



Brynn  
Paulin

Two Plus One

*hot for teacher series*

# ***Two Plus One***

By Brynn Paulin

***A Hot for Teacher tale***

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This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and occurrences are a product of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, places, or occurrences, is purely coincidental.

*To Bronwyn, Mia and Cara. I'm glad to share the fantasy with you.*

## *Chapter One*

“Do you have a moment, Professor Swift?”

Briony Swift glanced up from the Algebra papers she was grading, then stifled a sigh at the sight of the two men filling the doorway of her office. *Oh Lord, not Nic Potter and Leo Phelps.* She beckoned them inside, not really having much choice since it was technically her office hours for five more minutes.

Taking a deep breath and summoning a smile, she tried to tamp down the instant attraction that hit whenever she saw these men, two of her students.

“How can I help you, gentlemen?” she asked. She’d like to help them in ways that would get her in trouble with the administration of Culver Rapids College. How could she not have scandalous thoughts when the two-for-one-special-of-hot stood before her clad in cotton button-down shirts and well-worn jeans? The soft fabric clung lovingly to their hard twenty-something bodies. She figured the pair for twenty-seven or twenty-eight—older than her regular students but still off-limits. With their floppy, black hair and light-blue eyes, they could have been twins. In fact, their body structures were similar, as well, but she knew they weren’t related.

They glanced at each other then stepped inside. Leo meandered to the old couch she’d placed on one side of her office and sat, sprawling his legs in front of him. Nic closed the door and leaned against it. The intent look he gave her sent panic through her.

She folded her hands on her desk and summoned her professor persona as a tremble of awareness clawed up her spine.

“Boys?” she questioned.

Nic frowned. “We’re not boys...Briony. We’re adults and not that much younger than you.”

She raised an eyebrow at both his tone and the implied challenge in his words.

“Can I help you?” she asked, adding an edge to her voice. Forcing composure, she leaned back in her chair, resting her arms on the rests, and crossed her legs. As she smoothed her long skirt, she wondered if perhaps she should reach for the phone and call security.

*You’re being silly*, she told herself. The two were seniors, good students, and didn’t have a record for causing trouble. She didn’t need to worry. Midterms approached and it wasn’t abnormal for students to visit for help.

Nic reached in his back pocket and pulled out a folded slip of paper. “I’d like you to sign this,” he said as he walk toward her, then placed the form on the desk.

“It’s a drop class request...” *Well, duh, Briony. Surely he knows that.* Pushing a strand of her light brown hair behind her ear, she scanned the form and found it blank. “It’s late in the term to drop a class.”

“Yes, but it seems the best thing to do.”

“Are you leaving school? You have a solid A in the course.”

He lifted a shoulder. “I don’t need the class and it’s...a problem.” Turning, he beckoned to Leo and his friend produced a similar form. “Leo’s dropping, too.”

She blinked at the second paper, also blank. “I guess I don’t understand. Since you’re both A students, what kind of problem is it? A time conflict? Difficulty with another student? My teaching style?”

Nic shook his head dismissively as she spoke.

“My limp?” she added. Some students were distracted by her jolting gait and the cane she used for support. It was hard to disguise since she spent a great deal of time standing at the white-board demonstrating equations.

“Yes,” Nic answered. “But not in the way you think.”

“Smooth, Nic,” Leo muttered behind him. He looked at her. “Haven’t you noticed us watching you? Ever?”

Well, yeah, she had. It always made her tingle right down to her toes. She had to tell herself repeatedly that they were students and intent on her lessons. The reminder served as a splash of ice water on her arousal. Two hot guys like Leo and Nic wouldn’t be remotely interested in their gimpy, older math teacher. Their attention had nothing to do with her as a woman.

“Yes,” she replied cautiously. “But I’m your teacher. You’re supposed to pay attention to me.”

“Briony, we’d pay attention to you even if you weren’t our teacher. I haven’t learned a thing in your class because I’m too busy watching you and thinking of—” He broke off with a sigh. “Just sign the form, okay.”

She wanted to know what he was thinking.

It was probably better not to know. It would only get her in trouble.

She reached for her pen. “You should know that even if I sign these, they will still have to be approved by the Mathematics Dean. Records will send the paperwork to him when you submit the drop forms. You’ll need a very good reason for leaving the course this late into the semester.”

And as of yet, she hadn’t heard a good reason. And neither of them offered one though they both looked down at her as if she should know. She swallowed at the sight of their smoldering blue gazes, again tamping down the quivering reaction she always experienced in their presence. It was crazy. She’d noticed attractive students before but she’d never been *attracted* to them.

*It’s too early for a midlife crisis, so what’s this?* she wondered. Her hand shook slightly as she moved to sign her name. Seconds later, she thrust them toward the men. “There you go. Good luck. You graduate soon, right?”

Nic’s smile was brilliant as he took the papers while Leo looked more...nervous. Nervous? Why?

“Yeah, in June,” Nic replied. “Your last class is done, right? And after your office hours, you can leave for the day?”

Briony blinked at him, suspecting that if she had a stupid-o-meter on her forehead, it would be flashing in bright neon. Dear God. Was he...hitting on her? The absolutely foreign idea took her aback and she stared at him for a moment as the cogs started falling n place and she added up what was going on here.

“Yes,” she finally answered.

“Do you have plans for the evening?” Nic asked.

“For dinner?” Leo quickly added.



*Plans...um, plans...* well that would be her favorite chick flick, flannel jammies and one of two bachelorette dinners—microwave popcorn or pizza rolls.

She nodded, indicating she had something going on that evening. She couldn't go out with a student—or two students, as the case might be. How crappy was that? They were the best offer she'd had in...well...ever. And it did seem as if they were both asking her out. Strange. A date with two men at the same time. Her pussy tingled at the thought.

*You're crazy. Stop thinking it!* she told herself. College students did not ask out teachers like her. Proposition, perhaps. Yes. Especially if they thought they could sleep themselves to a better grade, but ask out to dinner? Not hardly.

She glanced at her watch. "My office hours are over. So I'm going to pack up and get on with my Thursday night. Good luck with the rest of your term—"

Briony broke off in shock as Nic rounded her desk and gently pulled her from her chair. Her leg protested slightly at the movement, but it was so common, she barely noticed it—especially when she stood inches from a wide male torso. His smell wafted to her, a mix of pine she'd never forget. His arm was solid around her waist, both supporting and trapping her. Her hands came up on his chest to push him away and landed on hard, warm muscle. Even through his shirt there was no disguising how powerful he was.

"Mr. Potter," she snapped, the sound coming out much more breathy than she wanted. In about two seconds, he'd find out exactly how attracted she was to him. That just wasn't acceptable. "Release me and go."

His other hand slid up her back. "No."

"Please don't make me call security. You have too much to lose."

Nic stared down at her. "Too much to lose? Perhaps." His lips pressed together and his head angled slightly as he considered her. "We've seen the way you've looked at us."

Oh God. She'd thought she'd hidden her desire better than that. Crap.

"And I bet if I were to run my hand up your side and over your breasts, I'd find your nipples hard as rocks."

Double crap! She didn't dare look down to see if they were pressing against her silk blouse. Desperately, she tried to pull from his embrace.

She froze as Leo came up behind her and smoothed his hands over her shoulders. The heady scent of dark spicy cologne accompanied him. As spice and pine wafted around her, she

was lost in the intoxicating scents and the warmth prickling over her like a sultry blanket. Her pulse raced, but not from fear. She wasn't afraid of these men. She was afraid of herself and what she might do. College professors did not succumb to their students' advances—not college professors who wanted to remain employed.

“Relax,” he murmured. “We won't do anything you don't agree to and want.”

And there lay the crux of her dilemma.

“Just come to dinner with us,” Nic urged.

“I can't. You're students.”

“Not your students,” he returned as Leo's warm hands continued to slip over her shoulders. “Not anymore.”

The technicality of her signature on a dotted line didn't change her position of authority.

Taking a shaky breath that she hoped wasn't apparent, she gathered every shred of discipline she could muster. “You are,” she reiterated, adding ice to her tone. “Release me and leave my office now or I'll report your behavior.”

Both men backed up so quickly, she stumbled slightly. Grabbing the edge of the desk, she held herself up on wobbling legs. Nic rounded the desk, stopping directly opposite her. He planted his hands flat on the surface and leaned toward her.

“We're going to fuck you. Of *that* you can be sure,” he promised.

“Jesus!” Leo exclaimed, punching him in the shoulder. “Watch your language. She's worth more than a crass fuck.”

Briony stared at them, her mouth slightly dropped open. “Get out. And you'd better not let me see you on my way out of here tonight.”

The fingers on one of Nic's hands curled into a fist upon her desk. Neither man looked happy with her demand. Too bad. They all had their futures at stake.

Resisting the urge to grope for her cane or sink into her seat, she stood firm even as the bones in her right leg began to hurt from the exertion.

Nic and Leo looked at one another. Leo seemed to say something with his eyes and jerked his head toward the door. Nic glanced at her again, then released an exasperated sigh. Without another word, he turned and left the office. Leo gave her a small smile then followed. Only when he'd closed the door quietly behind him did Briony give into her weakness and drop heavily into her chair.

She'd pay for this with pain tomorrow. With pain and regret. But she'd still have a job, and since the two had just dropped her class, she wouldn't have the temptation of them seated in the front row of her classroom either.

As she absently rubbed her thigh, she thanked heaven for small mercies while at the same time cursing that she had to remain so damn strong. If she took a deep breath, she could still smell them, their scent clinging to her clothes.

This was why she valued math over everything else. There were no surprises. There were no curveballs. Number two didn't show up in an equation pretending to be a five. Closing her eyes, she leaned back and rested her head on the chair. Ruefully, she smiled. Usually there wasn't anything that couldn't be solved by a mathematician on top of her game, but three had sure thrown her for a loop just now and she had no idea how to address it.

\* \* \* \*

"Way to freak her out," Leo admonished Nic as they got into his car. They'd waited to let Briony know their intentions for almost two years. It had been an exercise in patience, watching, waiting, hoping she wouldn't enter a serious relationship with anyone before they were ready. They'd had a feeling she wouldn't be inclined to start an affair with anyone she considered to be students at the college even if that man wasn't in her class.

Taking her class—which they didn't need—in order to get to know her better had been the most asinine idea ever and totally at odds with their first inclination that she wouldn't ever date a student. But since they were graduating after this semester, they'd thought being in her class for this last stretch would give her a chance to know them before they asked her out. Little had they realized that it would prove unbearable to sit there, wanting her so badly class after class.

"You know me. Straight forward," Nic answered, a self-deprecating smile curving his lips. His head dropped back on the rest and he stared at the ceiling. "Open mouth. Say first thing that comes to mind."

Leo rolled his eyes as he started the car. "Try to suppress that a little, huh?" He tapped his fingers on the steering wheel as agitation ate at his stomach. "I don't know what the hell we're gonna do now."

"Send her flowers? Apologize? Try not to think with the small head? I don't know."

"I'm not giving up."

For the last two years since Briony had caught their attention, no other woman had interested either of them. If she continued to rebuff them, it would hurt more than she could imagine. She didn't have any idea how invested they were in her—how often they'd discussed having her as a mate and the implications of her disability. It wasn't something they took lightly. And it wasn't all about sex. Every new part of her they discovered endeared her to them even more.

It was a fine line to walk—learning about a woman they wanted badly, but not being a stalker. Heaven forbid.

“God, I can't wait until we're outta here and in New England next year. No more of this college bullshit,” Nic grated.

“Credibility,” Leo reminded him. They already had a career writing travel books, but they wanted degrees in their background.

“Yeah. Right,” came the reply. Leo knew the idea had worn off for Nic about three years ago. Truly, Leo was anxious to move forward with his life, too.

“Hey, if we hadn't decided to do the college route, we never would have found Briony.”

“I don't know about that. You know, destiny and all that crap. If she's our one, we were destined to find her. Do you think she'll come to New England with us?”

Leo shrugged. He didn't like the thought of leaving her behind. It was a moot point right now anyway. They had to take one step at a time. First things first: the drop forms to the records department first thing in the morning. And... “I think we should go to class tomorrow.”

“Of course we should. We still have two months—”

“Briony's class.”

“That will freak her out just as much as me telling her I want to fuck her,” Nic replied.

“Got a better idea?”

“That won't get the cops called on us for trespassing? No. So, I guess, class it is.”

\* \* \* \*

Briony had never been less refreshed in the morning. All night she'd tossed and turned, waking up time after time from steamy dreams that left her hot and sweaty with the sheets twisted around her legs. Whenever she'd closed her eyes, she'd felt Nic and Leo's arms around her. Holding her tight. Stripping away her clothes. Touching her. But just as one of them was about to take her, she'd pop awake. Frustration fraught with desperate need had plagued her until

finally she'd reached into the drawer on her bedside table and gotten out her vibe. That only went so far. After an empty orgasm, she'd wanted more, and not the kind of release a battery-operated toy could bring her.

As she slapped her hand over the control for the alarm clock to shut it off, she stared at her ceiling shrouded into the gloomy darkness of early morning. Seeing her dream lovers' faces in the rolling murkiness as her eyes adjusted, she reached over and flipped on the light to erase the images.

If only it were that easy.

Why had she said no? Her reasoning seemed less sound after such a restless night. Other teachers occasionally dated students. As long as the student wasn't academically dependant to the teacher in any way, administration looked the other direction and gave their implicit blessing, even if they didn't outright give their unequivocal approval. By the time her first class started this morning, the class Leo and Nic had formerly attended, they most likely would have turned in their drop requests eliminating their student-teacher relationship.

Still pondering, she sat up and rubbed her right leg. Her nightgown was tangled around her waist, revealing the highway of scars on the limb. She frowned and dragged a finger over a silvery line. One ill-fated trip down the side of a mountain her sophomore year of high school and her leg had been mangled. The bones had incurred multiple breaks, the muscles had ripped; the skin had been torn by rocks and tree limbs, then the surgeon's scalpel. Ironically, the rest of her body had sustained little damage other than bruises, two sprains and cuts that had healed quickly. All in all, she was lucky she could walk today.

What would Leo and Nic think of her scars?

Good lord! Why would she even think that?

With a disgusted sigh, she reached for her cane and stood. An affair with them would be more dangerous and ill-fated than her calamitous trip down the ski slope almost twenty years ago.

She headed for the shower, determined to reclaim her thoughts and her serenity in her classroom. There was comfort in calculations. Some understood that, some did not, but to her, the numbers were friends waiting to show her a puzzle. If only they could help her through the puzzle claiming her attention now. No matter how she turned the figures in her head, the inch

separating her mouth from Nic's returned to her. An inch divided by half, then half, then half then—soon there'd be nothing left to separate their lips.

Growling with frustration, she hurried through her morning routine. By the time she arrived at the college and strolled into her classroom seconds before the start of the session, her resolve was in tatters. Maybe she shouldn't have said no to Nic and Leo in the first place.

The thought of spending the night in their arms, coupled with her dreams the night before, immediately assailed her.

*Not now!* Good Lord, how could she teach if the fantasy of two super-hot hunks filled her every thought? She had it bad.

Frowning as she walked to the podium, she vowed to end her dry spell. She'd had offers—from men her age who weren't students. There was no reason to go through this. What would Nic and Leo want with her anyway? Her stomach seemed to twist upon itself. If they were playing with her...

*Please, please, please don't let it be that.* How humiliating. At least she hadn't fallen for it.

"Good morning, everyone," she said as she reached podium and dropped her satchel on the table beside it. She pulled out the textbook with the lessons they were reviewing for the upcoming exam. "We'll resume where we left off on Wednesday. If you'd like to follow along with the examples, turn to page—"

She broke off as she looked up. Nic and Leo sat in the first row looking at her as if they could see through her clothes and liked what they saw.

Briony's book dropped onto the podium with a thud and slid to the floor. Yeah, she was shocked to see them. The surprise attack had been a good choice.

Nic jumped to his feet and had the book before she could react. Looking up at her from his kneeling position, he held out the text. "Here you go, Professor Swift."

Soon, very soon, he'd call her Briony again and that would be all he ever called her. Well, unless he called her *luv*. His words taunted her, promising illicit acts with just a few innocent syllables. If he leaned forward just a bit, he'd be inches from her body. He wanted to smell her arousal. To taste her. To feel her slick warmth surrounding him. He hoped she saw it all in his look. There was no disguising it.

A hank of her light brown bob swung forward, blocking his view of her delicate features. He had no doubt she still gazed at him with her whisky-brown eyes. He could lose himself in them—hell, he could drown in them.

She let out a shaky breath and took the book. Oh yeah. She'd read his intent.

He grinned then headed back to his seat.

"Smooth," Leo muttered.

"I'm sorry," she said to the class. "If you'll turn to page one-twelve, you can follow along with the lesson."

She glanced at Leo and him as if to ask, 'what the hell are you doing here?' Since they'd dropped her class, they shouldn't be sitting in her classroom, listening to her teach. They hadn't even bothered to bring their books.

They planned to break past her defenses, and textbooks wouldn't be needed for that.

Studiously ignoring them, Briony reviewed the lessons she'd taught earlier in the semester. A slight southern drawl added a sweet lilt to her voice as she spoke. He could listen to her for hours. She talked and the blood rushed to his cock.

He wished he could peel away the cardigan she'd donned that morning. The thick fabric disguised her nipples and barely allowed the true curve of her breasts to be seen. It would be the first thing to go when he got his hands on her. His palms itched to smooth over her soft skin as he bathed her hidden peaks with his tongue.

She limped from the podium to the white board to demonstrate equations, and Nic's fist closed on his desk. He glanced over at Leo. His hand was clenched tight as well. Her disability didn't bother them as it might other people, but it pained them to see her suffer, and this morning, she leaned heavily on her cane, her limp more pronounced than normal.

He wanted to sweep her into his arms and carry her everywhere, to never let her endure discomfort again.

She glanced at her watch. "Okay, everyone, here we go. X times pi..."

Nic traced a line in the desk as she spoke and tuned in to the sound of her voice rather than the words themselves. He couldn't care less how to figure out the diameter of a circle or whatever the hell the lesson revolved around today. He preferred Briony plus Leo plus Nic equals three. If three equals perfect, then Briony, Leo and Nic equal perfect. Perfect... Yeah.

He let his mind drift to what he wanted to do with her—something that had nothing to do with school and everything to do with the future. In his daydream, Briony lay on a huge four-poster bed. Leo was on one side of her while he was on the other. Their hands roamed over her while she moaned her pleasure. He kissed his way over her shoulder to her breast—

“Mr. Phelps, Mr. Potter,” she said, breaking into his fantasy. “I’d like to see you in my office after class. Everyone else, you’re free to go. Remember to study. The exam is Monday morning.”

He glanced at his watch in surprise. Had his thoughts drifted off that long? Was it already time for class to be over? No. She was releasing them twenty minutes early. Well, *that* never happened.

She’d moved back to the desk while he’d zoned out. Again ignoring him and Leo, she shoved her textbook into her satchel then headed for the door where she joined the throng of students already exiting the classroom. They parted like the Red Sea to let her through. In moments, she’d disappeared from sight.

“Are you going to sit there staring at her ass, or are you coming?” Leo asked, already standing.

Nic frowned at him, then shoved his notebook in the backpack at his feet. Leo was his best friend, but he was always so irritatingly down to earth and laid back. Nic felt as if his whole world teetered on a precipice.

“I’m comin’,” he muttered, rising. “What do you suppose she wants?” Probably not the same thing he wanted so badly he couldn’t sleep some nights.

“Judging from her look earlier? To kick our asses.”

“I bet she could beat the shit out of us if she wanted to. You saw her on the weight machines at the gym. I bet with her muscle and that cane she’s lethal.”

Leo laughed. “If she kills you, I vow to go on.”

Nic laughed as well. He didn’t mind sharing women with Leo, and Leo knew it. In fact, Nic realized that in any threesome relationship, Leo and their woman would sometimes be alone, as would he and that woman. It didn’t bother him. He’d like to watch Leo and Briony together. Damn. That would be hot...

Desperately, he hoped she planned more than a verbal dressing down in her office.



Though the hall was crowded, they easily spotted her as soon as they left the room. Anticipation raced through Nic. This was it. He knew this was the turning point—as long as they didn't screw things up. He and Leo shouldered their way through the students around them, ignoring protests as they focused on Briony like heat-seeking missiles. They were on her heels as she entered her office.

Sensing them, she didn't bother to shut the door. Instead, she continued to her desk and set down her satchel. Nic closed the door, trepidation filling him at the sight of her rigid back. Oh shit. This wasn't good.

"Why were the two of you in class if you've dropped it? Are you playing with me?" she demanded.

"Playing?" Leo echoed beside him.

She turned then. The pain in her eyes nearly knocked Nic over.

"You're not in my class any longer. I want you to stay out."

"Briony," he murmured. He couldn't stop himself. One second, he was by the door. The next, his backpack had dropped to the floor and he'd crossed to her side.

Without waiting for permission, he swept her into his arms. Pleasure shot through him at the perfect way her petite body filled his arms and her soft breasts pressed against him. Her light floral scent swirled around him and his cock immediately reacted. As she looked up at him with her stunned whisky-colored eyes, he knew he'd never been as attracted to a woman.

Her cane clattered to the floor.

"Let go of me!" she demanded, shoving at his chest.

His arms tightened. He was probably screwing up everything, but he couldn't force himself to let go—not until she understood. "We wouldn't play with you. Not like you're thinking," he promised. "We want to be where you are. Since you kicked us out of your office last night, your class seemed the next best place to be even though we turned in our drop forms this morning."

"Why me?" she asked.

"Do you believe in destiny? Soul mates?" Nic asked.

Briony raised an eyebrow at him, disbelief painted across her countenance. "Actually, I do. But surely you're not suggesting that." She paused and studied his face as he looked down at

her with his most earnest expression. She had to see he was serious. Her eyes widened. “You *are* saying that. I’m a good six years older than you, for God’s sake.”

“Six years is nothing. Not when it comes to fate.” He was probably making a total ass out of himself by speaking his feelings, but like he’d told Leo the previous night, he said what he felt. Not that it was news to Leo. And hey, women loved that crap, right?

Briony punched his shoulder. “Let go of me, you lout! We barely know each other—you don’t know anything about me and I don’t know you other than what I see in class.”

“Then get to know us,” Leo urged. He stepped beside them and slid an arm around Briony, too. “Please. I promise you won’t regret it.”

“I sincerely doubt that,” she snapped, but she stilled and went silent.

Nic held his breath as he watched her think. He could almost see her thoughts as she calculated the variables of the situation.

Her hand flattened on his chest, her fingers flexing slightly. “Damn it,” she muttered under her breath. “This is the most asinine thing I’ve ever considered.” She huffed. “When did you turn in your forms?”

“Eight a.m. on the dot,” he replied. Hope sprouted within him, and this time, when Briony pulled away, he let go. Her brow wrinkled as she contemplated them, but the fact that she wasn’t screaming for security encouraged him.

Reaching behind her, she grasped her desk for support. Slowly, she circled it. “Rhonda doesn’t let those things sit,” she said. “The requests will already be on the Dean Butler’s desk. He may have already signed them.”

“And...” Leo prompted.

“Then you’re no longer my students, I guess.”

Nic grinned. “That’s fantastic.”

She lifted her brow and tilted her head. “It’s more of a gray area actually.”

“Gray, how?” Leo asked.

“You were my students. You’ve just dropped. If anyone were to find out there was anything between us, there would be questions about when it started. If I pressured you.” She shook her head and closed her eyes for a moment. “If I’d met you in a non-academic setting, even if you were students at the college, there’d be less room for speculation.”

“Damn it!” Nic exclaimed and looked over at Leo.

“What?” Briony asked.

“The only reason we were in your class was to get closer to you. We didn’t need Algebra. We’re seniors. I tested out of college math and Leo finished his requirements during his freshman year.”

“Wait... To get closer to me?”

Leo picked up her cane and brought it around the desk. “Don’t hit me with this. I’ve seen you on the weight machines. I bet you could do some wicked damage. You see, we noticed you for the first time two years ago. You were leaving the gym. Little tendrils of your hair were sticking to your face—”

“He’s a photographer. He notices those things,” Nic interrupted. He elbowed Leo. “You sound like a stalker.”

“Me? You’re the one who went all dark and crass on her last night.”

Briony’s musical laugh stopped them. “You two...” She shook her head then tapped her fingernails on the desk as she visibly struggled with a decision. “Look. Nothing can happen here.”

Nic’s stomach sank to his balls, the acid eating away his lingering arousal. “Briony—”

“Come to my house. Around five. It’s the place with white siding where Marigold Street dead ends.”

## *Chapter Two*

“This is the stupidest thing you’ve ever done,” Briony muttered to herself as she wandered through her kitchen for about the millionth time since she’d come home. Wine chilled in the refrigerator, a roast and vegetables cooked in the slow cooker, she’d gotten herself ready. She smoothed her hands over her jeans and blouse. They looked casual, but underneath she wore her sexiest red lace and silk panties and bra.

Everything was set for Nic and Leo’s arrival. Why couldn’t she calm down?

*Because you’re about to have sex with two of your freaking-hot students.*

“Ex-students,” she corrected herself aloud. And they weren’t just hot. Leo was quiet and almost brooding while Nic was outgoing and exuberant. They might look alike, but their personalities were polar opposites.

She liked that. Leo was an anchor while Nic was flight. A good combination. They evened each other out.

The doorbell rang and she nearly jumped out of her skin though she’d been expecting them since four.

*Tell them you’ve changed your mind. Tell them to go home,* her common sense urged as she hurried to the door. She swung it open and was struck by how breathtaking they were, dressed casually in jeans and sports shirts. For a moment, she wondered if they were insane to go without a jacket. It was March in Michigan. Winter had started to wane, but not enough to go without a coat. But they were her men, not her children. Warmth infused her at the thought. Her men. Soon. At least for tonight.

“Come in,” she said, stepping back and letting them inside. They stood uncomfortably in the entryway for a moment. Nic shoved out his hand, and she saw he held a book.

“This is for you,” he said.

“Thanks.” They’d gotten her a book? Okay. She scanned the cover. *Four Years on the Road: The First Year*. Interesting choice. Wait! The book was by Nicholas Potter and Leo Phelps. She looked up at them in surprise.

“After high school, we wanted to travel and see the States,” Leo explained. “So we did. I took pictures, and Nic wrote the text. Our publisher contracted all four books last year.” He shrugged. “Anyway, that’s why we didn’t start at Culver College until we were twenty-three.”

“They’ve already asked us to do more. When we graduate in May, we’ll be leaving to do a book on New England. You said you didn’t know us. This is part of who we are.”

She glanced down at the book again. Amazing. They were twenty-seven and already so accomplished. “This is incredible. I’m impressed,” she told them.

Nic took the book from her hand and set it on the table next to the door. “It’s not important. Just part of who we are. We want you to know that we support ourselves and don’t rely on loans or mom and dad. We’re grown-ups, Briony.”

Before she could respond that she knew that or they wouldn’t be at her house, his mouth was on hers. She sucked in a surprised breath that quickly turned to a moan as she leaned into him. He tasted of coffee and mint and...oh so good. A tingling started low in her belly, spreading until she couldn’t help but squirm against him. His rigid erection pressed to her abdomen. It heated her even more to know he wanted her as much as he did.

Leo came up beside them, and Nic shifted her into his friend’s arms. As soon as Nic’s mouth lifted, Leo’s replaced it. The tingle spread up her body until her breasts felt too sensitive to touch, yet needed it so much. She pushed into Leo, loving the feel of his solid chest. While he kissed her, Nic came up behind her and pressed his lips to her neck. His hands settled on her hips, his body flushed to hers.

Held captive between the two of them, her senses exploded. The sharp pine-spice scent of them, the cinnamon taste of Leo, their heat, the rasp of their male skin to hers, the sound of their excited breathing, her heart pounding in her ears...

Distantly, she heard her cane crash to the floor as she reached for Leo. Her arms went around his neck and she lifted on the toes of her good leg to better reach his mouth. Nic continued to hold her, supporting her as one of his hands slowly inched over her side. His splayed fingers stopped just shy of her breast.

She moaned, wanting more as she met Leo's tongue thrust for thrust. His hand spread on her lower back, pulling her tight to the ridge of his cock.

*Oh God, oh God, oh God...*

Two men. Two cocks. Two heated mouths. Illicit pleasure filled her, making her hotter with each move. The situation itself was erotic candy, but the feeling of them... It opened a door she'd never before dared to open. She never would have thought to.

Reaching back, she buried her fingers in Nic's silky hair. His mouth continued its hot trail along her neck. He nudged aside the collar of her shirt to nip her shoulder, and she shivered in response.

Reaction vibrated through her, out of control like unchecked lava as it flowed to her pussy and dampened her panties. Her thighs, usually very firm despite her disability, seemed as wobbly as jelly. Neither man was letting her go. She didn't fear falling. At least not physically.

As she pulled her mouth away from Leo's to suck in a breath, she recalled the meal heating in the kitchen and the table set in the dining room. "I made dinner," she said.

Nic's tongue snaked out to flick her shoulder. He followed it with a nip that shot a tremor down her spine. Both men seemed ready to take control and dominate now that they'd found their footing with her. It made her wetter than she could ever have imagined. Suddenly, the vision of being bound to the bed while the two of them took turns fucking her filled her thoughts and she moaned with need. Nic moved his mouth closer to her neck and nipped again.

"I like the meal I have right here," he said.

"Oh, yeah," Leo replied, taking her mouth once more.

*Who needed food anyway?* she decided. Eagerly, she kissed Leo, meeting his tongue, licking along his bottom lip. When his hands went beneath her ass and he lifted her, she wrapped her legs around his waist and rubbed against his groin.

"My bedroom's that way," she said, motioning down the hallway behind her to the right. Nic caught her belt loop, leading the way while Leo continued to kiss her.

Leo's hand slid to her bottom and slipped into the back of her jeans where they gapped from her position. She froze and pulled away slightly. Still trapped in his arms, she looked at him.

"Yes," he whispered. Urging her, telling her what he wanted. His fingers flexed on her buttocks and she pushed forward against his erection.

Nic stopped them beside her bed that was covered with a creamy quilt patterned with cabbage roses. It matched the rest of her thoroughly girly bedroom. Had she taken the opportunity to observe the two men against the prissy background, she probably would have thought them out of place, but close up, with them against her...

Well, maybe they were still out of place.

"Relax," Nic crooned coming close to her again and smoothing his palms up her sides. This time his fingertips grazed her breasts and a pleasant thrill worked through her. Suddenly, she wanted him to cup their fullness, to squeeze them, maybe even pinch her nipples.

She'd read about that, but it had never happened before. She'd never had anything but polite matter-of-fact sex. Oh, how she wanted more. So much more.

She could feel her juices seeping from her. It would be a miracle if Leo's fly wasn't getting damp. Did she care? Not really. She wanted that cock lodged deep inside her, fucking her until she screamed her release.

Briony almost giggled. Scream? She'd never screamed before. It was usually more of a quiet moan as she sort of came.

Leo set her on her feet and she balanced herself, keeping most of her weight on one leg. Behind her, Nic pulled her blouse from her pants while Leo worked on her buttons. Impatiently, Nic pushed it down her shoulders before his friend undone half of them. His callused hands grasped her upper arms while he kissed the back of her neck.

She let out a small cry as a tremor flew through her. She'd never known that her neck was an erogenous spot. Residual waves raised goose bumps on her skin. Tipping her head forward, she gave him better access, feeling completely hedonistic. It felt so good.

"You like that," Nic muttered against her skin.

"God, yes, don't stop."

Leo pushed the shirt off her arms and it fluttered to the floor at her bare feet.

"What about this?" Leo asked as he captured her wrists behind her back and kissed a trail down her breast, occasionally laving the creamy white skin.

"Y—es!" she yelped when he caught her aroused nipple between his teeth through her bra. Her pussy clenched so hard, she thought she might come then and there. He flattened his tongue over the captured peak, then flicked, then sucked deep.

Her body shook. Dear God, she could be a virgin for the strength of her reaction to their touch.

Cool air teased her nipple as he moved to the other and gave it the same treatment. She pulled against his hands, wanting to push her fingers into his hair and keep him there as he sucked. He held her tighter, keeping her captive.

*Yes!* her body cried. It was everything she'd always secretly longed for.

Leo straightened and looked down into her eyes, his gaze dark and possessive. "You're ours now, baby."

*Oh...*

As he continued to hold her, Nic's hands came around her waist to the fastener of her jeans. Her eyes went wide and cold panic filled her. Unable to use her hands, she lurched backward into his body.

Both of them immediately let go of her and she groped for the bed. Awkwardly, she sat on the edge. Leo knelt beside her while Nic took a step back and thrust his hands into his pants pockets. The fabric strained over his hard cock and she moaned, covering her face with her fingers.

Leo encircled her wrists and pulled them away. "What is it?" he asked.

God! It was so stupid and she wanted them so badly. "I'm sorry...I..." She bit her lip and shook her head. "I thought I could forget, that I wouldn't care. I mean, it's not like I haven't had sex before. I didn't care so much before," she babbled. "I've got scars. Lots of scars. They're so ugly."

Nic was immediately on his knees on the other side of her. "Luv, don't you think we guessed that?"

She laughed bitterly. "I'll bet not like these."

"It doesn't matter." He placed his hand possessively on her right leg. His palm smoothed from her outer knee inward to the juncture of her thigh. There was no way he wouldn't feel the ridges from the scars. She swallowed, but the lump in her throat wouldn't move. She could barely breathe.

"You say that now." She'd die of humiliation if she saw a look of revulsion on their faces.



“Baby,” Leo murmured. He kissed her belly, teasing her navel with the tip of his tongue. “Yes, it matters but only because it hurt you. You’re so Goddamn beautiful. Nothing on that leg is going to stop me from wanting you. Hell, my cock is like iron every time I’m around you. That’s not going to change. I know Nic feels the same way.”

Beside him, Nic nodded. He leaned forward and captured one of her nipples. A moment later, his fingers were there tugging down the fabric of her bra and his mouth was on her bare flesh.

Leaving them, Leo got up, but she didn’t see where he went as Nic pushed her backward on the bed. His upper body covered hers as he explored her with his hands and mouth.

Metal on metal sounded as the rings on her curtains slid along the rod. Tilting her head, she saw Leo closing both sets of curtains on the windows. The room turned shadowy. His dark image returned to the bed. A rattle followed, then she smelled the sulfur of a match as one struck and ignited. He lit the candle on her bedside table, casting them in a flickering glow.

Mesmerized, she watched as Nic stood, and together the men removed their shirts. She knew they must work out if they’d seen her at the gym, but sweet mother of God. Their wide, firm chests were far more than she’d ever imagined. She scooted further onto the bed as they each climbed onto the mattress beside her, crawling forward until their heads were level with hers. Leo kissed her, thrusting his tongue into her mouth while Nic straddled her body. Reaching behind her, he unhooked her bra and pulled it from her body.

“Bree, you’ve got the most amazing breasts,” he told her. Immediately his hands came up beneath them, cupping their weight. The sensation of his fingers moving over her was heightened by her blocked vision. All she could see was Leo’s brilliant blue eyes as he took her mouth, lifted, re-angled and took it again. The heat in her body rekindled to a blazing pitch and she arched her back into Nic. She reached for him, but Leo clasped her hands over her head. He paused, looking down at her.

“Nic’s gonna open your jeans now, ‘kay?”

She bit her lip and nodded.

“Say yes, baby. Say it out loud.”

“Yes,” she whispered. Though she was still terrified that they’d be grossed out at the sight of her body, she wasn’t going to chicken out. She needed them, and she prayed for all she

was worth that they'd be blind to her scars, that the candlelight would mute the damage, that a miracle would happen...anything.

Forcing herself to remain calm, she didn't flinch as Leo rolled to the side and she could see Nic kneeling over her legs, his fingers at the button of her jeans. Bending forward, he licked a trail from her waistband to her belly button. At the same time, she felt the button release. The hiss of her zipper followed. Breathless, she lifted her hips to help him. Even as Leo stroked her arm to soothe her, she couldn't tear her gaze away from Nic's face.

He looked up at her and grinned, then hooked his fingers in both her pants and her panties. With a tug, he had them down to the top of her thighs, exposing her curls. Both men breathed harshly. Nic seemed unable to help himself as he pressed his mouth to the top of her pussy and breathed deeply. If she wasn't wet before...

As if he read her mind, he pulled free one of his hands and slipped one long finger along her slit. He parted her with the movement and worked his way inside to caress her slippery folds.

"Oh Luv, you're so fucking ready."

She nodded. "Hurry. I need you both so bad."

His eyes connected with hers and he pulled her pants the rest of the way down her legs. It wasn't until he tossed aside the garments that he looked down at her leg, but Leo had already gasped. Panicked, her gaze flew between the men's faces. As she'd feared, horror filled their faces, but not the disgusted horror she'd been so worried about.

"Baby, it must have been so horrible," Leo whispered, moving closer. Already, Nic's mouth traced the lines as if he could kiss them better and erase them.

"You're so precious it kills me to know you endured such pain," he said. Slowly, his lips moved upward as Leo's mouth worked where he'd just been. She couldn't recall her leg feeling this good in quite some time.

Nic reached the crevice between her leg and pussy and licked along it while she moaned for more. If only he'd move over slightly. And then he did, his thumbs parting her, and his mouth was on her sex, dragging his tongue along her folds, nipping and sucking at her clit.

Her fists clenched in the comforter. He slipped a finger inside her slick channel. Briony squeezed her eyes shut, pushing her head to the mattress. Why had she ever thought this was a bad idea?

She bent her legs upward, opening further for Nic's wide shoulders. Thankfully, she was somewhat flexible despite the fact her leg had been too mangled to ever properly hold her weight again. There wouldn't be any acrobatics, but it wouldn't hamper their sex.

Leo had disappeared and she wondered momentarily where he'd gone. The thought was fleeting as Nic added another finger to the play, stretching her tender tissues to accommodate them. Her hips shifted into him as a swirling sensation filled her womb. It seemed to knot upon itself, drawing all her focus to the tension building there.

"You taste so good, Luv," Nic rasped between strokes of his tongue. "And damn, so tight. You're gonna squeeze me so tight, aren't you."

Her pussy clenched and he moaned "yes" as another flood of cream must have filled his mouth. As his fingers plunged in and out of her, he moved upward and caught her clit between his teeth again. The sensation shot her clear over the edge of oblivion, as it seemed to yank the thread holding the tension in place. It shot through her body and she screamed—for the first time really screaming—with the overwhelming climax that arched her body off the bed.

When the world stopped flying around her, she opened her eyes. Leo sat nearby, leaning against the pillows. He'd discarded his pants and now stroked his cock from root to tip as he watched Nic pleasure her. Turning, she crawled up to him and knelt between his parted legs. His wide cock invited her mouth and there was nothing she could do to stop from leaning forward and wrapping her lips around the flared head. Her tongue swiped over the droplet that had formed there.

"Wonderful," she whispered before she sank down on him, filling her mouth with his hard flesh.

"Yes, baby," he gasped. Pleasure rolled through her as he knotted his fingers in her hair. She liked him rough like this. She liked the slight pull. Dutifully submitting to his silent wish, she worked up and down his shaft and took as much of him as she could. She tasted each ridge, flicking over the three sets of barbells pierced below the head of his cock. She's never had a man who was pierced, and she wondered how it would feel. Awesome, she'd bet. Since Nic and Leo seemed to share so much, she wondered at whether Nic was pierced as well, but the thought fled at the feel of his hands on her ass.

"I'm gonna fuck you, just like I promised," he told her. She shivered in anticipation, but didn't slow her mouth on Leo. Nic's cock tapped against her ass as he moved forward. Canting

her hips best she could, she invited him inside, and a moment later his tip pressed to her entrance. The moment seemed to freeze as she waited for him to push his way in. It had been so long since she'd been with a man; her toy just didn't compete.

Her lips tightened on Leo and he swore, his fingers tightening in her hair for a second before pulling free. Suddenly, he grabbed her wrists and pulled them to either side of his hips. It hampered her leverage, dropped her shoulders lower and lifted her ass higher in the air for Nic. Helpless to do more than move infinitesimally up and down Leo's cock, most of his length lodged inside her mouth, she waited for Nic's shaft to impale her, her body vibrating with her arousal. She liked it this way more than she could have ever imagined. Helpless. Submissive. Theirs.

The relief that hit her when Nic slowly forced his girth inside drew a deep moan of acceptance. He held her hips, supporting her yet holding her still as he plowed forward, little by little.

Frantically, she played her tongue over Leo until he squirmed beneath her. He then stunned her by pulling free then settling her head beside his cock. He immediately regained his grasp of her wrists. His length bobbed against her cheek as Nic made the final push to completely seat himself inside her.

It felt so good, cushioned by hard flesh, filled with hard flesh. Her moans flowed from her freely as a burbling river rolled past the shore and filled the room with her pleasure.

"You feel so good," Nic told her. "Just like I knew you would. I could fuck you forever. Oh damn, yeah, squeeze me like that. You love it, don't you? Having two men? Being ours. I can tell how much you like it. You're so wet and hot and fucking tight."

Her body convulsed at his words. Another release lingered just beyond her reach. He had only to push her there.

"Fuck me harder," she begged.

"You're not in charge here, Professor. It's time for the students to teach the teacher."

And they were.

Her Leo-manacled hands clenched as Nic powered into her, and each perfect stroke sent tension vibrating to her limbs with the promise of explosive pleasure to come. Her breathing grew ragged. Sinking into the animalistic way Nic fucked her, she pressed her face into Leo's groin, inhaling his musky scent. Despite Nic's words, the façade of students and teacher had

slipped away. Any number but three failed her. Sex, primal and raw, seemed to surround her. They were cavemen or warriors or princes and she was their woman.

Nothing else mattered.

Then Nic's fingers tightened, digging into her hips, lifting her, driving. Briony screamed as her orgasm shot over her.

"Holy duke," she muttered mindlessly as she collapsed boneless against Leo.

Rest was not to be.

She heard a crinkle then felt Leo's hands beside her cheek. As soon as Nic pulled from her, Leo lifted her into his arms and settled her on his sheathed cock. As she slid down his girth, chest to chest with him, she saw Nic from the corner of her eye. He disposed of his condom then returned to the bed. Her full attention returned to Leo as she looked into his steady, blue-eyed gaze.

Her lips parted at the way he filled her. She closed her eyes, savoring each delicious inch of him. His piercings added a depth of sensation she'd never imagined as they skimmed the walls of her pussy in an unyielding promise of pleasure.

"You okay?" he asked.

"Oh yeah. Don't worry, I'll tell you if anything is too much."

Leo guided her in an easy glide along his length. Nic came up behind her. His cock, already—or perhaps still—semi-erect, pressed against her buttocks. The naughty sensation added another layer to the fantasy come true. As the base of Leo's cock repeatedly bumped against her over-sensitized clit, Nic reached around her to grasp her breasts. His fingers curled upward and pinched her nipples.

"Yes," she gasped. She leaned forward to Leo's mouth, needing to complete her connection. His tongue immediately parted her lips and delved inside. She'd never been kissed like Leo kissed her. He claimed her whole mouth as thoroughly as he claimed her pussy with his wide cock. Reaching up, he pushed his fingers into her hair to keep her head where he wanted as he angled the kiss deeper.

Nic continued to move along her back as she took Leo. The rhythmic slide of flesh against flesh heightened her sensitivity, pulling her deeper into the sexual morass that clouded everything but these two men and what they did to her from her mind. Concerns, consequences and anything else beyond this moment disappeared.

“I know how sex gets people in trouble,” she moaned. “I’ve never...wow...”

“You like us fucking you?”

She tilted back her head to lean against his shoulder. “As if you don’t know. As if you couldn’t feel it.” She turned her mouth toward his ear. Her hands slipped over his hands still on her breasts and she lightly squeezed. “Harder,” she urged, voicing a need she never would have dreamed of speaking before. In this moment, it seemed right. She could do anything or ask anything of them without shame.

As she rested her hands on Leo once more for balance, Nic tugged at her nipples and she clenched around Leo. Meeting his eyes, she rode him harder.

Leo stared into Briony’s tawny-colored eyes, his breath stalling in his chest. Deep inside him, a connection with her clicked. He knew this woman, and this moment, was meant to be and would change his future forever. While he hadn’t been excluded from the loving before this, he’d felt almost outside of the bond that seemed to be forming between Briony and Nic. He’d pressed away the jealousy. It had had no place, and now...it was as if he’d closed the circle and united them.

He ran his hands over her body, unable to touch enough. Her skin was like warm silk beneath his palms—and that only turned him on more since the only silk he’d ever caressed had been *on* a woman. Briony surpassed them all. He couldn’t think of anything but the feel of her against his skin and the sensation of her sheath squeezing his cock so tight it was like a fist slamming up and down his length.

The sweet friction had his balls pulling close to his body, and he wasn’t sure he would last much longer. He gritted his teeth as he fought coming. He needed her to find her release first. Nothing would compare to the unbelievable clench of her pussy around him as she trembled in his arms and screamed her pleasure. He needed to hear it. He needed to feel it.

Reaching between them as he neared the breaking point, he worked two fingers into her folds and captured her erect clit. Gently, he pinched. Briony bucked, her eyes wild as a strangled cry ripped from her. Her nails dug into his shoulders and she jerked, writhing above him in unconstrained bliss.

*Beautiful*, he thought distantly, but all other thought was washed away by the orgasmic release of pressure that pulsed through his groin and exploded through his cock.

His choppy pants punctuated the air as he returned to himself. Briony smiled. Leaning forward, she cupped his face then kissed him softly on the lips, her mouth lingering against his as if savoring him before she let go. Turning her torso so she was awkwardly facing Nic, she repeated the gesture.

With a groan, she moved off Leo but remained straddling him. “If I were handing out grades, that would definitely have been an A plus and some extra credit points, too.”

Nic growled and pulled her into his arms, then shifted so they lay on the bed beside Leo. He kissed her temple, but when he looked down at her, the expression on his face was fierce. “Don’t say that. Don’t think that.”

“Think what?” she asked in confusion.

“About us. As students.”

“I wasn’t—”

“We’re men—grown adults—who want you and care about you.”

“Geez, man,” Leo chided him. “Chill. It was only an expression.” He looked at Briony. “Am I wrong to think you’d say that to any man not just one who was a student?”

“No other man has made me feel like this, but if he had, yeah, I might have. And...” She sighed. “I have never slept with a student.”

Instinctively, Leo knew she wasn’t silently adding, “until now.” As the baby in his family, Nic just had issues with people taking him seriously.

“And how do you feel about us?” he asked quietly.

Her teeth sank into her bottom lip and she was silent for a minute. “I’ve always stuck to what I know...you know? Numbers are...orderly. I know what to expect. And I’ve arranged my life accordingly. I’ve always done things a certain way, followed a schedule. Then you two happened along. I’ve noticed men in my classes before, but you two...you distracted me. No one else has ever done that.

“When you came to my office the other day and you said the things you did, it was all I could do not to say ‘how about now?’ I like who you are—how you behave. I’m attracted to how smart you both are. Your personalities attract me.” She slid a hand down each man’s chests. “And there’s no denying, you’re both hot enough to make me sin. There’s nothing I don’t like about you. And everything I know attracts me. And I want to know more.”

Nic wrapped an arm around her middle. “God, that’s exactly how I feel. I want to know everything.”

“I’m not going to lie,” she murmured. “I’m scared. This isn’t a normal relationship. People will talk about the three of us. And the fact you were students. There’s a lot of gray area. It could jeopardize my job.” She paused and took a deep breath. “But I’m more scared of denying this. I want to explore what we have here and see if it can lead to something permanent.”

Leo bit back a growl. The thought of ever letting her go made his stomach churn. Silently, he also wrapped an arm around her middle, just below Nic’s. He wanted to tell her that her job didn’t matter. That he wanted to take her with them when they left to work on the next book.

His nose nudged into her shoulder as the exertion from their sex pulled him toward slumber. *A quick rest and then more...*

“It will be okay, Bree.”

It had to be.



## *Chapter Three*

Briony wasn't sure if she could ever remember feeling better. She lay in bed as she came fully awake and listened to Nic and Leo breathe. Being there between them was heaven. She couldn't help but wonder at the quick connection she felt with them. Karma, fate, kismet, soul mates, she wondered, bandying about terms she wasn't studied in. Since the first time she'd seen them, her mind had been drawn to them and her panties had been perpetually damp.

Sitting up cautiously so she didn't wake them, she glanced down at their naked bodies. Offhand, she noticed Leo had gotten rid of his condom at some point. She didn't think on it. The sight of their beautiful, semi-erect cocks took her back to what had happened between them just an hour ago. She definitely wanted more.

If that were to happen, she probably should turn off dinner and put things away.

Carefully, she scooted to the end of the bed. Her cane was downstairs in the hallway. That presented a bit of a problem, but she'd be damned if she'd wait around and ask her new lovers to fetch it for her. She wasn't a feeble old lady. She was strong and she could manage.

Her leg immediately protested as she stood.

Gritting her teeth, she balanced her weight on her strong leg. She could do this. She could make it across the room and out to the kitchen. Her eyes closed and she swallowed before taking a deep breath. Hesitantly, she took a step. Her muscles clenched as they struggled then lost to the weakness of her limb. Her leg buckled. She dropped to the floor with a thump, jarring the bed on the way.

Mortification slipped over her and she considered crawling under the bed, hot prickles racing her back when both men jerked awake. Amplifying her embarrassment, her eyes filled with tears. She wanted to be strong and perfect. How could Leo and Nic want such an invalid?

“Briony?” Leo asked, panic tingeing his voice. “Briony?” he repeated quietly when he saw her. She buried her face in her drawn up legs.

Nic was kneeling at her side in an instant. “Sweetheart, are you okay?”

She shook her head without looking up. Inadequacy squashed all the bliss she’d felt this evening. Why had she been so stupid? She wasn’t one of the cutesy sorority girls who surely chased after these two. On some level, she’d bought into Nic’s soul mate talk. Stupid. After all this time, she should be smarter than this.

She felt Leo climb down beside her, too.

“Baby, are you hurt?” he asked gently, his arm sliding around her. She started to shake her head then nodded. The pain cutting through her was far more than physical.

“Please, just leave,” she said. She could grade papers, clean house, eat a mixing bowl of ice cream and forget the euphoria she’d experienced in their arms and the humiliation of her body’s shortcomings.

Instead of moving away from her, Leo tightened his arm around her shoulders. Nic wrapped her in his embrace from the other side. She bit back a groan at the blanketing warmth that surrounded her. Succumbing wasn’t an option.

“Go,” she reiterated.

Leo shook his head. “Why?”

*Because her temporary insanity had worn off and doused her with ice water.* She lifted her head, taking courage despite her tear-stained cheeks, and faced her demons...or at least the angels who’d led her to a glimpse of heaven. “This isn’t the right thing. Not for you,” she said.

“Why?” Leo repeated.

“It felt pretty damn right to me. Perfect, actually,” Nic growled, his impetuous nature breaking through. He always charged forward while Leo investigated. She would have smiled at the diametric difference if not for her sorrow.

“In bed,” she conceded, then scrubbed both hands over her face as she gathered her thoughts. “But life is about more than that. There’s sex then there’s companionship. Don’t you want someone who can keep up with you as you run around on whatever adventure life leads you to? There must be some girl your age who would adore having both of you.”

Who wouldn’t? Their attraction went far beyond their looks. They were good men, talented and caring and smart.

Nic scowled. “So you’re going to toss us out of your bed just like that?” he demanded. He stood and paced away. “What was this? Some fantasy romp? A teacher-student scene? Professor Swift fucks the younger guys then kicks them out of her life when they think they have a chance? Is that what this was? A game?”

“No,” she whispered.

“Nic!” Leo rasped. “Shut the fuck up!”

“Why? Are you going to tell me you’re okay with this?” he snapped then glared at Briony, looking all the part of the Olympian god come to cast judgment and conquer the people—or at least her.

Leo’s lips pressed together as he glared at his friend. Pointedly not answering Nic’s question, he turned his gaze back on Briony. “Where were you going?”

God, she was pathetic. She’d hoped that she could get them out of here without admitting she’d fallen before she could take two steps toward the kitchen. Unfortunately the truth of what had happened was obvious. “I was going to turn off dinner.” She rubbed a hand over her eyes. “This was a bad idea. Do you really want to have a relationship with a woman who can’t walk from her bedroom without support?”

“And that makes you unworthy of love? Is that what you think?” Leo asked.

“Don’t you think we thought about this? A lot?” Nic added, coming back and kneeling beside them. “Look, I’m sorry I blew up there. In my family...well let’s just say I spent a too much time fighting to be acknowledged or taken seriously. I swear half the time I had to fight for a bed to sleep in. It carries over, you know. Some kids turn into perfect angels. Some say exactly what they feel, especially if it gets them what they want.”

She smiled. “Like sex?”

“Like you.” He kissed her temple. “It’s not just about the sex—which is great by the way. I want to hold you and coddle you and make sure that nothing ever hurts you.”

“And what do you get out of it? It seems like I get it all.”

“Anything you want to give us as your lovers,” Leo said.

“Okay.” Briony bit her lip. That could be an awful lot. She thought of them as equals, and whenever they touched her, the electricity that seemed to burst through her told of a connection that was beyond typical lust. She wasn’t an untried virgin. She’d been with men before. She’d been with very attractive men who turned her on. She hadn’t felt this...bond.

Maybe there was more to Nic's ideas on fate than she'd been willing to credit.

"I don't usually lose it like this," she told them. She shook her head. "What you must think. Twice since you've been here."

Leo stretched and used the exaggerated motion to pull her into his arms. He stood. She shrieked, her arms going around his neck.

"I think," he said, "that you've worn me out. I'm starving. I think you should feed us. Nic?"

"Oh yeah. Starving."

When Briony glanced over Leo's shoulder, Nic looked like he might devour her, not any food she'd prepared. Happiness filled her like the warm building glow of sunrise. They both really wanted her, weaknesses and all. From that moment, she vowed not to be so self-conscious and critical of herself.

Nic detoured toward the front door to get her cane and Briony directed Leo to her sunny-yellow kitchen. He paused inside the doorway and admired the large, neat space with the table near a pair of French doors leading to her backyard. Nic joined them there a moment later. Together, they got three plates of food to the antique painted-metal table she'd inherited from her grandparents, then she had Nic grab beers for each of them from the refrigerator.

They passed the meal with animated conversation. The men seemed to know an awful lot about her, and finally, when she questioned them, they confessed to finding out everything they could about her after they had spotted her at the gym. She couldn't fault them when they explained why they hadn't approached her. They'd been dead-on with that supposition. Strangely, it didn't make her uncomfortable that they'd been covertly learning about her. It cemented their assertion that they had thought through a relationship. It wasn't a spur-of-the-moment idea.

Since they knew so much about her, she insisted that they each tell her about themselves. Before they'd wiped out the pot roast she'd made, she learned that they both came from wealthy families, but were each lost in a crowd of siblings—Nic was the second of five and Leo was the third of six. That commonality had drawn them together at the private school they'd attended as teenagers. It also explained their behavior to her. One had become the angel; the other had acted out.

Still, she didn't doubt Leo had some devil in him. He wanted a threesome. That wasn't exactly the norm for perfect offspring. He'd also been the mastermind of the travel-the-country plan they'd executed after their high school graduation.

That amazed her. The two of them had taken off and explored the US and many of its attractions and landmarks rather than going directly to college. Wherever they 'landed' they worked and documented their stay through journals and photos until they moved on. The result was their books.

She sipped her beer and regarded them. Here were two men who'd experienced a lifetime of adventure in four years—probably more than she had in all the years since she, herself, had graduated. How had she failed to recognize them as mature adults right from the start?

"Are you finished?" Nic asked.

"Hmm? Oh...yes."

"Good. I'm still hungry."

She had no idea how he could eat another thing. "I have mint-chocolate ice cream in the freezer."

He looked at Leo and grinned. "Too cold, don't you think?"

"Yes, though cold might not be a bad idea... Are there neighbors on the other side of the trees surrounding your backyard?" he asked, changing the subject as he looked outside through the large doors that formed most of the back wall of her kitchen. Dusk had fallen, veiling her yard in darkness. The thick blanket of snow was still evident, as were the shadowy trunks of the many trees behind her house.

"No," she answered, taking another sip of her beer. "It's very private in the summer." Too bad it was only in the twenties tonight. She smiled thinking of what they might do when it got warmer. The nearest neighbor was a ways down the street. Interruption or accidental discovery was unlikely. Putting up a privacy fence might not be a bad idea—

Leo stunned her by taking the bottle from her hand. "That's perfect," he said.

Nic opened the two French doors then closed the door that led from her living room.

"What are you doing?" she asked. Goose bumps rose on her skin as cold air filled the room. In moments, it was nearly as freezing in the kitchen as it was outside—and they were naked!

Leo lifted her onto the now-chilled metal table. She gasped at the sensation of the frigid surface under her ass. Her nipples pulled into tight knots while unbelievable heat filled her pussy.

“Have you ever played in the cold?” he asked. Gathering the dishes and bottles, he cleared the table then placed everything in the sink so nothing would impede their activity.

Shivering, she shook her head. “I can’t say that I have.”

“Mmm, it makes everything all the hotter,” he told her. Spreading her legs, he moved between them. She was thankful for his body blocking the breeze that kicked up over the backyard. Still, particles of loose snow caught on the wind and sprinkled her legs. As he leaned forward and kissed her, he left enough space between their bodies that errant licks of icy air teased her spread pussy.

Nic moved around the kitchen, but she couldn’t tell what he was doing as Leo dominated her mouth and blocked her vision. She jumped when something icy—not icy. It was *ice*—skimmed along her back. Nic followed it with hot laps of his tongue as he drew the chunk of ice over her erect nipples. Briony cried into Leo’s mouth at the cold pain it created, then moaned as it morphed into shocking pleasure that had her arching into it and squirming her hips in search of Leo’s cock.

It wasn’t Leo’s cock she got. She shrieked as she discovered Nic liked to play with icicles. He dastardly man worked a wide, blunted end into her boiling cunt, then moved the freezing, makeshift cock in and out. The sensation, the melting water seeping from her, sent wild arousal shuddering through her womb. The feeling was unlike anything she’d ever before experienced.

Balancing on her hands, she undulated against it.

“Yeah, sweetheart, just like that,” Nic rasped.

Leo clasped her hips to steady her as he continued to thrust his tongue into her mouth. He pulled back. “You okay, baby?”

Her head jerked, nodding. Words eluded her as her body tightened against the cold and grew tighter still with the pleasure.

Gently, he leaned her back until her shoulders and back rested flat against the table. She gasped as her heated skin met the cold surface. It was as if she was fire and they plied her with ice to cool the flames, but it only stoked them higher.

The ice inside her dwindled away and Leo knelt on the floor between her splayed legs. He pulled her ass closer to the edge of the table. Parting her folds with his thumbs, he lapped at her slit, heating her. Then he leaned back and let the cool air waft over her like freezing fingers investigating her dampened folds. She moaned and shifted—though to get away or to get more, she didn't know.

She seemed to be cold yet burning up everywhere. Nic continued to draw his lips and tongue over her skin, giving extra attention to her nipples. “God, yes,” she said when he suckled her. He alternately drew each peak deep into mouth. His teeth lightly abraded the flesh, delivering yet another dose of pleasure-pain.

Out of her mind with sensation, the threads of arousal knotting in her womb overwhelmed her. Twisting, pulling, she drew tighter with each movement.

Leo's lips on her clit sent her hurtling into screaming oblivion. He slipped a new piece of ice inside her and the orgasm folded in upon itself, doubling in intensity and bowing her back from the table. Desperately, her hips ground against it.

“Yes, baby, fuck it,” Leo encouraged her.

“Want...you...” she managed. She needed to feel the men inside her, one then the other. She needed their heat. She needed their solid, velvety girths surging into her channel and filling her.

Suddenly, all the ice was gone. Disoriented, she looked around as Leo shut the doors. Before she could ask what had happened, Nic had her in his arms. She'd never been carried so much in her life.

He took her back into the bedroom, dragged on a condom, and fell on her with no preamble. He entered her in one thrust, pounding into her, claiming every bit of her pussy as his own—though she knew he'd always share with Leo. In this trinogamous setting, she understood neither had exclusive rights unless it came to outsiders. The glinting possessiveness in Nic's eyes told her she was theirs and only theirs.

The primitive, harsh mating quickly triggered her release. It burst through her body like lava. “Nic!” she screamed, clawing at his shoulders as her pussy clenched around him, milking his long cock. He didn't stop his driving thrusts, his teeth gritted as he stared down at her through slitted, passion-glazed eyes.

“You feel like heaven, Bree,” he groaned. “Oh, God, can’t...I’m...” He shoved forward one last time, shaking with his own explosive orgasm.

Breathing harshly, he pulled free of her then fell to her side. As he kissed her damp skin, she spied Leo standing in the doorway. His arms crossed over his chest, he leaned against the frame and smiled.

“My turn,” he said, stepping toward the bed.

Oh yeah, this was gonna be an exhausting relationship. Grinning, she opened her arms.

\* \* \* \*

In a haze of cottony happiness, Briony walked across campus parking lot F to the building that housed the Mathematics department. For a Monday morning, it was a disgustingly good day. Great. Outstanding. Stupendous. To infinity repeating.

Leo and Nic had stayed with her the entire weekend, loving her, getting to know her better. She grinned. They were spectacular at wearing her out. She was fairly sure euphoria beamed from her, as did neon lights stating she was one well-fucked woman. And she didn’t have a care.

Both men had seen her off in the driveway this morning, and they’d almost ended up in the backseat of her car. What would the neighbors think?

She didn’t care. There would be some who looked down on her for being in a ménage relationship, but she’d never been so happy.

“Professor Swift, good morning.”

She looked up to see the Mathematics’ Dean standing in the hallway near her office. “Dean Butler,” she said, nodding a greeting.

Slightly over a foot taller than Briony and muscular, he made a habit of towering over her. Today was no different. She looked up at him as his censorious gaze pierced her from beneath his heavy brows. He was a good-looking man, but a bit of an ass. She didn’t let it bother her.

“You look awfully...*happy* today,” he said.

“It’s a good day,” she answered.

“Is it?” he asked archly.

Her happiness seeped away as quickly as if an iceberg had struck her titanic jubilation. “Why do you ask?”



He negligently waved two slips of paper in front of her. She didn't need a good look to know what they were. "I'd like to discuss these. Perhaps we should continue this in your office."

Woodenly, she nodded. Moving past him to her office door, she fumbled with her keys. Butler placed his hand in the middle of her back as he waited. Unlike the electricity that struck her at her lovers' touches, a mire of shudders clogged her veins at the feel of his warm palm through her shirt. Bile rose in her throat. Jamming the proper key into the lock, she opened the door and shrunk away from him. Hastily, she rounded her desk and put the large piece of furniture between them. Her fingers clenched around the handle of her cane.

The dean eyed her couch with a raised eyebrow. Pointedly returning his gaze to her, he shut the door.

"I have to be to class shortly," she told him. "I have a midterm to administer."

"Tell me about these," he said, fluttering the two papers.

"What are they?"

"I'm sure you know. In the interest of saving time, I'll remind you that these are the drop forms for Mr. Leonard Phelps and Mr. Nicholas Potter. Abnormally late drop forms."

"I assume they've discovered that they don't need the class. It's a freshman class and they're seniors. They didn't tell me why they were dropping, and it's not my job to ferret out that information."

"Is it your job to fuck them?"

Her stomach plummeted and her heart thundered in her ears as she stared at him. "Excuse me?"

"Funny thing about affairs like these," he murmured. He sank casually into one of her chairs and smoothed his perfectly creased pants. "There's always something to trip you up. I was on my way over to discuss these over some Starbucks this morning—extra creamer just the way you like it—and what on earth did I encounter? You swallowing their tongues and anything else your mouth could reach."

*Oh shit.*

A feral gleam filled his eyes. "So tell me again about these forms."

"Nothing happened before those forms were turned in."

"Prove it. What do I have? Your word? Theirs? Not very convincing."

She swallowed, a rock in her throat. "What now? Am I fired?"

He smiled. With the gleam already in his eyes, he looked as terrifying as the Grinch on Christmas Eve. “That depends entirely on you, *Briony*. I want you to end it with those two. If I see you near them other than to say goodbye, you’re out of here.”

“That’s it?”

“No. I want in on what they find so enchanting.”

She stared at him, unable to believe the way her world was falling apart. To keep her job she had to...sleep with the dean? Like hell! “That’s sexual harassment!”

“The picture of the three of you on my phone says otherwise. Claim harassment and I claim student-teacher impropriety.” He tapped the phone clipped at his waist. “Who do you think they’ll believe?”

He had a picture?

Had she been crazy to think she could have Leo, Nic, and her job? Her job had been the only concrete thing in her life. It was her stability. If she chose Nic and Leo over it, and she was fired, she’d lose everything. Her house, her car—even her medical insurance would be impossible to keep. She wouldn’t even be able to rent someplace to store her things. And she was damned sure Butler wouldn’t give her a decent reference.

He’d put her in a no-win situation. The job she’d had for eight years or the men she’d had for a few days. Her life or her love.

No. Not love. Lust. Desire. The most viable connection she’d ever had with one man, let alone two. Happiness had been so close.

She bit her lip to keep it from quivering. Pain shot up her arm from the death grip she still maintained on her cane.

“I’m not sleeping with you,” she told him.

He raised that imperious eyebrow again and stood. “You have a week to reconsider. I’ve signed these forms. If you don’t end your relationship with these two young men, I’ll see they’re reversed.”

“Why?”

“Collateral for your cooperation.”

“I’m not changing my mind.”

He headed for the door. “Neither am I.”

Dropping her head to the desk as soon as the latch clicked shut behind him, she sobbed. Dashing her hands over her eyes, she struggled to get a hold of her emotions but they were beyond her reach. She sucked in a few breaths to calm herself—at least momentarily.

She reached for her phone before she turned into a speechless, wallowing mass. Dialing her teacher's assistant, she instructed the girl to administer the midterms today—something completely against school rules, but at the moment, Briony didn't care. The tests were on her desk and the assistant could get them and return them afterward.

Immediately after, she contacted the dean's secretary and called off for the rest of the day, telling the woman she was sick. It would be true as soon as she let her feelings overtake her once more...

\* \* \* \*

After leaving Leo at the communications building, Nic headed to the math building to study in the lounge set up there in a junction of hallways. It was a nice place to study, and really, who was he kidding, he hoped to catch a glimpse of Briony as she went about her day. He'd fantasized about her that morning in the shower after he'd returned to the apartment he shared with Leo. Maybe someday soon all of them would share a place—they would if his dream materialized.

Surprisingly, there had been nothing sexual about his thoughts that morning. He'd envisioned the three of them on the road together while he and Leo were on assignment. Exploring. Laughing. Loving. It had been an incredibly happy scene of domestic bliss that had surprised him. It wasn't the kind of dream he was accustomed to having. He wouldn't complain if it came true.

He was a few feet from Briony's office when she lurched out of it and rushed his direction. Laughing he caught her arms.

"Hey, sweetheart, what's the rush," he murmured just for her ears. "Anxious for tonight? I am."

Her head snapped up, her eyes as hurt as if he'd struck her. "Nic," she gasped. She looked around nervously, and he dropped his hands so that nothing was perceived out of the ordinary.

"I..." She sniffled.

"Are you getting a cold? I'll take good care of you. Lots of chicken soup—"

“I was going to call you,” she said on a rush of words. “I...” She looked around again and a strange panic kicked him in the chest.

*No.*

“I can’t see either of you anymore,” she told him confirming his fear.

“Why?” he gasped in shock.

She looked away. “I’ve come to my senses. I need you to tell Leo. Don’t pursue this. Please.”

He stared at her aghast, feeling everything he’d hoped for over the last two years crumbling like an overused toy. Helpless to do anything about it in the crowd of students milling around them, he stared after her as she turned and disappeared into the throng, taking his dream with her.

Snapping out his phone, he called Leo. Something was definitely wrong here.

## *Chapter Four*

A fist beat against her door.

“Briony!” Leo yelled.

Her name sounded again as both he and Nic pounded, trying to get her attention. She closed her eyes and pressed her lips together. It was over. They had to accept that, but her sorrow amplified at the anguish in their voices. It wasn’t fair that she was forced to choose her job, her security, over the lovers who meant so much to her. Though it had been such a short time and the connection between them was new, she was certain that it could grow into something strong and permanent. Given the chance.

As shadow crossed the frosted window and she saw one of the men press against it as if trying to see inside. It was impossible, but she sank against the wall anyway and went still. When he moved away, she headed toward her office, across from her bedroom. She couldn’t stand here while they called for her, and as cowardly as it was to avoid them, she couldn’t face them either. Not yet. Not when the break was so fresh.

At the mouth of the hallway, a heavy thud froze her in place. Aghast, she turned and stared at the front door. Another thud rattled the wall and the picture beside the door crashed to the floor, the glass shattering on the marble tiles. Oh my God, they were gonna break down the door and her nosy neighbor Mr. Jenkins would call the police.

“Stop!” she screamed, rushing toward the door as fast as her limping gait would take her. She envisioned the dark wood doorframe splintering under the force of their attack. The slamming stopped. Several feet from the door, she stopped short. Splinters of glass were sprayed across the floor and she was in stocking-feet.

“Briony! Let us in,” Leo yelled again as she considered crossing to the door anyway.

“There’s glass all over the floor,” she called. “Go to the back door.”

Without waiting, she detoured toward the kitchen and reached the French doors to her backyard as the men sprinted across the grass. She was in Leo's arms before she'd finished opening one all the way. Lightning forked through her, pricking tears in her eyes.

"You can't do this," he murmured against her hair, and she moaned.

"Everything was fine when we left here this morning," Nic said. "What happened?"

He stood a few feet away, his hands shoved into his pockets as if holding himself back from a rejection that was sure to come. Guilt weighed heavily on her and she wanted to cry at the pain she'd caused him—both of them. She held out her arm to him, and he was beside her in an instant, his face pressed into her neck, his arms crushing her to him.

As if sensing Nic's need for comfort, Leo loosened his grip and slid around behind her. Of course he knew how Nic's gregarious nature was a defense against the way he'd so often been thrust aside as a child. He'd confessed in the dark that his older brother and three younger sisters' needs had always eclipsed his. His forward behavior only hid his fragile ego, an ego she'd damaged further by choosing her job over them.

"I'm sorry," she whispered, her heart breaking. How could she keep her job and not hurt them, not destroy the future she could so clearly see with both men? There was no way to have both job and love.

*Love?*

Oh, God. Love.

The truth of the emotion slammed against her as hard as one of the trees that had broken her body on her doomed skiing trip. It stole her breath and she stumbled. She'd almost made the wrong decision. But...if she chose Nic and Leo over her job...

What would she do? Would she be able to get another job? She didn't doubt the Dean would give her a horrible reference when it came to finding employment in her field. The choice before her was untenable. She thought she'd made it, that she was firm in her decision, but in their arms, her resolve crumbled like dry sand.

Turning her head, she kissed Nic's shoulder then his neck. Gently, she pulled from his embrace and backed away. She beckoned the two men to sit at the table. Without waiting to see if they complied, she headed for the coffeemaker. Behind her, the muted sound of chairs scrapping across the carpet told her they were sitting. And waiting. She had explanations to make and they wouldn't let her off without hearing them.

She filled the coffeemaker's tank with water then measured the grounds by rote.

"Dean Butler knows about our relationship," she told them as she pulled down coffee mugs. One slammed to the counter as her emotion overtook her. "He...he wanted in on the, um, action."

"What?" Leo growled. "That bastard."

A bitter bark of laughter escaped her. "Yeah. Ironically, he signed your drop forms as collateral for my compliance. It doesn't make sense really. I mean, they're turned in. That means he doesn't really have a hold over me as far as that goes, but his ultimatum..." She sighed, shaking her head. She refused to look at the men behind her. The vibration of their outrage transmitted to her loud and clear. A thud that sounded suspiciously like a fist rattled the table.

"What ultimatum?" Nic demanded.

She turned to face them. She gripped the counter behind her for support. "End my relationship with you or lose my job. I'd already refused to sleep with him, but he's hurting me where he can."

"Damn him!" Leo exploded.

"So you chose your job," Nic said hollowly. He got up and paced to the door as if needing to escape the rejection. How many times had something else—someone else—been chosen over him? She's managed to hurt him in the worst possible way.

She stared at his rigid shoulders as he stared into the backyard. She sighed before carefully forming her next words. "What other choice do I have?"

Nic glared at her over his shoulder before looking away again. When her gaze turned to Leo, she found equal pain and accusation. Their thought on her choice was evident. *You should have chosen us*, they seemed to say.

"I need my job," she said quietly.

"A bunch of numbers aren't going to keep you warm," Nic grated almost too quietly for her to hear. He turned. "And what about next time? You toss us aside and what about then? The next guy..." His eyes closed for a moment, the distaste at what he said clear on his face. "Some other guy comes along, and what if the Dean finds reason to take umbrage at that, too?"

The thought of another man turned her stomach. She swung around and fiddled with the coffee cups to hide her emotions. Being with them, even in this benign setting, reinforced her need to be with them, and her desire reject the ultimatum she'd been given. If she gave in to her

carnal desires, she'd lose the one comfort and constant in her life. Her teaching. The numbers. She didn't doubt the Dean's determination to fire her if she didn't comply with his demand.

She reached for the coffeepot, but Leo forestalled her. "We don't want coffee, baby."

"What *do* you want?" she asked, losing her patience though she wasn't angry with them. Frustration pulled her nerves taut and she wanted to scream. "Do you think I want to end the best thing that's ever happened in my life? I'm trying to be a grown up here. As much as I want to say 'fuck it all' and do what I really want to do, I have to think about the future and how I'm going to support myself. It would be nice not to care if I have a job or not, but that's not the way things go in real life."

"I've had to fight for everything in my life," Nic retorted. "Don't tell me about real life. Until the book royalties started, I worked full time and went to school full time. Even though Leo is a trust-fund kid, we both worked our way around the country. Don't even start in on us about bills and responsibilities."

"Nic—"

"No, Leo," Nic snapped when he started to interrupt. "This needs to be said." His glare returned to Briony. "I thought you were so strong, facing life and your disability headfirst. But it's more about martyrdom, isn't it? You can be a victim in this. Then you can keep yourself away from the world and feelings and anything that might demand something of you while you hide behind your disability—which in all truth is small compared to some. You can pretend to be strong, brave Briony, but in fact you're a coward who's afraid to step outside her comfort zone."

She didn't try to deny it. "Look what happened when I did."

Leo moved to stand beside Nic. He might not have said the words, but he obviously agreed with his friend. "Yeah," he said. "The best thing in my life. You've made your choice, I suppose. I'm sorry, I didn't get that before." He gestured toward the front of the house. "And for the scene. I guess we should go. I'm sorry this couldn't...work out." He choked out the last words then darted out the back door.

Briony knew it was to conceal the same pain that tore at her. She closed her eyes to block out the anguishing sight of his departure. When she reopened them, Nic was gone, too.

\* \* \* \*

Was she a coward? Briony couldn't deny that perhaps she was. She did use her disability to keep from doing things that might make her uncomfortable.



Unable to do anything else, she went through the motions of working, but the numbers brought her no pleasure as she pushed herself to resume normalcy. Every time she saw the department dean, he gave her a feral grin that spoke of his triumph. He watched her with predator's eyes, as if waiting to move in for the kill.

But he'd already killed her.

A week after his ultimatum and her confrontation with Leo and Nic, she made an appointment to see Dean Butler.

The hallway seemed eerily empty as she hobbled toward his office. Butterflies battered her stomach; still she knew she had to see him. She wished she'd see either Nic or Leo. Right... She hadn't seen either man since the scene in her kitchen. They seemed to be steering clear of her, and changing whatever patterns that used to take them across her path. Their absolute absence made her wonder if they'd left school altogether.

Of course, that wouldn't make sense. It was a big campus. It was easy to avoid her.

The dean's secretary looked up at her and smiled when Briony entered the office suite. "He's expecting you," she said. "You can go on in."

Briony nodded and headed past the desk to the office beyond.

That same feral smile was on Butler's face as she entered. "Shut the door and have a seat," he said, gesturing toward the leather upholstered chairs facing his desk.

She wasn't sure she wanted to be closed in with him, but she complied. Despite his distasteful proposition and the position he'd put her in, he was a respected member of the college staff. She highly doubted he'd attack her, especially not with his secretary on the other side of one of the notoriously paper-thin walls.

"What can I do for you, Briony?" he asked once she'd settled into a chair.

Her fingers clenched around the barrel of the cane she'd placed across her thighs, her knuckles turning white. She'd thought about this for a week. All she had to do was say the words, to tell him, and it would be over with.

She studied his unlined face and the dark brown hair that belied his age. He looked like a man who was in his early thirties rather than one who was in his late-forties. Impeccably dressed, he was a good-looking man. A catch. Why did he want her? Was it a game? She'd tumbled it around over and over and it never added up. But she did know one thing. She didn't want to be alone.

“Professor Swift,” he prompted. “Are you here because of what we discussed?”

“Yes,” she answered.

“I’ve been keeping an eye out. You’re no longer with Mr. Potter and Mr. Phelps?”

She shook her head. “No.” She took a deep breath. Desperate heat clawed up her back and her stomach lurched, staging a revolt she wasn’t sure she could stop. What would he think if she puked all over his desk?

Luckily, she hadn’t eaten today. In fact it might have been yesterday morning when she’d last eaten. She wasn’t sure.

“I’ve thought about it quite a lot,” she told him. *Now or never. Just do it Bree.* “I...quit.”

He blanched, his eyes wide with surprise.

“I resign,” she reiterated. “So I guess this is my two weeks notice.”

“No,” he snapped. “Clean out your office today. I’ll have a replacement in for the rest of your classes this semester. I must say, I’m highly disappointed with you.”

“Why? Because you thought I’d fuck you? I like to choose my partners, thanks.”

“No, because I never thought you’d let a relationship interfere with your career. You know damned well I never would have pressed you for sex.”

“Yes, I do.” But he would have done everything he could to interfere with her life and eventually turn her to his will. If she was alone long enough, she had to admit, she might bend to his desires. He wasn’t utterly repulsive, and loneliness could get overwhelming.

Quitting wouldn’t really change things between her and Nic and Leo. God knew if they’d even realize she was gone since they’d been avoiding her like the plague. But she had to do it.

“So we won’t have any problems?” Butler asked. Would she press sexual harassment charges after all? That’s what he wanted to know. He wasn’t as self-assured as he pretended to be.

She regarded him archly. Two could play at this. “So I won’t have any problem with a good reference?” she countered.

“Glowing,” he growled.

“I want a signed letter of reference on college letterhead.”

“Done,” he said, obviously irritated.

She nodded and rose, heading for the door. She had a lot to do.

“For what it’s worth,” Butler said as she reached for the doorknob, “I’m sorry to see you go.”

She rolled her eyes without looking at him. “Thank you,” she murmured and slipped out of the office.

True to his word, a manila envelope containing several signed letters of reference was delivered to her office within an hour of her leaving the dean’s office. She experienced a strange mix of euphoric freedom and panic at the sight of them. Carefully, she slipped them into her briefcase, and then looked around the office. She had precious little to take with her today. Knowing this moment was coming, she’d taken personal items home the last two days while she worked up the nerve to actually meet with Butler.

With a canvas bag slung across her body and a briefcase in her hand, she shut her office door for the last time and fought back nostalgic tears. This was for the best. Who knew what the future held, but she wouldn’t regret it.

Determined, she headed for the parking lot and ran smack into Nic as she stepped out into the brisk, morning air.

“Briony,” he exclaimed as he held her upper arms, steadying her.

What was it with running into him when she was trying to make a getaway? The universe had a sick sense of humor.

The electricity that filled her whenever he touched her tingled through her body and filled her with longing. She summoned a brave smile. It never made it to more than a lift of one side of her mouth. “Nic.”

“Aren’t you supposed to be teaching?” he asked.

In other words, he wouldn’t be here if he didn’t think he was safe from...this. It was really over. She shook her head. “No.” *Oh God, I need to get out of here.* She glanced at her watch. “I’m on my way to an appointment. I’ve got to go.”

Nic immediately released her and stepped back, a strange look on his face.

She tried to brighten her smile, which was damned near impossible. “Bye. See you around.” *Or not.*

“Yeah...see you,” Nic said faintly as if he didn’t quite believe her.

She didn't look back as she headed for her car. Her shiny, six-month-old Prius. Dear God, she hoped she could make the payments. On the car. On her house. Her math said she was fine for at least six months. Her heart was scared to death.

And for what? She looked over her shoulder to see Nic still watching her, his eyes narrowed now.

So that was that. He was still pissed, and she realized sadly that all hope of eventually telling them what she'd done and repairing things skittered away like dry leaves on a brisk wind. At least she was free of the restraints she'd put on herself.

They were right: She'd been a coward.

Nic stared after Briony, his brow furrowed. Something was wrong. He knew damned well that she should be teaching right now. Like a lovesick fool, he'd stood near her classroom door over the last week and listened to her as she spoke to her class.

After he watched her drive away, he headed into the building. Stopping outside the classroom where she normally taught Freshman Algebra, he peeked through the window. To his surprise, that asshole, Dean Butler, was teaching her class. Was she sick? She hadn't looked sick. Well, she'd looked peaked. He probably looked like shit, too.

Maybe she really had an appointment. She'd checked her watch...

Leo was in class for forty-five more minutes. Nic decided to call him on his cell as soon as the class let out. They still hadn't decided what to do about Briony, but they'd both agreed it wasn't over. They just didn't quite know what to do. It wasn't like they could force her to quit her job and trust in them. Time, they'd concluded, would help the situation. If Briony missed them as much as they missed her, she might be willing to listen when they confronted her again.

Letting that asshole win was untenable.

He left the classroom and headed toward the study area at the end of the corridor. As he passed Briony's office, a janitor stood at her office door. Nic watched in horror as the man removed the nameplate from the door.

*Oh shit!*

Her forced bravado and odd departure merged with the reality before him and his stomach dropped. At the same time, an odd, dread-laden hope dawned.

Pulling out his phone, he punched in a hasty text message to Leo. This couldn't wait.

\* \* \* \*

Briony had just finished unpacking her things and booting her laptop in her office when she heard a strangely familiar pounding. Since she wasn't normally home right now, there were very few people who would come impatiently banging at her door.

Was she ready for another round of confrontation? Damn straight. If they cared enough to come here, she cared enough to make them stay. The entire drive home she'd kicked herself for not telling Nic the truth about what had been going on. What would it have hurt? It would have given him a fair chance at either resuming their relationship or reiterating that it was over.

The knocking didn't pause as she made her way to the front of the house to let them inside. Déjà vu hit full force as the newly framed picture beside the door rattled, but this time it didn't fall before she got there.

The pair looked beautiful when she opened the door. Beautiful, perfect, her dream. Just beyond reach.

"Did he fire you?" Leo asked without greeting.

"No." She lifted a shoulder. "You were right. I was using my job as a safety net—protection against facing life. So I quit." She stepped back to let them inside. "Come in. You don't have to stand on the porch. I mean, well, I couldn't care less if anyone knows you're here, but it might be more comfortable inside."

Briony wanted to be very clear that she wasn't hiding their relationship from anyone, if indeed there was a relationship to be seen. They could make love in the front yard for all she cared. She just needed to feel the warmth of their adoration once more. Physically and emotionally. She'd been utterly bereft the last week, and she didn't think she could bear it if they walked away again.

But they'd done all the reaching out so far. It was her turn.

"I've missed you," she told them. "I'm sorry I couldn't see past my comfort zone."

Nic stepped forward, and relief filled her. He'd been the one hurt the most. He slid his hands down her arms then reached up to cup her jaw. His thumbs brushed over her cheeks. "Let us be your comfort zone," he said. "We can take care of you. You'll be with us and we'll see that you never want for anything."

Lost in his eyes, she nodded. "Okay."

He stepped back and picked up a large duffle bag she hadn't seen before. Leo picked up one as well. He grinned at her questioning look. "We're moving in, baby."

"Okay," she said again. She smiled her first real smile in days. She could definitely go along with that. If they were going to have a relationship, she wanted it all. Together in everything—and that included living as a family. Lovers. Husbands and wife. Well, maybe they weren't ready for that last part.

As Nic leaned forward to kiss her, the look in his eyes told her that maybe they were. His lips skimmed over hers, and his tongue traced the seam of her mouth before she opened and let him in. He tasted wonderful as he reclaimed her. She moaned, pressing into him.

He pulled back and kicked the front door shut. "Go get undressed, sweetheart. I need you bad. I need to know this is real."

"Wait," Leo interrupted. "I need a kiss first."

She went into his arms as naturally as she had gone into Nic's. She belonged to them both. His fingers slid into her hair, keeping her where he wanted her as he plundered her lips. Her body reacted, warming and softening and growing wet.

"Damn, you're so hot," Nic whispered. He pushed against her back and reached around to cup her breasts. He rolled her nipples between his fingers.

She needed them now. Anxiously, she pulled open her shirt, jerking the fabric when a few buttons wouldn't release. They plinked to the tile, percussion to amplify her arousal. She shrugged out of the garment. Nic's hands immediately slipped inside her bra. Moaning her delight at his manipulations into Leo's mouth, she opened her pants and shimmied out of them. Her panties immediately followed.

"The couch," she panted against Leo's mouth. He lifted her into his arms and carried her into the living room. Nic went ahead of them. He ripped off his clothes and stretched out on the couch. Leo set her astride his friend. Hovering over Nic's cock, she unhooked her bra and tossed it aside. She moved her hips back and forth, teasing his tip with her wet pussy. She wasn't at all concerned about the large picture window directly across from them. Let people see how much she loved her men. She didn't care right now.

"Vixen," he growled.

"Me? Surely not."

Scowling, he grabbed her hips and dragged her down his rigid staff. They both groaned from the tight friction. She could fuck him forever.

As they moved, skin to skin, she looked down at him with wide eyes. “Condom?”

He grinned. “You gonna get pissed if I don’t stop and put one on?”

“Nope.” She was theirs—whatever happened. It was unlikely she’d get pregnant right now, and she’d get on the pill ASAP. If they decided to go down that route. Maybe they wouldn’t. The thought of a dark-haired, blue-eyed baby didn’t terrify her as it once might have.

And right now, she needed to feel Nic this way, too.

From the corner of her eye, she saw Leo’s clothes drop to the floor. A zip split the air, then the sound of ripping foil. His legs came on either side of hers on the wide couch. She tensed momentarily as his hands on her ass. As she rode Nic’s cock, Leo parted her. His cool fingers slid over her anus. She realized immediately that he was lubing her. There. For *that*. She’d known anal sex was a possibility with three of them, but the thought was somewhat frightening. She’d never done it. Still, decadent sensations raced along her pelvis as he worked a finger inside her. Leo’s fingers on one end, Nic fucking the other...she closed her eyes and drowned in the wonder of it all.

“Baby, you’re so hot,” Leo rasped. “Are you ready? Please, God, be ready.”

Overwhelmed, she nodded.

“Nic, pull out,” he told his friend. Immediately, Nic freed his rod from her clutching folds. She whimpered at the emptiness. She needed to be filled with them. She needed to know she wasn’t alone and that the men she loved were really with her. Committed. Loving her as much as she did them.

His sticky cock tapped against her belly as Leo positioned himself. She willed herself not to tense when his tip pressed to her opening. “Relax, baby,” he urged.

Nic pulled her mouth down to his for a torrid kiss. For several moments, his lips and tongue claimed her mouth, but Leo didn’t move. She’d completely lost herself in Nic when Leo finally inched forward. The head of his shaft was inside her before she could think of tightening up. She moaned at the illicit impression of him inside her there. Her body quivered as she fought for breath.

“More,” she begged. Slowly, ever so slowly, Leo inched forward, moving and pausing until she’d accepted all of him. And when he’d completely filled her...oh, the pleasure that

assailed her. And the need. She *needed* him to move. She wiggled her ass to urge him to piston in and out of her, but he didn't move.

At least not his hips.

Bending forward, he pressed his lips between her shoulder blades. "Nic, now," he said.

Nic shifted beneath her, and she gasped when his tip bumped against the opening of her pussy. Two of them inside her at once.

*Oh, yes.*

As slowly as Leo had entered her, Nic worked his way into her doubly tight sheath, stretching her sensitive tissues. Soon both men were completely seated within her. The fullness nearly did her in, and she wondered how she'd handle it when she orgasmed and her whole body constricted. It was already so damn tight. She might just pass out from it.

It didn't matter. She knew they'd take care of her.

"I love you," she said as they began moving as one unit in a perfect alternating rhythm. "Thank you for not giving up on me."

Nic looked up at her, his gaze clear despite the passion on his face. "I love you, too, Briony."

"So very much," Leo gasped. "Love you, so very much."

He stiffened and slammed forward, sending her shooting off into the stars. Bliss filled her, and she suspected she'd be happy for a long, long time to come. With her two men loving her, how could she not?

Nic stroked his hands along the sides of her face as she came down from heaven and Leo pulled free. "Whatever happens, this is happily ever after, Bree. We face everything together. No matter what."

Leo knelt beside the couch. She kissed him, then kissed Nic. "That should be easy. You *are* my everything."



## *Epilogue*

*Two years later*

“Bree, you okay?”

She glanced up from the leaves she was studying and smiled at her husband. Leo checked on her constantly, needing to reaffirm her safety every step of the way. She dropped the leaves and loped over to him. She’s never imagined two years ago that she’d be walking on the Appalachian Trail—sans cane—for one of the guys’ books. When Leo’s father, a doctor who happened to dote on his son more than Leo realized, had met her, he’d been insistent that there were treatments for Bree’s leg. As it turned out, a simple brace had eliminated her cane, and now, she walked almost normally. It was a solution that wouldn’t work for everyone, but she’d been lucky to be one of the few.

“I’m fine, honey,” she told him. “Happy as a clam. Not tired. Feeling fine.” She patted her belly. “So is junior. Stop worrying.”

She screeched as she was suddenly scooped up from behind. “We like to worry. It makes us happy.”

Rolling her eyes, she giggled as her other husband kissed her stomach. They had no idea whose child she carried. It didn’t matter. The men had the same blood type, they looked like twins, and they would each love the child as their own. The baby belonged to all of them.

“You know what will make me happy?” she laughed.

“I am *not* hiking into town to get you a Starbucks,” Nic replied. “Forget it. No caffeine.”

“I was thinking ice cream, but I’ll settle for sex.”

They’d been hiking for several days with virtually no privacy and she missed her men. That wasn’t to say they hadn’t kissed and touched—they’d received a fair share of sideways

looks over that. It was something people in her situation had to get used to. Those people just didn't understand how lucky she was or how happy all three of them were.

Leo's arms came under her from the other side. "That might be difficult."

She grinned.

"You're both ingenious. I trust you to work it out. I hear there's this place down in town. A lovely bed and breakfast. They might even have ice cream and you can be off the hook on the sex craving." She batted her lashes, reveling in the feeling of being so in love and so happy. Their lives were as near to perfect as one could get. Sure they had their problems, but as they'd promised one another, they worked out troubles together.

"I don't ever want to be off the hook," Leo growled.

Nic squeezed her. "Get ready, woman. It's gonna be a long night."

"Yahoo! Ride me cowboys," she laughed.

It didn't take a mathematician to decipher their meaning. Thank goodness! All she needed to know was that two plus one equaled perfect. And the three of them had it to infinity.

Repeating.

## *About the Author*

When it comes to books and movies, Brynn Paulin has one rule: there must be a happy ending. After that one requirement, anything else goes. And it just might in any of her books.

Brynn lives in Michigan with her husband and two children, who love her despite her occasional threats to smite them. They humor her and let her think she's a goddess... as long as she provides homemade chocolate chip cookies on a regular basis. Brynn is president of her local chapter of Romance Writers of America and also hosts a weekly writing critique group. She's conducted workshops at several writers' conferences around the country as she enjoys mentoring and meeting new people.

According to Brynn, her writing success can be attributed to an eclectic collection of music, her local road construction crews, a trusty notebook, and of course, her husband, Mr. Inspiration, who puts up with a lot in the name of research. Brynn loves to talk to her readers and can be found at [www.brynnpaulin.com](http://www.brynnpaulin.com).

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Art professor Seth Granger has two problems—an absentee life drawing model and a case of unrequited lust. Luckily his troubles have the same answer—his colleague, Dr. Callie Sullivan. The trick will be getting her out of her clothes and into his studio...and hopefully into his bed. However, she's intent on keeping her mind on her art and ignoring him. Now he just needs to convince her *she* should be his body of art.

***Sex Ed* by Mia Watts**

Mina Lasky has a pesky crush on Biology professor, Derek Link. They've worked in tandem in the same University facility long enough that even the sound of his voice makes her hot. It's time to put the fantasy to an end. Mina signs up to be his guinea pig in a female sexuality lab for those on the doctorate track. She hopes to work Derek out of her system while enjoying some much needed sexual stimulation.

Dr. Derek Link has been itching to get his hands on the quiet, sexy Chemistry professor. He can't believe his luck when she signs up to be his lab. But one night isn't enough and Mina won't admit they can have something a lot more long term.

And when one of the students recognizes Mina, her heart isn't the only thing on the line. With her career in the hands of a blackmailer, and her heart begging to trust Derek, she's beginning to think the lab was a very bad idea.

***Sense and Sensuality* by Cara Hart**

Eleanor McLaren leads a subdued life. She hates parties, avoids social interactions, and she cannot talk to men. But within the shell of her timidity lies the heart of a siren. Afraid of her own boldness, she hides her desires. Especially from the man who stars in her dreams of passionate encounters and works in her department.

Eddie Harrington has never lacked for partners in his pleasure games. But for some reason, Eleanor is the one woman he can't get out of his head. She is definitely not the type he usually pursues. Then he sees her at a bar, looking like his wildest fantasy. And one night with her is not going to be enough. The man who never commits just might have met his match—until a mistake from his past forces her to choose between trusting him or walking away.

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Garnet Boudreaux is going home. Not back to her nice little apartment in New York City, but to her childhood home in the bayou. She doesn't want to go, and isn't certain what will be waiting for her when she arrives. But standing there in the voodoo shop on Bourbon Street, in the middle of one helluva party, she's told by Madame Madeleine Dupuis that she has no choice. She presses two pouches into Garnet's hands, wraps a red cape around her, and tells her she must go—and go now—to see to her grandmother.

Max LeBlanc spies the lovely red-head across the street and knows in a heartbeat she is the one. A rougarou always knows when he's met his mate. Some may call him a lycanthrope, a werewolf if you will, but in Cajun bayou lands he's known simply as The Rougarou. He'd waited several hundred years for this moment, and for her. There is nothing left for him to do, but mark her and claim her as his mate. Soon.

***Fiery Ember by Celia Kyle***

Ember Ellason is a darned good secretary. True, she'd like to be more, but since her father's passing, her stepmother has taken over as CEO of Ellason Advertising, and Clementine Ellason feels Ember is only good enough to fetch coffee...barely. But when Clementine and her horrid daughters fail to show up for the meeting with the biggest client they could ever land, Ember

saves the day by impersonating her stepmother.

Paul Ashe needs a new ad campaign and he's found the perfect company with the perfect proposal in Ellason Advertising. Too bad his body is a little too interested in the voluptuous CEO with her fiery red hair and blazing green eyes. Then he can't seem to find the elusive woman after their first intimate tryst, and is left with only a pair of panties to remember her by.

Will this Cinderella tale end in happily ever after? Or will Ember be separated from her panties—and her prince—for ever more?

### ***Sins of the Father* by Janet Eaves**

Aurora was born to wealth and privilege but was spirited away as an infant to a place of safety after viscous threats to her life. Raised with an alias, and practically a prisoner of the three little old ladies who raised her, Aurora, at twenty, feels like Sleeping Beauty, just waiting for her life to start.

When she meets a gorgeous “struggling” artist, she seizes the opportunity to take her life into her own hands and have a little fun. But once she ends up in his hands, the evil that has hunted for her all her life, finds her, and seeks to destroy her.

# *Handcuffs and Lace*

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### ***Ticket Me More* by Tia Fanning**

Hailed by the bridal flower world as an artistic genius, Meli works long nights making bouquets for women lucky enough to find love, while she herself lives a life of solitude. She yearns to share her heart and body with someone other than Bob, her Battery Operated Boyfriend, but acute shyness keeps her from engaging the “living” world.

However, Meli's quiet and predictable existence takes an unexpected turn when she is pulled over and ticketed by the most gorgeous cop she has ever encountered—Officer Michael Johnson. Though he does not seem to notice her as anything more than a traffic violation, Meli makes plans to overcome her timid nature and seize the police officer's attention... using any speed necessary.

### ***Cuff Me Lacy* by Demi Alex**

Three months is way too long to wait for some simple, low-down, straight forward sex. It's not like Officer Chrissie Hansen is asking for prince charming to offer her the love of a lifetime. All she wants is a good orgasm that she doesn't have to work for alone.

At least with “The Bull”, she knows what to expect. But when Patrick MacKlick returns to her life and tempts her with new options, she discovers that lace can imprison a heart better than handcuffs can.



## ***Search Me Baby, One More Time* by Melinda Barron**

Wren Thornberry's life isn't going according to plan. She let her father talk her out of marrying Bryan Stockard, the man she loves, and moved halfway around the world. Now she's back home in Texas, babysitting her grandmother while grandma and her boy-toy work through their list of sexual exploits, making themselves the talk of the town.

But what Wren doesn't know is that things in her hometown are about to heat up even more, and it will have nothing to do with her grandmother. It seems that Bryan Stockard is still around, he wants to get back into Wren's life—by any means necessary, and now he has just the tools to do it: A police uniform, handcuffs, and the authority to make Wren... *assume the position*.

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