



Carol Lynne



CORPORATE  
PASSION

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Corporate Passion

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**Warning:** This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-burning*.

# **CORPORATE PASSION**

**Carol Lynne**

## *Dedication*

For Judie and Theresa. Thanks for helping me stay sane.

## Chapter One

"Did you see that hot new guy Mr. Brassil was showing around today?"

"Of course I saw him," Rachel Ellerby said to her best friend, Dot. "He's been in and out of Shane's office all morning." Rachel picked at the salad in front of her. It was one thing to lust over your boss for almost two years, it was quite another to have those feelings for his friend and suspected lover. Rachel sighed and stabbed her fork into a cherry tomato. "What's the point though? We both know Shane's off limits."

"Do we? You mean because of the whole gay thing? I'm not sure that rumour's even true. I mean I've seen him look at you, a time or two, like he'd like in your pants."

Rachel choked on the tomato trying to lodge itself in her throat. "God, Dot, are you trying to kill me?"

"I'm just saying that a man who looks at a woman that way can't be one hundred percent gay." Dot finished her sandwich and wiped her mouth.

"I've worked for him for almost two years, and despite my many attempts to get his attention, Shane has never even called me by my first name." Deciding to just forget the rest of her salad, Rachel picked it up and threw it in the trash. She straightened her short, winter white skirt and put her pale pink blazer back on. Rachel knew she looked good. She was a certified shopper. She may live in a shoe box of an apartment, but her closet was the envy of everyone in the office.

Dot frowned. "Why can't I have your figure? It's not fair you got all the good attributes and don't even use them."

"What do you mean I don't use them?" Rachel looked down at her short skirt and skin tight matching sweater. "If my breasts were any more out there, they'd be in your lap."

"Yeah alright, you look like a hot ticket, but when's the last time anyone got a ride? Admit it, you're more celibate than a monk and have been since you first laid eyes on Shane Brassil." Dot threw her lunch sack into the trash and followed Rachel to the elevator.

Rachel smoothed her long auburn hair as they stepped inside. "I can't help that all men seem childish next to Shane. There's just something so strong and commanding about him. I refuse to accept second best, so I'm stuck with my trusty battery-operated friends."

When they arrived at the fifth floor, Dot waved and went back to her job in the accounting department. Rachel's office was on the twelfth floor, five floors below the penthouse where Shane lived. At the thought of Shane, her breathing picked up and her breasts seemed to salute the brass door in front of her. "Great, just what I need right now." She quickly smoothed her hands over her tight sweater trying to calm down her apparent lust. The sensation against her nipples made them stiffen even more. Glad she was alone in the elevator, Rachel took the opportunity to squeeze the hard nubs, feeling the answering echo of pleasure in her pussy.

The doors opened, and before she could pull her hands off her breasts, Shane and his friend Damon Johnson stepped inside. Shane held the door and looked at her. "Something wrong, Ms. Ellerby?"

Swallowing her mortification at getting caught fondling herself, Rachel shook her head and tried to cover. "No, Mr. Brassil. I was just cleaning a little salad dressing off my sweater."

Damon openly studied her breasts. "I'd be more than happy to help you with that chore."

Shane smacked Damon on the back of the head. "Stop getting my assistant flustered. Can't you see she's embarrassed enough?"

Damon looked at her sheepishly. "Sorry, Ms. Ellerby. That kinda just popped out of my mouth."

"It's okay, Mr. Johnson." She stepped off the elevator and turned back towards the two men. "Will you be back after lunch, Mr. Brassil?"

"Yes. We're just going upstairs for a quick bite." Rachel nodded, and Shane let the doors close.

\* \* \* \*

As soon as the doors shut, Shane turned to Damon. "What the hell were you thinking? I've waited too long for this, for you to screw it up the first day."

Damon wrapped his arms around Shane as the elevator arrived at the penthouse. He led Shane into the foyer then kissed him. "Sorry, but I can't get her off my mind. I mean, I couldn't help but notice her on my earlier visits. When you suggested the three of us? Damn, I've thought of nothing else since."

"Not even me?" Shane teased. He knew exactly what Damon was talking about, but he wanted to hear the words.

Damon put his milk chocolate-coloured hand on Shane's cheek. "I love you."

Shane leaned in to Damon's hand. God, he'd missed this man. "Been hard being without you. Two years is too long with only phone calls and sporadic visits to keep me satisfied. I'm just happy I finally talked you into moving back from London. Brassil Industries has acquired a top notch vice-president, and I've got you back in my bed where you belong."

Dealing with Rachel on a daily basis had been pure torture. His hands itched to roam at will over those sweet curves of hers, but Shane had promised Damon he'd wait. With his lover finally in his arms for good, it almost seemed like a dream.

With the tip of his skilful tongue, Damon rimmed Shane's lips. "Always wanted to be here with you. I just needed to prove to myself that I was worthy of being a VP. Now that I've pulled The Huntington Corporation out of bankruptcy, I know I deserve it."

Opening his mouth, he let Damon's tongue slip inside. Their lips sealed and the kiss sent them both into overdrive. Shane pulled his lover closer as the kiss became a battle of lips and teeth. He grabbed Damon's ass and squeezed. "Need you."

"Always." Damon pushed Shane's suit jacket off his shoulders. He loosened the red, power tie and started unbuttoning his tailored, white dress shirt.

Shane went straight for the belt at Damon's waist. After that was out of the way, he quickly started on Damon's dress pants, as his lover slipped the shirt off Shane's shoulders.

Dropping to his knees, Shane looked at the gigantic, black cock in front of him. "Missed you," he whispered, his lips against the crown of Damon's steel-hard erection. Shane swiped his tongue across the mushroom-shaped head and smiled when Damon moaned.

"Did you miss me or my dick?" Damon asked, running his hands through Shane's hair.

"Both," Shane teased and took another swipe at Damon's cock.

"Do it, baby." Damon thrust his cock into Shane's mouth as he ripped his polo shirt over his head.

"Yeah. Oh fuck, that feels good," Damon groaned as he began fucking Shane's mouth.

Shane smoothed his hands up Damon's heavily muscled thighs to capture the twin globes of his ass. He squeezed as Damon grabbed handfuls of his hair. Prying Damon's cheeks apart, Shane managed to get two fingers close enough to his lover's puckered hole to insert one then two.

The absence of lubrication seemed to turn Damon on even more. Shane smiled to himself, knowing his partner enjoyed the small bite of pain. He rubbed the pad of his finger over the smooth prostate.

Damon growled his warning then came down Shane's throat. "Too long. Oh fuck, I needed that."

Shane wasn't done with Damon's ass though. He pulled the big man down on the floor and positioned him on his hands and knees. Leaning over his shoulder, Shane kissed Damon's neck. "Gonna fuck this ass, darlin'. You want me to get the lube?" Shane continued to manipulate Damon's hole with his dry fingers, while his other hand quickly took care of getting his slacks down and off.

"Just use your spit. Can't wait for lube." Damon shoved backward into Shane's fingers.

Shane moaned as he licked around the fingers still in Damon's hole. He pulled back and spit into his hand. Running his saliva soaked hand up and down his throbbing shaft, Shane moaned. "Gotta have it now." He removed his fingers and pushed in to the root in one hard stroke. "Fuck."

Damon started rocking his body back and forth on Shane's cock. "So good. Getting hard for you again."

Grabbing his lover by the hips, Shane pounded his hard shaft in and out at lightening speed. The sound of Shane's balls slapping against Damon's ass filled the huge room.

With a grunt, Damon lowered his broad shoulders to the plush carpet. Shane watched as Damon's hand reached down between his legs. "Gonna jack off for me?" Shane asked.

He slapped Damon's ass then rubbed the stinging skin. Damon groaned and jerked himself faster. "Now, baby. Come in my ass," Damon moaned.



Picking up speed, Shane gave a shout and shot his seed deep inside his lover. Damon's deep growl signalled his partner's orgasm.

Damon pushed back against him. "You'd better not fall on me, or you'll have cum stains all over your pretty carpet."

Shane laughed and fell to the side on his back. "Oh damn, I've missed you so much."

Damon rubbed the cum on his upper chest and neck. He reached over and stuck his fingers into Shane's mouth. As Shane opened his lips willingly, Damon groaned. "It's good to be home again."

When Damon's fingers were licked clean, Shane shared the taste by giving Damon a deep, tongue thrusting kiss. Stroking his lover's milk chocolate skin, Shane continued to lick and kiss Damon's face and neck. He moved down Damon's neck to lave the smeared sticky seed dotting his lover's chest. Shane nuzzled Damon's underarms on his way back up. "Love the way you smell."

When he caught sight of Damon's watch, he groaned.

"We'd better grab a shower and head back down. I've scheduled a meeting with the rest of the department heads to introduce you." He stood and held out his hand.

Taking it, Damon heaved himself off the carpet. "What's the plan with Rachel? Are we just going to come out and tell her we want her or what?"

Shane started walking towards the bathroom when he felt a hand on his ass.

"I see you've been sunbathing in the nude again, baby. Some things never change, I guess." Damon slapped Shane's ass as they climbed into the shower.

"What's the point of having your own rooftop patio if you can't bake your meat?" Shane ran soapy hands up and down Damon's muscled body, as his own was washed so lovingly.

Damon took particular attention to Shane's closely shaved groin area. "Getting back to the subject at hand..." Damon gave Shane's cock a little squeeze. "I think we should just go for it, and tell Rachel what we want. I've seen the way she looks at us. I don't think she'd be opposed to the idea."

"I know she wouldn't be opposed. That little vixen has teased my cock for almost two years with her short skirts and low cut sweaters. But I think if we go too fast, she'll think we're only interested in a quick ménage. I want more than that."

"I know. I've heard it for the past year-and-a-half. And now that I'm home we can have it. We just need to figure out how to let her know we're interested. I think, if we tell her too soon that we want her for keeps, it might freak her out. Let's just stop hiding our lust for her and let nature take its course," Damon said, washing the crack of Shane's ass.

"You may have a point. The way her nipples were about to spear holes through her sweater earlier..." Shane shook his head, "I'd say she's ripe for the picking."

They finished showering and redressed. Punching his security code into the key pad, Shane waited for the elevator, still holding hands with his lover. He couldn't seem to get enough. Every touch from Damon excited him, always had.

Damon kissed Shane's neck. "What time's the meeting?"

"Two o'clock. In the boardroom. I've already asked Rachel to take notes." They entered the elevator, and Shane pushed the button for the twelfth floor. When they exited, the men walked to their suite of offices.

Shane opened the door only to find an empty desk where Rachel usually sat. He glanced at Damon and shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe she had to use the restroom. Come on. Let's get some of your things put away in your new office." Shane had expanded the executive offices before Damon agreed to take the job. He'd always known his lover would come back home to him. It had just been Damon's stubborn pride that had taken him to London in the first place.

Now, as he looked around the suite of three rooms, he grinned. It was the perfect set-up for what he and Damon had in mind. Rachel's office opened to the hallway. One wall was heavily frosted glass, enough to seem open and welcoming, without giving anyone from the hallway an actual view inside. Damon and Shane's offices were on either side of Rachel's, both with private bathrooms. As Shane helped Damon unload boxes of books onto the mahogany shelves, he continued to check out the muscles flexing in front of him. "You're so damn sexy."

Damon stopped as he was placing books on the top shelf and grinned. He put the books down and gave Shane a show by flexing the muscles Damon's dress clothes did nothing to hide. "Nothing to do in London but work out and think of you."

Shane licked his lips. "Good answer."

They heard someone open the office door from the hallway. Shane winked. "Showtime."

He walked through the open doorway to Rachel's office as she was sitting down at her desk. She jumped when she saw him. "Are you okay? You look a little flushed." He stuck his hand in his pockets, drawing attention to his semi-hard cock.

Rachel swallowed and looked away from him. "I'm fine, Mr. Brassil. I've made arrangement for refreshments to be placed in the boardroom for the meeting."

Shane watched Rachel squirm in her chair. Without her blazer, Rachel's erect nipples were clearly visible through her tight sweater. God how he *loved* tight sweaters. Damon walked in and wasted no time. He took the chair in front of Rachel's desk and put his foot up on the edge. Damon's arousal was clearly defined in his dark grey wool slacks. *Now that is just teasing the poor girl.*

Damon tipped his chair back and watched her try to type without checking out the package he clearly had on display. "What ya working on?"

Rachel looked up then down again quickly. She squirmed a little more in her chair. "Just trying to finish up the correspondence Mr. Brassil gave me this morning. I'm not sure how much time I'll get after the meeting, and I wanted to get it out today. I've given the secretarial pool the rest of the daily work, but Mr. Brassil likes me to take care of all his correspondence."

Damon rose from the chair and went to stand behind Rachel. He leaned over, rubbing his chest against her shoulder, all on the pretext of looking at her computer screen. *Damn, Shane thought, the man is one hell of a seducer.*

"Did Shane tell you about me?" Damon asked.

A sudden coughing overcame Rachel. Damon patted and rubbed her back until the coughing finally ceased. He rubbed circles against her back with the palm of his huge hand. "You okay?"

Rachel nodded and held up her hand that she was indeed okay. "I'm not sure what you mean by the question, Mr. Johnson?"

Standing beside the desk, Shane watched as she squeezed her thighs together. He smiled and winked at Damon. They had her all hot and wet. Good.

"I was referring to the Vice-President's position I finally accepted." When Rachel spun around to look at him, he smiled. "I'll be sharing you with Shane." He started to walk back towards his office and stopped. He turned to Rachel one more time. "What I meant to say was that you'll be my assistant, also." He stepped into his office and shut the door.

Shane could hardly keep the smile off his face when a flustered Rachel glanced at him. "Mr. Johnson's the new VP?"

Nodding his head, Shane took a seat on the edge of her desk. "I've known Damon since we were college roommates. I've tried to get him to work for me for years, but he thought he needed to prove himself in the business world first. He just got in from London yesterday afternoon. I hope you'll make him feel welcome, Ms. Ellerby. He's very special to me."

Rachel licked her lips. "Of course, Mr. Brassil. But most days I can barely keep up with your correspondence, how am I going to manage Mr. Johnson's, too?"

Shane rubbed his chin. "Call down to personnel and have them hire another secretary. There's an empty desk down the hall in the executive secretarial pool, isn't there?"

"Yes. I'll need to tell them what duties the new secretary will have so they know what skill level to hire."

Running his hand from his chin down his chest, Shane smoothed his tie, drawing attention to his arousal once again. He looked Rachel in the eye. "I think I'll transfer everything to the pool except for Damon's and my more personal business. You'll still open our mail and type the more confidential correspondence, but the rest can be handled by them. Does that sound fair?"

"Yes, Mr. Brassil."

\* \* \* \*

After Shane went into his office, Rachel exhaled the breath she'd been holding. *Oh shit.* How was she supposed to get any work done with two hunks sharing the same space with her? She'd had to go relieve her aching pussy in the restroom earlier as it was. With Shane and Damon around, Rachel knew she didn't have a chance. She retrieved her soaked panties from the desk drawer where she'd stashed them when she heard Shane come in. Opening

her big purse, she put the light pink thong inside. It felt weird sitting at her desk without underwear, but it was better than sitting all day in wet panties.

Rachel finished typing the letters for Shane and emailed them to the appropriate people. When she checked the clock, she saw it was ten minutes until two. She grabbed her purse and headed to the ladies room to freshen up before the meeting.

When she returned to the office, Shane and Damon's doors were open, but they were nowhere to be seen. She grabbed her notepad and a pen then hurried to the meeting. Opening the door to the boardroom, she was met by a dozen pairs of eyes. It seemed she was the last to arrive. She glanced around the table for an available seat.

Damon raised his hand. "Sit over here, Ms. Ellerby." He pointed to the chair situated between him and the head of the table, where Shane always sat.

Nodding her head, Rachel made her way around the table and took the seat. She leaned over to Damon just a little. "Sorry I'm late."

Shaking his head, Damon looked over at Shane who was in the corner talking to the head of marketing. "Shane's still gossiping anyway." He was only a foot away from Rachel and leaned even closer. "You have beautiful, dark green eyes, almost evergreen."

Rachel didn't know what to say. Can I lick you all over, didn't seem appropriate. "Thank you."

Shane took his place at the head of the table and started the meeting by introducing Damon as the new Vice-President of Brassil Industries. Shane thoroughly outlined Damon's new role in the company before giving the floor over to their newest boss. Damon stood and thanked Shane for giving him the opportunity and told everyone a little about himself. When he was finished he sat back down.

The rest of the meeting went relatively smooth, thank god, and finished with fifteen minutes to spare. Shane told her she could duck out early, and Rachel grabbed at the chance. Being around the two men was definitely having a direct effect on her pussy.

\* \* \* \*

The next few days were torture. It seemed every time Rachel turned around, one of her bosses was there, looking good enough to eat.

"Do you know where the Calumet file is?" Damon asked, poking his head out his office.

"I'll find it for you, Mr. Johnson." She saved her work on the computer and stood. Normally she would've just told him where it was, but her head hadn't been straight for several days, and it would be just her luck to find the paperwork had been misfiled.

Walking into the small file room, Rachel was surprised when Damon followed her. "I can bring it to you," she said. The room filled with the citrus scent of his cologne.

"That's okay," Damon answered.

Rachel opened the appropriate file drawer. She'd just started looking when she felt Damon step up behind her.

"Maybe if you explained your system to me, I'll be able to look for the next one myself."

Goosebumps broke out on her skin as Damon's body brushed against hers. Her knees nearly buckled when Damon's face closed in on her neck. "You smell good," he commented.

"Thank you." Rachel almost jumped for joy when she immediately found the Calumet file. "Here it is," she said, holding it up. "You just need to look in alphabetical order. Unless it's a particularly bad day, I've usually filed it correctly."

Damon reached up to take the file, brushing the side of her breast in the process. "Thanks," he said, before leaving the room.

After her boss was safely enclosed in his office, Rachel shut the door to the file room. Her body was on fire. *Shit*. She grabbed a few tissues out of the box on the shelf and wiped her dripping pussy.

Rachel knew something had to change. She couldn't keep her mind on her job and the two sexy men sharing her office at the same time. Thinking about Damon, she clenched her thighs together. It was becoming increasingly more obvious that the man was coming on to her.

Rachel bit her lip. She'd been contemplating talking to Shane, but what could she say? The last thing she wanted was for the attraction to get out of control and ruin Shane and Damon's apparent relationship. After just a few days around them, the relationship between the two men was no longer in question. She often heard the two of them whispering to each other, along with the sly touches and looks they didn't realise she saw.

A heavy-handed knock on the door made her jump. Rachel quickly threw the wet tissue into the trash can. "Yes?" she asked, opening the door.

"Everything okay?" Shane asked.

"Yes. I was just cleaning up the file room."

Shane nodded. "I've called an emergency meeting to go over the Sander's Electronics deal. I'll need you to take notes."

"I'll call and make sure the room is made ready," Rachel said, squeezing past Shane.

\* \* \* \*

When Rachel walked into the conference room, once again the only available seat was between Damon and Shane. Taking a deep breath, Rachel sat down and gave Damon a tentative smile.

Damon closed the distance to whisper in her ear. "Are you busy later?"

Rachel's eyes flashed, and she bit her lip. "Huh?"

Damon reached under the table and put his hand on her thigh. As soon as his palm made contact with Rachel's bare thigh, she automatically squeezed them together trapping the warm flesh between them.

"I asked if you were busy later, or am I being too forward?" Damon asked again.

Rachel looked around the table at the rest of the executives. They all seemed to be in their own little discussion groups, waiting for the meeting to begin. The feel of the big, hot hand, now trapped between her legs, had her pussy creaming again. She swallowed and started to speak when Shane's voice interrupted her.

"I think we're all here now," Shane said. "Shall we begin?" At everyone's agreement, Shane started the meeting and Damon removed his hand.

Rachel tried her best to concentrate on what Shane was saying so she could take accurate notes, but when Damon's fingers once again landed on her bare thigh, all thoughts left her. Except for one, and it was a very naughty one. Without looking up from her pad of paper, Rachel spread her legs. *I can't believe I'm actually doing this.*

Rachel looked over when a low moan escaped from Damon. He tried to cover the moan by coughing, but Rachel knew what she'd heard. The sound seemed to empower her, and she spread her legs wider.

Damon's hand drifted up her bare thigh and found its way to her pussy. He must have realised she wasn't wearing panties, because she heard another moan and cough.

Rachel glanced at Shane, who had stopped talking to stare at the two of them. "Do you need some cold water, Damon? For your throat, I mean?"

Damon gave Shane a look filled with heat. "Yeah. I need something wet."

Now, it was Shane's turn to cough. He looked down the table at Bill, who was seated next to the refreshment cart. "Hey, Bill. Would you get Damon a cold bottle of water?"

Bill, eager to please his boss, leaned back and snagged a bottle of water. He quickly passed it to Jim on his left, and the bottle was handed down the table. Damon removed his hand from under Rachel's skirt and took the bottle of water. "Thank you." he looked over at Shane and smiled. "Sorry about that."

\* \* \* \*

After the meeting, Rachel went back to her desk and started typing up her notes. She was half done, when Damon and Shane came in. When Damon went into his office and shut the door, Rachel breathed a sigh of relief. She started typing again, but stopped when she felt Shane studying her. She looked up. "Can I help you with something, Mr. Brassil?"

"Yes, actually. I need to speak with you in my office." Shane turned and went into his office without checking to see if she'd followed.

Rachel felt like she was going to throw up. *Does he know what Damon was doing to me in the meeting?* "Oh my God, am I about to get fired?" Rachel whispered to herself. She stood and smoothed the wrinkles from her skirt before following Shane.

Stopping at the front of his desk, she chewed her lip. "You wanted to see me?"

Shane turned away from the floor-to-ceiling window. He put his hands in his pockets and walked towards her.

Rachel felt so ashamed of her earlier actions, she put her head down and waited for the axe to fall.

"How long have you worked for me?" He continued around the desk until he was behind her.



"Almost two years, sir." She braced her hands on the edge of his desk, afraid she would sink to the ground if she didn't.

"And in all that time, have I ever acted inappropriately with you?" Shane took a step closer.

"No, sir. You've always been the perfect boss. I love working for you."

"I called you in here, because I know what you and Damon were doing under the conference table earlier."

When Rachel started to apologise, Shane cut her off. He stepped up, right behind her, and ran his hand over her firm backside. "What I want to know is, did you enjoy it?"

Rachel's mind was spinning. What the hell was happening? When she didn't say anything, Shane took another step forward. He leaned down and whispered in her ear. "Why is it that I've never gotten into your panties, Rachel?"

Her name on his lips sent Rachel's body into overdrive. She licked her lips and leaned back into Shane's erection. "I didn't think you ever noticed me like that."

Bringing his arms around her, Shane cupped her generous breasts. "How can any man not notice a woman built like you." He ground his erection against her a little harder. "But I've noticed more than just your body. I like the way you laugh when you're talking to your friends, and the way you always get a collection together whenever someone in the office is in need."

Shane pulled her sweater out of her skirt. He slid his hands under the tight material to her bra-covered breasts. He kissed her neck as she arched into his touch and moaned.

Unfastening the front of her demi-cup bra, Shane let Rachel's breasts spill into his hands. He tweaked her hard nubs with his thumbs and forefingers. "You're so hot, Red. I've wanted you since the first day you started working for me." He turned Rachel in his arms and devoured her mouth.

Rachel didn't even think about whether this was right or wrong. She'd fantasised too long about this man to stop him now. She willingly accepted his tongue as she threaded her fingers through his thick, black hair. Rachel broke the kiss and looked into his dark brown eyes. "Why didn't you ever tell me you wanted me? I've been throwing myself at you for almost two years."

Instead of answering, Shane kissed his way down her neck. He pulled her sweater completely off and disposed of her bra. He latched on one hard nipple and suckled her. The answer to her question came from behind her when two big, chocolate-brown hands wrapped themselves around her waist.

"Shane wouldn't take you without my approval. He's talked about you so much, that I felt as if I already knew you before I ever set eyes on you that first time. But I wasn't staying, so we waited."

Damon worked his hands down past her hips. He unzipped the back of her skirt and let it drop to the floor with a little tug. His big hands ran over her bare pussy, a groan erupting from his throat. "We're a package deal, sweetheart. You can't have one without the other."

At Shane's agreeing nod at her breast, Rachel spread her legs and just enjoyed the journey.

Damon ran his finger down between her pussy lips then back up to circle her clit. "So hot." He placed his thumb on her clit and thrust two fingers deep into her pussy. "Come on my fingers, sweetheart. Let me feel your pussy grip my hand."

Rachel arched her back, and as if on command, came while Damon continued to pump his fingers in and out of her. "Uhhh." Her orgasm was so strong she started to sag to the floor.

Shane quickly wrapped his arms around her and lowered her gently to the soft, executive carpeting. He sprinkled light kisses over her neck and chest, as Damon licked her pussy.

"That was breathtaking. You're so beautiful when you come." He kissed her deeper and ran his hand down her naked body. "Will you go to dinner with the two of us?"

Rachel opened her eyes and looked at Shane. *If this is a dream I never wanted to wake up.* "I'd love to have dinner with you. I'll need to go home and change first though."

Damon licked his way up her body to her breasts. He licked and sucked her nipples before moving to her mouth. They shared a three-way kiss before breaking apart. Damon made a big deal of looking down at his cum stained slacks. "It looks like we could all do with a change of clothes. Can you be ready to go around seven?"

Rachel quickly looked at her watch. It was five-thirty now. "If you two will let me up so I can get out of here." She yelped, when Damon stood and plucked her up off the carpet. He set her on her feet and handed her the skirt and sweater.

"We'll be by at seven sharp." He looked at her naked body. "Leave the underwear at home. You won't need them tonight."

Rachel dressed and grabbed her purse out of her bottom desk drawer. Before she walked out, Shane's voice stopped her. "You might as well pack a bag. Tomorrow's Friday, and I don't plan on letting you out of this building until Monday at least."

Turning back towards him Rachel winked. "Keeping me locked up in the tower, are you?"

Shane wrapped his arms around Damon and stroked his already filling cock. "You have no idea."

## Chapter Two

As soon as Rachel took her seat on the subway, she lost herself in thought. *Am I absolutely crazy to even think about getting into any kind of relationship with two men? Two men who also happen to be my bosses?* There was no doubt in her mind that it was exactly what Shane and Damon had in mind. A relationship. *Wow.* She hadn't had a relationship of any kind since leaving college. *Am I finally ready?*

Rachel was so deep in thought, she missed her stop. By the time she realised it, she was halfway to Brooklyn. At the next stop, she jumped off and ran as fast as her three and a half inch heels would carry her. She found the right platform but ended up waiting almost ten minutes for another subway.

Letting herself into her tiny apartment, Rachel threw her keys down on the end table and stripped off her clothes. She took a quick shower and looked into her closet. It was six thirty-five already and she still hadn't dried her hair or put on makeup.

She looked at all her dresses and selected a beautiful, skin-tight green spandex jersey-blend mini. Rachel hoped the guys weren't taking her someplace too fancy because the dress made her look a wee bit slutty. It also drew the eye of every man she passed. That was the look she was going for tonight. Rachel wanted Damon and Shane to focus on her and not other women—or men—they passed.

With her hair blown straight and her makeup finally on, Rachel squeezed into the dress. She was blessed with high, firm breast so she left her bra off. She remembered Damon's warning about leaving her panties at home, too, so she slipped on her high-heeled black, fuck-me shoes and pulled a bag out from under the bed. She put her makeup bag and toothbrush in it, then selected her outfits to wear to work tomorrow and Monday, just in case. For the weekend, she chose simple clothes, jeans and sweatshirts with warm socks and her tennis shoes.

Zippering the bag, Rachel heard the knock at the door. She picked up the small suitcase and went to answer it. The looks she was greeted with confused her. Instead of looking happy, they both looked pissed. "I'm sorry, guys. I'm running a little late. I missed my

subway stop and ended up in the Brooklyn. I'm almost ready though. I just need to put on my jewellery."

When she started to walk off, Shane caught her arm and pulled her back. "Why were you riding the subway? We thought it was bad enough that you live in a building with absolutely no security, but you're telling us you ride the subway, too?"

Rachel looked at the man in front of her. She'd never seen this overly protective side of Shane before, and she wasn't quite sure she liked it. "It's New York. Everyone who doesn't own his own corporation rides the subway. And this building is fine. It's on a well lit street, and I have very nice neighbours." She turned and started to walk off again.

Shane wrapped his arms around her and pulled her in for a deep, lip-bruising kiss. "I didn't mean to make you mad. It's just not safe for someone who looks the way you do to go around Manhattan without certain security measures." He ran his hands over her dress-encased ass. "By the way, you look devastating tonight. You'll be lucky if we can make it home without both of us fucking that pretty pussy of yours."

Rachel melted at his concern for her safety. "I'm a big girl. I've lived in this city all of my life, and I know how to keep myself safe. But thank you for worrying about me." She kissed his nose. "Now, if you'll excuse me a minute, I'll go put on my jewellery then we can go to dinner."

Shane sighed and released her. After Rachel went into the bedroom Shane looked around the tiny apartment. Damon must've been looking, too, because his voice sounded in Shane's ear. "I think you need to start paying your assistant more."

Looking over his shoulder, Shane came face to face with Damon. "Hopefully, before long, she'll be living with us." He turned and kissed his lover, slipping his tongue inside to tickle Damon's tonsils. They heard a sound from the doorway and looked over.

Rachel was holding her purse in her hands in a white knuckled grip. "Damn that's sexy." She walked towards them and wrapped her arms around Damon's neck. Luckily the feisty little redhead had on high heels. With Damon's heavily muscled six-foot-four frame, she would've never been able to reach his neck otherwise. Shane watched as Rachel stared into Damon's light green eyes. "Kiss me."

Picking her up by the waist, Damon kissed Rachel to within an inch of her life. When he finally set her back on her feet, Shane groaned.

"Let's go to dinner before you two become dinner." Shane ran a hand down the front of his slacks, trying like hell to reposition his hard cock.

\* \* \* \*

They took Rachel to a trendy Italian restaurant in SoHo. Getting out of the limo, Rachel suddenly felt all eyes on her. She looked from Shane to Damon and realised if she was going to continue to see these two men, she would have to get used to people staring. Damon and Shane made no secret of the fact that she was with both of them. As they walked into the restaurant, both men put their hands on the small of her back.

Shane gave his name to the maitre de, and they were taken to an intimate rounded booth in the back corner of the dining area. Rachel once again felt eyes on them, but instead of bothering her, she felt empowered. She lifted her chin a little more and sat in the booth between her two men.

Rachel looked around while Shane ordered a bottle of red wine. When the waiter left to get their drink order, Shane turned his body towards Rachel.

"Does it bother you? Having the lusting and envious eyes of everyone in the place on you?" He ran the back of his hand down her cheek until he reached her chin. Tipping it up, he gave her a kiss.

Looking into his dark brown eyes, Rachel shook her head. "I think I like it. It makes me feel brazen." She slipped her hands down to rest on both Shane's and Damon's cocks. Stroking the two men slowly, she turned her head to Damon for a kiss.

Both men moaned. The waiter came back with their wine, and after having Shane sample it, poured three glasses. Rachel took a sip and ran her tongue across her lips. "Mmm," she said in a throaty whisper.

The man at the next table dropped his fork as he openly watched them. He received a cuff on the head by his wife for his trouble.

"You're eating this up, aren't you?" Shane teased.

Biting her lip, Rachel thought of every fantasy she'd ever had. *Hell, don't most women dream of being the centre of attention between two hot guys?* "Yeah. I guess I have a hidden exhibitionist in me. Who knew?"

As Rachel looked over her menu, Shane slipped his hand between her thighs and lifted her dress. Good thing there wasn't any danger of diners seeing them. The table was draped in a long, white cloth, shielding their lower bodies from view.

She closed her menu and put it back on the table as Shane's fingers invaded her pussy. Damn, the man knew what he was doing. She lowered her hands once again to the two hard cocks on either side of her. This time, she eased their zippers down as quietly as she could and reached inside. Although quite similar in length, Damon's cock was definitely fatter. She wondered what the broad, mushroom head would feel like slamming into her. Rachel pressed her thumb against the slit on Damon's crown. She turned her head to Damon at his groan. "I think I'd rather have a baloney sandwich at Shane's house, wouldn't you?"

Thrusting into her hand, Damon quickly finished his wine. He poured another glass and turned towards Shane. "Drink up, baby. We've decided to eat at home."

Shane pulled his fingers out of her pussy and brought them to Damon's lips. Rachel moaned as Damon opened his mouth and cleaned her juices off Shane's fingers. She removed her hands from their pants and zipped them up.

When the waiter came over to see if they were ready to order, Rachel noticed Shane and Damon weren't the only ones sporting erections. Shane politely told the waiter they needed the cheque. He paid for the wine and left a very generous tip.

\* \* \* \*

They barely made it past the night security guard and around the corner to the executive elevator, before Damon and Shane were tearing her clothes off. Shane punched his pass code into the pad and the doors opened immediately. They entered the elevator and Damon pushed the button for the penthouse, while Shane lifted Rachel's dress up and off.

Unable to wait any longer, Damon knelt in front of Rachel's sexy body. He skimmed his lips over her abdomen, feathering light kisses across her skin. He licked his way around her belly button, while Shane began to unbutton his dress shirt. When the elevator came to a stop

at the penthouse, Damon swiped his tongue through Rachel's slit and stood. He hadn't been with a woman in years and had forgotten how much he craved their softness and taste.

Picking Rachel up, he carried her to the master bedroom. Setting her on the edge of the bed, he once again knelt at her feet. Damon took off her sexy shoes and set them beside the bed. "As much as I love these shoes, sweetheart, they have to go. With the activities we have planned, someone could get injured."

Damon watched Rachel's face as Shane began taking off his clothes. When his lover's cock sprang free of his boxer briefs, Rachel gasped.

"Nice," she said.

Shane chuckled and walked towards her. He came up behind Damon and rested his heavy cock on Damon's shoulder. "I'm glad you like it, Red."

Damon smiled and turned his head. He reached his tongue out and swiped the tip of Shane's cock. "Mmm. You taste good." He licked the head a few more times before sucking the crown inside his mouth.

Shane suddenly stilled Damon with a hand to the top of his head. "Not yet, darlin'."

Damon grunted his displeasure but backed off Shane's cock. Shane pulled Damon to his feet and began undressing him, all to the apparent delight of Rachel.

When Shane knelt to pull Damon's pants down and off, Rachel put her hand to her chest. "Wow."

Shane laughed and stood, wrapping Damon in his arms. "Impressive isn't he?" Shane ran a hand down Damon's sculpted torso to his cock. As big as Shane's hands were he was barely able to close his fist around Damon's shaft. Shane continued on to the sac swinging below Damon's heavily veined cock. "Believe me when I tell you, he knows how to use the equipment God gave him."

Damon actually felt himself blush at the statement from his lover.

Rachel licked her lips. "Are you sure you want to share such an incredible man?"

Both men broke their hold on each other to step towards the bed. Damon watched as Shane bent over and kissed her, pushing his tongue deep into the recesses of her mouth. Damon watched the two of them as they continued to kiss. He'd seen Shane kiss other women. They'd had threesomes in their college days, but this felt different. Damon admitted to himself he had reservations about Rachel. It had nothing to do with his attraction to the



beautiful woman, because he was definitely hot for her. No. He was worried that he'd become jealous once they opened their bed to the gorgeous redhead. Shane already had feelings for Rachel. He'd made that clear to Damon over a year ago. It was a new twist in their long-standing relationship. Now, watching Shane devour Rachel's mouth, Damon felt nothing but envy.

The steamy kiss broke, and Rachel scooted back to the centre of the king-size bed, and pushed the covers off. She slid her body against the crisp white sheets then spread her legs, inviting them to join her.

Damon growled and was the first to climb onto the bed. His head went immediately between her spread thighs, as he began a slow, tortuous exploration of the silky folds with his tongue and fingers. "So pretty," Damon said between licks.

"Yes, she is," Shane said.

Damon watched as Shane's hand squeezed Rachel's breast as he kissed her. Damon dipped his tongue deep into Rachel's channel, coming back coated with thick cream. He felt Shane's fingers against his lips and looked up at his lover.

"Mmm. I need in there," Shane groaned.

Rachel arched her back and spread her thighs even further. "Take me. Please," she said, running her hand over Damon's bald head.

Breaking contact with her pussy, Damon sat up and looked from Shane to Rachel. "Who do you want, sweetheart?" He ran one hand over her bare pussy, while using the other hand to stroke Shane's leaking cock.

"Both. I need both of you in me."

Damon leaned down and ran his tongue across Shane's cock. He crawled over Rachel and shared the flavour of her essence mixed with Shane's cum in a deep sultry kiss.

Spreading out on the other side of Rachel, Damon pulled her on top of him. "Ride me, while Shane gets you ready."

Sitting up, Rachel straddled Damon's lap and waited while Shane retrieved the bottle of lube and two condoms. After sheathing his cock, he held it by the base and waited for Rachel to take him.

Goose bumps broke out on his skin as Rachel impaled herself on his cock. "Damn," he said. Few women had been able to take him as easily as Rachel did.

Looking over Rachel's shoulder, he watched Shane rim and stretch her puckered hole. Rachel began to moan as Shane invaded her ass with his fingers. "Can I move?" she asked, grinding her pussy against Damon's groin.

"Oh, sweetheart you feel good. So tight and wet." Damon looked down at Shane, who'd managed to slip three fingers into Rachel's hole. "Better hurry. As good as this pussy feels wrapped around me, I'm not gonna last long."

Rachel looked into Damon's eyes. "I'm so full. I'm not sure there's enough room for Shane, too."

Damon rubbed her back and reached down to slip one of his fingers in beside Shane's. "It's okay. You'll do fine. I've a feeling your body was made with me and Shane in mind." Damon looked at Shane and nodded.

Shane pulled his fingers out and lubed his cock. Perched at Rachel's back entrance, Shane slowly pushed the crown of his cock through the stretched ring of muscles. Rachel started to clench her muscles, and Shane kissed her neck.

"No, Red. Don't close up on me. I won't hurt you, I promise." Shane rocked against her until his cock slowly entered her ass.

Damon almost came up off the mattress as he felt Shane's cock through the thin barrier between Rachel's ass and pussy.

"Oh God. Full. I'm so full," Rachel panted, as her fingernails dug into Damon's chest.

The three of them stilled, waiting for Rachel's body to accept Shane's invasion.

Shane kissed her neck. "I need to move."

At Rachel's nod, Damon felt Shane pull out about half-way, before pushing back inside.

Damon held Rachel's ass cheeks apart as the two of them began to make love to her. Damon thrust his cock deep inside her when Shane pulled out. The tandem rhythm allowed both men to not only please Rachel, but to feel each other move as well. Damon looked over Rachel's shoulder to Shane. "I can feel your cock rubbing against mine."

"Uh-huh." Shane said, evidently at a loss for words. Shane picked up his speed and was quickly matched by Damon.

When Damon reached down and squeezed Rachel's clit between his thumb and forefinger, she screamed her orgasm. The tightening of her muscles squeezed Damon's cock

almost to the point of pain. He roared with his own climax seconds before Shane did the same.

Looking down at Rachel's dead weight on his chest, Damon chuckled. "I think she passed out."

Concerned, Shane pulled out of Rachel's ass and crawled up to lay beside her and Damon. "Rachel? Wake up, Red." He looked at Damon. "Will she be okay?"

Damon grinned. "I've heard of women who black out after an intense orgasm. Looks like our Rachel is one of them, but she should be okay."

Shane began to rub Rachel's back as Damon spoke into her ear. "Open your eyes, sweetheart. We need to get you into a warm bath, but we need you to wake up first."

Lifting her hand to Damon's face she touched his lips. "Too tired to bathe. I think you two nearly killed me."

"I'll go start the water," Damon said, and deposited Rachel's still limp body into Shane's waiting arms.

Shane smoothed the damp hair out of Rachel's eyes. "Are you okay? We didn't hurt you, did we?"

Rachel ran her tongue over Shane's nipple. "I loved it."

Shane felt his chest tighten at the words. It wasn't the same as a declaration of love for him or Damon, but it was a start.

Damon came back into the room, scooped her into his arms and carried her to the filling garden tub. Rolling off the bed, Shane followed, enjoying the view of Damon's muscles.

Damon climbed into the tub with Rachel still in his arms and sat down. He spread his thighs out as far as he could, as Shane lowered himself into the tub.

Shane adjusted Rachel so they both lay on their sides against Damon's broad chest. He wrapped his arms around his beautiful woman and kissed her. "That was incredible. Better than we'd ever dreamed." He tipped his head up to get a kiss from Damon then looked back into Rachel's eyes. "Do you feel it? How perfect the three of us are together?"

Rachel made a groaning sound, trying to stretch up enough to give Damon a kiss. Shane chuckled and helped lift her to Damon's waiting mouth. While she kissed Damon,

Rachel was in the perfect position for Shane to suckle her breast. Rachel moaned into Damon's mouth before sliding back down into the water.

"It feels perfect, but it's all happening a little too fast for me," Rachel whispered, thrumming her fingertip over Damon's dark brown nipple.

The breath caught in Shane's chest. He didn't want to give this incredible woman a chance to run. "How long did you say you'd been attracted to me?" Shane asked, running his hand down her torso. Before she could answer, he gently pushed two fingers inside her pussy.

"Al...Almost two years. But this is more than an idle attraction to my boss. I need my job. What if you two get tired of me, or we have a fight or something? I can't very well remain your assistant after what we're doing if it doesn't work out."

Stilling his hand, Shane kissed her lips tenderly. "Give us this weekend to show you that we want you to stay. I'm ready for a stable relationship with you and Damon. Do you have any idea how long I've waited for this night? I love Damon and have since my freshman year of college, but I also need the love of a good woman. Women love differently than men do. I want both. I want you and Damon."

Shane knew it was a hell of an admission to make on a first date, but it wasn't as if his feeling for Rachel were new. He looked into Damon's eyes and knew his big lover was starting to feel things of his own. The time they'd spent talking about Rachel were nothing compared to actually making love to her for the first time. The act itself just seemed to cement his feelings.

Rachel yawned against Damon's chest. "I need some time to think, but I guess I can do that Monday. Right now, I really would like to crawl back into that nice, big, comfortable bed and take a nap."

Damon smoothed a hand down her back. "Then let's get you cleaned up and put to bed. There will be plenty of time to talk later."

## Chapter Three

A week later, work was still crazy. After word had gotten out to the rest of the Brassil employees that they had a new VP, every secretary in the building found a reason to come into Rachel's office. They weren't after anything except trying to get a good look at their newest vice president. Rachel had had about all she could stand, when Shane came into her office.

"What's wrong?" Shane asked, leaning against the corner of her desk.

Rachel looked up at the gorgeous man in front of her. His thick, black hair was perfect, as usual, his tailored black suit impeccable. She glanced at his long, sun-bronzed fingers and her pussy started to pulse. She licked her lips and looked into his eyes. Rachel was about to suggest a quick blow job when her office door opened once more.

Lisa from marketing stood in her doorway. "Oh, Mr. Brassil, I uh...didn't know you'd be in here. I was just going to speak with Rachel about the Christmas party." Lisa looked towards Damon's office door, which Rachel had closed an hour earlier.

Shane stood and faced Lisa. "The Christmas party?"

Lisa turned red and waved her hand in front of her. "I just wanted to see what the dress code would be." Lisa looked at Rachel for help.

Geeze. Christmas was still several months away. "We'll probably go with formal attire this year. It will be on the invitation you'll receive when the time comes."

Lisa backed her way out the door. "Oh, okay. Thanks."

When she was gone, Rachel put her head on her desk. "I swear if one more bimbo comes in here to get a look at Damon, I'm going to shoot them."

Shane came around the back of her chair and rubbed her shoulders. "A little jealous are you?"

Rachel lifted her head and turned to look at him. "Hell, yeah. Would you like it if every available man in the company came in here to get a good look at what I had to offer?"

Bending over to whisper in Rachel's ear, Shane chuckled. "They already have. Why do you think I made all the managers go through the sexual harassment seminars? They've been drooling over you since the first day you started work."

Rachel straightened her spine and spun around in her chair. "Is that why there are hardly any men that come through here anymore? I just thought they were afraid of you."

"They are. I told every manager in this building, in no uncertain terms, that if they were caught openly ogling my assistant, they would be out of a job on the spot." Shane shrugged his shoulders. "Evidently I'm going to have to do the same thing with Damon."

"What are you gonna do with Damon?" Damon's deep voice echoed through the quiet office.

Shane turned and smiled. "Tell you to meet me in my office for a private meeting in an hour." He looked at Rachel. "I think we'll need someone to take notes."

Rachel smiled. "Yes, Mr. Brassil."

"I think we know each other well enough now for you to be a little more informal, Ms. *Ellerby*." Shane stood and strode into his office.

"Yes, *Boss Man*." She winked as Shane turned his head back towards her chuckling and shut the door.

Damon took the seat in front of her desk. "What was that all about?"

Sighing, Rachel reached across the desktop. "I'm having a rough day. I think every available-and a few not-so-available-women working in this company have been in to check out the new meat. I'm just feeling a little territorial. I'm rather fond of your meat."

Damon covered her hand with his large one. "Isn't it just a wee bit fun though, to know you have something no other woman in the world even has a shot at? Because they don't, you know. We've thought a long time about bringing you into our circle, sweetheart. And before you ask, no, it had nothing to do with the fact that you were just handy. I'll be honest with you. One of the reasons I decided to take this job, after refusing it so many times before, was because I was afraid I would lose Shane to you. I think he truly loves you."

Squeezing her eyes shut, Rachel shook her head. "How? Last week was our first date. He's kept me at arms length for almost two years. How can you treat someone you care about like that?"

Damon stood and stepped around the side of Rachel's desk. He bent and kissed her. "Because our Shane is loyal. We love each other, and he wouldn't betray my trust, no matter what. That loyalty now belongs to you, too. He'd die before he ever hurt either of us."

Shaking her head again, Rachel looked at Damon. So much had happened in the past week. Sure, she loved the way she felt when she was around them, but she'd learned long ago not to pin hopes and dreams on a man. With two men in the mix, she'd already convinced herself it was a once in a lifetime affair. But an affair nonetheless. "It's a lot to take in. You guys aren't just talking about a short-term fling are you?"

"No, we're not. We hope we can become a family."

Rachel's eyes almost popped out of her head. "What?"

"Do you care for us?" Damon asked.

"Yes. I mean I've cared for Shane for a long time. I know I haven't known you long, but, yes, I care for you. But I need some time to process everything. I'm not very good at making decisions on the spot. Usually, I think things through forever. My best friend Dot always makes fun of me, because it took me almost an entire year to decide on a loveseat for my apartment." Rachel dug her purse out of the drawer. "If it's okay, I think I'll take a long lunch and walk down to the park."

Damon looked towards the office door and back at Rachel. "Shane won't like you walking to the park alone."

"It's the middle of the day for God's sake." Rachel slung her purse over her shoulder. "See, this is what I'm worried about. I don't want to be consumed by anyone. Complemented yes, consumed no." Rachel looked around and quickly kissed Damon again. "Just give me a couple of hours."

When Damon opened his mouth to argue, she shook her head. "Let me have this time. Please." At Damon's nod, Rachel walked out.

\* \* \* \*

Walking into Shane's office, Damon sighed. "I guess we'll have to take our own notes. Rachel needed some time alone, so she took off for a couple of hours." Damon locked Shane's door as he entered.

Shane pushed back from his desk and walked towards Damon. "What're you talking about? Where'd she go?"

Pulling a confused Shane into his arms, Damon fell back onto the deep leather sofa. "Rachel asked, and I told her the truth. That we want her to become a family with us. That this isn't just an affair." Damon ran his hand over his head. "I think I freaked her out a little. Anyway, she's gone to the park to do some thinking. She said she'd be back in a couple of hours." Damon could feel Shane's muscles tensing under his hands.

"What park? You mean Central Park? That's not safe. There are all kinds of places in Central Park where a woman that looks like Rachel could get into a lot of trouble."

Damon silenced Shane with a deep kiss. Shane took the kiss even further and straddled Damon's lap. Damon ran his hands down Shane's back to his ass. He held the firm twin globes and ground his cock against Shane's. It was like setting a match to dry kindling. Shane pulled his mouth away and quickly unzipped them both.

"Need to feel you." With both erections in his hand, Shane began a slow stroking.

As good as Shane's hands felt, it just wasn't enough for Damon. "Want in you."

Nodding his approval of the idea, Shane stood and removed his clothes. He looked at the locked door then at the clock on the wall as Damon undressed beside him. Shane went to his desk drawer and removed a brand new tube of lube. He handed the tube to Damon. "Where do you want me?"

\* \* \* \*

They must have fallen asleep, because Shane woke to the constant ringing of his phone. He pried himself away from Damon and walked towards his desk. Looking at the clock he was amazed they'd been asleep for a little over an hour. Picking up the cordless phone, Shane made his way to his in-office bathroom. "Shane Brassil."

"Shane?"

Rachel's voice sounded distant and scared. Shane immediately snapped his fingers at a still groggy Damon. "Where are you?" Shane ran some water over a washcloth and tried to clean himself while waiting for Rachel to answer. Damon appeared at his side and took over the cleaning for him. "Rachel? Answer me. Where are you?"



"I need you. I'm...I'm in the emergency room down the street. I'm so sorry, Shane. I should've listened to Damon."

"Sorry for what? Why are you at the emergency room?" Cleaned up, Shane quickly started dressing. Frantic to get his clothes on, his hands wouldn't cooperate. Damon thankfully took over for him.

"Someone tried to rape me. But I'm okay. Can you and Damon come down and take me home?"

"We'll be there in ten minutes. Hang on."

Shane broke the connection then dialled his chauffer. After hanging up, he pulled Damon towards the door. "Rachel's been the victim of an attempted rape. She's at the hospital. I told the car to meet us there. I figured it would be quicker to go on foot than to wait on Manhattan traffic."

As he pushed the button for the executive elevator, Shane turned back to Damon. He knew Damon prided himself on always being in control, but at that moment, his lover seemed completely bewildered. Before his eyes, Damon's body began to vibrate slightly. The doors opened, and Shane pulled Damon inside. "She said she's okay."

Damon looked at him, and Shane could see the tension in his jaw. *Oh fuck. Damon is pissed.* Shane had only seen that particular look one other time, and it didn't end pretty for the guys in the bar that made fun of them for holding hands. Shane knew he needed to diffuse some of Damon's anger before they reached the hospital.

"It'll be okay. We'll bring her back to the penthouse in the car. We'll keep her safe, Damon." Shane watched as the numbers slowly indicated what floor they were passing.

"I let her go there. I told you she'd be fine, and she paid for my mistake." Damon's voice was so low and deep Shane had to strain to understand him.

The doors opened, and both men took off at a run towards the hospital. They ran the nine blocks, side by side, only stopping long enough to check for cars as they sprinted through the streets of New York. By the time they reached the emergency room, both men were out of breath. They found Rachel in the waiting room. Shane's heart broke when he saw the wheelchair she sat in and the nasty bruise on the side of her face. Her blouse had been replaced by a hospital gown. Rachel was talking to an older man dressed in grey slacks and an ill-fitting white shirt.

When she spotted them, she held her arms out. Shane fell to his knees in front of her and wrapped her lovingly in his embrace. "Are you alright?"

The swollen bruise on the side of her cheek was turning a deep shade of purple, and he spotted a small cut close to her hairline. He pushed her hair back and examined the wound. It had a couple stitches, but didn't look too serious.

Rachel placed her palms on Shane's cheeks. "I'm okay, really." Rachel looked at Damon and held out her hand. He immediately took it but didn't say anything. He just stood beside her like a bodyguard.

Rachel looked at the man she'd been talking to when they came in. "Detective Shuman, these are my boyfriends, Shane Brassil and Damon Johnson." She turned back to Shane. "Detective Shuman's been kind enough to wait with me until you arrived."

Damon put his hand on Rachel's shoulder and bent over. "Have you already given the detective your statement, sweetheart?"

Nodding, Rachel placed her hand on top of his. "Yes. I'm sorry about this. I know you told me not to go to the park by myself. I guess I should have listened."

Detective Shuman broke in. "I'd like to assure you gentlemen that she did nothing wrong. She was in a pretty well-travelled section of the park. The suspect must have been following her, because he knew just when to grab her and carry her off behind a stand of trees. Ms. Ellerby was lucky. Another woman saw it happen and ran for help. When the suspect heard the voices coming to Ms. Ellerby's rescue, he took off, but he took her purse with him."

The detective looked at both men. "Her attempted rapist now has her address. Unfortunately, we don't have the manpower to post someone outside her apartment building twenty-four hours a day. If you care for her, you won't let her go back there alone."

Damon narrowed his eyes the slightest bit at the detective. "You just worry about trying to catch this sonofabitch. We'll take care of Rachel. You have my word on that."

The detective looked at Damon for a few seconds and nodded. "See that you do. She's a nice lady. This city isn't always as kind to women as I'd like for it to be." He stood and shook Damon's hand then Shane's. He looked at Rachel. "I'll be in touch. I've got your work number and your cell phone number."

Shane interrupted. "Let me give you my home number as well. That's where Rachel will be staying." He pulled out one of his business cards and wrote his home number on the back. He gave it to Detective Shuman and shook his hand once more. "Thank you for waiting with Rachel."

"It was my pleasure." Detective Shuman nodded and left.

Damon knelt down in front of Rachel and kissed her lightly on the cheek, staying clear of the swollen bruise. "Can you leave now?"

"Yes." Rachel started to stand, but Damon swept her off her feet to cradle her in his massive arms. A warmth invaded Shane at the tender way Damon settled Rachel against his chest.

"Let me do it. I need to feel you close to me right now," Damon whispered.

Shane shrugged out of his jacket and draped it around Rachel's shoulders. Damon carried her outside as Shane went to find his driver.

When they were all three settled inside the car, Shane wrapped his arms around both of them. He kissed Rachel's forehead. "You're not going back to your apartment until this sick fuck is found."

With her head on Damon's shoulder Rachel shook her head. "I'll need to get more clothes. I only have a pair of jeans and a sweatshirt at your house."

Shane shook his head right back at her. "I'll buy you more damn clothes before I let you go back there."

The look on Rachel's face told him she wasn't happy about that. "What if I send some of the buildings security people over to get your clothes?"

"Then everyone will know I'm staying with you. Are you sure that's a good idea? You're the owner and president of a corporation, Shane. You need to think about it."

Shane attempted to pull her out of Damon's arms and into his own, but Damon wasn't giving an inch. Exasperated, Shane wrapped his arms tighter around the two of them. "What good is owning the company if you have to be afraid of repercussions at work? I'm the boss, remember? If they don't approve of my lifestyle, they can find another job. You and Damon come first on my list of priorities."

\* \* \* \*

Damon carried Rachel into the building amongst stares from various employees, milling around in the lobby. God, she hated feeling on display at a time like this. They went straight to the executive elevator and up to the penthouse. When Damon started to set her down on the bed, she shook her head.

Rachel started pushing out of Damon's arms. "I need a shower. Th...That man had his hands on my bare skin. I feel dirty."

Holding onto her, Damon carried Rachel into the bathroom. He didn't say anything but Rachel could tell how tense her big man was. Shane went to the shower stall. "Would you prefer a bath or a shower?"

Finally on her feet again, Rachel looked at Shane. Biting her lip she looked towards the floor, shame filling her. "I'd like a shower, but I'd also like to be alone for it. I want to get clean before either of you touch or see me."

Shane kissed the top of her head. "We'll go fix some lunch while you shower. Call if you need us."

Rachel was grateful the men didn't put up a fuss about her request. She nodded but didn't look at either of them as Shane pulled Damon from the room. She couldn't help worrying that Damon was disappointed in her. He'd told her not to go, and she had anyway.

Once the men were gone, Rachel undressed and turned on the shower. She glanced in the mirror and saw a stranger. Before help had arrived, her attacker managed to bruise her body in several places. One of the worst to Rachel was the bruises he left on her breasts. One bruise was obviously a bite mark, but there were also fingertip bruises dotting her creamy flesh.

Leaning closer to the mirror, Rachel eyed her cheek. "Boy, that's gonna be pretty come Monday morning." When she started to lean back, she caught her own eyes in the mirror. She still looked dazed. It was obvious she'd been crying, but it was more than that. Rachel realised she looked almost...empty. "Who are you?" she asked her reflection.

Turning away from the mirror, Rachel stepped inside the dual-head shower. She picked up the scrub brush and soap and went to work. She washed her hair but had to be careful of the stitches at her hairline. The doctor told her not to get them wet today, but she had to get clean, so she tried her best to wash around that particular spot.

Scrubbing her body once again, Rachel realised she might never feel clean again. *Why did I have to defy Shane and go out alone? Maybe my clothes were too tight today. Maybe that's what attracted the rapist to me.* The questions filled Rachel's mind until she thought she'd go crazy. Throwing the brush against the shower wall, she slid down to the floor and started to cry. She wrapped herself in her own arms and rocked back and forth.

Rachel didn't know how long she'd been in there, but she vaguely heard the shower door open and Shane turn off the now cold water. Damon wrapped her in a towel and lifted her off the floor. Rachel couldn't talk. She curled into a ball in the centre of the bed as soon as Damon set her down.

A minute later, two warm bodies surrounded her. Rachel couldn't even look at them. "I'm so sorry," she managed to get out between her tears.

"Shh. There's nothing for you to feel sorry about." Shane swept the wet hair from her face and tilted her chin up to meet his eyes. "Rachel, you didn't do anything wrong. You're not responsible for the actions of that bastard." He leaned in and chastely kissed her lips.

Damon kissed the top of her head. "I'm going to your apartment to get your things. Tell me what you need."

"Some of my clothes and the chest at the end of my bed. It was my mom's. It's all I have left of her, and I can't take the chance someone will do something to it. That and my clothes are the only things in the apartment I care about."

Suddenly remembering their discussion earlier, Rachel looked over her shoulder at Damon. "I thought you were going to have security get my things?"

Shaking his head, Damon kissed her. "I want to do it. Do you have a spare key?"

Closing her eyes, Rachel tried to concentrate on the Damon's question. "Dot. My best friend, Dot has a key. She works downstairs in the accounting department. I'll give her a call if you want?"

"No, sweetheart. I'll take care of it." He kissed her again and looked at Shane. "Take care of our girl. I'll be back in a couple hours." Damon scooted off the bed and walked out of the bedroom.

Rachel watched him leave then looked at Shane. "Is he angry with me?"

"No. He's angry with himself. Damon thinks it's his fault because he didn't stop you from going to the park in the first place. He's very protective with the people he loves."

That shocked her. "Loves?"

"Yes. I think that's also part of his problem. I think you pretty much blind-sided him with it. When we used to talk about you joining our family, I think Damon agreed more for my benefit than his own. He knew that first time together in my office that he'd fall, I just don't think he realised it would be this fast or this hard."

Rachel didn't know what to say. Had anyone other than her mother ever really loved her? Now, she was looking at a man Damon claimed loved her. That wonderful man was telling her Damon loved her. She closed her eyes. God, is this a dream? Was she even worthy?

Shane sat up and took off his shirt. When he looked down at her hip, his face went pale. He pulled Rachel into his arms once again. "Did he hurt you?" He ran a feather light touch over her bruised hip.

A rush of emotions hit her. Burying her face into Shane's neck, Rachel nodded her head. "He was so strong. I tried to fight him. I really did." She looked at Shane, hoping he'd believe her.

At Shane's understanding gaze, she continued. "He carried me behind the trees and threw me down. I think my hip hit a rock or something. He ripped my blouse off then my bra."

Rachel took a deep breath and dried the tears from her cheeks. "When I tried to scream, he hit me across the face and told me he'd kill me if I made another sound." Rachel burrowed in further against Shane's strength. "He touched me. He bit me. He was unzipping his pants when we heard help coming, and he ran off. One of the men found my torn shirt where the guy had thrown it and tried to cover me until the police got there."

Shane tilted up Rachel's chin. His woman looked so fragile. "Can I see where he hurt you? I need to prepare Damon. He'll go crazy if I don't warn him before he sees them for himself."

Rachel closed her eyes and gave him a slight nod. He pulled away just enough to turn Rachel onto her back. He swallowed the bile that rose in his throat as he looked at her bruised breasts. He traced the bite mark lightly with his finger. "Did this bite break the skin?" He looked at the bruised dental impression closer.

"No." Rachel started to cover her breasts with her hands. "That's enough. They're ugly now."

Shane stopped her hands. "No. The bruises are ugly, but your breasts are anything but." He bent his head and kissed each bruise no matter how small. "Is that and your hip all of them?"

Chewing on her lip, Rachel shook her head. "I think I might have one down... I haven't seen it, but they took some pictures at the hospital for the police report. It's the most tender of them all."

Raising his head, Shane looked down at Rachel. *No, please, God.* "I thought you said he didn't rape you? What did he do to give you a bruise down there?"

Tears began to fall down Rachel's face, breaking Shane's heart all over again.

"He kicked me before he ran away."

Shane studied Rachel's scared and confused face. Her beautiful green eyes were unfocused, memories plaguing her.

"Why'd he do that? It was like he hated me, but I'd never even seen him before," she said, her voice raspy with pain.

Sitting up, Shane turned his gaze to Rachel's mound. There was a perfect heel print bruised into her pretty pussy that looked swollen and sore. "Did they x-ray this? It's right over the bone." Shane's jaws clenched down so hard he was thankful his teeth didn't turn to powder. *What a sick mother-fucker.*

"The doctor examined it and said nothing appeared damaged. He said I'd be bruised for a couple weeks, but the soreness should be gone within a few days."

Closing his eyes, Shane bent his head and kissed the sore looking bruise. "Thank you for showing me. It's going to take all my skills to keep Damon from going on a man-hunt though." Shane was interrupted by the ringing of his cell phone. He took the phone out of his pocket and looked at the display.

"I need to take this real quick. It's Ted down in mergers." Shane sat on the edge of the bed. "Brassil."

"Hi, Mr. Brassil. It's Ted."

"Yes," he said impatiently. "What can I do for you?"

"Um, we were supposed to have a staff meeting at three o'clock. It's three-thirty now, and I didn't know if you wanted us to go on without you?"

"You'll have to. I'm busy for the rest of the day." Shane reached back and ran his hand over Rachel's stomach. She was just about asleep.

"What about Mr. Johnson? Can he sit in on it?"

"Sorry but we're in the middle of a family crisis right now. Damon isn't even in the building. Just do your best, and if need be, we can reschedule for next week sometime."

"I hope everything turns out all right, Mr. Brassil."

"Thank you for your understanding. I'll talk to you Monday." Shane flipped the phone closed and set it on the table. He went into the kitchen and returned with a glass of juice for Rachel. She was already asleep, so he put it on the bedside table and undressed.

Covering them both, Shane pulled Rachel into his arms. He'd need to figure out how to talk to Damon about her bruises. He drifted off to sleep before he could figure it out.



## Chapter Four

A large hand on his ass, woke Shane from his nap. He opened his eyes to find Damon staring at him. "Hi."

Stroking his bare butt cheek a little harder, Damon gave him a half-smile. "How's our queen?"

Shane knew he needed to talk to Damon before Rachel woke up. He rolled out of bed and beckoned a wonderfully naked Damon, to follow him. Shane led Damon out into the living room and pulled him down onto the deep, black leather couch. Leaning forward, Shane kissed him.

Damon opened his mouth and took the kiss deeper. When Damon started rubbing his steel-hard erection against Shane's leg, Shane knew Damon needed his reassurance.

Breaking the kiss, Shane stilled Damon's hips. "I love you, always and forever."

Damon wrapped his hand around Shane's cock and started stroking it. "I love you, too. I'm needing you awful bad right now." To prove it, Damon thrust his erection against Shane's thigh once again.

"I know you are, but first we need to talk."

When Damon started to argue, Shane kissed him again. "You know we always fall asleep after we come, and I need to talk to you about what happened to Rachel."

Damon shook his head. "I don't want to hear about it. I'm sorry if that make's me an asshole, but I just can't. That's why I left earlier. I knew she needed to talk, and I couldn't stand to hear what that bastard did to her."

Sighing, Shane rested his head on Damon's chest. "I wish it were that easy, but it's not." Shane looked up and narrowed his eyes at Damon. "Unless you're saying you don't want her with us anymore."

"Hell, no. That's not what I'm saying at all. I'm just saying it hurts too much to know I had the power to prevent it and didn't. I shouldn't have let her go."

"No. You're no more at fault here than she is. You can't take responsibility for that sick fuck's actions. But she has bruises, and I need to tell you about them before she wakes up."

Shane ran his hand down Damon's chest. He idly played with the small gold hoops in Damon's dark brown nipples.

Damon's body went stiff. "What kind of bruises? I mean, I saw the one on her hip when I picked her up. Are there more?"

Shane watched, as if in slow motion, Damon's jaw began to throb again. "Rachel has quite a few on her breasts where he manhandled and bit her. Thankfully, none of them penetrated the skin."

Damon swore and stood. He paced to the drink cart and poured himself a whisky.

"There's one more, and it's the worst of the lot." Shane walked over beside Damon and poured himself a shot of single malt scotch. He tossed it back and set the glass down. "Before he ran off, the bastard stomped on her. He bruised her pelvic area."

Damon turned and threw his empty glass across the living room. It smashed against the far wall and shattered into a million pieces. "Fuck!"

When Damon started for the elevator, Shane quickly caught up with him. "You can't leave."

"Why the hell not? If I stay, who knows what I'll do or say?"

Shane put his body in front of Damon's. "If you walk out, Rachel will think you're disgusted by her. I know for a fact that she's already worried about it. Besides..." Shane ran his hand down Damon's naked body to grip his shaft. "If you go out there looking like this, I may have to fire half of my workforce for looking at you."

Damon cursed again and pulled Shane into his arms. "I don't want Rachel to think she disgusts me. I can't stand to see any woman hurt. Especially the woman I'm falling in love with."

"Then tell her that, you big goof. Don't run away from her. She needs us both right now." Shane led Damon back into the bedroom. Rachel was curled up on one side of the bed, so Damon and Shane crawled under the covers on the other side.

Shane swung his leg over Damon's thighs and held on, resting his head on his lover's chest. They didn't talk for a long time. Shane concentrated on petting his growly bear until Damon's breathing began to even out. He knew of Damon's mother and the abuse she'd taken at the hands of his father. His lover's protective instinct had always been such an endearing trait, but now it made Shane nervous. What if Damon tried to smother Rachel with

protection? She'd already made it quite clear she needed her space. Shane hated the thought of Rachel running off, putting herself into more danger.

Rubbing his five o'clock shadow across Damon's sensitive nipples, Shane reached for Damon's cock. Without a word, Damon spread his legs, as Shane continued to run his fingers over the smooth skin, dipping down to cup and squeeze his lover's balls. "Mmm...someone's happy to see me."

Thrusting his cock into Shane's hand, Damon pinched Shane's nipples. "That someone's always happy to see you."

Readjusting their positions, Shane aligned his cock with Damon's. "Are you calmed down?" Shane asked.

Damon rimmed Shane's lips with his tongue. Slipping inside, Shane tasted the scotch Damon drank earlier. They started a slow rub against each other's bodies, Shane's cock sliding against Damon's.

Their speed picked up, and soon they were pushing and grinding their way to completion. With sticky warmth covering their stomachs, they continued to kiss until Shane felt a third hand on his ass. He broke the kiss and looked over at Rachel.

Wide awake, Rachel licked her lips. "Wow. You two are studs."

Shane started laughing and swatted Damon's ass. "Darlin', would you do this stud a favour and get a hot washcloth out of the bathroom? I want to love our woman without sticking to her."

Damon swung his legs over the side of the bed and walked towards the bathroom. "Mr. Bossy."

That set Shane off again. He was still laughing when Damon came back with the washcloth. "Just for that you can wash yourself." Damon tossed the wet cloth at Shane. "I've already cleaned up so I get to snuggle with my sweetheart first."

Rachel opened her arms and Damon joined her under the covers. Shane watched as the two people he loved most began to kiss. Instead of cleaning himself with the washcloth, Shane found himself stroking his cock with it. The rasp of the terrycloth gave Shane just the right amount of sensation to get him hard again.

Shane couldn't take it any more. Damon and Rachel looked so damn sexy together, Shane had to join in. He leaned over and rested his cheek next to Damon's, waiting for his turn.

Damon moved back just enough to let Shane give Rachel a kiss. Shane swept the interior of Rachel's mouth with his tongue, tasting Damon there as well. He looked at his bald Adonis and grinned. "You wanna join in?"

With a smile, Damon joined the kiss. Shane could barely keep track of whose tongue was thrusting inside his mouth, but it didn't matter.

When Damon forgot himself and slid his hand down to finger Rachel's pussy, she flinched. Feeling like an ass, Damon pulled his hand back up immediately. "I'm so sorry. Shane told me you were bruised, but I forgot."

"It's okay. It'll be better once the swelling goes down."

Rachel tried to kiss him again, but Damon pulled his head back.

"Swelling?" He turned the bedside lamp on and flipped the covers back.

Shane sat back on his heels. "It looks even worse, Red. Are you sure the doctor said you would be okay?"

Damon gently touched the heel imprint. He felt the heat radiating from the blue and purple swollen flesh.

"I told you it'll be fine. It's just a bad bruise. He told me it would probably be swollen for a day or two." Rachel tried to pull the covers back up over her.

Damon stopped the cover's progress. Bending over he kissed the bruise. He looked over Rachel's body at Shane. "Do you have anything we could use as an ice pack? I think it would help the swelling."

Shane got up and headed to the kitchen. He called out from the hallway. "I'll get three of them. I think we all could use help with swelling tonight."

After Shane left, Damon let Rachel pull up the covers. "I'm sorry this is going to ruin our weekend."

Damon tilted her chin up. "It didn't ruin anything. This way we get a chance to show you our tender, take-care-of-our-woman side." Damon grinned, even though he felt like punching a wall. Shane had been right. Rachel needed to know they still wanted her. He

could do that for Rachel. He'd wait and take his anger out on the police and the sick fuck once they found him.

"We can just snuggle and neck all weekend and save the heavy stuff for when you feel better. We don't plan on letting you get away from us, so there should be plenty of time for us to take turns with that pretty pussy of yours," Damon said, running his fingertips over Rachel's stomach.

"You know? Just because I might not be able to have sex this weekend, doesn't mean you and Shane can't." Rachel grinned and bit her lip. "Watching the two of you touch and kiss is sexy as hell. I can't imagine what it would be like to watch the two of you fuck each other."

"We can do that," Damon said, running his hand over his quickly filling cock.

"There's something else, but I'm a little embarrassed to talk about it, especially now."

"Why would you be embarrassed?"

Rachel ran a hand through her hair, a sign she was nervous, like biting her lip. Every time he saw her do either, he wanted to pounce.

"I've always thought of myself as fairly reserved, but being with the two of you..."

"What it is, sweetheart? Now you've got me all curious."

Biting her lip, Rachel hesitated for several seconds before asking. "Is it possible for both you and Shane to be inside me at the same time?"

"Sure. I think we've proved that already."

"Yes, and you did a very good job of it, but that's not what I meant. There's something that's been in the back of my mind that I'd like to try."

Damon moved his tongue towards her mouth and kissed her. "If it doesn't get done by the two of us, it won't get done at all. You're ours, and we don't share with anyone else. So, tell me what you want to try."

Rachel bit her lip and swirled her finger around Damon's erect nipple, flicking the little loop. Damon groaned and Rachel smiled. "Is it possible for two cocks to both be inside my pussy at the same time? I just think it would really feel like we're all three fucking each other then."

Falling away from Rachel onto his back, Damon put his arm over his eyes. "Oh God. Don't say anything more or I'll come."

Feeling the bed dip, Damon heard Shane's deep voice. "What's going to make you come?" Shane handed one of the bags of frozen peas to Rachel.

"Rachel wants us both to fuck her pussy at the same time." Damon grabbed a bag of frozen corn out of Shane's hand and covered his erection.

"Fuck." The other bag of peas went immediately to Shane's cock. "Seriously?"

Rachel shrugged her shoulders. "I just thought we'd all like it, but I don't even know if it's physically possible."

Groaning, Shane looked over at her. "In my head, it seems possible. I have to admit I never even dreamed of such a scenario, but hell I'm willing to try. What about you, darlin'?"

Damon just grunted and held the bag of corn tighter against his cock, knowing life with Rachel would never be dull.

## Chapter Five

Digging through her inbox, Rachel tried to separate the urgent work from the get-to-it-soon work. It had been ten days since her attack, and this was the first day Shane and Damon had let Rachel back into her office.

They'd spent the weekend lounging in bed, watching football. Rachel smiled as she thought about the fabulous dinner Shane had catered in for the three of them. She'd spent most weekends alone since her mother's death a little over four years ago. Now, she hoped she'd be spending every weekend with the two of them.

Damon called the detective every other day but the police still hadn't come up with anything. There had been another rape in the park since her attack, and they were stepping up patrols until the guy was caught.

Rachel shivered when she thought about the park. She wondered whether she'd ever be able to go there again. As she turned back to her computer to do her monthly reports, a knock on the door interrupted her. Rachel looked up when the door opened. "Dot? Why are you knocking? You never knock."

Dot looked around and snuck into the office. Her friend's thick hair was back in a sleek ponytail this morning, but the dark smudges under her eyes told Rachel Dot hadn't been sleeping well.

"I'll tell you why. Those guard dogs of yours gave strict instructions to the entire building that you weren't to be disturbed." Dot collapsed in the chair in front of Rachel's desk. "I've been worried about you. I know you assured me last week that you were okay, but this creep is still out there."

"Please don't worry about me. It's all I can stand right now with Shane and Damon looking over my shoulder twenty-four hours a day. My bruises have all but healed, and I'm perfectly safe living upstairs."

Flipping her ponytail over her shoulder, Dot smiled. "How's it going? With...ya know? The guys? When you first told me you were dating them both, I was a little too shocked to ask."

Rachel took a deep breath and smiled. "Wonderful. I've never felt so cherished and adored in my life."

"I bet the sex with those two studs isn't bad either," Dot said standing.

Rachel smiled, unable to stop her wicked thoughts of her time spent with the two men she adored, maybe even loved. "I couldn't even begin to describe it. I'll just say...If you ever get the chance to be with two men, do it."

Rachel's intercom buzzed. She rolled her eyes at Dot. "That's Big Man, Mr. Johnson to you and everyone else. He wants me to take some dictation." Rachel picked up her pencil and pad. "Alas, no rest for the weary." She dramatically put the back of her hand to her forehead but ruined the effect with a giggle.

Dot opened the door. "Yeah. We should all have it so bad. I'll talk to you later." Dot waved and closed the door.

Rachel missed spending time with Dot. She'd have to talk to her guards about time off for good behaviour.

Before walking into Damon's office, Rachel locked the door from the hallway to their executive suite. She opened Damon's door and went in. He was on the phone but beckoned her closer. Rachel knew what he wanted. This was a particular fantasy he'd told her about earlier in the week.

Rachel wasted no time getting her silk blouse unbuttoned as she stood before him. As she struggled to get the blouse off her shoulders, Damon reached out and unclasped the front of her bra. He pulled her closer and put his fingers to his lips. He pushed the speaker phone button so he could use both hands on her as he set the handset down.

"I'm putting you on speaker, Tim. I hope you don't mind, but I've got a million things going on at once." Damon didn't even wait for Tim's answer before he lifted Rachel on top of his desk. He bent his body over hers and took a dark nipple into his mouth.

Arching her back, Rachel held Damon's head to her breast. He popped off her nipple only long enough to answer a question or two from Tim before going right back to suckling. She wrapped her legs around his waist as he humped her through their clothes, still carrying on the business call. He hastily pushed her skirt up around her waist and unzipped his fly.

Reaching out, Rachel pushed his suit pants and boxer briefs down just enough for his huge cock to spring free. Swollen and dripping, Damon's cock was a sight to behold. He



pulled her legs up higher to wrap around his shoulders and ploughed his thick cock deep inside her pussy in one thrust. When he started really pistoning in and out of her, Rachel looked over at the speaker phone and put her finger to her lips.

Wondering how in the hell Tim couldn't hear Damon's balls slapping against her ass, she waited for him to say something. When Tim carried on as if nothing were happening, Rachel let herself just relax and enjoy it. She closed her eyes and bit her lip just as Damon inserted two fingers into her ass. Her climax hit her so fast she forgot to hold in her cry of release. "Damon!" She wailed at the top of her lungs.

Damon recovered quickly. "Sorry, Tim. I'll have to call you back. Rachel's coming." He smiled down at a still trembling Rachel and ended the call. "You are a naughty girl. Remind me to spank that pretty little ass of yours later." Damon kept up his conversation, while maintaining a steady pounding rhythm into her dripping pussy.

"I know. Let's call Shane's office and see how long it takes him to get his sexy ass in here to join us." Damon once again put his finger to his lips and pushed Shane's extension.

"Hey. What can I do for you?" Shane's voice was deep and smooth as glass compared to Damon's deep gravelly timbre.

Damon said nothing just continued to pound into Rachel, the sound of his balls smacking her ass even louder than before. Rachel waited for Shane to say something else when the office door opened, and he was striding towards the desk. Unzipping his pants, Shane licked his lips and watched closely.

"Oh fuck. I need some of that." Shane started pumping his cock. He looked down at Rachel. "Ready to try it, Red?"

Rachel felt so high and loose she would have tried anything at that point. "Yes. Fuck me."

Damon pulled out of her and led her over to the wide open, dark grey carpet. "Lay on your side, sweetheart."

Rachel dropped to the floor and quickly rolled to her side. Looking up at Damon for her next instructions, Rachel felt suddenly overwhelmed. "What have I gotten myself in to?"

Grunting, Damon positioned himself behind her. He lifted her leg and put his arm under her knee, bringing it up as far as it would go. "We're just damn lucky you're so limber. It'll make our job much easier."

Nodding for Shane to get in front of Rachel, Damon entered her pussy in one deep thrust. "Better hurry and get that cock of yours in here. I've a feeling I'm not gonna last long."

Shane scooted his body as close to Rachel's as he could. Gripping his arousal in his hand, he positioned his cock at the opening of her pussy. "How am I supposed to fit with that big tree limb already inside her?"

Grunting again, Damon took Shane's cock in his hand and slid it alongside his. On his next inward thrust Shane's cock head slipped inside Rachel's pussy.

"Oh fuck." Looking into Rachel's face, Shane smoothed her hair behind her ears. "You okay?"

Rachel closed her eyes and sighed. "I never thought I'd be able to take you both. My pussy must be made out of elastic or something." Rachel moaned as the men picked up speed. Even though it might be thought of as perverse, Rachel had never felt as loved as she did at that moment. It wasn't just the double penetration that made her feel that way, but the way her two men looked at her and each other.

Damon bit Rachel's neck. "Gonna come." Holding her leg even higher, Damon and Shane drove into her two more times. As soon as Damon started coming so did Shane. "Oh. Oh, sweet mother Mary."

Shane attacked Rachel's lips as his seed combined with Damon's to fill her pussy to overflowing. Rachel squealed her release as Damon stuck three fingers into her ass. Chuckling, Damon looked at Shane. "The ass thing gets her every time."

\* \* \* \*

Damon and Shane were in a meeting when Rachel's workday ended. Deciding to go up to the penthouse and figure out what to fix for dinner, Rachel shut down her computer and turned off the lights above her desk.

When the elevator doors opened to the penthouse, Rachel slipped her heels off and carried them to the bedroom. She took a quick shower then slipped into a long white silk robe.

Rachel was making a salad to go with the spaghetti she'd made, when the elevator door opened and two loud deep voices began shouting her name. She walked over to the sink to wash the tomato juice off her hands and yelled to the men. "I'm in the kitchen." She was drying her hands when both men stormed through to the kitchen. The look on their faces told her they weren't happy. "What?"

Damon was the first to reach her. Wrapping his hands around her waist he lifted Rachel onto centre island. "Mind telling us why you left by yourself? We went back to the office after our meeting and almost had a heart attack when you weren't there."

Pushing against Damon's chest, Rachel narrowed her eyes at him. "You cease being my boss at five o'clock. I love my job, but at five o'clock, *my* life begins. If you two want to work overtime, that's fine, but I had dinner to make." She tried to push Damon out of the way. "Now, if you don't mind, I'd like to finish my spaghetti."

Not budging an inch, Damon leaned in until his face was an inch from hers. "No one said anything about you having to make us dinner. And if you ever scare us like that again I'll redden that pretty ass of yours." He finished off the statement by closing the distance and putting his lips over hers.

Showing her stubborn side, Rachel kept her arms crossed as Damon licked the seam of her lips. "Come on, sweetheart, open for me." He covered her lips again as Shane's hands came between them to uncross her arms.

*Damn. How can I stay mad when they're both touching me?* Rachel let Shane uncross her arms. When she felt Shane untying the front sash of her robe she moaned and parted her lips. Damon's tongue entered her mouth to stroke against hers, as Shane separated the lapels on her white robe.

"We only worry because we love you." Shane brushed his lips over one nipple and latched on.

Evidently his head was in Damon's way, because Damon broke the kiss and looked down at the suckling Shane. "Do you mind? I'm trying to have a tender moment with our woman here. Can't we just have some tenderness without it always turning into sex?"

Shane stopped and pulled off Rachel's nipple. He stood and appeared to be a little red faced. "Sorry. I didn't mean to ruin your moment."

Damon flashed his white toothy smile. "You didn't. You were just in my way." Damon grinned and bent over to take the same nipple into his mouth. He started laughing when both Shane and Rachel swatted him.

Just as Damon ran his hands up Rachel's thigh towards her wet pussy, the phone rang. "Lift me down, and I'll finish dinner while one of you gets the phone."

Easily lifting her off the island, Damon nodded at Shane. "You get it while I help Rachel."

Walking across the kitchen, Shane picked up the phone while Rachel added spaghetti to the pot of boiling water. "You can slice the bread." She handed Damon the bread and a serrated knife. "I decided against garlic bread. Even if we all eat it, it still leaves nasty breath." She grinned and bumped him with her hip.

Cutting the bread into slices, Damon looked over at Rachel. "You know, we're not trying to rule you, don't you? We just worry. We're men. It's our nature to feel protective of the people we love."

Rachel stood on tip toes and kissed him. "I love you, too."

Finished with the bread, Damon put the knife down and pulled Rachel into his arms. "Do you really?" he asked.

"Yes. I'm not sure when it happened, but it did. I can't imagine my life without either one of you."

He put his hands on her butt and lifted her for a kiss. Shane's throat clearing broke them apart. Although Damon didn't put Rachel down, he looked over at Shane. "Who was it?"

Wrapping his arms around Damon and Rachel, Shane sighed. "The detective. There's been another rape. This time in Rachel's building. It seems the guy was pounding on Rachel's door, and one of her neighbours went to investigate. The fucker pushed the woman into her own apartment and raped and beat her pretty badly. She's in the hospital."

Rachel felt her stomach drop to the floor. Oh, God, she could only think of one person who would've investigated a noise at her door. With bile rising in her throat, she asked Shane, "Was it Mrs. Levins?"

"Yes. Do you know her?" Shane ran his hand down Rachel's back.

Rachel nodded. "We've been neighbours for quite awhile. She's a sixty-eight-year old widow with no family." Rachel's eyes began to burn as tears escaped and trickled down her cheeks. "I need to go to the hospital and see her. She doesn't have anyone else."

Damon and Shane looked at each other. Finally, Damon nodded. "Right after dinner. We'll take you."

\* \* \* \*

Rachel walked into the pale green hospital room. "Mrs. Levins?" She slowly approached the bed, with Damon and Shane right behind her.

"Who's there?" Mrs. Levins asked.

Rachel looked at the poor battered face of the older woman. "It's Rachel, Mrs. Levins. I came by to see how you're doing." Rachel stood to the side of the hospital bed. Damon and Shane stayed back, just inside the door.

"Rachel, honey, come sit down."

Sitting in the sky blue-vinyl chair beside her neighbour, Rachel reached out and laid her hand over Mrs. Levins. "Can I get you anything?"

"A drink of water would be nice."

Finding the plastic pitcher of water, Rachel poured some into the provided glass. She bent the accompanying straw and held it to Mrs. Levins' lips. After taking a few sips, the older woman nodded her head, and Rachel set the glass on the tray table.

Mrs. Levins patted Rachel's hand. "You shouldn't have come. You should go away for awhile. I don't know what you did to that man who attacked me, but he screamed obscenities mixed with your name the entire time. He seemed very angry that you weren't at home. I think he was taking it out on me."

Putting her head down on Mrs. Levin's hand Rachel began to cry. "I'm so sorry he did this to you. He attacked me a week-and-a-half ago in the park. I was lucky, and he was scared off before he could rape me, but he took my purse."

Shane put a hand on her shoulder. "It's not your fault, Rachel. You have to remember that."

"Your young man is right. He was a crazy man. Obsessed with you is what he is." Mrs. Levins put her hand on top of Rachel's head and stroked her hair just like her mother used to.

Mrs. Levins looked at Shane. "Can you keep her safe, young man?"

"Yes, ma'am." Shane held out his hand, and Damon came forward. "We both love Rachel very much, and we'll both die before we let anything else happen to her."

Mrs. Levins looked at Damon. "My, you're a big one." She blushed and patted Rachel's head. "You stick with your two young men. Don't take any chances."

A nurse came into the room and cleared her throat. "I'm sorry, but visiting hours are over now. You'll have to come back tomorrow."

Raising her head, Rachel stood and wiped her tears. "We'll be back tomorrow, Mrs. Levins. You get some rest now." She bent and gave the older woman a kiss on the forehead.

"Thank you. It's nice to have a visitor, even if it's after something like this." She smiled at Rachel then Shane and Damon. "Take care of her. She's a very special, young lady."

Shane wrapped his arm around Rachel. "We know."

\* \* \* \*

By the time the threesome arrived back at the building, Rachel was sound asleep in Damon's arms. The driver opened the door, and Shane got out. Damon lifted Rachel into Shane's arms before getting out of the limo. Using his key, he opened the door and held it while Shane carried Rachel inside.

Waving to the night guard, Damon punched in the security code for the penthouse just as the guard signalled to him. The troublesome look on the guy's face told Damon it was important. "You take Rachel on up, and I'll be there in a minute."

By the time Damon stepped into the elevator, he was pissed. When the doors opened to the penthouse, he headed straight for the drink cart. "Is Rachel in bed?" he asked, filling a tumbler with Scotch.

"Yeah," Shane answered, wrapping his arms around Damon.

"What happened?" Shane asked

Damon took a swallow of his drink, still feeling unsettled. "Charlie said a man was outside pounding on the door earlier, demanding to see Rachel. Charlie called the police, but the guy was gone by the time they got here. Charlie looked, and we were lucky enough that the surveillance cameras picked up the guy's face. He gave a copy of the tape to the police. So basically, the good news is the police now have a picture of our guy. The bad news is he's even crazier and bolder than we thought." Damon drank the remainder of whisky in one swallow and poured another generous glass.

"What are we going to do? We can't keep her here. This guy's just as likely to slip into the building with a gun. We need to take her away until the police catch this asshole," Shane said, releasing Damon to run his hands through his thick black hair.

Sitting on the sofa, Damon set his glass down on the coffee table. He held out his arms to Shane. "Come here, baby."

Shane sat down on the sofa and snuggled into Damon's arms. Damon kissed the top of his head. "So tell me where you want to take her."

## Chapter Six

"Oh, Shane! Oh, Shane, this is too much." Rachel looked at the sprawling, ocean-side hacienda as they parked their rental car. The house was magnificent, painted in a light salmon colour. "I would've been happy with a hotel room. You didn't need to spend so much money."

Smiling, Shane opened his door and took Rachel's hand, as he helped her from the car. He pulled her into his arms and kissed her, slow and deep. "I thought we'd have more privacy this way. Besides, I'm a very rich man, and I wanted to spoil my girl."

Rachel bit her lip as she looked around the Mexican estate. "Well, we'll definitely have privacy. I don't even see another house from here." She threaded her fingers through Shane's hair. "I can't wait for Damon to join us. He's going to flip over this place." She kissed him again, feeling like a kid with a new toy. "Let's go see the inside."

They unloaded the luggage and walked into the spacious hacienda. The main room was open with a wall of sliding glass doors overlooking the ocean. Rachel dropped the suitcase and walked towards the view. "Oh my God. Shane come over here and look at this."

Putting the suitcases down, Shane walked over and wrapped his arms around Rachel from behind. "Peaceful isn't it? I've always loved this view." He rested his chin next to Rachel's temple and looked out over the ocean.

Turning around in his arms, Rachel looked at Shane. "You've been here before?"

"Of course. I've owned this house for the past eight years. My grandfather owned it before that. When he passed away it became mine along with the company."

Running her hand down the side of Shane's cheek, Rachel looked at him. "You miss him a lot, don't you?"

Turning away from the view, Shane led Rachel to a rattan sofa. Pulling her onto his lap, he started unbuttoning her blouse as he spoke. "Grandfather was my world until I went away to college. My parents died in a private plane crash when I was only a year old, so I don't even remember them. It was my grandfather who raised me. He was a tough sonofabitch in the corporate world, but you've never met a more loving and gentle man."



Rachel sat still as Shane removed her blouse and ran his hands over her lace-encased breasts. He really seemed to be a breast-man, and she didn't mind a bit. Her nipples had always been very sensitive and playing and suckling them seemed to ease Shane's tension. Rachel knew the constant sex wouldn't last, but they were basically still in the honeymoon stage of their bizarre relationship. She realised it was easier for Shane and Damon to show their feeling instead of talking about them. Rachel had quickly decided it was enough. She knew they loved her, it was evident in the way they touched her.

"I wish he could have met you," Shane said, bringing her out of her thoughts.

"He liked Damon a lot, but he would have loved you." Unfastening the clasp to Rachel's bra, Shane bent his head and licked his way from her neck to her hardened nipples.

Leaning back further into Shane's arms, Rachel arched her back as he sucked one of her nipples deep into his mouth. The rasp of his teeth against her sensitive flesh had her pussy clenching, needing to be filled, but she liked the slow pace of Shane's loving, too.

"You're so incredibly beautiful," Shane whispered, his lips teasing her nipple as he spoke.

"You make me feel beautiful," she said and meant it.

Rachel groaned as Shane's hand found its way under her skirt to rub her clit through her silk panties. She spread her legs wider, draping one knee over the back of the sofa. "Is this the way it'll always be between us?" she asked.

Shane moved aside the silk material to delve two fingers into her pussy. "What do you mean? Will I always want you?" Shane added another finger. "Yes."

"What happens if we fight? I mean, is one of us left—the odd man out—or do we settle our differences together?" she asked, barely able to concentrate as Shane moved his fingers to press against her asshole.

Breaching her opening, Shane leaned his head down and kissed her. "Oh we'll argue, you can be sure of that. When you have two alphas in a relationship there are always arguments, but they don't last long. Damon and I love each other too much."

"What about me? What if you and I get into a fight, or me and Damon?" With three fingers in her ass, Rachel could barely maintain a coherent thought, but it was so seldom she got Shane all to herself, and these were questions she needed answered.

Shane's fingers slowed. "I guess if it happens, it'll be no different than the way Damon and I argue. I love you, Red. I have for a long time. There isn't an argument in the world that would change that."

"I hope you're right. It worries me, you know? Because I know if I do something to screw up a relationship with one of you, I'll have to say goodbye to you both. Damon told me upfront that the two of you were a package deal."

"Shhh," Shane said. "Let's not think that way. Damon would be pissed if he knew you were questioning the relationship we've built."

"I'm not questioning it. Just saying that it worries me."

"What can I do to reassure you of my love?" Shane asked.

"Take me to bed."

\* \* \* \*

After Shane showed her just how very much he loved her, Rachel rested her head on his lightly furred chest. Even though it was only one man making love to her instead of two, she felt completely replete. "So why won't you tell me why Damon didn't come with us? He's not having second thoughts is he? About me, I mean."

Lifting her chin, Shane gave her a sweet kiss. "Never. We're keeping you." He kissed her forehead. "It was supposed to be a surprise, but I guess it's better that I tell you. Damon decided to stay in New York for a couple of days until Mrs. Levins was released from the hospital. We bought her a little apartment in a highly secure building not too far from us."

Sitting up, Rachel put her hand over her mouth. "What? You bought Mrs. Levins an apartment? Why?"

Pulling her back down to his chest, Shane ran his hand down her back. "Because Damon and I knew you felt guilty about what happened to her. We knew that you'd continue to worry after she was released, so we did the right thing. If she still had family, they would have done the same thing. I don't have any living family besides the two of you, and I've never had the pleasure of being spoiled by a grandmother." Shane kissed the top of Rachel's head.

Rachel knew she should argue. Buying someone a home wasn't a little thing, but how could she? Shane was right, she would've worried about Mrs. Levins. Rachel wondered what it would be like to have enough money to really change the lives of people you cared about. She imagined it was a wonderful feeling. Who was she to take that away from the man she loved. "That has to be the nicest thing I've ever heard of anyone doing. How did I get so lucky?"

"You didn't get lucky. You finally got what you deserved. Two men who are hopelessly in love with you." Shane pulled her up and covered her lips with his. The kiss went deeper as Shane ran his hands over Rachel's breasts. "Have you ever considered getting your nipples pierced like Damon's?" He plucked the extended nipple as he sucked on her ear lobe.

"I never thought it was sexy until I saw Damon's. Why? Have you?" Rachel paid Shane back by plucking at his small dark brown nipples.

Shane released her earlobe and scooted down to suck on one of her nipples. "Not until right this minute. I think we should get them done as a surprise for Damon when he finally gets his ass down here."

Arching her back, Rachel nodded her head. "I think we should do it. Let's go now." Rachel started to push Shane off her.

Shane pushed her right back down. "First things first, I plan on fucking this sweet ass before we go. I just hope we can find a woman to pierce them because I don't think I can let another man get that close to your breasts." He bent and sucked a nipple into his mouth once more.

After sufficiently teasing and tasting Rachel's nipples, he flipped her over onto her stomach. Rachel didn't even have to be asked. She immediately slid her legs under herself and presented herself to her lover.

Running his fingers over the soft puckered hole, Shane moaned. "I'm going to buy you some jewellery to wear in the pretty hole."

Turning her head to look back towards him, Rachel couldn't believe what he'd said. "Jewellery? You mean you want me to get pierced down there, too?"

Running one hand over the cheek of her ass, Shane gave the globe a slap. "I know, no one's getting close enough to this hole for that. No, I saw some anal jewellery last time I was down here. There's a silversmith in town that makes...butt plugs, I guess you'd call them.

But on the end he's fashioned different designs so it protrudes far enough out of your hole to look like jewellery. They're really beautiful, and I bet they feel good too. I'd love to see this ass with a big ruby heart surrounded by filigreed silver."

Shane got out of bed and went to his suitcase. After digging around for a few minutes, he came back to bed with a blue bottle of lube. Running his tongue over Rachel's hole once more he sighed. "I'll never get enough of you." He opened the bottle of lube and poured a liberal amount down the crack of Rachel's ass.

Moaning as Shane slipped two fingers into her hole, Rachel looked back at him. "I like the picture you paint, but if I have something up my ass like that, I'll constantly be horny. I'm not sure how well I can work in that condition."

Pulling his fingers out, Shane replaced them with the tip of his cock. "I hadn't thought of you wearing it all the time, but now that you mentioned it..." Shane drove inside to the root.

\* \* \* \*

Four days after getting her new jewellery, Rachel lay on a big blanket in the sand. The warm Mexican sun was turning her skin a lovely shade of bronze. Dot would be green with envy by the time their vacation was over.

The only thing missing was Damon. Rachel lightly ran her finger over her healing nipples. The silver hoops may be small, but they were still quite sensitive to the touch. She couldn't really understand the Mexican woman who'd pierced them, other than the fact she had to keep them clean. Shane had been quite happy to take on that job. He carefully cleaned the swollen nipples at least five times a day.

Hopefully by the time she saw Damon they'd both be healed. Shane's were still swollen but he claimed they weren't as sore as they'd once been. Rachel looked down her nude body at the silver hoops shining in the afternoon sunshine. Shane had been right, they did look sexy.

The anal jewellery had been a little harder for her to get used to. Shane had been right about that as well. The craftsmanship that went into the silver butt plug was exquisite. It was

just a matter of getting used to being filled on a constant basis. All Shane had to do was look at her and she came.

Rachel reached down and ran her fingertips over her newly waxed pussy. Oh, damn. A shadow fell over her, and she opened her eyes. "Hey, you, I thought you went to town?"

Shane handed her a bottle of beer, before stretching out next to her. "I did." He touched her skin in several places. "Don't you think it's about time you got out of the sun?"

"Am I burning?" she asked, holding her arm up to look at it.

"No. I think you're beyond the burning stage, but it's still not healthy."

Rachel rolled her eyes. God, now Shane was trying to protect her from herself. "I'm a big girl," she answered.

Shane cupped her breast, making sure to stay away from her nipple. "Yes, you are."

"Did Damon call?" she asked, watching Shane shuck his shorts and T-shirt.

Turning to his stomach, Shane made a pillow out of his hands and closed his eyes. "Yeah. He's almost got the Calumet problem solved, and Mrs. Levin is safely tucked in her new apartment. He said to tell you he loved you and would see us soon."

Rachel closed her eyes, letting the hot sun lull her. "I miss him," she whispered.

"You and me both, but it's been nice spending this time with just the two of us."

"Yes, it's been nice, it just doesn't feel right." She smiled. She would've never pictured herself saying something like that a month ago. Now she couldn't imagine a life without Damon and Shane.

\* \* \* \*

Three days later, the ringing phone woke Shane from a sound sleep. Rachel blindly reached across him trying to stop the loud noise, but all she ended up doing was repeatedly slapping Shane on the chest. Chuckling, he stilled her hand.

"I'll get it," he said, reaching for the phone. "Hello."

"Hey, baby. How're you and my sweetheart doing this morning?"

The sound of Damon's voice immediately caused Shane's cock to spring into action. He reached down and ran his hand up and down its hard length. "Hey, darlin'. What are you doing calling so early?"

Snuggling into his side, Rachel took over stroking Shane's shaft. Shane moaned, which got a chuckle out of Damon.

"Well, I can only guess what the two of you are doing right now, but why don't you save it for me and come pick me up."

Shane stopped thrusting into Rachel's hand. "You're here?"

"Yep. Flew in first thing this morning, but I thought I'd let you sleep a little longer. Now that you're awake, get that sweet ass of yours to the airport and pick me up. I've had a hard-on for the last eight days and listening to you moan is about to make me come in my jeans."

"We'll be there in thirty minutes. Love you."

"I love you, baby. Just hurry."

Shane hung up the phone and stopped Rachel's hand. "We need to jump up and get dressed. Damon's waiting at the airport for us to pick him up." They both flipped back the covers at the same time and bounded from bed.

Shane smiled as Rachel tried to tame her bed-mussed hair. She finally sighed and brushed it back into a ponytail. "What should I wear?" she asked.

Slipping on a pair of clean jeans, Shane reached for a dark purple sport shirt. "Wear the short denim skirt and the white cotton blouse."

Walking over to the closet, Rachel pulled out the skirt, white shirt and a red tank-top. When she started to put on the tank-top, Shane's hand stilled her. "Leave it off."

"But in the right light, you can see through this shirt."

"I'm countin' on it," Shane said.

"Are you sure you want me walking around in public like that?"

"Very sure," he said as he ran his fingers over the silver hoops in her nipples. He gave them a little tug and smiled at her moan. "Let's give Damon a proper welcome home." Shane released his hold on Rachel's nipple and allowed her to get dressed as he slipped his loafers on without socks.

Sliding her feet into a pair of sandals, Rachel nodded. "I'm ready."

Shane shook his head and went to the dresser. He opened the carved wooden box and withdrew the shiny silver plug. "Not quite. Bend over."

Shane watched the fire in Rachel's face as she gazed lovingly at the silver anal jewellery. She walked over to the bed and bent over, resting her hands on the mattress.

Bringing the silver plug to his mouth, Shane ran his tongue over the silver plug, getting it well lubed with his saliva. He stood behind Rachel and pulled the plug out of his mouth. Putting it to the opening of her ass, he slowly inserted it as Rachel bowed her back and moaned.

"Damn. I don't think I'll ever get used to that thing. Every time I feel the cold silver heat up inside my body, I feel the urge to rub my clit until I come."

Slapping her bared ass, Shane pulled her up. "Good. That's just how I like you. Now, let's go get our man."

## Chapter Seven

By the time they reached the airport, Rachel was begging Shane to let her touch herself. Shane had refused, knowing the bumpy roads had jostled the plug inside her to an almost painful level of arousal. Turning off the car, Shane leaned over and kissed her. "Just a few more minutes."

Walking into the small airport, Rachel couldn't keep her breathing steady. She gripped Shane's hand running it over the front of her skirt as they neared the waiting area. Shane stopped and leaned down to whisper in her ear. "You're a very bad girl, Red."

Looking up into Shane's eyes, Rachel pleaded. "Please."

Shane couldn't do it anymore. He pulled her into his arms and was just about to find a dark hallway when a giant brown hand landed on his shoulder.

"Is this a private party or can anyone join?"

Shane looked over his shoulder and smiled. "Hey. You're the only one who can join, but I've created a bit of a problem at the moment. Seems your little sweetheart needs to come. You think you can take care of that once we get to the car?"

Without a word, Damon scooped Rachel into his arms and headed for the door. He stopped long enough to look back at a laughing Shane. "Get my bag will ya. And hurry the fuck up."

Damon set her down long enough to open the car door and help her into the back seat before unzipping his fly and sliding in next to her. They weren't even out of the parking lot before Damon had Rachel straddling his lap. "Oh fuck I need you, sweetheart." Impaling her wet pussy on his cock, Damon moaned and closed his eyes.

He wrapped his large hands around the twin globes of her ass and was just about to put pressure on her puckered hole when his fingers came into contact with the a surprise. "What the fuck?" He brushed his hand over the plug once more and Rachel came apart in his arms.



Damon watched the rise of colour on her neck and cheeks as her orgasm ripped through her. He looked up towards the front seat and caught Shane's eyes in the rear view mirror. "What the hell have you two been up to?"

Driving one handed while fisting his own cock, Shane chuckled. "Remember that place in town where the guy makes the silver jewellery?"

"Oh shit." He ran his fingers over the plug again and watched as quakes continued to wrack Rachel's body. "Oh fuck, I gotta see this." He started to pull out of Rachel's pussy but she stopped him with a grip on his ear.

"You can look your fill when we get you home." Rachel said, as she slumped forward against Damon's chest.

Damon bent his head and took her mouth, as he kept one eye on Shane via the mirror. He watched as Shane's arm moved faster and faster, pumping his own cock. He broke the kiss. "Better pull over if you're going to come. No sense in killing us all."

Pulling to the side of the road, Shane put the car into park just as Damon watched the euphoric look come over his face. Shane grunted and Damon lifted Rachel enough that he could pound up into her sweet pussy. He took hold of the plug and pulled it out just enough to slam it back into place.

As predicted, Rachel lapsed into another orgasm as he shot stream after stream of seed deep into her womb. Several moments later they were all still breathing hard, but starting to get their wits back. "God it's good to be here."

Reaching for the rag under the seat, Shane cleaned himself up before tossing it back to Damon. "We'll be home in about ten minutes."

Nodding his head, Damon cleaned Rachel then himself. Tossing the cloth to the floor, he pulled Rachel against his chest. He heard her stomach growl and tapped Shane on the shoulder. "How about we flip a U and go back into town for something to eat. My sweetheart's tummy is growling back here, and if we take her home, we'll never get to feeding her."

Slowing the car, Shane did a U-turn and headed back towards town. Damon rubbed Rachel's back as she cuddled against him. "Big Man'll get you fed, sweetheart. The way I'm feeling you're gonna need all the strength you can get." He brushed his hand over her exposed butt cheek again.

\* \* \* \*

"Wake up, loves. Time to get something to eat so we can get back home," Shane said.

Damon stirred and opened his eyes to Shane's smiling face. He winked and mouthed the words, "I love you".

"Love you. Now wake up that angel in your lap, and let's go. Besides, the locals are getting a nice view of Red's ass."

Damon quickly removed his hands and pulled down Rachel's skirt. "Rachel, sweetheart, it's time to wake up and eat." Damon said, kissing the top of her head.

Squirming in his arms, Rachel wiped her face against the front of Damon's shirt. "Sleepy."

"I know, but we need to get something to eat so we can go home and spend the rest of the day in bed. I plan to be buried to the hilt inside that tempting ass of yours, while Shane fucks me from behind, about two minutes after we get there." Damon grinned as Rachel suddenly sat up and smiled at him.

"Okay. I like that idea." She smoothed her ponytail and opened the door. Shane got out and helped her untangle herself from Damon's lap. Smoothing the wrinkles from her shirt as much as possible, Rachel waited for Damon.

Damon's long legs appeared first as he stepped out of the car. When he stood in front of her, she smiled up at him. "I missed you."

Looking down at Rachel, Damon spotted a shiny silver glint behind her shirt. He looked around and made sure no one was paying him any attention, before smoothing his hands down Rachel's breasts, pulling the sheer fabric taught. The silver hoops through her nipples were clearly visible now. "Damn." He looked at Shane and narrowed his eyes. "You two aren't safe to leave alone for long. How many men did you allow to see these breasts?" His jaw ticked as he tried not to think about another man handling Rachel's large breasts.

"No men, so you can just put that temper back in your pocket. I found a nice older woman to do the deed. Pretty though, aren't they?" Shane smiled and winked at him.

"Absolutely breathtaking." He ran his fingertips around the loops but stopped when Rachel closed her eyes and moaned. "Come on, sweetheart, food then fucking."

He ushered Rachel into the bar with a hand to the small of her back. Shane stepped through the door first and spotted a table over to the side and headed that way.

Following Shane's lead, Damon walked Rachel over to the table. He was keenly aware of the lecherous eyes following Rachel as she passed. He pulled out the chair facing away from the gawking locals and tourists and sat Rachel down.

When her stomach growled again she started giggling. "I don't know if I've ever been this hungry. I'm going to the ladies room. Would one of you order me four tacos and a tamale? Ooh, maybe we should pick up some extra food to take back to the house with us."

Shane laughed and kissed her hand as she passed. The waitress came over and Shane gave her a huge order to take home with them. He also ordered his dinner and Rachel's then waited for Damon to give his order. When the waitress had gone, he slid his foot against Damon's under the table. "Missed you."

"Oh, baby, I missed you both so much." Damon ran his foot up the inside of Shane's calf. "You just wait until I get you home."

"Find out anything on the sicko pervert back home?" Shane asked.

"Naw. The police can't seem to catch him. I figure we can stay down here for the next couple of weeks at least. We'll have to get back though for the Christmas party. Rachel's worked too hard on getting everything perfect for it. We can't ask her to skip it."

"Yeah, I suppose you're right." Shane thanked the waitress for his beer. He took a drink and looked back towards the restrooms. "You suppose she's getting herself off again?"

Damon smiled and stood, "Why don't I just go and find out." He walked back towards the restrooms and knocked on the door. "Rachel? You okay in there?"

When he didn't get a reply, Damon slowly opened the door and peered inside. There were two stalls, surprising for a place like this. "Rachel?" he called again, stepping inside. Sure his girl was playing with her new toy, he grinned and looked under the stalls.

What he saw, sent a zing of alarm down his spine. Rachel was on the dirty floor, curled up between the wall and the toilet. "Open the door, sweetheart."

Several seconds went by before Rachel finally looked at him. "I don't know if I can," she mumbled.

Damon stood and grabbed the top of the door. He gave the flimsy piece of a metal a good yank, breaking the lock. Once inside, he knelt down. "Did something happen?" Hell, he knew it had. Rachel didn't even look this bad after her attempted rape.

"Rachel! Did someone hurt you?" he asked.

Rachel crawled forward and buried her head in Damon's chest. "Take me home."

"I will, but first you need to tell me what happened."

With her face still buried against his chest, Rachel started to cry. "I don't now. I came back to use the restroom, and there was a man in the hall. When I went to pass him, he grabbed my arm and made a pass at me."

Rachel shook her head. "It shouldn't have been a big deal. I mean, I've been hit on plenty of times, but for some reason, I freaked out. I ran in here and locked the door."

Scooping her up into his arms, Damon carried her out of the room. Shane spotted them coming and jumped up from the table full of food. "What the hell happened?"

"Grab the food and let's get out of here." A waitress came running over and Shane threw some bills on the table. He picked up the large box of food and followed Damon out of the bar.

Getting his keys out, Shane balanced the box on his hip and unlocked the car doors. He set the box in the front passenger seat, while Damon tucked Rachel under his arm and climbed into the backseat. As Shane pulled away from the bar, he looked in the mirror at Rachel. "Would someone please tell me what the hell went on back there?"

Still cradling a crying Rachel, Damon looked up at Shane. "Some man hit on her, and I think our girl had some kind of flashback." Damon looked Shane in the eyes. "I found her curled in a ball on the restroom floor unable to move."

As soon as Shane hit the city limit, he pulled the car to the side of the road and got out. He walked back and forth in front of the car for a few minutes, cursing and kicking at the dirt. Once he'd finally calmed down, he opened the rear passenger door and slipped in beside Damon.

Bending over, he kissed Rachel's forehead. "Are you okay? Should we take you to the hospital or the police station?"

Rachel shook her head and burrowed further into Damon's already tight embrace. "I'll be fine. Please, just take me home."

Shane looked into Damon's eyes as he bent down to kiss Rachel once more. "All right. I'll get you home." He gave Damon a quick kiss and a look that told Damon he wasn't finished with his line of questioning. Getting back behind the wheel, he started the car and pulled back on the road.

They were almost home when Rachel lifted her head enough to look around. "No. No. I thought you were taking me home? I want to go home."

Smoothing his hand down her back, Damon tried to soothe her. "Sweetheart, we are going home. Only about five more minutes, and we'll be there."

Rachel shook her head. "No. I want to go back to New York. Back home." She looked pleadingly from Damon to Shane. "Please take me home."

Running his hand over his face, Shane sighed. "Okay. Let's get our stuff together and we'll head right back to the airport. We'll be home tonight."

\* \* \* \*

When they reached the hacienda, Shane pulled the car up to the front door and jumped out. Opening the back door, he took Rachel out of Damon's arms and headed for the house.

Damon must've read his mind, because his lover walked straight to the large master bath. Damon turned on the water, and Shane got Rachel undressed.

"I'll go call the airport," Damon said and left the room.

Unlike last time, Shane had no intentions of leaving her alone in the shower. Shane quickly undressed and helped Rachel into the shower with him. He set down on the tiled bench under the spray with Rachel on his lap.

Slowly, with soothing words, Shane began to wash Rachel with her favourite shower gel. Ten minutes later, Shane wasn't surprised when the door slid open, and a large naked Damon stepped into the shower. Damon sat beside Shane and Rachel on the bench and silently began washing her hair.

It all must have been too much for Rachel because somehow she managed to fall asleep in Shane's arms. Damon rinsed the conditioner out of her hair and stepped out of the shower long enough to retrieve four towels. He quickly dried himself and wrapped the towel around his waist. Winding one of the towels around Rachel's wet hair, he dried her body.

Shane reached between her legs and withdrew the anal jewellery, as Damon took Rachel from his arms. Damon left the bathroom and carried her into the bedroom, while Shane rinsed off the silver plug and dried it to a bright shine before putting it back in the carved wooden box on the dresser. When he turned around, Damon was sitting on the side of the bed watching Rachel sleep. He waved to get his attention and motioned towards the living room.

Damon nodded his head and followed. As soon as they were in the living room, Damon took Shane into his arms. "We need to talk about what happened. First, I need to tell you that I called, and there aren't any more flights out today. Second, I don't like the idea of taking Rachel back to New York. The police still haven't caught the ass-wipe, and I'm not about to take yet another chance of him getting his hands on her."

Shane finally managed to shut him up by pressing their lips together. Their tongues twined and danced as their moans of hunger and frustration filled the room. Pulling back Shane licked his lips. "I'll call and make arrangements for a private jet to get us home. At this point, I'd carry her back to New York if I had to."

When Damon started to argue, Shane put his fingers over his lips. "For some reason, our home seems like the safest place to her. Our home. Do you understand the significance of that? I think we need to follow her lead on this one, darlin'."

Damon looked over Shane's head at the ocean view. "We were twenty yards away from her today, and she still freaked out."

Leading Damon over to the sofa, Shane sat down and pulled Damon in beside him. "Talk to me. Tell me what you saw, and tell me all of it."

Running his hands over his face, Damon sighed. Shane listened as Damon told him about Rachel's inability to focus or move when he asked her to. Shane swallowed around the lump in his throat. "Why don't you start packing Rachel's clothes. I'll call and see if I can get us a ride out of here." He looked around the hacienda. "It's our fault, you know? We tried to take Rachel's mind off the attack instead of making her deal with it. Now it's come back to bite all of us in the ass."

## Chapter Eight

After her shower, Rachel went and stood in front of her closet. It was her first day back to work and nothing in her closet felt right to her. She finally settled on a long, black pencil skirt and a light blue turtleneck. Laying the clothes out on the bed, she was suddenly glad Damon and Shane had had an early meeting this morning. She went back into the bathroom to do her makeup and hair.

Rachel applied very little makeup and blow-dried her hair. She studied herself in the mirror. Something about her lured these strange men to her. The best she'd come up with was the provocative way she'd been dressed on both occasions.

As she started getting her clothes on, Rachel decided to ask Shane and Damon to take her shopping after work. The wardrobe she'd always been so proud of, suddenly left her feeling cold and cheap. If she was going to remain safe, she needed to start dressing more conservatively. Besides, she needed a new dress anyway. The one she'd already bought for the corporate Christmas party would never do now.

Zippering her knee length black boots, Rachel checked herself in the mirror once more. With the addition of a slightly padded bra you couldn't even see the nipple rings she still wore. She'd told Damon and Shane that she thought she should take them out, but they both begged her to wait a while before doing it. Rachel had to admit they were both crazy about them, just as much as she was crazy about theirs.

Taking a deep breath, she grabbed her purse and headed for the elevator. Shane and Damon had hired three more guards per shift to help keep the building as safe as possible, but Rachel still couldn't help feeling uneasy as the doors opened. After making sure the elevator was empty, she stepped inside. She wondered how long this constant state of fear would last. The only time she felt truly safe was in the arms of Damon or Shane or both. Knowing she couldn't hang on them every minute of the day, she tried to convince them she'd be fine by herself in the penthouse.

The elevator doors closed, and she took the short ride down to the executive floor. The hall was empty as she quickly made her way to her office with key in hand. Unlocking the

door, she stepped inside and locked it behind her. Damon's only stipulation in letting her go to work while they were in an all-morning meeting, was to make sure the door was securely locked. She smiled when she'd read the memo put out by Damon to the rest of the corporation.

Damon had instructed that absolutely no one would be admitted into the executive offices of the President and Vice-President without a scheduled appointment. Rachel looked at the key in her hand. Locked doors were the norm from now on, or at least until they found the rapist, who was still running loose in Manhattan.

Rachel sat behind her desk and flipped on her computer. If she was going to be here, she might as well get busy. The more she immersed herself in the work, the faster the time would pass until Damon and Shane were back in her sight.

\* \* \* \*

Shane excused himself from the meeting and walked to the corner of the room, flipping open his cell phone. He'd called to check on Rachel every hour since she'd started work that morning. Every time he called, she said she was fine, but the relief in her voice told him she needed the calls as much as he needed to make them.

"Shane Brassil and Damon Johnson's office."

"Hi, Red. How's everything going?"

"Better now that you've called. How much longer?"

Lifting his arm, Shane looked at his watch. "Only about another forty minutes or so. Damon and I thought maybe you'd feel like going out for lunch somewhere."

"Um. Maybe you two could pick something up, and we can eat in the office or go upstairs for lunch."

With his jaws clenched, Shane closed his eyes. "You haven't been out of the building since we've been back from Mexico. We thought it would be good for you to get out for a while."

"As a matter of fact, I was going to ask the two of you if you'd take me shopping after work. I need some new work clothes, and I'll need another dress for the Christmas party."



"I thought you already had a dress for the party?" Shane felt eyes on him and glanced over at Damon. Sure enough Damon was staring holes into him with those intense, pale green eyes of his.

"We can talk about the dress later. Will you take me shopping or not?"

He could tell Rachel was starting to get defensive, so he backed off for now. "Sure. We'll go shopping with you, but only if you let us buy you dinner afterward."

*Silence.* Finally Rachel spoke in a soft, insecure voice. "You'll stay with me the whole time, won't you?"

"Oh, love. Of course we will." Damon must have sensed the sadness overwhelming Shane right then, because he excused himself and headed towards him. All Shane wanted to do was pull Damon into his arms and break down. Not exactly the corporate image he was going for, however. He held up his hand to stop Damon before he got too close. "I need to get back to the meeting, but we'll try to cut it short. Why don't you call and have some Chinese delivered. Just tell them to leave it at the front desk, and we'll pick it up on our way to the office."

"Okay."

"I love you, Red."

"Love you, too."

Closing his cell phone, Shane looked at Damon. "We need to talk about Rachel. Let's cut this meeting short. I've heard all I need to hear anyway."

\* \* \* \*

After talking about Rachel's odd, but predictable, behaviour, Damon and Shane let themselves into their office suite. When Shane unlocked and opened the door, the first thing Damon saw was a wide-eyed Rachel with her hand over her heart.

"I'm sorry. I guess I should have called to let you know we were coming." Shane walked towards her as Damon closed and locked the door.

Damon set the take-out bags on Rachel's desk. Shane already had Rachel in his arms, but by the look of her, Damon decided she could use another pair around her. He walked

over and wrapped both his loves in his embrace. "This is my kind of lunch." He smiled, trying to lighten the mood. "Are we eating in here or in Shane's office?"

Taking a deep breath, Rachel kissed him. "Shane's please."

Damon broke away, picked up the bags and carried them to the other room. He set them on the small conference table and began pulling out cartons. He looked up when Shane walked in with his arm still wrapped around Rachel.

"Have a seat you two, before this food gets cold." Damon sat down and motioned towards two other chairs. Shane gave Rachel one last kiss before pulling her chair out for her.

As they ate, Damon couldn't help but to notice the change in Rachel's appearance. She looked almost like a schoolmarm. He didn't think he'd ever seen her in anything but low-cut blouses and sweaters. "So what are we going shopping for, sweetheart?"

Wiping her mouth, Rachel took a drink of her diet cola. "Just some new work clothes and a dress for the party." She looked at Shane as she mentioned buying a new dress.

Shane took her hand in his. "I'm not sure what's going on, but the dress I saw hanging in your closet is breathtaking. Tell me why you don't want to wear it, all of a sudden?"

Rachel bit her lip and looked down at their clasped hands. "Because it's too revealing."

Shane shot a look at Damon. Damon rose and stood behind Rachel's chair. Bending over, he whispered in her ear. "Would you sit with us on the sofa?"

Without looking up, Rachel nodded as Damon pulled her chair back from the table. Shane held on to her hand and led her over to the big leather couch. Damon sat Rachel on his lap, and Shane curled up around them. Shane softly kissed her lips. "Why do you think it's wrong to dress in sexy clothes?"

"I've been giving it a lot of thought, and I think, if I dress more conservatively, I won't be such a target for men."

Taking her chin in his hand, Shane lifted her face back up to his. "I don't know how to tell you this, but you look damn hot in anything you wear. You're a gorgeous woman, and short of growing a moustache, clothes aren't going to make you any less appealing to the men of the world."

Chewing her lip, Rachel seemed to think about what Shane said. "Are you telling me there's nothing I can do to keep myself from becoming a target for another sicko?" She twisted her hands in her lap and sighed.

“How about we sign you up for some martial arts classes?” Damon untwisted her hands and ran his fingertip in circles on her palm. “We could do it as a family if you’re interested.”

A light sparked in her eyes as she looked over at Damon. “Really? You guys would do that for me?”

“Oh, sweetheart. We’d do anything for you. If we thought taking you out of the city forever would keep you safe, we would. But as we found out down in Mexico, you need to deal with what happened to you.”

Rachel nodded her head. “Let’s do it. Sign us up today. I’m tired of being a victim. This is the day I take charge of my own safety.” With another quick nod of her head, she looked at the two men.

Smiling, Damon leaned over and kissed her nose. “I’ll make some calls this afternoon, but don’t forget you also have two fairly strong men who love you and will be there to try and protect you. You’re not in this alone, sweetheart.”

## Chapter Nine

Throwing her gym bag at the foot of the bed, Rachel stripped off her clothes and walked into the bathroom. She turned the water on and pinned her hair on top of her head in a haphazard bun.

As she began soaping her body, she couldn't help noticing the toned muscles in her abdomen. Working out in the corporate gym daily along with the martial arts training three nights a week was definitely having an effect on her body. Rachel smiled and realised it wasn't only her body that was changing but her self-confidence as well.

She'd begun venturing out of the building on her own in the last ten days. She'd even taken Dot to her favourite restaurant several times for lunch.

When the shower door slid open to emit a grinning pair of naked men, she didn't even jump. That in itself was a vast improvement. "Hey, you two. I thought you had a business dinner?"

Wrapping his arms around her from behind, Damon kissed her neck. "We do. We came to pick up our favourite girl and take her to dinner." He ran his hands over Shane's taught butt as Shane pressed himself to the front of Rachel.

"Okay I'm lost. How are you two going to concentrate on business with me there? I haven't gone to a business dinner since the time Damon fingered me under the table, all while poor Shane was trying to talk business."

She reached for the shower gel and began soaping Shane's sculpted chest. She made sure to clean his nipple rings very thoroughly. Of course, that caused Shane to moan, which caused an increased difference in the erection pressed against her lower back.

With a generous amount of gel in his palms, Damon began soaping Rachel's full breasts. "We've had too many business dinners lately, and we miss you. So we've decided to take you out on the town then bring you back here and have our wicked way with you." Damon pulled both nipple rings and Rachel moaned.

"Mmm. That sounds nice. I might even be persuaded to wear my jewellery for you." She reached down and took Shane's cock in her hands. "Is there a rule against having an appetizer before dinner?"

Chuckling, Shane picked her up and impaled her on his cock. "Damn. I'll never get enough of this sweet pussy."

Rachel held on to Shane's shoulders as he pumped in and out of her sheath. She wasn't at all surprised when she felt Damon's gel slicked fingers entering her nether hole. Evidently Shane wasn't surprised either, because he automatically shifted his hands enough to spread her butt cheeks for Damon's invasion. "Oh, God. Now, Damon. Fuck me now."

Her pleas were answered by the broad tip of Damon's cock at her hole. Shane pulled out far enough to make Damon's entrance easier. Once Damon's length was buried inside to the hilt, Shane slid back in.

Damon's deep voice crooned words of love in her ear as the two men worked their cocks in tandem to give her the ride of her life. When Damon reached between her and Shane to pinch her clit, Rachel couldn't hold back any longer. Her orgasm rushed through her, sending sparks of electricity from her toes to the top of her head. She cried out both men's names as she bucked and shook her way through her climax.

The clamping of her body around both cocks sent the men over the edge a split second later. The cries of release were so loud in the tiled shower that they actually hurt her ears. She collapsed against Shane's chest and waited for Damon to pull out. Once he'd filled her ass with the last of his cum, Damon slid out and helped her stand. Holding on to her waist, he helped steady her while Shane retrieved the towels.

"I don't know about you guys, but I've worked up quite an appetite," Damon said, patting Rachel dry.

"Yeah, but an appetite for what?" Rachel joked.

\* \* \* \*

Rachel took great care with her appearance an hour later. She'd slipped the anal jewellery in and decided on her flirty black dress. Squeezing herself into the dress she was very happy she'd toned up her body. The top half of the black dress fit like a second skin, cut

low in front and in back. The bottom half of the dress fit just as tight and ended at her upper thigh.

The only thing she worried about was whether the butt plug would show in the form fitting dress. She walked over to the full-length mirror and turned around. Although the jewellery made her ass look a little wider there was no telltale bump. Happy with her appearance, she slipped on her black fuck-me-shoes and checked her perfectly applied make-up once more.

Satisfied, she walked out into the living room where her men were having drinks. The minute she stepped into the room, both men set their glasses down and advanced towards her. Rachel smiled at the feral looks on their faces. *Ooh yeah. Tonight was going to be fun.*

Damon was the first to speak. "Damn. Damn. Damn. But you look fine." He reached out and traced the evident nipple rings through her dress. As soon as he touched them, both nipples came to full attention, resulting in a deep groan from both men.

Shane reached down and ran his hand over his prominent erection. "Good thing I'll be wearing my suit jacket." He slapped Damon's hands away from her breasts and reached under the low-cut neckline to palm both bare breasts. "I'm so glad we talked you out of the conservative clothes. I like this look on you, Red. You look like you could take on anyone in the room tonight."

"Good. Just the look I was going for." She leaned forward and kissed him. After a five minute tongue tangle with Shane she turned to Damon and received the same welcome. Her stomach chose that moment to growl, and she giggled. She always had the noisiest stomach of the group. "We'd better go."

Removing his hands from her breasts, Shane straightened her neckline and took one of her hands. On the other side, Damon put his hand on the small of her back. "Let's go."

\* \* \* \*

The ride across Manhattan in the limo had been interesting. It hadn't taken Damon and Shane long to discover she was wearing her plug. The rest of the ride over Damon had insisted on jostling the plug as they tried to carry on a normal conversation.

Getting out of the limo proved a little awkward as she slid her butt across the seat to the door. Every inch she slid, the plug shifted deeper into her hole. By the time she stood at the curb next to Damon, her legs felt like jelly. Her predicament must have been obvious to Damon, who simply smiled and put his arm around her waist to help hold her up.

Leaning down, Damon whispered in her ear. "When you sit down in the booth make sure that pretty dress is pulled up to your waist, sweetheart. I wouldn't want it to get stained when I make you come."

Rachel closed her eyes on a soft moan. As Shane gave instructions to the limo driver, the doorman of the restaurant opened the big heavy wooden door in greeting. "Evening, Mr. Brassil, Mr. Johnson. You're looking lovely tonight, Ms. Ellerby."

"Thank you, Bobby," Rachel said as they passed the young doorman.

Shane nodded to the hostess, and she immediately showed them to their usual table. For some reason, this restaurant had become her favourite, and Shane made a point of bringing her here at least once a week, although he often made fun of her food choices.

Rachel didn't care what had been on the menu that first night they'd brought her here. The entire menu sounded too fancy for her humble pallet. When the waiter standing over her kept looking around waiting for her to order, she just couldn't decide. "Don't you have any hamburgers?"

The waiter looked shocked. "This is a fine dining establishment. We do not serve *hamburgers* here."

At the tone of his voice, Damon and Shane both stood. The manager quickly spotted the commotion happening in the corner and rushed to their table. After a few choice words from Shane, the manager quickly rushed towards the kitchen. Thirty minutes later, Rachel giggled at the most impressive hamburger she'd ever seen. The taste was out of this world. She felt bad for the poor waiter who'd been fired, but he really was too rude and snobbish for her taste.

She'd quickly discovered that Shane Brassil had more power in Manhattan than she'd given him credit for. The top chef and owner had even sent one of the prep-cooks down the street to the bakery to get Rachel a fresh roll to use as a bun. Since that night, Chez Jacques had been her favourite place.

Now sliding into the half-round booth, Rachel waved at the manager. She discreetly pulled her dress up to her waist, as both men slid into the booth on either side of her. They always asked for, and received, this back corner booth out of view of most of the other restaurant patrons.

The manager smiled as he approached their table. "And how are you doing this evening, Ms. Ellerby? I must say that dress is quite something."

"Thank you, Leon. And please call me Rachel."

A silly grin appeared on Leon's chubby cheeks. "Of course...Rachel. Will you be having the usual tonight?"

"God, yes. I haven't had one of Jacques hamburgers in six days." She squirmed a little as a hand found its way to her thigh.

After Damon and Shane ordered both their dinners and a bottle of red wine, Shane turned towards her and put his hand on her other thigh. By unspoken agreement the men pulled her legs apart as Shane acted like absolutely nothing was going on. "Once upon a time I was treated like a king in this place. Now I'm the lowly servant boy to Queen Rachel it seems."

Damon traced the smooth skin of her pussy lips with his finger. "If you're the servant boy I must be the servant boy's boy." He leaned over Rachel and gave Shane a sensual kiss as he plunged his finger into her wet depths. Damon continued to slide his overly large finger in and out of her body as he continued to kiss Shane. Finally breaking the lip lock, he looked into Shane's eyes. "Love you, servant boy."

Smiling, Shane slid his finger alongside Damon's, deep into Rachel's body. "I couldn't live without my servant boy." Shane turned towards Rachel and kissed her with the same passion he'd shown Damon. Damon groaned, and the two broke apart, laughing. "But you really are a queen. You're the centre of our universe and the beat of our hearts."

Blushing, Rachel spotted a waiter coming to the table with their dinner. "The queen's stomach is growling." She smiled as the large platter of a hamburger and homemade fries were set before her. Taking a big whiff of the freshly prepared grilled hamburger, she moaned and closed her eyes. "Oh, John, give Jacques a big kiss for me."

The waiter tugged on his starched white colour. "Um. I think I'll leave you to do that, Ms. Ellerby. He won't punch you."



The whole table erupted in laughter knowing that John spoke the truth. Jacques did seem to have a little crush on her. "Tell Jacques I'll stop into the kitchen before we leave."

As soon as John left, both men crowded Rachel. "What?"

Damon removed his finger from her wet channel and moved back to jiggle the plug in her ass. The quick indrawn breath told him she was close. "I believe I promised you something before dinner." With that said, Damon and Shane both did their best to drive her out of her mind.

\* \* \* \*

Arriving home, Rachel let Damon lift her out of the limo and carry her through the front reception area of the building. She thought she'd probably been carried more often as an adult than she ever had been as a child. But Damon seemed to love it, so she indulged him. Shane and Damon both greeted the night watchman at the front desk. Rachel knew there were five others roaming the building, the knowledge of which made her feel much safer.

Stepping into the executive elevator, Shane came to stand face to face with Damon. He wrapped his arms around them both and leaned in to kiss first her and then Damon. Rachel giggled, "I feel like the cream inside a cookie."

Not missing a beat, Shane reached between her legs and swiped a finger through her pussy. Putting the finger into his mouth, Shane moaned. "Yep. Plenty of cream for both of us."

Rachel reached down and cupped Shane's erection. "Just you wait, cookie."

When the elevator doors opened, Damon carried Rachel to the couch and set her down. With a quick kiss, he was off to the kitchen with Shane following close behind.

Looking around, Rachel shook her head. "Well that's nice. Get me all hot and bothered in the elevator and then just dump me like a sack of potatoes."

She tried to figure out what was going on. Finally she called into the kitchen. "I'm going to go get changed." She started to stand when both men came rushing back into the room, Shane holding a tray with champagne glasses and strawberries. Damon with an ice bucket holding an expensive bottle of champagne resting in it's chilled interior.

Rachel's brows drew up as she sat back down on the sofa. "Wow. What have I done to deserve this?"

Setting the tray and ice bucket down, the two men knelt on the floor in front of the sofa. They both took one of her hands and kissed it. Shane was the first to speak. "You're everything to us, Rachel. You're the sunshine in our day and the moon of our night."

Shane looked over to Damon. "Damon and I have talked a lot about our future together and...", he looked back into Rachel's eyes, "would you marry us?"

Feeling like she'd had the breath knocked out of her, Rachel put her hand to her chest. Her mouth moved but no sound came out. Taking a deep breath, Rachel calmed down enough to finally speak. "You want to marry me? Both of you?" She looked from the grinning Shane to the nodding Damon.

Leaning in to kiss her, Damon took Shane's hand. "We talked about it, and legally, we think you should marry Shane. It will not only give you more financial protection if anything should happen, but will also bode better with the corporate world. We plan on doing our own ceremony to unite the three of us. In our eyes, we will all be husbands and wife."

Rachel couldn't contain her glee. She broke into the biggest smile of her life. "Yes. I love you both so much. You're already my family. Yes. I'd be honoured to marry both of you."

Grinning from ear to ear, Shane pulled a small velvet box from his pants pocket. He opened the lid and presented Rachel with a three karat heart-shaped ruby, surrounded by diamonds. "I know it's not the traditional solitaire, but we're not exactly a traditional family. Damon and I agreed that you own our hearts so we thought this ring would be perfect for our union." He took the ring out of the box and, with Damon's help, they placed it on her finger.

Looking at the ring, Rachel couldn't help but cry. It was the most beautiful thing she'd ever seen. She could tell Shane and Damon had had it custommade for her. "It's breathtaking." She pulled them both towards her and kissed them separately and then the threesome shared a sensual, three-way kiss.

Rachel held up her index finger. "I have one request."

"Anything," Shane said kissing her finger.

"Our legal wedding has to be a small affair, just the three of us and a judge. My real wedding will be when the three of us unite. I never had the lavish ideas of most girls. The

whole white dress and big church affair has never been a dream of mine. My dream has always been to find someone I loved more than life itself. I've found that twice over, and all I want is a life with you both."

"Done," Damon said as Shane poured them glasses of champagne. "We'll give you anything you want, sweetheart."

He took a glass from Shane and handed it to Rachel. Turning back to Shane, Damon took his own glass and leaned in for a kiss from Shane. He opened his eyes and looked into Shane's. "I love you, baby."

"I love you, darlin'." They both turned towards Rachel and raised their glasses. "To the breath in our lungs and the beat of our hearts." All three sipped to the toast.

Damon leaned in first to give Rachel a deep, penetrating kiss. "I love you."

"I love you," Rachel said. If she weren't actually living this moment, she would've thought it sappy and overdone, but nothing seemed sappy about the way she felt.

Damon leaned back and Shane took his place. Closing his lips over Rachel's, Shane delved his tongue inside. Rachel swept the interior of Shane's mouth, loving the taste of her lover mixed with champagne.

She heard Damon moan, and Shane broke the kiss. "I love you, Red."

"Love you."

## Chapter Ten

Walking into the corporate Christmas party as Mrs. Shane Brassil, Rachel suddenly felt all eyes on her. She hoped Shane and Damon hadn't steered her wrong when they'd insisted she wear her original gown. Sleeveless and cut so low in back that it was a wonder her crack didn't show when she sat down, the dress was sex personified. Made of emerald green velvet, the dress definitely enhanced the colour of both her eyes and her hair.

Rachel smiled as she thought of the look she'd received from both Damon and Shane when she stepped out of the bedroom a few moments earlier. Taking her into their arms, she'd received very hungry kisses from both of them. Then, as Damon and Shane shared a kiss, Damon's hand smoothed down her bare back and slipped under her dress. He continued to kiss Shane as he moaned at the feel of her jewellery safely tucked between her cheeks.

Just thinking about Damon's reaction to the added accessory had Rachel blushing as co-workers came forward to congratulate her and Shane on their wedding earlier in the week. They'd all decided to hold off on announcing their three-way marriage until the corporation settled down again. Let them get used to seeing the three of them together and most would probably figure it out on their own was what they'd decided.

Glancing down at the twin diamond wedding bands on either side of the ruby solitaire, Rachel sighed contently. She was happier than she'd ever been. After the quick ceremony at the court house, Shane had whisked them off to Jamaica for a moonlit beach ceremony for the three of them. Two days later, she was still a little sore from their marathon love fest. Luckily, Shane had rented a little house on a secluded area of beach, and the threesome happily went without clothes the whole honeymoon.

Rachel had been sad this morning when it was time to head back to Manhattan for the party. She loved their little slice of paradise and eagerly asked Shane if they could rent the cottage again. Shane had kissed her and told her of course they'd come back.

After what seemed like every employee and spouse in the corporation had shaken their hands and congratulated them, Shane kissed her bare neck. "I'm going to go find Damon. I

worry that he's feeling a little left out. Would you like to come with me or would you rather get off of your feet for a while?"

"Actually," Rachel said smiling, "I need to use the ladies room and check in with the caterer. She's done an amazing job arranging everything the last few days without me, and I have a little something extra to stuff in her Christmas stocking."

Wrapping his arms around Rachel, Shane leaned in and gave her a deep kiss. "That's one of the things I love about you. You are the kindest woman I've ever met. I'll have to make sure I also add a little something onto her invoice to show my appreciation."

\* \* \* \*

Walking out of the restroom, Rachel headed towards the kitchen area to find Sheila. She'd just turned the corner when an arm reached out and grabbed her. Thinking it was Shane or Damon, Rachel didn't fight when the strong arm dragged her through a storage room door. "Can't wait until later, huh?" Rachel teased, as she turned around.

The eyes that met hers were the same ones she'd seen that day in the park. Rachel tried to scream, but a hand quickly covered her mouth. The man closed the distance between them and held the sharp point of a knife at her throat. Rachel winced at his soured breath, as he began to speak.

"You're the only one to ever get away from me. I look at what I do as an art form. It's the perfect blend of sex, pain and terror. You've spoiled it for me. Knowing I let one of my subjects get away without experiencing all three has clouded my muse. I need that muse back, and you're the only one who can do that for me."

Without further comment, he slid the knife under the heavy velvet bodice of her dress. Like a hot knife through melted butter, the blade sliced through her gown until it fell to the floor, leaving her naked before him.

Looking down in shame, Rachel saw the thin line of blood where the tip of the knife had scraped her skin. She hadn't even felt the blade cut her. Trying to think quickly, Rachel looked around for something to use as a weapon.

As the rapist advanced, Rachel retreated. Her eyes frantically scanned the small room, searching for something, anything. Her gaze fixed on a shelf of cleaning supplies.

Working her way towards the shelf, Rachel stopped when an aerosol can of tile cleaner was within reach. She slowly moved one arm behind her and tried to keep the pervert talking. "Why me? How did you pick me in the first place?"

The rapist stopped in front of her and stared. He looked at her like she was stupid. "Because you were there. Hell, you could've been anyone. I don't give a fuck what you look like. It's not the face or the body I'm really after."

He leaned closer until she could see the individual whiskers on his chin. "It's the fear. Fear's a beautiful thing. My mom taught me that when I was just a boy. She loved to study the different nuances of fear and how far a person could be pushed."

Shrugging, the rapist tapped the knife against Rachel's chest, the point biting into her skin. "I'm now a collector of sorts. Everyone reacts differently. That's what drives me. You, for example. You're scared shitless, but you don't want me to know. You're braver than most."

As he continued to talk, Rachel slowly reached for the can at her hip and waited for that split second when he'd let his guard down.

"So you see, fucking you won't be enough now. Evidently the thought of that no longer frightens you. I guess I'll have to step up my game this time. Move on to a whole new phase of the performance. Prepare to die." With those words, the rapist looked down at his knife as he swung it towards her.

In that split second opening, Rachel brought the can up, and sprayed the foaming cleaner into his eyes.

The rapist immediately dropped the knife and howled in pain, trying to rub the caustic substance from his skin.

As he fell to his knees, Rachel bolted past him. Unlocking the storage room door, she ran naked out into the ballroom. From there, everything seemed to happen in slow motion. Spotting Damon and Shane at the bar, she raced towards them.

She was dimly aware of people shouting her name, but all Rachel cared about was getting to her husbands. She watched as their heads turned her way. Their drink glasses crashed to the floor, and they started towards her. The next thing she knew, Damon scooped her into his arms and ran out of the room with Shane yelling at someone in the crowd to call 911.

Damon carried her to the hallway out of view of prying eyes. Shane removed his jacket and covered her while she was still in Damon's arms. "What happened?" Shane asked.

Rachel couldn't believe she was safe. *What if I'd died? I would've never again looked at this man's face.* She lifted her hand to Damon's face and looked into his beautiful green eyes. "I love you."

Turning his head, Damon kissed her hand. "I love you, too, but we need you tell us what happened?"

Still dazed, Rachel pointed down the hall. "He was waiting for me when I came out of the restroom and pulled me into the storage room. He said he was an artist who collected fear, and because I didn't act frightened enough at the thought of being raped, he'd have to kill me instead."

Shane stood and turned in the direction of the storage room. "Where'd he go, Rachel?"

"I don't know," she said, shaking her head. "I...I sprayed him in the face with bathroom cleaner and ran."

Shane looked from Rachel to Damon then headed down the hall.

"It's okay, sweetheart. You're just in shock. Damon lifted the coat and looked at her torso. You've got some cuts, but I don't think they're life threatening."

Rachel just smiled and snuggled up to him. Damon knew from the way she talked that she was likely in shock. The remote sound of her voice as she related her horrifying ordeal was unlike the woman he loved.

Damon held Rachel closer and began to rock her as she closed her eyes. He heard the sirens stopping in front of the building. He knew physically Rachel was going to be okay. What he didn't know was how she'd deal with it emotionally and mentally.

\* \* \* \*

After a night spent in the hospital for observations, Rachel woke to find her husbands sharing the spare bed next to her. Spooned against Shane's back, Damon held an arm tight around Shane's stomach. Rachel smiled at the loving sight. How the two large men managed to sleep on the small hospital bed without falling off, was anyone's guess.

A nurse came through the door and Rachel held her finger in front of her lips and pointed towards the two men. "Don't wake my husbands."

The nurse smiled as she pulled Rachel's sheet down and looked at the stitched wounds. "They had a hard night. I finally convinced them about two hours ago to just stretch out on the spare bed. I think they were both asleep before I even made it out of the room," the nurse commented.

Pulling the sheet back up, the nurse took Rachel's temperature and blood pressure. "I never thought I'd have felt this way before, but you're one lucky woman to have two men who love you so much. I used to think of ménages as being all about the sex. You three have shown me an entirely new way to look at them."

Rachel smiled at the nurse and took her hand. "Thank you." She looked back over at the men. "They're my entire world."

"And it's a beautiful world." The nurse squeezed her hand. "The doctor will be in shortly. I imagine he'll release you this morning. You're stitches look good, but you'll need to be careful that they don't get infected."

The nurse looked back over her shoulder at Damon and Shane. "Somehow I don't think the two of them would let a thing like that go unnoticed." She winked at Rachel before slipping back out of the room.

\* \* \* \*

A little later, the doctor came by to check on her. His deep voice must have filtered through Damon's sleep-fuzzed brain because he immediately sat up and looked towards Rachel. Rachel couldn't help giggling. "It's okay. It's just the doctor."

Rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, Damon shook Shane then got out of bed and walked towards the doctor and Rachel. "Are we going to be able to take her home today?"

The doctor finished writing in the chart and clipped it back on the foot of the bed. "As soon as the necessary paperwork is finished, you can take her home." He gave Damon and, a now awake but yawning, Shane wound-care instructions before leaving the room.

As the door closed, Damon and Shane were at her side. Shane smoothed the hair out of Rachel's face. "How're you doing this morning?"



She smiled at them both. "I'm good. I've had a lot of time to think while the two of you were sleeping. I don't want to stop taking the martial arts training."

At Shane and Damon's worried looks, Rachel took their hands. "I'm not afraid of the city any more, loves. I asked...him why he chose me. He said I could have been anyone. I just happened by at the wrong time. It made me realise that no one is really safe. The best we can do is to learn to protect ourselves and hope God is on our side when danger occurs. I just want to be prepared if I ever need to defend myself again."

Leaning down, Shane kissed her. "You don't blame yourself for what you did to him last night, do you?"

Taking a deep breath, Rachel let it out slowly. "I don't like what I had to do, but I don't hate myself for it. He would have killed me. I've no doubt about that."

She smiled at the two men looking at her with love in their eyes. Taking a deep breath, Rachel let it out slowly. Shane had told her the previous night her attacker would most likely suffer permanent damage to his sight. "I don't like what I had to do, but I don't hate myself for it. He would have killed me. I've no doubt about that."

She smiled at the two men looking at her with love in their eyes.

Shane clapped his hands together. "I think we need to go back to our cottage in Jamaica for the holidays. What do you two think?"

Rachel's face lit up. "I think Christmas in Jamaica sounds great, mon."

## About the Author

An avid reader for years, one day Carol Lynne decided to write her own brand of erotic romance. Carol juggles between being a full-time mother and a full-time writer. These days, you can usually find Carol either cleaning jelly out of the carpet or nestled in her favourite chair writing steamy love scenes.

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