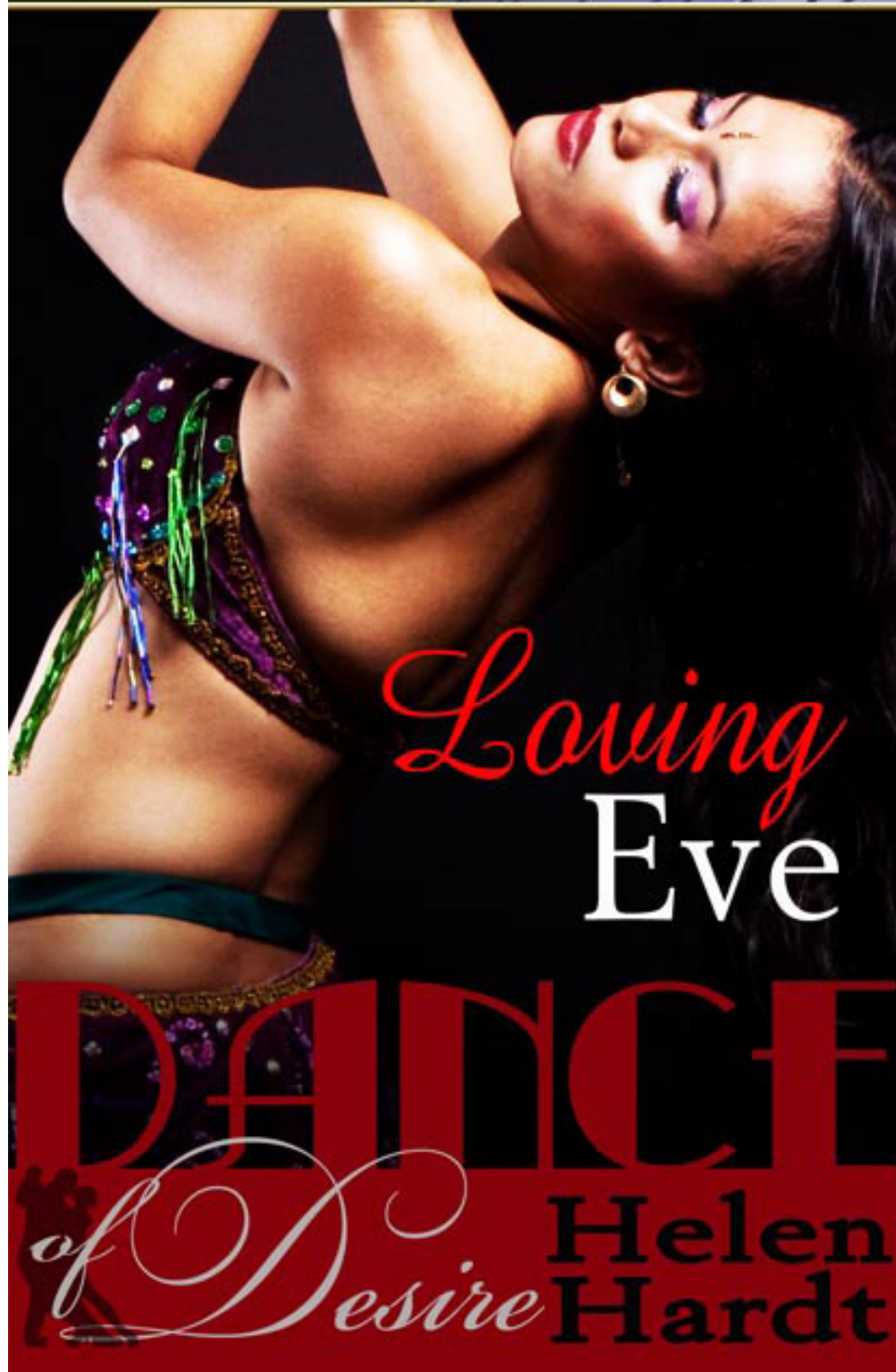


ELLORA'S CAVE *Moderne*



Loving Eve

Helen Hardt

Belly dancer Eve Costello has a problem. She's in love with both her roommates. Satisfied to simply worship them from afar, she's unprepared when they drop a bomb. Jon and Brian are in love with her, too, and they want her to choose between them. Their solution? She spends one evening with each of them, allowing them to woo her before she makes her decision. Will she be able to choose one over the other? Or will she be condemned to choosing neither, leaving all three of them miserable?

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Loving Eve

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LOVING EVE

Helen Hardt

Chapter One

Jon Blake had long, thick fingers, and each time Eve saw them she imagined them sliding in and out of her pussy. Mmm, stretching and massaging, nice slow burn. His lips were full and dark red. What woman wouldn't kill for lips like those? They should be classified as lethal weapons as far as Eve was concerned. More than once she'd gotten herself off to the image of them clamped around her hard nipple, sucking and tugging. Jon was a dark-haired, dark-eyed mountain of a man, all broad shoulders and ripped muscle. A personal trainer, he was six feet and three inches of pure masculinity. A vivid image of his magnificent body bound for her pleasure skated into her mind.

Eve shimmied her shoulders, erasing the image, and the coins on her shiny onyx bra jingled and sparkled. Her ample breasts shook with the rhythm and nearly spilled from captivity. For Jon. He was a self-professed boob man.

She removed a sapphire veil from her hips and wrapped it around Jon's thick neck. Then she turned to Brian.

Brian Conrad's auburn hair suited his green eyes and fair complexion. He was as gorgeous as Jon, but in a completely different way. A pianist, he boasted fingers that were beautifully slender...and amazingly nimble. From Chopin to Rachmaninoff to the jazzy blues of Thelonious Monk, Brian's fingers danced across the ivories with soul-searing motivation. Eve's skin heated as a vivid scene floated into her mind. Her, lying on a bed, while Brian stripped her slowly, languidly, then played her body like his instrument, starting softly with kisses and caresses and crescendoing to *fortissimo* as he thrust into her welcoming cunt.

She tickled his chiseled jaw with a veil, teal this time, slithered it around his neck and fluttered her belly.

Brian loved belly flutters. Said they were the sexiest moves he'd ever seen. They required control of the diaphragm and were difficult to master. Eve was famous for her flutters and she loved sharing them with Brian. He made no secret that she had the sexiest tummy and rear end he'd ever seen.

She rewarded him with a quick hip shimmy and belly roll before she moved on to the next table, her hips swaying to the melodic chords of the acoustic guitar, the haunting strains of the violin, and the clear, hollow resonance of the flute. Underneath the melody and harmony, the mellow cadence of the *dumbek* provided a brisk rhythm, and Eve circled her hips in time with the beat.

She danced to the center of the restaurant as the music of the guitar, violin and flute faded away.

Time for her drum solo.

She eyed the *dumbek* player. Damn, he was good-looking too. Had the Oasis Restaurant only admitted gorgeous men tonight? A sea of raw male beauty splashed around her.

Handsome as the drummer was, though, this dance was for Jon and Brian.

All her dances were for Jon and Brian.

Her two biggest fans.

Her two best friends.

She nodded her head slightly and the drummer began.

Her head bowed, her brown hair tickling her shoulders in soft waves, she began with a freeze, shifting her heels in short rapid movements against the floor. Only a glimmer of vibration touched her hips and tummy, but it was enough to get her audience hooting for more.

She raised her head and smiled her most brilliant smile. She snaked one arm behind her neck and held up her cascading hair while she circled her chest, then her hips, in opposite directions. Gazing around the semi-circular room, she made eye contact with

all the guests, men and women alike. Once she knew they were with her, she fell into a whole-body undulation and gave herself over to the *dumbek*.

The audience was gone then. Nothing existed except the *dumbek*, Eve and the dance.

And Jon and Brian, of course.

Somehow, they were always there, inside her.

She gyrated her hips in a slow figure eight, four drum beats to every pulse of her body. Then two, then one, until she was oscillating twice to every beat.

The tempo throbbed through her body and soon the beat was a part of her, calling her to the dance.

No longer did she think about her moves. She simply felt, leaping inside the music as it swirled through her veins in a heady pattern of poetry and rhythm.

Silver waves of nearly visible energy surged through her and heated her skin. Her nipples tightened against her glittery bra and her pussy thrummed along with the *dumbek*. Tiny electric sparks skittered over her flesh. Her muscular legs kept pace under her frothy skirts and she flashed one every several beats. Her bare feet ground into the carpeted stage as she twirled her skirts, spiraled her body, shook her hips and chest. Her skirts flowed, her coins jingled, her hair swayed, drifting over the bare skin of her back and shoulders in silky caresses.

She made love through the dance.

That, her reviewers said, was what made her the most popular belly dancer in the state of Arizona.

When the drummer signaled her, she executed a succession of rapid turns and fell to the ground in a perfect backbend.

Applause thundered through the restaurant and Eve waited a moment, perspiration beading on her forehead, before she rose, stood tall, smiled and bowed. The flute and guitar played a lively tune and she sashayed around to each table. The

patrons generously stuffed tips into her shimmery belt. She acknowledged each customer with grace and a smile.

“One more round of applause for the lovely Evonna!”

She whirled to center stage and bowed again. Dollar bills drifted from her waistband. The restaurant manager would collect them for her. When the applause died down, she smiled once more then made her way to the corner table Jon and Brian occupied.

They both stood and Jon leaned over to kiss her cheek. She quivered from the press of his full, dark lips and the scraping of his scruffy stubble. Brian, more formal and gentlemanly, kissed her fingertips and a series of little quakes surged through her.

They were so wonderful.

Her best friends in the universe.

How could she be in love with both of them?

Oh but she was. Had been for a while. They’d met in college and now shared a loft in downtown Tucson. When they decided to live together, they’d agreed to keep their relationship platonic. Both Jon and Brian had made it clear they considered her a friend and nothing more.

Two years ago she was right there with them. But now?

She’d fallen head over heels for them both.

How had she let this happen? A woman couldn’t love two men, could she? What kind of loose floozy did that make her?

She sat down and wiped her sweating face and chest with a cloth napkin. Not real ladylike but she was sopping wet. Her chestnut hair stuck to her cheeks in strands. Dancing was wonderful exercise and she loved every minute of it. But she sweated like a pig afterwards.

“You need a drink, honey?” Jon pushed his water glass toward her.

“You’re an angel.” Eve took a long gulp. Pure nectar.

"That was one of your best shows ever." Brian winked. "Lots of flutters."

Eve swallowed and let out a giggle. "You know I'd never disappoint you, Bri."

Jon cleared his throat and opened his mouth.

Brian shot him a look. "Not now, bud."

Hmm. Something was up. "Not now what?"

"Yes, damn it." Jon pounded a fist on the table and Eve jerked in her chair.

"Jon, are you okay?" she asked.

"I'm fine." He shook his head. "Aw hell. That's a lie. I'm not fine and neither is Bri. We've got ourselves one giant problem, honey."

They were in trouble? Her heart lurched. "What can I do to help?"

"Nothing," Jon said. "You're the problem, see?"

"Me?" Eve squirmed in her chair. "What have I done?"

"Ignore him, sweetheart," Brian said, his deep voice soothing. "You haven't done anything. That's not what he meant."

"What exactly do you mean then, Jon?"

"Well...Brian and I...we... Aw shit." He thunked his forehead to the table, his sable hair spilling across the linen cloth in a mass of beautiful waves.

"Nice, bud. Real nice." Brian shook his head. "Look, sweetheart, we don't want to upset you, but there is something you need to know."

"What?" Eve trembled. "Is one of you in trouble or something?"

"No, nothing like that," Brian said. "It's just, in the past few months Jon and I have discovered..." His voice trailed off and Eve balanced on the edge of her seat.

"Discovered what?"

Jon raised his head and his dark eyes burned into hers. "We're in love with you, Eve. Both of us are totally and completely in love with you."

Eve stood up, knocking her chair backward.

"Great job, dude," Brian said. "Now you've freaked her out. That's perfect."

Jon gestured to the waiter at the next table. "I need a stiff martini, extra dry."

"Make that two," Brian said and turned back to Jon. "We could have done this later, you know. Anywhere but in the middle of a crowded restaurant after she's just done a show. The poor thing's exhausted."

In love with her? Both of them? What was she supposed to do with that? And now they were talking about her as if she weren't even there!

"I'm sorry, honey," Jon said. "Do you want a drink? A margarita or something?"

A margarita, her favorite drink. They both knew her so well. But a drink was the last thing she needed. She shook her head, stepped over her chair and headed to the ladies' room. Once there, she turned on the faucet and splashed cold water on her face. The icy zing soothed her heated skin like a minty salve.

In love with her. Now what?

She eyed her face in the mirror. Drips of the cool water mingled with lingering trickles of perspiration. Plain gray eyes, a slightly too-long nose. Her hair was nice—long, thick and wavy—though it was an unmemorable brown. Pink lips, but not full enough. She'd kill for Jon's lips.

She wasn't anything special. Not like the two of them were. How could they both have fallen for her?

She twirled in front of the mirror, creating a breeze that, coupled with the water and perspiration, helped cool her scorching body.

Her body. Well, she did have a smokin' body. Dancing definitely had its benefits.

Still, the idea of Jon and Brian, two perfect male specimens, in love with her was...

Flattering, yes. Amazing. A complete turn-on, since she loved them both with all her soul. But wedged in the happiness was heartbreak as well. How had it happened? How could she deal with this?

She took a deep breath, left the ladies' room and returned to the table.

"Honey," Jon said, "I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to upset you."

"What do you want me to do?" she asked.

"Do...do you have feelings for either one of us? Or do you think you could, ever? In the future maybe?"

"Of course. I love you both. You know that." More than they knew. More than she thought they could ever know. Now, could she possibly have one of them? As more than a friend?

How would she choose?

"It's like this," Jon said. "You're going to have to choose."

"Dear Lord." Heat flashed over her and she grabbed the glass of water and took a deep swallow. "Choose? I haven't said I want either of you."

But she did. She wanted them both. With a fierce passion that smoldered between her legs at that very moment.

"Give us each a chance," Brian said.

"Give you a chance? This is insanity." She let out a frustrated sigh. "And what happens to the one I don't choose?"

"Bri and I have agreed to stay friends, no matter what," Jon said, "haven't we?"

Brian cleared his throat. "Yeah. We have. It'll be hard, but we've been friends too long to let a woman come between us."

"But I never wanted to come between you at all!"

"We know, honey," Jon said, "but we can't help the way we feel. Would you be willing?"

"To what? Date you? Both of you?"

Brian sighed and smiled a weak smile. "Well...yeah, I guess. To get to know both of us in a romantic sort of way."

Jon let out a breath. "We know it's kind of an unusual request."

"Unusual? Try completely crazy."

Neither Jon nor Brian spoke. They simply looked at her, stared at her, until four beautiful eyes, two dark and two green, burned into her heart like flaming arrows.

Finally, Jon narrowed his gaze. "Are you attracted to either one of us? In that way?"

Uh, yeah. Completely hot and horny for you both, thank you very much. She fidgeted with the coins draping her breasts. They tinkled above the din of the restaurant. She lowered her head, unable to meet their penetrating gazes. "Yes," she said softly. "I'm attracted to you. To both of you." She raised her head then and looked first at Jon, then Brian. "You're gorgeous, amazing. You have wonderful hearts. I dearly love you both. How can I possibly choose one of you? How can you ask this of me?"

"Believe me, sweetheart," Brian took her hand and lightly massaged her palm, "if there were any other way, we'd do it. But we're both crazy in love with you, Eve. If there's a possibility you could feel the same way about one of us, the other could never take away that chance for ultimate happiness."

Jon nodded. "Bri and I have talked about this, honey. We figured the only fair way was for both of us to woo you."

"And what if I don't choose either of you?"

"Then at least we tried," Brian said. "Right now we're both suffering. Maybe one of us doesn't have to suffer."

Oh God. She didn't want them suffering. Her heart nearly broke at the thought. Should she tell them she was in love with both of them? How would they react? She shook her head. She was fucked. Utterly, completely, totally fucked.

What to do?

"I'll tell you what," she said. "If you're really serious about this—"

"Oh, we're serious, honey," Jon said.

"Okay. Then I'll spend an evening with each of you. Go out on a date, stay in, whatever you want to do. Tomorrow's Friday. We could start then."

That was the only way. Maybe she'd realize she loved one of them more than the other. Someone would get left out in the cold, but what could she do? Either that or reject them both, and then all three of them would be miserable.

"That work for you, Bri?" Jon asked.

The other man nodded. "Sure. So who's first?"

Jon pulled some loose change out of his pocket. "We flip a coin."

"How original," Eve said.

"Hey, it works." Brian smiled and turned to Jon. "Heads I win, tails you lose."

"Ha ha." Jon flipped a quarter in the air. "Call it."

"Heads," Brian said.

Jon caught the coin and flipped it over to the back of his hand. "Heads it is." He showed them both the results. "Tomorrow night, honey, you're with Bri. The night after, it's my turn."

Eve plunked her elbows on the table and cupped her head in her hands. At the same time, her nipples ached and her pussy throbbed.

What had she gotten herself into?

Chapter Two

Eve inhaled the spicy scent of tomato, garlic and basil as Brian set the table with the Italian takeout he'd brought home.

"So where'd Jon go off to tonight?" she asked.

"Don't know. But he agreed to give us the night. And I'm leaving tomorrow." He smiled and his emerald eyes sparkled. Her heart skipped.

"Yeah? Where are you going?"

"I'm staying at Anna's."

"Oh." Jealousy speared Eve like a knife. Brian and Anna, his best piano student, were friends, nothing more. Of course, two days ago, Eve and Brian had been only friends. Anna was blonde and lithe—supermodel gorgeous—and a gifted pianist to boot.

His lips curled into a saucy grin. "That bother you?"

Eve's cheeks warmed. "Of course not."

"Good, because it's not like that with Anna and me. I love you, Eve. No one else."

The warmth in her cheeks turned to flame. She wanted to return his sentiment. Looking at him, basking in his kind affection, she knew she loved him. Could love only him. Could find true happiness with him alone.

Yet if Jon were there she'd be thinking the same thoughts. She'd been down this road before and it always led to the same place. She was perfectly happy and in love with Brian when they were alone. And she was perfectly happy and in love with Jon when they were alone.

What the hell was the matter with her?

"Smells good," she said.

"I know you love Italian. This is from a little place I discovered a few weeks ago. I've been meaning to take you there."

"Why didn't we go tonight?"

"Because I want to be alone with you tonight, sweetheart." He finished setting out the food and uncorked a bottle of chianti classico. "Bruschetta. Penne arrabiata. Veal piccata. And dark chocolate gelato for dessert. I hope you like it."

All her favorites. How well he knew her. "It's lovely, Bri. Thank you."

Brian poured two glasses of chianti, handed one to Eve and clinked his glass to hers. "To tonight."

She smiled. "To tonight." The peppery wine warmed her mouth. As she licked her lips, Brian took her glass from her and set it on the table next to his own. With slow, deliberate care, he cupped her cheek and lowered his lips to hers.

Their mouths melded together in a numbing kiss. A promise of more to come. He nibbled across her upper lip, tongued the corner of her mouth. Brian didn't tease. He dove in and took. Her blood boiled and she parted her lips. His tongue plunged inside, wrapped around hers, and her knees gave out. Strong arms coiled around her, steadied her. She let out a soft sigh.

Her first kiss with Brian. It was so much better than she'd ever imagined. He swept into her mouth and ravaged her as though he were pounding out *Ritual Fire Dance* on the piano. She'd often wondered whether Brian's kisses would be *piano* or *forte*.

Forte. Oh, so *forte*.

His full, pink lips clamped around her tongue and sucked it deep. Open-mouthed and wet, the kiss was urgent, provocative.

When he ripped his mouth from hers and nibbled on her neck, she inhaled a much-needed breath.

"How do you think I like to fuck, Eve?" he whispered against her ear. "Do you think I like it slow and gentle?"

She shuddered and shook her head. His kiss had told the tale. "Fast, Bri. You like to fuck hard and fast."

"Hard and fast, sweetheart. I want to sink my cock into your pussy hard and fast."

"God." Eve trembled against Brian's muscled, way too-clothed body. "Our dinner..."

He brushed his lips against her cheek. "Our dinner. I'm going to feed you, baby. And I want you to think about that kiss. And about that hard, fast fuck." He nipped her earlobe.

An inferno raged in her body. She'd think of nothing else. When he let her go and held out her chair for her, she sat quickly and took a long gulp of her chianti. The clatter of dinner plates chimed in her ears as Brian fumbled in the kitchen. In a few minutes, he returned with three dishes. He set a plate of pasta in front of her, and a plate of toasted Italian bread and tomato bruschetta between them. He sat down, not across from her, but next to her. Her gaze locked on his musician's hands as he spread some of the tomato, basil and garlic mixture atop a slice of bread. She inhaled the fresh fragrance.

"Mmm."

"I know you love your bruschetta, sweetheart." He held it out to her. "Here. Take a bite."

The piquant flavors exploded across her tongue. "Jeez, Bri, that's fantastic." She licked her lips.

"Good?"

"The best."

"Mmm. Let me try." He leaned forward and licked the corner of her mouth.

God, she was on fire again. How was she going to get through this evening without fucking him silly? Had to be fair. Fair to Jon. If she fucked Bri, she'd have to... Oh God...

Distraction. She needed a distraction. She cleared her throat and prepared another piece of bruschetta. "Here, Bri." She held it out to him and he took a large bite, chewed and licked his lips. Her heart pounded. How did he manage to make eating look sexy as hell?

"It's great," he said. "Though I preferred to eat it off you."

Heat slid to her pussy. The smoky aroma of roasted tomatoes and peppers in the arrabiata sauce tickled her nose. Spicy Italian cuisine and spicy hot man? A delicious combination.

Brian poked his fork into the Penne arrabiata and held it to Eve. She swallowed, letting the zesty flavor coat her tongue and throat.

"You eat like you dance." Brian winked. "You give it your all. You savor each taste and texture. I love to watch you eat. Just like I love to watch you dance."

Her cheeks warmed. "I'm thinking about opening a dance school." Shit, she was babbling. "I could open a small studio and teach part-time for now. Then full-time after I'm done performing."

"Done performing? What are you talking about?"

"Performers grow old quickly, you know. I've probably only got ten good years left as a dancer."

"Old? You're twenty-five, Eve. You light the world on fire with every shimmy, every flutter. Don't ever stop dancing."

She laughed. "No one wants to watch an old lady shake her booty."

"You think thirty-five will be old?"

"In the dance world, yeah, thirty-five is old. That's when dancers start to get face lifts and tummy tucks. Frankly, I don't want to do any of that."

He smiled his gorgeous smile. "You have the sexiest belly I've ever seen, sweetheart. But then, you already know how I feel about your belly. About all of you."

She let out her breath in a whoosh and shook her head. "I can't believe it."

"Believe what?"

"This. All of this. That you love me. That Jon loves me."

Brian tensed at the mention of Jon. Just slightly, but Eve noticed the cords in his neck tighten. Eve noticed everything about Brian.

"Tell me something." He took a sip of wine. "What do you love about dancing?"

"You know why I dance, Bri. We've talked about it a million times. The same reason you play. We're artists. The dance calls to me."

"You're right." He took a bite of pasta and swallowed. "I guess what I really want to know is," he hedged a little, "do you ever dance for...me?"

Her nipples burned through her bra. Did she dance for him? Only all the time.

"Yeah. I dance for you." And for Jon, but that was better kept to herself right now. "Every time, Brian."

His eyes simmered. "That's why I play piano, do you know that? I play for you. You're in every note, every melody." He brushed her bottom lip with the pad of his thumb. "Every beat of every rhythm." He traced her jawline with sensual precision. "And every beat of my heart."

Chills skittered across her skin. Her heart thundered. "Brian, that's the sweetest, most tender thing anyone's ever said to me."

"I love you, Eve. I knew it was wrong. I knew our agreement. But I can't help it. I see you every day. I watch how you take care of Jonny and me. And this place. You give your all to us, just like you give your all to dancing." He chuckled and dropped his gaze to her plate of pasta. "To eating." He cupped her cheeks with both hands. "How could I not fall in love with you?"

Her insides turned to mush and a pang of longing shot through her. She loved this man so fucking much. "Oh, Brian."

He pulled her face to his in a crushing kiss. His tongue plunged into her mouth, swept over every crevice. It was a forceful, demanding kiss. A kiss from a man who knew exactly what he wanted.

Her. He wanted her. And God help her, she wanted him. Wanted to fuck him hard. Fuck him fast. Fuck him all night long.

She summoned every last drop of strength she possessed and ripped her mouth from his. "The rest of our dinner —"

"Can wait." He drew a ragged breath. "Do you want me, Eve? Do you want to make love with me?"

Heavens, yes. More than she wanted to breathe. She nodded, her lips too numb to form the word.

"I want to play for you."

She nodded again. Lips still weren't working.

"Then will you dance for me? Dance for me, then fuck me? Ride my cock and flutter your belly while I suck on your sweet nipples?"

"My nipples..." They stabbed at the lace of her bra. Would he suck her nipples hard? Like he kissed?

"Yeah, your nipples, sweetheart. I dream about them. Did you know that? I dream about kissing every inch of you. Of sucking your pussy, fucking you in the ass. Did you know I like to fuck a woman in the ass?"

"I...I..."

"You ever done that before, Eve?"

Her skin ignited. Tingles shot from her nerve endings to her cunt. "No, Bri. I haven't."

"Maybe you'll let me fuck you there someday." He trailed his fingers down her arm, to her hip, and cupped her mound through her jeans. "Are you wet right now?"

Sopping, most likely. Her nipples strained against her turquoise tank. She was certain they were poking Brian's chest like mini torpedoes.

"I thought about going slow with you." He pressed moist kisses to her bare shoulders. "You smell great. Just like cinnamon. Then I decided, this is my one shot. My one shot to show you who I am. What it would be like for you to be with me, sweetheart. I love you. And I want you to know me."

"Yes, Bri. I want to know you. I do."

He pulled away, but only slightly. Enough to glue his gaze to hers. "You have the most beautiful eyes, Evonna Costello."

"They're plain old gray."

"They're silver. Silver with dark blue flecks. I could drown in them. I dream of drowning in them."

"Bri..."

He cupped her face in his palms, scorching her cheeks. "Come to bed with me?"

Her legs shook, her pussy quivered. She nodded. She had to. She'd become a slave to his desires at some point. A willing slave, and she wanted this as much as he did.

Brian took her hand. Anticipation rocked through Eve. She was really going to do it. She was going to sleep with Brian. Beautiful, artistic Brian.

Perhaps he was the one. They had much in common, both being artists. Brian had always been so gentlemanly, well-mannered. But his kiss had been anything but gentle. Primal, urgent, full of raw power. *Forte*. His fucking would be the same.

Oh, to be fucked hard and fast. Her pussy pulsed at the thought. She hadn't been thoroughly fucked in months.

He led her not to his bedroom, though, but to the front room, which housed his baby grand piano, a television and a sofa. Nothing more fit with the large instrument. Eve did her own rehearsing at a nearby dance studio where she rented space.

"I-I thought you wanted to go to bed."

"Mmm, I do. More than you know. But remember? I want to play for you. And I want you to dance for me."

"There isn't room in here. Besides, you've seen me dance thousands of times."

He grinned. "Not naked."

Her nipples hardened to marbles. Naked? The thought had possibilities.

His fingers brushed over her shoulder, down her arm, lighting sparks that catapulted to her core. His hands trailed up her back and expertly unclasped her bra through the cotton of her tank. She sucked in a breath as he lifted her tank and bra off in one graceful motion.

His gaze burned into her breasts.

"Beautiful, sweetheart, just like I knew you'd be." He cupped her full mounds and thumbed her erect nipples. "I'm so hard right now, Eve. So hard for you."

Ripples of desire washed through her. She arched into his hands. He pinched her nipples, twisted them. Hard, just as she knew he would. So fucking good. "God, Bri."

"You like that, baby?"

She nodded and her heart pounded.

"Perfect nipples. Perfect breasts."

"I-I thought Jon was the boob man." She gasped. "Oh!"

Brian's fingers tensed on her flesh for a moment, and then he relaxed. "It's okay. Just don't mention him again."

Regret swept through her. She didn't want to hurt Brian. "I'm sorry. This is your night."

He lowered his head. "I hope, in the end, all the nights with you will be mine." He clamped his firm lips around one nipple and tugged.

Forte. So good. Brian charged right in and seized what he wanted. Not gentle. Never gentle.

Hard. Intense. Ferocious.

As he sucked, Eve was vaguely aware of him working the snap and zipper of her jeans. When the fabric slid down her hips, her thighs, below her knees, she kicked off her clogs and stepped out of her clothes. She stood, completely nude, a gorgeous man kissing her nipples, biting them, sending coils of raw energy to her throbbing pussy. Moisture coated her inner thighs.

As if he'd read her mind, he slid one hand across the slope of her breast, down her waist, over her hips, and slipped two fingers into her slick folds.

He released her nipple. "Sweet God, you're wet, Eve." He pinched her labia together, massaged her clit. "I want to fuck you so bad right now."

She understood his need. She shared it. But he'd asked her to dance and dance she would.

"That feels so good, Bri. D-do you still want to play? For me to dance?"

"Mmm, I sure do. I want you to dance for me. Only for me. Naked. Lots of flutters, baby."

"But first you'll play for me?"

He didn't smile. Simply gripped her shoulders and gazed at her with fiery eyes. "I always play for you, Eve."

He said no more as he, still fully clothed, his jeans bulging at the crotch, took his seat on the black lacquered piano bench. His slender fingers stretched across the keys and music drifted into the room. A lazy melody.

Eve sat next to him, the bench cool on her bare ass. Yet she was warm. So warm. The solid heat of Brian next to her consumed her. She laid her head on his shoulder and closed her eyes. The music wafted around her and she breathed deeply. His musky male scent shimmered into her.

"I love your music, Bri."

"I love you," he murmured. "Dance for me?"

She nodded against his hard muscle, and then rose from the bench. He launched into a slow Arabic tune. So he wanted slow. She could do slow. The small area she had to work with would lend itself well to slow. She closed her eyes, let the rhythm saturate her. Her hips glided into figure eights. When she was one with the music, she opened her eyes.

Brian didn't watch the keys. His smoldering gaze rested on Eve, and she slid into a full body undulation, her muscles responding to the notes. She swayed, swept up her long chestnut locks and gyrated her hips in slow spirals. She released her hair and bowed forward, sweeping her body in an arc before she stood tall again and circled her chest.

Her nipples poked forward, begging for attention, and without thinking she slid her hands around the rosy flesh of her breasts, cupped them and plucked the two hard nubs.

"Ah God, baby." Brian's playing never faltered as he watched, groaned.

Eve smiled to her audience of one. One of the only two who had ever mattered. She jiggled her legs to produce a hip shimmy and then, with a wink, she tensed her diaphragm and gave him a flutter.

The movement required a lot of power, a lot of energy, but Brian was worth it. She fluttered and fluttered, stopping and taking a breath as necessary, her body heating further. Need. Raw, aching need. As the muscles moved rapidly, she glided one hand over her belly to her triangle of mahogany curls and dipped a finger into her own juices.

"Damn, Eve." The music stopped and Brian rose abruptly. He removed his shirt. Oh, his chest was beautiful. Eve had seen it many times before, but right now, in this moment, with her body on fire from the dance and her mind swirling with memories of his kisses, that chest was a sculpture from heaven itself. Wisps of reddish-brown hair scattered across the muscles. His nipples, turgid and copper, begged for her touch. His

stomach was sleek and ripped, and as his fingers unsnapped, then unzipped his jeans, her gaze riveted to what was about to be revealed.

His cock didn't disappoint. Massive and golden, it sprang from auburn curls. Brian kicked off his shoes and jeans and stood before her — fair and beautiful and clearly very turned-on.

He turned, fumbled in the pocket of his pants and produced a condom. Within a few seconds he was sheathed.

"The piano, Eve." His voice was throaty and demanding. "Get on the fucking piano."

He didn't wait for her to move. He lifted her in strong, sinewy arms and set her on the keyboard. Discordant notes rang in the air as her bottom sank onto the cool ivory keys.

"I'm going to fuck you like this," he said, spreading her legs and positioning himself between them. "On the piano. God, I've dreamed of this so many times. Of taking you like this. Right here."

He slammed his cock into her wet pussy.

The sigh that left her lips permeated the room. He filled a void, an aching void that had been empty far too long. His thrusts were vigorous. Unyielding. With each plunge he touched more than the depths of her pussy. He probed the center of her heart, her soul.

"Ah, sweetheart. You're so tight." He drove into her deeper. Bass notes clanged and vibrated as he pounded her, inharmonious and jarring, yet somehow in tune with his possession of her. "So fucking tight and wet. You feel so good."

The sheer joy of being so thoroughly taken saturated every cell of Eve's body. A blaze kindled in her pussy, pulsed and radiated outward, erupting in tiny tingles across her flesh.

"Do you like it hard, Eve?" He leaned toward her, his breath a hot caress. "Do you like to be fucked this way?"

Her moan was her answer. Brian's fingers entwined in her curls and found her clit. He pinched the inflamed button and she shattered. The climax raged inside her pussy. She spasmed around his cock. Her outer lips prickled and tiny convulsions spread through her tummy, up to the rapid pounding of her heart, out to her arms and legs. Upward she soared until she floated above the piano. Brian still hammered into her. She cried his name, begged him for more, and he gave it. He fucked her hard and fast, just like he'd promised.

And just as she peaked, he thrust into her one last time and his release pulsated within her.

She lay atop the piano sated, her lover clamped between her legs, still inside her. She sighed. "Good, Bri."

He let out a husky chuckle. "Good doesn't even begin to describe it."

She smiled. "You aren't what I expected."

He winked. "You expected a nice gentlemanly fuck, didn't you?"

"Well, I'm not sure. Maybe, to a certain extent. I knew sex with you would be good, no matter what type it was."

"Good?" He curved his lips into a lazy half-grin. "Just good?"

"Okay, great."

"Hmm. Great. Not bad for the first round." He pulled away from her, disposed of the condom, and extended his hand to help her off the piano. "We're by no means done, sweetheart."

Eve's breath caught. Not done? Thank God. She didn't want to be done. She let out a nervous laugh. "I'm yours for the night."

"And the night is still young." He kissed her fingertips. Back to gentlemanly. Her insides squirmed. How she loved him!

"I hope our dinner isn't too cold," she said.

"That's what the microwave is for." He pulled her into his embrace. Perspiration dripped between them. Eve inhaled the crisp, male scent of Brian. So good.

"What do you want to do, then?"

He cupped one swollen breast and pressed his lips to her cheek. "I want to finish our dinner."

"Okay."

"And then I want to eat you for dessert."

Chapter Three

Eve was as tight as he'd imagined. Brian sat across from her, both of them still naked. Her sexy nipples drew his gaze. He'd watched her gray eyes twinkle as she ate, listened to her gush about the food. Had seen her face light with joy as she talked about her dancing, his music. Their goals. They discussed the small studio she wanted to open. Even considered sharing a studio, where he could teach piano, rather than having his students come to the loft.

She'd be a great teacher. She'd give it her all, as she did with everything else. Just like he gave his music. Just like Jonny gave to his clients.

Shit. His body cramped a little at the thought of his friend. His best friend. Also his competition. Competition for the woman he loved more than life itself.

"You okay, Bri?"

As usual, her perception amazed him. She always knew when something was bothering him.

He inhaled and let his breath out in a slow stream, then reached for Eve's hand. "I'm good. Better than good, in fact. I'm so happy to be here with you tonight."

"Oh, Bri..." Her voice deepened. "You're so sweet. And the lovemaking... Wow."

He kissed her fingertips. She had beautiful hands, his Eve.

"Wow is right." He smiled into her incredible eyes. Mesmerizing. He could lose himself in her eyes, in her soft, tight body. "You ready for dessert?"

"Dark chocolate gelato? Are you kidding? You bet I'm ready."

Brian rose and took her hand. "I was thinking we'd save that for later. I had something much sweeter in mind."

"Oh..." She reddened again, from her cheeks, down her neck, across the gorgeous flesh of her breasts.

His cock turned to stone. "Come with me." He led her to his bedroom.

"Bri..."

"Lie down, baby, and spread your legs."

"It's been...so long since anyone's..."

He groaned. "I'll try not to disappoint you."

"God, you couldn't."

He kissed her lips, her neck. Damn, she smelled good, tasted even better. He tongued one nipple, then the other. Such a smooth, sweet texture. The buds pebbled against his tongue.

He kissed downward, over her taut belly. So sexy. He dipped his tongue into her navel and she giggled. Ah ha. A tickle spot. Good to know.

Then he eased farther down, buried his nose in her springy chestnut curls and inhaled her musky bouquet. Mmm, she was going to be a fucking feast.

He dipped his tongue onto her clit and she quivered beneath him, sighing.

"Oh, Bri..."

He loved her voice. Loved her saying his name. Loved being here with her.

He slid his tongue between her dripping pussy lips. Her honey was sweet and tart at the same time. Delicious, as he'd always known she'd be. Delicious, because he loved her.

"Bri, I love to be licked. Did you know that?"

"Mmm." He inhaled and gave her cunt a wet kiss. "I'll lick you anytime you want, baby."

He forced his tongue into her and her thighs clamped around him. Her pussy pulsed beneath his lips. She was near climax already. His cock twitched. Her smooth,

silky labia caressed his tongue. He sucked them between his teeth, nibbled them, tugged on them. Damn, she had one gorgeous pussy.

Her moans and sighs fueled his lust. He dove deeper into her channel, plundered her with lips, teeth and tongue. He wanted to make her come. Wanted to suck all the cream out of her until she was begging for his cock in her pussy, her mouth, her ass.

"Bri, that's so good!"

Her breathless gasp stoked the fire already blazing within him. He sucked on her clit, nipped it and plunged two fingers into her tight sheath. Her pussy clamped down on him and the spasms started slowly, then accelerated, gaining strength, urgency.

"Brian, my God!" She arched toward him, hugging his head with her creamy thighs, grinding that sweet, wet pussy into his lips.

He released her clit, raised his head to watch her face. A luminous coating of perspiration covered her. Her burning eyes locked onto his.

"Yeah, sweetheart. Come. Come for me."

The convulsions continued around his fingers. He swirled them in circles and massaged her G-spot. Her tiny puckered hole beckoned him and he lubricated her with her own cream and massaged her anus, waiting for her to object.

She didn't.

Slowly, gently, he breached the tight entrance with the tip of his third finger.

She shattered again. Fresh nectar coated his hand. He latched onto her clit and sucked her delicious essence. Her spasms increased.

"Bri!"

"You like that?" He plunged deeper. "You like my finger in your tight little ass?"

"Yes. God yes!" Her thighs tensed around him. She grabbed fistfuls of his hair and forced his face to meld to her flesh. Still he fingered her in both places.

And still, she came. Her pussy pulsed and pulsed.

The longest damn orgasm he'd ever given a woman. His heart rejoiced that he'd given it to Eve.

When her body relaxed, he slipped his fingers from her pussy and ass, gave her cunt lips a wet kiss, then climbed upward and clamped his mouth to hers.

Her arms wove around his neck and her sweet tongue invaded him. The kiss was harsh, frenzied. Full of passion and emotion. He threw himself into the meeting of their mouths. Into her. Like a wolf declaring his mate, he bit at her tongue. Sucked on it. Growled as he slurped her bottom lip between his teeth.

Mine. Damn, it Eve, you're mine.

His cock nudged against her slick entrance. Couldn't fuck her yet. Hadn't put on a condom. Damn. Still he humped against her, fought the urge to thrust inside. Rubbed his arousal against the curly hairs covering her mound. He was about to burst.

He ripped his mouth from hers and turned onto his back, his arm strewn across his forehead and eyes.

"Bri?" Eve's voice was edgy. "Something wrong?"

"No, baby. No. It's just...I want to fuck you so bad. Pound into you. Right now. But I don't have a condom on. I had to move away or I would have taken you."

She smiled at him, her eyes sparkling. "We can remedy that situation, you know. Where do you keep them?"

"Nightstand drawer."

Sweat dripped from his forehead. His cock stood rigid, wanting. In a few seconds, warm fingers enwrapped him, sheathed him. What he wouldn't give to fuck her without the rubber. But that would have to wait.

She climbed on top of him and eased onto his cock. Sweet, sweet suction. Damn, she was tight as a virgin.

"Ah..." Her sigh drifted over his chest like a soft summer breeze.

"Let me take care of you, Brian," she said. She began to ride him slowly and then she ground down, taking his entire length. He fought the urge to take control, to thrust upward into her and fuck her fast again.

"Watch me," she said. "Watch me dance for you."

He opened his eyes and caught the flutter. As she rode him her belly rippled, and God damn it, every one of those sexy muscle contractions tightened her hold on his cock. Her breasts jiggled gently against her chest and her red nipples, hard and tight, poked outward, as though looking for a mouth to suck on them.

"You're beautiful." He stopped to take a breath. "So gorgeous, sweetheart. That's it, dance for me."

His cock threatened to explode. One more flutter, and... He grabbed her hips and thrust upward. Her cunt drummed around him. She moaned his name, moaned how good he was, how hot he made her. He tensed, holding off. Oh, he wanted to come. Wanted to release into that gorgeous sweet pussy of hers. And he would.

But not yet.

He pulled her down to his mouth for a long, deep kiss.

When she broke the kiss, her warm breath caressed his cheek. "That was amazing, Bri."

He smiled. "My pleasure."

"Tell me. What would you like? I want to please you. Make you feel as good as you made me feel. I'll do whatever you want. A blowjob? You want to fuck again? Just tell me."

He groaned. Either one would be heaven on earth. But would she give him what he longed for most?

He hesitated only for a moment then met her gaze. This was his one chance. She had to know him. All of him. He had to be honest, even if it meant she might reject him.

"I like to be in control in the bedroom, Eve. I like it hard. I like it fast. I like to take a woman. I mean, really *take* her."

"I know that. I love it. Really."

"Will you give me something?"

"Anything you want."

"I want to fuck your ass, sweetheart. I want to make love to you that way."

"Oh..."

"It's up to you. But that's what I like."

"Will it...hurt?"

He caressed her soft cheek and wiped away a drip of slick perspiration. "I won't let it hurt, baby. I'll get you ready. And if you're not ready to take it that far, I'd love for you to suck my cock and I'll pound your pussy again."

"I want to please you."

"You do, Eve. Never doubt that."

"I'm just not sure."

"Listen," he took her hand, kissed her fingertips, "anal sex takes a lot of trust. I want you to trust me, Eve. Trust that I'll make it good for you, that I'll take care of you. But if you can't yet, I understand."

"Bri, I know you'd never hurt me."

"So you trust me?"

"Of course I do."

"Then?" He tensed, on edge. Would she let him take her ass? The thought had him near climax already.

She cupped his cheek. "Your stubble feels nice."

He chuckled. "Thanks. I think."

"You're so handsome. I love your hair." She toyed with it, let it slip through her fingers. "Your face is something out of a Renaissance painting. Beautiful. Classic."

"I think you're beautiful too, sweetheart. But you already know that."

"You're beautiful on the inside too, Bri."

"So are you, and that's more important."

She smiled that dazzling smile. "You're right. It is more important. And that's why I trust you, Brian. I trust you not to hurt me. I want to please you. So my answer is yes. I'd like for you to make love to me the way you want to. The way that pleases you. And that will please me."

His insides melted. "Sweetheart, I love you so much." What he wouldn't give to hear her say those words back. "Are you sure?"

"Very."

His cock threatened to explode. He donned a new condom, gave Eve a deep, open-mouthed kiss, and turned her onto her tummy.

"I'm going to massage you a little. Some people use anal plugs. I prefer to use what I have." He kissed her sleek shoulder. "My fingers and my tongue."

She shuddered against him. "Okay."

He rained kisses down her back, across her rosy butt cheeks, and slid his tongue into the crease between them. Salty from sweat, her rosy hole puckered under his tongue. Mmm, nice. His cock throbbed. He inhaled deeply. God he wanted to take her now. Make her his the way he longed to. But he had to wait. Had to get her ready before he pounded into that virginal flesh.

He traced tiny circles around her anus with his tongue. Her fragrant musk teased his taste buds. Gradually, her muscles relaxed against him and he probed her, just a touch. She let out a soft sigh.

"Good, sweetheart?"

"Yeah. Good. I like it so far."

"You're going to love it, I promise." He nibbled at her fleshy butt cheeks. Damn, she had a gorgeous ass. Perfect. He reached into his nightstand for a tube of lubricant, squeezed the cool gel onto his fingers, and rubbed it between her cheeks.

"Oh, cold!"

"It'll warm up, baby. Relax."

"Mmm." She closed her eyes. Her dark lashes rested against her rosy cheeks. So beautiful.

He massaged her anus with the lubricant and slowly inserted one finger. "Relax," he said again. "Just go with it."

Her breathing stayed steady and he probed another half-inch, then another. "Good, baby?"

"Yeah. It's good."

He smiled, knowing he was pleasing the woman he loved. Knowing he was sharing his whole self with her. He gently added another finger. The ring of muscle tensed, just a little but he noticed. "Breathe, sweetheart. That's it." As she loosened, he fingered her deeper, massaging the band of muscle. She was smooth inside and so tight. She was going to be a sweet, sweet fuck.

"Oh, Brian." Her voice thickened. "That feels so good."

"That's what I want, sweetheart. I want you to feel good." He penetrated farther until he was knuckle-deep, fucking her with two fingers. Eve slid her knees forward and thrust her ass in the air. She was ready.

God, so was he.

"You want me, baby? You want my cock?"

"Oh Bri, yeah."

His whole body shook as he withdrew his fingers and positioned his cock at her puckered entrance. Desire pulsed through his stiff flesh. He slowly pushed his cock head past the tight band of muscle.

She gasped.

"It's okay, baby. That's the toughest part. Trust me."

"I trust you. I want this."

He eased in. Sweet ass, so tight. Her hot tunnel gripped him, embraced him. He took another inch, and then another, until he was buried balls-deep in her heat.

"Full, Bri. I'm so full."

"I want to fill you, baby. Let me know when you're ready for me to fuck you. God, I want to fuck you so bad. I want to hammer your ass, Eve." She was so damn tight! He could blow right now.

"Now." Her hips shimmied backward against him. "Fuck me now."

Slowly he pulled out and thrust back in. Damn, he'd really have to focus to keep from coming.

"Fast, Bri." She wiggled. "I thought you liked it hard and fast."

Was she serious? Saints be praised! That luscious body tempted him beyond control. But as much as he desired to pound her, she wasn't ready for hard and fast anal, no matter how turned on she was. "I do, Eve. But I want to take it slow right now. I want to savor you."

He grasped her hips and pressed into her slowly and gently. Her tight muscles clenched around his cock. Sweet, hot possession. Again he plunged balls-deep, and then again. When he knew he couldn't hold off any longer, he reached in front of her, slapped her wet pussy a few times with his fingers, and plucked at her swollen clit.

When she bucked in climax, his cock throbbed, but he held himself steady. More. He wanted more. He'd make her come again and again. When her spasms slowed, he dipped one finger into her pussy and rubbed the juice over her sensitive clit.

"Come again," he commanded.

"I can't..." She panted against the cotton sheets. "I've come so many times already, Bri. I just...can't"

"You can, baby. Relax." He swirled around her clit, worked her slowly at first, and then increased the pressure. All the while his cock was buried in her tight ass. "Come on, sweetheart." He pulled out and slowly eased back in. His cock twitched. *No, not yet.* Her body went limp, her lips trembled against the pillow that cradled her head. "I...I can't."

"Oh, you can. And you will." He withdrew his fingers and wrapped his arms around her soft belly, pulling her against him. Ah, her skin—so soft and sensual. Again his cock threatened to release. He clenched his teeth, forcing back his climax. "You'll come until I tell you not to, sweetheart."

He pulled out to the tip, then plunged into her again. He leaned down and rained tiny kisses across her glistening shoulders as he fingered her clit again. As she exploded, he thrust two fingers into her warm, wet pussy and let her convulsions hug his hand. God damn, she was hot.

"Bri! I'm coming!"

She collapsed and he pulled her to him. Their perspiration mingled as their bodies slid together. He inhaled her musky sweetness. She smelled of cinnamon and sex. Of love. His love.

He finally let himself go. Tiny vibrations began in his balls and swam along the base of his cock. The tremors amplified until he spilled his seed in spasms that rippled through his entire body.

"Eve!" His shout was hoarse, raspy. "Eve, I love you." He thrust once more into her body and gave her everything he had.

He hoped it was enough.

She lay panting beneath him, her body glowing with mist. He withdrew, disposed of the condom and lay down next to her.

"I love you," he whispered.

She didn't return the words. He didn't expect her to. But she crawled into his arms. She kissed his lips, his neck, his chest. She sucked on a nipple. "Mmm," she said. "You taste good."

His cock twitched.

He was ready for her again. His balls ached already. This was going to be one long, good night.

Chapter Four

“So what do you want to do tonight?”

Jon’s question stunned Eve. What did she want to do? Brian hadn’t asked what she’d wanted to do. He’d taken charge of the food, the sex, everything. He certainly hadn’t forced her into any of it, but he’d definitely been in control. She’d assumed Jon would do the same. Now, as they stood outside the studio where she’d just finished showering after a strenuous practice, he was asking her what she wanted and she had no idea how to respond.

“Whatever you want, Jon. I want to get to know you, like I did Bri.”

“Did you and Bri sleep together?”

Her cheeks heated. His deep chocolate eyes betrayed his feelings. A touch of sadness laced them. He shook his head slowly.

“Forget I asked that. I don’t want to know.”

Eve smiled and took his hand. Those long thick fingers, warmly entwined around hers, never failed to turn her on. “Let’s concentrate on tonight, okay? This is your night. So why don’t you tell me what you’d like to do.”

He grinned and his dimples lit up his dark-stubbled face. Man, he really was ruggedly gorgeous. So different from Brian, who was male-model handsome in a refined way. Jon’s onyx hair fell to his shoulders in tousled waves, as though he’d just gotten out of bed. He always sported a few days growth of beard, and those firm, full red lips, those thick fingers...ideal fodder for fantasy.

“I’d like to make love to you all night, honey, but I’ve wanted that for about a year now.”

A year? He'd had feelings for her for a whole year? She hadn't thought to ask Brian how long he'd been in love with her. Her own feelings for both of them had developed slowly. Indeed, she hadn't recognized them for what they were until a few months ago. She'd dated many men, all nice guys, but her belly never tumbled the way it did when she was at home with Jon and Brian. Something as simple as watching a movie together got her going. Being with them was so easy. They each knew everything about the other two.

Her last boyfriend had been amazing—intelligent, funny, handsome—but sex with him hadn't moved her. Not the way she'd soared last night with Brian. When she'd found herself counting the moments until her date ended so she could get home to her guys, she realized her plight.

She was in love.

Not with her boyfriend. With Jon and Brian.

They were wonderful men, good souls, and of course, extremely physically appealing. She'd fantasized about them for years. The love had come gradually. Now, inside her heart, they were both omnipresent. A part of her.

She smiled into Jon's dark gaze. "I might be able to accommodate you. But maybe we should eat first. What sounds good?"

"Well...there's this great new place that opened up next to the gym. It's gourmet food that's healthy."

"Healthy, huh?" Eve grimaced. "I don't know, Jonny."

He let out a laugh. "I know you're a good Italian girl who likes her good Italian food, fat, carbs and all. But healthy food can be delicious, I promise." He leaned down and kissed her cheek. "Let me show you."

He kissed her cheek again, leaving a spark where his lips had touched. "Come on," he squeezed her hand, "we can walk from here."

She sighed. She wanted to experience a date with him, after all. She just hoped she didn't have to eat some kind of tofu burger. The last time Jon had cooked, she and Brian had sneaked out for pizza afterward.

"Ha, I know what you're thinking."

She smiled. "You do, huh?"

"Yeah. I do. I know every little look, every nuance on your beautiful face, Eve. Right now you're thinking about the food I try to make at home."

Amazing, how he could read her. Truth was, she could read both him and Brian just as well. "How did you know?"

He laughed and shook his head. "I admit I'm not much of a cook. But the chef at this new place is, I assure you. You won't be disappointed."

Hand in hand they walked the two blocks to the restaurant, talking about nothing in particular. Eve relished the warmth of Jon next to her. He was so big, so ruggedly beautiful. And those eyes... Though he wasn't as talkative as Brian, Jon said so much with his dark, blazing eyes.

As Eve perused the menu at The Zodiac, she was surprised that most of the choices sounded pretty good. "How's the Caesar salad?" she asked Jon.

"Good. The dressing is made with low fat yogurt and olive oil."

"Yum." Eve rolled her eyes.

"Don't knock it 'til you've tried it, honey."

When her Caesar salad arrived, complete with the anchovies she'd requested, Jon's face twisted into a grimace. "How you can eat those is beyond me."

"You know I love 'em." Eve flashed a grin. "Don't knock 'em 'til you've tried 'em."

"I'll pass."

"If you really loved me, you'd taste one," she teased, holding out her fork.

"Hairy, smelly fish have nothing to do with love."

Eve let out a laugh before she took another bite. Banter was fun. They talked about Jon's job, about running his own business, and Eve picked his brain about the business side of the dance studio she wanted to open.

Jon possessed brains as well as brawn. He'd run a successful training business for three years now, and Eve soaked up ideas as they chatted and ate their meals. Her entrée was remarkably tasty.

"I can help you with your business plan," Jon said. "Have you thought about what your mission statement will be?"

What the hell was he talking about? "Mission statement?"

"Every successful business needs one. Mine is to educate, motivate and support each client by way of an individualized program designed to maximize his physical and emotional health."

"Wow." Eve's fork stopped halfway to her mouth. "That's beautiful, Jonny. So thorough, yet so succinct."

"That's what makes a good mission statement." He smiled. "Have you forgotten I majored in business as well as physical education?"

She shook her head. She hadn't forgotten. She just hadn't given it a second thought since college five years ago. "So what would be a good mission statement for my studio?"

"Only you can decide that," he said. "But I'll be happy to help."

Her mind churned. Why did she want to teach? Certainly not because she knew she'd have to give up performing eventually, though that was a consideration. Because she loved to dance. She was good at it and she wanted to share her love with others. Be a mentor to students who could someday achieve, and hopefully surpass, her success.

"You're thinking," Jon said. "Your pretty lips are mashed together."

How did he do that? "Just considering my mission statement. There's so much I want to put in it."

He smiled, and her heart melted. Gorgeous didn't begin to describe this man.

"That's part of what I love about you, honey. Your tenacity. You'll be a wonderful dance teacher. You'll give it your all, just like you do every time you dance."

The warmth of a blush drifted over her flesh. "Thank you. That's a lovely compliment."

"It's the truth."

Tiny sparks trickled over her. "Well, no more about mission statements. That's business. Tonight's for pleasure." She patted her lips with her napkin. "I have to admit, this was a great meal, Jonny. I couldn't even tell that my eggplant parmesan was low-fat."

"Told you." He scribbled on the check and handed it to the waitress. "Ready to go?"

"Yeah." Eve stood and gathered her purse. Her hand found his and they walked the four blocks to their loft. The delicate evening breeze brushed Eve's heated skin like a soft embrace.

When they reached the door to the loft, Jon bent and kissed her cheek. His rough stubble scraped her smooth skin. Chills crept along her arms. He pulled her into his arms, his large muscled body pressing into her. His long arms circled her waist. "I love you." His whisper caressed her neck. "I know you can't say it back and I understand, but I've been dying to tell you for so long. I'll probably say it a hundred times tonight."

Heat pooled between her legs. She wanted to say it back. She *did* love him. But just last night she'd wanted to say the same words to Brian.

Surely she was flawed. Some weird psychological disorder. She'd had many male companions over the years, yet had never fallen in love with any of them. Now, she found herself in love with two men.

Flawed. Definitely flawed.

"Honey? You look a little troubled."

Jon's words cut into her. Now was not the time to ruminate on her problem. She owed Jon a night and she wanted it as much as he did.

"Would you kiss me, Jon?"

He smiled a lazy half-smile. "You got it."

He turned her in his arms and brushed those beautiful lips back and forth against hers. Spine-tingling. That's what his kiss was. He traced her lips with his tongue. Teasing. Provoking. So different than Brian.

Nope. Not going to think about Brian.

She opened her lips and Jon's tongue slid in. Hot, wet, delicious. He tasted of cinnamon and cream. Warm, comforting, yet intense at the same time. Delectable.

A soft groan hummed into her mouth. He was enjoying this. God, so was she. His velvety tongue tangled with hers. Weak-kneed and limp, she sighed into his inviting mouth, unprepared for the passion and magnitude of such a gentle kiss.

Because I love him. It's passionate and intense because I love him and he loves me.

He broke the kiss and drew a ragged breath. "Honey, I love you so much."

He trailed moist kisses over her cheek to her lobe. He nibbled on it, then traced the outer shell of her ear and blew on the wetness. She shivered.

"Will you dance for me?"

Warmth throbbed in her pussy. She nodded. "If you want me to. I always dance for you. You and Bri."

His arms tensed around her. "I don't want to talk about Bri tonight."

She nodded again. "I know. I'm sorry."

"It's okay. But this is my night."

"I understand."

He smiled and emotion tugged at her tummy. His smile could melt steel.

"I want you to dance with veils. I love to watch you peel the veils away from your costume. It's so smooth, so beautiful, Eve, and no one does it like you."

"Let me guess." She arched her eyebrows and let out a giggle. "You want me to do it naked."

His full lips curved into a resplendent grin. "I hadn't thought of that. But I'm definitely in favor of the plan."

He pushed the front door open and Eve gasped.

Their loft had morphed into an Arabian paradise. Colorful tapestries of purple, dark gold, midnight blue and scarlet hung from the walls, and sheer silver veiling covered the lamps and created a gossamer glow. Ornate bottles sat on the end tables and piano, and Eve expected pink smoke to erupt into a genie at any moment. The dining table had been moved in front of the couch, and royal blue candles flamed on each corner. Incense burned next to one of the genie bottles and Eve inhaled the exotic scent of jasmine. The soft strains of a violin haunted the newly adorned room. She turned to Jon, whose dark eyes were glowing. "How?"

"I called Mac over at the Oasis. He sent a few guys over to decorate while we were at dinner."

"Oh..." She let out her breath in a sigh.

"You like it?" His large, muscled body pressed into her from behind, and his arms spiraled around her waist.

She clutched his warm hands and craned her neck to look up into his dark gaze. "I love it, Jonny. It's beautiful."

"Perfect for your dance, honey."

Eve's nipples pushed against her cotton blouse. "Okay. There's not much room here, but—"

"Who needs room? We have a perfectly good solid oak table."

"You want me to dance on the table?"

"Yeah, I sure do. You were meant for a stage."

"A table's hardly a stage, Jonny."

“A table’s a great stage and I’ll have the best seat in the house.”

“It won’t hold my weight.”

“Solid oak, Eve. I know how much you weigh. It’ll be fine.”

“Well, okay. If it’s what you want.”

“It’s what I want. I love to watch you dance.”

“Give me a few minutes.” Eve rushed to her bedroom and stripped naked.

Naked. Jon was going to see her naked. A glance in her full-length mirror showed the rosy blush she already knew was blanketing her body. Oh yes, she wanted him to see her naked. Just as she’d wanted Brian to see her naked.

She grabbed three veils—sheer red, sheer black and sparkling silver—draped them around her body and returned to the kitchen where Jon had cleared the table.

His gaze met hers and his face reddened. “God, honey, I can see your breasts through that silver veil. They’re as gorgeous as I knew they’d be. Your nipples are red. Fuck, they’re red.”

Tingles raced over Eve’s skin. Her body shook. How could she dance like this?

Oh, she could. She would. For Jon.

A slow acoustic melody drifted around her. Jon had chosen perfect music for a veil dance. She stepped onto a chair, then onto the table.

The diaphanous fabric titillated her bare nipples. They hardened even further into stony nubs. She twirled around and lifted her arms above her head, forming the veils into three spirals that circled her nude body. Ripples, in time with the soft drum beat under the melody, threaded through her pussy.

She stopped the turn, regained her balance by focusing on an audience member. Jon. His eyes smoldered. Her body blazed. Her cunt wept, drops trickled down her thighs. She made love to Jon with this dance. It was for him. Only for him tonight.

In one smooth movement, she swirled the veils behind her and held them with arms outstretched, a curtain behind her nude body. Slowly she circled her hips, then her

chest, the veils a gossamer backdrop for her performance. Oh, she'd danced with veils thousands of times. But never naked and never for Jon alone.

The veil dance was one of the most sensual dances a belly dancer performed, second perhaps only to floor work, which Eve didn't do. The veils became part of the dancer, an extension, and they did so for Eve now. She leaned forward, swept them over Jon's head, engaged him, and wrapped them around her body once more.

Once covered in the sheer material, she shimmied her shoulders. Jon's favorite move, because it highlighted her ample breasts. Now unclothed, they jiggled, and her nipples poked through the veil.

Jon's groan resounded above the music. "Come here, honey. Come to me."

She swirled the veils over her head and released them. They drifted to the floor in a cascade of translucent color as she sat down on the edge of the table and faced Jon.

He pulled her onto his lap. The bulge in his jeans poked at her wet folds.

"Do you know I could see your pussy, Eve? It was glistening." He let out a breath. "Gorgeous, pink and glistening, damn it." He cupped her breasts and thumbed her hard nipples. "You're so beautiful. These are amazing." He pulled one forward and took the nipple into his mouth. "God," he said against a mouthful of flesh, "I've wanted to do this for so long."

Searing heat jolted through her. Those beautiful lips *were* lethal. She'd always known their power. He suckled her gently at first, little licks and kisses. His mouth on her was a luscious sight and her pussy pulsed against his arousal. She ground into him and his denim-clad erection grazed her clit. When his teeth scraped her hard nipple, she thrust down onto him harder. She needed him. Needed his hard cock deep inside her.

"Jon." Her voice was a series of rapid pants. "I need you. Please."

He growled against her nipple and the vibration buzzed through her. He stood, still holding her, and she clamped her legs around his waist. He kissed her hard and deep as he walked to his bedroom. Once there, he laid her gently on his rumpled bed.

"Tell me what you want, honey." He pulled his green polo shirt over his tousled waves, baring his sculpted chest. Dark hair scattered over golden muscle and sinew. Mountainous, magnificent.

"I want *you*, silly."

"I'll give it to you any way you want it."

"I want to know what *you* want, Jonny. This is your night, remember? Let me please you."

"I want you, Eve. In every way possible. I want to suck that pretty pink pussy of yours. I want your gorgeous lips wrapped around my cock." He fingered the snap of his jeans and popped it open. As he readied to tackle his zipper, a cell phone jingled from the living room.

"Crap," Eve said.

"It's mine. I forgot to turn it off. Stay right there." He resnapped his jeans and left the room.

Eve lounged on the bed, buried her face in Jon's pillow and inhaled. Vanilla, male musk.

Jon.

Her pussy pulsed between her thighs. Here she was in the same boat as last night. So ripe she'd fall from the vine. She reached between her legs and found her swollen nub. She dipped into her juices and swirled them over her clit, stimulating herself. Her skin heated and tingled and she imagined Jon licking her, fucking her with his tongue.

She was near climax when he returned.

"Sorry about that," he said.

Eve had no time to worry about who might have been calling Jon at this hour. Right now, she was so turned-on she thought she might burst. She wanted his tongue, his beautiful full lips. "Lick me, Jonny. Lick my pussy. I'm so close."

"God, Eve." His jeans still on, he lowered his head between her legs. He traced his tongue over the sensitive skin of one thigh then the other. She sighed and her skin tingled from the moist attack. When his tongue snaked between her swollen cunt lips, she arched her hips.

"Just like that. Yeah baby. Suck me."

"Damn, you taste good, honey." His lips—those gorgeous lips—clamped onto her clit, but only for a second. Such a tease! He sucked her labia into his mouth and the slurping sounds raced through her. So good. His voice murmured against her. "Pretty pussy. Sweet Eve. Mmm."

His sleek tongue probed her channel, slurped her inner lips, tantalized her. Her skin rippled and she clamped her thighs around his head, urging him toward her clit. Still he teased her, tormented her.

"Jonny, please. You've got to let me come."

His chuckle vibrated into her slick folds, buzzed through her body. "Since you said the magic word..." He plunged one of those wonderful thick fingers into her and she imploded into fragments of vibrant color, a kaleidoscope of vivid images. Her pussy clamped onto Jon's finger and he continued sliding it in and out, massaging her, milking the last drops of climax from her.

"Oh Jonny, that was perfect. I always knew you had magic fingers."

"You thought about my fingers?"

"I thought about you a lot. You and Br— Oh God. Sorry."

"It's okay."

But it wasn't. She could tell by the hurt in his voice. She'd make it up to him. Big-time.

She sat up and unzipped his jeans. His cock was like the rest of him—majestic and magnificent. Huge. As long as Bri's, but thicker. One purple vein traveled around the

top and disappeared underneath. A fucking work of art. She clamped her fingers around its girth and he groaned.

“I want to suck that gorgeous cock, Jonny. I want to swallow you whole.”

He groaned. “God. Please, honey.”

She smiled into his blazing eyes, then flicked her tongue and lapped up the pearl of precum that had emerged. Mmm, salty and male. She loved giving head. Loved being in control over a man like that. She circled her tongue over him and reveled in his moans and shudders. She licked the underside, swirled around his balls, sucked each one into her mouth, gently at first, then harder. She nipped his muscled thighs and kissed his balls again. The soft dark hair covering them tickled her nose and cheeks. She inhaled. Pure male musk. Intoxicating.

“Eve, damn, that’s good.”

She grinned against his sac, caught her breath. She showered little kisses along his length then sucked just his cock head between her lips. All the while, lightning flashed to her pussy. She undulated her hips in time with the thrusts of her mouth on Jon’s shaft. So much like the dance. Sensual, evocative.

She plunged downward onto him and took his full length deep into her throat.

“God, Eve!”

She released him. “Good?”

“Amazing. Don’t stop.”

“Wouldn’t think of it.” She gave him what she hoped was a sexy grin then returned to his erection. Had it swelled bigger? Beautiful, just beautiful. She licked it all over, coating it with the sheen of her saliva. She loved the salty male taste of him. “I want you to come in my mouth, Jon.”

He thrust upward and his cock head grazed the back of her throat. “I can’t, honey. Want to come...in you.”

She gave his cock head a wet kiss. "There's lots of time for that. Please, baby. I want you to. Fuck my mouth and come in me."

"God." He thrust again and she took him even deeper. The vibrations started at his base and tantalized her lips. They surged through his length and his cream spilled down her throat in convulsive spurts, then slowed to a warm river. When he finished, she released him and licked her lips. *Mmm, Jon.*

"Aw, honey, that was amazing." He reached for her and she crawled into his embrace. "I love you."

The words were on the tip of her tongue. How she longed to set them free. But she couldn't. Not yet. Not until she'd resolved the issue in her own mind. And right now she still loved Jon and Brian equally.

They were so different, each unique. But she loved them both with an absolute passion.

She leaned over and gave Jon a deep, open-mouthed kiss. When she paused to take a breath, he pushed a few strands of moist hair behind her ear.

"You're beautiful."

"So are you, Jon."

His smile speared her heart. "Hungry? There's some dark chocolate gelato in the fridge. Dark chocolate's chock-full of antioxidants, you know."

She couldn't help a giggle. But she'd shared the gelato with Brian. She wasn't sure she could eat it with Jon. "I'm stuffed from that amazing meal."

"Too stuffed for chocolate? Who are you and what have you done with Eve Costello?"

She smiled at his joke. "I'm truly full but I sure could go for a glass of water."

"You got it," he said, his eyes sparkling, "then back to bed."

Chapter Five

Eve gulped down her glass of water, then gazed at him and smiled, her silver eyes sparkling. Jon's cock rose. A fine line creased her forehead. Only slightly, but he noticed. "You're thinking again."

"Mmm. Thinking about how much I want to go back to bed with you."

"Works for me." He took her hand. "But first tell me something."

"Okay."

"I know you and Bri have a lot more in common than you and I do."

"Jonny, I thought you didn't want to talk about Bri."

"I don't. Except...well...I want to understand. I get that you're both artists. And you both talk about how the dance, or the music in Brian's case, calls to you."

"It's hard to explain any better than that."

He wanted to understand. Had a fierce need to get inside her head and learn every little essence that made her tick. "Try. Please."

"All right." She set the glass down on his nightstand. "I see dancing as a metaphor for life. Like moving through time and space, you know?"

"Yeah?" He didn't really get it, but oh, he wanted to.

"Yeah. Especially belly dancing. It's one of the most ancient forms of dance, and it's very empowering for women. We use the parts of our bodies that are inherently female. We dance in bare feet to connect to the energy of the earth. And those flutters that Brian likes? They originated as a celebration of childbirth."

"Wow." He nodded as her words sank into his mind. He was getting it. He was getting *her*. And damn, he loved her all the more.

"And also, dance stimulates the physical, emotional and spiritual parts of us. It keeps our bodies physically fit, and..." Her words trailed off.

"And what, honey?"

Her cheeks burned a raspberry hue. So beautiful. "This may sound silly to you."

He cupped one pretty pink cheek. Her skin was like silk. "Nothing about you is silly to me. Tell me."

She drew in a breath and let it out slowly. "Okay. Our physical bodies house our spiritual selves, Jon. So we must keep our bodies physically fit, because without them we can't move in any direction."

He wanted to kiss her senseless. But he held back, simply let his thumb drift across her luscious lower lip. "Why did you think that would sound silly to me? I'm a personal trainer, Eve. I devote my life to helping people keep their bodies physically fit."

"I don't know," she hedged, "some people think it's kind of a flaky concept. But I believe it, Jonny. Truly I do."

"So do I." He brushed his lips across hers. "You're so beautiful, inside and out. So strong. And I'm adding something to my mission statement as of right now. My new mission statement is to educate, motivate and support each client by way of an individualized program designed to maximize his physical, emotional and *spiritual* health."

"Oh..." Her soft sigh drifted over his cheek like the lightest desert breeze.

He lay down on the bed and pulled her against his body. "Tell me what you want, honey."

He wanted her to take the lead. He wasn't a submissive. Nothing like that. But he liked a strong woman in the bedroom. He spent all day in control of others' lives. He told them what to eat, how to work out, when to see a medical professional. He didn't mind being in charge. He loved his job. And he certainly wasn't averse to taking the lead in bed. But what really revved his motor was a woman who took what she wanted.

He'd give Eve anything. When he'd returned from turning off his cell phone and she'd demanded he lick her pussy, he'd almost creamed all over himself right there.

Eve was the strongest woman he knew. She knew how to get what she wanted in life.

Now he wanted her to take what she wanted in the bedroom.

From him.

"What do you want, Eve?" His deep voice trembled and he steadied it. "Tell me."

"Anything *you* want, Jon." She winked at him and his cock hardened even further. Damn, she was beautiful.

"I want you to take what you're after, gorgeous." He steadied his voice again. "Do whatever you want to me."

"Hmm." Her foggy eyes twinkled. "I do have something in mind, handsome. Lie down."

He complied, the rumpled blankets a soft comfort against his tense, needy body. He waited for another command, but instead she backed toward the door.

"Where are you going?"

"Don't worry. I'll be right back."

She returned momentarily, her hands filled with several of the smaller scarves she used as color accents on her various dance costumes. What did she have up her sleeve?

Hell, he didn't care. Whatever it was, he was game.

"Grasp the headboard, Jonny."

What? He widened his eyes. She sat on the edge of the bed and fingered the silky fabric. Her chestnut hair fell in soft waves over her shoulders. Curls dangled over her milky breasts. His erection surged in time with his rapid pulse.

"You heard me. You've been begging me to take charge all evening." She leaned forward and brushed her satiny lips against his. "This is something I've always fantasized about. Now grasp the headboard."

Smiling, he did as she demanded. The sheer material floated over his hands and wrists as she bound him.

"There you are," she said, "try moving now."

He could move his wrists but they were tied to the bars of the headboard with some type of hitch. Did she actually know what she was doing?

"Comfortable? Not too tight?"

"No. Not tight at all. But I can't move."

She let out a girlish giggle. "That's the idea."

The husky depth of her voice trickled over him like a smoky cognac warmed in a snifter. She was one hell of a woman. "Now that you've got me here, honey, what exactly are you going to do with me?"

"Hmm. Well, I know one thing's for certain."

He shivered. "What's that?"

"Eventually, I'm going to fuck the daylights out of you."

His cock was rock-hard. Hard enough to slice through a diamond, no doubt. Jon's arms tensed against the restraints. Damn, he wanted to grab her, kiss her, stuff his cock deep into her hot flesh. But now he was playing by her rules.

And God, that turned him on. He burned hotter than blue flame.

She started with moist little kisses to his cheeks and neck. Each touch of her lips scorched him, sent sparks flying to the tip of his sensitive cock. He thrust his hips upward, searching for heat, wet, suction. A welcoming sheath. Such a tease!

Eve's soft hair tickled his shoulders and chest like delicate feathers. Her mouth trailed to his and she kissed him. A firm kiss, yet a controlled kiss.

"Mmm," she said against his lips. "I shouldn't kiss you. I should tease you. Make you crazy. But I can't resist your beautiful lips, Jonny."

Beautiful? They were too red for a guy. Weird though, women seemed to love them. If Eve loved them, that was okay by him.

"Kissing me is teasing me, honey. Especially when I really want that sweet mouth on my cock."

"Been there, done that." She nipped at his chin and kissed downward to his chest. "You are a magnificent man, Jon. Gorgeous and sculpted." She bit a nipple and he nearly exploded.

"God, Eve."

"I'm going to kiss every inch of you. Every single inch of that muscular physique. Then I'm going to sink my pussy onto your cock. Sound good?" She chuckled against his pecs.

She traced a lazy circle around the other nipple. Was it possible to come without direct stimulation of his penis? Fuck, he was about to find out.

Deadly ruby lips tormented him. He would surely die an untimely death here and now. His body flexed, his toes curled. "Eve, damn it, I'm dying here!"

"But what a way to go." Her lips continued their systematic torture. Over his abs, his hips. "You're in such great shape. How flexible are you, Jonny?"

Flexible? What? "Who cares? Just fuck me, honey."

A soft giggle purred against his hip bone. "I care. Because there's something I want to taste." She spread his legs and moved between them, then gently pushed his thighs forward until they rested against his chest. She smiled. "Nice and flexible, just as I suspected for someone as physically fit as you."

"Eve?"

"Shh." She swirled her tongue over his balls. They tensed, ready to eject seed into his cock and catapult him over the edge. But her silky tongue slithered downward, teasing that sensitive place under his sac. His whole body quivered.

"Honey, please. My God, you have to fuck me. Now!"

Her warm breath massaged his crack and she squeezed first one butt cheek, then the other. "You have one nice ass, Jonny Blake."

One slender finger taunted his aroused flesh. God no. He'd come if – "Ah!"

She fingered the tight rim. *Mind over matter, damn it.* He tensed, held his breath, forced back his climax. *Need her.* Needed to grab her, pull her forward, force her pretty pink pussy onto his granite cock. Had he truly wanted her to take charge? *Damn these restraints!*

"Please, Eve. Enough. I want..." He closed his eyes, exhaled the breath he'd been holding. Magic, magic fingers. She'd called his fingers magic. Fuck, he had nothing on her. She continued her torturous massage, pressing her thumb against his anus, fondling his bottom with the other. He pulled. How strong was this sheer, veily stuff, anyway? No dice. He was at her fucking mercy and she knew it.

Her mouth covered his balls again as her amazing hands stroked him. He groaned, unable to move. She had his arms. She had his legs. He couldn't thrust upward, couldn't...

"Have I brought six-foot four-inch Jon Blake to his knees?"

"Release me," he growled. "Release me, and I'll fuck you all night long."

Her gorgeous face beamed between his legs. "Not quite yet. I kind of like you like this. Condom?"

"Top drawer."

She left the bed and rummaged in his dresser. The zing of the package ripping rang in his ears like a concerto. She sheathed him and her fingers fluttered over his cock. He groaned and squeezed his muscles. He wasn't going to blow now, not when she was so close to fucking him.

She climbed atop him and sank her warm pussy onto his rigid cock.

Sweet surrender. "Ah yeah, honey. Just like that. I'm not going to last long."

She leaned forward, teased his lips with her pretty nipples. "Suck it, Jon. Suck my nipple. Get me hotter, baby. Get me burning for you."

Get her hotter? Oh, he'd try. Perfect, perfect tits. He'd lusted after them long before he fell in love with her. Now, with his emotions tied up in his physical longing, her nipples were even more luscious. One tight bud, sweet and hard, pebbled under his tongue. He kissed, nibbled, licked, relishing her moans of approval. God he wanted his fingers free. Wanted to pluck that other hard nub.

Her hot pussy absorbed his cock. He thrust upward as she rode him, bit her nipple when she moaned. What he wouldn't give to rub her clit for her, make her come.

"Let me go, Eve. Let me make you come."

"Oh no, baby. I haven't had my fill of this gorgeous, hard cock yet."

Fuck. He had to hold on. Couldn't disappoint her... His hands clenched, he forced his body to calm.

Still, she rode him with a wildness he'd never imagined. Her curvy body glimmered with a lacquer of shiny sweat. Her platinum eyes sizzled. He needed to caress her smooth skin, twirl his fingers in her springy chestnut curls. "Please. I want to touch you."

"You are amazing," she whispered against his forehead before pressing her warm lips to his skin. "I guess you've suffered enough."

She sat up and sank down farther onto his hardness. Ah, sweet friction, though he missed her gorgeous boobs in his face. She sank her fingers into her pubic curls and rubbed her clit. Her beautiful face contorted into a heavenly grimace.

"Yes," she said, her voice a soft sigh. "Right there."

"Yeah, honey. Come all over me." He tensed his abdomen and thrust upward into her. "Come. For me."

When her first contraction hugged his cock, he let go. His climax seized him with blinding force, starting with tiny spasms in his balls then blazing outward along the length of him. He emptied into her, gave her his heart and soul along with his seed.

If only...

She came along with him, both of them thrusting, and her sheer beauty mesmerized him. Her tight body tensed, and drips of perspiration fell from her hairline down her cheeks, her neck, her breasts. Her red nipples taunted him, begged for his mouth. When his spasms slowed, he reached for her.

Damn the restraints!

"Let me go now, Eve. Please. Let me hold you."

"Wow, Jonny. That was...wow." She eased off his still-hard cock, slid up his moist body and untied him. Once free, he wrapped his arms around her and held her against him. He brushed his hands over her sleek, moist shoulders, fondled her swollen breasts, tweaked her puckered red nipples, caressed her thighs, her wet folds. He couldn't touch her enough, it seemed. Being restrained had made him want her even more.

"I love you so much, Eve."

She didn't respond. He didn't expect it. But he hoped he'd shown her tonight what she meant to him.

"You feel good," she said.

"You do too." He kissed the top of her head, inhaled her exotic bouquet of arousal and sex. The pure love in his heart for this woman overwhelmed him. "And the night is still young."

Chapter Six

Eve spent two days away from the loft. She'd rented a hotel room next to her studio and danced as much as she could. When she wasn't dancing, she thought about her nights with Jon and Brian. She went over every little detail in her mind. Every kiss, every caress. Every word exchanged. How Brian had introduced her to anal sex, releasing her inhibitions enough that she could try her fantasy of bondage with Jon. Both had given her so much. She had loved being controlled by Brian, had loved controlling Jon. Yet, surely something would surface. One little thing that would convince her she loved one more than the other.

Nothing had materialized. She loved them both. Wanted them both. Needed them both.

Flawed. She was definitely flawed.

Now she stood outside the door of the loft she shared with her two best friends. Her two lovers. The two people who meant the world to her.

Though she hadn't yet decided between them, she was prepared to make them an offer. An offer she hoped they wouldn't refuse.

She breathed in deeply, let it out slowly and opened the door.

Jon sat on the couch, his head in his hands. Brian sat on the piano bench, his elbows on the ivories. Both so beautiful, both so tortured.

All because of her and her stupid-ass flaws.

They expected her to choose one or neither of them. Boy, were they in for a surprise.

"Hi guys." Her voice trembled.

Jon rose, kissed her on the cheek. Then Brian, his signature kiss to her fingertips. How could she do this?

"I've missed you, sweetheart," Brian said.

"Me too," Jon echoed.

"I've missed you both." No lie. They were all she'd thought about. She paced out of the front room, then back in. "We need to talk."

"We know," Jon said. "We've been waiting."

Tears misted her eyes. "You want to sit down? At the table in the kitchen? Or here?" God, she was rambling. Who cared where they sat?

"How about here?" Jon sat on the front room couch and patted the space next to him. "Sit here, between Bri and me."

"Good idea." Brian plunked onto the other end of the sofa.

Eve sighed and sat down in the middle. She stared straight ahead at the blank screen of the television. "I don't know how to say this."

Brian took her hand and squeezed it. "It's okay, sweetheart. Whatever you decide is fine with Jon and me. We've talked it out, haven't we, bud?"

"Yeah," Jon said. "We know this has been hell for you. It's hell for us too. But we need to know, honey. We need to know if you love either one of us."

She gulped. "That's the problem. I've never fallen in love before."

"Oh." Sadness laced Jon's voice.

"No, let me finish." Eve cleared her throat. "What I mean is, I've had my share of boyfriends, but I never fell in love with any of them. Never felt that solid connection, you know? But now..." She wiped her eyes.

"Damn, don't cry," Jon said.

She sniffed. "It's okay. You need to understand. It happened gradually. I've always loved you guys. You're everything to me. And one day a couple months ago, I realized I'd been thinking about you both all the time. Fantasizing about you. Wanting to be with you intimately."

"Which one of us?" Brian asked.

She let out a harsh sigh. "Don't you get it? *Both* of you. I'm completely in love with both of you."

Brian dropped her hand. "What exactly are you saying, Eve?"

A vise gripped her heart and two tears trickled down her cheeks. "I love you both. I spent the last two days ruminating about this, hoping I could find I loved one of you more. Then at least only one of you would be hurting. But I can't. What does that make me? Some fickle little floozy, I guess." She buried her face in her hands and let out the sob she'd been holding back for two days.

Two hips nudged hers. Four arms embraced her. She'd admitted her shortcoming and still they comforted her.

"I don't deserve this."

"You're not flawed." Jon's deep voice soothed her. "You're not fickle. You said yourself you've never been in love before. So how can you be fickle?"

"Because it's not normal to be in love with two men. It's not fair to either of you. But I do love you both. You, Brian, your artistic nature, your love of music, the way you make the piano sound as if it's playing just for me."

"It *is* playing just for you, Eve. When I'm playing it, that is."

"And you're so strong. You know what you want and you go for it. You have a solid, commanding presence and it's irresistible."

"And you," she turned to Jon, "so smart and so strong, physically and emotionally. So dedicated to your work, to your friends. You understand your spiritual side. And you're so trusting. You're not afraid to submit to someone else's desires, someone else's needs."

"Only your needs, Eve."

She sighed and closed her eyes. "Both so different, yet so similar in your strength and capacity to love. You're the best of friends. And you're *my* best friends."

"What are you getting at?" Brian asked.

Always the one to take charge. Brian had to know what was going on. She didn't blame him. "I honestly thought it was only me, that neither of you would ever reciprocate my feelings. I thought I could live with that. Love you both from afar, you know? But then you both tell me you're in love with me and you want me to choose." She gulped. "Well, here it is in black and white. I can't choose one of you over the other."

"No." Jon thumbed her palm. "You're not leaving us, are you? We can go back to the way it was. It's possible, if we all try."

"I...I don't want to go back. It'll hurt too much. And it's not fair to you. You're both amazing."

"Then what?" Brian said. "How are we supposed to deal with this?"

"I—" Her heart pounded like a sledgehammer. What would they think of her? "I have a proposition."

Both bodies tightened next to her. So aware, she was, of each of their movements, each of their emotions. Right now they worried about what she was about to suggest.

"We're listening," Jon said.

"I'll make a decision." She swallowed. The invisible tension pervaded the room and crawled over her skin like tiny fireflies. "But before I do, I'd like to..."

For God's sake, Eve, get a backbone already! You're stronger than this. These men love you as much as you love them. They've proven that.

"I want us to make love." She shivered. She knew she was turning a hundred different shades of red. "Together. All three of us."

Neither of them spoke.

"You think I'm a freak, don't you?"

"Aw, sweetheart," Brian soothed, "you're not a freak. You think Jon or I could love a freak?"

"I just wish..."

"Come on now." He pressed a moist kiss to her neck. "It'll be all right."

"Yeah." Jon nipped at her earlobe. "We'll figure it out."

"Then you're willing...?" Eve's words caught. Brian's tongue drew circles on her bare shoulder. Jon's firm lips trailed kisses along her jawline.

Her sexual hunger stirred to life. Anticipation thickened in the air. They were going to do it. They were going to make love to her together. She sank back against the soft sofa. "This means the world to me. I can't tell you how much."

Brian's fingers eased her camisole over her chest, while Jon's fumbled with the snap and zipper of her jeans.

"Oh my God."

"I love you, Eve." Brian lifted her camisole and released her breasts from her bra.

"I love you too, honey." Jon eased her jeans over her hips.

"Okay, bud?" Brian asked.

Jon nodded, removed Eve's sandals and slid her jeans and panties off her.

The dam broke. Eve wrapped her arms around Brian's neck and kissed him hard. Jon spread her legs and pressed an open-mouthed kiss to her pussy.

"Wet, honey. God, you taste good."

Her tongue tangled with Brian's. She loved how he kissed. So forceful and demanding. She knew what she wanted. Both of them. And she would take it, if only this once. She broke the kiss and inhaled a necessary breath. "Your fingers, Jonny. Give me your fingers."

First one thick finger, then two, breached her wet channel. "You," she said to Brian.

"Shh. I'm going to suck those sweet nipples, baby. Suck them 'til they're raw."

He bit down hard on one nipple, plucked at the other one. Fresh cream drizzled onto her thigh.

"Mmm," Jon said. "Whatever you're doing, Bri, keep it up. She's dripping."

"You're delicious," Brian said against her flesh. "I love you, sweetheart."

"Oh, I love you too. Both of you." The words hung in the air, swirled around her head like a rainbow. How freeing to say them! To speak her heart to the men she loved.

Jon's tousled waves tickled her outer pussy lips, her thighs. Brian's auburn tresses teased the sensitive flesh of her breasts. Shivers racked her body.

"Make her come, Jon," Brian said.

Jon slid a third finger into her cunt and sucked her clit between his gorgeous lips. Her pussy burned from the sweet invasion. Brian's mouth took her whole areola and she shattered. The climax rocked her, sent tingles from her pussy to her nipples, to every cell in her body. She flew to the stars. Well loved by two men. A miracle, at least for today.

When the spasms subsided, she pulled Jon forward. "Bri," she whispered, "kiss my pussy. Kiss it like you kiss my mouth."

"You want me to lick you, huh, baby? You want my lips on your pretty pussy?"

"God, yes."

"Then beg me. Beg me to kiss your wet cunt."

Brian wanted control. Eve was all too happy to surrender it. "Please, Bri. Please suck my pussy. Make me come."

"My pleasure." He smiled as he and Jon traded places.

"Kiss me, Jonny. I want to taste myself on you."

Jon clamped his mouth to hers and she sucked hard on his tongue. Satiny, delicious. She kissed him deeply, savored her own female musk.

Brian licked her pussy lips, then spread them and thrust his tongue into her. She jolted, kissed Jon harder. Her belly rippled, her skin chilled then heated. So fucking good. Damn, she was ready to come again. When Brian nipped at her clit, the climax hit her. She bit down on Jon's tongue and he groaned into her mouth.

So much pleasure. So much love. If only...

Her orgasm continued, forcing her ever higher. She released Jon's mouth and cried both their names. Told them she loved them. Would always love them.

Brian tongued her as she eased down. "We're going to bed now, sweetheart." His voice hummed against her wet thighs. "Both of us. To your bed."

She nodded limply. Both of them in her bed. A dream come true. Every cell in her body screamed with sensation. Fresh urgency plowed through her, liquid heat sizzled beneath her skin. She knew exactly what she wanted. They needed condoms. Two of them. Hell, more than two. And a bed. Hers. Brian was right. It would have to be *her* bed.

She stood, but her knees buckled beneath her. Jon caught her and gathered her into his arms. He followed Brian to her room.

Jon laid her on the bed, the cool sheets a soothing salve to her hot skin. "How fast can the two of you get naked?"

Pretty fast, apparently. Clothes flew through the room until she had two gorgeous men, four hands, twenty fingers, two rock-hard cocks at her beck and call.

"Oh my..." Her voice had deepened, sounded foreign. Fresh juice rushed between her legs. She reached into her nightstand drawer, pulled out two condoms, ripped them open and stood and knelt before her two lovers. She tongued Brian's cock, then Jon's, just enough to coat them with moisture. Then she took one in each hand and slid her fingers back and forth along their solid lengths. "You're both so beautiful. So handsome. I love you so much."

"I love you, gorgeous," Jon said.

"So do I, sweetheart," Brian said.

Passion surged through her. This was what she had wanted, what she'd asked them for. But apprehension laced the fierce emotion. She was being selfish. This wasn't fair.

She backed away.

"Honey?"

She met Jon's dark gaze. His eyes smoldered. He wanted her. Brian fingered a strand of her hair. His eyes burned. He wanted her too.

She shook her head. "I don't deserve you. Either one of you."

Brian smiled. "Why don't you let us be the judge of that?"

"I agree," Jon said. "Tell us what you want, baby. Maybe we'll give it to you."

Eve closed her eyes. She rolled a condom onto Brian, then onto Jon. "Are you sure?"

They both nodded.

"I want you in my pussy, Jonny," she said.

"Perfect," Brian said. "I'll take your tight ass, sweetheart."

Her body quivered. He'd read her mind.

"Lie down on the bed, Jon." Brian smiled into Eve's eyes, but his commanding tone meant business. Eve shuddered. "I want to watch you ride his cock before I take you from behind."

Eve's whole body throbbed. Deep inside her a hunger burned that she desperately longed to sate. They would satisfy her, these two wonderful men. Perhaps just this once. She hated the self-absorption of it, longed to be able to give as much as she took from them. Yet, she didn't have it in her to deny herself supreme satisfaction in the arms of the two men she adored.

Shivering, she climbed onto Jon and sank down on his pulsing cock. Precious joining. "Ah." She closed her eyes as the sigh escaped her throat.

Jon's hands cupped her full breasts. "I love these, Eve. So pretty. The best in the world." He tugged at her nipples and they hardened into sleek berries.

She rose and sank down again, let his hardness fill her heart.

"That's it, baby," Brian said, his voice deep and husky, "ride his cock. Fuck her good, Jon. Get her all hot, and then I'm going to slide my hard cock up her ass."

Jon thrust his hips upward and his wiry, dark hair grazed her clit. Eve shuddered. Sparks ignited across her skin.

"Show him your flutter, sweetheart." Brian was behind her now, his hard chest brushing her back. "Dance for Jonny."

Eve obeyed. She constricted her diaphragm and fluttered, in rhythm with her heartbeat.

"That's beautiful, honey." Jon let out a sigh. "I can feel your muscles, Eve, when you flutter like that, I can feel it on my cock."

"Isn't that awesome?" Brian said, as he worked one finger, then another into her anus. "Man, you're tight. I can't wait to slide into your heat. But first..."

He withdrew from her tightness, and Eve let out a sigh of loss. "Bri?"

"Turn her over, Jonny. I want to watch you fuck her hard."

Jon twisted beneath her. "Damn, Bri, when you said that, I almost came."

"No. No coming yet. Not until I say, you understand?"

Jon nodded, and fingers of pleasure slid over Eve. They were perfect together. One in command, one willing to obey. And it all made her so hot she was ready to detonate. Her entire body throbbed, forcing all the ecstasy straight to her pussy.

Strong hands forced her to her back. Jon, all beautiful strength and muscle, hovered over her, waiting.

"Now," Brian said. "Take her now."

Jon thrust his massive cock into her wet channel. She felt complete, possessed, in the most wonderful of ways.

"That's it, fuck her good, Jonny. Fuck her hard. Harder. Faster."

Jon complied, and with each thrust, Eve edged closer to climax.

"Don't come, sweetheart." Brian's tone reeked of authority. "You either, bud."

"Damn, Bri. I've got to come. She's so tight, so wet."

"No. I'll decide when you come."

"Fuck." Jon continued to pump. Perspiration dripped from his forehead onto her face. His musk, his vanilla essence, seeped into her.

"Bri," she begged. "Please. I've got to come."

He smiled at her, his beautiful eyes gleaming, and before she had a chance to realize what he was doing, his palm came down with a smack on Jon's taut ass.

"Damn, Bri!" Jon cried out.

Brian reached between their writhing bodies and fingered her clit. "You can come now, Eve." He rubbed her furiously. Sparks flew over her flesh. "But you, Jon, not yet."

"Fuck," Jon said. "I can't hold on."

"Oh you can," Brian said. "And you will." He pinched Eve's clit. "Now, baby. Come now."

Eve screamed as she convulsed around Jon's thick cock. So good. So amazing. "God damn. I love you. I love you both!"

"We love you too, sweetheart." Brian patted her clit as she came down.

"I'm dying here," Jon said.

"You're no worse off than I am, pal." Brian stroked Eve's belly, twirling her wetness over her skin in soothing circles. She panted, trying to catch her breath. The orgasm had literally rocked her world.

"Get on your back, Jon," Brian said. "And you, sweetheart, on top of him. Show him your flutter again."

"If she flutters, I'm going to shoot."

"No you're not."

"Fuck, Brian. I can't hold on any longer."

"You *will* hold on!" Brian's voice, though still commanding, had softened. But only a bit. Eve's body still hummed for her release. She could only imagine how Jon was suffering.

"Come on, baby. Get on top of him."

She slid her cunt down on Jon's unyielding shaft. Ah, exquisite stretch.

"How's that feel, Jonny? Isn't she tight after she comes?"

"God. I'm going to burst, damn you." Jon squeezed his eyes shut.

"No, you're not. Ride him, Eve. Flutter."

She nodded and contracted her abdominals in short, rapid bursts.

"Shit," Jon said through clenched teeth, his body rigid beneath her.

Brian's lips bussed her neck. "You ready for me, baby?"

Her flutter still going strong, she nodded. Cool lubricant coated her crease. Chills gripped her, followed by the soothing heat of Brian's fingers massaging her tight rim. She breathed in and fluttered again, each rhythmic contraction hitting her clit with a surge of warmth.

"Now, Bri." Her ass was aching empty. "Take me now."

She ground down onto Jon as Brian nudged her entrance. She sighed when he breached her.

"All the way in, Bri."

He kissed her neck. "Say please."

"Please."

Slowly he glided into her. Full. So full. Her body, so full of cock.

Her heart so full of love.

"I'm going to fuck you hard, sweetheart. I'm going to pound your pretty ass while Jonny fucks your pussy. Fuck her, Jon. Fuck her good and hard."

Jon thrust upward and Brian pounded from behind.

"Damn, I can feel you fucking her, Bri."

"Me too." Brian's breath puffed against Eve's neck. "God. I never imagined."

Ripples blazed across Eve's skin.

"Pinch her nipples, Jon."

Jon pinched one nipple, then the other. His curls teased her clit. She edged toward the precipice. "I love you. You, Jonny, and you, Bri. Both of you. I love you so much!"

A duet of breathless "I love yous" met her ears. They did love her. She'd never doubt it. To do this for her...

"I'm close," she said, her voice a series of rapid pants.

"Hold on, baby." Brian's whisper slid across her moist neck. "We're all going to come. Together."

"Thank God," Jon rasped. "I'm ready when you are."

Eve ground down onto Jon's cock, rubbed her clit in his bristly curls.

"Now." Brian's stern voice was husky.

The climax zoomed into her. "I love you! God, I love you both!" She let out a ragged groan of release and a tidal wave of joy carried her into a sea of raw, primal euphoria. One of Brian's hands locked onto hers. She clutched it to her breast and laid it on top of Jon's fingers.

Brian thrust into her from behind and his cock convulsed against the tight wall of her ass. Jon plunged upward into her cunt with a violent jerk. Their releases hugged her in thunderous shock waves that rippled through her, adding to her own orgasm. She rocked with them, swayed with them, danced with them.

And when the shudders ceased, they panted together, still joined in body. Still holding hands.

Time stood still. Eve didn't know how many minutes had passed when Brian eased his cock from her ass, pulled her down onto the bed and nestled her between him and Jon. Two hard, beautiful bodies embraced her. Warmth, satisfaction, sheer passion and emotion. The two men she loved, who each loved her. If only it could last.

But this wasn't reality.

"That was wonderful," she said. "Thank you both. Thank you so much."

Jon brushed his lips against her cheek, tickling her with his stubble. "Thank *you*, honey. That was amazing."

"Yeah," Brian agreed, taking her hand. "It sure was."

"You both mean everything to me," she said.

"You mean everything to us too," Jon said.

"The thing is..." Eve drew a deep breath. "I said I'd make a decision after we made love. But...I can't. I can't decide between the two of you. I know it's selfish, but I want you both."

Brian chuckled against her hair. "You're not selfish, Eve. You're just in love."

"But—"

"You have any complaints, Jon? About what just happened?"

Eve turned to Jon, whose dark eyes twinkled. "Not a one."

"Are you both serious? This isn't—"

"Conventional? No," Brian said. "But I have to tell you, that was the best sex I've ever had."

"Me too," Jon agreed, "hands down."

"You mean you want to be...together? All of us?"

Brian kissed her forehead. "It's not originally what either of us had in mind, but we discussed it before you got home. We both agreed if you were up to it, we'd give it a try. We even talked a little about what we like in the bedroom. After all, Jon and I have been best friends forever. We love each other, though not in *that* way. And we both love you. Want you as a friend *and* as a lover."

"So when I suggested a threesome...?"

"We were all for it," Jon said.

Eve smiled, caressed Brian's thigh, Jon's taut abs. "And I was scared you'd think I was a freak for wanting to try it."

"If you hadn't suggested it," Brian said, "we would have."

"Oh..." Pleasure gripped her. Love filled her heart. She sat up in bed and looked down at her lovers. "I've got to be the luckiest woman on the planet. What can I do for you? Anything. I'll cook you a gourmet feast. I'll even make it healthy, Jonny. I'll serve

you breakfast in bed. I'll suck both your cocks at the same time. Anything. I'll give you anything."

Brian's eyes pierced her with emerald fire. Jon's burned her with dark embers. They spoke in unison.

"Dance for us."

About the Author

Helen Hardt is an attorney and stay-at-home mom turned award-winning author. She's been writing stories since the first grade, when her aspiring writer father encouraged her and gave her a small metal file cabinet with "Helen's Story Box" written on it in permanent marker. She began her first novel, a young adult romance, in the eighth grade. Although it will never see the light of day, she still has the manuscript that she typed on the old IBM Selectric.

She stopped writing to attend college and law school. She met her real-life hero in law school, and they live in Colorado with her two teenage sons. Helen writes contemporary, historical, paranormal and erotic romance. Her non-writing interests include Harley rides with her husband, attending her sons' sports and music performances, traveling and Taekwondo (she's a black belt.)

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

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