



STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT

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A Total-E-Bound Publication



www.total-e-bound.com

Strangers in the Night

ISBN #978-0-85715-494-1

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Edited by Christine Riley

Total-E-Bound Publishing

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Published in 2011 by Total-E-Bound Publishing, Think Tank, Ruston Way, Lincoln, LN6 7FL, United Kingdom.

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

STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT

Brynn Paulin

Dedication

For my best friend who keeps me from making insane decisions.

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Chapter One

McKenzie Stewart knew what lay just inside Sin's Door. Sex. Lots of it. Anonymous and hopefully hot.

Nervously, she ran her tongue over her bottom lip. Could she do this? It wasn't exactly the kind of thing a quiet nanny usually did. Okay, it was the kind of thing a nanny never did. But at the moment, she wasn't one. She had no charges and none lined up for a few months until the Andersons returned home from their trip abroad to Europe. They hadn't wanted a nanny with them, and McKenzie was quite sure Mrs. Anderson didn't want her around at all, but her husband insisted. *To give the kids a sense of stability, you know?* he'd told his wife, and somehow, she'd acted as if it was okay that he'd felt up the help.

McKenzie wasn't all right with it, but at the moment, jobs weren't exactly falling from trees. Neither were men—not that she was at all interested in Mr. Anderson. She just wanted a sexy as hell guy to keep her warm. Barring that, a normal guy would be okay.

So here she stood, staring at the green and blue neon lights of Sin's Door. Normal did not reside beyond that portal to debauchery.

Butterflies bombarded her insides as she ran a trembling hand over her short, red plaid skirt. She'd dressed sweet, innocent, and subtly naughty tonight—not that the hint of school girl in her dress was subtle, but so be it. At twenty-five, with fewer curves than your average high school cheerleader, she could still get away with that.

She took a deep breath and pushed back her thick fall of dark brown hair. It brushed her lower back as she stepped towards the point of no return. And it was that point. She was not chickening out. Once she got through those doors, she was picking a guy and making a move and getting her brains fucked out. And tomorrow, maybe she'd do it again.

McKenzie was tired of being nursemaid to the rich and mistress to none. Her schedule left her zero time for men, and now at loose ends, she had no one to be with. And she wanted sex. Lord, how she wanted sex. Perhaps Mr. Anderson had sensed that, and that's why he'd tried to feel her up just before his family's trip. Or perhaps he was just a pervert. She wasn't taking the blame for his actions.

So no man, no time—and usually no time *for* a man. It all brought her here, looking for anonymous sex. That would be far better than finding some poor guy who might want a relationship. Her job just didn't allow for one. Not much. What guy would be happy with Saturdays after the kids' bedtimes until Monday morning at six a.m.?

Yes, this was better.

Resolved as she made it across the street, she tamped down any remaining nerves. Her panties grew damp with anticipation with every step she took—and she hadn't even set eyes on the man.

Music blared from the bar, flooding the sidewalk and street with sound as she approached. Would she even hear a pickup line if someone tried to toss one out? She'd have to rely on body language, she supposed. Just fine. If she could hear the guy, there was more of a chance that he'd tell her his name. She really didn't want that.

She shivered at a fantasy of what she did want, a fantasy that had haunted her the last few weeks as she'd spent nearly every night with her vibrator. Her pulse raced at the thought. Her on the bar, being passed around to man after man. Fucking a parade of them as everyone watched. Loving every second of it.

Never going to happen.

She pulled open the heavy wood door to Sin's Door, anticipation prickling her skin.

Inside was nearly as dark as outside, with crazy beams of green and blue lights slowly moving over the crowd. The interior as warm as late June, and just about as steamy. To bring out the body heat and natural musk in people, she decided as a light perspiration started to coat her skin. It wasn't warm enough for her to really sweat—gross—and definitely more comfortable than actual summer heat. It was more like the heady warmth that took a body after particularly fantastic sex.

Sex... Where to find it? Tiny white lights lined the walkways on the floor, cordoning off the bar from the aisle and the aisle from the table area and the dance floor from it all. McKenzie had no idea where to start. Feeling a bit like a deer caught in headlights, she glanced around until she was bumped from behind by a couple entering the bar.

The man's hand slid down McKenzie's back to her ass and right on up under her skirt where he cupped a cheek bared by her thong.

"New?" he whispered, and his woman leaned into McKenzie's other side and stroked her palm up McKenzie's torso to cup her breast. The woman's thumb flicked over the peak while McKenzie mutely nodded her response to the man's question. His thumb traced the crease of McKenzie's ass.

The woman's warm, minty breath puffed against McKenzie's ear, "Try the bar, darling. Get a drink and look available, not terrified." She gave the nipple a pinch then grazed McKenzie's temple while her partner's hand inched towards McKenzie's sodden pussy. "You're so hot. Every man here will want you," the woman concluded and McKenzie's legs trembled.

Holy hell, what had she got into? The couple stepped around her to either side then threaded their fingers together and moved towards the dance floor.

On slightly wobbling legs, she headed towards the bar. Luckily, a spot was open and she slipped into it. The couples on either side of her were engrossed in one another and didn't notice her presence. That was okay with her since she was trying to get her bearings.

The bartender noticed her and came right over. His dark hair fell over his brows as he gave her a devilish look while he swiped a cloth over the polished wood bar before her. "Welcome to Sin," he said with a grin. "First timer?"

She nodded.

"Let me get you a drink. What'll you have? A Slow Comfortable Screw? Piece of Ass? Screaming Orgasm? Virgin Mary?" He paused and his lips turned up further on one side. "An...I'd love to fuck you?"

"That's not a drink," she laughed.

He wagged his brows. "Picky about your drinks?"

She shook her head.

"I know just the thing. Be right back." She watched his wide shoulders and delectable ass as he sauntered away to the centre island of the bar that housed the booze. To her surprise, he poured her a glass of beer from the tap then returned to her. He set the drink on a cardboard coaster with a picture of a woman giving a man a blowjob then slid it towards her. "The Leg Spreader," he told her. "Guaranteed panty remover." He leaned closer and tipped his head to her outfit. "You're here for that, right?"

Good lord, she was that obvious. Okay, probably everyone here was.

"Yes," she replied with more bravado than she truly felt. The butterflies still pummelled her belly, but she was worried she was about to leave a moisture mark on her stool she was so wet.

He leaned close. "If that's what you want... See those red double doors over there? Go through them after your drink, and you'll find what you're looking for."

"Is it safe?" she blurted.

"As safe as you want it to be," he replied. "We haven't lost anyone yet. In fact, they all come back for more."

McKenzie took a gulp of the beer as he walked away, and the alcohol immediately slipped through her. Within minutes, her body was warmer and her pussy seemed to throb with a new fullness, her folds swollen. She shifted on the leather stool, needing relief from the wanton need filling her. She almost moaned from it as the inside of her thighs warmed. Suddenly, she felt as if she'd been engaged in foreplay with her lover for hours yet had been denied release and filling by his cock. Her breaths were harsh as they pushed from her, and she almost reached down and removed the white silk covering her sex right then and there, fuck the back room. But she wanted to be fucked in the back room.

She drank half her beer until her head felt a little swimmy. Not wanting to be drunk, wanting to experience and remember everything, she pushed the glass from her and beckoned the bartender.

"How much?" she asked.

"First one's free, hon."

"Thanks." She handed him a twenty. "Really. Thanks."

He grinned and jerked his head towards the real doors to sin. The inner sanctum.

The metal from the doorknob seemed to vibrate beneath her palm, but she figured that was from her buzz and the *thump-thump* of the music blasting through the bar. Bodies undulated on the dance floor, and she suspected she could probably find sex there. No, she wanted what was behind door number one.

Taking a deep breath, she turned the knob and stepped inside.

The silence was almost deafening in comparison to the main portion of the bar. But there wasn't actually silence. Moans punctuated the air, and if McKenzie hadn't been wet

before, she was now. The sound of sex turned her on like no other thing. Even her own cries as her lover touched her could drive her over the edge.

The lights in here were blue and green too, but unlike in the bar, they weren't beams but rather slow strobes giving glimpses of bodies engaged in sex, like flashes of pictures. There one moment, gone the next.

Unsure what to do, McKenzie walked further into the room which actually seemed to be a long, wide corridor with shallow alcoves every few feet. Perhaps she'd find one and lean against the wall there, listening to the lovers and feeling the sexual buzz through her body. She'd sink her fingers into her panties. Her folds would be so slick with cream, and that turned her on too, knotting tension in her belly as she approached an orgasm without a single touch.

A voice came to her as she felt a hard body circling her back, pressing to her. The man's powerful frame dwarfed her, and she fought back a deep ripple of need, not wanting him to think she was scared.

"Look," he murmured. "A naughty school girl lost in wonderland."

Her tongue darted out as fingers trailed over her arms.

"I think she's looking for some bad boys," another voice said. Breath brushed her ear. "Boys who can show her what she's missing in her good-girl life."

How true was that! But there were two of them. That was more than she'd bargained for.

They led her to one of the alcoves while she gasped with her arousal. Without waiting for her consent, one of them flicked open the buttons on her white blouse. The other released the closure of her skirt, and the garment dropped from her body. Despite the warmth of the room, she trembled at being only in her panties and bra. She backed deeper into the space and bumped into the rear wall. The surface was covered with a short, dense carpeting of sorts and stimulated her overwrought nerve endings.

The men approached her. In tandem, they each pulled down a cup of her bra. McKenzie moaned as both men chose a nipple and sucked it deep into their mouths. Each ran a palm over her belly, their fingertips sinking beneath her waistband to encounter her freshly waxed pussy. She hummed at the sensation of their callused skin running over the sensitive flesh then gasped as they both pushed fingers into her labia to run along her soaked slit.

Instantly, her body spasmed, and she cried out as her muscles convulsed in orgasm. Her eyes closed, her hands fisted and she pushed her head back against the rough surface of the wall. Even as her cunt's walls squeezed, each man pushed a long finger inside her, fucking her deep as her hips jerked into the manual fucking.

She almost screamed as they each added another finger, stuffing her full with four. Perfect. So perfect.

"You're such a bad girl. You know what happens to bad girls here?"

"No," she whispered, but they heard her because two dark chuckles rumbled into her ears.

"They get fucked."

"Hard."

"Often."

"Oh, please," she whimpered, completely lost in sensation. Any reservation she might have had was gone. She thrust her pussy into their continued pummelling, reaching for another release with her greedy cunt. She had no idea of their names or even what they looked like beyond vague shapes, but she didn't care.

"You're ours tonight," one of the two growled.

"Yes," she replied.

"No one fucks you but us," the other enjoined.

"Yes. Yes..." she muttered mindlessly as her head swung back and forth against the wall. Their wrists rubbed her pussy as they kept at their pistoning while they whispered their thoughts into her ears, their firm lips brushing her as they spoke.

"But maybe you'd like more. Other mouths. Other hands. People watching. Maybe you'd like to be the backroom slave tonight—the slave to pleasure and princess for the evening."

"Oh..." she whimpered, the sound a thready plea even to her own ears.

"I think that's a yes," one of the two said. "Yes?"

"Yes," she breathed.

"You like the idea of being watched," one of them said. "Oh, I feel you do. Your pussy is gripping our fingers so tight. It speaks for you...so creamy, so hot to be filled."

They pulled their hands free and she groaned in protest, wanting more. One of the men stepped away and a moment later, soft, low lights flashed on. It was actually more of a long room with alcoves, she saw. Directly before her, a woman was bent slightly, her hands braced against the wall as her lover thrust into her.

McKenzie made a small sound in her throat. The man with her pressed to her back. He released her bra, dropping it to the floor.

"You like that? The sight of them fucking?" he asked, and she felt her honey flow down her folds, even making her thighs slippery. His hands skated down her arms, and he turned her to copy the position of the woman she'd seen. McKenzie's eyes closed, and she heard his zipper lowering then the sound of foil ripping. Her panties were ripped away, the sound of the nylon ripping sending a bolt of illicit pleasure jolting through her.

Immediately, his wide cock pressed to her pussy. His hands locked on her hips then he surged forward, his grip alone keeping her from flattening to the carpeted wall.

His shaft stretched her, even more than the fingers had.

"Yes," she cried as her tissues were forced open. "Yes. More..."

This was so much more than she'd expected. So much more than a quick, back alley fuck.

His hips undulated, setting up a rhythm as he pumped into her. That long, wide shaft rubbed her most sensitive spots, driving helpless, breathless cries from her as her fingers curled against the wall. His hands left her hips and slid up her sides to cup her breasts. He tweaked the tips before grasping and pulling. She squeaked as a frisson of erotic pain exploded through her, shooting to her core and tugging her centre.

"Yes, again," she pleaded.

He pinched with each inward surge. Swells of pleasure swept forward and back inside her, promising relief and release, but never quite reaching the pinnacle. She screamed when suddenly a set of fingers pulled open her labia. Tongue and lips claimed her clit while the first man continued to fuck her.

Nearer and nearer, her release drew. She wanted to be touched everywhere. Filled until she could barely walk. She needed to remember this for days.

Suddenly, the lover at her clit clamped his teeth on that sensitive flesh, and she howled – actually howled – as unparalleled release screeched through her. Behind her, the

man groaned and stiffened, his body jerking as his cum filled the condom. Moments later, he pulled free, and McKenzie nearly collapsed into a heap.

Chapter Two

She found herself swept into the front man's arms and carried to the back of the room. A narrow bed sat on a dais, and he placed her on it. She blinked at the light falling on her. It wasn't soft lighting filling the room. It was a glow emanating from the spotlight on this bed. Here in the centre of it, she could barely see the others in the room. A multitude could be watching her, and she wouldn't know.

Her nipples beaded, knowing people saw her this way. Were they getting off? Would they?

"Your throne, my lady. Anyone who enters will see you. All the alcoves are angled this way."

She looked up at the men who'd chosen her for the night. One was the drop-dead gorgeous bartender who'd served her earlier. His olive-toned skin, which spoke of his Mediterranean heritage, gave him a dark, dangerous look in this light that both illuminated and created sharp shadows. His chocolate-coloured eyes devoured her and, slightly disoriented, she wondered if he'd fucked her or eaten at her pussy. With a smile, he moved into her.

"I told you I wanted to fuck you," he growled just before his mouth closed over hers, his lips driving hers apart. His tongue didn't wait for permission before diving in and claiming the cavern within. And she knew. Her taste filled her as they kissed, arousing her even more. Vaguely, she wondered how turned on a person could get before they went mad with it.

Suddenly, he broke away and the other man was there, his lightly tanned hand sliding across McKenzie's belly, between her breasts and up to cup her cheek.

He looked similar to the bartender, his dark hair longer to brush his shoulder blades. Both men had dark brown eyes and black-brown hair.

The man who'd fucked her stole his kiss, a quick consuming of her soul, before both her lovers knelt before her 'throne'. Their wide chests were perfect specimens of manhood. And their erect cocks, even more perfection.

The bartender pushed her legs apart then traced her seam with a thick finger. "The leg spreader, didn't I tell you?" he said. "And your panties. Poof!" He grinned that same devilish grin from earlier. "Now, my lady, rest back on your elbows and let your subjects admire you."

He pulled her ass to the edge of the bed and planted her legs far apart. She jolted as cuffs snapped around her ankles. Her other lover moved up beside her. He lifted straps from the mattress and fastened them around her arms at the wrist and just beneath her elbows. The placement would keep her semi-upright, while a wedged cushion he shoved beneath her would ensure it.

"Logan," he said then jerked his head towards his partner. "Gareth."

Logan and Gareth. Logan had licked her; Gareth had fucked her. Nice to know. But she could hardly think. Her head dropped back, jutting her breasts heavenward.

"Oh yeah, she likes this," Gareth said. "Look at the way her honey drips."

McKenzie groaned, overwhelmed by what she'd got herself into. Lord, she'd definitely made a right turn somewhere.

Logan stood at the edge of the dais, apparently comfortable being naked before them.

"Everyone," he called. "Our princess wants to be very naughty. She commands every brave knight in her kingdom come lick her fine, creamy offering."

Her head jerked up. *Commands? Every? Oh...* Her whole being shuddered in anticipation of the scene so like what she'd fantasised. Logan and Gareth lounged on either side of her. Each of them held a thigh open while they lazily laved her nipples.

She couldn't hold back her long, low moan of pleasure as she felt the first man kneel between her legs. His shoulders brushed the insides of her thighs as he bent forward, and she imagined him on all fours before her.

He wouldn't need his hands. She was so aroused that, with her legs spread wide, her labia had pulled back to reveal all of her. Even in the elevated heat of the bar, her body was warmer, and she felt the cooler air waft over her heated, exposed flesh.

Her 'subject's' tongue lashed over her, lapping at her cream. He stabbed the tip into her passage. She jerked and, despite the bindings, tried to push into the wet heat of his mouth.

Through half-lidded eyes, she saw Gareth gently place his foot on the top of the guy's head and push him away. She moaned at the cool air on her fiery flesh. Another man

replaced the first. He circled her clit with his tongue then tasted the cream flowing freely from her. Long strokes over her cunt had her twisting with unbearable pleasure.

Just when she was about to topple over the edge into release, Logan repeated Gareth's earlier move. And another 'knight' stepped up. He dropped to his knees, his hands going to the underside of her thighs. He grasped her tightly as his tongue stabbed into her quivering passage.

McKenzie screamed as the orgasm that had been denied her ripped over her body. Her head dropped back as her body arched, her shoulders jamming into the wedge beneath her. Her cries echoed through the room as more and more mouths took her. Each pushed her to a higher level of release.

She lost track of the number who'd tasted her and merely revelled in the sensual freedom of being possessed by them while her lovers oversaw it all. For some reason, she felt completely comfortable with them and trusted them, though that might be an insanely stupid thing to do. But as their hands lovingly ran over her body and their mouths continued the fervent attention on her breasts, she *did* trust them.

Gareth gathered one of her breasts in his hand and squeezed slightly as he pushed the tip up to his mouth, then sucked hard. She moaned at the pressure and the spear of pleasure that surged to her pussy, clamping on her clit. His tongue pressed the pliant nipple. She wondered if she'd have a bruise showing through the tanned areola tomorrow morning, an erotic reminder of tonight—as if the tender sensitivity wouldn't be enough to keep her smiling all day.

Logan released the bindings that held her. He climbed onto the bed beside her. Completely mesmerised, she watched him roll a condom down his thick shaft. Her eyes met his and he pulled her over to kiss him while Gareth moved with her, unwilling to release her breast yet. Reaching over, he tweaked and pulled at the opposite mound.

Suddenly, he was gone while Logan fully claimed her mouth. Releasing her lips, he moved her to straddle him, upright and facing away from him. She drew in a startled breath when she realised, she'd be fucking him while facing the room and who knew how many people.

She lifted high, hovering above Logan's cock. The tip bobbed and pushed against her clit. Closing her eyes to absorb every sensation, she slowly sank down his cock. A low groan echoed from her as she took him to his base, his shaft reaching to the back of her vagina.

Her hands rested on his hard torso as she moved over his pumping hips, the two of them like a well-tuned machine. She'd never experienced anything like this—the innate convergence of energy. She felt it with not one but both of the men who'd claimed her for the night.

Gareth moved away from them and she immediately missed his presence. She opened her eyes to search him out, but he'd vanished into the shadows. Logan didn't give her time to ponder his disappearance though. He grasped her waist, pulling her harder onto his erection and drawing her loud cry. Bringing up her hands, she skimmed her palms over her torso then cupped her breasts, feeling how tender they were after Gareth's thorough attentions.

Suddenly, the lights shifted in the room, going back to the green and blue strobes from when she'd first entered. The sounds of the others in the room seemed to immediately amplify. Was it an effect, or was it her aural senses reaching out? Hearing the moans and grunts of others having sex drew a flood of fresh cream to her pussy.

"Oh, yeah, baby. So good," Logan ground out. "So fucking good. Squeeze me. Oh fuck..."

"Logan," she gasped, the tension in her womb making her breathless. "Oh yes. Yes... More. Please more."

As if answering her plea, Gareth was back. He kissed her fiercely then helped turn and arrange her and Logan on the bed so Logan lay on it fully. She was repositioned to face him.

"Hey, beautiful," he said, drawing her down. His mouth covered hers, his slow claiming in opposition to Gareth's a moment earlier. Neither was better. Both notched up her arousal until she was sure that screaming, mindless madness could only be moments away.

A choked cry filled Logan's mouth when she felt Gareth's fingers skimming over her ass. Logan never slowed while his partner explored. His hands tightened on her hips, keeping their rhythm while Gareth probed her anus with a slick fingertip. With a slight burn, it inched inside, and McKenzie's resulting animalistic groan came from so deep she felt it in her belly.

"That's right," Gareth encouraged her. "Damn, it's so tight, but... You've had a man here before?"

Had she? Her brain was mush.

"Yeah," she gasped. "Once, yeah. But never..." She took a few choppy breaths. "Never two men at once."

He added a second finger and she felt his knuckles rubbing Logan's cock through the thin membrane separating his digits from his friend's shaft.

A green strobe fell across them, showing Logan's face, his lips parted, his countenance contorted in extreme pleasure. She could only guess hers looked the same. The tension inside her knotted. Almost there. She was almost there.

Then Gareth's mouth clamped onto her shoulder. His hands covered Logan's on her hips and his cock lined up with her small puckered hole. Logan pulled free of her then Gareth slowly pushed inside her tight back passage.

"Yes," she hissed, though there was some pain from his wide cock and the fact she hadn't had a man there for years. It would pass and it would feel so good. Just having him in her there made the blood buzz through her. It pummelled past her ears while the world shrunk to the three of them—Gareth stretching her ass; Logan pushing slowly back into her pussy. They both seated deep inside her. There was a pause, a held breath on the edge of the cliff overlooking oblivion, then she was falling yet held stationary by the men as they began moving. Their cocks pistoned in and out of her like well-tuned parts of an engine. In and out. In and out. In and out. In and —

Oh fuck! McKenzie screamed as her orgasm slammed over her with more intensity than she'd ever felt before. Her mind blanked. Her vision dimmed to complete darkness. Her blood, already loud, roared past her ears, muffling anything but her screams as she convulsed in the arms of her lovers. Perspiration coated her body as her belly desperately undulated against them.

Gareth's cry cut through her pleasure induced deafness. He slammed deep then his hot cum spurted from him. Logan's release followed a moment later. Together, the three of them collapsed to the mattress, the men kissing her wherever their mouths fell. And McKenzie felt herself drift.

* * * *

"Hey, sweetness?" Logan nudged her cheek with his nose as he whispered into her ear.

"Mmm..." she replied.

"You okay?"

Okay? If floating on a cloud of supreme bliss was deemed as okay... "Yeah," she sighed.

"We need you to be awake," he said. "Gareth and I need to get rid of our condoms and find your clothes, but we don't want to leave you here without your senses around you. Some idiot might think you're waiting for him to fuck you."

That woke her up. As much as random sex had turned her on earlier, now that she'd been with Logan and Gareth, she wasn't looking for another quick lay. She wasn't so sure her body could even take it. Well...okay. If the low-level arousal still throbbing in her core meant anything, she could. But as strange as it seemed, she didn't want just anyone—or a bunch of anyones—any more.

"I think maybe I should go," Gareth told Logan. "Then when I come back, you can go. We don't want anyone bothering our naughty princess."

"Good plan," Logan returned.

The mattress shifted as Gareth left. McKenzie curled into Logan's arms as he kissed the top of her head. "You two have been friends long?" she asked.

"Practically since birth. He's my cousin. A month older. Our parents were sorta...well, hippies I guess is the best description. Communal living, sharing... Gareth and I have always shared. Everything."

A tremble went through her at the implication. Though they'd just shared her, the thought that they always shared women turned her on.

"Do you, um, still live in a commune?" she asked, not sure what to say and not wanting to go in depth to their ménage tendencies. She'd benefited from their predilections, but she didn't want to probe. She grinned in the darkness. *Though I would like to be probed again.*

Logan chuckled. "No. We share a home but only with each other."

"Telling all our secrets?" Gareth asked, sliding onto the bed behind McKenzie. His shirt and pants rubbed against her naked skin.

"No, just discussing communal love and such," his cousin replied, getting up to take care of his business.

"Communal love. Is that what you're calling it these days?" Gareth teased.

"Bite me," Logan snapped good-naturedly.

"Sorry, mate. Don't swing that way." Gareth nibbled on McKenzie's shoulder. "But you, love, are a tasty feast."

He'd brought back a soft, warm cloth and he used it on her swollen folds, cleaning her of saliva and her secretions. He smoothed the nubby material back to remove the lube from her rear. McKenzie hated to tell him, but the tender care brought more cream to her pussy. She bit back a moan as her body heated for more sex.

"I brought your clothes," he told her. "I'm afraid your panties are toast."

That would make the trip home tricky. Her skirt was so short, her frilly panties had occasionally peeked out while she'd walked. She'd manage.

"Hmm. Oh well," she breathed.

"I don't think you should go home alone. Not dressed like that," he said.

"You want to...come home with me?" she asked hesitantly.

"I think either Logan or I should see you there." He sighed. "I'm not pushing for more. I just want to make sure you get home safely."

"And if I...want more?" she asked.

"I wouldn't say no."

"Neither would I," Logan said, choosing that moment to return. Gareth dropped her clothing in her lap then left the bed again. She heard a quiet sound, like a curtain on a runner, then soft canned lighting came up and she saw it was actually a panel he'd drawn over the front of the dais to close them in. He clicked the latch into place locking it closed.

He motioned to the area. "This is our personal space and no one gets to use it without permission. And since we're leaving..."

"Where are you going?" she asked.

He smiled, and realisation cut through her haze. Oh yeah...to her house. To see her safely home.

She looked at Logan. "Don't you need to get back to the bar?"

"No. I was just covering a break. The actual bartender is on now."

“Oh...” She looked at her clothes deciding what to put on first. Usually it was her panties. She chose the skirt, feeling the need to cover her pussy first.

She wasn't sure how she felt about taking two strangers home. Normally, she'd have the excuse of going back to the Anderson's mansion. No men allowed—at least, if they belonged to her. But right now, while they were in Europe, she was staying at her beach house. Her very private beach house.

Her skirt hiked as she put on her bra, showing the parts she'd decided to cover first and underlining the problem she'd have in getting home. No matter how she tried, the same thing happened when she slipped on her shirt. What the hell had she been thinking to wear a skirt this short? Sex. She'd been thinking of sex and nothing else.

She pulled the skirt down as far as she could, but the few inches of fabric just didn't want to cooperate.

“Sweetness,” Logan stepped up to her and cupped her chin, bringing her skittish stare to his deep brown gaze. His eyes seemed to look inside her to touch a part of her that trusted him completely. A foolish part, but it overrode her senses anyway. “You're perfectly safe with us,” he told her.

McKenzie had no reason to believe him, but she did.

Chapter Three

They'd showed her out the back door of their private area and into a hallway beyond. Gareth had called to bring their car and driver to the back door of the club. Apparently, there were rules at Sin's Door. Once a person went through the double red doors and entered the back portion of the bar, called the Den of Iniquity, they didn't go back through the way they'd come. They exited through the back. It ensured some privacy and also made it more difficult for one person to troll the bar for multiple pickups in a night. Sin's Door offered some easy pickings for someone on the make and the owners knew it.

Within a few minutes, McKenzie was tucked into the backseat of the car with her two lovers for the night. Since her skirt hiked up when she sat and would have left her rear on the seat, Logan pulled her onto his lap for the short ride. Both he and Gareth took advantage of her position, their fingers randomly sliding up the inside of her thighs to torment her folds. Their hands grew more insistent as they travelled and soon her thighs were parted and her head was thrown back as they finger-fucked her in tandem as they had before, each with a finger inside her pussy.

She knew the driver could probably see exactly what was going on, but at this point, she really didn't care. Hadn't a multitude of faceless, anonymous men licked her earlier? Hadn't she been watched as she'd fucked Logan and Gareth? What was one more man?

Her hand snaked up to caress the more tender of her two breasts as her orgasm loomed.

"Come," Gareth urged with a harsh whisper. "You know he's watching. Let him hear your pretty cries."

McKenzie whimpered as her body convulsed, tightening on their fingers. One of them added a second digit. So full... A thumb rasped over her clit and she shattered, her cry echoing in the car as she jerked in Logan's arms.

"Beautiful," he whispered. "Absolutely beautiful."

The car skidded to a halt in front of her house, and she wondered if the driver had been so involved in watching the action that he'd almost forgotten to stop. The three lovers piled out of the car. McKenzie retrieved her key from a tiny zippered pocket in her skirt.

"Well," she said.

"Is this goodnight then?" Gareth asked softly. Logan was nodding sadly, his hands in his pockets.

She looked at them both, so obviously wanting to stay but willing to leave on her say so. She backed towards the door. "I have to be up early tomorrow."

"Okay," Logan said, his disappointed understanding in his eyes.

"No, I mean..." She sighed. Hell, she was so bad at this. "Look, can your driver come back in a few hours? My friend is coming over in the morning and if she finds you here..."

Gareth's smile seemed to light up the night. "Sure thing, love."

He jogged over to the driver's window and had a short conversation with the man which ended with the guy driving away. Then it was just the three of them standing in her driveway, facing each other under the light of the moon. It was a full moon, and McKenzie figured that was half of her craziness. Didn't people do insane things under its influence?

Not far from them, Lake Michigan lapped gently against the shore. It was a balmy night, and she considered proposing sex on the water's edge, but the September waves would be cold enough to jerk even the hottest lover out of his mood.

She headed for the house with the two of them on her heels as the car pulled away. The door to her porch squeaked quietly as she led them into the screened in area. In a moment, the front door was unlocked and they were inside. There were no words as she slipped the key back into her pocket and led the way to her bedroom.

At the edge of the bed, she faced them and pulled off her shirt once more. Her bra followed.

"Leave it on," Gareth growled as her hands went to her miniscule skirt. "That sexy plaid is doing something for me..." He shook his head. "I've never much been into that whole fantasy, but damn, the sight of you *almost* in that skirt..."

Logan nodded. "Fucking hot."

They advanced on her, and she backed away. She giggled when she fell backward onto the bed. They immediately followed, kissing her everywhere their mouths could reach until she was writhing beneath them.

Gareth ran his hand up the back of her thigh to her ass. "One of these days, I'm gonna have you wear this then turn you over my knee and spank you."

Something shifted in her belly and McKenzie could have sworn she almost came. She'd never experienced any sort of rough sex, but damn if she didn't want to try.

"Why not tonight?" she offered.

"I don't want to scare you."

"What if I had a, um, what's that thing? A safe word?" If she'd been adventurous enough to go to Sin's Door, she could be adventurous enough for this. It wasn't as if she hadn't read books about spanking—and other things along that line—and been intrigued.

"Hell," Logan breathed. "I think you're the girl of my dreams."

McKenzie grinned. Playing her role, she scooted off the bed and stood looking down at the two of them. Biting her lip, she ran her hands along her body. If the solid bulges in the fronts of their trousers spoke truthfully of their desire, she was doing just fine. Both men sat up. Each taking one of her hands, they drew her forward then urged her to straddle their legs—one of Gareth's and one of Logan's. Soon her legs were trapped between their powerful thighs.

"Naughty, naughty," Gareth growled. His hand clapped onto her ass beneath the skirt while he nipped at her belly. "Logan, what do you think the punishment should be?"

"We should go easy on her. I'll bet it's her first offence. Perhaps my spanking to warm her up then yours." His hand swept over her back as he looked up at her. "Gareth has the heavier hand."

"You're really going to..." She trailed off almost embarrassed to ask despite her behaviour so far.

"As long as you really want it," Logan said.

If the cream on her thighs was any indication, she wanted it bad. "I do."

"Okay," Gareth replied. "Then your safe word is frog. Can you remember that?"

"Frog? Sure."

She'd barely got the words out of her mouth when Logan had her over his lap. He flipped up her skirt while Gareth held her arms crossed behind her back. The first fall of Logan's hand stung, and all she could think as she gasped was that he'd claimed Gareth had a firmer hand.

She moaned as the second spank rattled through her, pain radiating. Unexpected heat accompanied the third and continued to grow each time his palm connected with her tender

ass. The insidious fingers of torrid, fiery sensation licked down into her pussy. She gasped choppy breaths at the shocking pleasure. Like the heroines in the books she'd read, she didn't want him to stop. She liked this naughty play and the feel of his forceful hand on her ass. He stopped, and his fingers slid down to her cunt.

"Baby, you're so wet. You like that?"

She nodded. Behind her, she heard Gareth opening the drawer in her bedside table. She couldn't see him but knew he'd find her toys.

"Condoms," he said, placing an opened box beside her alarm clock. There were only two missing, and they were in the pocket of her skirt. She'd tell him that later. Something else landed on the bed. "And something for you, Logan. Now hand her over. My turn before her ass cools."

And with that she was moved over Gareth's lap. His first spank felt no different from Logan's, but she soon discovered he was re-warming her as the fall of his hand built in intensity, until she was crying and writhing at the sensation. The sweet, heavenly burn swept over her, flooding her entire pussy and crawling up into her back.

Her thighs were pushed apart and she felt Logan kneel behind her as Gareth continued his 'punishment'. Then she knew what had been tossed on the bed.

Logan slid her thickest vibrator into her quivering passage and turned it to medium speed. The protrusion in the front pressed to her clit, driving her mad as her spanking continued and Logan drove the toy forward and back in time with Gareth's hand.

McKenzie sobbed, pleading unintelligibly as lightning spiked through her. She clutched at Gareth's leg. A scream tore from her as she came in a blinding explosion of release.

"Holy hell, she's amazing," Logan murmured. She wondered momentarily if she hadn't blacked out. The vibe was gone, and she was lying on the bed between the two men.

Gareth kissed her. "A bit too much intensity for one night," he murmured.

"I'm fine," she protested.

"Hmm." He cuddled in beside her, and Logan did the same on the other side. There was no denying the rigid shafts pressing her thighs.

"But what about —"

Logan cut off her protest with fingers to her lips. "Hush... There will be other times. Hell, if we couldn't survive erections we'd be done for several times a day."

McKenzie laughed weakly, and acknowledged to herself that she *was* pretty thoroughly spent. She yawned as the adrenaline rush she'd been on began to dissipate.

Gareth kissed her temple. "Sleep, princess. We'll play again soon."

* * * *

We'll play again soon. McKenzie smiled as the words played through her head as she came awake. She stretched and realised she was beneath her thick white comforter. Bright sunlight streamed through her window, and her alarm clock announced 8:15 a.m. in big red numbers.

And she was alone. That didn't surprise her except for the part where she hadn't been when she'd drifted off to sleep. She felt a little guilty at checking out on her guests and a little appalled that she'd actually slept with strangers in her house, not even waking when they'd left.

Somewhat stunned by that and by the memories of everything she'd done last night, she climbed from bed to shower. Her friend Kimberley would be there in forty-five minutes. McKenzie didn't have much time.

She winced as her rear rubbed against the sheets. Sweet heaven! She'd be reminded of that spanking all day. She'd be lucky if she could sit without squirming. Heat raced into her face as she recalled enticing Logan and Gareth into 'punishing' her. What on *earth* had come over her? Whatever it was, her pussy already throbbed for more.

Would they be there if she went back to Sin's Door? Would they want to see her again, or would they be onto the next woman? Would she be making a fool of herself to go looking for them?

"Stop it!" she exclaimed. Good God, she'd heard of morning after regrets, but geez! She hadn't even made it into the bathroom and her inner voice was on a tirade. Probably making up for her suppressing it all last night.

She shook her head and headed for the shower. She could smell them on her, and while she kinda liked it, it wasn't the fragrance she wanted to wear to greet her friend.

The shower was a welcome comfort. The house's previous owners had invested in a rain-shower shower head and it blanketed the body while standing beneath it. Today, there

was a slight sting on her breasts and ass, but knowing why, McKenzie couldn't complain. In fact, she wondered if she wouldn't wear a smile all day.

When she stepped from the enclosure a few minutes later, she stared at her reflection in the door mirror. Shock dawned over her.

Her left nipple was discoloured from Gareth's attentions, while finger shaped bruises marked her upper arms, hips and the sides of her thighs. She turned and saw her ass was a shade of deep pink. Well...they *had* got kinda rough last night, hadn't they? She had no objections. Her grin deepened and she knew unless she reined it in, Kimberley would be demanding answers McKenzie didn't really have.

Still, pleased with herself, she slipped on her silk robe and wandered towards the kitchen. She wrinkled her brow at the scent of coffee. She walked into the sun-drenched room and saw the coffeemaker just sending through the last drips. A folded sheet of paper lay in front of the appliance. She scooped it up and scanned the bold writing.

Good morning, Princess. I hope you don't mind me starting your coffee for you. I fixed your timer settings. Take a pain reliever. You're sure to have some aches and pains this morning – we want you happy, not miserable. Think of us. See you later.

Gareth

See you later? Her belly did a happy flip at the idea. Then she wondered...would they come back here, or were they planning on her going back to the club? Knowing she had to hurry if she was to be ready for her friend to get here later, she decided to take a wait and see stance. Nothing had to be cut in stone now. It sufficed that they were planning on something beyond last night. So now she'd try to wake up and get through the morning.

Kim was coming to discuss job options – essentially, McKenzie finding a new one that didn't suck up her entire life. Kim was also outraged at Mr. Anderson's advances. Hell, so was McKenzie. Getting the heck outta Andersonville seemed a really good idea. Who knew what would happen if she stuck around?

McKenzie shuddered.

Yeah...waking up and finding a new job opportunity would be good. Caffeine would help.

She inhaled gratefully, happy that Gareth had made coffee even if he had wandered through her house to do it. After pulling a glass from the cupboard, she poured some water then took a couple of aspirin. A few minutes later, she was wandering back to the bedroom with mug in hand. And lord, it was the best coffee she'd ever had. She was firing herself from brewing and hiring Gareth. She sucked at it.

Quickly, she dressed while taking sips between articles of clothing. A breakfast with Kimberley begged casual attire. She chose jeans and a loose black T-shirt with a pouty blue fairy on the front. After she slipped on socks and a pair of Keds, she headed into the kitchen for more coffee.

The doorbell rang on her way, and she went to let in Kimberley. The perky redhead stood just beyond the outer screen, juggling her laptop, a couple of newspapers and a box – not a bag – of doughnuts. Obviously, she planned on a difficult morning and the need for a sugar rush.

Hurrying forward, McKenzie let her in and relieved her of half her burden. She was through the inner door when she realised Kimberley hadn't made it any further than the porch.

"What?" McKenzie asked, turning back.

"You look...different."

"You're crazy. I'm damp because I just got out of the shower and tired because it's early."

Kimberley snorted. "Nine is not early."

"It is on Saturday when there are no charges to chase after."

"Hmph." She jerked her head at the mug McKenzie still held. "Do you have more of that sludge you call coffee?"

McKenzie rolled her eyes. "In the kitchen. I'm sure it's not that bad."

But Kimberley was already on her way. Familiar with the house, she knew where the coffeemaker was, and also that McKenzie would expect her to help herself. She set her things on the table then got out a mug and poured herself a serving. Taking a sip, she walked towards the cupboard with the plates. Suddenly, she stood stock still and stared into her cup.

"Who made this?" She turned to McKenzie. "*Who* made this?"

McKenzie shrugged and smiled while she took her own drink.

"You had evening plans last night. Was it a man?"

"Yes, a man who made the coffee. And before you ask, no, he's not here. He preset the maker so it would brew for me this morning."

With a pinched look, Kim finished grabbing the snack plates then came to the table where they both sat down. That expression spoke volumes. More questions were just boiling to get out.

"What?" McKenzie sighed.

"I knew you looked different. A man. A *date*! How long has it been since you actually went out."

"Way too long." McKenzie reached for the doughnut box and opened it. Kimberley was way too excited about this, and it was making McKenzie nervous. She didn't want to divulge everything. After all, Kim was the one who'd mentioned to her, offhand one day, that Sin's Door was a meat market. The way she'd said it left no room for interpretation of her feelings on the place. She found the place repulsive and vile. No questions.

Kim chose a custard-filled pastry that she immediately ignored as she crossed her arms on the table and regarded McKenzie. "Spill it, sister. And don't leave stuff out. I'll know."

"I'm not one of your first graders. You can't bully me into submission or guilt me into telling you everything."

Eyebrows raised. "I do not bully my class. And what exactly don't you want to tell me? Is he married? Underage? Your cousin?"

"No! Geez, Kim! No! Look, I met...him...at a club. Okay. It was sorta a strangers in the night thing. One night stand."

"And you brought him back here? That was dumb."

And that was it. Kim pulled over one of the newspapers and opened to the want ads. McKenzie stared at her, stunned by her sudden divorcement from the topic. It was unusual, but McKenzie definitely wouldn't look a gift horse in the mouth. She pulled out a glazed doughnut and took a bite.

She should have known better. Kim circled two prospective jobs then asked, "What club?"

McKenzie tried for a nonchalant shrug. "Just one over on Lake Drive."

Kim's gaze shot up. "There's only one place on Lake." Her eyes narrowed. "Tell me you didn't."

What was she? Twelve? She'd grown out of lectures years ago.

"Don't roll your eyes at me," Kim grated in her best school teacher voice. "At least, tell me you were safe."

"Of course, I was."

"You went to *that* club and then brought the guy home. I don't think there's any 'of course' about it. Look. Kenz. I just want you to be safe."

"I *was*. I *am*."

"Can I ask you about this then?" She lifted the note from Gareth that McKenzie must have left on the table. "Nice name. Gareth. What does he mean by 'we' and 'us'? Please tell me he has some sort of royalty complex."

Fuck this was like pulling off a bandage one hair at a time. "There were two of them. Two men."

Her friend went a little white, but McKenzie didn't miss the tiny flare of interest in her eyes. Straight-lace Kimberley was too refined to ask details or give the subject air time, even for disapproval.

She closed the newspaper. "Personally, I think these ads will be useless."

Enter whiplash topic change girl.

"Okay. Then let's forget it and just eat breakfast and have our unusually nice coffee."

"I *mean*, there's an opening at the school. It's not advertised. You can probably get a jump on it. It's sixth grade language arts—I know you'd like that, though why I can't fathom."

"Then let's pull out my resume. I'll add the latest, and it's good to go."

"It's not that easy. They'll check your background, Kenz. And your current activities. You cannot go back to Sin's Door. Promise me!"

McKenzie's stomach dropped, and she knew she couldn't promise any such thing. She stared right at Kimberley and did something she'd never thought she'd do...

"Okay," she lied. "I promise."

Chapter Four

Kimberley left McKenzie's at eleven, and the thunderstorms rolled in at noon. Around one, she lost power. It didn't surprise McKenzie. This shoreline area often lost their service during bad weather, and sometimes it was days before the electricity was restored.

While it was an inconvenience, she didn't worry overly much about it. Late in the afternoon, she took a diet cola, a sandwich and the newspapers out to the porch where she could enjoy the storm. The construction of the screened-in enclosure made it an ideal spot to hear the rain and feel the air moving without getting wet or battered. Fat candles in hurricanes were scattered around the area, and she lit them since it was getting darker. Soon her haven was cast in a golden glow.

One of her favourite places in the house was her porch swing, and she swayed idly there while she scanned the want ads for her city and some of the surrounding areas. Regardless of her conversation with Kim, being a teacher, especially at Kim's overbearing school, wasn't her first choice. Her childhood friend already pushed the boundaries of their relationship. Working together for the same place might spell disaster. Plus, McKenzie wasn't sure how willing she was to mould her life to the school's expectations. She'd been doing that for years as a nanny, and it wasn't making her particularly happy.

The ads didn't look promising. Her friend had been right about that. With a sigh, McKenzie set the papers aside to toss in her recycle pile later. Leaning back, she pulled an afghan around herself then stared into space for a long while with the cool air from the storm wafting over her and the sound of raindrops lulling her into a drowsy state.

Wearily, she considered her options while her mind drifted hither and fro. She had cash saved. Plenty of it in fact. She owned her house and car outright, inheriting one and quickly paying off the other. And having no life over the past three years had basically meant she'd got a pay cheque and really had nothing to spend it on. Her room and board were paid most of every week and since she wasn't home much, her utilities were miniscule. Her savings could actually last her a couple of years if she was frugal.

She could do frugal if it meant being able to wait for the right job. With that thought, she relaxed. It was nice to have time on her side. Maybe she'd write a book or something. That had been her intention when she'd first majored in English at university back before the world had told her it was a pipedream that she should give up.

Her eyes closed on the warm feeling brought by the idea of following her old dream. She was forever swirling stories in her head and she drew one near—only this time there were two heroes, not one.

* * * *

"Princess..."

McKenzie made a small sound in her throat and shifted as a voice cut through her dreams of a fair maiden and her two knights.

"Princess, baby, wake up..."

"Maybe we should let her sleep."

She opened her eyes slowly and saw the embodiment of the two knights kneeling beside her. She smiled groggily. "Hi."

Logan kissed her lightly then Gareth bent in to do the same. Soon they were sharing a three-way kiss that drew her fully from her haze and had her pussy heavy with desire.

"We heard the power was out over here," Logan said. "So we brought a hot meal."

"To share, of course," Gareth enjoined with a grin.

"I'm glad you're both here," she told them, sitting up. She laced her fingers into Gareth's hair then kissed him lightly. "Thank you for making coffee this morning."

"You're welcome, princess." He pulled her off the swing and onto the thick quilt they'd spread out. A basket sat nearby, along with a small cooler.

"I made my speciality," Logan told her. "Chicken Marsala with redskin potatoes and steamed carrots. Gareth picked a nice Chateau Ste. Michelle wine to go with it."

"You cook?" she asked. The two of them were just getting better and better. Great coffee and apparently at least one of them could cook.

He grinned. "I can do lots of things."

"Mmm, I remember." And she did. Her body still ached pleasantly from their attentions last night, but that didn't mean she'd didn't want more. The pleasure of their touches far outweighed any residual twinges.

She stretched, pleasantly warm and discovered the glass on the porch windows had been pulled down, leaving each open by only a few inches. One of men had lit the gas fireplace in the corner, something she should have done since she didn't have an electric ignition model. Overall, they'd managed to create a cosy haven for the three of them—and she couldn't believe she'd slept through them moving around. Vowing to mentally berate herself later, she focused on the men who'd set about wooing her tonight.

Firelight and candle flames illuminated the trio in an amber glow that drew McKenzie back to the erotic sensations of the dream from which she'd just woken. She could almost believe they were in that older setting.

But this was a whole new world to her. There was so much to learn and experience. She pushed a strand of her hair behind her ear and looked at them as they served food and poured wine.

"Did I ever tell you my name?"

"No, but we want to know all about you," Logan said, handing her a plate. "The stranger thing was fun, once. But it's not enough."

"Do you want more than that?" Gareth asked.

She balanced her food on her lap and took the glass of white wine he offered. Did she want more? *Yes!* But it would be complicated. They'd be a triad in a society that considered couples normal. Kimberley would certainly freak out, but McKenzie was confident she'd get over the shock. Eventually. And her family was really a non-entity as far as concerns went. Her parents truthfully wouldn't notice as long as she didn't disrupt their lives—which she did as infrequently as possible. Her brother was gay. She'd been one of his biggest supporters, and she suspected he'd be the same for her. And her sister? If McKenzie knew her, she'd probably ask where she could find her own pair of men.

Logan paused in the process of handing Gareth a plate.

"Is that a no?" he asked, after her long silence.

"Yes," she said quickly. "I mean, no. No, it's not a no. Yes, I'd very much like more. I was just thinking of...things."

"Complications," Logan guessed.

She nodded. There would be complications, but she didn't want to worry about that now. It wasn't as if she planned to marry them. That was a thought for way later. Right now, she wanted to have fun with them — dressed *and* naked.

"There are just a lot of things to consider," she replied. "But not right now."

"That's our princess," Gareth laughed.

She liked the sound of that. "First off, I don't mind Princess, but my name's McKenzie. McKenzie Stewart."

"Gareth Black and Logan Hunter," Gareth said.

"And what do you do, Ms. Stewart?"

She snorted. "Believe it or not, I'm a nanny."

"I would have liked to have had a nanny like you," Logan broke in.

"I'm not as nice as you think; besides I'm thinking of changing jobs." She took a bite of her Marsala and groaned. "This is so good. Geez, Logan, you could be a chef."

"Ah, but then I wouldn't like it. I prefer to cook for fun and family. And friends. So tell us about this job change. Why, if you like kid-lings?"

They ate and she told them of Mr. Cop-a-feel Anderson, keeping it brief because she didn't want to sound whiney. Instead, she talked about her dream of perhaps writing. Both Gareth and Logan thought pursuing publication was a great idea — unlike everyone when she'd been younger. They both offered to help with research which led to their shirts disappearing and an uproarious session of 'what do you think of this heroic pose'. Apparently, they'd both seen more than their share of romance novel covers.

Logan stacked away the plates then they pulled McKenzie into the next pose. Gareth dispatched her shirt, leaving her in a lacy, red bra while Logan draped her over his arm. He kissed her neck while Gareth knelt before them, his lips pressing to her belly. She moaned as their mouths grew hungry and more intense. They kissed her wherever their mouths could reach.

Soon, she was on the blanket with a man on either side of her.

"You taste so sweet," Logan groaned as he made a trail over her shoulder. He pulled down the cup of her bra, exposing one breast. Immediately, he sucked the nipple into his mouth. She cried out, arching her back.

"Yes, Logan! Harder. Please!"

The pressure increased while his tongue pressed the pliant peak.

Fire poured through her, burning through her veins before turning to lava in her pussy. She grabbed Gareth, pulling him in for a kiss when she felt his hands at the closure of her jeans. His tongue thrust against hers then delved inside claiming her mouth for his own. His hand came up to cup the back of her head and hold her still for his sensual assault.

She grinned as he continued to fumble with her pants with one hand. Not to be outdone, she skimmed her hands down his chest to his button fly. With a *pop-pop-pop*, she had him open and had her hand inside to cup him through the soft cotton of his underwear. She reached her hand over and opened Logan's trousers just as easily. In a moment, she was stroking both hard shafts.

Both men groaned as she slipped her palms up and down, taking particular care with circling the heads. She pulled her mouth from Gareth's and grinned up at him.

"Trouble, hot stuff?" she asked. Her pants were still closed. She squeezed their shafts, loving the feel of the flesh-covered iron in her hands. She wanted it in her mouth. She squirmed from beneath them. "Stand up," she urged.

As soon as they were on their feet, she knelt before them and yanked down their underwear enough to expose their cocks. Hmm...who first? The scent of their musk was nearly intoxicating, and the sight of their arousals, both long, thick and curving slightly towards their bellies was pure beauty, but Logan's tip made the decision. She licked her lips at the sight of the pre cum pearled there, waiting. While her hand continued its up and down motion on Gareth, she leaned in and took Logan in her mouth.

"Fuck," he breathed as her tongue swept over the head to claim the drops there. She looked up at him while she sucked him deeper. His hand fisted in her hair while his head dropped back, his eyes closed. His teeth sank into his bottom lip. She took him as deeply as she could then pulled back. Her hand took over as she turned to Gareth to claim the pre cum that had formed for her.

Triumph and delight twined through her as she pleased both men, bobbing her head up one shaft then up the other. That naughty part of her surfaced again as she envisioned herself on her knees before these two masterful men, seeing to their needs. There was a reason she'd so enjoyed that spanking last night. She had a submissive streak that ran deep—

not so deep that she wanted to play Master and slave games, but deep enough that she enjoyed a little mental subjugation even if it *was* only in her own head.

Gareth guided her mouth down his penis while he gently thrust forward, holding a handful of her long hair. She was his now until he came; he wasn't letting go. She could feel that much. Logan carefully extracted himself from her grip as Gareth went to his knees. She followed, partly because she wasn't letting him go and partly because his grasp forced her lower with him. He sat back on his heels while she sucked him on all fours.

Logan moved behind her and had no trouble opening her jeans. He pulled them down her hips, along with her red silk panties, leaving both around her knees. She moaned around the cock in her mouth as he stroked two of his fingers inside her. In a moment, she recognised his plan. When she slowed on Gareth's shaft, Logan slowed. When she stopped, Logan stopped. And the faster, she went... Oh, pleasure.

Tingles prickled down her thighs as Logan fucked her with his fingers. She pressed into his strokes while she swallowed as much of Gareth as she could. He jerked against her, his hand wrapped in her hair as he intermittently grunted and swore under his breath. Then she pulled up to the head, sucking hard and pressing her tongue to the soft hollow beneath his crown.

"Fuck," Gareth gasped. "I'm...Princess, I'm gonna..."

She shot towards his base again, squeezing him with her hand where her lips couldn't reach. He shook, his fingers tightening and pulling her hair as he erupted, spewing into her throat. McKenzie swallowed as fast as she could, wanting to take as much as possible. Her eyes rolled back in her head as Logan took advantage of the moment and ploughed home with his cock, surging inside her to his base.

Gently, Gareth pulled free of her, smoothing her hair and rubbing his hands over her back while his cousin pistoned in and out of her. She loved it, the attention of both men, the closeness. Suddenly, she wasn't sure she could ever go back to just one guy. And all at once, she hoped she'd never have to.

Logan's fingers digging into her sides dragged her from her thoughts and plunged her into a sea of visceral reaction, where tension and explosions ruled and reflection didn't move beyond the need for more pounding sensations.

She screamed as Gareth leaned over her then reached beneath and pinched her clit. She toppled headlong into a chasm of release, her cry echoing on the glass surrounding them.

Her body squeezed Logan's cock, the grasp so tight the friction sent her into another orgasm. He groaned, then swore on a hiss as his climax hit him, and he drove deep inside her, losing his seed.

It was several long moments before she realised she was collapsed forward onto Gareth's lap. She gasped for breath while her heart pounded as if she'd run the Boston Marathon.

"I think I'm dead," she whispered between huffs.

"Too bad," Gareth said, pulling her up to sit on his lap while Logan recovered himself. "We brought dessert."

"I might be able to claw my way from death's door for that," she replied, without opening her eyes. Gareth's heart thumped soothingly beneath her ear, the solid sound wrapping around her and making her feel warm and fuzzy. At the moment, the whole world was a muzzy, perfect place. Even the thunder crashing outside seemed just right.

"The storm sounds like it's getting worse," Logan commented. "We should probably move inside. This doesn't exactly qualify as a good shelter."

"Wet blanket," she teased, already standing then pulling up her pants.

"Nah. Just don't wanna pull glass splinters outta my cock."

"Logan!" Gareth shuddered. He moved quickly to grab things, too.

Soon there was a pile of clothes, blanket and picnic things inside the front door and they were curled up on her couch like a puppy pile.

"Can we stay over tonight?" Gareth asked.

"Will you make me coffee in the morning if there's power?" she teased.

He laughed. "Princess, I'll make you coffee every morning. All you have to do is ask."

"Mmm...perfect." She turned to Logan. "And what about you? What's your bribe?"

"Well... I'm better at messing up beds than making them and I burn breakfast because I tend to zone out—Gareth never makes *me* coffee—"

"Lies," his cousin accused.

"So maybe I can...wash your back."

"What a deal! You can both stay. But one more thing."

"What's that?" Logan asked.

"I really like to ride in the morning." She blinked at them as if she'd said something perfectly innocent and wicked grins bloomed across their handsome faces.

"Deal!" they agreed in unison.

Chapter Five

Days with Gareth and Logan seemed to fly past, and before McKenzie knew it she'd been seeing them for a couple of weeks. A perfect, idyllic two weeks. Every morning, they left her to go off to their jobs at the bar, but often they came back in the afternoon. The three of them took long walks along the beach. They went on drives in the country, to the movies or out to eat. Each day was a special, laidback time of getting to know each other.

She learned that they'd both gone to school for business after growing up in the willy-nilly, what-will-be-will-be lifestyle their parents had lived. They wanted a better way for their kids—and they *did* want kids, but with the same woman. The ménage-sharing mentality was one of the only traits that had carried over from their upbringing—that and enjoying simple things like sunsets, the sound of waves, the way an early October frost had painted her porch windows.

Late most afternoons, they left once more to go back to the bar, but they always came back between eleven and two. Logan and Gareth had made it clear that as long as it was okay with her, they'd rather be together than apart. If she'd rather not have visitors that late... And she thought they were high to even consider that she didn't.

As she'd suspected, Kimberley was scandalised that McKenzie was sleeping with two men—at the same time! *What are you thinking?* She didn't speak to McKenzie for a week solid then showed up with a big box of doughnuts on the morning that McKenzie had been seeing her guys two weeks. She stood in the doorway, wide-eyed and hungry looking, as the two men bade her friend goodbye.

"Write a lot today," Gareth urged as his lips left McKenzie's. Since she'd officially quit her job, she'd been writing every day. "You're doing so well. I can't wait for what happens next." He kissed her again. "I'll miss you today."

"Miss you, too," she replied as she was handed into Logan's arms.

"You're coming to the club tonight?" he asked. She hadn't been back since her first time, but her guys had specifically asked her tonight.

"I'll be there at ten," she promised against his lips then groaned as he kissed her deeply until Gareth horned in and kissed her again, but since Logan wasn't inclined to give up her mouth, it turned into a torrid three-way joining.

"Bye, Princess," Logan sighed. Then they were gone, and Kimberley was staring at her in stunned amazement.

"I think that's the hottest damn thing I've ever seen," she muttered and headed for the kitchen.

"I like it," McKenzie replied, smoothing her mussed hair then tightening the sash of her robe. "I wasn't expecting you."

"Teachers' in-service day. My in time is flexible, and I wanted to see you." She put the pastries on the table. "Please tell me Gareth made the coffee."

McKenzie smiled. "Gareth made the coffee." And Logan had washed her back—and a whole lot of other places before he'd been true to his claim and messed up her bed with his cousin's help. Damn, life was good.

Kimberley pulled out a mug and set it on the counter. She stared at it, her hands braced on either side. "I get the sex," she said. "Sorta. I mean seeing that," she gestured towards the front of the house, "it's kinda easy to fathom the allure, but Kenz, how can you—"

"If you're planning to lecture me, you can take your doughnuts and go."

"Have you thought about the future?" her friend asked, ignoring her directive. "Sure, it's all fun and good right now, but what about when you need to get a job or you have to talk to people about your...mates? What about when people stare at you, wondering what guy you're with then deciding you're a slut because you're with both?"

"Is that what you think of me? That I'm a whore?"

Kimberley spun around, anger slashed across her features. "Of course not! But I don't want you getting hurt and that's all I see ahead for you. Hurt, hurt and more hurt. I'll be here for you, but people don't understand threesomes. They don't. Ménage is just fine for a fantasy or a porn movie, but in real life... Men and women are expected to be in pairs not bunches."

And there it was. Laid out in harsh black and white. All the things McKenzie had worried about that second night with her men. Before she'd known them, really known them. Before they'd delved deep inside her thoughts and dreams and the past that had

formed her. She'd pushed aside the complications to focus on the relationship, forgetting that no relationship was insular — not outside deserted islands.

"I'm going to get dressed," she announced and dashed for her bedroom before Kimberley saw her cry. Because McKenzie knew it was true. In real, conservative Midwest American life, permanent threesomes just didn't happen. And they certainly weren't accepted.

She closed the door before Kimberley followed her then sank down the wood, drew up her knees and let her tears silently flow.

Her chest hurt from holding in heaving sobs. It was stupid, she berated herself, to be so attached to two guys after a couple of weeks. To want them so much. To be thinking of the future. But as Kimberley had pointed out, without knowing it, McKenzie had been ignoring everything but being with Gareth and Logan.

Two weeks and she felt this strongly. What would she feel like in another week? In a month? Longer? How long would it be before the world started chipping away at the relationship and leaving it in crumbled ruins?

Better to end it now before any of them got more deeply involved. Right?

She got up, her heart rending, and went to look for clothes. Two weeks and she felt as if someone had died.

Two, two, two, two, fucking two!

She wanted two damn it. This was so unfair.

It was a half hour before McKenzie was suitably made up to hide her red eyes. She wore black jeans and a black turtleneck that could have been considered melodramatic, but she really didn't give a fuck. Her long hair was scraped back into a ponytail that still curled to the middle of her back. As she recalled the way Gareth liked to twist his hands in it, she considered getting the mass cut.

Kimberley wordlessly hugged her in the hallway.

"Let's go shopping," McKenzie said.

"You hate shopping."

"So?"

Kimberley stepped back and pursed her lips as she looked at McKenzie. "How about pedicures instead? And maybe a trip to the pottery shop to paint?"

McKenzie shrugged a shoulder. Her friend was trying. And she really did care, even if she didn't understand. "Sure. Let's do that," she said. "A girls' day. But don't you have to work?"

"I called in while you were...changing." Kim sighed, shoving her hands into her pocket and nudging the edge of the carpet runner with her toe. "I've only made things worse."

"They're not things I haven't thought about. And maybe you don't speak for the whole world, but you do speak for a whole lot of them."

"Only partially. You have to understand, I'm not going to lie to you, but I really would try to be on your side—I'd even try to like the two guys if that's the way you chose to go."

"You know what I'd like?" McKenzie said. "A world where people would just mind their own damn business."

"I'm sorry..."

"Not you. That's not what I meant."

"What are you going to do?"

Well, that was the million dollar question wasn't it? "I don't know."

* * * *

'I don't know' involved pedicures, Death by Chocolate cake, pottery, Krispy Kreme doughnuts, a purchase of an entire collection of Barry Manilow CDs that neither of them could explain later, and Kimberley getting her drunk. Of course, McKenzie didn't know her friend was getting her drunk until she was a few drinks in, since they were fruity and didn't taste alcoholic. By the time she realised it, she was too toasted to be able to care.

She did care, a hell of a lot, when she woke on Kim's couch the next day with a pounding headache and a mouth that felt full of cotton. Her head screamed as she bolted upright and stared at her watch. Noon. No!

No, no, no! This wasn't how she'd planned to end things with Logan and Gareth. Not like this. Not by standing them up.

She moaned, pressing a hand over her eyes. She didn't want to end things. Last night, she remembered deciding rather drunkenly, but still validly, that the world could just go worry about other things. Like peace or cleaning up oil spills or ending poverty. A threesome

in Michigan was small beans. She wasn't letting society dictate whether she saw two men or not, and if she wanted to be with them forever, then everyone could just piss off as she'd very elegantly declared last night after her fourth Pomegranate Splash.

"I'm sorry," Kim said from across the room. McKenzie moved her hand enough to open one eye and look at her. The eye immediately closed against the insidious light and the load of sand behind her lids.

"You should be. What the hell, Kim? You know I barely even drink. And you know the guys were waiting for me last night. This is mean."

"I was only trying to relax you. You were so upset. Then we were both so far gone... I've done nothing but hurt you and screw up things over this whole situation."

McKenzie sniffed and sat up. "You're a menace. And you're gonna help me fix this. As soon as I can see straight and don't feel like throwing up."

"You're not pregnant are you?"

She glared at her friend.

"Okay. Bad joke. Sorry."

"Stop apologising. Oh my God! This is a hangover. How long will it last?" She had things to do and a relationship to put back together. And she couldn't do that while she felt like dying. "Do you know where my phone is?"

"Um...you...threw it in the lake. Last night. When it kept ringing."

Great. McKenzie knew exactly why it had been going off. And now she felt even worse.

* * * *

It was mid-afternoon before she could move without the world spinning. Looking in the bathroom mirror, she couldn't imagine she looked better now than she had when she'd woken. What could look worse? she wondered. Her hair appeared as if squirrels had nested in it then left because the quarters weren't fit. Her eyes were bloodshot, and her skin was so pale it could give a Dracula a run for his money—except for the nearly black circles under her eyes.

"I look like I've been run over by a truck. Hey, boys, are you sure you want this back?" she growled in the mirror. Hell, they'd look at her like this and run. She'd deserve it. How

freaking irresponsible had she been to let Kim get her drunk for the first time in her life? Last night of all nights. Of course, 'let' was a generous word.

Still, Gareth and Logan were liable to be pissed. She'd tried to call the bar, since she didn't have their numbers memorised. She'd relied on her phone...which was now somewhere in Lake Michigan.

There was no answer at Sin's Door so she'd have to try to find them that night after the doors opened. The prospect of hunting for them at the club and the scene that might ensue was daunting, but she'd hazard it. If nothing else, this episode underlined how important they were to her. The thought of losing them left a hollow emptiness in her belly that had nothing to do with the awful hangover. She was not willing to end things because of what people might say.

"What about this one?" Kimberley said. McKenzie had charged her with helping get her sexy for the night and now Kim was dragging out dresses that might work. This one was a short red number made of glittery fabric and rhinestone studded straps.

"How cold will it be tonight?"

"It has a shrug jacket."

"Perfect." And it did look perfect on her, especially once her hair was back to its sleek fall down her back. The fabric hugged her curves and fell just to her upper thighs—dangerous since panties were impossible. A pair of four-inch heels pushed her into the land of smokin' hot. At least, she hoped so.

Kim agreed to drop her off at the club—part of her penance—and McKenzie prayed she wouldn't need a ride home. Of course, the club looked packed to capacity so she might have trouble finding her men. It was so crowded that a line had formed outside with a bouncer guarding the door. With a sigh, she headed for the back of the queue.

"Hey!" an unfamiliar voice bellowed.

Out of habit, she looked up though she was sure the man wasn't yelling to her. To her surprise, the bouncer was beckoning to her.

"You're McKenzie Stewart, yeah?" he said. "The bosses showed me your picture. They want to see you ASAP so get your ass inside."

"Bosses?" she echoed.

He rolled his eyes. "The owners. Your boyfriends. Mr. Black and Mr. Hunter? Ring a bell?"

Not the part about them owning Sin's Door, but she nodded anyway. She should have known. They'd never been secretive about their work. She just hadn't made the connection.

"So you going in or what?" the bouncer asked, holding open the door.

"Going in. Definitely in," she replied.

The bar was the same as she'd remembered it. Loud, crowded, and now that she wasn't on the make for sex, a little sweltery. She glanced around through the masses of gyrating bodies, searching out Logan and Gareth. As far as she could see, they weren't on the main floor or at the bar. A quick scan of the mezzanine showed them in a semi-circle booth, surrounded by women.

She stopped and stared, unsure what to do. They weren't acting as if they were at all into the bevy around them. Instead, they scanned the club with pensive gazes. The blatant ignoring of the females didn't halt the spark of jealousy that prickled through McKenzie. Her fingers fisted as her eyes narrowed.

Then one of the women put her head on Logan's shoulder and placed her hand over his heart. Her face looked dreamy, and a sharp fury swept through McKenzie. She spun around and stormed the other direction, dodging people on her way. She'd deal with the two men when they weren't so...busy.

She'd almost made the door when a hand clamped around her upper arm and she was pulled against a hard chest. The fingers slid to her elbow then his forearm clamped around her middle. She closed her eyes as she felt him bend to her ear.

"You're late," Logan rasped.

"We thought you might have been in a car accident or been hurt or something. Do you know how many hospitals we called? How many times we went to your house and pounded on the doors? Waited? And what the hell is wrong with *you* calling? Us? Or picking up our calls for that matter?"

"My phone's in the lake," she muttered, but somehow, they heard her.

"What?" Gareth exclaimed in disbelief. She looked to where he stood at her side. His arms crossed his chest. His face was stony, but his eyes were full of unmasked hurt. Logan lips pressed to her shoulder, his grip tightening as Gareth glared.

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry," she said. "I meant to be here. I *was* coming—"

"Let's go somewhere quieter," Logan interrupted. He swung her onto his shoulder and headed towards the back of the bar. She shrieked as she realised it would hike up her dress then immediately started flailing, trying to yank down the skirt. It was fruitless, and she settled for bending up her legs in hope that her feet would cover her private parts. Despite her exhibitionism the first night here, she didn't want every person in the bar seeing her pussy.

In moments, Logan and Gareth had her through the double red doors. Alternating red and blue lights slowly circled the room this time, giving it the feel of a dark police scene. Moaning instantly wrapped around her, beckoning her to come play, but neither man slowed. They march through the door at the back of the Den, and into the hallway that led outside.

Gareth stopped halfway down the passage. He pulled a key card from his pocket and swiped it through a reader she couldn't see. A moment later, bright light filled the area as a pair of elevator doors slid open. Logan stepped inside, never letting her down, and Gareth followed. Silently, he pressed the button for the upper floor. Neither spoke as they moved upward. For her part, McKenzie wasn't so sure what to say, so she remained quiet, too.

"Well?" Gareth demanded when she'd been dumped onto a wide leather couch covered in soft, creamy leather. He was the angrier of the two, but she sensed it was more from worry than anything else. Hell, if any other man had pulled this caveman tactic on her, she'd have been out of there in a New York minute. But she could practically feel the pain and frustration rolling off her guys.

She closed her eyes for a moment and pulled her lip through her teeth with a sigh before she spoke. Her excuses sounded so lame to even her. She'd deserve it if they never forgave her after she'd told them what had happened.

"Yesterday morning...no, before that." She shook her head. "Everything was so...perfect. But in the back of my mind, I knew trouble was out there. That we'd run into it; that society would dump a bunch of opposition on us. I was ignoring it. I wanted to be with you more than I wanted to face the difficulties. Then yesterday Kim came over. She means well. She loves me. But she made me face hard facts."

Gareth made a sound deep in his throat then stalked a few paces away. Though he didn't speak, she knew he was pissed. Whether at Kim or her or both was a tossup.

Logan sat in a club chair perpendicular to the couch. His arms rested on his legs as she spoke. He didn't look at her, but his head was cocked to indicate he listened.

"Don't be mad at her," she urged though she wasn't sure if they were. "It made me think and decide, and even though she accidentally got me drunk last night, I had decided for you. No matter what crap people throw my way. I was coming here last night, just like I'd promised. To be with you for however long this lasts. And now, I feel so stupid. I mean, who gets drunk by accident? Even so, I feel worse that I stood you up. That's the last thing I wanted to do."

Logan moved from the chair and sat beside her, taking her hands. He lifted one to his mouth and gave it a soft kiss. "If there are problems, they're *our* problems. You wouldn't have to deal with it alone. Right, Gareth?" he prompted.

His cousin didn't respond to the unspoken directive. "What happened to your phone?" he asked instead. She was relieved that he didn't appear angry anymore. He looked more...confused but amused.

"Kim lives on the lake, too. Just like me. I don't remember but...well, she tells me that last night, when the cell kept ringing, I tossed it in the water."

Logan snorted. "McKenzie... Princess what are we going to do with you?" he laughed.

"Don't ever get me drunk. That's for sure. And...maybe...keep me?"

Suddenly, Gareth knelt in front of her and hugged her tightly, his head against her middle. Logan rubbed a hand over his cousin's back while he rested his chin on McKenzie's shoulder, his mouth near her ear.

"We've been ditched before," he said. "We've been the fun new toy, the naughty game for a moment or a rebellion against someone's daddy. But we've never cared about someone like we care about you. When we thought..."

"I'm sorry," she whispered.

Gareth lifted his head and pulled her mouth to his. His arms went around her, and he pulled her to sprawl across his chest as he lay on the area rug. "No more sorrys," he said as his fingers buried in her hair. "It was just a big mistake, and we'll leave it at that."

"Okay," she answered, relieved that they'd both accepted what had happened.

"That's some dress you're almost wearing," Logan commented.

She looked over her shoulder to see him staring at her ass. "It was perfectly respectable until you two hauled me up here."

Gareth's hands wandered over her rear. "No panties, either." He clicked his tongue. "Such a bad girl."

"You like it."

"I do, but so do you," he agreed as his fingers skimmed along her bottom and pressed in to find her tight anus.

She moaned at the memory of him filling that space. Her body heated. Squirming upright, she straddled him then pulled the skimpy dress over her head.

"Beautiful... You should always be naked," Logan decided. He crouched behind her and cupped her breasts. His thumbs scraped over her taut nipples while she rubbed against the bulge beneath Gareth's fly. On a different, desperate level, she needed sex with them. She wanted to reassure herself things were once more on the right track. That they were 'good' again.

Gareth stilled her hips, and Logan pressed to her back, arms going tight around her middle. She crossed her arms over them to complete the embrace as his cheek nudged beside hers.

"McKenzie," Gareth began in a voice so serious her sexual haze thinned. "Last night drove home to us... We've enjoyed being with you —"

Oh hell. Maybe things weren't good. She started to get up, but Logan held her in place.

"But we want more," he said. "We want to know you're our girl, and that we have every right to be worried sick if you disappear —"

"I won't."

"And that you'll know you're ours," Logan continued. "We won't share you, and you should expect us to be faithful to you, too. We'll be your protectors and supporters."

"It's too soon for promises of forever," Gareth affirmed. "We know that. But we want our intentions for you perfectly clear. We're not going anywhere unless it's with you. We love you."

"Love you," Logan echoed.

Warm prickles erupted across her skin. She bent forward, Logan moving with her to sandwich her between the two hard chests. His clothed cock pressed against her ass while his fingers sought her pussy.

She brushed her lips over Gareth's as his hand wandered towards her clit.

"Love you," she said, wanting to tell him before she was enveloped in the heavy desire seeping through her once more. She turned her head, twisting towards Logan. "Love you. Love you both."

And she did... That would be her strength in whatever came their way.

His mouth covered hers, taking her cries as he and Gareth pushed her closer to a perfect release. The first of the many promised by their love. Joy filled her as she plummeted into the chasm of bliss.

Who would have thought she'd find her future with the two strangers who'd waited behind Sin's Door?

About the Author

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

She lives in Michigan with her husband and two children, who love her despite her occasional threats to smite them. They humour her and let her think she's a goddess...as long as she provides homemade chocolate chip cookies on a regular basis. Brynn has conducted workshops at several writers' conferences around the country and 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.

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