspected it did.

Chapter 9

Two weeks later

Lindsey stared at the computer screen in front of her, the spreadsheet blurring together into one blob. Sighing with frustration, she got up from her desk, wondering when she would ever feel normal. Her small house was quiet in the early morning light. Her dad had taken to going on mysterious fishing trips on the weekends with an old chum.

“Nice to know he’s having a good time.”

Even her cat, Doris, seemed less inclined to just sit next to her mistress while Lindsey moped.

Since *that* weekend, she had been less inclined to go anywhere, including taking on any temp accounting jobs. She knew what was wrong. She missed them. Her beautiful knight lovers had been dogging her memories ever since she’d run away that weekend. Part of her still felt guilt for leaving the way that she had. Lindsey tried to remind herself it had been for the best, they hadn’t any intention of continuing a relationship with her. Besides, three-way love triangles were something you read about in steamy erotica novels, not lived in real life.

Lindsey thought about going back to the computer, but she couldn’t bring herself to do it. All the number crunching in the world couldn’t distract her from the hole that had formed in her heart. She gave up asking herself how she could have fallen in love with two men at the same time. It was just a hard fact and one she would have

to get over if she was going to move on. She'd wanted a breakout weekend for her birthday, and boy did she get it.

"Fuck it." Lindsey bypassed making any coffee and opted for a hot shower. Maybe she would take herself to the movies, anything just to get out of the damn house. It was Sunday, and Monday was just on the horizon. Nancy Boone, one of her CPAs from the accounting temp agency Lindsey owned, called her earlier in a panic. Apparently, the contract accountants had to bail out of a job suddenly. The sudden absence had something to do with a surprise marriage proposal and a last-minute flight to Las Vegas. Nancy had been in a complete panic. The contract was with a seriously respectable and wealthy graphics company.

Lindsey had no problem remembering the name—Black Knight Graphics. Knights mentioned in black or any other way sent a shiver down her spine straight to her vagina. The aches and soreness acquired by her night of shameless passion had faded long ago, but the memories were still alive and well, especially at night when the house was silent and her body writhed in hunger to be filled by her golden and dark lords. How long did it take a heart to stop breaking? A week, two weeks? Lindsey accepted that she may never get over Ethan and Christian, because their faces were never far from her mind.

The last couple of weeks had become a true lesson in torture. Part of her wanted to run back to the faire, not to revisit their interlude but rather to at least catch a glimpse of them on horseback galloping heroically down the field. Not that she would turn down another evening of unbelievably hot sex, but the damned rational side of her mind demanded she keep her distance and get on with "normalcy." Of course, writhing in heated lust every night was not what she'd call normal for an evening. Her good old standby robo-boyfriend wasn't even fitting the bill anymore. The ringing of the phone interrupted her depressing thoughts. She walked back to her room to pick up the receiver.

“Hello.” Lindsey sounded far more cheerful than she felt.

“Hey yourself, sexy vixen faire queen!”

Cat’s sunny voice was a welcome surprise. The faire and Kent seemed to have kept her busy the last couple weeks. It had worried Lindsey that perhaps her friend had been angry with her for taking off the way she had. Her only explanation had been hastily given to a half-awake Cat still wrapped in the arms of her lover. If she had been shocked to wake up with Lindsey standing over her half dressed in her tent, she hadn’t blinked an eye. Lindsey tried not to appear confused and frightened, but she suspected she did anyway. Cat easily accepted her apologies, but the determined look in the woman’s blue eyes said there was going to be a reckoning later. They hadn’t really spoken since except for a few stilted e-mails, hurried and short. This was primarily Lindsey’s fault. She had been coming up with every excuse in the world to avoid a rehashing of that weekend at the faire. Judging by Cat’s cheery demeanor, Lindsey was hoping their friendship was still unharmed.

“Cat! Hey, sweetie! How have you been?”

“Very cool, actually. As a matter of fact, I am doing fucking marvelous. Remember Kent? You’re not going to believe this, but I think I’m in love!”

Cat was practically reaching through the phone with her excitement. Lindsey was elated for her, immediately shooting a barrage of the usual silly, girlish questions of how, when, and where. Cat was Cat and produced an entire romantic deluge of the events of the past weeks. She talked about the small, sickeningly sweet things Kent did for her like leaving “I love you” notes on her car, roses on the pillow, and giving her steamy sex on Sunday mornings, this morning included.

Lindsey listened patiently to Cat’s excited chatter, secretly hating herself for the envy that began to steal its way into her mind. She chided herself for the self-absorption clouding Cat’s good news. Her friend deserved some happiness, considering she had kissed more

than a few frogs. For just a moment, Lindsey wanted that feeling of complete happiness, knowing that someone loved her like that. A sickening reminder settled like a rock in her stomach. She remembered she'd had that. The rational Lindsey said, "Yeah, but was it real, or were you the number three party treat that weekend?"

"Lindsey, you there?"

Lindsey focused back on the conversation, trying to rally a flagging good attitude.

"Are you okay, honey?"

This time, there were serious notes of concern in her friend's voice, making Lindsey feel like utter shit. Her friend had finally found true love, and she could not even pay attention. Conjurung a cheerful tone, she laughed off Cat's inquiry, choosing to refocus to her good tidings. Cat wasn't fooled for a minute.

"It's Christian and Ethan, isn't it? You miss them?"

The words stuck in Lindsey's throat, right behind the huge lump there. Before she knew it, the whole tale was out in a teary flood. Cat listened patiently for a few long minutes, throwing in the occasional sympathetic platitudes. At the end of the tirade, Lindsey was wrung out and lying flat on the bed, blowing her nose in a tissue.

"Lindsey, I should tell you something, and I hope you don't get mad. The morning you left, those guys were tearing up the faire looking for you. Kent almost got his ass kicked because he stepped in when they cornered me behind the stall, drilling me with questions about who you were and where you'd come from. I gotta tell ya, sweetie, they were beyond pissed."

Lindsey's heart stopped and restarted at every word Cat spoke. The only thought repeating in her mind was "They care." She must have spoken it allowed, because Cat chimed in.

"No shit, Lindsey. What the hell did you do to those guys? Whatever it is, you need to bottle it and sell it on eBay. They searched around all day but ended up leaving the festival. If I were you, I

wouldn't want to run into them in a dark alley. I don't think they would take it easy on you."

The obvious warning in Cat's voice sent a shiver through her body, and thinking about those once-warm pools of molten chocolate and hot quicksilver turning to arctic coldness made her heart ache.

"You know what you need? You need a specially made spa pack."

Lindsey groaned, amazed how Cat thought every hurt in the world could be cured by good sex. The last "spa package" Lindsey had received from Cat contained a vibrator and different flavored lubricant gels.

"Cat, you really don't have to do that. I'll be fine. Besides, it feels kind of weird to have my friend keep providing me with toys." Strong, warm arms surrounding her, holding her into submission while a relentless hand worked her pussy with a glass dildo. A moan almost slipped out over the phone, her hand tightening on the receiver. Maybe a new toy was just what the doctor ordered.

"Look at it like this, Lin. I am a provider of fine fantasy accoutrements, and I could do no less but assist my friend in her hour of need."

Lindsey had to laugh at Cat's speech that boiled down to one thing—give your lonely friend a dildo.

"What are you going to do about Ethan and Christian?" Cat's sudden question broke the levity of the conversation.

"What can I do? I only know their first names. Besides, it was supposed to be a fantasy weekend. I got my fantasy, and they got a piece of ass. End of story." Lindsey wondered if she sounded like she believed what she'd just said.

"Yeah, right! Anyway, queen of denial, how is that sexy dad of yours?"

They continued to talk for a few minutes, and the end came with cheerful goodbyes and plans to get together in a couple of weeks. Hanging up, Lindsey headed for the shower, wondering if cold showers could work on women.

* * * *

“Maybe we should hire a private eye to find her.”

Ethan looked up from the productivity report on his desk. Christian stood at the doorway of his office, his athletic body leaning against the frame. Ethan knew his best friend appeared relaxed, but the reality was he was anything but. They had both been riding a painful edge of tension the last couple of weeks, starting the moment Beauty took off without even a “fuck you very much.”

That day, they’d been like mad men, asking anyone and everyone if they had seen her, even going as far as harassing her friend, Cat, at the glassblowing stall. Cat had refused to budge, not even giving them Beauty’s real name. Her boyfriend Kent stepped in to stop their questioning, and they were so angry about their loss they almost took his head off. Disgusted, they’d decided to leave with quick goodbyes to surprised friends. That had been two weeks ago, and the painful hurt of Beauty’s rejection was as fresh as if the episode happened just yesterday.

“What would be the point, Chris? We don’t even know her real name. We’d look like idiots.”

Ethan sighed disgustedly, standing up to walk over to the huge window of his tenth-floor office. It afforded him a breathtaking view of the city skyline. Christian’s office was next door, his spacious office sporting the same view. Amazing what money could buy, he thought morosely. Everything but love.

“I am tired of hurting, Ethan. We have to do something!”

The now-familiar angry edge in Christian’s voice grated on Ethan’s nerves. He snapped.

“Pick a woman and fuck her, then, if you’re in so much pain!”

Despite what he said, Ethan knew they’d find more pleasure jerking each other off than in the pussy of any other woman than their

Beauty. He sighed, hating the constant sniping at each other that had become damn near routine lately.

“Look, I am sorry, man. I am hurting, too, but did you stop to think maybe she didn’t want us? We knew it was a risk being with her. Not every woman can handle what we wanted with her. Maybe she just cut her losses and ran.”

Ethan’s heart clenched, seeing his friend’s eyes cloud with pain.

“Yeah, maybe you’re right. We’ll just forget it, forget her.”

Ethan nodded, turning back to his desk and the productivity report. “Besides, we have bigger problems. That temp accountant we hired decided to trip the life fantastic with a boyfriend. We still have another week’s worth of work to complete before the merger with that software company.”

Christian sauntered into the office, flopping down into one of the comfortable black leather chairs in front of Ethan’s wide desk.

“I already took care of it. I called the agency on Friday, and they’re sending in a replacement tomorrow.”

“How about we head to the castle next weekend?” Christian asked.

Ethan’s mood immediately brightened at Christian’s suggestion. The castle was actually a stone house they’d had built four years ago out in the country, complete with a small tower and courtyard, even a small creek that served as a mote. It was a place they’d built out of their fantasies and dreams, the perfect place to escape for a while.

“That’s great fucking idea. We’ll leave first thing Friday morning.” Ethan smiled at the prospect of getting away, from the city, from the pain.

Chapter 10

Lindsey stood up from her desk in a satisfying stretch. “Thank God tomorrow is Friday,” she said over a wide yawn.

The woman sitting at the other desk smiled. “I know. I’ve been looking forward to the weekend since last Sunday. Want some coffee?”

“Oh, yes! That’s a great idea.” Lindsey followed her temporary coworker into the well-appointed employee kitchen. Black Knight Graphics sure knew how to treat their employees. The ten floors of the ultramodern building housed employee lounges, kitchens, even a small spa room with a gym. Everyone she’d met in the company this last week had nothing but great things to say about the owners. She hadn’t had the chance to meet the two men yet, and she doubted she would. Tomorrow was her last day temping for their accounting department.

According to Angelina, her coworker, she was missing out on a rare treat. Apparently, they were the finest things walking on Armani-clad legs, although she didn’t see how the little, rotund black woman could possibly want anyone besides her husband. On her desk, a wooden frame showed off a picture of her Marlboro Man-looking husband, complete with Stetson and horse. If Mel Gibson and Russell Crowe had a love child, he would definitely be it. Angelina said they’d met on one of the company junkets to a vacation ranch, a “learning to rope steers and work better as a unit” kind of thing. The idea had been to get to know your coworkers better. Instead, Angelina spent most of the weekend getting “riding” lessons from the ranch

owner. Six months later, she was Mrs. Jaxon Baron and loving every minute of it, if the twinkle in her eyes was any testimony.

They sat at one of the many small tables scattered around the large kitchen, the delicious aroma of fresh-brewed coffee wafting between them. Lindsey liked Angelina. In fact, her open and candid attitude reminded her a great deal of Cat. Lindsey couldn't help but smile, just imagining the trouble these two could get up to in a hurry.

"Are you staying late again?"

Lindsey had been leaving as late as nine o'clock the greater part of the week. There were still a few things she needed to finish up from the temp before her. She silently thanked God the woman had been neat and precise in her work, making it easier for Lindsey to come in and finish it.

"I hadn't planned on it, but it looks like that's the plan." Not that Lindsey had any plans, hot date or otherwise.

"What about you?" she inquired over her mug of steaming coffee. Angelina's eyes lit even brighter with a mischievous glint.

"Apparently, Jaxon has a little surprise for me this evening. It's our six-month wedding anniversary, and we don't get to see each other that often, being that he goes back to his dude ranch every other week. Whatever it is, it will no doubt give me a backache and thigh chafe like road rash."

Lindsey almost spit her coffee out on the table, laughter making her choke on what little liquid she got down.

The women decided to take a quick lunch together, regaling each other with funny stories. Afterward, they headed back to work, the day flew by, and before Lindsey knew, it was five o'clock. Angelina was out of her chair with her coat by five minutes after, obviously in a fiery hurry to rush home. Lindsey didn't blame her, silently wishing that she could feel that same urgency. Angelina was waving a quick goodbye when she stopped in her tracks.

"Shit! Damn, I can't believe I forgot to print that productivity report. I am going to be late meeting Jaxon at the restaurant as it is."

Angelina returned to her desk, hurriedly rifling through neatly stacked papers.

“Ah, here it is! Lindsey, would you mind doing me a huge favor? Would you mind copying this report and dropping at the boss’s executive assistant’s desk on the tenth floor?”

Lindsey, not being one to stand in the way of true love, agreed to do it. In the blink of an eye, Angelina was out the door with thanks echoing down the empty hall.

* * * *

Lindsey stepped on the elevator, punching the button for the tenth floor. She yawned hugely as she leaned against the back wall, hoping the executive assistant’s desk would be easy to find. It was already nine o’clock at night, and the building was virtually empty except for a few security guards. The elevator bell rang, signaling arrival at the tenth floor, and the doors swooshed open to reveal elegant hardwood floors. Stepping off the lift, her heels clicked loudly as she walked out into a large hallway. Right across from her was a small, well-appointed, carpeted waiting area complete with elegant, black leather seating.

There was a large desk with a computer in the center, strategically placed in front of two large doors. Lindsey assumed those led to the owners’ private offices. This must be the place, she thought, walking over to the desk and placing Angelina’s report on it. She was just about to turn away when something caught her eye off to the right. One of the private office doors was slightly ajar.

Lindsey couldn’t resist a little peek into how the other half lived. The whole place reeked of expense from the super-sheen of the floor to the elegant wall fixtures. She promised herself just a quick glance and then she’d leave, pushing the door wider to step in. The moment she did, lights from wall sconces shed a delicate glow through the room. The sudden illumination gave her a start, a feeling of doom

coming over her. Thinking she was busted, she spun to face the music from one of the building security guards. The doorway was empty, and so was the huge office. Motion sensors, no doubt, she guessed, sighing aloud with relief.

Turning back to view what the light revealed, she gasped at the eccentric beauty of what should have been just an ordinary office. She had been expecting something ultramodern and stylish. Instead, she'd stepped into a medieval chamber. Sure, there was a desk, but the walls were covered in tapestry that went from floor to ceiling. A glass case to the far right housed an ancient-looking, black battle helmet. There was something hauntingly familiar about the design that tweaked her memory. Her eyes were caught by the enormous window that took up one wall of the entire office. The view was breathtaking, spanning the entire city skyline. Must be good to be king, she thought with a twinge of envy.

"Can I help you?" The deep, stern voice of a pissed-off male interrupted her reverie.

Shit, now I am really busted. She scrambled to think of a good reason why she should be nosing around the boss's office. Squaring her shoulders, Lindsey turned to face the music.

"Should I repeat myself, or did you hear me the first..."

The question stopped midstream just as she turned to face the tall man at the doorway. Shock streaked through her, turning her to stone. Time seemed to slow down to a trickle. The look of anger in his silver-gray eyes turned to surprise then happiness, finally icing over into merciless resolve.

"Beauty?"

All Lindsey could do was nod, shock keeping her immobilized.

Ethan strode toward her, not even pausing to step around a chair in his path. He simply shoved it aside and let it fall over in a clatter on the carpeted floor. The sudden noise roused her from the shock-induced stupor, and she acted as any creature in nature would. She ran. Skirting the other side of the desk, she made a lurching move for

the door. Perhaps in her heart of hearts, she knew he would catch her. He was too quick. Leaping over the edge of the desk, he easily grabbed her from behind and pulled her flush against his hardness. She shook from unexpectedly seeing him here, of all places.

“Why did you run from us?”

He cut right to the chase, his voice a forceful rumble through his chest. Grasping her shoulders, he turned her to face him, making her meet his gaze. Gone was the gentle lover. Here stood a menacing black knight towering over her, his grip like bands of iron.

“Why did you leave?” he asked again, pushing her back toward the desk until she was forced to lean over the edge.

Despite his anger, he was very careful not to hurt her, but his hold brooked no argument. His eyes were intense pools of gray confusion, battling between suppressed rage and rampant desire.

“I...how?”

She couldn't seem to work words past her lips. They stuck in her throat as she fought to make sense of what was happening. The feel of his body against her sent an incredible rush of desire coursing through her body, sending scalding heat to her core. Memories of their wild night together played before her like an X-rated stag film, starring her and her insatiable lovers. Despite the circumstance, her body had a mind of its own, heating at the proximity of Ethan's body. The last two weeks had been an exercise in self-denial and fear. Being in his arms now seemed to quiet all the voices of reason, urging her to fight, to run away again.

“Answer me! Do you have any idea what you did to us? How you hurt us?”

Ethan was so close to her, his body flush and pressing impossibly closer. His every word was punctuated by puffs of breath against her face.

Words fled, leaving her astounded and silent. There was nothing she could say, no words to describe how she had felt. Taking a breath, she prepared some sort of explanation, a valid reason why she turned

tail and ran. Suddenly, the rational seemed lame now that she faced the injured party. Before a word was uttered, hard and angry lips took possession of hers in a no-holds-barred punishment. She felt Ethan's teeth nip and bite at her lips. Then he immediately passed his slick tongue over the abused flesh, only to return again with another nip.

She tried to move. When he sensed her attempt to retreat, a growl rumbled from his chest, warning her what danger she courted to refuse him. It was only moments, but her body felt like it had been ravaged for hours. The pent-up lust inside him was unleashed onto her mouth. Within moments, Lindsey's body betrayed her, leaning into his demanding embrace instead of running from him. Every thrust and parry of his tongue garnered an unsolicited moan of aching response. Her arms reached up to gain purchase on his broad shoulders, and her hips pushed against the undeniable erection pushing into her belly like a hot poker.

Ethan's embrace began to soften, becoming coaxing instead of coercing. His anger seemed to temporarily drain away, replaced by a sexual fascination and gentling passion.

Finally, pulling his lips away, his eyes glazed with lust and hope. "Tell me why, Beauty. Why did you run from us? Did we ever once give the impression we would hurt you? Did we hurt you? Were we too rough?"

Lindsey almost laughed at the look of anxiety that replaced the hazy lust that had dominated only a moment before. Almost shy, she shook her head. "No, you didn't. I can't explain it. I just got a little frightened."

Sighing, Ethan snuggled her securely to his broad chest, gently brushing the hair from her face. Lindsey snuggled closer, enjoying the return of the gentle lover.

Suddenly, Ethan pulled away, cursing under his breath. "Christian is going to lose control when he sees you. I took it hard when you left, but he...he was inconsolable."

As if on cue, another voice interrupted the intimacy of their embrace.

“Hurry up, Ethan. I thought you wanted to get an early start. Oh, hello. I thought we didn’t mess with the staff, bro.”

The joking lilt of Christian’s remark was swallowed by the tension that flooded the room. Sighing in resignation, Ethan stepped to the side, providing Christian with a clear view of the *staff*. Unlike Ethan’s slow rise to anger, Christian’s immediately leapt into near ferocity. He was across the room and in her face in seconds, not saying a word. Just staring her down, silently daring her to deny him, to deny them.

“How the fuck did you just show up out of nowhere?”

“Go easy, Chris.”

Ethan tightened his arms protectively around Lindsey’s trembling body. For a moment, silver and brown eyes clashed for supremacy.

“Why should I? It’s not like she gave a shit! Did you, Beauty? Because if you had, you would have at least told us!”

The harshness in his voice did not frighten her. It was the shimmer of tears she saw gathering in his eyes. She found herself tentatively reaching up to lay a trembling hand against his cheek. He flinched, pulling away, his eyes still hurt pools of exotic sable.

While Ethan’s eyes had been a slow burn to anger, the look on Christian’s face, reminding her of a mortally wounded animal, devastated her. Somehow, in her flight from their night of illicit passion, it never truly occurred to her how badly her actions might have hurt them. Tears blurred her vision, making Christian’s devastated face blur into the dark interior of the room. If it weren’t for Ethan’s hold on her body, she would have turned away to hide her own feelings of guilt and shame, praying for the floor to swallow her up.

In the past, Lindsey had always been the one to feel hurt at being cast aside. For the first time, she saw that same feeling reflected in the face of someone else, and it made her speechless. At that moment, she

would have done anything to make their combined looks of disappointment go away.

Ethan shifted Lindsey to stand in front of him, and his arms adjusted to wrap around her shoulders. It was as if he sensed the fight had left her, and he desired to comfort her, settling her easily between his muscled, jean-clad thighs. Despite the tumbling emotions sweeping her mind, she couldn't prevent the hot shiver of sexual awareness. Her body's nerve endings had become living things, reawakened from their two-week sleep, hungering for the familiar closeness of her lovers. Her heart ached for her golden night. She saw his eyes close with a sigh, the inner struggle apparent in the lines on his face. With a sigh, his eyes opened. A look of resolve stared back at her.

Christian knelt at her feet, slowly nudging her legs apart, sliding them just on either side of Ethan's thighs. Lindsey could feel Ethan easing farther back onto the desk, forcing her to lean back with him, leaving her lower extremities even farther exposed to Christian's intent. He had easily pushed her skirt up to her waist now, shaking his head at her Just My Size panty hose and cotton underwear.

Placing his hands on her thighs, Christian looked up to meet Lindsey's tear-streaked face. "Are you sorry, Beauty?"

"Yes," she said. Her voice was a husky shadow of its former self, straining to think of something else to say to make it all better. Lindsey shivered under the cool, determined gaze of Christian's exotic eyes. As Ethan had warned her, there would be no mercy found here.

"How sorry? Sorry enough to take what we dish out? To give us any pleasure we desire, no matter how much it may scare you?"

Lindsey shook from another fear now, one that had nothing to do with discovery and everything to do with sharp desire.

She couldn't fight the urge to turn and cuddle into Ethan's more gentle embrace. Christian caught the little movement, delivering a firm spank to the right cheek of her ass. She yelped, caught off guard

and simultaneously aroused by the sudden sting and settling warmth in the abused spot. Ethan reached down to rub the area for her, soothing and even more arousing at the same time.

Suddenly, Christian stood, silently walking around the other side of the desk. Lindsey heard a desk drawer open and close. A second later, Christian was back before her, and in his hand, he held what looked to be a six-inch, sheathed blade with a four-inch, jeweled handle. The medieval design glinted in the near darkness of the office. At first, she thought it was a small dagger, but upon closer inspection, she thought it was a beautiful letter opener. But when Christian slowly removed the gilded sheath, a lethally sharp blade gleamed in the dim light. Her heart sped up as the blade made a slow approach to one of her legs. Strangely enough, she wasn't afraid that he would cut her, only that she didn't know what he would do next.

As if sensing her body's heightened awareness, Ethan bent his head to the side of her neck. His teeth began an erotic game of nipping sharply then soothing the abused area with a gentle swipe of his tongue. He whispered words of encouragement, calming the bowstring tightness of her back. She felt like she was standing between the sun and the moon. One gave off scorching heat, and the other was still and gentle. His hands released her waist to move up to the aching mounds of her breasts, kneading and pinching the sensitive peaks of the nipples through her blouse. Lindsey shivered under the sensual onslaught of their dual attentions.

Christian looked up to meet his best friend's gaze, communicating his desire not to hurt their Beauty but craving a dangerous edge to their lovemaking. A wave of gratification moved through his body to see the answering response in Ethan's eyes, reflecting inflamed lust back at him.

Lindsey watched in a red haze of desire as the tip of the letter opener easily sluiced through the delicate netting of her panty hose and slid upward toward her thigh. She knew Christian would never cause her harm, no matter how angry and hurt he was, but the gleam

of the sharp blade brought a shiver of sexual danger echoing through her body. At the same time, she could feel the heavy hardness of Ethan's cock pressing into her back, reminding her of how its girth and length had filled her so perfectly. She couldn't help but rub against him, her body demanding a repeat performance.

Ethan groaned against her neck, his own hips thrusting forward into her softness. His hands continued their torturous ravishment of her breast, practically tearing the blouse open, desperate to have his hands on bare flesh. The soft thud of buttons hitting the carpet was accompanied by her harsh breathing. Lindsey arched her back, filling his hands farther as he eased the aching mounds from the constricting cups of her black bra.

"Are you wet for us, my love?" Ethan's voice was guttural. He sounded needy and desperate.

"Is your pussy flooding with cream, begging for our cocks to fill it up?"

Christian had freed one leg and moved to the other, making quick work of the netting. All that kept them on was the elastic at the waist and crotch. Reaching up with his free hand, he gently nudged the desire-dampened area between her thighs. His touch was light and teasing, intended to tantalize but not satisfy. Lindsey squirmed, trying to bend her knees, anything to increase the pressure.

"What's the matter, sweet? Hungry?" Christian goaded as he continued his torture, placing just enough pressure against the swollen clit. The slightly coarse weave of the remaining panty hose provided even more eroticism to his torturous play.

"Shall we let you come now, Beauty?"

Ethan was adding his voice to her torment now, a deep timbre designed to drive her mad with desire. His finger played her heated breasts like a virtuoso, pinching the nipples with just enough force to make them even more sensitive. His ridged erection was a hot brand, making her mouth water with the prospect of taking it into the heated cavern of her mouth. She could just imagine the sumptuous weight of

the thick head of his cock on the tip of her tongue. The musky flavor of the male mystique was a heady aphrodisiac.

Ethan's bronze hand left the erotic torture of her breasts to turn her face toward his, immediately filling her mouth with his nimble tongue. He took it in such savage sweetness, sucking her questing tongue into his own mouth, making her think of the things she wanted to do to both of them. The kiss was drugging, sucking any will to escape from her body. She was theirs to do with as they pleased. Christian had stepped up his game of single-minded seduction, slipping his finger between the saturated lips of her pussy from outside her panties. The friction was unbearably erotic. The tip rode at the entrance of her hungry flesh, mercilessly teasing her clit and enflaming her desire for deeper penetration.

Ethan caught her smothered whimper, taking it into his own mouth and returning with a groan of his own. His tongue danced wickedly in her mouth, leaving a scorching trail of moist heat. Lindsey felt like her body was on fire, and her two lovers fanned the flames even higher. Like that night before, they trapped her between ecstasy and release but did not give full reign to either.

Pulling her mouth from Ethan, she whispered, "Please, make me come." Somehow, she knew Ethan, despite his dark knight coloring, was the gentler of the two, the more forgiving.

"I told you, Beauty, there was a price to pay."

With that, he suddenly released her, leaving her to lean back against his body but not in his embrace. Christian released his hold as well, suddenly standing and walking over to the expansive window as if needing desperately to put distance between them. Ethan placed his hands on her just long enough to help her stand upright. Then he, too, put distance between them.

Lindsey stood there in shock at the abrupt ending of their tryst. Ethan stood on the other side of the desk, his face in partial shadow, making it impossible to gauge his emotions. Christian still stood with his back to both of them, gazing silently out over the panoramic view.

“Didn’t think it would be that easy, did you?”

Christian finally turned around to face her, his eyes glinting darkly in the dim space, making him appear ethereal and demonic all at the same time.

“Why did you leave us like that? Do you have any idea how worried we were?”

Lindsey sighed, trying to marshal her thoughts over the still-rampaging lust besieging her senses. Suddenly, she was angry, at herself, at them, at the fact they had driven her to such a point and left her wanting.

“What the hell did you expect me to do? I am just an ordinary woman caught up in some sort of Arthurian legend meets *Playboy* fantasy. I was afraid, okay! Afraid of you two and what you could come to mean to me. Afraid of myself!”

She couldn’t stop the tears from coming any more than she could have held back a flood.

“You have to understand something. These things do not happen to someone like me. I am just an accountant, for fuck’s sake, not Traci Lords.”

Her body shook from the emotional outburst, and she struggled to maintain the floodgates of emotion that were ready to break open and drown the whole damn office. There was no denying it now. She was in love with two men! How the hell did that happen? She covered her face with her hands, trying to hide away from them, not wanting them to want her, not wanting them to reject her.

All of a sudden, two pairs of arms like comforting steel bands enveloped her into a warm hold. This just seemed to make her cry all the harder, like her heart would break.

“Hush now, Beauty. You’ll make yourself sick. Ethan, grab a tissue for her.”

Christian was taking charge, leading her over to a couch facing the window. He whispered encouraging endearments, rubbing her back, calming her. Easing her down on the couch, he sat next to her,

pulling her legs into his lap, forcing her to lie back against the deep, plush cushion of the leather couch. Ethan materialized next to her and kneeled at her side. He pressed a cool cloth against her face, wiping away trailing tears. Lindsey wondered where he'd gotten it and then figured an office like this must have an executive restroom, too. As Ethan cooled her face, Christian massaged her legs, now bare because her panty hose were in tatters. Smiling sheepishly, he asked to completely remove them, telling her, "I'll buy you a dozen new pairs with stilettos to match."

Despite her tears, Lindsey guffawed at the mental image of her in stilettos. It would be like a beach ball balanced precariously on a pair of railroad spikes.

"I'm sorry. I was too angry and didn't mean to be so harsh."

Christian sounded contrite, but the edge of hurt still laced his voice. Lindsey looked into his sad, exotic, chocolate eyes, wishing they could rewind time and be back in the knight's pavilion under the stars, in another world.

"I'm sorry, too, Christian. I guess I didn't realize how my leaving would affect you both. This may sound a little sexist, but it's usually the guy who checks out first. I was scared, and I thought about the realities of the situation and thought it better that I leave. To be quite honest, I was a little embarrassed as well."

More tears fell from her eyes, and she reached over to brush a burnished blond lock of hair from his forehead. With her other hand, she moved to touch Ethan's smooth cheek, communicating her apology again, this time without words. For a moment, they sat in silence, content to just be in each other's company.

"How would you like to make it up to us?"

Lindsey looked back at Christian, surprised by the transformation from hurt lover to playful imp. The indignant anger had seemed to melt from him like the end of a spring frost. Now, the sun was out. A glow of mischievousness glinted in his eyes, making her recall the

day she'd first met him. She couldn't help but smile back, asking, "What do you mean, my lord knight?"

Christian smiled and continued to rub her feet, paying particular attention to her coral-painted toes.

"Well, being as Ethan and I are going out of town for the weekend, I thought perhaps you would like to join us. Also, being that you're sorry you ditched us, it would be a good way to make up for lost time."

Immediately, all sorts of objections came to Lindsey's mind. Go away with them and then what? What about afterward? Lindsey didn't know if her heart could take another forced separation. She looked over to Ethan, who had taken her hand and was playing delicately with her fingers. He was quiet but strangely tense as if waiting for a fatal blow to strike. Turning back to Christian, she saw a similar tension, as if her answer would make or break their world.

She thought of all the reasons why not and realized that she needed this and felt that they needed it, too. They hadn't had enough of each other, and a precious few days was not a lot to ask.

Despite her reservations, Lindsey knew she must agree but felt she had to make stipulations this time.

"I will go with you, but after this weekend, it can't happen anymore. This time has to be enough for all of us. No regrets, no anger, just the end of a beautiful interlude."

Ethan instead piped up to become the diplomat.

"How about this? You give us this weekend to convince you to stay with us for good." A pin drop would have sounded like cannon fire in the still office. Lindsey couldn't keep the shock from being reflected on her face. How does one woman stay with two men, let alone stay with two men for good? She knew what she felt was love, but was it the kind of love it would take for this kind of relationship, a ménage à trois? Ethan was negotiating this time, and his reasonable appeal almost made her believe in the possibility of happy ever after. No, she had to stay firm for their sake as well as her own.

“You can’t convince me. We just won’t work, but I want to spend a little more time with you before I let it all go.”

Lindsey tried to sound as determined as possible, but her heart was breaking at the thought of never being with them again. She knew there was no other way it could be.

Christian looked like he was about to object aloud but stopped with a quick glance Ethan’s way. Sighing, he leaned back.

“All right, whatever you say.” A wicked gleam reemerged in his eye. “But there’s no rule that says we can’t try.”

Like the men of action they were, they were on their feet and hustling her out of the office.

“We’re wasting time. Let’s get on the road.”

Lindsey tried to slow the progress to the elevator. “Wait! I just can’t go! I have to get clothes from my house and at least leave a message for my dad.”

She agreed to this madness, but it was moving along quicker than she intended. Christian walked ahead to tap the elevator button, a grim, determined look on his face. The lift arrived, and Lindsey was pulled inside. As the doors closed, she felt like she had just crossed a point of no return. Feelings of excitement and trepidation warred inside her. As the elegantly appointed lift sped down to the parking garage, Lindsey had to take a minute to wonder about her own sanity.

Chapter 11

Lindsey yawned hugely, stretching her body under the incredibly comfortable comforter. Her own bed had never felt so good. Come to think of it, her full-size bed had never felt this huge. Slowly, she opened her eyes, and last night came flooding back to her.

Her knights had found her, sensually punished her, made her cry, then whisked her off to their castle retreat. She bolted upright in the huge California king bed. To top it all off, she had no clothes on! Last night had been such a blur. The moment Ethan had ensconced her in the back seat of his black SUV, she'd fallen in and out of wakefulness. Blushingly, she recalled when after an hour of driving, Christian had demanded Ethan pull over so he could crawl into the back seat with Lindsey. The next two hours had the men switching at least twice. Heavy petting and long, drugging kisses were the only landmarks she could remember. Finally, the caresses and sensual play lulled her into an exhausted sleep.

One of her beautiful knights had carried her into the house. She vaguely remembered the distinct impression of being in a large space then the exquisite comfort of an incredibly soft bed. Looking down, she saw that the great, wonderful comforter was all that covered her. She tried to think if anything had happened when they arrived, but no memories surfaced. Giving her body a quick check, Lindsey decided if anything had happened, she would definitely feel the aftereffects. Hell, she would definitely remember.

She looked around the spacious room, taken by surprise with the pure elegance of it. It was a beautiful cross between *Better Homes and Gardens* and Camelot. Sheer curtains, blowing gently in the morning

breeze, gave the room a dreamlike quality. Like something out of her favorite erotic novel. It was not the sort of thing one would expect from two sexy bachelors, no matter how gallant they were. The mix of modern floral accents and Old World charm mingled handsomely to create a room out of a fantasy. Even the bed she'd slept in was draped in beautiful brocade and netting.

Thick, heavily carved pillars stood at each corner of the bed, where more gossamer fabric draped. The blond hardwood floors were laid with period Oriental throw rugs, and before a huge fireplace complete with grinning gargoyles lay a beautiful, white fur rug. Lindsey silently hoped it was fake because being a card-carrying member of PETA demanded it, but damn, it conjured up some heady images.

Lindsey was dying to see the outside. No doubt it must be as beautiful as the inside. First, she needed to find her clothes and get to a phone. She hadn't left a message for her dad to let him know she wouldn't be home. She gingerly slid out of the huge bed and began searching the beautiful chamber for her clothes. She grimaced at the thought of wearing the same panties from yesterday, but her flight of fantasy didn't allow for time to grab a change of clothes.

After five minutes of searching, the only thing she came up with was a beautiful silk kimono conspicuously placed on a deep-cushioned fainting couch. Having no other choice besides wrapping up in one of the sheets from the bed, she put on the robe. The silk felt sheer and cool against her skin, making her nipples pebble at the sensual contact. The shiver that inched along her skin was from the erotic feel of the material rather than from chill.

The call of nature sounded her bugle, and Lindsey made haste for an open doorway, hoping it was the bathroom. It may have been left open on purpose so she could easily find her way. It revealed a simple, white-tiled bathroom with the largest old-fashioned claw-foot tub she'd ever seen. Visions of sumptuous, candlelit baths and the strong enfolding arms of two particular knights came to mind.

Lindsey felt her body heat with the prospect of being slowly bathed and pampered by her “captors.”

“Focus, my girl,” she said out loud to the empty room.

Lordy, she thought only men thought about sex every five seconds. She was turning into a regular horndog, and the weekend had not even begun yet.

A twinge of fear of the unknown eclipsed her desire. She suspected Christian would demand a complete yielding of her senses and, she knew her very soul as well. Ethan had been gentler but no less direct with his lust. Lindsey pushed the alarming thought away and left the bathroom after seeing to her needs.

“Now, to take a look at this place,” she said, sounding more adventurous than she really felt. Taking a deep breath, she opened the bedroom and stepped out to go find her knights.

* * * *

“We can’t make her love us, Christian.”

Ethan tried to keep his own frustrations at bay as he faced his close friend. Christian was demanding an all-or-nothing gamble for the love of their lady. Ethan was downright frightened of losing her, and pushing Beauty too far could do just that. Christian sighed heavily, pushing forcefully away from the kitchen sink. Stalking over to the breakfast table, he leaned forward to stare Ethan directly in the eye. Strangely enough, his need for caution and Christian’s balls-out, all-or-nothing mentality was what made their company such a success. They truly were the light and dark sides of a coin. People usually thought Ethan was the brooder and Christian the lighthearted one. Little did they suspect the true reality.

“What would you have us do, Ethan? Let her go as if it didn’t matter? I won’t speak for you, but I’m in love with her. Forget the fact that making love to her is the sweetest thing I’ve ever done. She is the sweetest thing I’ve ever tasted. I can’t imagine a feeling like

this with anyone else. She doesn't...she doesn't make me feel so...dark and alone. The women we've been with could never equal her." Christian sighed heavily, sitting on one of the wooden chairs. "I feel it in my gut, Ethan. She's the one for me, for us. Can you deny it?"

Ethan looked hard at his closest friend. He figured they were as close as two men could be without fucking each other. Their friendship allowed him to glimpse Christian's deepest thoughts and desires. He knew more than anyone the loneliness his friend harbored. Their new lover represented a major emotional change for both of them.

Their bouts of closeness were losing their adequacy for him. Beauty completed this bond more than any other women they'd taken together. They had disagreed on many things Ethan had deemed too hard-core or Christian judged too soft. He'd wanted their time together to reflect the passion he felt for her, and the intensity of that feeling was on the edgy side. They'd both agreed on one thing. Beauty was the one for them, and no other would do.

"I understand, bro. I want it, too, but I won't risk losing her now that we've found her again. All that I'm asking is we take it slow this weekend. Let her decide our fate."

Ethan laid his hand on Christian's, squeezing in silent support. Ethan could see the internal struggles in Christian's dark eyes. Despite what their looks implied, Christian was the darker of them both. Emotionally, he rode an edge that he rarely shared with even Ethan. Sure, his smiles and angelic looks tended to present a picture of a happy-go-lucky demeanor, but Ethan knew otherwise. He had been this way ever since their childhood.

Lindsey found her warriors with their hands clasped over the kitchen table. It was obvious they were sharing a moment of comforting. Part of her was simply satisfied to watch these men who had such an impact on her heart. The picture they made in the sun-dappled kitchen was frozen for all time in her mind.

“Good morning, my Beauty. Can I interest you in cup of coffee?”

Christian’s sunny greeting pulled her from her private reverie. Sitting in the golden light of the morning made him appear an Adonis with a golden nimbus circling his head, and Ethan was his dark twin stepped from the page of any of her favorite romance novels. The men were dressed casually in sweatpants, Ethan in a white, unbuttoned linen shirt, and Christian’s muscled chest was gloriously bare. Christian’s chest didn’t have a speck of hair to distract from his muscled chest and chiseled abdomen. Ethan sported a fine dust of black hair upon his, but it only enhanced the muscled delineations.

To think I get to play with them all weekend.

Lindsey felt the need to giggle. Seeing these two brawny knights surrounded by the Martha Stewart scene struck her as odd and a little funny. It was going to be one hell of a weekend, she thought with a warm shiver of anticipation.

Christian gazed at the red-haired siren making her way to the kitchen table. The silk kimono he had bought for her last night billowed gently around her naked body. While Ethan had put her to bed, Christian had made a late-night run to an adult boutique two towns over. He picked up a few items for the weekend. Wishful thinking for the most part, but he was hopeful that Beauty had the adventurous spirit they suspected she did. Hence the conversation with Ethan in the wee hours of the morning.

He shivered with expectation when he thought of the dildos and vibrators he’d purchased, anticipating Beauty’s shock, then her surrendering desire. How prettily would she moan when her saturated pussy struggled to take in a thick rubber cock? At the same time, they would reinitiate her taut, pink asshole.

Ethan didn’t need to guess to know the same desire was prevalent in Christian’s mind and body. He rode the same edge between wanting to protect her and wanting to fuck her into oblivion. He knew that his desires ran in more of a gentle strain than Christian’s, yet they were no less intense.

Smiling seductively, Christian got up from the table to fetch coffee from the still-steaming carafe.

“Breakfast?” Ethan asked, reaching over to gently nudge a red, riotous curl of hair from her shoulder.

Lindsey fought the urge to reach up and smooth down the curling mess. Something in Ethan’s admiring gaze halted her movement. It was as if his eyes were saying, “You’re beautiful just the way you are.”

A warm feeling spread through her body, dripping down her spine like honey. It was amazing how one encouraging look from either of them made her forget the past hurts and rejections from prior relationships.

Christian returned to the table with a steaming cup of coffee and croissants dripping with strawberry preserves. Like in the tavern, they served her like they were her personal footmen. He prepared the coffee just the way she liked and tore the bread in bite-size pieces just big enough to feed her. Sensual looks and “accidental” touches fired an appetite in her that was not food driven. Ethan called an end to their meal, saying, “It’s time to see the castle, Beauty.” They hustled her out of the kitchen, eager to show her their home.

It was like nothing she’d ever seen before. The main foyer was done in stone and dark, tasteful oak paneling. The walls were hung with tapestries in rich, deep colors, adding to the aged atmosphere. They walked through the foyer into a large sitting room complete with a gigantic fireplace and narrow windows that resembled priest holes. They seemed to have a thing for fireplaces, and she asked them about them.

Ethan smiled sheepishly. “When Chris and I were kids, we dreamed about living in a castle. A fairytale place straight out of our fantasies with huge fireplaces guarded by fierce gargoyles and a great hall to hold court over our ‘subjects.’”

Lindsey laughed, visualizing two mischievous dreamers concocting a world entirely of their making. Beyond lust and passion, she felt true admiration for what they’d accomplished. To dream of

something and bring it into being with sheer drive was amazing. Though Lindsey sensed something a little deeper with the opulent extravagance. These men had been more than just pretending. They had been escaping from whatever cold reality had been dealt to them. A lump formed in her throat. She understood the need to escape.

The rest of the house was just as remarkable. They managed to mix in the modern with their medieval décor where necessary. There was an office complete with state-of-the-art computer system. A fax machine and a photocopier occupied a corner.

"Sometimes, we stay out here for days at a time," Christian said, leading her from the office with Ethan right behind. "We would like to eventually not have to go into the office at all, but we're in the middle of some major growth. We hope to go global by the end of the year."

Lindsey knew for a fact that Black Knight Graphics was making money hand over fist, having been working with their accounting department all week. They were millionaires by anyone's estimation, but with further expansion, their financial worth would rival Trump's. Instead of impressing her, the knowledge seemed to widen the gulf between them even further. What the hell did she have in common with multimillionaires?

"Penny for them?"

Lindsey turned to see both men staring inquiringly at her. Without realizing it, she had stopped in mid stride. She looked into both their inquisitive gazes. She realized in that moment they would do anything to make her happy. The realization made her dark thoughts all the more depressing. Pasting a smile on her face, she reached to grab cheerfully at both men's arms.

"What's upstairs?" she asked, nodding toward the short staircase.

For a moment, Ethan looked like he wanted to question her more, but he seemed to think better of it. Instead, he smiled roguishly. "Why, that is where all the bedrooms are. Care to see them?"

Chapter 12

The upstairs rooms proved to be as impressive as the bedroom she'd slept in the night before. Christian's and Ethan's chambers were a study in dark woods and heavy, comfortable furniture. In Ethan's room, she walked to the far wall where an exquisite display of swords was affixed, nearly taking up the entire space. Gingerly, she reached up to touch the hilt of one of the larger swords in the center. The blade alone was taller than her five foot one inch. Ethan came up behind her, placing his hands on her shoulders. Lindsey could feel his body heat immediately through the sheer material of the kimono.

"It's a claymore from Scotland. I purchased it a few years ago on a business trip."

If he said more than that, Lindsey wouldn't have heard him. Every molecule in her body was focused on the steady arousal his touch ignited.

The mood in the room became thick with sexual tension, electrifying the air. Lindsey had always considered herself a little sedate in her sexual urges. She'd never had the desire to rip a man's clothes off and take him like a wild she-beast. With these two, she was hard pressed to keep control of her she-beast urges. The room became silent except for the slightly heavy quality of the trio's breathing. Slowly, Ethan turned her body to face him, his touch gently coaxing.

Looking up, Lindsey was almost startled by the stark desire darkening his silver gaze. Her woman's core grew wet with desire. It never ceased to amaze her that a dumpy little red-haired accountant could inspire such desire.

For a moment, Ethan raised his gaze to look behind her, meeting Christian's in that silent communication they favored. In no time, he was stripping Ethan's huge bed of its heavy blankets, leaving clean linen sheets.

"Do you trust us, sweetheart?" Ethan's attention was back on her, his voice a husky whisper.

A sudden attack of nerves dampened Lindsey's ardor. This was a lot different from a semi-dark pavilion, she thought glumly. No shadows to hide certain lumps and creases that came with an overly blessed figure. There was no ale to dull the edges of reality and feed her wildness. More importantly, this was no fantasy. This was broad daylight with no mystery and costuming to hide the truth.

As always, her knights sensed her trepidation and immediately set about allaying her fears. Ethan's nuzzling became a full embrace, his head tucked into her neck as if he was the one who needed reassurance. The gentle glide of Christian's hand joined in, running slowly down her back then lifting the back of her hair. He placed an open kiss at the tender nape of her neck, bestowing a playful nip on the sensitive spot.

"Don't be afraid of it, honey. Please don't be afraid. Nothing else matters but the here and now, our breath and our heartbeats."

Christian's voice was that of a seducer, but his tender words did their job, easing the tension tightening her body.

Ethan raised his head, the question still in his eyes. Did she trust them?

Lindsey solemnly nodded. Of course she trusted them, maybe more than she'd trusted anybody. Taking a fortifying breath, she stepped away from the press of their bodies, moving to the bed. Turning to face them, she began to untie the belt of her robe.

"Stop, love," Christian said, stepping forward and placing his hand over hers to halt her disrobing.

Confused, Lindsey met his gaze, a small part of her still wanting to recoil from any sign of rejection.

Smiling softly, he simply said, “Your name, honey. What’s your name?”

The question caught Lindsey so off guard she let out a giggle before she caught it. She hadn’t even told them her name yet, and a part of her wanted to hold on to the anonymity of their fantasy relationship. She wanted to argue the point, but the determined looks in their eyes said that all bets were off, this was their weekend, and they would have it no other way.

“Lindsey...Lindsey Holt.”

* * * *

Ethan stared at their brave little red-haired Venus. She was more afraid of revealing her name than revealing her body. Didn’t she know, no matter what they called her, she was their Beauty and always would be? He vowed he would know all her secrets and that voluptuous body intimately before Sunday morning came. Moving her hands completely from the robe tie, he eased the silk piece from her shoulders, watching it pool into a puddle at her feet.

“My God,” he groaned, gazing at the splendor of the female form before him.

His reaction was seconded by Christian, who had moved closer to view their treasure in all her naked beauty. His cock hardened painfully, straining against the seam of his sweatpants. Gently grasping her hand, he pulled it down to hold against his burgeoning hardness evident beneath the soft fabric.

Lindsey gloried in the barely contained heat of Christian’s cock. Memories from their passionate night flooded back with a vengeance. She imagined she could feel every powerful thrust into her wet pussy, pulling away and then filling her again, deeper and deeper. A groan of feral, feminine lust erupted in the silence of the room. At a point, she may have been embarrassed, but every moment sucked her further

under their sensual spell. Christian groaned against a wave of pleasure when Lindsey tightened her hold on his cloth-covered cock.

“Slow down, Lindsey. I’d rather come inside that sweet pussy instead of wasting it in my pants.” Grasping her shoulders, he pushed her backward toward the bed and into Ethan’s waiting arms.

Looping his arms around her waist, he nimbly pulled her back to lie upon the bed. His hands and lips were immediately everywhere. Deep, drugging kisses lulled her deeper into the web of ecstasy they began to weave around her. Through the sensual haze, Lindsey watched Ethan divest himself of his own clothing and sit on the edge of the mattress, seemingly content to let Christian pleasure her.

“Open your legs for me, baby,” Christian rasped, his tongue making wet passes over one of the distended nipples.

His hand crept down to play in the red fleece between her legs. Fingers dipped in between the luscious, soaked folds of her pussy, teasingly licking the hardened clit. Lindsey spread her legs as far apart as she could. Her hips thrust up from the mattress, desperately wanting his fingers deeper at each pass.

Ethan watched Christian’s fingers move between the wet silk of her nether lips, circular movements designed to drive her to the brink. For every foray in the moist delta, they returned gleaming with proof of her arousal. The scent in the room became heady with the musk of sex, making his cock throb in eagerness. Ethan’s impatience to taste her drove him to kneel on the side of the bed, pulling her toward the edge until her legs lay over his shoulders, her nether lips open and exposed to his delight.

Christian’s fingers pushed apart the lips of her pussy, a succulent invitation. Ethan took a moment to breathe in the erotic aroma then delicately applied his tongue to the sensitive flesh, the taste of her unleashing the rampant lust within him.

Lindsey nearly came off the bed with the first gentle flick of Ethan’s tongue. Christian held her upper body immobile while his dark twin supped at her aching sex. Her breath caught and held when

that flicking became sucking, drawing the hard nubbin full into his mouth. The smacking sound of each wet, sucking pull was amazingly erotic. Christian still played at the outer lips of her cunt, seeming to direct where and how Ethan ate her pussy. His own cock lay full and flushed with blood against her thigh, hot and throbbing with every beat of his heart.

While Ethan began to fuck her with his tongue, his finger dipped into the sex honey flowing from her vagina and beginning to drench the tight entrance of her ass. He continued to do this until the pink rosebud was heavily lubricated. With gentle ease, he slipped one finger in to the first knuckle, watching the small opening struggle to accommodate the intrusion, meanwhile returning to piston his long tongue into her clenching passage.

Lindsey was shaking now, her head moving from side to side as an orgasm rolled through her body, leaving fire in its wake.

“Does it feel good, Lindsey?” She writhed in assent to the pleasure they were giving her.

“Ethan is getting that tight ass ready for us. We’re going to take our time fucking you any way we like.”

Christian continued to whisper what he and Ethan were going to do to her, with her. How far and hard they were going to take her until she couldn’t stand, until she couldn’t speak from the exhaustion of it, until she had relinquished her very soul to them. Christian’s finger slipped into her, pumping in and out relentlessly while Ethan’s finger continued to gently probe the swollen portal of her anus.

Lindsey moved restlessly against the compelling fullness, wanting them to plunge deeper, at the same time afraid of where the explosion would take her. The hot and rough sexuality of Christian’s words edged her toward another conflagration, culminating into a long, keening cry of release.

Before the world could fully right itself, Lindsey was rolled gently onto her stomach. Strong, rough hands massaged her back and buttocks, parting the globes and bringing them back together.

Christian took a pillow from the head of the bed and slipped it under her pelvis, raising her bottom in the air. Soothing caresses played down the center of her perspiring back until their hands encountered the delta of her ass. He didn't stop there but continued playing around the glistening portal of her anus.

"Ethan's going to fuck you now. He has been dying to have you this way, ever since that first night. When he saw how you took my cock."

Christian spoke gently in her ear, brushing the hair from her back. Lindsey couldn't keep her body from trembling in anticipation. She remembered that night in the pavilion, how gentle they were, the mind-blowing feeling of being impossibly filled in that forbidden way.

Christian left the bed for a moment, returning with a large, white bottle. The label held the name of a lubricant. He handed the bottle to Ethan and lay back down next to her. Lindsey felt coolness pool in the crack of her buttocks, then the questing fingers of Ethan's hand as he moved the viscous liquid around the opening. His gentle probing earlier had allowed for two fingers this time, slipping slowly in and beginning to smoothly pump her.

Lindsey sucked in sharply at the first faint, pinching sting of discomfort. The momentary discomfort did not last. Her body seemed to remember the pleasure it had experienced before at these men's hands. Ethan's fingers easily moved in to easy strokes in and out of her ass, stopping only long enough to be replenished with the cool lubricant.

The growing need for deeper penetration began to ride her mercilessly, settling low in her belly with a ceaseless hum. She wanted it harder, faster, and deeper, anything to satisfy the gut-wrenching ache. Lindsey felt the wetness from her pussy begin to flow heavier. It felt so fucking good, so damn good. Ethan moved his finger deeper and faster, his own breath coming in harsh bellows.

“Here I come, baby.” His fingers pulled out, leaving an aching emptiness in her steaming flesh. Groaning in protest of the absence of warmth, her ass wiggled, presenting an enticing view to Ethan, who was quickly losing control.

A rustle of clothing and the distinct snap of latex communicated his return. The blunt end of his cock replaced his fingers, and there was no comparison. She felt the engorged head pop easily through the tight ring of her anus. The inner walls struggled to accept his throbbing girth.

Lindsey’s hands fisted into the sheets, fighting to hold on as he began to piston into her. She cried out with every thrust, each movement tunneling deeper and deeper.

Ethan watched mesmerized, and the glistening head of his cock disappeared and reappeared from the stretched hole. Beads of sweat glistened in the streaming light from the bedroom window. Every muscle in Ethan’s body pulled taut as he felt himself tumbling toward climax.

“Damn, she’s so fucking tight, so hot, I can’t hold on,” he groaned, his hips smacking loudly against her buttocks. No sooner had the words left his mouth than his balls erupted, stealing his breath. Lindsey’s ass continued to churn against the semi-hard cock, whimpering for more.

“Don’t stop. Please, take me. Don’t stop.” She didn’t recognize this coarse, needy voice demanding to be taken again and again.

“Don’t worry, Beauty. We won’t leave you like this.” Ethan slowly pulled himself out, his flesh diminishing from his earth-shattering climax. He couldn’t hold back the final shudder of completion when the tight portal released him with a parting suctioning kiss.

Christian smoothly took Ethan’s place behind her, sheathing his own cock in latex. Suddenly, she was full to bursting again. His hands were like vises, keeping her steady for each driving thrust. Where Ethan personified gentleness, Christian was the dagger edge of barely

leashed lust. He worked her like a finely tuned instrument, first pounding then fucking in deep, heavy thrusts, wringing every ounce of response from her hoarse throat.

When Lindsey's climax finally washed over her, she feared she would pass out. It hit her in saturating, ceaseless waves. Her butt cheeks clenched spasmodically around his slick flesh, sending Christian into his own shattering release.

A cool breeze drifted through the room, cooling the heated bodies collapsed on the wide bed. All was silent but the recovering breaths of exertion and the heady scent of sated passion.

Chapter 13

The butterfly-like touches and brushing kisses brought Lindsey out of her mild slumber. Opening her eyes, she was greeted by deep brown eyes sparkling with mirthful wickedness. Christian leaned in for another kiss, this time lingering to take her breathy exhale into his mouth.

“Welcome back,” he intoned huskily, unable to resist another gliding swipe down her thigh. “Are you all right?” he asked, a genuine look of concern replacing the impish gleam.

She knew he was asking about more than her physical well being. He wanted to know if she accepted their sharing and if she was regretful or embarrassed.

Surprisingly, she didn’t feel one iota of shame or regret. If anything, she felt as free as a bird and eager to explore more sensual possibilities.

The subtle sensual challenge in his voice sent a fresh pool of desire warming in her belly. She didn’t know if she was ready for another bout of what they’d done earlier, but she was definitely ready to be the aggressor in their next loving. She cast her eyes around the room for the other part of their trio. Ethan was nowhere in sight.

As if hearing his name called, the bathroom door opened, and he appeared, a billow of steam snaking out behind him. Lindsey’s breath caught at the divine picture he made standing in the door with nothing but a towel around his waist and a wicked smiled gracing his sensuous lips.

“My lady’s bath awaits her,” he said, moving to the side to gesture grandly toward the opening.

Before she knew it, Christian was standing up with her in his arms, moving toward the bathroom. She gave a small squeak of surprise, immediately grabbing onto his neck for fear of falling.

“I am too heavy. You’d better put me down before you hurt something.” Lindsey may have discovered a new lease on her sexuality but was a way off from complete body confidence. No matter, it seemed, how many times they told her how beautiful she was, there was still the constant awareness of her size.

He smiled. “The only thing getting hurt around here is my feelings. You obviously think I am a wimp.”

How did he do that? She wondered. He took her fears and turned them into harmless, lighthearted banter.

True to Christian’s word, he effortlessly maneuvered her into the bathroom in a graceful sweep. What she saw brought tears to her eyes.

“Oh, Ethan, it’s beautiful,” she gasped, looking at the dozens of candles casting a delicious, amber glow. The room’s large bay window had been draped to cast an intimate aura of secluded darkness. At the center of the room, a supersized Jacuzzi tub had been filled. Delicate flower petals floated in the water, the heat of the water releasing their light scent in to the air. A heated ball of emotion plugged her throat as she looked at the beautifully sensual place they had created for her. In reaction, she squeezed her arms about Christian’s neck, pulling him in for a brief kiss.

“Hey, where’s mine?”

Ethan moved in beside her, his eyes looking puppy-dog sad. The mirth glinting in them blew the attempt at the dejected lover pout. Laughing, she turned her head to allow him his due.

Christian gently set her down next to the steaming tub. Ethan stepped behind her, smoothly sweeping her hair off her neck to pull in a loose knot on top of her head held by a band. Under their gentle urging, Lindsey climbed into the delicious heat of the bathwater. The perfect temperature immediately relaxed the sore muscles of her

thighs and lower back. Her loving knights hadn't been particularly rough, but they had definitely managed to work body parts that hadn't been used before. Sighing in sensual ecstasy, she eased into the water. To her surprise and delight, Ethan and Christian followed her in.

The Jacuzzi was the perfect size for three lovers. Ethan moved her to position her back to his chest, and Christian made his home beside her knees, his back at the other end of the mammoth Jacuzzi bath. One of his caresses reached the apex of her thigh and slid downward toward her anus. Despite feeling wonderfully relaxed, she couldn't hide the sudden flinch when he encountered her still-tender portal.

"Are you sore, my love?" Ethan asked, his voice raspy next to her ear, driving her into another slow burn of arousal despite any brief discomfort from the erotic play.

She nodded, cuddling back into the hard planes of his chest. Christian's touch became gentler and soothing rather than trying to elicit a sexual response.

Lindsey took in the decadent picture they made, lounging extravagantly in the sensuously scented water. She would have never imagined in her life she would be pleased and catered by not one but two gorgeous walking sex magnets. It was better than she could have read in any of the erotic novels dominating her bookcase. If Cat were here, she'd be snapping pictures for posterity. Lindsey had to giggle when she imagined the shocked looks on Ethan's and Christian's faces if Cat flounced in the door snapping pictures like the paparazzi.

"Get up on your knees, pet."

As usual, Christian was taking command of her seduction. His husky domination snapped Lindsey out of her private reverie. Helpless to resist anything they wanted from her, she gingerly eased from the water to kneel forward over the edge of the Jacuzzi ledge. He maneuvered her there then readjusted her until she was just in the right position he was seeking. A muscled arm eased between her thighs, wedging them apart, affording them the perfect view. The

warm water from the tub lapped and splashed over her inner thighs and clit. Lindsey knew what she must look like from behind. Ass cheeks slightly parted, her vagina lay open like a crimson orchid dripping with the dew of her own arousal. The knowledge that she was bared open and vulnerable was an enormously powerful aphrodisiac.

“I want you to stay absolutely still, no matter what,” Christian intoned, his voice thick with expectation.

“What...?” Lindsey wasn’t able to finish the thought because suddenly, the bubbling jets of the Jacuzzi came to life, and the streaming force of one particular vent shot right over the sensitive flesh of her pussy.

“Oh!” Lindsey gasped as the jetting bubbles teased just inside the tender lips of her labia, gently buffeting the clit. It was an erotic torture. Her kneeled position wouldn’t allow her closer to the jet. Lindsey moaned as the water licked over the sensitized area but would not bring total satisfaction. She wanted her hips pumping against the tormenting stream, but all she could do was widen her knees and take the pleasure.

Two pairs of gentle hands gently massaged amber, rose-scented soap into her back and buttocks. Fingers eased slick suds in between the flushed mounds of her ass cheeks, making slow passes over the tender portal of her anus. Despite the strain of taking a plunging cock, she was hungry for more.

“Already wanting another round, baby?” Ethan had risen up next to her, nuzzling her throat. He was as always playing the comforter while Christian played havoc with her control.

She moaned in response as one of those soap-slick fingers slowly eased into her ass and quickly retreated, only to come back. They shallowly sank into the tender flesh of her ass in slow, soothing strokes, stoking the lust roiling in her belly. With Christian’s torturous play with her ass, the fizzing water teasing her clit, and Ethan’s rumbling voice in her ear, she was going to go insane.

Christian began rinsing her back and ass, paying particular attention to her anus. The heated water cascaded over her in a comforting flow, trickling down between the soft mounds of her ass.

Lindsey wanted to howl her frustration. Her pussy clenched hungrily for something, anything, to fill the gaping void inside her. Panting cries communicated her lustful need.

“Please...I need...please!”

“It’s okay, darling, we’ll give you what you need.”

Before she could catch her breath, those soothing fingers became warm lips brushing the cheeks of her buttocks, leaving wanton tingles in their wake. Christian continued to rinse the frothy suds from her cheeks, his movements almost languorous in their slowness. Lindsey held her breath when he slowly parted the mounds to place a kiss at the rosy portal of her anus.

She tensed in surprise at the first gentle swipe of Christian’s tongue at her anus. Moaning, she pushed back against the delicious, teasing pressure. She gave a cry of disappointment when he pulled away but continued to stroke over her back and ass in slow caressing circles.

“Can I play, too?” Ethan whispered, his hand reaching down, gliding across the wet roundness of her ass. His hand moved down to stroke the sensitive flesh on the inside of her thighs. His fingers slid upward until they glanced across her clit. Lindsey arched her back, trying once more to seek closer contact. Unlike the teasing jets of the Jacuzzi, Ethan obliged her by sliding two fingers into the moist heat of her pussy

“Oh, yes!” She luxuriated in the first deep, sliding thrust into her aching flesh. He knew exactly how to elicit the orgasmic response he wanted. Each slick thrust pushed her closer and closer to orgasm. Finally, she gave into the passionate rush, leaving her languid and replete.

Caring arms pulled her from her knees and back into a reclining position against Ethan’s chest. Christian retook his position, satisfied

to just pull her legs across his lap. He gently massaged her feet, paying particular attention to her knees, which had been pressed so urgently against the side of the tub. They fell into a comfortable silence then. The low hum of the Jacuzzi and gentle attentions of Lindsey's lovers were the only breaks to the quiet aftermath.

* * * *

"It's like they're always putting me to bed," Lindsey said to herself, sitting up in the king-sized bed in Ethan's bedroom. To be honest, she'd never felt so cared for and cosseted in her life. She had been the middle child in a family of needy siblings. She'd often been looked over or depended on but never babied. *I could get used to this*, she thought, sitting up to stretch her aching muscles. Despite the little aches, she was feeling quite energetic. At some point, both men had slipped off to parts unknown while she'd napped. After the bathing session and a few more drugging kisses, she'd found it impossible to stay awake. Suddenly ravenous and curious to see what the remainder of this weekend would reveal, she slipped out of bed to put on the sumptuous robe, which had been neatly folded and left on a chair near the door.

Without the distraction of her two beautiful lovers, Lindsey could fully appreciate the house for the architectural marvel that it was. There were quite a few more rooms on the upstairs level. She found a very well-appointed workout room, complete with a myriad of exercise gadgets and weights. From the look and feel of Ethan's and Christian's well-toned bodies, they availed themselves of it often. She supposed riding roughshod down a jousting field and engaging in theatrical hand-to-hand combat could go a long way toward staying fit, too. There were three extra bedrooms that stood empty, save for beds and dressers. *Apparently, they like to entertain*, Lindsey surmised, going from room to room. A sharp jolt of jealousy rippled

through her when she wondered if some of the friends they entertained were of the female variety.

Of course there were females, came the sobering thought. They were two young, successful, sexy, single men. They probably hosted debauched gang-bangs in every one of the rooms. Just like the one they'd just had. Had they done this before? The unsettling thought took a great deal of the wind out her free-as-a-bird mood. She tried to cast the depressing notions from her head. They'd said they loved her. That meant something, right?

Lost in thought, she made her way to the end of the hall. Double glass doors opened onto a stone balcony, where a warm breeze billowed sheer curtains. Grunts of exertion and the clash of metal drew her out to stand and look over the side. The knights in question were going at each other full tilt with great broadswords. Both men were shirtless, wearing only the low-slung fitted pants and tall boots she recalled they'd worn at the faire that fated weekend. The sun glinted off metal and the glistening flesh of their bodies. They had to have been at it over an hour from the look of their sweat-drenched backs and hair.

Lindsey watched mesmerized as Ethan took a heavy swing at Christian and he, in turn, danced nimbly away. Between the both of them, Ethan was the more heavily muscled and barbaric, but Christian, like the angel he appeared, moved lightly with lethal grace. They parted after each clash of swords, moving around each other in a primal dance of force and supremacy, only to come together again with such ferocity her breath caught for fear they would become injured without meaning to. She knew they must have often played out this sparring game on the fields at the faire, but it made it no less exhilarating and frightening to watch. The sheer beauty of their movements was awe inspiring, and she had to admit it did a great deal for her libido. Hard muscles flexed under sun-kissed skin, making her recall the memory of that stunning flesh caressing her own.

“They turned me into a nymphet,” she said, already feeling the pooling moisture of arousal dampening her thighs.

They must have finally noticed she stood on the balcony.

“Did our beauty sleep well?” Christian called up, making a futile swipe at the sweat pouring down his brow.

The golden-blond hair had darkened to honey by the heat and sweat of his exertions. Lindsey, feeling the coquette, leaned forward over the banister, revealing a generous glimpse of cleavage. Even from the distance, she could feel the charge of sexual interest radiate from them.

“What is the point of taking a bath if you’re going to just get all sweaty again?” Lindsey laughed, determined to not let her earlier thoughts ruin her only weekend with them. In that moment, she decided it didn’t matter what their sexual history was. It seemed like all her life, she had taken the easy, safe road. This was the one time she wanted to let loose, and who better to do it with?

“Why, all the better to take another bath with a particular red-haired Venus.” Ethan accompanied his comment with a playful, leering raise of one raven eyebrow.

“Come down, fair maiden! View the magnificence of your new castle!” Christian’s voice boomed across the courtyard with more fervor than any hawk at the faire grounds. In seconds, Ethan joined him, calling up suggestive dares to step into their wicked domain.

Unable to resist, Lindsey left the balcony to head downstairs to her awaiting lovers.

Ethan watched Christian put his practice sword in the scabbard. During their practice, he’d felt a simmering tension as they pitted their strength against each other. For a moment, he’d been seriously worried that jealousy had reared its ugly head. That thought had quickly disappeared when Christian let his guard drop as he’d grown tired. The moment Christian’s eyes had found Lindsey on the balcony, he knew immediately what was bothering him. Christian wanted time alone with her but was afraid to say so. Hurt flared for a

moment and quickly died. Ethan wanted time alone with her himself, so he couldn't blame his friend for desiring it. Not used to discomfort in their normally easygoing relationship, Ethan aired his concern. For a moment, Christian's spine stiffened.

"Oh, man, Ethan. It's not that I want to exclude you..."

Ethan held up his hand to stem the flow of words.

"I know that, bro. You want time with her to know if it's right for you, not just for us. I know that. I feel the same way." Picking up his own scabbard, Ethan made for the back entrance of the house.

"Ethan!" Christian began to follow him, stopping short when Ethan turned and embraced him.

Pulling away, he said, "You have your time with our Beauty, and I'll have mine later. I'm going to take a shower and go over some office work. I'll be around."

Giving Christian a hard pat on the shoulder, he turned to go inside.

Christian watched his best friend disappear into the house. Relief and guilt warred within his mind. Many people thought that Ethan's tendency for silence and brooding appearance harbored a dark past. The reality was that Christian was the true holder of dark secrets, painful secrets. He hid things that no other soul knew, save Ethan, his best friend.

A glimpse of red hair and blue silk chased the storm clouds away, and the sun shone again. Lindsey stepped out into the courtyard, eyes large with amazement as she took in the medieval beauty of it. He felt his heart swell because he had designed it himself, based on any number of movies and daydreams. He and Ethan had sworn that once they had enough money, they would build their ideal home, and the castle was a dream come to life. Christian supposed it had a lot to do with their time growing up in the faire and hating the idea of leaving all the make-believe and pageantry behind.

They decided instead of leaving it, they wanted to come home to it. They both had apartments in the city because work required them,

but as the company had grown, they began to spend more and more time here. Whether either one admitted it or not, the castle had been built with a fair maiden in mind. Someone who could love and understand both of them. Why it had to be one woman, they couldn't guess. For some reason, they had always been drawn to the same type, each inwardly hoping she would be the "one."

"Where's Ethan?" Lindsey asked as she made her way toward him.

Christian's heart thundered in his chest as he watched her approach. Her hips were outlined deliciously by the silk kimono, every sway a sexy invitation. It was obvious she had become comfortable with them as lovers. Her body moved as if it had awakened to the sensuality that lay dormant inside her, now freely exuding from every pore. Christian frowned when he thought of the real test to come.

"He had a few things to do. He'll join us later."

Christian moved in to close the gap between them, needing desperately to have her in his arms. Lindsey moved easily into them, without fear or regret. Christian's heart soared as he lowered his head to taste her lips.

Lindsey missed Ethan's company but was glad to have the comfort of Christian's arms around her. She opened her mouth, allowing the succulent pleasure of his tongue to mingle with hers. God, he could kiss. Lindsey felt the heat pooling between her thighs become a torrent of desire. She wanted him again, right here, right now. The cool breeze reminded her they were standing outside, and she pulled away, looking about for spectators. Christian laughed at her sudden discomfort of making out outside.

"Never fear, honey, we are completely private here. This is a closed courtyard, and never mind the fact that this house sits on fifty acres of land that belong solely to us."

"Fifty acres?" It wasn't huge but had been designed to give the impression that it was. The gray stone façade and tall, narrow

windows lent an archaic sense, making one feel they were stepping back in time.

“Surreal, huh?”

Christian looped his arms around her waist, pulling her back flush to his bare chest. She shivered in delight at the feel of his heated skin through the thinness of her kimono.

“Why do you have so much property? It’s just the two of you, right?” She fought the urge to ask who else may be occupying the house.

“There’s a local medieval reenactment group that we let use the grounds and this courtyard for special events. Some of them work the faire as well, so we trust them to take care of the place while we’re away.”

“Oh,” she murmured, leaning back in his embrace, her curiosity only slightly wetted about these two men.

Suddenly, Christian pulled away, his eyes glimmering with the familiar gleam of mischief. “Let me show you something.”

He took her hand and pulled her toward a heavy wooden door. The heavy iron hinges squeaked loudly as he opened it and pulled her through to the other side. A cobblestoned walkway meandered down through a beautiful garden. Roses and wildflowers abounded in full, glorious bloom.

“The surprises just keep coming,” she said as he led her through to a small copse of willow trees.

A hammock had been suspended between two trees, affording a beautiful place for relaxing. A small creek trickled musically nearby, lending more serenity to the scene.

Lindsey turned to look at the house from the distance. She could just make out a graveled drive that must lead to the front. The place really did look like a peaceful little medieval keep despite the fact there were no parapets.

“Let’s have a lie down,” Christian said jovially as he eased gingerly into the large hammock.

Lindsey looked at it dubiously as he perched on the edge, adjusting to make room for her body.

“Maybe I should sit on the ground. I don’t think that will hold both of us. I don’t think it will hold me.”

She felt the creeping blush of embarrassment steal across her face. The mischievous glint disappeared from Christian’s face quickly.

“Why do you do that? You act like you’re the side of a barn. This hammock has held more than one person, and even if it did fall, I wouldn’t let you hurt yourself.”

Lindsey was taken aback by his sudden change from playful to miffed.

She’d become so used to being conscious of her weight and where she put that weight, it was surprising to hear anyone speak the contrary besides Cat. Lindsey couldn’t count the times when she’d had to save herself from the mortifying experiences of too-small patio furniture and restaurant booths that were obviously set up for people who didn’t eat much, never mind uncomfortable airline seating. Trying to move past the moment, she resorted to her usual humor over such things.

“It looks like a pretty nice hammock, and I’d hate to see it in two,” she rejoined, attempting to keep things light.

She was stunned when suddenly, she was off her feet and snugly ensconced between the hammock and an irritated Christian. The hammock swayed crazily at first then settled into a gentle rocking motion under the combined weight of their bodies.

At first, Lindsey lay stiff, fearing the worst and preparing herself for a sudden drop on her ass. When the hammock remained suspended, a kernel of resentment sparked her temper.

“Happy now, Mr. High and Mighty?” she grumped. How the hell would a perfect Adonis like this know what it felt like to be different to the point of fearing any kind of mortification, even from people who claimed they loved you? Looking up in his eyes, she was

shocked to see calm understanding and empathy so deep she felt her eyes sting with moisture.

“Lindsey, I would never let you fall and would *never* laugh at your expense.” Christian was so earnest her anger melted away as if it had never been. Snuggling against his broad chest, she tried to explain.

“All my life, I’ve been the big girl. I’ve just gotten to a place where I don’t mind looking in the mirror without my clothes on. I guess I’m still very protective of myself.”

Lips gently brushed her forehead, and sure hands smoothed her tumbled curls.

“I understand, baby. More than you’ll ever know.”

His deep voice continued to ease her. Strangely enough, she believed him. There was gravity in his statement that gave her a deeper glimpse into who he was. Suddenly, Lindsey was ravenous for information, breaking her own rule of keeping this weekend casual.

“Did you grow up in the faire?” She easily envisioned two little boys running around the faire grounds, practicing sword play and jousting.

Christian hesitated, his voice becoming grim.

“For the most part, I guess. At least, the parts that really mattered. The Kellys were more real to me as parents than my own were.”

Lindsey leaned back to look fully into his eyes, stormy with dark memories. Immediately contrite for invading his privacy, she said, “You don’t have to tell me anything, Christian. It’s none of my business anyway.”

“No, I want you to know these things, and you have every right.”

Sighing, he began to talk about his early childhood as a latchkey kid in a not-so-great neighborhood.

“My mom did what she could with what little we had, but it was damn near impossible on a minimum wage job. She worked as a waitress as long as I can remember, bussing tables in some greasy spoon at a truck stop on the other side of town. I never really knew

my father. Mom told me he had been a trucker and never really stayed in one place very long. At an early age, I had already come to the conclusion that he just didn't want us."

Christian began to play with the ends of her hair as if attempting to distract himself from the pain of remembering.

"I was alone most of the time, so when I started school, I was awkward with other kids. It didn't help that my clothes didn't fit and weren't that clean. If it hadn't been for Ethan, I think I would have been a complete outcast. He saved me from getting a serious ass kicking from a bully when I was twelve. He was kind of an outcast himself, so we had a lot in common. He saved my life in many ways," he continued. "If it hadn't been for him..."

Damn, this was harder than he'd thought, but he forged ahead. This retelling of his past was the only way he would be free from the demons that held him. It wasn't difficult to be open with Ethan because his friend knew every damn thing already, but telling this woman with the fire in her hair and promise in her eyes was the most difficult thing he'd ever done, even if it was their Beauty. A part of him wanted to keep the ugliness of his life from touching her, frightened it would somehow sully the delicate emotional ties he was desperately trying to foster. But he knew he wanted this relationship to become real, not just a continuation of a fantasy.

"When I was thirteen, my mother took up with a hard-drinking trucker she'd met at her job. The bastard was an abusive asshole. Garry never hesitated to show his displeasure with a good backhand. I think my mother was just desperately tired of being alone, raising a kid single-handedly. I guess she figured I needed a role model." Christian snorted cynically, shifting his body a little away from her.

"Anyway, he never hesitated to teach me every chance he got. He always called me names like faggot or boy bitch when my mom wasn't around. He never saw me with any girls, only Ethan, and he assumed I was gay or something."

Suddenly, he moved to get out of the hammock, very careful not to tumble Lindsey onto the ground. Christian's sudden need for distance communicated the horror of that time. She desperately wanted to reach out to him, but something told her now was not the time.

"One night, Mom was working later than usual to cover a shift for one of the other women at the diner. It was just me and Garry at the apartment alone. He started calling me names and pushing me around. I finally got really pissed and tried to fight back. That just gave him the reason he was looking for, and he really started to lay into me. He kept saying what a little bitch I was and how I should be wearing a dress. He..." Christian took a shaky, deep breath. "I don't know when it changed, but he started tearing at my clothes, trying to get my pants off. He was trying to...trying to rape me."

His voice cracked under the ugly truth spilling out before her. For the first time, he truly looked in her eyes, showing her how he fought to stay whole.

Chapter 14

For a moment, Lindsey lay stock-still, taking in the horror of what he was telling her. He had almost been emotionally and physically destroyed by a man his mother should have protected him from. A sick feeling warred with the intense sympathy for the child he had been. She offered what she could, her touch.

“Please come here, baby,” she whispered, opening her arms for him. Without another word, he returned to the hammock. Lindsey’s hands glided over his bare shoulder as he trembled with the trauma of dark memories.

Lindsey didn’t realize that her touch moved emotional mountains for Christian, not completely taking away the horrific memories but at least making them fade just a little. He reveled in her gentleness and ability to calm his demons and ease the burden of past hurts. As she gently kissed his neck and whispered assurances, Christian suddenly knew that no matter what happened, he wanted her. Not just in the physical sense, but with a soul-deep need. He needed to know how she felt about him.

“Lindsey, you have to know you mean more to me than a weekend fling. You carry my heart in your hands, my love,” he said, pulling a little away so he could look in the mysterious green of her eyes.

She wanted to say the words so badly. They were ready to leap from the tip of her tongue. The words that said how she loved him and Ethan to a depth that frightened her. She wanted to explain how this weekend was supposed to have been the opportunity to extend the fantasy of that night at the faire. Somehow, all the fantasy had been

stripped away, revealing deeper emotions. The words never came, and her heart broke to see the light of hope dim in Christian's eyes. Suddenly wanting desperately to show how much she cared, even if she could not yet profess her love, she leaned in and took his mouth with as much passion as she could muster. At first, he was unresponsive, disappointed that she didn't respond the way he wanted. Soon, a deep groan from his chest came as he surrendered to her embrace.

For the first time, Lindsey was the aggressor, and he let her take the lead, accepting that she was demonstrating what she felt, if not saying it. One hungry kiss led to another, and soon, they were both panting and eagerly trying to slip beneath each other's clothes.

Lindsey stared down at his beautiful, golden body. He was naked except for his low-slung pants and boots, showing off the tantalizing trail of golden hair that traveled right down the center of his well-developed abdomen and leading to his groin.

It was like standing before a buffet table piled high with her favorite desserts. All she had to do was reach out and take anything she wanted. Not to mention the heady feeling of having one of her sensual tormentors at her mercy. Casting out any reservations about what this could mean, Lindsey reached for the first snap of his pants. She wanted to make him forget every sordid memory he had, give him pleasure enough to replace them with her and what she was doing to him. She knew it wasn't enough, but it was what she had to give.

Sitting up, ignoring the precarious sway of the hammock, she made quick work of pulling down the loose trousers, and in seconds, Christian's turgid cock sprang free from its constrictions. The proud phallus pulsed with every beat of his heart, seeming to grow harder and larger with his breath. A tiny bead of cum seeped from the slit of the tip, beckoning her in for a taste.

"Lindsey, oh, yes. Take my cock in your sweet mouth. Suck me." Christian's hips undulated, increasing the steady swing of the

hammock. Distantly, Lindsey wondered if the hammock really would hold up against their thrashing.

“Whatever my lady desires is hers for the taking.”

Like a suppliant at the altar of Venus, he awaited her pleasure. Lindsey was not about to miss the chance to oblige him.

“You are planning on doing this to Ethan as well.”

The thought of watching her suckle at Ethan’s huge cock sent a jolt of sweet anticipation through Christian’s straining body. He loved to see her writhing under Ethan’s gentler touch. Watching her face grow lax with pleasure, the rosy flush that diffused her skin as she reached towards orgasm. It was enough to drive a man crazy. “Maybe, maybe not,” Lindsey said as she moved in closer to her debauched treat. She could feel Christian hold his breath at the first lick and the sharp exhale as she began tonguing the bulbous head.

“Take it deeper, baby. Remember how I taught you to open your throat?” Lindsey did and proceeded to show him.

Under their tutelage, she had become quite the expert at giving pleasure this way. The silken glide of hard, heated flesh across her tongue had become an addiction. Her lips slid along his length in practiced ease, her mouth and hands moving in sensual tandem. Saliva and friction created a sweet lubrication that eased her way back and forth.

Christian continued to coach and praise her, grasping her wild, red curls to better see her sucking his cock. He was mesmerized by the view of his cock disappearing and reappearing from the slick portal of Lindsey’s mouth. Fiery bolts of electricity moved up his spine, signaling his impending release.

Christian’s body undulated under the sweet torment of Lindsey’s wicked tongue. When the powerful eruption finally came, his back arched in to the powerful release that suffused his body. He could only watch as Lindsey continued her stroking and sucking his cock through the storm. It was only when the wrenching orgasm began to fade that she released him.

Lindsey watched and felt the tremors possess Christian's body and tasted the musky essence of him as it bathed her throat. An ex-boyfriend had begged Lindsey to swallow his cum, but she could never make herself because she couldn't stand the idea. Now, she realized she couldn't because of the simple elemental reason that she could not accept him that way like she could with Ethan and Christian. Ravenously, she sucked and squeezed the still-turgid cock, lapping every last drop.

* * * *

Ethan stared out of the study window. He could just make out the two bodies writhing on the large hammock near the meadow. From the furious rocking, he suspected that talking had given way to more satisfying pursuits. He was glad they did. All three of them made a powerful ménage, but Ethan knew there were times it wouldn't always be that way. Though the image of Lindsey lavishing her luscious attention over Christian's taut body was a more sensual aphrodisiac than he could ever have imagined, he couldn't help but feel a little left out. He knew that Christian had deep distrust issues, and it was important that he had the opportunity to test the emotional waters with Lindsey.

Sighing, Ethan looked out over the sun-washed view, feeling more content than ever before. The fortune that they'd amassed over the years had been hard won, but something had been missing. Discovering their fire-haired beauty at the faire had shown them what they had been yearning for—the feeling of family and safety they had both lacked in their childhoods. Sure, they'd made close bonds with others since, but with Lindsey, Ethan never had the sense of borrowing someone else's family but rather of having a real one of their own.

Shared laughter drew his attention to two figures making their way across the front lawn. Lindsey and Christian were slowly walking

hand in hand. Despite the spark of happiness emanating from them, Ethan sensed an undertone of sadness overshadowing the apparent bliss of the couple. No doubt Christian had told her of his past, but Ethan had a strong feeling that was not the reason for the pall. His heart clenched at the thought of her rejecting them and not wanting what they offered her, the kind of life they wanted with her. He couldn't blame her if she did, but he'd sworn if she would be with them, she'd never be sorry she'd chosen them.

Ethan stepped into the hallway to watch them enter through the front door. Lindsey looked as she should have, her hair sexily mussed and lips kissed ruby red by a fervent lover. Christian appeared lighter, if there was such a thing. The dark cloud that dimmed the twinkle in his eyes seemed to have dissipated for the most part. "Have a nice visit?" Ethan asked, allowing his gaze to move over Lindsey's ass as if he could every see every rosy love mark and sensitized place on her body where Christian had sucked and bitten.

She blushed furiously under his heavy scrutiny but refused to drop her eyes, shocking even herself. Raising her chin, she brazened out her embarrassment and met his look stare for stare. She had nothing to be ashamed of, she thought rebelliously. The moment she and Christian had shared had been truly intimate, and she would cherish it for the rest of her life.

"Chris, why don't you take a shower and relax while I show Lindsey my gift for her? How about we meet up for an early dinner in a couple of hours?"

Lindsey watched them exchange looks, as they often did. A silent message of understanding passed between them. Christian took her briefly into his arms, placing a smoldering kiss on her lips, before loping off to his room up the stairs.

"Shall we?"

Lindsey turned to meet Ethan's tender, molten gaze, searching for any telltale signs of jealousy. He no doubt suspected she and Christian had been making love out in the grove without him being present.

Despite it, he seemed even more intense in his desire instead of put off. The thought gave her pause as well as enticed her.

Desire pooled low in her belly, making her thighs clench in a fruitless attempt to stem the lust of anticipation.

“I can have my time with you now, my love. I am not jealous of your time with Christian because he needed it. Now, it’s time we saw to your needs.”

The look of intense devotion gleamed softy in his eyes as he led her from the study. How different they were, she mused to herself. Christian was the wounded warrior, wanting her absolute submission, and Ethan was the gentle caregiver who wanted only to please her. Gently taking her hand, Ethan led her up the stairs back to his bedroom. The light of the afternoon sun had begun to dim, heralding the oncoming night. A stab of disappointment clouded her excitement. Their time was almost up. The weekend was almost done. Not enough time in the world, it seemed.

A long dress box sat on the end of the bed. The name of an expensive boutique specializing in Goddess wear for plus-size women was blazoned across the lid.

“What...?” Lindsey turned to look at Ethan. He just smiled indulgently, gesturing toward the bed.

“Open your gift, Beauty.”

Lindsey walked over to the bed and slowly opened the box. Pulling aside tissue, she revealed a beautiful, handmade, black corset, complete with stays and eyelets. Beneath it lay a long, fitted, black leather skirt that laced up the sides. She had never seen such workmanship, and anything that might have been close was way beyond her monthly pay. It reminded her of the tooled leather shops she had seen at the faire. A beautiful, flowing, Celtic-inspired design decorated the front and back. Suspecting it could well be one of the pieces sold at the faire, she wanted to refuse it because it no doubt had cost a great deal. She opened her mouth to protest the gift, but like

Christian's, Ethan's eyes held a look of heart-wrenching anticipation. She could have given him anything he wanted in this moment.

"I hope it fits. I drove the saleswomen crazy trying to guess your size from memory. Will you put it on for me?"

Smiling boyishly, Ethan watched her finger the buttery-soft leather of the skirt, feeling his temperature rise with each gentle pass of her finger over the material, easily imagining the pliant material hugging every generous curve.

Tears stung her eyes for the very thoughtfulness of his gesture. No man had ever purchased her clothing before. She knew because the boyfriends she'd had before had felt embarrassed about her size. Sure, they'd rarely just come out and said it, but it was communicated just as well when she wasn't invited to hang out with their friends. Lindsey lifted the corset from the box, holding it up against her, wondering if she would all fit in it.

"Will you help me?"

Ethan's breath caught at the silent challenge in her eyes. She was not the hesitant woman they had become accustomed to. There was a brazen confidence in her eyes that dared him, seduced him. His cock rose to the challenge she was offering.

"Drop the robe."

It was not so much a demand but a pleading request. Enjoying her newfound role as seductress, she slowly untied the silken belt and let the robe fall slickly from her shoulders. Standing before him completely naked made her feel incredibly powerful even though he was clothed, his heated look told her she held the power. She wanted to test what his stare was saying, that he was there for her exclusive pleasure.

"Dress me," she demanded, surprised by the authoritative ring in her own voice but liking the feeling of control it gave her.

Ethan hesitated for only a moment before going to the box and pulling out other, different articles that had accompanied the bodice, placing them each carefully on the bed. Lindsey didn't miss the

trembling in his hands and felt another wave of heady power flood her body and drench her pussy with wet heat. If this was their weekend, it was her weekend, too, and she was going to take this as far as she dared.

“I want you to wash me. You don’t think I’d put on new clothes without feeling clean, do you?” she continued in a direct tone.

Ethan paused and, without a word, went into bathroom, soon returning with a wet washcloth. Going down on his knees before her, he began to gently run the warm cloth from her ankle to her thigh. When he reached the lightly furred mound of her cunt, he paused.

“May I wash my lady here?” he asked, looking up from his place on the floor.

Lindsey could see his breathing had become erratic, and a faint sheen of perspiration had collected on his forehead. He was as turned on as she was, maybe even more so.

Ethan knew he was a rare breed of man. He was a man who appreciated a woman who could take control, who had the strength and confidence to take the lead. He couldn’t explain why he felt the way he did about being dominated. He only knew that in those intense, rare moments of submission, he could give up the need to be strong, give up his tendency to control the situation, and be taken care of. Lindsey had seemed shy at first, but Ethan sensed a spark of rare passion in her. From the moment he first set eyes on her, he knew she’d be the one to bring him and Christian their hearts’ desire. It was a deep part of himself that he rarely revealed to anyone, not even Christian. Looking up from his kneeling position on the floor, he met the emerald heat of her gaze. She was intoxicated by this new power, and he reveled in her possession of it.

“Yes...wash me,” she commanded, slightly parting her legs to give him better access.

The undeniable womanly scent of arousal made his cock harden to the point of pain against the confining zipper of the jeans he’d changed into after his shower. The glistening petals of her

womanhood opened slightly, revealing pink flesh begging to be attended to.

She stood like a goddess of old, naked and proud. The setting sun clothed her in gold and copper, and she was truly stunning to behold. Not breaking eye contact, he ran the warm cloth between her thighs. He let his finger dance just on the edge of her nether lips, coating it in the dewy confection of her desire. Her breasts rose and fell in a quickening rate, dancing in time with the pulsing between her thighs.

Ethan dropped the towel, forgetting all pretense of bathing her.

“Will the mistress allow me to fuck her?”

His voice was grave with the need to be inside the silken vise of her pussy. Ethan could feel his cock pulse with blood, the tip edging toward the waistband of his pants.

Lindsey was losing track of their game, wanting nothing more than to lie down and let him fuck her into oblivion, but like with Christian, she sensed a need in Ethan for more. She grasped his questing hand, stopping him in mid stroke.

“Yes, I want you to fuck me, but I want it my way,” she said, standing up straight, placing her foot on his shoulder, pushing him backward. Taking her cue, he rolled to his back.

“Open your shirt and unzip your pants.” The control in her voice could have rivaled any dominatrix, but her thighs trembled with need to have him inside her core.

Ethan did not hesitate at her command. With trembling hands, he quickly unbuttoned his shirt and made even quicker work of his pants. Immediately, his turgid cock sprang up, reaching an inch past his navel. His gaze remained trained on her, waiting desperately for her next command.

Pretending an aloof air, she walked around his prone body, moving over him like he was a prized stallion at a market.

“Very nice, but I don’t think you’re ready for me yet.” Moving back to the bed, she climbed up to lounge against the pillows.

“Make yourself ready for me, and maybe I will ride that cock of yours,” she stated, just managing to keep her air of a detached mistress talking to her pet.

Ethan moved swiftly to do his mistress’s bidding, palming his thick cock and squeezing the tip, which had already begun to weep pearlescent tears. This provided a slick lubricant, easing the slow strokes of his hand. His eyes never broke contact with hers as he pumped his already straining cock.

Lindsey was enthralled by his sensuous display. His hips began to rise from the carpet with every down stroke of his fist. She could see the fight to keep from exploding in his eyes.

“Please...please, my lady. I...can’t hold on.” He gasped, back arching with the hot pulse of a powerful orgasm waiting to crash over his senses.

Lindsey’s pussy was sopping now. She needed to end this torture for both of them. Climbing from the bed, she made her way slowly to his sprawled form.

Despite the gargantuan effort to keep his cock from exploding, he continued to stroke it.

“Stop,” she commanded, now standing at his side. Immediately, he did, letting his arms fall to the floor, though he continued to move against the floor in aching want. Her gaze moved over his heaving, sweat-glistened chest and rampant cock. All the while maintaining her control, she swung her leg over him.

“Now, you have to make me ready.” For a moment, Lindsey paused, inwardly taken aback by her behavior. Never had she imagined she could ever take control this way, and what was even more shocking was that she loved it.

Moving up his body until her pussy hovered above his face. Lindsey pushed her role to another level.

“What do you say?” she asked, looking down into his pleading eyes.

“Please,” he groaned. Beads of sweat threatened to fall into his eyes with the effort not to reach for her.

“Please, what?” She was merciless, wanting everything he had to give.

“Let me lick you. Please let me taste you.”

Ethan was riding the edge of madness now. Her pussy lay open above him, teasing him with the luscious sight and scent of her desire.

Taking mercy on him, she lowered herself, knees on either side of his head. All thoughts of being too large had already fled. All her thoughts centered on the need to be satisfied.

“Lick me,” she commanded.

Ethan unleashed on her pussy like a starving man, groaning when her juices filled his mouth and throat.

At the first deep swipe of his ravenous tongue, Lindsey shattered in orgasm. To her surprise, she felt another begin to build with every thrust of his agile tongue. Before long, a third climax was wrung from her aching pussy, forcing her weakening body forward. She caught herself on her hands. She felt hands grasp her waist, pulling her backward and down his body.

Just as her pussy rode the tip of his cock, Lindsey glimpsed the hesitation in his eyes. They didn’t have a condom. He would stop now if she asked, she thought, and she knew in that moment if a child came from this weekend, regret would not be one of the many emotions she would feel.

Taking the decision out of his hands, she began pushing down on the daunting thickness of his desire. Both gasped as her pussy struggled to take in the bulbous head of his cock. Finally, a slurping glide announced his penetration. The walls of her cunt massaged him with every slow stroke. She was creaming so heavily, every slick and sucking thrust and retreat of their frantic movements played in tune with mutual sighs filling the room. Inch after heavy inch filled her, not stopping until their pelvises met. Lindsey was filled to bursting,

but her body adjusted to his massive intrusion. Taking control, she established a gut-wrenching rhythm.

“Oh, yes!”

Ethan groaned, happy to let her have her way with him. The gentle sway of her breasts before his face was too hard to resist. Lifting his head, he took one of her ripened nipples into his mouth, suckling it.

The sudden shock of having her breast in his mouth made Lindsey’s flesh tighten in reaction, making them both groan again. The tingling in her belly heralded a powerful oncoming orgasm. She was losing control and loving every sweet, sweaty second of it. Without realizing it, her slow grind of seduction on his slick cock became a ravaging need to fuck and fuck hard. Her hips lifted and dropped in pounding thrusts, meeting the upward shoves of Ethan’s rocking hips. The slap of naked skin against skin was punctuated by the rising screams emanating from her throat. She was so close, almost there.

“That’s it, ride me, baby.”

He groaned aloud, his face a passionate grimace.

Ethan’s unabashed, lusty cry was just the push she needed to send her crashing over the edge in a powerful climax. Ethan met her halfway, letting out a shout as he emptied his hot load into her grasping vagina. She allowed herself to fall forward on to the hard warmth of his chest. Gentle hands brushed across her back, smoothing tension from her shoulders. She heard Ethan’s deep voice next to her ear.

“Time to dress for dinner, my lady.”

Chapter 15

Lindsey paused shyly at the top of the stairs, fighting the urge to pull the butter-soft leather of her forest green skirt lower. There was nothing to be done about the tightness of the leather bodice. Her breasts were pushed up to the tenth degree, offered up like a succulent feast. Ethan had painstakingly strapped her in himself. He had pulled the laces slowly until they were taut as a bowstring, all the time telling her how beautiful she was and how he wanted to lace her up every day for the rest of his life. Her heart had leapt at his confession, making her mind race with what he could mean.

She had come to realize she had fallen in love with both men. Christian for his angelic façade and all the pain he hid and Ethan for his deep need to please her. The sudden urge to cry with frustration was strong. How could they continue like this? The idea of just allowing this to be a fling was spiraling out of control. How could she possibly let them go?

“Lindsey?”

Christian stood at the bottom of the stairs, a gentle look of concern slightly dimming his smile of welcome.

“Are you all right?” He slowly began to make his way up the stairs, prepared to fold her in his muscular embrace.

Lindsey smiled through her inner turmoil, only wanting to forget a little bit longer that this was destined to end by tomorrow night.

“I’m fine,” she said, moving down to meet him halfway.

The urge to touch him was irresistible. Without another word, she grasped him by the neck and pulled him in for a soul-searing kiss. He paused for a moment as if in shock and then quickly fell in line with

her demand. Tongues dueled sensually against each other's lips, parting only for seconds of life-giving air.

"Hmmm...I wasn't invited to this party."

The jovial, if slightly husky, comment interrupted what was quickly turning into a full-on make out session on the stairway.

Reluctantly pulling away from Christian, Lindsey spied Ethan over Christian's broad shoulder. She had learned to not expect jealousy but calm acceptance and even desire dancing in the eyes of whomever she was not with at the time. This time was no different. If anything, the spark of desire was molten as Ethan took in the intimacy of their embrace.

"Care to join us?" she asked boldly, not giving a damn about convention but just wanting to be as close as she could to her two lovers.

"Perhaps a little later, after my lady has been fed her supper," he intoned, but despite the refusal, a silent promise gleamed in his quicksilver eyes.

Christian's eyes shared the same mischievous glint as he grasped her hand and led the rest of the way down.

Stepping into the dining room had very much the same effect as stepping into the faire the first time. The walls were covered in those beautiful tapestries that adorned much of the house. Ancient-looking armor pieces glinted in the warm glow from candlelight where they hung from the wall.

The dining table had been set with care. Crystal goblets and pristine, white plates graced a beautifully embroidered tablecloth.

"This is for me?" Lindsey couldn't keep the weepiness from her voice. No one had ever done this for her. Certainly not her asshole ex-boyfriend, who couldn't be bothered to put the toilet seat down. A pair of masculine hands gently ushered her to one of the high-back wooden chairs. Seated, she noticed there were no eating utensils next to her plate, but the other two had full sets.

“Eating with my fingers?” she asked, running her hands across the silky sheen of the tablecloth. Both men stood on either side of her chair, fussing with the napkins and pouring wine in her goblet. Ethan leaned down to place a butterfly kiss on her cheek. Before she had lost the warmth of his touch, Christian leaned over to gently brush the other.

“How quickly my lady forgets.” Christian ran his fingers down the down of her neck. “We will feed you like before, and you’ll enjoy every morsel.”

Looking up into their sparkling gazes, Lindsey gulped. She was in big trouble.

The first course was a salad of field greens and succulent fruit. Christian did the honors, anointing each forkful with a tangy oriental dressing and placing it in her mouth. Lindsey wasn’t a health nut by any stretch of the imagination, but it was the best damn salad she’d ever tasted. All the while she was being fed, Ethan stood by to gently wipe the corner of her mouth or run a teasing hand up her thigh. The simple touch brought back memories of the faire and the sweet anticipation of what her lovers would do to her.

The sumptuous dinner continued in the same sensual vein. A bite of luscious pasta swimming in creamy Alfredo sauce here, a gentle nibble on the neck there, another bite and then a not-so-gentle nibble. By dessert, she was clenching her thighs hard against the persistent, thrumming pulse of her clit.

“Now for something to tickle your sweet tooth.”

Christian smiled, and a wicked gleam danced in his eyes. Excusing himself from the table, he sauntered off to the kitchen. Ethan’s idling hand took full advantage of having her to himself, nimbly unlacing her bodice.

“Are you ready for an out-of-bodice experience?”

Before she could answer, he pulled the laces free from their eyelets, unbinding her breasts in one smooth flourish. Lindsey had

realized the bodice had been laced tight, but the sudden freedom from their confinement was truly divine.

“Oh, my...that’s nice,” she moaned, leaning back into the broad width of his chest.

Ethan’s cock jumped at the beautiful presentation before him. Her breasts had to be the most beautiful he’d ever seen. It was as if he was a virgin again and all the women he’d ever had in his life faded from existence, leaving only the succulent beauty before him. His mouth literally watered at the sight of her dusk-colored nipples, their hardened peaks begging to be sucked. Unable to stop himself, he took one distended tip into his mouth and suckled.

Lindsey felt a fresh gush of liquid desire pour from her channel. She had been in a constant state of arousal all through dinner, and she was fast needing to fuck one of them, both of them—she just needed to fuck! She looked down to see Ethan’s dark head and her nipples appearing and disappearing into the hot depth of his mouth. Periodically, his tongue snaked out to tease and slurp the glistening tips.

The additional wetness made it even easier for his questing fingers to slide into her pussy. His blunt fingers zeroed in on her hard clit, slickly coaxing her closer to orgasm.

The light swish of the kitchen doors heralded Christian’s return. In one hand, he carried a silver-domed plate and, in the other, a nondescript brown bag.

“Don’t let her come yet.” He placed the bag on the floor, the covered plate in the center of the table.

Ethan reluctantly released her breast with a forlorn, slippery pop. Whimpering her disappointment, Lindsey squirmed restlessly on her chair, trying to clamp her thighs on Ethan’s, trapping his now-still fingers within her. Chuckling at her lustful antics, he easily removed his hand, placing a hard kiss on her lips.

Christian moved back to his chair and lifted the dome. Lindsey gasped at what lay beneath it. The night was about to get real interesting.

A small array of dildos and vibrators in varying colors and sizes lay gleaming on the platter.

“This is your last night with us, and I wanted it to be unforgettable for all of us.”

There was a slight hitch in Christian’s voice that communicated his own sorrow at her leaving. A lump formed in her throat at the reminder of the end of their dalliance. Ethan looked up to meet Christian’s eyes.

There was no way their lover was getting away for the second. Tonight was intended to be a taste of what they could have together, designed to tie her to them as much as they could, making her decision to leave them impossible to bear.

“I want you to take off your skirt and get on the table.”

The tone in Christian’s voice brooked no arguments. Looking up into his eyes, she could see the sweet and gentle lover from earlier had been replaced by a darkly sexual dominant. Lindsey had seen a brief glimpse of this part of him in the darkened office. Shivers of sexual anticipation eased up her spine. Turning her head and looking into Ethan’s eyes told her that he was letting Christian run the show, for the moment.

Taking a deep breath, she stood and unzipped the beautiful leather skirt, hesitating only a moment before letting it drop to the ground. Ethan helped ease her backward onto the cloth-covered table. Immediately, both men set to work clearing the space so she could lie back.

“Bring your knees up and spread your legs.” Christian spoke his command softly.

Lindsey slowly brought her feet up to sit flat on the table, causing her knees to spread slightly apart.

“Wider.” Christian was standing at the end of the table in front of her, and his voice brooked no argument.

She could feel cool air brush the saturated lips of her pussy, making her shiver in wanton anticipation.

“Do as he says, baby.” Ethan now stood to her right, his hands slowly moving to the fastening of his pants. Passionate urgency unfurled in his gaze, coaxing her to do as she was bidden.

Unable to resist, she moved her legs, splaying her knees as far apart as she could.

Christian’s breath caught at the beautiful sight their lady made with her body lying completely open. The pink flesh of her cunt dripped its juices onto the gleaming wood of the table. His cock was as hard as granite and dying to tunnel in the sweet recesses of her body. Looking up from the beautiful display, his eyes met Ethan’s and saw the same hungry desire.

“You’re going to lie here just like this and let us play with you. You can’t get up from the table until we say. Do you understand?” Christian’s gaze returned to their lover, spread before them like a feast awaiting their pleasure. Oh, the pleasure they would have!

Her husky “yes” set the men in motion, stripping their clothes and going to the platter of toys sitting next to her head. Turning her head, she was up close and personal with the cornucopia of items Christian had brought.

Her pussy clenched when she saw Christian reach for a deep blue butt plug with a bulbous head and large flange at the bottom. She bent down, hearing him rustling through the brown sack he had brought in with the dessert platter. When he stood up, there was a large bottle of KY Jelly in his other hand.

He went to the foot of the table and pulled a chair to sit right between her legs. Lindsey almost jumped out of her skin when a caressing touch brushed her stomach. Ethan was leaning over her, brushing butterfly kisses over her belly. Moving up, he sucked one of her nipples into the heat of his mouth, moaning his pleasure at the

taste of her. His hand moved down to grasp his raging cock. His thumb rubbing a teardrop of pre-cum over the purple tip, making it glisten. Her mouth watered to taste his beautiful dick, to feel it touch the back of her throat. Her arousing thoughts short-circuited when cool, slick fingers nudged the tight bud of her anus. Her gasp was absorbed by Ethan's mouth when he swooped in for a kiss, plunged his tongue deep into her.

"Relax, baby. I am just getting you ready."

She could barely hear Christian's deep voice because of her thundering heartbeat. Those wicked fingers pulled away and then returned, and more coolness filled her ass as his fingers pushed in. Her lovers had played there before, so there was little resistance as he slowly began to ease into her in a slow, twisting corkscrew motion. As the same time, Ethan's tongue moved in and out, taking her mouth, only to pull away to whisper sensual encouragement to her as Christian's fingers sank to the hilt.

The orgasm hit her with the strength of a freight train, sweeping through her body in waves and leaving her trembling in the wake. Before she could come down from it, Christian's nimble fingers were replaced by the hard nub of the plug. She gasped when he swiftly inserted it until it lodged deep in her ass, causing another, smaller orgasm to steal her breath. Ethan moved from her side to join Christian at her feet, trailing his hands down her body as he moved.

Suddenly, Lindsey felt warm breath rush over her clit. Raising herself up slightly and looking down, she saw Ethan and Christian had completely traded places. Ethan's dark head moved between her trembling thighs, and his intent was plain. The first deep lick made her catch her breath. The second had her moaning in anticipation of another, deeper caress. His eyes were raised and fixed on her face, watching for the impending explosion. His tongue paused momentarily over her clit, teasing the hardened nub. Tiny electric shocks coalesced into a warm puddle in her lower belly.

“Please,” she moaned, shifting her hips, which caused the plug in her backside to shift deeper into her anus. She could feel Ethan chuckle, the sound vibrating on her nether lips.

Christian was not idle, pushing her back flat against the table, now warm from her body heat. He pulled her close to the edge of the table until her head was at eye level with his heavily engorged cock. Taking a firm grip of the pulsing shaft, he began to stroke up and down with lascivious ease.

“Would you like my cock in your sweet mouth, my love?”

A luscious pearl of semen formed at the tip, beckoning her to taste it. Slowly, he passed his thumb over the drop and rubbed it over the head until it gleamed wetly in the light.

“Shall I feed you?” Christian’s voice was sandpaper on velvet, scraping her senses. “Say it, baby. Tell how much you want me in your mouth.”

Lindsey would have done anything, said anything, to feel the turgid length of his cock on her tongue. The sensuous stroke of his hand over the shaft was hypnotic in its movement. Every pass of his tightened fist up his stiff rod made the bulbous head weep a pearl-like tear of pre-cum.

“Tell me you want my cock.” His voice was dark sexuality personified.

“Please...please let me taste your cock,” she whimpered, moving her head as close to his stroking fist as she could.

“Whatever my lady desires is hers.”

Christian released his hold and let the head drop to tease her lips, moving his hips in a shallow thrusting motion. The glistening head of his cock caressed her lips until Lindsey’s mouth opened to receive him. Her head was not able to move with his gentle thrusting. He only allowed her to lie still as he fucked her mouth. His fingers wove through the red tendrils of her hair, holding her head gently steady,

The continual lapping and thrusting at her pussy paused for a moment and was followed by a deep groan.

“Fuck, that’s good.” Ethan groaned. “Suck him good, baby.”

Ethan started again with a vengeance, sending lightning pulses of erupting orgasms through her body. Her mouth was stuffed with Christian’s cock, and the only sound was her moaning scream of release.

Christian’s semi-hard cock slid from Lindsey’s mouth with a slick pop. The sensual musk of his flavor lingered on her lips and tongue. She thought they would allow her a moment to collect herself. She was wrong.

“Up on your knees.”

Christian’s voice brooked no argument, and Lindsey didn’t think she could have resisted him if she had wanted to. Ethan helped to turn her over onto her hands and knees, making sure the latter were spread as far apart as possible. There was a time Lindsey would have balked at the display she knew she was making. Since meeting her lovers, fear and embarrassment just didn’t belong, because she trusted them. She loved them.

She caught her breath when nimble fingers returned to the clenching opening of her weeping flesh. They slowly slid in and quickly slipped out, over and over again. The new position she was in made the sensation even keener and the depth of the thrust even deeper. She felt the plug slowly being eased from her anus until it released with slick ease.

“I’m going to stretch you some more, baby.”

Christian voice was heavy with lust. Though she was looking down at the table, she could imagine that barely suppressed passion written across his face. All thought stopped when she felt a sudden liquid coolness at the very opening of her anus, quickly followed by a gentle pressure. She had already sampled some of this forbidden pleasure with them, and her body was eager for it again, trying to push back into the pressure, wanting it deeper.

Suddenly, a stinging blow landed on her ass cheek, stunning her.

“Be still, Lindsey. You are not controlling this pleasure. We are.” Another smack landed on the same cheek, leaving behind stinging heat and a sharp tingle to her pussy. Immediately, she felt warm breath and gentle kisses on the very same spot. She knew it was Ethan, her gentle giant.

The shallow thrusting into her anus was suddenly replaced by something larger and firmer. She knew it had to be one of the toys from the silver tray. In seconds, the object was forging deep into her ass, slick and merciless. The girth of it was wider than she had experienced before. The thick toy was slowly pulled from her only to be pushed home again. Lindsey bit her lip to keep from screaming. The pleasure-pain of the deep invasion made her heart race and pussy clench in reaction. The dual penetration was almost more than she could bear. She could feel them moving in tandem, a slick finger and then a thick slide of the dildo into her ass. The orgasm was an imminent threat that kept her on a razor’s edge of excitement. The double stimulation kept her suspended in erotic limbo. Passionate, guttural sounds filled the room.

She felt caressing kisses brushing her backside and hands sliding across her back. Those small touches made her feel unbelievably safe and cared for at such a vulnerable moment. Finally, the orgasm hit her, this one more explosive than the last, leaving her feeling exhausted and elastic. The gentle removal of the thick toy from her anus sent shivers up her spine. With a grateful sigh, she leaned into their arms, trusting them to take care of her.

Chapter 16

Lindsey sighed in contentment, stretching her slightly sore limbs as far as she could. She was definitely going to feel it in her knees in the morning. The huge fireplace in the medieval-looking sitting room blazed merrily, sending drowsy liquid warmth over her naked body. After the last shattering orgasm had rocked her senses, her lovers had gently taken her from the table and carried her to a huge, beautiful Roman-style couch before the fireplace.

Both men had mysteriously disappeared but not before Christian had returned to her with the platter of wine glasses. The savage glint in his eyes communicated that they were not done, not by a long shot. Another shiver of anticipation moved through her. Already, her pussy was flooding with her juices, ready to explore every sexual desire she'd ever had, even a few undiscovered ones. At this point, she didn't care. She was fully ready to love them both. If only for the night. The soothing sound of the crackling fire lulled her into a gentle, light sleep.

She was awakened by two pairs of strong hands gently easing her onto her side. Immediately, naked male flesh was at her back, and more was at her front. Neither man said anything, tenderly adjusting her legs apart and raising her knee. Cool air met the slick flesh of her pussy but was quickly replaced by the tip of Ethan's cock. The broad head made quick work getting past the moistened folds to nestle snugly beneath the sensitized hood, sliding wetly across her clit. She moaned as he began a torturous rhythm, sliding back and forth across her swollen flesh. He was quietly touching the hungry entrance and then retreating again.

“So good,” she moaned. Her hips undulated against his cock, desperately seeking deeper penetration.

Cool, slick fingers slid nimbly between the cheeks of her ass, smoothly rimming the tight rosebud of her anus. Lindsey gasped at the dark pleasure. She had truly become a fan of ass play. She tried to push back into the seeking fingers and still keep time with Ethan’s delicious flesh. Those questing fingers moved easily around her tight flesh, passing over her sensitive hole. Each pass pressing in only to withdraw again. Both men were driving her crazy with lust, taking her to the edge, only to pull her back from fulfillment.

“Please,” she moaned, reaching a fever pitch of frustration.

“Please take me. Someone, anyone, I am dying here.” She sounded almost petulant to her own ears, but she didn’t care.

Ethan nuzzled her neck, his soft chuckle giving her all-too-familiar shivers.

“Aren’t you the greedy one, my love?”

She couldn’t disagree with him. Perhaps knowing she could have either one of her lovers had raised her expectations, making her greedy for all they had to give.

“Let’s not leave her waiting,” Christian intoned huskily next to her ear.

Merciless fingers at the sensitive door of her anus were replaced by the unmistakable thickness of his cock. The bulbous head slid easily into the tight threshold, sending a fresh wave of sensation up her spine. Christian nipped sharply at the back of her neck as he eased even deeper. Thanks to their love play earlier, her passage was well prepared for him now. Lindsey exhaled sharply when he was finally fully seated within her. Ethan leaned in just then to take her breath in a deep kiss, meanwhile continuing to tease her aching clit with the, slick thrusts.

Lindsey’s fingers threaded through Ethan’s hair, drawing him closer as he ravished her mouth. Christian’s slow and relentless thrusts were driving her to the edge. She desperately wanted to thrust

her hips back to meet his penetrations and also push forward to claim Ethan's teasing cock. She could do neither because they both held her hips still, keeping her from indulging any of those desires.

"Please," she moaned, undoubtedly sounding desperate. Ethan trailed gently down over her breasts, across her belly, and finally, his fingers brushed across her clit.

"Easy, love," he soothed.

Grasping the thickened stock of his dick he gently eased the plum-shaped head of his cock into the slick channel of her flesh. Just that quickly, both of her lovers were inside her, stretching her, making her full.

In harmonious union, they gently plunged in and out of her, moving in tandem with each other. In and out. Slow and careful. Ethan lifted her leg, looping it over his forearms, opening her even wider for them. Her moans became mewls of ecstasy as an impending orgasm settled hotly in her loins.

"Oh, yes! Yes!" Lindsey's head thrashed as she hurtled toward climax. Masculine moans and curses filled her ears. Ethan and Christian were not far behind.

Finally, the passionate cataclysm reached its peak, leaving her exhausted and spent. Echoing gasps mirrored her own cries of passion, heralding Christian's and Ethan's releases. Two sets of arms embraced her in the aftermath, cradling her gently as she drifted off into an exhausted sleep.

* * * *

Lindsey found herself awakening again after being thoroughly loved by her two knightly suitors. "A girl could get used to this," she said, stretching luxuriously. At some point, they had moved to one of the bedrooms. Soft, overstuffed pillows had taken the place of the two warm bodies that had kept her up for most of the evening.

"Just say the word, Lindsey. We want you to stay with us."

Christian entered the room, carrying a tray of fruit and a bottle of wine, no doubt left from dinner. Placing the tray on a nearby bed stand, he sat down next to her on the bed. Gentle fingers brushed tendrils of hair from her forehead. The deep sincerity in his exotic, brown eyes reawakened the confusion and fears she had felt that last night at the faire.

“She’ll be ready to bolt in a minute, Christian.” Ethan stepped from the bathroom, his hair damp and glossy from the shower. A towel was loosely wrapped around his waist, hanging just low enough to almost put Lindsey’s mind on other things. Almost.

She didn’t miss the flash of frustration in Christian’s eyes, but that was quickly followed by resignation.

“Right,” he murmured. He leaned in to give Lindsey a gentle kiss before heading to the bathroom. He quietly shut the door, and soon after, the shower turned on.

“He’s in love with you,” Ethan said, pulling on snug-fitting blue jeans. He said it as though discussing the weather, matter-of-factly and calm. “I am also in love with you, Lindsey, and I can tell you neither Christian or I apologize for our feelings.”

Lindsey sat up against the pillows of the bed, nervously plucking the cool sheets. “Ethan...I...” She didn’t know what to say. She knew her feelings for them were no passing fancy, but what could the future be for a situation like theirs? For a love like theirs?

Ethan interrupted her. “There’s no need to talk about it, love.” Ethan came to the bed, sitting down where Christian had been. “We knew what we were getting into when we invited you here. Granted, we were impulsive and perhaps overly confident.” Ethan smiled sheepishly. “Despite this, we still hoped...”

Lindsey impulsively took his hand, her own declaration riding the tip of her tongue, but Ethan spoke up as if sensing what she wanted to say.

“All we have is the remainder of the night and tomorrow morning, so let’s not waste it.”

She smiled tremulously, letting what she was about to confess fade away. The understanding in his eyes was her undoing. Uncaring of her nakedness, she climbed into his arms, absorbing every ounce of him that she could muster.

The bathroom door opened, and Christian stepped out. His hesitant steps told her he was looking on curiously. Without a word, she held out her hand, beckoning him over to the bed. In an instant, he joined them, wrapping his arms about her waist. For a while, they all just sat there quietly together in the moment, but all were deep in their own thoughts about where all this would lead—or not lead, for that matter.

“How about a little escapism?” Christian said, surprising them out of their silence. He sat up, a broad smile on his face. “Movie and popcorn, anyone?”

Lindsey couldn’t help but laugh at such a simple idea in spite of the seriousness of the moment. A grudging smile inched across Ethan’s mouth. Apparently, the idea somewhat appealed to him, too.

A part of her would rather be taking as much advantage of being with them as possible, but even her body, sore in places she didn’t know she had, demanded a break. A little lazy time sounded like just the thing.

She smiled. “I think that is a stupendous idea!” Suddenly enthused for a movie, she bounded off the bed and dashed for the bathroom, leaving two stunned males in her wake. She yelled over her shoulder before shutting the door, “Nothing too scary! I get nightmares.”

Within an hour, all three of them were settled in front of the biggest flat-screen TV Lindsey had ever seen. After much argument, they had settled on a *Harry Potter* and *Lord of the Rings* extravaganza chased with buttery, chocolate-covered popcorn. It was amazing what one could tell about people by how they watched a movie, she thought. Ethan was surprisingly given to comment on and off throughout the movie whereas Christian watched the screen with the

rapt attention of a child. Both traits were endearing to watch. Truth be told, she was watching them more than she watched the movie.

Lindsey enjoyed being cuddled up against Christian's broad chest with her feet in Ethan's lap. The man's fingers were pure magic. No lie. By the end of the first movie, she was practically languid, barely able to fend off creeping fingers and stolen kisses. The end credits were rolling and then a black screen. No one got up to put in another movie.

"I take popcorn and a movie is losing its luster," Ethan said while running his fingers along Lindsey's shoulders. She giggled, snuggling deeper into the overstuffed sofa.

"You're guessing right." Christian got up to turn off the television.

With the television off, the room settled into a comfortable silence. Lindsey was bemused by their ability to be quiet with each other and not feel the need to fill the empty space with conversation. She sat quietly in Christian's arms while Ethan rubbed her feet in firm strokes, easing her tension away with nimble fingers. Despite the tranquility of the moment, her mind could not help but turn to tomorrow. She was leaving. She hated the thought of it, but the doubts about a future with them and her own fears drowned out the urge to stay with them. Was she a coward? More than likely. The calm understanding in Ethan's eyes had shattered her, and the frustration in Christian's made her feel even more the heel.

Perhaps it was too soon after Stan's betrayal. She knew now that she had never loved him, not in any real, passionate way. She had known him in college, and their relationship seemed a natural progression of a long acquaintance. Something like a comfortable pair of leather shoes broken in over a long period of time. They were never what you would call passionate, in bed or out of it, for that matter. Of course, she found out later that he could be quite passionate—with another woman, that was.

Lindsey had a constant reminder throughout their relationship that she was overweight. How she would look so much better if she lost some weight. So the series of diet fads and failed attempts at the gym became a part of her life. Sure, the bastard finally cheated on her, but being perfectly honest, she had been beyond miserable. Even her own mother had taken a few minutes out of her busy life to tell her, “He’s a loser, sweetheart,” and then she jumped the next flight to Cancun. Now, here she was in the strong arms of these two complicated men, and she had no clue how she’d gotten here.

“Penny for your thoughts,” Christian said, stroking a wayward finger up her calf.

“I was just thinking how life can change with a little visit to the Renaissance Faire.” She laughed, but Christian didn’t join in.

“Really? What were you thinking?” His warm eyes had become serious. Lindsey sighed. There was no hiding anything from these two.

“I was thinking about my ex. It wasn’t a great experience, and I...I guess I was reflecting.”

“Tell us about it.” Ethan’s lips brushed her ear gently, his warm breath tickling as he spoke. Lindsey hesitated for a moment and then started to talk.

What had first started out as an explanation of events became a genuine outpouring of feeling. All of the disappointment and misery came pouring out. After a while, she was unable to stop them. The less-than-stellar relationships with her sisters, the stress of owning a business, and even the nights of loneliness became a part of her emotional litany. Strong arms encircled her as the tears started. As she clung to the arms that held her, all she could think was that she had never intended for anything like this to happen. Not their feelings, not her feelings, but damn, how glorious it was to be held and feel so absolutely secure.

“Lindsey, he was a bastard. He didn’t deserve you, and you shouldn’t waste another thought on that selfish asshole,” Ethan

growled. His lips brushed across her neck, sending shivers up her spine despite the emotion of the moment.

“Yeah. The hell with him, Beauty. The sorry son-of-a bitch is a sorry excuse for a man.” Christian’s voice was a little less civilized than Ethan’s, but both men sounded ready to open a can of whoop-ass on Stan.

Lindsey couldn’t help but feel mollified by their desire to champion her.

“Thank you both for caring. It feels good,” she murmured, moving to kiss each man in turn. It was a gentle brushing of the lips, not to be overtly sexual but rather seeking comfort.

“Is that why you’re afraid to be with us, Lindsey?” Christian inquired, his hands stilling on her legs.

Lindsey sighed, sitting up higher on the couch.

“That may have something to do with it. I mean, who wants to be hurt by one man, let alone two?”

Christian opened his mouth, obviously about to argue the point. She held up her hand to forestall him.

“Please let me finish. I have been enthralled by you two since I first saw you, and it seemed reality had nothing to do with it. I mean, we met at the Renaissance Faire, for crying out loud. I guess...I guess I felt anything that came from our night at the faire wouldn’t come to anything real.” Lindsey felt a fresh wave of moisture blooming in her eyes again. “Reading about this type of relationship in some romance novel is great, but the reality of it...Please understand.” For a moment, neither man said anything. They just continued to stroke her reassuringly.

“It’s all right, love.” Christian reassured her. “The last thing we want to do in the world is force you into anything. This is unorthodox, without a doubt. You’ve given us your time, and that’s all we can ask for.”

Christian leaned over to kiss her on the cheek softly. Ethan squeezed her from behind, pulling her back against him. They didn't say anything or move for a very long time.

* * * *

The next morning was a solemn affair. Lindsey never expected to feel this longing to stay. There were many things she hadn't expected to happen. Perhaps a part of her did not take their feelings seriously. Well, the last forty-eight hours had proven their interest in her. She sat in the passenger seat of Ethan's black SUV while Christian sat quietly in the back seat. It had been like this since they arose this morning. Amazingly, they had fallen asleep on the couch. Too emotionally exhausted to even go back up to the bedroom, they'd settled there for the night.

The awkwardness she felt now broke her heart. Ethan simply smiled, and Christian was quietly seething. This was the only possible way it could end, she thought. How the hell would Christmas dinner and other family gatherings, for that matter, turn out? Hello, family. These are my husbands? Lovers? Boy toys? She could just imagine her sisters throwing caustic looks and her mother throwing a few fist pumps, yelling, "You go, girl!" Her dad, well, he would simply shake his head. Not that she lived and breathed by their opinion, but it did matter.

Lindsey sighed, watching the scenery speed by, heralding their quick approach to the office. She could think of a million reasons in the world to leave them, and no doubt they were all sound and reasonable. So why did she feel like she was making the biggest mistake of her life?

Within twenty minutes, they arrived at the underground parking structure where her car sat forlornly. It was Sunday, so there were no other cars about the empty building.

As soon as the car stopped, she opened her door to ease out.

“Is there anything else my lady desires? Perhaps one for the road?” Christian snapped as her door opened.

She stopped and turned to face him. She couldn’t hide the hurt she felt at his comment if she wanted to.

“Christian! Not necessary,” Ethan growled, and his body turned in his seat to stare down his friend. Christian grimaced, looking away from them both.

“I’m sorry. I’m just...” Lindsey said

“It’s okay. I...I’m sorry, too,” Christian replied, but still avoiding her eyes.

She got out of the car and headed to her own modest little hatchback, fumbling with her keys. Suddenly, warm fingers eased around hers, steadying her hand.

“He’s just upset. We both are, but he didn’t mean that,” Ethan said close to her ear then stepped away as if forcing distance between them.

“I know. Really. I don’t blame him.” She wasn’t going to cry. She wasn’t going to cry. “I’ll miss you two.” Her voice cracked with emotion. Shit. She needed to get the hell out of here before she completely lost it.

Lindsey unlocked the door and eased in quickly. She was about to close the door when it was caught in a steely grip. Christian ducked his head in, his warm lips slamming on hers. His tongue speared into her mouth, eliciting a heated moan from her throat. Before she could retaliate against his passionate onslaught, he pulled away.

“All we need is a call, a note, a fucking messenger pigeon, and we will be at your door. You may be afraid of this, but I’ve been waiting for this all my life.” His voice was husky with suppressed emotion.

He moved away as swiftly as he’d come, walking toward the parking lot elevators. Ethan smiled sadly but had the same determined message clearly written in his gaze.

“Take care, Beauty. You know where to find us.”

With that, he shut the door and followed his friend to the elevators. Lindsey sat for a moment in shocked silence. She reached for the ignition and stopped. Leaning her head on the steering wheel, she reached her hands to grip it. Then she let the tears come.

Chapter 17

Christian went straight to his office, sensing Ethan was not far behind.

“Why don’t you say what you think, Christian? What you really think.” Ethan didn’t yell, but his deep voice carried easily across the empty space of the office.

“I don’t know what the hell you mean,” Christian responded, collapsing in the overstuffed chair behind his mahogany desk. He sighed, his head falling back against the thick leather.

“Don’t kid yourself, Chris. Remember, I know you when you’re extreme, and you’re not hiding it as well as you think.” Ethan moved to one of the chairs in front of Christian’s desk. “It’s all right to feel like you would have had a better chance if it had only been one of us who wanted her.”

Silence followed Ethan’s comment, but the dark look Christian shot him let him know he had hit the nail on the head.

“It doesn’t matter, Ethan! She wants both of us, and we both want her.” Christian sat forward, his gaze meeting Ethan’s head on.

“Don’t get me wrong, Ethan. If it weren’t for the fact that sex with all three of us is mind blowing, and Lindsey loved it as much as we did, then I’d fight to be exclusive with her, but you know as well as I do that’s not the case.”

Ethan stared at his friend of over fifteen years, seeing the internal struggle in his eyes despite what Christian had just said.

“Chris, if I thought for one moment that I could live without what we feel when we’re together, I would go after her myself. At the end of the day, it’s her decision, and it doesn’t matter what we want. I

know you shared secrets with her that in all the years of us knowing each other you have only shared with me.”

“I love her. *We* love her like fucking crazy, and we’re just sitting here letting her get away.” Christian’s frustration was palatable.

“What else can we do, Christian? Kidnap her? Than what? Look...She has to want to be with us, bro. Her choice.”

“I think without her...it feels like something is missing.” Christian sighed, sitting forward in his chair.

“She became a part of the equation. I don’t know how. She just did.” Ethan fought his own frustrations, but they had to except this.

“So we just wait?” Christian growled.

“Yes, bro. We just wait.”

* * * *

Lindsey arrived home within an hour, dragging herself into the house with as much pomp and ceremony as a funeral procession. Her father’s truck was still gone, and she breathed a sigh of relief. If there was one thing she was not feeling up to at the moment, that was social interaction.

Going to her room, she immediately stripped down for a shower. The minute the steaming water hit her flesh, she remembered another shower, but there had been more hands to help her wash. The memory of those strong hands gliding over her body under a hot spray made her shiver with longing. The water glided down her body over her pelvis and cascaded over her sensitive nether lips. Everywhere the water fell brought back lustful memories of her time with Ethan and Christian.

Almost with a mind of their own, her hands glided down her body. They first passed over the sensitive tips of her breasts to the rounded curve of her belly. They sank lower still until they reached the pulsing flesh between her legs. One finger skated over the already slippery clit and dipped back into the slick recess of her vagina.

Leaning back against the shower stall, she let the fantasy take her. The imagery of their many passionate embraces came to her easily, putting her in an immediate state of readiness.

Imagining Ethan suckling at her breast while Christian rolled his wicked tongue across her pussy lips, her slow-moving finger thrust deeper, swirling around the tight entrance. Her thighs tightened as the familiar heavy feeling of orgasm rode low in her belly. She slid a second finger in to join its twin, thrusting deeper. Her hips ground against the fire tickling her limbs. The wet smack of her buttocks against the wet wall sharpened her senses. Within a minute, the frantic explosion of the orgasm spiraled through her, making her back arch. The echoes of her moaning bounced off the walls of the bathroom, and her body trembled in the aftermath.

* * * *

Lindsey stepped from the shower feeling more desolate than when she first got in. The world-rocking climax had been paltry in comparison to the feelings she had experienced in the hands of her lovers. She missed the comforting embraces and the sweet kisses shared during their peaceful afterglows.

“Well, get used to it, girl,” she said. “It’s going to be like this for a while.”

Her stomach growled loudly, signaling her hunger. The quiet around the breakfast nook that morning had not been conducive to a heavy appetite.

Quickly dressing in a simple floral sundress, she made her way to the kitchen. Her cat, Mr. Fidget, sat calmly by his food bowl. The peeved twitch of his tail was evidence of his dissatisfaction.

“Do not look at me like that, Fidge. I know for a fact that the neighbors have been feeding you salmon.” He continued to look up at her as if to say, “And that means...?”

Sighing, she poured another measure of kibble in his twenty-four-hour feeder, which was still on the full side. Grabbing some fruit from the fridge for herself, she settled down on the living room couch. It occurred to her to turn on the television, but she just couldn't be bothered. Just then, the phone rang. The caller ID voicing a mechanical "Number not available." Reaching for the phone, already knowing who it was.

"Hi, Mom."

"Sweetheart! Happy birthday! I can't believe I finally got you. I've been trying to call you since last night."

The cruise must have had a fend-for-yourself night yesterday, Lindsey thought with amusement.

"I was...at a friend's house, Mom." Well, Christian and Ethan were friends, weren't they?

"Oh...and does this friend have a name? Jon or Bob, by any chance?" *Mom missed her calling as an interrogator.*

"Why assume it was a man, Mom?"

"Well...maybe I am just hoping it was, dear. You're too young and pretty to be alone. Stan was a bastard, and you're better off without him. It's time to look elsewhere."

"I am over Stan, Mom." *Oh, am I ever!* Even the pain he'd caused her was a distant memory.

"Good! I'm glad." There was a hesitation in her mother's voice that caught her attention.

"Is everything all right, Mom?"

"Oh, yes, dear. It's just...well, I've met someone."

Lindsey sat up straighter. "You have? Who is he?"

"Well...his name is Ron, and he's a car dealer from Atlantic City."

"A car dealer? That sounds interesting."

"Doesn't it! He is a perfect gentleman and a fantastic lover, if I must say so myself."

Oh, God! Lindsey cringed. “I really don’t want to hear that, Mom.”

Her mother giggled. “I’m sorry, dear. I know you can live without the sexy details. I really like him, Lindsey. I think I could love him.” Her mother laughed. “I think I might already be a little in love with him.”

Lindsey listened to the lighthearted nervousness in her mother’s voice and knew what she was saying to be true.

“I’m happy for you, Mom.” Lindsey wished her own feelings could be so cut and dried about Christian and Ethan.

“Thank you, dearest. Now, what is that father of yours up to?”

The next hour was spent discussing her father’s latest escapades and her sisters’ periodic appearances. Her mother regaled the latest gossip on the cruise ship and the little adventures on Greece. Lindsey had begun to tune out the conversation. She loved her mother dearly, but shipboard gossip and the romantic escapades of the sixty-and-up crowd were not her thing.

“Lindsey? Are you all right, hun?”

“Huh? What?” Lindsey snapped back to the conversation.

“Lindsey, I know that I’m not the world’s leading example of motherhood, but I know when one of my children is distressed.”

“I’m fine, Mom. I just have things on my mind.” Suddenly, Lindsey wanted to get off the phone desperately.

“Those thoughts wouldn’t have anything to do with how you spent this past weekend, would they?”

“No, really...I’m fine.” Lindsey felt her eyes begin to fill at the sound of her mother’s concern.

Her mother hesitated for a moment then said, “Sweetheart, you should know that I admire you.”

“What?”

“Absolutely. You were always the responsible one. Even in the midst of the divorce, you were a rock for your sisters, and I’ve never

told you thank you for that. It's amazing that you came from us, actually. Your sisters I can see, but you...you were always different."

"Oh, Mom." Lindsey sniffled against the phone.

"Well, all that to say that you deserve a little happiness, honey. It's about time you find it, and I just want you to know that I want that for you most of all."

Her mother's voice shook slightly with emotion. In that moment, Lindsey felt closer to her mother than she'd felt her entire life.

"Thanks, Mom. That means a lot."

Her mother cleared her throat as if shaking off the intensity of the moment.

"I have to go, darling. There's a shuffleboard contest in the morning, and Ron is competing. Call me if you need me, sweetheart." Lindsey smiled against the mouthpiece of the phone.

"I will, Mom."

They said their goodbyes, and Lindsey hung up the phone, feeling a little better. The conversation had been a pleasant surprise. Her mother wasn't a cold person, but she wasn't given to bursts of motherly affection either. In retrospect, it was no surprise her parents had divorced. Her father considered a pay-per-view movie at home a night out. Her mother was a wild child. To be honest, the divorce was probably the best thing to happen to either of them.

Lindsey spent the rest of the day puttering around the house and her small garden. By the evening, she had puttered herself out. She made herself a small dinner and headed for bed.

By the next morning, she felt refreshed and ready to take on the day. The girl she had covered for on Friday was back at work, so there was no need for Lindsey to return to Dark Knight Graphics. A curious mixture of relief and disappointment roiled in her belly. She ached to see them again but was afraid of what would come of it. She felt the need to brush her hand across her ass to check for chicken feathers.

Lindsey arrived at her small office to find her assistant, Francine, practically waiting at the front desk, ready to pounce.

“Oh, my gosh, Lindsey, thank God you’re here. These have been arriving all morning, and it’s starting to look like a funeral home in here.”

For a moment, Lindsey didn’t know what she meant until she took in the abundance of flowers crowding the small front office. Everything from lush red roses to bright blue Irises adorned each corner.

“Shit,” she murmured, taking in the cornucopia of flowers.

“When did they start arriving?” she asked, checking the various baskets for cards, even though she knew damn well who sent them.

“Eight o’clock this morning, and they have not stopped ever since.”

Francine was looking at Lindsey with wild curiosity. The ardent stare made her myopic assistant look more like an owl than a human.

“Well...we’ll have to stack them out back,” Lindsey said, determined to avoid a bunch of questions.

“Okay, but what about your office?”

“My office?” Lindsey opened the door of her office and nearly tripped over the boxes stacked near the door.

“What in the hell?” she said, righting herself and finally getting by the stack.

“Sorry, Lindsey, I didn’t know where else to put them. There has to be at least twenty of them. Some of them are pretty heavy, too.”

Lindsey opened the nearest gaily wrapped box. Lifting the lid, she beheld a beautiful Elizabethan-style gown in rich purple. Another box carried another gown, this one in hunter green. And on it went. More gowns, bodices, skirts, and lastly, a gorgeous amethyst necklace fit for a queen.

“Whoever is stalking you, ask them if they’d be interested in me.”

Lindsey looked over her shoulder, having forgotten that her assistant was still there.

“Fran, could you start taking some of the flowers in the back of the office to the alley?” Looking faintly disappointed, Fran nodded and walked back out to the front desk.

A tremulous smile hovered over Lindsey’s lips. It appeared the determined look in their eyes yesterday had not been a bluff after all. She couldn’t accept any of this. The gowns alone must have cost a fortune, let alone the jewelry.

She sighed, taking a chair behind her desk, and reached for the phone.

* * * *

“Shit!” Lindsey hung up the phone with an angry clang.

The third call to Ethan and Christian’s office since this morning. According to the super-sultry voice of their secretary, they were either in meetings, out to lunch, or away on business. By the third call, the secretary became downright peevish.

“I’m sorry, ma’am. They are not available to take any calls. Perhaps you would like to try tomorrow. By then, they may have time for you.” Something told Lindsey the woman had given this “piss off” speech before.

“Thank you,” she said, trying to inject a little attitude back, but it sounded like a kitten with fangs to her own ears.

“Those sneaky little...” She knew without a doubt they were avoiding her calls, no doubt knowing she was trying like hell to return their gifts.

The day continued to descend into bizzarro world. A little man tricked out like a crack-happy court jester came by the office in the afternoon singing a remarkably bad rendition of Chris Daughtry’s “It’s Not Over.” Poor Francine stood by looking aghast and amused at the same time. When the jester finally left with no little amount of urging, Lindsey opted to close the office up before a parade of nudists

came by. Fran was ready to leave in minutes, saying on the way out the door, “Whoever this guy is has my vote!”

Chapter 18

Lindsey watched the rain pound against her kitchen window, every rushing drop a reflection of her own grief. It had been a month since she'd said goodbye to her lovers, and she felt like she'd made the biggest mistake of her life. The gifts had finally stopped, and so had her attempts to try and reach them. Perhaps they had gotten tired of trying.

"Earth to lonely lady. Come in, lonely lady!" Cat called from the living room, sounding more than a little frustrated.

Lindsey sighed and finished washing out the coffeepot so she could begin making their second pot of coffee. Cat had come over so Lindsey could go over her accounts for tax season. There was a time that Lindsey would have truly enjoyed getting lost in the numbers while listening to Cat going over her latest sexual exploits, but there was no such interest today.

"I have to move past this," she muttered to herself, trying to sound resolved. "It wouldn't have worked anyway!" *Right?*

"What wouldn't have worked?" Cat asked, walking into the kitchen and making a beeline for the coffeepot. She looked childishly disappointed when she discovered Lindsey had not started it yet.

"Nothing," Lindsey murmured, now scrubbing the coffeepot like it had stolen something.

The low-pitched responses sent up red flags in Cat's head, making her turn to her friend and really look at her. For a month now, Lindsey had been walking around in a fog and more ensconced in her shell than usual. It was about time she found out what the hell was going on.

“Okay, that’s it! Point out the son-of-a-bitch who has been pissing in your Wheaties, and I’ll kick his ass!”

Lindsey looked up from the sink, seeing the glow of battle in her friend’s cornflower eyes.

“It’s nothing, Cat. I am just feeling a little tired. It’s not like I haven’t been busy with the business. Actually, I am feeling pretty good. I am just...just...”

Tears poured from Lindsey’s eyes, denying everything she said. Walking over to her friend and taking her into her arms, Catrina just held her as the dam broke.

A box of Kleenex and one cup of coffee later, Cat had the whole story. Lindsey was not prepared for her reaction.

“Are you high? You mean to tell me you have two gorgeous, sexy, and extremely rich men pandering to your every desire, and you turned them down! I had a hard enough time finding one good one, and you’re throwing away two!” Cat got up from her chair and began pacing the small kitchen. Agitation radiated from her in waves.

“I thought something was up with you guys. I mean, I saw the way they looked at you. Like they wanted to eat you up and not just for the sex, but because they really cared.”

Lindsey didn’t have much experience with having close girl friends, but it seemed to her this was the point that the friend threatened to kick the man’s ass and make her feel better about the decision she had made to stop seeing him.

“Cat, we are talking about two men here. How could we have possibly made it work! I’m as Vanilla as they come.” *At least, I used to be.*

“You just don’t go from the pits of despair with relationships and suddenly you’re on Mount Olympus with two gods.” Lindsey sighed, turning to stare out the window. “Besides, they wouldn’t take me back now. I blew them off pretty badly because I was afraid, and we all agreed if I said no, they wouldn’t bother me again.”

“That may be so, but if they care about you as much as they acted, I don’t see why they wouldn’t take you back. Just tell them everything you told me.” Cat sat down next Lindsey, taking her hand. “Love is pretty rare. Love with these two guys has to be as common as oxygen on the moon. Would it really hurt to give them another chance?”

For a moment, Lindsey wanted to relent, but her fears would have none of it.

“No, Cat. I just can’t...Okay?” Lindsey got up from the table and returned to the kitchen sink to rinse out the coffeepot.

Cat looked at her friend with astonishment and then slow-dawning understanding. It wasn’t like Cat had always made the right choices where men were concerned, and she certainly couldn’t hold it against her best friend for making a sound and safe decision. Fuck this! This was love, and she couldn’t let her friend miss out on what could be the best thing that ever happened to her. A plan began to form.

* * * *

“Ethan, you have a call on line one. A Ms. Miller would like a word with you. Would you like to take the call?”

Ethan stared hazily at the intercom. His secretary, Nina, waited patiently for his reply. He sure as hell didn’t want to take any fucking phone calls. As a matter of fact, he didn’t want to do much of anything. Not since that weekend with Lindsey, their fiery beauty. He had taken her refusal in stride. At least, he’d thought he had until he left her sitting in the underground parking lot. Christian had been less than communicative these days, too. The barrage of gifts they’d sent her were met with failed attempts to send them back and dodging her phones calls in the following weeks.

The stark look of sadness had been a constant companion on his friend’s face, and if he looked in the mirror, he would no doubt have found the same look plastered on his own face. He had been in pain,

too, and just couldn't bear saying goodbye or hearing her tell them to piss off.

Well, it had been a gamble, and they had lost. Now, it was all about picking up the pieces and moving on. He and Chris had talked about dating the other night. There were plenty of women to choose from, but one thing they both agreed on was there would be no more sharing women. Lindsey was their last time with that. The sexual echo they'd felt in the parking lot leaving that Sunday was testimony to that. Without her, there was something missing. Neither man of them had the will or desire to go there again. Anyone else besides Lindsey would be a mockery of what they shared.

"Go ahead, Nina. Put her through." Ethan leaned back in his leather chair, wondering who the hell Ms. Miller was.

"Ethan? Hi, you probably don't remember me, but I'm a friend of Lindsey's from the faire."

Ethan's heart stopped and began to race in his chest.

"What's wrong? Is she okay?" The urgency in his voice must have carried to the open door connecting to Christian's office. His blond head peeked through the door, a look of concern on his face and a question in his dark eyes

"Whoa there, sparky!" Husky laughter chimed from the speaker. Something about that laughter was vaguely familiar. "She's fine, if a little depressed. Okay, a lot depressed. You guys did a real number on her. She's a real goner."

"Who did you say you were?" Ethan hadn't even noticed Christian walking over to his desk. His best friend hung over his shoulders, his eyes fixed on the desk intercom.

"You guys really are always together."

Laughter sounded again. Whoever this was, she loved it, Ethan thought irritably. Christian already lost his patience with the woman.

"Is she okay or not?" He made no attempt to be polite. This woman's sense of humor was beginning to grate his nerves.

“Oookay...Obviously not the joking types. She’s fine but missing you guys terribly. I think she’d like to see you again.”

“I take it she didn’t put you up to this?” In his mind, Ethan already knew the answer. Lindsey wouldn’t have sent someone else to do something for her, let alone something like trying to see them. A pang of sadness accompanied that dismal thought. This meant that though she wanted to see them, she was still fighting it with every ounce of her stubborn little heart.

“Look, here is the deal.” Suddenly, the laughing pixie on the other end was all business. “If you guys want to see her again, you’ll work with me on this. I have a plan that could help you, but if you two hurt her, I’ll have your nuts for earrings.”

Ethan’s eyebrows shot up at the last comment from the pixie turned Amazon. Christian’s reaction was automatic.

“We swear that we have no intention of hurting Lindsey. We love her.” A short silence followed his passionate declaration.

“All right...I believe you. Now, here is the plan.”

Both men leaned in.

* * * *

Lindsey sighed, going from one foot to another. The crowded lines to get into the faire were especially heavy today. It was the last faire weekend of the season, and the place was packed. Her eyes darted around again nervously. Cat had assured her that Ethan and Christian hadn’t been showing up on the weekends and more than likely would not be here. Either way, Lindsey was going to make a concentrated effort to steer clear of the jousting fields just in case.

She was still trying to come to terms with why she was even here. In a way, she wanted to put this damn longing to rest and move on with her life. In the last few days, she’d come to terms with not being with her knights anymore, but her heart was the last holdout. Her dad walked up to her the other day, informing her he was moving out to

go RVing with a lovely widow who lived down the street from them. So if her couch potato father could get the lead out, why couldn't she?

When Cat had pleaded for her help with her boyfriend's booth this weekend, she'd thought this would be the perfect time to exorcize some demons. So here she was, staring about the place like a scared rabbit ready to be pounced on.

"There you are! I almost didn't see you."

Lindsey looked up to see her friend hurrying toward her, holding a brown canvas bag.

"Here is your gear. Bodice, blouse, skirts, and belts. Everything you need. I really appreciate you helping me out this weekend. We're going to be swamped, and Kurt's other helpers ditched out this weekend."

Cat was chattering and pulling Lindsey along through the faire ground gates. The usual drugging effects of the sights and sounds on Lindsey's senses were not as strong. They evoked more sadness than pleasure.

"You are going to change in the back staging area instead of the camping site. It's too crowded to get all the way back there, and it will be easier to find me when you're done."

Lindsey was barely paying attention. She was too busy trying to avoid passing patrons who were moving in the opposite direction.

"Wait, Cat! Where is this staging area?" She had barely gotten the question out before her friend suddenly stopped.

"Here we are. Just walk through the curtains and make your way all the way to the far pavilion. You can't miss it. It's big and black. Okay, find me later!"

"Cat! What about...?" It was already too late. Just like that, Cat was gone, disappearing into the swarms of people.

Sighing with more than a little irritation, Lindsey made her way to the backstage area. Truth be told, it was just a series of dividers that stood between the prying eyes of the faire patrons and the inner workings of the faire. Costumed jugglers and musicians kicked back

with very non-historical bottles of imported beer and bottles of filtered water. She had to dodge a few times to stay out of the way of performers rushing to get to their next gigs, strapping on costuming as they went. Surprisingly enough, seeing the inner workings of the faire did not diminish the fantasy for her. If anything, she saw a depth of belonging on every face she walked past. A part of her envied the life Ethan and Christian must have experienced here growing up. She wished she could have become a part of it. She wished she could still be a part of it.

Lindsey walked for another few minutes and finally spied the large, black pavilion at the end of the pathway. It stood very tall and separate from the others around it. She supposed it was to create privacy for those changing inside. She remembered another pavilion on the day she started this crazy venture in love and grimaced.

“So much for putting things behind me,” she murmured, approaching the great tent. Finally reaching the curtained doorway, she peeked into the semidarkness, expecting a sea of people dressing. The place was completely empty!

Perhaps people had been and gone. She just happened to arrive after they left. Shrugging, she stepped into the pavilion.

Unlike the last time she'd been in one of these, the place was decked out in wooden furniture and sumptuous cushions. Instead of plain cots, a low-lying bed of pillows and blankets took up one entire corner of the pavilion. It reminded her of *One Thousand and One Arabian Nights*. All it was missing were dancing girls and smoking exotic incense.

“A little sumptuous for a changing room,” she said, placing the canvas bag down on one of the various cushioned seats.

“Oh, well.” She sighed, quickly setting to work getting undressed. When she was down to her panties, a glaring fact became obvious.

“How the hell am I going to get laced up in this bodice on my own?”

"I'm sure Ethan and I would be able to help you out in that department."

Lindsey went stock-still, her heart going into fluttery overdrive. She turned to face the men who had been tormenting her dreams and waking hours for weeks now. Both Ethan and Christian were dressed simply in loose pants and shirts with accompanying thigh-high boots. As before, they looked as if they'd stepped from any steamy romance novel, taking her breath away.

"How...? What...? How did you...?" She was stuttering like an idiot, and what little composure she had was making a quick getaway.

"Your friend Cat thought we should...talk," Ethan answered, his hungry gaze trailing over her body, leaving a fiery path on her skin.

Her heart skipped a beat at the stark hunger shining in his eyes. Talking was not on his mind. Christian's brown gaze sparkled with the same burgeoning lust. For her!

"Cat? She set me up!" Lindsey was more than a little pissed. Cat had known it was difficult for her to come here and had obviously been planning this. She didn't know whether to strangle her friend at the next opportunity or hug her to bits.

"Please don't be angry with your friend, my love." Ethan walked up to her and reached out to touch her caressingly on the shoulder. "Christian and I wanted to see you so badly. We would have done anything to get to you. I know we agreed that if you turned us down that last weekend, we wouldn't try and see you again, but we just can't do that, baby." The yearning underlying his statement brought stinging moisture to her eyes.

Lindsey could no longer fight the tears she'd been holding back all day. Her vision clouded with the emotion of seeing them again. Blindly, she reached out to Ethan. In an instant, she was in his arms, pouring out the misery of the last several weeks.

"Shhh, love, we know how you feel." He gently cuddled her to his chest, rubbing her back in soothing circles. Another pair of arms joined his, encasing her.

Just like that, all the resolve against this unorthodox love affair crumbled. Lindsey was in love with two men, and damn it, she wanted it this way! She fiercely returned their embraces, pressing herself as close as possible to their warmth. Maybe she did have some of her mother's wild spirit. If her mother had shown her one thing, it was that life needed to be embraced. In her case, she'd be embracing it with two men whom she loved very much.

"Given your fierce response, we are assuming you're no longer angry about seeing us?" Christian asked this as he pushed in closer to her naked back.

Lindsey's laugh was muffled by Ethan's shirt. Pulling back, she looked up into the faces of her lovers, seeing the love shining there.

"I was afraid of what this could mean for me and how it could change my life. I realize that it will change my life drastically, and I don't mind one bit. I love both of you, and I would not give this up for the world."

Ethan and Christian laughed, simultaneously picking her up and shifting her to the cushion-festooned bed. She removed the last of her clothing as they shifted her to the sumptuous divan.

When she lay completely naked upon the bed, propped up against the pillows, Ethan simply said, "You are the love of our lives, Lindsey. We plan on showing you that every single day from now on, but for now, we plan on loving every sexy inch of your body until your scream for us to stop."

Lindsey watched avidly as her beautiful knights began to undress. She had seen both men naked before, but this might as well have been the first time. The afternoon light peaking through open loops in the ceiling of the pavilion gleamed off sinewy muscle and taut skin. Her heart raced with anticipation. Sighing in pure contentment, she looked on, knowing this was no dream but the adventure of her life.

Ethan was the first to approach her, kneeling at the foot of the bed and shifting her knees apart. Meeting her gaze, he lowered his fevered lips to the quivering flesh of her thighs. Slow, sucking kisses tickled

the flesh of her inner thigh. Christian climbed up on the bed to lie next to her. His hand trailed torturing fingers across her breasts, lightly brushing her nipples as they went.

“We missed you so,” he said huskily next to her ear. He leaned forward to take her mouth in a searing kiss.

At the same time he was ravaging her mouth, Ethan’s hot breath tickled the aroused flesh of her pussy. His tongue snaked out to lick along her slick crease, moaning with relish. It was the double stimulation she had missed so much. Her body tingled with gratitude.

Christian released her mouth to kiss down the gentle slope of her neck, leaving a trail of pebbled flesh in his wake. His hand firmly cradled her swollen breast, gently squeezing. The pert nipple was hardened and ready for the wet attention of his slick tongue. Like a starving man, his mouth enveloped the aching tip. The cavern of his mouth was a heated cocoon around the tightened areola. At the same moment, Ethan’s mouth began to feast on her in earnest. He lapped up her flesh like his favorite ice cream. He growled his appreciation as he worked her. He pushed her thighs as far apart as they allowed, opting to loop her knees over his shoulders for greater purchase on her hips. The combination of both of them feasting on her sent her into a gut-wrenching orgasm. It had been so long, and her body was hungry for what it had become addicted to.

Christian lifted his head, his lips moist. “It appears we weren’t the only ones hungry for this reunion.”

Lindsey smiled as much as she could with Ethan still lapping gently at her. “You’re damn right.”

Christian laughed, taking her mouth again in a deep kiss.

Lindsey’s hand reached down to cradle Christian’s stiff cock in her hand. Her fingers played havoc with the plum-colored hood, making him groan in appreciation of what she was doing.

“I think it’s my turn,” she said as she sat up.

Her fingers brushed through Ethan’s hair. She directed him to join Christian on the bed. With a few adjustments, both men were leaning

back on the bed next to each other while she gazed down at them. For a moment, she just sat, letting her hungry eyes rove over them, struck by their physical beauty. She knew she had a lot of work to do on the self-esteem front before she could totally allow herself to enjoy being with them. She could easily imagine them all walking in public and women giving them the eye. They would no doubt be wondering where the hell she had come from and how she had managed to get them. Lindsey felt a little thrill at that.

She slowly trailed fingers up both men's thighs simultaneously. Walking the exploring digits just up their inner thighs, her hands nudged their legs farther apart for her pleasure. Leaning over Ethan first, she began to slowly lick up the muscled plane of his thigh. Every now and then, she would nip the flesh sharply then lick over the abused spot. Her other hand had reached the turgid length of Christian's cock and continued the tortuous teasing of the distended, blood-engorged cap. His hips adjusted and readjusted as he fought to take the arousing onslaught of her hand. Finally, she reached the thick stalk of Ethan's throbbing cock.

Her mouth practically watered at the sight of Ethan's flesh, thick and pulsing. The power of the moment heightened her arousal to a fever pitch. Her eyes met his in sensual challenge as her tongue flicked out to brush his cock. One lick became long laps that encompassed the whole length from base to tip. Ethan's eyes had become two pinpoints of ravenous light in the strained countenance of his face. The muscle working furiously in his jaw was a testimony to the sensual agony he was enduring.

What the hell, give the man a break. Lifting the stiff length back, she fed the wet tip into her mouth.

"Fuck!" he cried as he watched the thickened head disappear into her mouth, only to reappear glistening and hard still.

Meanwhile, her other hand had worked Christian's cock into a firestorm of sensation. He reached down to urge her faster, but she

batted his hand away. She was running this show. He let out an exasperated sigh and tried to relax back into the cushions of the bed.

Her mouth moved in an erotic tandem rhythm with the incendiary movements of her hand working Christian. Soon, both men were gasping with each pull and slurping suck of her mouth. She suddenly switched positions, this time pulling Christian's cock into her mouth, her hand grasping Ethan's moist cock, sucking, stoking, sucking, stroking.

"Please...Fuck!" Ethan shouted.

Hot jets of cum spilled over her hand and across his chest. Within seconds, Christian joined him. His back arched, his chest muscles put in sharp relief. Lindsey smiled, happy to lie between her men, taking care of them as they so often had done for her. Hands stroked her shoulders and back lovingly. She didn't know what the future held for them, but she did know they would face it together.

Epilogue

The crowd roared with every daring feat and act of chivalry enacted on the dusty tourney field. Two men, one dark and the other golden, performed battles of sheer physical power and grace as they charged across the field on their war horses. The enthusiastic patrons in the stands yelled their approval at each thrilling action, enraptured by the pageantry of the exhibition. The fearsome knights completed their last run about the field and saluted the crowd, heralding the end of the show. Instead of exiting immediately, they rode to the great flag-festooned dais at the end of the field. Removing their helmets, both men bowed their heads before the beautiful lady seated high on the stage.

Lindsey smiled down at her two knights. She nodded in regal answer, smiling. Her hand gently passed over the swell of her belly, feeling an answering kick from the life growing within her. Those nearby the dais couldn't help but notice the fierce look of love gleaming in her eyes as she looked down at the knights. Their eyes met for a long moment before the men turned their horses toward the exit. A collective sigh of disappointment radiated as people prepared to leave the stands to go to the next faire attraction. More than a few people glanced back at the red-haired woman on the stage, many wondering who she was and more than a few envious, wondering what it must be like to be loved like that.

THE END

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Layle Black is thirty-five-years-old and currently lives in Northern Virginia. She finds herself anchored to the East coast but longs for the sandy beaches of the West. Writing is her greatest joy and looks to contribute to the art of romance for many years to come.



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