



COBBLESTONE PRESS

Wicked

BAD GIRLS

DO

SHELLI
STEVENS

Bad Girls Do

By

Shelli Stevens

Bad Girls Do by Shelli Stevens

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, organizations, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

Bad Girls Do

Copyright© 2010 Shelli Stevens

ISBN: 978-1-60088-546-4

Cover Artist: Sable Grey

Editor: Leanne Salter

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced electronically or in print without written permission, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in reviews.

Cobblestone Press, LLC

www.cobblestone-press.com

Dedication

Thanks to my editor, Leanne, and to all the bad girls out there!

I always knew Patty Lourella had Grade-A bitch tendencies, but it wasn't until a week ago that I realized she was a man-stealing whore. Sure, she's got a great reputation and everyone thinks she's sweet as pie, but I'm here to tell everyone that's all smoke and mirrors. She's stacked like a brick house and willing to open her doors to anyone with the right knock.

Delving through my makeup bag, I pulled out my I-can-suck-cock-like-nobody's-business shade of red lipstick and carefully applied it to my full pout.

Today, Patty was going to get a taste of her own medicine, and so was her new man—my now ex-boyfriend—Winston Charling.

After smacking my lips together, I ran my tongue over my pearly white teeth to make sure I hadn't smudged lipstick there.

My breasts bounced in the demi bra, nipples scraping against the purple lace and tightening into hard little points as I strode to my closet. The string of my thong slid deeper into the folds between my legs, teasing the moisture that had already gathered.

Oh, yes, I was horny. Not just horny, fucking horny. I'd been planning this for days now. This little screw fest. It was my big *fuck you and adios* to Patty and Winston.

My vibrator was in hibernation and my body completely off limits to pleasure. I wanted to explode the minute he touched me.

And yes, I get that some people might think I'm nuts for wanting to sleep one last time with the man who'd cheated and then dumped me for some socialite wannabe.

I won't stand here and proclaim to be a Timid Tammy who blushes at the idea of sex, nor am I necessarily *the nice girl*. I love sex and am not afraid to ask for—or take—what I want. Bottom line? I'm just not your average woman.

And Winston wasn't your average man. The guy has a cock that could make a porn star jealous, and a tongue that could inspire a romance novel.

Flinging open my closet, I scanned the contents and gave a sad cluck of my tongue. I had plenty to wear, but the one thing I wanted was gone.

You see, Patty stole more than just my man. She also stole my Roberto Cavalli pumps. Frankly, it was a toss up on which was more irritating. But I'd get them back. The pumps. I didn't want Winston back. That boat had sailed. I just wanted a farewell fuck. I just wanted to give him one last memory of exactly what he'd given up.

It just didn't make sense to me. Being the son of a senator, Winston could've had any woman he wanted. And for two years, I seemed to be the chick in the running. He'd let me believe I was *that* woman.

But the one thing I'd learned about Winston during our time together that he was a master manipulator. I'm a little embarrassed to admit it took me getting dumped by him for me to realize I was just another one of his victims.

I should have been the perfect match for Winston. I had loads of money, mingled in all the right circles, and—to be honest—had sexual skills matching that of any high-class whore.

But no, he'd up and left me for some white-trash bimbo from Brooklyn who spent her days scrubbing toilets at the Marriot.

I can't really blame Patty for wanting to move up the money food chain, but using our friendship—yes, we used to be friends—to achieve her new status was just downright shoddy.

With a sigh, I settled on the Manolo Blahnik stilettos that I knew would make Winston just about come in his pants. He loved me in Manolos. Or I should say, he loved fucking me in Manolos, because obviously loving me was never part of the equation.

With a grim smile, I slipped on a tiny sundress that showed off all my curvy bits. Tonight, sweet revenge would be mine. And hell yes was I going to enjoy it.

* * * * *

Getting up to Winston's penthouse condo was rather easy. The staff knew me well and apparently hadn't been informed that I'd been replaced. Likely they'd seen Patty and assumed she was just another one of Winston's casual flings.

That was one thing I'd learned about him early on. He liked to fuck around. Oh, he always kept one woman on his arm for events and publicity—me for the last two years—but Winston was anything but monogamous. I hadn't been bothered by it too much. After all, most men were monogamously challenged. But they usually came back to home base. And damn it, I should've been home base.

The elevator opened, dropping me into the hallway of his outrageously expensive condo. My heels clicked on the floor, each step I took bringing me closer to satisfaction. In every way.

Winston's door was open, and from outside the condo I could hear two male voices deep in discussion. One all too familiar, the other not so much.

I reached the doorway and took a deep breath before striding across the threshold. My gaze fell first on the man straddling the chair at a solid oak table in the living room. He faced away from me, so all I saw was massive shoulders and a strong back. Arms with some serious muscle rested easily on the metal frame. The guy was so big he dwarfed the chair.

Winston, who'd been leading the discussion, trailed off. I lifted my gaze reluctantly from the muscled giant up to the man who'd had no trouble kicking me to the curb.

He ceased pacing, his brown eyes widening in surprise.

The giant swiveled his head, obviously having noticed Winston's shift in focus.

For a moment I was too caught up in Winston to look back at his

friend. But then Winston always had that magnetic effect with me. He was sexy as all hell. Tall, dark hair and eyes, and so distinguished. He almost had a Kennedyesque air about him—or maybe that was just me making the erroneous connection since Winston's dad was in politics.

"Bernadette."

It was just one word. My name. But the way he said it was with a mixture of regret, apology, and lust. The lust part sent a thrill through me, and I bit back a smile of triumph. This was going to be all too easy.

I lowered my gaze back to musclemán and surprise rushed through me. Careful to school my expression, I wanted to give Matt Davis—the quarterback for Winston's favorite football team—no clue that I'd recognized him.

He, however, wasn't as careful with withholding his reaction to me. His gaze swept from the ends of my pedicured toes to the top of my sleek brown hair. His thorough inspection pretty much guaranteed he wondered what my lips would feel like wrapped around his cock.

Just thinking about sucking off the golden boy gave me delicious chills. Seriously, can you say corn fed? Blond and blue eyed, but with a glimmer in his gaze that implied he was anything but slow and stupid.

I straightened from the doorframe I'd been leaning against and crossed the room toward them. I put an extra kick in the sway of my hips, making sure my tits had a nice jiggle and my ass would bounce just so.

"Hello, gentleman. I hope I'm not interrupting."

Winston set down the glass of amber liquid he'd been sipping and gave a slight smile.

"Not at all. Just boys being boys."

A husky rumble of laughter bubbled up from my throat, and I let my hand drift across Matt's rock-hard shoulder.

"I like it when boys are boys." Picking up the glass Winston had just set down, I took a sip and then licked my lip. *Brandy*. "They tend to get into trouble and do things that can make most women shudder in horror."

"But you're not most women."

Corn fed's observation drew another laugh from me. Really, they

were far from boys. Matt might have been late twenties, but Winston was smack dab into his thirties.

I leaned back against the table next to him, and my skirt hiked a bit. "No, I'm not most women."

Matt's gaze lowered to my thighs, and I watched his chest rise with the slow breath he drew in. Mmm. Obviously he liked what he saw.

I tried to look at the crotch of his pants, but the backward position he'd seated himself in left no room for discovery. Too bad.

Winston cleared his throat. "Bernadette, perhaps we should talk further in my study."

The tinge of possessiveness in his voice had my eyebrows lifting in surprise. *Interesting.*

"Should we invite Matt to your study as well?" I asked, batting my eyelashes in mock flirtation. Though really, I was only half kidding.

Winston gave a soft laugh, but I recognized it as one that was used to mask impatience.

"Perhaps," he began. "But first, you and I—"

The ringing of the phone cut him off. He sighed and glanced toward the other room.

"I've been expecting this call, and it could run a bit long." He turned to walk away and then hesitated. "Make yourself a drink if you'd like, but behave yourself."

"Always do," I lied, tongue in cheek.

Winston had barely disappeared from the main room when I felt Matt's hand on my knee. The touch scorched my skin and sent a wave of flutters rolling in a belly. I drew in a slow, steadying breath before turning to look at him with feigned boredom.

"You and Charling got a thing going?"

Instead of admitting I'd been ditched, I tossed my hair and quipped, "What do you think?"

Matt's hand slid up my knee, beneath my skirt, his fingers splaying over my bare thigh. Jesus, this man had big hands.

"I think a man would have to be a fucking idiot to not have a thing with you. But then I've got a weakness for brunettes with green eyes."

"Do you now?" Holding his gaze, I parted my legs just a bit.

He took the bait, sliding his thumb over the crotch of my panties and giving a grunt of interest.

"You're a naughty girl, aren't you, Bernadette?"

"It depends." I saw no point in lying. "I have no trouble taking what I want. Or simply being taken, come to think of it."

"I bet."

Grabbing me around the waist, he lifted me completely onto the table so I sat right in front of him now. He shoved my dress up to my waist and pushed my legs wide.

"Look at that slutty little thong." He grinned, sliding two fingers beneath the fabric of my purple thong and jerking it to the side. "Almost as pretty as this slutty little pussy."

His words didn't offend me. Instead, moisture gathered heavy between my legs, and my breath hitched.

Bolder now, I replied, "And you'd like to fuck my pussy, wouldn't you?"

He lifted his gaze to mine again and, without preamble, pushed two fingers deep inside me. His grunt of approval mingled with my startled gasp. Pleasure spread through my body at the quick, sensual intrusion.

"Yeah. I'll fuck you."

Not want to, just *I will you fuck you*. This time I was a tiny bit irritated, but I covered it with a raised eyebrow.

Clenching the muscles of my cunt around his fingers, I asked, "Awfully cocky, aren't you?"

"Stating the obvious." He moved his fingers in and out of me slowly. "I mean, you're hot and wet and letting a guy you don't even know finger you."

His thumb brushed my clit, and my eyelashes fluttered down on a sigh.

"Yes. And you do it very well. I bet you'd do fabulous things with your mouth down there too."

He gave an amused laugh that increased the ache between my legs.

Vaguely, off in the distance, I could hear footsteps.

Matt reached for my breast, and I blocked his attempt.

"But that doesn't mean you get to fuck me." I pushed his hand from between my legs and slid off the table, smoothing the dress down my thighs. "I came here to see Winston."

Disbelief flickered in his gaze, but also a hint of fascination. He stood up from the chair and turned it around to face the table again. "Charling and I have business. I'm not leaving anytime soon."

"Hmm." I wet my lips and gave him a considering look. "Well then, I guess we'll see what the next few hours bring. Won't we?"

"Sorry about that." Winston strode back into the room and clapped his hands together. "I'm in negotiations with a client in Japan right now."

I gave a quick roll of my shoulders and a slight smile. I was all too familiar with the way Winston's life worked. If it wasn't pleasure, it was business. And as I watched his gaze turn hungry, drinking me in, I knew he was switching back to pleasure mode.

"Matt, I have some things to...discuss with Bernadette. Do you mind making yourself comfortable?"

"Not a problem."

I bit back a smirk at the edge in Matt's tone. He wasn't pleased.

"Make yourself at home. Catch the end of the game or something."

"Or something," Matt muttered under his breath, but I was close enough to hear him.

"Bernadette? Would you care to join me in the study?"

"Be glad to."

Winston nodded and turned to lead the way.

I started after him. A sharp slap on my ass had me faltering, and I cast a wide-eyed glance behind me at Matt.

He winked and kissed the air. "See you in bit, doll."

Giving him a suspicious glance, I turned to once again follow Winston. Something told me Matt planned on seeing me sooner rather than later.

Stepping into Winston's study, I crossed the room to stand facing the fireplace as he closed the door. Not even a few seconds passed before

he was behind me, pressing his cock against my ass and running his hands over my tits.

"Bernadette," he said thickly. "You shouldn't have come."

"Probably not," I agreed, letting my head fall back against his shoulder.

He pulled my breasts free of the top of my dress and pinched the nipples. "You walk into my condo, dressed like you want me to fuck you—"

"I *do* want you to fuck me."

"Good. Because I will." He lifted my dress and gave my ass a stinging slap. "Thoroughly."

"Mmm. Promises, promises." I turned around and took his hand, sliding it between my legs. "Why don't you get me off first?"

His nostrils flared, arousal blazing in his eyes. Then he pulled my thong to the side and plunged his fingers between my legs, exploring my wet heat. He strummed my clit with his thumb, pumping my cunt with two long fingers. "I love how fast you get wet for me," he muttered and pulled my dress and bra down below my breast.

I didn't correct him and point out that Matt had been the one to get my juices flowing. It was kind of hard to once he started to suck on my nipple.

Winston nudged me back onto the chair in the corner, spreading my legs wide before he fell to his knees before me.

I gripped his hair, urging his mouth to my pussy. He held my thong to the side and latched onto my clit, sucking and flicking it eagerly.

Having gone so long without an orgasm, it didn't take me long. My thighs held his face against me, while I tugged on his hair and gasped as the waves of pleasure rocketed through me.

He kept licking me, plunging my cunt with two fingers while I rode out the climax.

When it began to fade and the sensation of his mouth and hands became too much, I pushed him away and stood up, walking past him.

"You don't know how badly I needed that," I murmured, pushing my dress back down my legs, pulling the bodice and bra back up.

"Yeah? Well I'm needing something pretty badly myself." I heard the rasp of his zipper. His fingers curled into my shoulders, spinning me around before he pushed me to my knees in front of him. "I need to be in your mouth."

Excitement coiled low in my belly, the familiarity of this scenario putting me at ease. Winston probably didn't have the slightest idea of what a true Dom was, or what being one entailed, but he sure liked to pretend he did.

And I'd always been more than happy to obey. To be his slutty little girlfriend who did anything and everything he asked—or demanded—in the bedroom. And truthfully, even though he thought he was controlling me in this kind of situation, we both knew who really held the power.

He grabbed his cock and rubbed it against my lips.

Lifting my gaze to meet his, I opened my mouth just enough to let him thrust it inside. His eyes narrowed before he plunged deep with a guttural groan.

Used to his size, I relaxed my jaw and throat against his thickness. He seemed to be in the mood to just fuck my mouth and didn't give me a lot of time to do the fancy stuff with my tongue.

He gripped my hair, plunging to the back of my throat and sliding slowly out again. After a moment, he eased his hold and sighed.

"Do that thing I like," he ordered.

The hardwood of his floor dug into my knees, but I pushed aside the discomfort and focused on giving Winston a final blowjob he'd never forget. One he'd think about when Patty started bringing up the fact that oral sex made her gag.

Sliding my lips back up his cock, I just barely used my teeth on him, grazing him enough until I heard his breath catch. Then I released the fat tip of his head with a popping noise and licked the gleaming red flesh. Wrapping my hands around his stiff erection, I glanced up at him.

His teeth were clenched and his gaze hooded. He thrust his hips forward, the tip of him grazing my lips again.

I released him and drew my tongue from the base of his shaft to the

head, swirling the top with slow, deliberate licks. Hearing his groan made my control snap. No more teasing. I took him fully in my mouth again, sliding him in and out with determination.

“Yes. Oh, God, Bernadette.”

His cock twitched in my mouth, his thighs now rigid beneath my hands. The first salty spurt of cum tickled my tongue before he pushed further back against my throat.

My fingers squeezed his legs tighter while I sucked down each drop he spent.

My pussy, now slick with desire, ached again for his fingers, tongue, and cock. And I’d have them before long. I knew Winston’s habits well enough to know this was just the appetizer. He’d be back in action within minutes.

As his fingers massaged my scalp gently, a tingling down my spine warned me we weren’t alone. Lifting my mouth from Winston’s increasingly flaccid cock, I turned and saw that Matt standing in the doorway.

How long had he been watching? Heat rushed to my face, but not because I was embarrassed.

“Matt.” Winston’s chagrined greeting was followed by the sound of his zipper going back up.

I started to rise, but Winston’s hand on my shoulder kept me on my knees before him.

“Sorry if I interrupted.” Matt’s tone indicated was anything but contrite.

Winston ran his thumb over my lips. “Did you enjoy watching?”

Matt crossed the room and surprised me by touching my hair as he passed by me. “I’d enjoy participating a hell of a lot more.”

“Interesting.” Winston moved his hands to my rib cage and lifted me to my feet, spinning me around so my back was to him and I had to look at Matt. “I’m sure we can work something out.”

My stomach flipped, and I couldn’t stop my eyes from widening. He wanted to share me with Matt? I shouldn’t have been surprised. Winston and I had shared our bed many times. Mostly with women. That

was one thing he'd loved about me; I'd had no issues bringing in another girl every now and then.

In all truth, it was how I'd kept Winston for so long. He loved watching me go down on another woman and have her return the favor.

But bringing another man into the equation was new. My eyes narrowed as I considered Matt. *Interesting*. Matt must have something that Winston needed or wanted. Because obviously, Matt wanted me, and today Winston had no qualms giving me to another man.

And I had to admit, I really kind of liked the idea. Matt was absolutely delicious. And the way he'd touched me in the other room had been such a quick taste—a promise really—of what was to come.

As Matt circled around me, his gaze moved over my body. Then it wasn't his gaze, but his hands. He grasped my waist, pressing himself flush against me.

My breasts crushed against his chest, while behind me I could feel Winston's cock begin to harden again.

"What do you say, doll?" Matt asked softly, his mouth just above mine. "Can you handle being fucked by two men at once?"

My breasts rose with the sharp breath I drew in. God, I loved the way this man talked to me.

I reached back and cupped Winston's hips, rubbing my ass against him as I stared at Matt and licked my lips. "Just try me."

Winston nuzzled the back of my neck, laughing softly. "You heard the lady." He grabbed the edge of my dress, lifting it up my thighs. Cool air feathered between my legs. "Try her."

Matt held my gaze and slid his hands downward to my hips. Then they both moved inward. Gripping the fabric of my thong in his fingers, he didn't even blink as he ripped it in half and let it drop to the floor.

So aggressive. Kind of like me. Excitement had my blood pounding and moisture slicking over the lips of my pussy again.

"Hope that wasn't expensive."

"It was. And you'll buy me a new one."

"If you're worth it." He dropped his gaze south. "A pussy like that just might be though."

Behind me, Winston untied the top of my halter dress and pushed the bodice all the way down along with the cups of my lace bra. A moment later, his long fingers were tugging on my nipples.

"Shit, look at those tits," Matt muttered, his focus shifting again. "They real?"

"They're real." Winston, who'd been silent for a while now, spoke quietly. He moved to catch my hands and pin them behind my back, thrusting my breasts higher as a result. "Everything on her is real."

Matt cupped one breast in his hand, bouncing it lightly. "Damn girl. Those are some big and dark nipples."

His hand was large and calloused—nothing like Winston's smooth, manicured hands. When he squeezed my breast, the friction was so extreme I couldn't hold back a whimper of pleasure.

His gaze jerked to mine. More heat flickered in his eyes. And something more now. Almost possessiveness. He lowered his head, and a second later, I felt the rough rasp of his tongue over one nipple.

"You taste good, too."

I hadn't noticed his other hand moving down until I felt it cupping the mound of pussy.

He wiggled a finger into my channel, swirled it around and then pulled free. Watching me with knee-weakening intensity, he brought it to his mouth and licked the shimmering digit clean. "Taste even better here."

From behind me, Winston closed his mouth over the back of my neck, nibbling the flesh and making my nipples tighten further. He transferred my wrists to one hand, sliding the other around my front to grab my breast.

"I'm going to eat your sweet little pussy, doll," Matt promised, slipping two fingers deep inside me. "But I don't get on my knees for anybody."

He glanced around the room, his gaze resting on the large leather chair in the corner.

"Bring her over there."

He turned and walked to the chair, sitting down with his legs spread wide.

Winston nudged me forward. He sure was enjoying this. Then again, so was I. I loved being a little bit submissive—or hell, today, a lot submissive.

So I took the few steps forward to Matt, who looked exactly like what he was. The big, bad, quarterback ready to do whatever he wanted to some bed bunny fan.

Only I wasn't a fan, but I *was* excited to be the girl who had his attention tonight. Especially when I thought about how the three of us would end up in bed together. Having both of them touch me...

"Take off your dress, doll."

Winston worked the zipper on the back of my dress and then pushed it the rest of the way off my body. He unsnapped my bra and threw it to the side. Naked now except for my heels and standing with my front to Matt and my ass to Winston, I drew in a slow breath and let them scrutinize my body.

"Nice. Very nice. Stand on the arm rests and put your hands on my shoulders," Matt commanded.

With Winston's help, I climbed onto the leather lounge and placed one foot on either side of Matt. Straddling him, my stilettos stabbed deep into the armrests but didn't quite puncture the tight leather.

My sex lined up almost directly with Matt's face, and the air locked in my lungs with anticipation of what he'd promised to do to me.

His hand slid around to my ass, his palm covering an entire cheek, while his focus turned to the view in front of him.

"You wax?"

"Of course. Brazilian."

My light response he must have taken as an invitation to check. He slid one finger down the crack of my ass to the small rosebud and pushed it inside.

"That's what I'm talking about." He glanced past me to Winston. "You ever fuck her ass, Charling?"

"I have."

And he had. Though it wasn't a regular thing. It wasn't that I hated it—we both knew I'd do whatever Winston had asked—but it just wasn't

one of our favorites.

Matt moved his finger deeper into my ass, and his smile widened.

"Pretty soon either my dick or Charling's is going to be in this tight little asshole, doll." He leaned forward and nuzzled my pussy. "What do you think about that?"

My eyes fluttered closed, and a tremor swept through me. "I think you need a little less talk and a hell of a lot more action."

Matt's deep, husky laugh sent a thrill through me. My fingers tightened on his shoulders, and I rocked my hips forward, brushing my sex against his mouth.

"You want action?" He parted my labia with large fingers. "You got it." His tongue speared deep into my cunt, pushing into my wet, aching center. My knees went weak, and a ragged gasp ripped from my throat.

Vaguely, from the corner of my eye, I spotted Winston walking around the chair to stand next to me.

Matt lifted his head for a moment. "Love the taste of your pussy, doll. You're all creamy and hot for me, aren't you?"

"For *us*," Winston murmured and tugged on one stiff nipple.

Matt's talented fingers found my clit while he continued to fuck me with his tongue. In and out. Deeper and harder.

"Give me your mouth." Winston cupped my face, turning my head toward him. His lips crushed down on mine, his tongue sweeping the interior of my mouth. Hands, smooth and familiar, cupped my breasts. Winston's thumbs swept over the hardened tips while his tongue coaxed mine into an aggressive sparring.

Down below, Matt added a second finger to my ass, his tongue leaving my cunt to circle my clit.

He circled and swirled, suckling the little nub until the combination of his mouth and what Winston was doing completely undid me.

My thighs trembled, and the small moans I'd been making turned downright primal. Pleasure spiraled through my body. Higher and higher. Until an orgasm ripped through my body and sent me into a state of complete ecstasy and disorientation.

When I could finally think again, I was curled up in Matt's lap, and he was stroking the hair back off my face, kissing my forehead.

"You okay now, doll?" he asked softly.

I gave a mute nod, knowing I couldn't find my voice if my life depended on it. Not for a few minutes at least.

Matt glanced past me to where Winston must still have been lingering.

"Grab some condoms, Charling."

I heard the footsteps of Winston leaving and closed my eyes. Matt adjusted me on his lap, and a second later his mouth closed over one of my nipples.

"Don't you fall asleep on me," he warned with a soft laugh, lifting his head and transferring his mouth to my other breast. "We're just getting to the fun part."

"Mmm, and don't I know it." I bit my lip, dismayed to find myself getting wet again. So soon.

I'd just had the mother of all orgasms and yet another one was building. It was like a damn tsunami. Relentless. One wave hit and another one was on the way in.

Matt's hand slipped between my legs, his touch surprisingly gentle as he toyed with the folds of my pussy. "You sure you're okay with this?"

His sudden question surprised me. He'd been so aggressive and full-steam-ahead before. And now he was checking to make sure I wasn't just going along because I felt pressured.

"I'll be honest. I've never done this before. But I've always fantasized about it. So, yes. I want to do this."

"You're a fascinating girl, Bernadette." His mouth curved, and then he lowered his head to suck on one breast, massaging the other. His fingers continued to play with my clit, bringing me again to the edge of another climax.

"Here we are." Winston arrived back, dropping the condoms on my lap. "I can't wait. Please, Bernadette. I need you now."

Disappointment kicked my gut a bit, and I blinked in surprise. Maybe I liked this one-on-one thing with Matt a little more than I realized.

Too bad there wouldn't be a chance to explore it more.

I watched Winston unzip his pants and pull his cock free. My initial reaction at seeing him return faded, and I drew in a slow breath as excitement coiled through me. Two men at once. I was really going to try this.

"Ready, doll?" Matt kissed my cheek before lifting me from his lap to set me on the floor.

"Mmm hmm."

I let Winston adjust me so I was on my hands and knees in front of the chair. He wanted me from behind. Not too much of a surprise; this was one of his favorite positions.

Matt gave me a lopsided smile, his long, thick legs sprawled wide as he lifted an eyebrow in challenge.

The position also allowed me access to what I'd been craving since I walked into the condo. Matt's cock. I had yet to see it. Feel it. Taste it. I licked my lips and reached for the zipper on his jeans, tugging it down and popping his fly.

The sharp slap on my ass gave me pause, and I winced, glancing over my shoulder at Winston who stared at me with possessiveness.

"Just wanted to give you a reminder of who's going to be fucking you."

I gave him a coy smile. "Relax, Winston. Like I could forget a cock like yours." Or an ego. He loved having his ego—and dick—stroked.

"Good," he muttered, and I felt the thick head of erection probing my opening. He thrust himself deep into me. My breath hitched, and I closed my eyes for a moment to savor.

"Jesus, you feel so good," Winston whispered and reached under me to rub my clit. "There we go. Getting slicker now."

I groaned as he began a steady thrusting in and out of me. The extra force felt so amazing, it pulled a soft groan from me.

"You know, if your mouth gets bored..." Matt caught my head and turned me back to face him.

"I have big plans for my mouth." I winked and then licked my lips when I glanced down. "And for that guy."

He'd freed his cock from his pants and now stroked it. Holy shit, the man was big! I used to think Winston could get elected into office on cock size alone, but this guy gave him a serious run for his money.

"Jeez, corn fed, do you lift weights with that thing?"

Matt grinned and rubbed my cheek with his dick. "I keep it well fed on a diet of pussy."

Behind me, Winston gave a ragged laugh and thrust extra hard inside me, sending me flying almost into Matt's lap.

"I bet you suck cock like a pro," he murmured.

"At least as well as you eat pussy."

"Nice." He let his knees widen. "You gonna keep yapping with that mouth or let me put my dick in it."

All the dirty banter had just gotten me hotter. Ready to prove that I could make *him* lose control this time, I took the initiative. Looking up at him through my lashes, I didn't answer, but parted my lips and wrapped my mouth around the head of his cock.

Raw heat flashed in his gaze, and he reached out to thread his fingers into my hair.

"Good girl."

Closing my eyes, I swirled the head of his cock with my tongue. He tasted different from Winston. Muskier. More hardcore man.

He filled my mouth with his length and width, the taste of him sharp on my tongue while I inhaled the scent of man. Moving my mouth up and down his shaft, I teased the back of the head. That tiny little dent I knew could send most men into orbit when teased right.

Sure enough, when I flicked it with my tongue, his thighs tightened and he tugged on my hair.

Winston's hand cracked across my ass again, leaving a burning sting that radiated through my body and sent another rush of moisture to my pussy.

I closed my mouth over Matt's cock again, moving up and down his length in a steady rhythm. Feeling the tightening of his thighs again and hearing his stifled moan, I knew he would come soon. When he pushed my mouth away from him, I blinked in surprise.

"It's time. I want your ass," he muttered thickly and eased out of the chair.

My pulse quickened, and I licked my lips, knowing what was about to happen.

Winston grunted and slowed the pace of his thrusting. A moment later, he withdrew and lay down on the floor on his back. "Ride me," he instructed, moving his hand up and down his cock. "Lean forward so Matt can have access."

With a slow breath in, I climbed onto Winston, lowering myself onto his erection. I leaned forward, my ass rising higher into the air. Prominently on display and vulnerable to Matt's intentions. I bit my lip, nerves sending my belly rolling. This was the unknown to me. Double penetration. And Matt was a big guy.

My worries that he might just enter me sans lube were put to rest a second later.

Warm liquid that Winston must have brought coated the crack of my ass. Matt pushed two fingers into my hole, inserting more of the lube there. He added a third finger, spreading me wider and preparing me.

Heat stole through me, but also a brief chill of unease. Would it hurt? Could I take them both?

Below me, Winston angled his groin in a way to give friction to my clit, held onto one of my hips, and rocked up into me.

"You're finally doing it," Winston said, nuzzling my breast.

"Yes."

In one of our late-night confessions, I'd mentioned the fantasy to him. But never could I have imagined it like this. Riding Winston—a guy who'd probably end up a senator some day—and getting my ass fucked by some golden boy quarterback.

I turned my head to look over my shoulder. Matt had squatted down behind me and was lining his cock up with my asshole.

He lifted his gaze, caught me watching, and ran his free hand over my lower back in a gesture I could only interpret to be reassuring. The thick head of his cock probed the small hole of my bottom before sliding in just a bit. He wore a well-lubed condom, making the first bit not so bad.

Still, my breath caught.

Winston cupped my breasts again, and my nipples tightened in his hands, making another moan escape me.

Matt moved his hand over my lower back again. "I'm going to go deep, doll."

"Says the quarterback." I bit back a nervous laugh.

"So you recognized me." He laughed softly and pressed forward another inch into my tight hole.

"Hard not to." My voice came out strained.

Reaching to rub my clit, he murmured, "Relax, Bernadette."

The combination of him actually saying my name and the gentle touch on my body had me obeying. For some reason, I trusted this guy. He put me at ease in a way that had taken Winston months to accomplish.

As Matt slid further into my ass, there was a small wave of discomfort, but before I could really focus on it, he pushed his dick to the hilt.

"Oh, God," I choked out, grinding down on Winston's cock.

The weight of Matt's body pinned me though, so I could barely move. Matt gripped my hips and began a slow thrust in and out.

Winston lifted his head to lick my nipples, both men rocking back and forth in and out of my body.

It hurt, but it was an amazing hurt. I didn't want it to stop. I think I screamed, but my mind was a bit scrambled. There was only this moment and the sensation of the three of us.

They both increased the pace of their thrusts, and I couldn't do much but take it, since moving was impossible. The pleasure spiraled higher and higher until I threw my head back and gasped as the orgasm ripped through me.

Matt groaned, thrusting as deep as he could go, his fingers biting into me as he came.

"Fuck. Oh, fuck." Winston was the last to come, his voice rising with his pleasure as he trembled under me.

I came down from my own climax listening with satisfaction to Matt's choked gasps. They sent warm fuzzies through me.

Oh, yes. The man had lost control. Finally.

I sighed, enjoying the sensation of being sandwiched between them. Having two men inside me at once had been hotter than any fantasy I'd ever created in my head.

We lay like that for a bit—not too long, maybe even just seconds—before Winston gave a weak laugh.

"I can't breath."

"Breathing's overrated," I muttered but wiggled off of him a bit to ease the weight.

Disappointment kicked in slightly when Matt slid off of me and stood.

I rolled off of Winston completely and onto my back and watched as Matt left the room wordlessly. A moment later, I heard the bathroom door shut.

"Hey." Winston touched my shoulder. "I'm glad he gave us this moment. We can talk now."

I closed my eyes and smiled wryly. "You want to talk *now*?"

"Yeah." He traced a finger over my collarbone, down between my breasts. "I think I made a huge mistake."

"By having a threesome with Matt and me?"

"No. By letting you go. I shouldn't have left you for Patty."

Surprise ripped through me, and my eyes widened. Hmm. This was interesting. I couldn't help but goad him. "So why *did* you do it?"

Winston sighed. "The media loves this kind of rags-to-riches thing. Patty is beautiful, hard working, and she's perfect for..."

"A man looking to get into politics who wants the votes of the lower and middle class? Got it."

"Bernadette..." Regret flared in his eyes.

"Say no more. Really, I get it." I shrugged, surprised to find I wasn't even really angry anymore. And certainly not crushed. If anything, I was kind of amused. Hmm.

"Well, I should head out." My lips twitched as I stood up and went to retrieve my clothes.

"Wait." Winston scrambled up after me. "You're leaving?"

"I am," Matt said. He'd returned and stood in the doorway. "I've got a few things to take care of, Charling. I'll call you later."

"Sure. That might be best." Winston nodded, seeming completely unconcerned that everyone in the room was half naked and we'd all just fucked.

I finished dressing, and when I would have followed Matt out, Winston caught my arm.

"A few minutes, Bernadette."

I glanced to where Matt had stopped, hesitating at the door. Damn. I wanted to have a moment alone in the elevator with him.

Matt looked a bit disappointed too. He nodded and then winked at me. "Nice meeting you, doll. Later."

"Later." I watched him disappear out the door and sighed. "What is it, Winston?"

He took the few steps that separated us and gave me a smile that had been famous for making my stomach flip. I was amazed at how little it did for me now.

Reaching out, he adjusted the neckline of my dress. "Why did you really come here today? Surely you didn't know Matt Davis was here and we'd all have some crazy threesome."

"No," I admitted with a soft laugh. "Not at all. I had no idea Matt would be here. But I won't lie. I did come here to fuck you."

Winston didn't look the least surprised. But he did look pleased. "I don't want to lose you, Bernadette."

"Really." It wasn't a question.

"No." He lowered his head and tried to kiss me, but I turned away so his lips brushed my cheek. "I'll arrange an apartment for you in Manhattan. We can see each other a few weeknights. Maybe on the week—"

Unable to help myself, I started to laugh. "You want me to be *the other woman*?"

"I love you, Bernadette. It's not like—"

"Come off it, Winston. You don't love me." I headed for the door. "You love our sex life, but you never loved *me*."

"Wait!" Winston caught my elbow again, sweat on his brow now. "You win. Hell, I can't lose you, Bernadette. I'll call things off with Patty."

I stared at him, the amusement fading as something akin to pity built in my gut. Gently, I removed his fingers from my arm and stepped away.

"Winston, it's not that. I'm afraid *you're* not enough for *me*." I gave a sad little shake of my head. "I'm not sure you ever were."

His brows drew together in dismay. "But what about tonight? Why would you have..."

"One last fuck. To prove I could have you if I still wanted to." I looked out the window of the condo and at the Manhattan skyline. "And I succeeded. Only...I don't want you anymore."

I turned, my heels clicking as I walked toward the door.

"Bernadette, you can't mean that."

I lifted my fingers and did a small wave before turning into the hallway. I half expected him to come after me—which would only have been more embarrassing for him. Relief washed through me as I spotted the open elevator door.

"Hey, doll."

My feet stumbled, and I stopped short of getting inside the elevator. "You're still here," I said a bit dumbly.

"Yeah. I'm still here." He took my hand and tugged me into the elevator, then pushed the Close button on the panel.

My pulse kicked up a notch, and I tried not to sound too breathy as I asked, "And why's that?"

The elevator jerked and then started the long descent to the ground level.

"Because of this." He pulled me into his arms and kissed me.

His lips brushed against mine before his tongue slipped inside to tease me. When he let me go a few seconds later, I was a bit dizzy—and surprise, surprise—completely wet again.

"I've been wanting to do that for the past hour but never had the chance."

"Oh." I licked my lips, my pulse jumping. "Well, I'm glad you

waited."

"Also, I thought you might wanna go grab some dinner. I sure as hell worked up an appetite."

"Now that you mention it, me too. I'd love to do dinner."

"You got plans after we do dinner? Or maybe I could see you tomorrow?"

Now my eyebrows shot up in surprise. He seemed to want me around. The idea had a lot more appeal than I cared to admit.

"I'll fit you in," I teased.

"You do that." He smiled, and my stomach flipped.

Then his mouth was on mine again and thinking became irrelevant.

The End

Author Bio

Shelli read her first romance novel when she snuck it off her mother's bookshelf when she was eleven. One taste and she was forever hooked on romance novels. It wasn't until many years later that she decided to pursue writing stories of her own. By then she acknowledged the voices in her head didn't make her crazy, they made her a writer. Shelli writes various genres of romance and currently lives in the Pacific Northwest with her young daughter. Visit her at <http://www.shellistevens.com/>