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Passion
NEXT DOOR

Passion Next Door

Cara Carnes

Once a month, Autumn Scott indulges in her voyeuristic fantasy thanks to a very sexy, very loud neighbor, who has no idea his encounters fuel her lust. Until she gets caught.

Now Autumn finds herself exploring her ultimate fantasy—submission. But the stakes are raised when Kade presents her with a twist to his usual play. He wants to add three friends to the game. Together the four men indulge her naughtiest desires and prove the pleasure she'd experienced before was only the beginning.

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Passion Next Door

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PASSION NEXT DOOR

Cara Carnes

Chapter One

Autumn Scott took a full swallow of wine and glanced nervously at the clock.

Twenty minutes.

She removed her towel and ran her hands down to her hardened nipples and flicked them. The anticipation continued building each time even though she knew it was wrong. But she couldn't resist.

Autumn padded to her bed and slid her favorite red satin negligee over her head, savoring the feel of the material as it caressed her sensitized skin. Reclining on the bed, she inhaled the scent of the vanilla candle she'd lit earlier. It was her neighbor's fault for being so charismatic during their brief interludes. He created a sexual awareness within her she wished would remain comatose.

This one night a month was her favorite—the night she succumbed to her voyeuristic inclinations and became the woman under her sexy neighbor. Casual glances in the hallway on her jaunts to the trash chute or the mail kiosk were the only visual stimulus she had of her neighbor, but those lean thighs tightly covered by faded denim jeans were certainly memorable. The sexy, charming come-hither smile offset the dimples in his cheeks and the tousled appearance of his slightly longer than short black hair.

Click clack. Click clack.

Her pulse raced as she moved toward the door. Since she and her neighbor were the only ones on this floor, so she knew this was her—the one she'd be sharing him with tonight. Peering through her partially open door, Autumn noticed a flash of long blonde hair as the woman made her way to his door and knocked.

The woman moved so that her silhouette was in Autumn's view as she waited. She was a blonde who dressed provocatively—she lacked the finesse the brunettes from

prior months had. The woman revealed too much of herself in the black sequined dress that barely reached beyond her upper thighs. Those who dressed tastefully got the most attention from him, they screamed the loudest.

He wouldn't like the blonde. Then again, maybe he would. It wasn't as if she'd seen her for very long. Autumn sighed and made her way back to her bedroom.

Settling into her bed, she grabbed her favorite dildo from her bedside table and set it beside her. Her heart beat wildly in her chest as she mentally reasoned she was entitled to this. If he didn't want her listening in, he should be quieter with his sexcapades. Of course, the paper-thin walls of the small New York City apartments didn't help when it came to privacy.

The guilt would come. But first, it was her turn. Autumn rubbed her nipples through her negligee, her head leaned against the thin wall separating her from her neighbor's bedroom. She blocked all noises from the bustling street below her open window and closed her eyes, concentrating on the sounds drifting in from the next room.

The loud moans always got her attention, followed by the naughty words, which sent a shiver of anticipation through her body. He liked it rough and made sure he was in control. Each scream of delight emitted from his bedroom spurred her desire.

A feminine gasp drifted through the wall. The playtime had begun.

Leather on skin. It was a flogger-on-flesh sound that had made its way through the walls enough for Autumn to recognize and her pulse raced with anticipation. He wasn't going to disappoint her tonight.

The woman's moans and gasps filtered into Autumn's ears and she shivered, almost able to feel the dance of leather against her own back. How would she respond if it were her? She'd never been dominated even though she'd fantasized about it. Her last boyfriend was as far from experimental as a guy could get.

She'd wasted two months with that asshole Trey Wentworth only to find out the only sex he enjoyed was missionary. Once a week. He wouldn't even consider

dominating her or indulging any of her naughtier fantasies. But that was history now, and two months later she was ready to move on and forget all about him and the vanilla encounters.

“Gorgeous tits, slut.” His raspy voice made her shiver as she imagined him tasting her flesh, sucking her nipples with his hot mouth. She slid the negligee off her shoulders and exposed her breasts fully. Her fingers pinched the hard nubs as the woman’s gasps filled the air.

What was he doing?

“I knew they’d taste good.” She massaged her breasts, squeezing them as she imagined his tongue sliding against her skin. Her nipples hardened in response.

Autumn bit her lip to suppress her moan as she writhed and leaned her head back against the wall. It was an awkward time to be grateful for a low-paying job in a pricey city like New York, but the thought raced through her mind. If she’d had enough money, she would’ve gotten a real bedroom set with a headboard and it would’ve masked more of the activity from next door.

“Are you ready for me?”

Autumn moaned. “God, yes.”

“Are you wet, slut?”

She was. Autumn spread her legs and trailed her fingers up her inner thighs, savoring the way her skin felt. It’d be so much better if it were his hand on her now. His mouth taunting her nipples. His tongue licking a path up her thighs.

“I can’t wait to taste you.” She shivered at the way his words matched her fantasy. Reality collided with her desires, leaving her wet and ready for whatever pleasure he could bring her.

A soft sigh of pleasure escaped from her parted lips, her breath became labored. Her fingers delved inside her, her thumb still working her clit. He knew exactly what to

say, even though he wasn't in the room. The faint sound of his voice drove her over the edge. "Come for me, slut. Let me feel my pussy come hard."

She sighed imagining the muscular body of her sexy neighbor meshed with hers. Her fingers became his in her mind as the sounds of desire slipped through the thin walls. Once a month she experienced his passion, pretended to be the woman under him.

The woman's screams of ecstasy encouraged Autumn's fingers to rub harder. Did he fuck as hard as she imagined? How fast would she orgasm with him inside her? Pinching her clit, she bit her lip as a loud moan of pleasure escaped. She always tried to be careful—he couldn't hear her secret delight.

"That's right. Come hard for me. You are mine, aren't you?" The sound of his laughter poured through the vent on the adjoining wall. "Oh yeah, that's it. Feel my cock ramming into *my* cunt."

Autumn rubbed the dildo over her slick entrance, wishing it were him. Imagining it was, she worked it in and out, her haggard breathing keeping pace with the thrusts.

"I can't wait to feel that sweet ass of yours around me." Laughter filled her ears. Images of him preparing her for entry assailed her. "Oh yes, your ass *will* be mine. I've waited too long not to have it for myself."

It was too much to bear. The thought of him dominating her sent her nerve endings over the edge. Autumn's body shuddered. A cry of pleasure escaped her lips.

She had not meant to be that loud. *What is it about him?* The thought whirled in her mind as waves of pleasure cascaded through her body. Once a month he sent her over the edge easier than any man she had been with. She'd wondered why he adhered to the strict schedule. Then again, he was rarely around except for that week.

Was he a business man? Hell, he could be just about anything for all she knew.

She didn't even know his name. Not that it seemed to matter to her raging libido.

Collapsing against the wall behind her, she battled to get her breathing under control. He would fuck her hard and that was exactly what she needed to ease the ache of her horrible breakup.

Autumn heard the woman next door laugh and knew her neighbor was done. He hadn't fucked her nearly as long as he had some of the others. Autumn had known this one would be a disappointment to him.

She hadn't meant to spy. But she knew better—he had a routine and her body had learned it by heart. Nine o'clock without fail. That is when they were expected to arrive.

She heard laughter and knew he was done with her. He always made them laugh right before they had to leave. Sighing, she looked around her sparsely decorated place. The modern décor she had chosen suited her taste, but she wished her budget allowed her to spruce it up just a bit. The walls were bare, except for one black and white photograph of the New York City skyline.

She had wanted tonight to last longer, but sadly, the woman had let her down too. The clickety clack of her heels echoed in the hallway. He was alone. What did he do after they left? She closed her eyes, imagining him in the shower washing off the remnants of his playtime. She had passed him in the hallway on occasions but never struck up a conversation. What could she say? *Thanks for getting me off once a month. Could you maybe do it a bit more often?*

Autumn chuckled and slid under the cool sheets of her bed. The lumpy mattress had taken some getting used to, but living this far into the city meant sacrificing. Comfort and space had been the first to go. She closed her eyes, her body grateful for the one orgasm she had gotten. It could have been so much better.

Pulling off her negligee, she hastily donned her favorite oversized shirt and a pair of panties.

The knock on her door startled her. She jumped, her eyes wide as she looked around. *Who could that possibly be?* She walked to the door and peeked out.

Shit.

Her heart leapt into her chest and she leaned against the door, the knock sounding louder the second time around. *Why was he knocking? Did he know?*

"I know you are in there, minx. Open the door." She battled with reason, but opened the door anyway. She was an idiot to obey, but she couldn't resist the temptation.

His tall, muscular frame loomed in the expanse of the door until he stepped forward, closed the door and locked it. Her heart slammed into her chest, her pulse raced. Why was he here?

"Hello, neighbor. I thought maybe it was time for us to introduce ourselves." The jeans he wore hid the body she had fantasized about.

She stammered for a response. Irritation should be the first response. Was he always this bold? But she already knew the answer.

Yes.

It was why he starred in her fantasies each night and why she looked forward to the 25th of each month. "Hi."

He chuckled, the dimples on his cheeks accentuated when he grinned. "Hi back. I'm Kade Berges."

She smoothed her hair back behind her ear and smiled. Her hands tugged on the oversized button down shirt she wore, wishing it would come down a little farther. She closed her eyes when his gaze moved over her body.

"What's your name?"

"Autumn." She hated sounding so shy and weak, but words escaped her. Trying hard to avoid eye contact, she hoped he could not see the way her nipples had hardened the second he walked into her place.

"Beautiful name for a sexy woman. Tell me, Autumn. Did you get to come tonight?" His hand wound in her hair, his gaze roamed her body. "Because I sure didn't."

She looked him in the eyes. *He knew.*

His other hand unbuttoned the three top buttons of her faded blue shirt to expose the swell of her breasts, then slid seductively down her side. His fingers paused at her knee before making a slow sweep up the inside of her thigh. Breathing became difficult when he caressed the juncture of her legs.

"I see you enjoyed yourself more than I expected. I always love hearing you cry out when you orgasm. I bet it sounds so much better when there isn't a wall separating us." Buttons popped off her shirt when he tugged at it. Cool air swept across her exposed breasts. "I didn't realize I had such a delectable package right next door. If I had known that mewling voice I hear every month came from such a gorgeous body, you would've been the one over there."

"You knew what I looked like. We've met." She swallowed. "At the chute."

A grin formed on his full lips. "I didn't realize you were here. I hadn't made the connection."

Her heart beat wildly, her thoughts racing as reality slammed headfirst into her darkest fantasies. He was here. Touching her.

Autumn slid the top off, allowing it to pool on the hardwood floor. "I'm surprised you came over. You never have before."

"I decided it was time for you to pay for your pleasure." He stepped forward and brought himself flush against her body, the cotton material of his top brushed against her nipples. A moan escaped her lips.

"What type of payment are you talking about?" She stepped back, but his hands quickly wrapped around her waist and brought her body against his.

Laughter filled the room, his breath warm in her ear. "Not really payment as much as punishment. See, tonight's lack of pleasure was your fault. I found myself only able to think about you, and what you were doing over here."

Tingles went down her spine and she inhaled the scent of his cologne. "I've never distracted you before."

"Oh but last time you surprised me by screaming for more." Autumn gasped, recalling how she had begged for more. "Yes, I heard that sexy voice of yours telling me not to stop, and it turned me on. I found myself wanting to give you so much more tonight, but couldn't with *her*. So you have to be punished for breaking my concentration."

Anticipation ran through her when he pulled her away from him slightly. "What were you planning to do?"

Full lips formed a smile. "Not what I want to do. A spanking for tonight, I believe. But then, next month you will be the center of attention." His thumb tweaked her nipple. "You're going to like that, aren't you?"

Autumn nodded, unable to speak. *Is this really happening?* His hand rubbed her damp panties, just enough to make her want to writhe into his palm.

"It turns you on to know I'm going to do so much more with you than any of the others, doesn't it?" A finger slid past the cotton barrier and delved into her. "I'm going to enjoy playing with you a great deal, Autumn."

She remained silent, unable to convey the need pulsating through her.

Kade's voice made her shiver. "Admit you want me, Autumn."

"Yes, I've wanted to play with you for a while now." The soft admission was met with a second finger thrusting in her slickened folds. "I couldn't help myself when I heard..." Unable to continue her thoughts, she moaned loudly when the pad of his thumb slid across her clit.

"You understand why you are being spanked tonight, don't you?" Adrenaline flowed through her veins, sending a pool of moisture between her legs.

"Yes." The hard pinch to her nipple emitted a moan from her.

"Yes, what?" His voice rose at the question.

"Yes Sir."

"Very good. You heard them say that enough, didn't you? You should have known how to answer, shouldn't you?" The husky whisper in her ear made her weak and she leaned against him. Adrenaline surged through her, the lust palpable.

"Yes Sir."

"Then I shall double your punishment. Why are you being spanked, Autumn?"

Unease settled in her. *What was the right answer?* She bit her lip and looked into his eyes. "I was too loud and distracted you."

Laughter was his response as he walked toward her bed. "Come over here and pull those sexy panties down. Lay face down on the bed with your ass at the edge."

Autumn glanced over at her bed and moved toward it slowly, her thumbs looped under the thin string of her white bikini panties. Her heart raced when he watched her, his dark eyes making her shiver. Pulling her underwear down around her knees, she obediently lay prone on the bed.

"I'm afraid this may take a while, Autumn. See, you first disrespected me by not addressing me properly. Then, you don't even know what you did wrong." She shivered as his commanding voice reinforced the realism. He was here. In her place. Punishing her. "What toys do you have here? Anything to spank you with?"

"I've never shared my toys with anyone." She jumped, feeling a sharp sting to her backside.

"That wasn't my question."

"I have a riding crop, a paddle and a cane, Sir." His moan filled the quiet room.

"Where?" She breathed in the scent of the sheets under her, his hands massaging her ass. "You have a very nice ass to punish."

"The box at the bottom of the closet."

She could say nothing more. The sound of his boots hitting the floor filled her ears, followed by the squeak of the closet door. Her eyes widened when he showed her the butt plug she had purchased online, still in its wrapper.

"Have you ever let someone do this stuff to you, Autumn?"

She shivered, hearing the softness in his voice. "No Sir."

"But you want it, right?"

The cellophane packaging being opened reverberated around the room. "Yes Sir."

"Good. You know the safety word, right?" *Vanilla*. She had heard it used before, but not much. She nodded her head. "Open your mouth."

The large plug filled her mouth. "That's it, slut. Get it nice and wet. You know where this is going don't you?"

She nodded. Warm tingles danced across her skin where his other hand slid, across her back and then down the backs of her thighs. She heard the pop of a top and knew he had found her lubricant.

She gasped when he parted her cheeks and inserted a finger into her. His groan filled the room. "Damn, you are tight. Did you save this hole just for me?"

Autumn heard the surprise in his voice as he removed the plug from her mouth. "I haven't..." Her words became a moan as he slowly worked the plug into her.

"Fuck, yes! This is all mine, isn't it?" She stifled her cry of shock and delight into the soft sheets beneath her. When it was fully into her, she relaxed against the bed. Warm hands rubbed her ass. Then a hard slap to her left cheek, then her right. "Mmm, your ass is going to look so beautiful all red from its punishment."

Liquid fire flowed through her veins, the stinging sensation coursed through her to settle between her legs.

"How hard will you punish me?" She heard the nervousness in her voice.

"Pretty hard. You really have been very bad getting off on my private playtime without permission. But don't worry. The real payment will be next time." His chuckle

faded as she heard the swoosh of the belt leaving the loops of his pants. "We'll warm you up with ten lashes of this."

She cried out when the first sting of the belt connected with her flesh. Each contact with it emitted a sound of shock and delight from her. The backs of her thighs and ass burned by the time he stopped. A finger delved into her wet pussy. "I see you enjoy it. I guess we need to move on to something else then."

Autumn sighed when he picked up the riding crop beside her. "Spread your legs wider, slut. I want to really lay into your ass and thighs so you remember this lesson." She shivered hearing his voice, but obeyed quickly.

"Good girl. Do you have any idea how hard you are going to get fucked next time?" The crop connected with her ass, making her jump.

The cried responses died in the bedding below her, her fists curling in response to each strike to her ass and thighs. She counted them silently in her head as the burning sensation coursed through her lower body. *Ten.*

"God, your ass looks so beautiful all red for me and filled with that plug. I can't wait to feel you around my cock. Turn over." Autumn could barely breathe, she wanted to come so hard. She complied, shutting her eyes to hide the shock when she felt the cool sheets against her warmed flesh.

"Very good. I wanted to give you twenty lashes of the crop to your ass, but I don't misuse my play toys. So, I'm afraid you need to take the remaining ten elsewhere. Hold those gorgeous tits of yours up for me, and make sure the nipples are showing."

She saw the grin on his face and moaned, imagining what he was going to do. How it would feel. "My breasts are ready for you, Sir. I hope you enjoy them."

"Mmm yes, slut. I will. Remain still and take your hits or we begin again." Autumn nodded. She watched his arm swing back and the crop rear down and strike her tits. She braced herself for the pain, but the sensation crept into her skin and brought a sense of need deep within her.

This is what she had been craving for so long, what she had wanted to explore with Trey. Anything not missionary was beyond him though. Not Kade. Each stroke was different, some soft and some hard. He knew exactly how to make her body respond and beg for more.

Tossing the crop on the bed beside her, he wound his hand in her hair and smiled down at her. "Very good. Did you learn your lesson from this punishment?"

Autumn barely managed a nod, savoring the feeling of his other hand caressing her breasts.

"I should make you suck me so that I at least get some pleasure out of tonight, but we'll wait on that. Tomorrow morning there will be an envelope outside of your door with directions to a clinic that a friend of mine runs. I only play with those I *know* are safe, and you will be able to see that we are as well. We will meet again next month on the 25th, Autumn.

Her mind reeled hearing the word *we*. "We, Sir?"

He laughed as he walked toward the door and unlocked it. "Oh yes. See, this next month will be extra special. My good friends will be in town and will be joining me. You'll like them I'm sure. And I know they'll love you. We always share our subs when we can. We used to go to college together, and were known as The Pleasure Brigade."

Chapter Two

The sound of the clock ticking on the wall across the room was driving her nuts. Blindfolded and stripped, she knelt on the floor with a spreader bar positioned between her knees and her hands restrained with leather cuffs behind her back. The time had finally come after an agonizing month of waiting.

Her pulse pounded in her ears as the sound of Kade's footsteps echoed through his place. She had arrived on time and had been ordered into this position, and now she waited. Friends. That's all she knew, other than they were safe to play with.

"The Brigade plays hard, but we are always safe about it." That was all Kade had said when she arrived. She heard him approach her, the scent of cologne wafting through the air.

"A couple of things before my friends arrive. You will have no name with them, only Jane. All women we share are Jane. You will obey every command given to you, and should two commands contradict one another you choose the one you wish to obey. Remember the safety word and never be afraid to use it, Autumn. This is meant to be pleasurable for us all, but especially for you. If at any point you wish to leave or stop, we will end it and no one will think less of you for it. Understood?"

"Yes Sir."

"And one thing I will tell you that I shouldn't," his breath was warm in her ear. "I will be the first to fuck that sweet ass of yours. So when it's getting pummeled, know that it's me."

The mere thought made her pussy quiver. "I am glad to hear that, Sir."

The knock at the door startled her, her pulse quickened in anticipation. What would they be like? She focused on Kade's footsteps and their pause before he opened the door.

A barrage of loud shouts and laughs echoed through the room, each distinct voice making her breath hitch slightly. How many men would fuck her? The camaraderie continued as Autumn listened intently for the different pitches and whatever clues she could get on how many people were entering. Guessing there were three men joining Kade, she shivered in anticipation as footsteps approached her.

“What do we have here?” A distinctive Southern accent caught her attention. The slightest touch to her cheek made her shudder. She embraced the chance to experiment, but there was a small part of her that was apprehensive.

“I didn’t want you guys getting bored while you were here.” Hearing Kade directly behind her seemed to set her at ease, and she knew it was crazy. She didn’t know him any better, but he always played by the same rules and that knowledge gave her the power to enjoy herself.

“Why is she blindfolded?” Goose bumps rose on her flesh when someone else stepped to her left side and traced the sides of her blindfold, the caress sliding down her throat. “Such a beautiful morsel. Are you sure you want to share her, Kade? She might be the loveliest we’ve ever played with together.”

“I figured not seeing would stimulate her other senses and make it even more exciting for her. And I couldn’t possibly hide such a perfect play toy from my best friends, could I?” Autumn shivered and gasped at the firm pinch to her nipples. Other hands roamed across her face and down her arms.

“Glad you’re sharing. I bet she’ll take a cock good.” The slight Italian-accented suggestion made her mouth dry in response. Licking her lips, she heard the deep baritone groan. “She’s such a good sub.”

“Yes, she is, Lorenzo. Perhaps you should sample her mouth first since she seems to be quite eager,” Kade said. Autumn’s stomach slammed into her chest, her nerves palpable in their intensity. “I’m sure she’ll behave and suck you well, won’t you, Jane?”

“Are we keeping her restrained?”

"Yes for now, Lance. At least until she takes all of our cocks and proves her obedience." It wasn't possible to get any wetter than she was already. Autumn's entire body shook with a need she had never experienced.

She heard the shuffle of feet and the creaking of something, possibly a sofa, to the left of her. A zipper. Her heart beat wildly listening to it and the sound of a package ripping that followed.

"It's been too long since we've done this."

"Not getting enough action on your own, Chase?" Lance asked.

"That's never a problem." She shivered again at the Southern accent.

Autumn listened intently to each word, learning the reflections and cadences of their voices. Each had a distinctive accent that made them discernable. She doubted the knowledge would be of any benefit, but her just knowing that made her feel better.

"Open that sexy mouth, Jane." She obeyed, anxious to begin the domination fantasy.

A loud groan of satisfaction pierced the silence of the room and she suppressed her own urge to moan. The cock was thick and slid slowly into her. She flicked the tip and then made her way down the sensitive underside, the hands buried in her hair squeezing gently in encouragement.

Autumn continued to suck the cock in her mouth in the slow, leisurely manner Lorenzo seemed to enjoy the most. The cock would feel so good in her dripping wet pussy, but something told her she would have to wait for that. Friends had always said her oral fetish was unseemly, but it suited tonight.

Lorenzo groaned and thrust fully into her mouth. She tugged against her restraints. The desire to use her hands on the man before her pressed heavily on her. He pulled out of her. A sigh of pleasure coursed through her as he smoothed down her hair.

"She's insatiable, Kade. Truly a remarkable sub."

"So I see," Kade said, his dry tone startling Autumn. Would he end this before it had truly begun? No, he would want to take her himself at least. Wouldn't he? Listening intently, she heard the creaking of the sofa and knew someone else came over to take Lorenzo's place. Which one would it be?

"This is gonna be fun." The Southern country drawl made her shiver. She had no way to know, but for some reason she pictured a hotter-than-hell cowboy.

That was the beauty of being blindfolded—she got to picture all of them the way she wanted them to be. All except for Kade, of course. But then again, she wouldn't change anything about him even if she could. He was the reason she was here after all.

The sound of zippers and their teeth separating was becoming an addiction for her—that and rustling fabric. She moaned softly, chewing on her lower lip. He pinched her hardened nipples just enough to remind her they were there and at the mercy of the men. All of the men. Oh shit.

"Open up, Jane, and suck it like that little ass of yours depends on it. 'Cause if I'm not satisfied with what you do, I'm gonna take it out on that sexy bottom of yours. Nothing like seeing a tight little thing like you all red from a whip," Chase said.

Autumn parted her lips and waited patiently, once again hearing the ripping of a foil package. It amazed her how heightened her other senses had become now. The scent of vanilla still wafted through the small space, now mixed with the scent of cologne. And soap. Each of them smelled unique, but they all made her pulse race and her breathing become labored.

A hand rested on the back of her neck, slowly guiding her mouth down an impressively long length of flesh. Not as wide as the last one, but it seemed longer. She flicked her tongue over the tip and then licked her way down the length of it. Damn it to hell, having her hands would make this ten times more pleasurable for both of them, but this was about control. She understood and appreciated it but that didn't mean she had to like it.

The thrusts into her mouth came in a more demanding and faster pace than Lorenzo had used, but there was something equally addictive about this rhythm. The intensity and desperation Chase exhibited with each move of his hips made Autumn feel even more desirable. He couldn't control himself around her.

Sucking the cock with a need matching Chase's, she wasn't surprised he gripped her head with more force than Lorenzo had. He sought complete control of the depth and speed of each movement and she ceded that right to him. She wanted one of them inside her. Now.

His release only increased the rapid beating of her heart. Two had used her mouth. That only left Lance and Kade. Kade was the one she wanted. The one that her pussy craved. She knew he would be firm and demanding. She had heard him with enough women to know that much.

"Such a sweetheart. Thank you, Jane," Chase said, as he withdrew from her. "And to think I didn't want to come and visit you."

The men laughed. "Why the fuck not? Don't we always have a good time when you come?"

"You know me. The big city isn't my thing," Chase said, his voice trailing off as his booted steps clicked against the flooring. Autumn shifted slightly, thankful that Kade had made her kneel on a soft material of some type. But the positioning was still awkward, one she was unaccustomed to. And her sex being fully exposed and dripping wet made her even more uncomfortable.

"But she is I bet," Lance commented, his voice getting closer. "At least you haven't been stuck in the middle of a godforsaken jungle with a bunch of men for the sake of national security."

Autumn's pulse raced as she absorbed the information. Would he be rough and wild like the jungle he had been in? Had it become ingrained within his persona altogether? Her imagination ran rampant.

"Jane there will help you alleviate that," Kade said.

"I like my women more hands on. I'm not afraid of a little bite and kick to them." Autumn thought she'd orgasm right there, the idea of her wrestling him for control sent waves of pleasure straight to her wet slit.

"I don't think she'd fight you much right now. That gorgeous pussy of hers is so wet we could do just about anything we wanted to her," Chase commented.

"Do what you want, man. You've been away long enough and deserve to get whatever pleasure you need," Kade commented.

Hot breath warmed the tingling flesh of her neck. The restraints on her wrists came free and she fought the urge to move her shoulders. The anklet cuffs were opened right before two arms circled her waist. "Let me help you up, Jane."

Autumn had never felt so small as she sailed upward onto her wobbling feet. Steadying herself against the weight behind her, the thud of the restraint bar to the floor made her wonder what Lance intended to do. At least she thought it was Lance. She wanted to speak, had questions she wanted answered, but knew that was not within the rules. She'd be allowed to do that when they wanted, but not right now.

"You have a bed set up for this?" Lance asked. Autumn's breathing hitched at the word bed. Her pussy throbbed, longing for the possible opportunity to feel a cock buried inside of her soon.

"Room next door. There's even a couch for the onlookers," Kade commented.

She moaned softly, Lance's hands roaming across the goose bumps on her arms, soothing the ache from the muscles of her shoulders with a reassuring rub.

"Let's go, Jane. It's time."

Autumn moved with the sway of the body behind her. Unable to see where they were going, she battled the need to hold her hands out in front of her in a protective manner. She knew the more trust she exhibited the more pleasure the men would give her. At least she hoped that was the case.

"You're almost there." She continued forward, her steps decreasing in size and slowing in speed. "Let's stop right there for now. Crawl onto the bed on your knees but remain on all fours."

Autumn moved onto the bed, her body trembling in anticipation as she heard the other men whispering behind her. Was this really going to happen? Moisture flowed between her legs as she realized this was his bed. The same bed she heard him in each month. The same bed she thought about more nights than she'd admit to anyone. The same bed she had longed to be on each time she surrendered to her orgasm.

The mattress shifted, the added weight signaling someone else had joined her. "Are you ready, Jane?"

"Yes Sir." She prided herself on the proper address. At least she had been thinking more than she thought.

"Relax, we're not going to hurt you. You're shivering. Are you cold?" Lance asked, his hands running up and down her torso, pausing to cup her breasts.

"No Sir. I'm just anxious." That was an understatement. If Autumn could see the cock she knew was right there in front of her she'd mount it in a heartbeat and ride it until her toes curled from the powerful orgasm she knew she'd have right now.

Lance's hands moved up to cup her face and warm breath cascaded on her cheek. "Last chance to back out, Jane."

She moaned and rose up on her knees to drag his mouth onto hers, but he moved faster than she had thought possible. His fingers braced her face into place, his mouth devouring hers with a need that ripped straight through her. His tongue captured hers, demanding an immediate surrender she was more than willing to give.

Lance's passion was raw, animalistic and urgent. Just as she would have expected a man trapped in a far-off jungle to be. How long had he been there? What had he done while there? He broke the kiss. She willed her lungs to seize air while they could.

She jumped, startled by the fingers that delved into her wet slit. Moaning aloud, she plunged herself deeper onto them, her body silently begging for what she needed. What she wanted.

“Very nice, Jane. I can’t wait any longer.” She sighed in contentment as he nestled her into the cool bedding beneath her.

Lance covered her with his body quickly, her legs parted widely to accept him. The foil package ripping was barely discernable but she knew it was the reason she had those few moments to adjust to her new position. His cock filled her to the hilt deep and fast, his hands holding each hip firmly.

“God, you feel so good, Jane. You have no idea how long I’ve needed a nice, tight, wet cunt clutching my cock. You’re so lucky I have to share you, otherwise I’m afraid of what I’d do to you.” The confession came out in a growl against her ear, the intensity behind it matched the rapid thrusts into her wet pussy.

Autumn propelled her hips upward to meet the thrusts but his hands forced her back down onto the bed. He placed her legs on his shoulders and rammed into her deeper than before. Hands fisted in the covers beside her, she cried out in pleasure. Never had a man fucked her this hard, with such raw need. Her adrenaline flowed to a higher level and she nipped at his neck—silently daring him to take her even harder.

Her hands roamed across an impressively expansive chest. A patch of hair tickled her fingers. She slid her nails down from his shoulders until they found his nipples. Pinching them hard, she cried out when he growled in response.

Waves of pleasure shot through her when his hand moved between them and he rubbed her clit. She dug her nails into the flesh of his upper arms and allowed the screams and gasps of pleasure to fill the room. A responding cry of release joined hers as he thrust himself in her one last time.

Wrapping her legs around his hips, she clutched the cock buried inside her, determined to milk the sensation coursing through her for each second that she could.

"You're so fucking amazing, Jane. God, I already want to fuck you again," Lance whispered in her ear, his hands winding through her hair.

"Give her a minute to rest and you can. She's not going anywhere, and you need the fuck more than we do," Kade said. Autumn cowered into Lance's embrace, shocked that she had forgotten the other three men had been there. Watching. Waiting. Wanting.

"You okay?" The soft question stunned Autumn. She nodded as he shifted his weight off her. "Good, I was afraid I had hurt you."

Hardly. Her pussy throbbed, her entire body alive with the yearning for more. She hadn't expected to become so immersed in the fantasy—in the men. But she had. What had Lance gone through? Where were all of them from? How had they managed to remain friends for so long?

"Kade, man," Lance called out, his hand playing with her hair.

"Yeah?"

"You want to come over and join us?"

Autumn's entire body screamed her response to the question. *Oh fuck yes.*

Had she died and gone to heaven? The rhetorical question raced through her mind as she demanded her lungs continue breathing. Lance. Kade. Lance *and* Kade.

Oh fuck yes.

"Rise up on your knees, Jane." The quickly uttered command came out in a soft whisper, a caress against her flushed skin. She rose to obey, her hands trembling at her sides as she felt the shift in the mattress and the added weight on the opposite side of her. *Damn the blindfold.*

"Have you ever done two men at once, Jane?" Kade asked, his hand trailing down her back sending shivers down her entire spine.

"No Sir."

"Good. I'm glad we'll be the first to break you in. Chase and Lorenzo will make sure you get plenty of practice, and then Lance and I can administer a final exam for

you.” Kade nibbled her neck, his hands sliding up her legs and coming around to the tender flesh of her inner thighs.

Lance’s mouth nibbled on her earlobe, his hands massaging her breasts and making her nipples harden even more. “Play with our cocks, Jane, and get them ready for you.”

Her hands latched onto the two cocks with an eager speed that made both men chuckle in her ear. She felt the heat rise to her cheeks and murmured her apology, her hands pumping both of their long shafts. Leaning her back, the two men feasted on her breasts, both mouths sucking her nipples to hardened nubs.

She gasped at the awkwardness of being playfully bitten and licked at the same time. Pumping both cocks, she moaned her appreciation at the length and thickness of Kade’s, ready to feel it deep within her. Then she remembered. He intended to be the first to take her ass.

The popping of a bottle top made her jump in their arms. A mouth descended onto hers. A tongue foraged the depths to find and caress hers. The kiss was soft yet demanding, but she had no idea which man it was. And she didn’t care. She cried out into his mouth as a finger rimmed her, the lubricant warm upon contact with her skin. This was really going to happen.

“Just relax and let my finger enter you, Jane.” Kade’s voice caressed her quickening pulse and erratic breathing as she leaned into the body behind her, confident that it was Kade but not entirely certain.

“Is she ready? I can’t wait much longer.” Lance’s pained statement filled her ears as she moaned, the finger moving slowly inside her. It seemed to expand in size and she whimpered. The added pressure and slight pain dissipated quickly.

“Good, Jane, just remain relaxed. You’ve almost adjusted and then we can begin.”

Begin? She groaned to herself, knowing she would erupt into flames if she didn’t get what her body needed soon. She clutched at whatever flesh she could reach with her hands, sliding down until she grasped the cock in front of her. Lance groaned in an agony that matched hers.

"She's ready," Kade affirmed. Autumn sighed. *No freaking shit.* She had been ready way before he said that.

Autumn gasped as hands rubbed her, lubricant warming the quivering skin between her legs. Unsure what to do or expect, she trusted they would guide her and chose to savor each sensation as it came.

"Straddle Lance and take his cock inside of that hot cunt of yours, Jane."

Autumn felt around on the bed and straddled him eagerly, his hands guiding her hips as she moved to fill herself with him fully. She sighed in contentment, the full sensation she sought finally at fruition.

"Lean forward against me, Jane," Lance said firmly, his voice terse. Waiting to move inside of her must be equally difficult for him.

Autumn forgot how to breathe when Kade entered her, his cock moving slowly inch by inch, filling her in a way she had never experienced. She couldn't move. Restrained between the two men, she groaned as Kade took his time.

"Breathe and relax, Jane. You're doing great," Kade said softly, his hand on her back, caressing her gently. "Fuck you feel so good around my cock."

She cried out as the two men moved in opposite rhythms. Sandwiched between the two of them, she was unsure what to do. Not that she could think to do it anyway. Her labored breaths and gasps filled the room and their thrusts became more demanding. Lance set the pace for all three bodies as the two men worked in unison pumping in and out of her.

They played with her tits and clit, caressed her quivering skin until she was a bundle of nerves ready to explode. A light pinch of her clit sent her spiraling over the edge into an orgasm that left her breathless. Clinching her muscles, she heard both the men cry out their releases in succession.

Kade kissed the back of her neck tenderly and withdrew from her. "Very good, Jane. You take cocks very well."

Dazed, she rolled over onto the bed. The world spun behind the blindfold she wore. The smell of sex filled her nostrils. Running her hands between her thighs, the remnants of her need enhanced the well-fucked euphoria she was in. There was no doubt she would be quite sore in the morning when she did the walk of shame back to her apartment, but at this point she couldn't care less.

Then again, for all she knew she'd be doing that walk any minute now. Nothing Kade said noted it would last more than a few hours at the most. Curling up in her bed next door and remembering how hard and well they had fucked her as she fell into the depths of slumber sounded heavenly. Almost as much as lying here and waiting for the next two men.

Chapter Three

She knew they weren't done with her. The room had grown quiet, except for the hard breathing that had begun to slow.

"Don't you fucking fall asleep over there, Lance. Get your ass up now before you close your eyes," Chase drawled.

"No, let them have the bed. We will take Jane and clean her up. Then we'll fuck her even harder so that they can hear her from in here."

Autumn's body awakened, hearing Lorenzo. Two more cocks eager to have her? Never could she have imagined something this hedonistic. This erotic. This perfect.

"Stand up, Jane." Chase's voice came from the edge of the bed and her pulse raced in response. "I'm anxious to learn more about that body of yours, like how it responds to mine."

"You going to run her through a training program like you do all those horses of yours?" Lance asked, his voice dripping with sarcasm.

"Don't hate just because you don't have what it takes to cowboy up."

"Man, shut the fuck up while you're ahead." Kade laughed.

Chase laughed and helped Autumn stand, her legs moving of their own accord. "It's okay, Jane. You, Lorenzo and I will have a lot of fun."

A cool draft from an open window flowed across her skin when she walked in the direction they led her, but all she could think about was them. The men behind her. Would she ever get to see their faces? Reasoning dictated they had known each other for a while—the jesting itself spoke of a deeper friendship than just casual group sex scenes played out once in a while.

The linoleum flooring chilled the bottoms of her feet and added a reassurance to her situation. At least she knew what his bathroom was probably like. Maybe. Then again, the apartments were so archaic and had been subletted so many times nothing was probably the same anymore.

"Taking a shower with you would be so perfect, Jane. But I'm afraid the others lack the patience for us to do that. Sit down on the rim of the tub," Lorenzo said, his arms guiding her to where she needed to perch herself.

Autumn's pulse raced and she wondered what the two men intended to do. She had assumed they meant to share a shower with her. Oh God. Liquid moisture pooled between her legs at the mere thought of it. They had to. She wanted it too bad not to get it.

The sound of running water captured her attention, followed by a barely audible curse. "Fucking tiny-ass city bathrooms."

Lorenzo laughed. "Sorry that not every room is as spacious as you are used to."

"Okay. Kade has got to be the most metrosexual alpha male we'll ever fucking see. He must've been a lady in a former life. Check out how many towels he has." The awed sound in Chase's voice brought a smile to Autumn's face. "Fuck, I've still got the same towels I dried my ass with back in college."

"Somehow that doesn't surprise me too much. Don't worry, Jane. I won't let Chase's poor grooming habits interfere with our playtime," Lorenzo teased, his voice tickling the skin behind her ear, his fingers tweaking her nipples.

"What the fuck does me not spending God only knows how much on towels made with..." A long pause filled the room. "Fuck. They all still have the price tag on them."

"He has a beautiful woman at his mercy and he worries about thread counts on towels," Lorenzo teased. "Perhaps you and I should start without him."

Footsteps fell across the flooring and her pulse quickened with Chase's drawled response. "Hardly."

Autumn gasped when the warm, wet washcloth slid slowly up the inside of her thigh, the heat tantalizing her with promised delights once it went higher. She held her breath, but cried out when fingers pinched her nipples. Or was it a mouth? The confines of the room boomeranged her moans, increasing the need rampaging through her.

Oh fuck yes. The material felt coarse against her sensitive folds but she thrust her mound against it in a silent plea for release. Right or wrong, she didn't care.

"Isn't she beautiful?" Chase asked, his voice dancing across her skin.

"Gorgeous. What color are your eyes, Jane? The only thing I regret about this is that I won't remember your beautiful eyes staring into mine as you orgasm around my cock," Lorenzo said.

Autumn shuddered and dug her nails into the first skin she could find. It didn't matter what it was or who it is was connected to. She needed one of them to rub her... *Oh fuck yes. Right there.* Her screams reeked of desperation but she didn't care. She wanted more and she knew they could give it to her. She wanted what she had gotten with Kade and Lance.

"It's okay, Jane. Just relax and enjoy. We're going to take good care of you," Chase whispered as the cloth fell away and his fingers replaced it, entering her wet pussy deep enough to make her want them further. She whimpered.

"Does Jane want a cock inside of her?" Lorenzo asked.

"Yes...Sir."

"I know how it feels to want something so desperately you think you'd do anything to have it even if for a moment," Chase whispered. "My entire youth was spent like that. But I learned something, Jane. Sometimes having to wait for what you want makes it all that more succulent when you get it."

Autumn groaned as he withdrew his fingers. Digging her nails into what she thought was Lorenzo's thigh, she heard a soft chuckle from the other side of her. "Don't try and pit us against each other, Jane. That cunt belongs to him and only him. But this

ass," he said, squeezing the exposed flesh, "is all mine. You can beg me to fuck it. I'd love to right now."

"I think you should," Chase commented, his voice growing distant as if he were stepping away.

Autumn squirmed on the edge of the tub. What had the two of them planned during their whispering earlier? She had heard it, but chosen to tune it out and focus on the other two men drilling her. Maybe she should have paid more attention.

"Okay, Jane, rise up and turn around and lean yourself against the tub so that sexy piece of ass is nice and high in the air for me. Don't worry about falling. Once I'm inside of you, I'll support you," Lorenzo said.

Autumn's mind reeled at the command. Somehow this was different than what had happened with Lance and Kade. She had been distracted before, in a thrall of passion brought on by the most intense hunger she had experienced from a man. How crazy was it that she'd prefer to have two cocks in her rather than just one intending to go up her backdoor?

Her knees buckled and she was thankful getting into position had not taken much effort. Moisture trailed down the insides of her thighs and she knew it had to be from her wet slit. She was more turned-on than ever.

"She's such an obedient sub. I'd love to take her home and housebreak her," Chase said. Autumn groaned at the images assailing her. Unable to see him, she had painted him to be a country boy in her mind, one step above the cowboys from the old west. What was he really like though?

"Have you ever thought of embracing the lifestyle fully, Jane? We know this is your first time."

She bit her lip and braced herself against the tub, unsure of how to respond. The question delved into the depths of her darkest fantasies, and she wasn't prepared to share that. Not even with herself. The lubricant being applied warmed and she moaned. What would Lorenzo be like?

She licked her dry lips and relaxed, sensing a presence behind her. The faucet turned on once again and she listened intently, wondering what they were doing.

A soft caress against her cheek brought her head to the side. "Here, Jane. Drink. Never be afraid to ask for something you need. This is to be pleasurable for you. How can we expect you to scream in delight when your throat is parched?"

Autumn gulped down the water, touched that he had noticed. The men were more attentive than she had given them credit for. "Thank you, Sir."

She gasped at the pressure as he slid inside her, his movements slow and cautious. His mouth kissed her back. His hands caressed her breasts and tweaked her hardened nipples. The slow thrusts of his cock made her groan her acceptance, thankful for the movement, even if it wasn't at the frenzied pace her hormones demanded.

Pushing herself backward onto his cock, she tried to increase the speed and depth of the thrusts into her. She needed to feel him take her fully, yet he held back.

"No, Jane. We do this my way. Relax and take what I give you. Don't make us punish you after we pleasure you."

She sighed her response, forcing her mind to accept that Lorenzo controlled the pace he used. The strokes and tweaks to her sensitive skin made her breathing erratic and her head spun with the need to orgasm. Footsteps signaled Chase's approach and she moaned when he moved past the two of them and stood in the bathtub.

"Open your mouth, Jane." Autumn obeyed and greeted the thick cock with a flick of her tongue against the head. Cherry-flavored condom. She sucked greedily on it, lapping up the growl of satisfaction that filled the room. Even with the intensity of his response, his pace matched Lorenzo's. Slow. Agonizingly so.

Chase withdrew from her mouth and she gasped when Lorenzo lifted her up and thrust more of his cock into her. Strong arms spread her legs. She cried out in pleasure when Chase slipped his cock into her wet slit. She didn't want to question how the hell the two men had managed the acrobatic move—or even why. Throwing her down on the floor and doing her would have been just as good.

But there was some innate bond formed with the two of them as she clung to them for support, sandwiched between their bodies. The two men worked in tandem, silently positioning her body between them. Finally. She had them both inside her as she'd wanted all along. One thrust while the other held her in place between them. Then the other cock would begin moving inside of her. Both at the languid pace that had driven her to distraction before.

Her body convulsed, the orgasm crawling through her. She clung to them, her audible gasps turning to screams of pleasure. Their groans mixed with hers as she collapsed between the two of them. She sighed and curled into Chase's arms when the men moved.

"Such a perfect sub," Lorenzo stated.

Autumn whimpered when they perched her on the edge of the tub, wanting to keep the contact with their warm flesh. Her hands itched to run across the muscular flesh. The rattle of the pipes startled her as someone turned the water back on.

"I could fuck you all night in a thousand different ways and not tire of feeling you clutch my cock when you come," Lorenzo whispered, the warm cloth running across her slit and down her inner thighs.

"Are you sore, Jane?" Chase asked.

Autumn wanted to admit that her body ached, but she shook her head. There was no way she intended to risk not having another round with Lance and Kade. Hell fucking no. She wanted those two again. She wanted these two again. She wanted this night to continue.

Lorenzo lifted her up and she put her arms around his neck, making a mental note of his thick head of hair that seemed to stop just short of his shoulders. "Time to take you back to Lance and Kade."

She rested her head against him as he carried her back into the room, her mind reliving her most recent ménage. Each had been unique in its own way, but she had

loved them both for reasons she found perplexing. She had never embraced the submissive side of her nature fully, but this enabled her to. Even if it was for one night.

"How did Jane do?" Kade asked. "We heard her from out here and my cock got hard thinking about what you were doing to my ass."

"She was sheer perfection. I'd love to take her home and house train her," Chase said.

Kade laughed. "Afraid this is a one-time thing."

Autumn stretched when she was placed down on the bed, sighing in contentment. Laughter filled the room.

"I think our Jane needs a nap," Kade commented.

Autumn jumped. "No, Sir. I'm fine."

The lightest of touches fell across her cheek. "Rest up, Jane, because I get your ass next." She groaned, a pool of liquid heat shooting to her pussy. Lance. *Oh fuck yes.*

Autumn ran her hands across the exposed flesh before her, her fingertips gliding through the thin patch of hair, down the angles of a finely chiseled chest. Grasping Kade's cock, she stroked it and remembered how good it had felt inside her.

Moving her other hand tentatively, her pulse raced. She found Lance's thick member and heard the animalistic growl rent the room when she began stroking him. She knew toying with Lance spelled danger because she could sense his wound tension and raw need in each movement and word he uttered. A wild powder keg of emotion intent on taking her. Dominating her.

"I don't think she wants a nap," Kade said, his mouth claiming hers. Her tongue seized his, exhibiting her eagerness to have them both inside her once again.

"Do you know what all I would do to you if I had you to myself?" Lance asked. She trembled in response. Goose bumps trickled to life across her skin.

Autumn knew in the darkest recesses of her mind, the untapped area of sheer primal sex. She craved the comfort Lorenzo and Chase gave her in heaps of slow,

sensual attention. But Kade and Lance were unbridled lust, the part of herself she had longed to explore.

Deft fingers played with her sensitized flesh and she gave herself free reign to touch and taste whatever she could. She moaned when one of them lifted her enough for a cock to slide slowly into her wet pussy. Kade. It had to be Kade. The scent of his cologne still lingered.

“Lean forward, Jane.” Autumn wanted to ride the cock inside of her so bad, but leaned forward into his embrace. She winced at the brief moment of discomfort but she couldn’t remember it by the time Kade and Lance sandwiched her between their two strong bodies.

“Such a perfect morsel,” Lance whispered against her ear. “You like the way we fuck you, don’t you?”

“Yes,” she gasped. The thrusts became deeper, more demanding until she could only cry out in pleasure.

Their hands worked in tandem, keeping her nipples hard and her clit begging for more attention. Autumn memorized the nuances of their kisses. The hungry taste of Lance. The demanding flavor of Kade. Their heartbeats thudded in her ears. Labored breathing and grunts of pleasure spun around her, spinning a web of lust she had to succumb to.

She ran her hands across their thighs. Her muscles constricted as the orgasm began building within her. Her cries of pleasure came out in audible mewls of delight. Both men slowed the pace of their thrusts. She clenched the cocks buried in her and heard both men groan. If she erupted into flames then she would take them with her.

Kade’s moan came first, his cock lunging one last time and both of his hands pulling her fully onto him. She sighed against him, kissing his shoulder. His flaccid cock remained partially in her as she focused her attention on the man behind her. He still moved deep inside her while his hands pinched her nipples. The brief pain reminded her he still possessed her.

Leaning against Lance, she reached behind her until she wrapped her arms around his waist. She wanted to know what thoughts raced through his mind. "Come for me, Sir, please."

A growl followed the barely audible plea and Autumn gasped, feeling his body tense behind her and his arms envelop her. She moaned within the bearlike hug and leaned her head back. The soft, tentative kiss that grazed her lips surprised her. She had expected rough, demanding, obsessed. At least from Lance. But his full lips moved against hers, his tongue licking seductively.

"You did beautifully, Jane. Do you want to take a shower?" Kade asked.

Autumn wanted to crawl up in their arms and collapse into the sleep-induced oblivion seducing her right now. Lethargy had begun to set in, the euphoria spreading through her body. At least in her dreams she could relive each moment. But she nodded, telling herself a shower was what she needed. Maybe if she was lucky one of them would join her.

"Jane needs food," Chase said.

"You're going to cook? Oh hell no. Not in my kitchen. It took three months to get the stench of smoke out of my crap the last time you tried it. And you ruined my microwave," Kade said.

"I'll take care of the food," Lance said.

"No. Jane doesn't need an MRE," Lorenzo commented, the other men laughing. Autumn smiled.

"Oh and what are you going to cook? Have you ever even boiled water, Lorenzo?" Chase asked.

The three men started arguing and Kade laughed, the weight shifting on the bed as he stood. "Come with me, Jane. While you're showering, surely between all of us something edible might get produced."

Kade led her into the bathroom and her breath hitched when he removed the blindfold and turned her around. She looked into his sexy eyes and smiled at him, feeling the warmth of her blush rising up her cheeks.

"You okay?" he asked.

Autumn nodded. "Better than okay, Sir."

"You can call me Kade. Playtime is over for now." His fingers ran through her hair. "And you were truly spectacular. But you have a choice to make. Whether or not you want to see the other three guys. It's entirely up to you. I won't tell them I gave you that option."

Autumn chewed on her lower lip, the indecision pressing on her mind. She longed to see their faces. The bodies that had given her such pleasure. Then again, a small part of her wanted them to remain a mystery. Never knowing what they looked like.

"Can I think about it while I shower?" she asked, her voice tentative as she remembered the tub where Chase and Lorenzo had... Her thoughts trailed off and she shook herself away from them. Plenty of time later to remember and savor.

"Of course. I'll leave the blindfold here in case you decide to keep the illusion," Kade said. "Come out whenever you're ready."

Warm water jettisoned on her aching body as she allowed her mind to envision what other pleasures the men could provide her. Stepping out of the shower, she toweled off the beads of moisture on her skin and stepped into the shorts and shirt Kade had left for her. They swallowed her with their size, but the soft cotton material comforted her still-sensitized skin.

Padding into the living room area, she paused in mid-stride as her gaze landed on two tall, dark-haired men standing near the entryway, their attention riveted to the kitchen. One head of hair fell around the man's ears in a wavy pattern her fingers recognized. Lorenzo. His lips were lush, his jawline chiseled. Wearing a dark, pinstriped suit, his olive-toned complexion accentuated his handsomeness.

Obsidian eyes stared back at her from the other man. He stood nearest the door, his expansive chest accentuated by the cut of his shirt, his thighs bulging from under the denim pants. Something about him reminded her of danger. It had to be Lance.

A blond head of hair popped up from around the edge of the kitchen. "Ah so that's why you two chatterboxes got quiet. Hey there. I'm Chase."

Dancing blue eyes looked her over as he toweled off his hand and extended it. His short blond hair accentuated the suntanned complexion. Lean, hard muscles bulged on his arms. His open shirt exposed a patch of his skin, a set of scratches emblazoned within the flesh.

"Did I do that?" she asked.

Chase laughed. "A few of us have scratches but they're well worth it." His fingers caressed her cheek. "Hey, Lorenzo, you won. They are hazel. So beautiful."

She shivered. They had been talking about her. Kade came from around the corner and smiled. "Hey there. We...er...sorta didn't want to risk poisoning you with our pathetic culinary talents. So we fixed you a sandwich."

"Two actually. We couldn't decide what you'd want," Chase said, motioning her toward the small table.

Autumn's eyes widened as two heaping sandwiches were placed in front of her. A pastrami on rye and a turkey and ham on whole wheat. Gobs of vegetables peeked out from underneath the bread. She crinkled her nose and gently pulled out the vile tomatoes and pushed them aside.

Lance laughed. "Told you to leave those off."

"Shut the fuck up, man. You wanted to drown the damn thing in two pounds of mustard."

Autumn laughed, afraid to add to the competitive spirit of the men by choosing to eat one sandwich above the other. Smiling at the four men that stood over her watching intently, she gingerly removed the pastrami and lifted the whole wheat bread. Placing

the meat delicately on the sandwich, she discarded the top piece of bread and placed the rye back down on it.

All four men laughed at her diplomatic, assembled sandwich as she bit into it. "Only Jane could manage to please four men so easily."

"Autumn. Her name is Autumn," Kade said, smiling down at her as he set a glass of water beside her. The three men said her name under their breath, as if trying it on for size.

"That's the perfect name for her," Lance said.

"Yes, beautiful and seductive," Chase added.

"Enchanted," Lorenzo stated.

Savoring the last bite of her sandwich and downing the last of the water, she wiped her mouth and stood. Looking at the four men she smiled. "Thank you for feeding me."

"Our pleasure," Chase drawled.

"I guess I should be going. That alarm clock waits for nothing you know," Autumn commented, her pulse racing and her heart thudding. "I've had a great time. Thank you."

"No, thank you," Kade said. "I'll walk you back."

Autumn nodded and hugged each of the men, savoring her last contact with them. "You all take care of yourselves."

It seemed awkward to feel connected to the three men, knowing so little about them. Well, she knew more about some than others. But they had each helped her open up a part of herself she had allowed to lurk in hiding. For that she'd be grateful to each of them for a long time to come.

Her footsteps echoed through the hallway as she made her way to her apartment. She turned as the key unlatched the door. "So, what is it that you do?"

Kade smiled and looked at her. "What do you mean?"

"When the others... When the others were leaving they'd always laugh really loud right beforehand. Without fail. What did you do?" Autumn asked. Why hadn't he done it with her?

His hands wound in her hair. "I'm afraid I'm not ready to show you yet. I thought perhaps we could do this again, but just you and me next time."

Autumn nodded quickly and then cursed herself for being so anxious. But she wanted to learn more about Kade. There were so many things she could explore with him. "I'd like that."

"Good. I'll see you soon then. Rest up."

Autumn closed and leaned against her door, her contented sigh echoed through the room. She had gone next door to live her darkest fantasy, but had discovered a brazen sensuality she hadn't known lurked beneath her exterior. She had made four men smile and fawn over her as if she were treasured. She had been.

She shivered and smiled as she curled up in her bed. And Kade intended for them to do it again. Nothing could make her happier.

About the Author

Cara Carnes discovered her love of writing early in life, as most writers tend to. At the age of 11, she typed up a love story and happily mailed it off. Anxiously awaiting her acceptance letter and fat advance check, she dutifully listened to her mother and grandfather as they instilled in her the lessons key to her writing today.

By the time the handwritten rejection letter arrived, Cara knew that someday she would be writing the stories that she loved. Most importantly, she had learned two key fundamentals from her mother and grandfather—always expect the unexpected and know you can do anything you set your mind to.

Cara's love for the written word found a home in erotic romance. Wanting to bring fantasies to life in her books, she enjoys crafting characters who sizzle on the pages and burn their way into your heart. While she loves all genres of romance, erotic will always have a special place in her heart because Cara believes true romance doesn't stop at the bedroom door.

Cara is a native Texan and currently resides in Austin. When she isn't absorbed in her characters, she enjoys traveling, photography and spending time with family and friends.

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

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