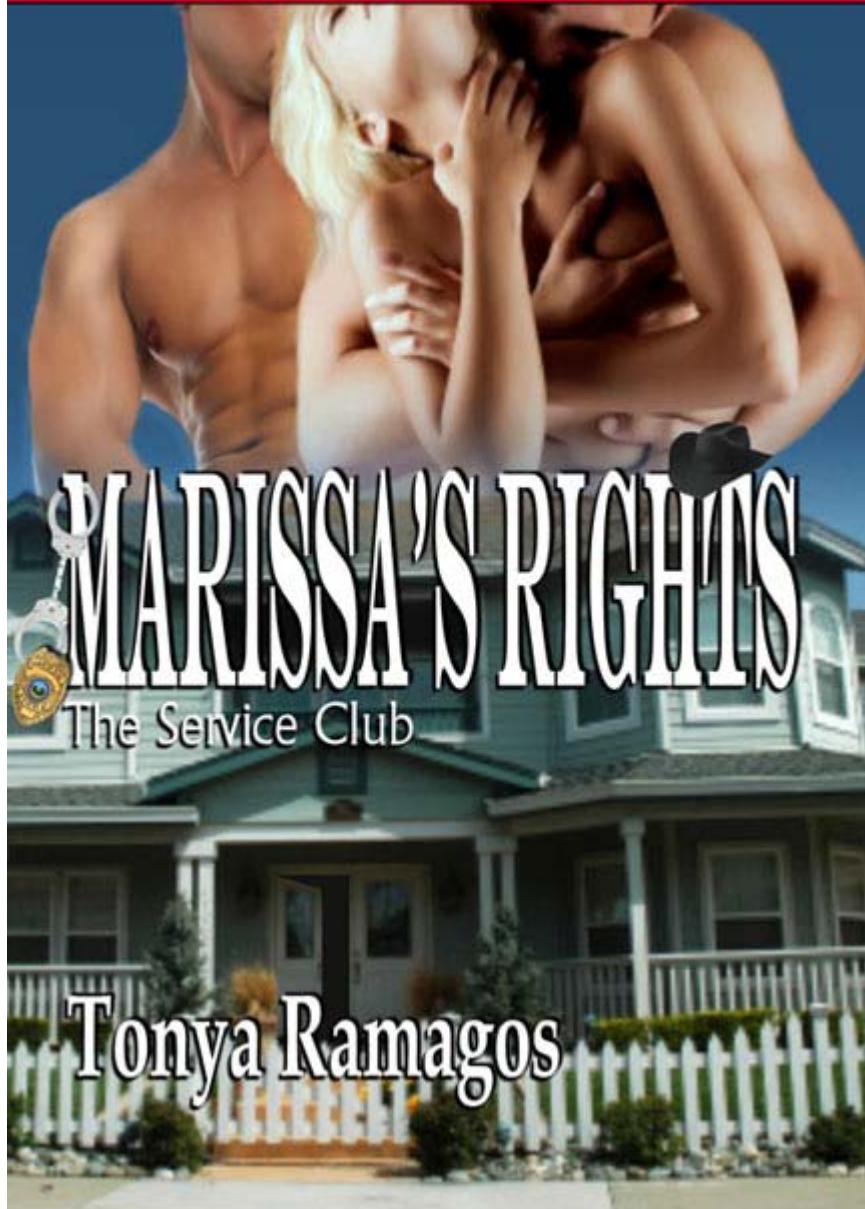


Siren Publishing

Ménage Amour



The Service Club 2

Marissa's Rights

Marissa knows what Justin and Ben will demand in exchange for their touch. She longs to experience everything these tough cowboy cops aim to show her. When danger comes to her doorstep, a night in their protection brings her the closest she's ever been to infinite pleasure. All she has to do is say the right words.

Ben has a pair of handcuffs and an ache beneath his belt to put them to use. He's hard-pressed to take custody of Marissa's pleasure. Watching her struggle with her inner demons is tearing him apart, but saving her from herself is the toughest case he'll face.

Justin is a patient man. Loaded with needs for Marissa, he's made his intent to claim her clear and left her fate in her hands. He'll protect her from danger, but the right to a lifetime of crazed passion rests with her.

Genre: BDSM, Contemporary, Ménage a Trois/Quatre

Length: 43,099 words

MARISSA'S RIGHTS

The Service Club 2

Tonya Ramagos

MENAGE AMOUR



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MARISSA'S RIGHTS

The Service Club 2

TONYA RAMAGOS

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Chapter One

Blue lights caressed the night sky with the eroticism of a man's hand gliding over a woman's naked breasts. Marissa Schultz flattened her back against the wall by her front door, sliding down on her bottom and hugging her knees to her chest. A soft whimper escaped her lips as fear quivered through her system. Alarm sent her heart racing to tangle with the adrenaline beading her nipples to taut points of aroused excitement. Her inner thighs grew damp with each pass of the rotating blues in the darkness outside her window.

Would they think her insane if they discovered the thick juices seeping from her pussy after the trauma she endured tonight? Would they know the need coursing through her came from the intense desire to experience everything the vile, naked man said to her, but at their command?

She startled at the sharp rap on the door, followed by the deep baritone bellow of the first officer to make the scene.

"Police. Open up."

She couldn't stand and didn't bother to try. She reached a shaky hand to the knob, thumbing the lock free, and twisted. The door eased open. The lights of a second squad car joined the first, mixing with the dim glow of her front porch lamp and spilling into her foyer.

Bart Evans stared down at her beneath the bill of his cowboy hat, one hand resting on the butt of his sidearm still nestled in his gun belt. “Are you alone in here, Marissa?”

No warmth, no friendliness. Just detached cop authority. She shivered even as she nodded. If she’d been given her pick of responding officers, he wouldn’t have been one of them. “He t-took off d-down the s-street when I dialed 911.”

Bart pushed the door open the rest of the way as he cast a look over his shoulder at the deserted street out front. Scowling, he nodded once and stepped out of view. Her gaze landed on another figure hurrying toward her. Nothing could hide the raw possession she saw in the eyes of the man making his way up her front porch steps.

In that single instant, she felt claimed. Every pore in her body reacted to his presence as if it belonged to him, as if *she* belonged to him. She did. He knew she did. The predatory confidence swirling and building just beneath the surface of his eyes told her he did. After tonight, the whole town would know it, too.

“Isn’t your shift over?” she heard Bart grumble as he passed the second officer.

“Not for another ten minutes.”

Marissa’s breath caught at the carefully controlled sound of Ben Hoffman’s voice. Goose bumps danced over her flesh, colliding with the feathers of heat that caressed every place his gaze slid as he pointedly looked her over. She hugged her knees tighter to her chest, barely able to ignore the ache in her nipples that begged for his grim-set lips to close around their taut tips.

“She’s in the house. Claims the perp ran down the street. I’m going to see what I can find.”

Ben didn’t spare the other officer a glance. Two long strides brought him directly in front of her. He kneeled, one hand going for the volume of his department radio on his hip even as he skimmed the fingers of his other hand down her cheek.

“Are you all right?”

The compassion in his softly spoken question brought tears to her eyes. She swallowed, instinctively leaning into his touch as she studied him. Not one to wear a cowboy hat, his blondish-brown curls fell in haphazard ringlets around a lean face with killer cheekbones and penetrating blue eyes. His uniform shirt stretched over broad shoulders, defining the muscles in his chest and hinting at the six-pack of his abdomen.

Marissa wanted to nuzzle her face against his chest, to feel the solid strength she knew she would find. She imagined she could fall asleep there, calmed by the steady beat of his heart, held in the comforting security of his arms. Wasn't it funny how she could think of such soothing tenderness with this man when he scared her clean to her soul? Not because she thought he might hurt her. No, Ben would never cause her an ounce of pain...at least no pain that didn't result in insurmountable pleasures. The thought of those pleasures, of being at this man's mercy for the myriad experiences her body throbbed for him to show her, sent fear tickling down her spine.

"Did he hurt you?" Ben's hand dropped to her bare knee, fingers massaging gently as he shifted his weight on the balls of his booted feet. "Geezus, baby, did he touch you at all?"

"He d-didn't try." With a hand fisted around his cock and the other cupping his balls, the creep resorted to verbal ways of assault. "I shouldn't have opened the door." She threw her head back, wincing when it hit the wall. "What was I thinking?"

She didn't think. She had never needed to in the past. Horn Hill, Alabama, had always been the quaint little town where everybody knew everybody and folks didn't bother to lock doors, much less worry about who might be on the other side when the door swung open. Then again, none of those folks ever opened their door to find a naked man jerking off on their front porch.

"We'll get to that later. Did you get a good look at him?"

Marissa puffed out a laugh as she lifted her head. Movement in her peripheral vision made her hesitate. Jean-clad legs brought a set of

narrow hips swaggering up her steps. Her mouth went dry as she pulled her gaze up the Western-style shirt hugging the toned torso of the second man to send a wicked fear directly to her core. Straight, dark hair brushed his broad shoulders. A black Stetson rode low on his forehead, shadowing his stormy eyes, but failing to hide the bullets preparing to fire in his gaze. Justin Bryan stopped beneath the light of the porch, hands fisted at his sides, muscle ticking in his jaw, looking for all the world like a cowboy ready to throw down.

“You made good time.” Ben looked to his partner, but his fingers continued their steady message on Marissa’s knee, his free hand now gliding slowly up and down her bare arm.

The touch, like everything else about the man, warmed her even as it brought chills to the surface of her flesh. It awakened erogenous spots she didn’t know existed, left those spots begging for an echoing attention.

“I would’ve been here sooner if I hadn’t been across town.”

Marissa held Justin’s gaze as numerous questions ping-ponged in her head. What had he been doing at this time of night across town? Why wasn’t he working tonight? Why was he here if he wasn’t on duty responding to her 911 call?

The answer to the last tied a rope around her breasts that stretched straight to her pussy and pulled tight. He was responding to her 911 call, but she doubted the help he came to offer would be sanctioned by the police department.

“Come on.” Ben’s hand closed on her upper arm and pulled gently. “Let’s get you off this floor and inside on the sofa. Then you can tell me what you saw.”

Marissa let him lift her to her feet, surprised when her legs held her steady. She reached for him, more out of reflex than need, both hands gripping his free one. The sudden need slammed into a wave of gratitude that she had something to hold on to when her body started to tremble from the roots of her hair clean to her toes. Justin

whispered a string of expletives that would no doubt make a nun blush as a growl rumbled from low in Ben's throat.

Humiliated heat flooded her face. She knew what she looked like, knew what they could see. *Everything*. God, what must they think of her? Sitting on the floor as she had been with her legs hugged to her chest, she had been protected, shielded. Standing, the silk and lace, white teddy did little to cover her flesh, much less conceal anything. She might as well be wearing plastic wrap for all the protection it offered.

"You opened the door wearing that?" Even as Justin swore again, his hands worked the buttons free on his shirt and tugged it from the waistband of his jeans. He shrugged it off, leaving his upper body clad in only a thin, muscle-defining undershirt as he closed the distance between them in a single stride. "Put this on. Damn it, Marissa, I can see every delectable curve on your sweet body."

"I-I heard a sound." Marissa started to defend herself, feeling like a rag doll when, instead of letting her put the shirt on as he told her, he put it on her himself. "I expected to find a cat or...or a dog or, heck, a freaking pig. Not a man without a stitch of clothes on drooling on my front doorstep."

Ben hooked a finger beneath her chin, turning her face and lifting it to meet his gaze. "Are you even wearing panties under that nightie?"

"Isn't that question out of line, Officer Hoffman?"

Marissa's mortification grew by leaps and bounds as Bart Evans stomped onto the porch. Thank God Justin gave her his shirt. She wished she could melt into the material until it covered every inch of her flesh. Bart shouldered into the doorway, the move jostling Justin to take a step further inside or be pushed out of the way.

"Watch it, Evans."

Bart didn't seem fazed in the least by the warning in Justin's tone. Marissa stared at both men, wide-eyed. She felt the anger pumping off Justin in waves. He wasn't a man Bart wanted to mess with right now.

Still, that didn't stop the other officer from attempting to make his point.

"This is a crime scene, Bryan, and you're off duty. You shouldn't even be here."

"I go where I want, when I want, and nobody tells me any different. Did you find anything out there?"

Bart scoffed. "Yeah, a whole lot of empty ground. There ain't a soul in sight. Hell, I didn't even catch wind of a cricket out there."

"This place is surrounded by trees, and the nearest neighbor is better than a mile away," Ben commented. "It would be easy for anyone to get lost in these woods."

"I need a statement, Miss Schultz." Bart pulled a notepad and pen from his shirt pocket. "You want to move into the house, where you can get comfortable?"

Ben answered before Marissa got the chance. "Not now. Miss Schultz is still pretty shaken up. You're pulling a double shift. You'll still be at the station in the morning. I think her statement can wait."

"Then you'll see she's brought into the station in the morning." Bart's tone rang with a knowing disapproval.

"We'll see to it." Justin nodded as he moved further into the house. "You got to head back to the station?"

It took her a second to register his question was meant for Ben. Each step Justin took brought his front more securely pressed to hers, sending her thoughts scrambling and her body on a riotous ride of awareness. She would've stumbled back, but his hand gripped her hip, steadying her balance and drawing her closer.

Ben lightly touched her arm, capturing her attention as he nodded. His gaze locked with hers rather than Justin's. "I'll be about an hour."

"We'll be here," Justin said.

Ben's focus dropped pointedly to her lips, and she felt his intent as surely as if he physically kissed her. It rained sparks of anticipated heat down her body to settle in her belly, a belly currently pressed

against Justin's groin. She felt his cock straining the confines of his jeans, thick and hard and ready to fuck.

She heard a sound outside her door tonight and thought she would find an animal on her porch. In the end, she found a couple of wild beasts she didn't stand a prayer in hell of fending off and a fear she stood no choice of conquering any way except head-on.

* * * *

The front door closed with a soft click, shattering the last of Justin's resistance. He stared down at the woman trembling in his arms and knew he couldn't walk away. He had waited, made sure she knew he wanted her, but gave her time to absorb the fact. Each tick of the clock seemed to stretch for an eternity. Tonight, the clock struck the zero hour. Time was up, and there would be no going back.

Her long blonde hair hung in a wave of satin down her back, tickling the fingers of his hand on her waist. He turned his hand over, catching those strands and tugging until her head fell back. Awareness dashed through her hazel eyes, leaving sparks of desire to twinkle in their depths. Pink flushed her cheeks. Her mouth opened slightly on a quiet exhale. Her tongue peeked out to lick slowly along her bottom lip.

Justin watched the glide of her tongue, felt the effect of the lick travel over his throbbing shaft. Instinct, training, and need had him battling the urge to push her to her knees, free his straining cock from his jeans, and drive it deep inside her mouth. A restraint he thought he lost the second he got her alone held him in check.

Marissa's throat worked as she swallowed, drawing his attention to the slender column of her neck. Her pulse beat a quick, beckoning staccato that tempted him to taste. He started to dip his head, but stopped when she spoke.

"Thank you." Breathily and full of nerves, her words moved over him in a hesitant stroke of innocence and wicked desire.

Justin brought his hand from her hip to her jaw, skimmed his thumb along the tantalizing curve to the base of her ear. “For what, darlin’?”

She licked her lips again, and he barely stifled a tormented groan. If she did that much more, the modicum of restraint tying his balls in a knot would surely snap.

“For insisting I be allowed to give my statement in the morning.” Her hands skated shyly up his biceps, over his shoulders, and down again only to climb back up. Her slender fingers found his hair and toyed with the strands.

Her hands on him felt so freakin’ good. He never wanted, certainly never *needed*, to feel a woman’s timid touch on his bare flesh as badly as he did right now.

“I didn’t expect Bart to agree.”

Neither did Justin. Procedure dictated the officer get her statement tonight, ask as many questions as he could given the investigation still underway concerning Marissa and the fire that ripped through her children’s clothing store barely two months back. The chances the perpetrator was the same individual ranked fairly high.

“I outrank Evans. Off duty or not, he knew not to argue with me much if he wanted to walk down those steps on his own legs.”

She smiled at that, a small curve of her luscious lips that illuminated the darkest parts inside him. “Thank you for showing up, too.”

Justin traced the outline of her earlobe, loving the way her lashes fanned her cheeks as her eyes closed from his caresses. For the second time in as many months, he found himself grateful to even be looking at those amazing eyes. As with the report of the fire that came across his department radio, he hadn’t known what to expect when he rushed out here to her place tonight. Visions of what he might find scared the shit out of him. The relief of discovering her shaken, but physically unharmed, pricked his temper even as it soothed the ache in his chest.

"And thank you for staying." She opened her eyes when his fingers trailed away from her ear to fall to her shoulder.

"I don't plan on going anywhere." He watched her take in his statement and saw the understanding of his meaning move through her face. "Neither does Ben."

"You aren't talking about just tonight."

"That's entirely up to you." It cost him to give her that freedom, to afford her the right to tell him to go. He put it all on the line. Everything he and Ben wanted hinged on the one answer they refused to say for her.

"You know what I want." Her cheeks flamed a deeper shade of pink at her acknowledgement that he could see straight through her. He could. He did know exactly what she wanted, what she craved. He knew what kept her up night after night, writhing in her bed in search of a satisfaction she hadn't found with any man, including her ex-husband. Justin and Ben had both been trained to recognize those needs in a woman, taught precisely how to serve them and to satisfy them.

"And you know you won't get it until you ask for it." That fact kept his bed cold at night, his dreams full of this woman, his cock pulsing to demand her total surrender now. He released his hold on her hair, forcing himself to take a step back away from her. "Are you steady enough to walk?"

Marissa nodded. "I should probably go change so I can give you your shirt back."

"If I wanted my shirt back, I would take it. Go sit on the sofa. I'll fix you a brandy."

Her lips curled in as she bit the insides of them thoughtfully.

Justin waited, unmoving and unspeaking, desire pumping furiously through his veins and throbbing in his cock and balls. He lied. He wanted his shirt back, wanted more to see that damnable scrap of silk and lace flirting over her pert breasts and the pale, pouty lips of her pussy. If she took off the shirt now, he wouldn't be able to

stop himself from taking her. Forget waiting for her to make her final decision. Forget waiting for Ben to get back.

“I do want you to stay.” She swallowed, closed her eyes on a deep breath, and opened them again. “You a-and Ben, for longer than tonight.”

An almost goofy sense of delight threw a party in his chest at her admission. He didn’t let her see it, couldn’t let her know. He kept his expression carefully blank, his tone even. Both required a great deal of control. “That’s a start.”

* * * *

Marissa took the brandy Justin handed her, his words echoing in her mind. *That’s a start*. He wanted more, expected more, and would demand more before giving her what she wanted. He wouldn’t make it easy on her. Blast the man! Why did she ever think he might?

Why did she ever think she could do it?

Are you kidding? What you’re asking is wrong. Only dirty whores like to be treated that way.

Her ex-husband’s declaration, the scorn that marred his cultured face when she dared to confess her sexual desires sent her courage scurrying back into the corner of her mind.

She sipped the brandy, wincing only slightly at the burn as the strong liquid washed down her throat. She wished it would wash away all her inhibitions, her fears, her embarrassment. She knew it wouldn’t. She already tried that route several times, hoping if she got a little swerve on she would gain the courage to confront Justin and Ben, to surrender to her deepest, darkest desires she saw fulfilled in their eyes.

Rumor had it Justin and Ben were the men for the job. Hushed stories floated around Horn Hill about the Service Club, an exclusive club of men with two things in common—they each worked in a public service profession, and they gave new meaning to servicing the

women they bedded. No, not bedded, *claimed*. They were said to be rough, tough cowboys who dominated their women and treated them to pleasures beyond the imagination.

Justin and Ben scared her. The level of want she felt for them terrified her to the bone. What she revealed to her ex-husband paled in comparison to the acts she really wanted to experience, things Justin and Ben seemed all too willing to do to her. She only needed to ask, to surrender.

"You're thinking pretty hard." Justin towered over her, a statue of pure male strength and confidence. Their difference in height, coupled with her position on the sofa, put her eye level with his cock. His jeans lovingly hugged the thick bulge. Moist tugs of arousal stirred in her pussy, stimulating her growing need to feel that thick wedge of heat and hardness sheathed inside her channel.

"I have a lot to think about."

"Yeah, I suppose you do."

Marissa pulled her gaze from his cock, dragged it up. God, even his face was enough to make a woman wet! She studied the day's worth of stubble on his chin and jaw, her tongue prickling with the desire to explore.

"What are you thinking right now?"

"Hmm." An unmistakable bolt of lust flashed through his eyes at the sound. "Am I really such an open book to you?"

Her question seemed to surprise him. One brow winged up, slow and sexy, as he stared at her for several terminal heartbeats. "Yup."

His simple, one-word response made her laugh. "I guess I am. So why did you and Ben get so angry earlier?"

"You were assaulted, Marissa. Maybe the perp didn't touch you, but verbal abuse is just as bad. Hell, sometimes it's worse."

Marissa shook her head. "I mean when I stood up, when you saw my nightgown."

His gaze slid down her with the heat and consistency of melted chocolate. "That ain't no nightgown you're wearing, darlin'."

The heat spread over every inch of her flesh, morphing into a deep blush even as whips of desire slashed from her nipples to her clit. “You didn’t answer my question.”

“I shouldn’t need to.”

“You can be such an infuriating man sometimes.”

That made him grin. The bastard. “Just stating facts. I figure it should be obvious enough that Ben and I wouldn’t want another man looking at the woman we’ve staked claim to.”

Confused, Marissa shook her head. “But don’t you get off on that?”

“On what?”

“On,” she waved a hand through the air, “that.”

“You’re going to need to be more specific if you want an answer, darlin’.” He hooked his thumbs in his pockets and rocked back on his heels.

Ugh, infuriating didn’t begin to describe him. Marissa took a deep breath and blurted the words in a rush. “On letting other men see your women naked, watch you have sex with them and stuff.”

“Sometimes.” His tone held no inflection whatsoever, but his expression turned curious. “Does the idea of putting on a show for our friends get you off?”

Marissa looked away, her heart suddenly pounding so rapidly it felt as if it might beat a hole in her chest.

He waited several long moments, and when she didn’t answer, he hooked a finger beneath her chin and tugged her face to look at him. “Ben and I say who looks at our woman. When we allow someone the privilege of seeing the body we pleasure, it’s because we want her to feel cherished, not cheap.”

Marissa gulped, shocked by the sensitivity in his tone, the emotions swimming in his eyes. She nodded, not knowing what to say, how to react.

He waited another heartbeat, skimming the calloused pad of his thumb along her jawline, then dropped his hand and straightened. "Tell me what happened tonight."

He backed away, moved to perch on the coffee table in front of her. He rested his forearms on his knees, let the beer bottle he held dangle between his legs.

She wished he would sit beside her, pull her into his arms, and let her settle against the hard planes of his chest. With his arms around her, maybe she could forget all the vile things said to her tonight, the shame she felt at the way those things sent her hormones on a mad rush to Dominate Me Land.

She could be there, in that land, at Justin's sweet mercy. A few words, a simple disclosure, and she would be boarding a first-class plane. Instead, she lifted a brow. "You give me the strong stuff, and you go for a beer."

He shrugged one broad shoulder, causing the thin white undershirt to pull tighter over his muscled bicep.

Marissa's body zinged. She wanted to feel the strength of his arms holding her captive, stretching her own arms above her head, pinning them to the bed with one of his large hands as his other pushed her legs apart. She wanted to watch his biceps strain to hold the weight of his upper body off her as he positioned himself between her legs and rammed his rock-hard cock deeply inside her burning channel over and over and over again.

She took another sip of her brandy. It didn't quench her growing thirst.

"I figured you needed a little something to steady the nerves."

"Liquid courage isn't as easy to come by as they claim." Unable to hold his gaze, she lowered her eyes to her glass.

"You're confusing the two, darlin'." His lazy drawl comforted even as it commanded control of her senses. "Besides, some decisions aren't taken as truths if they aren't delivered from a clear head."

Marissa looked up, straight into the swirl of knowledge in his eyes. He wrapped a world of innuendo in that statement, and she didn't miss a word of it. The sentiment thickened the air between them, making it hard to breathe, harder to think.

"You said you heard a sound on the porch," he prompted after a moment, lifting the beer to his lips for a long pull.

Marissa nodded. In a blink, Justin became the cop. Sure, he tried to hide it with his laid-back, friendly perch on her coffee table, but the hard edge in his expression, the demeanor that pulsed in the air around them, came from the cop damned good at his job. She settled her attention over his shoulder on the window behind him. "It's happened before. An animal wanders onto the porch, scratches at the door, or lays down to rest. I never think much of it."

"But you still check to see what it is."

"Well, yeah. I mean, it could be a wounded animal or a baby looking for food." She found a newborn rabbit on the step once and surmised it had been abandoned there by its mother. She had cared for it until it grew large enough to release back into the wild.

Justin shook his head, but a hint of a smile toyed with his too-kissable lips. "And here I thought you just liked to put kids in designer clothes."

"Ha ha." She rolled her eyes, but she couldn't hide the laughter that mixed with the sarcasm in her tone. "I love everything about kids...the two- and four-legged variety. I can't wait until—" She cut herself off and shook her head.

"You'll have your own kids someday," he finished for her. "You'll make a hell of a mother."

Surprised, Marissa stared at him. "Thank you." She swallowed the urge to ask if he wanted kids. She sat curled on her sofa in front of a man who unknowingly held her teetering heart in his hands—or maybe he did know, seeing as how he claimed the ability to read her like a book—and knew so very little about him.

"Did you get a good look at the perp?"

She let him steer the conversation back to the main subject, puffing out a humorless laugh. "A far better look than I would've liked."

"The report I heard on the scanner said he was naked."

"As the day he was born." She let her mind wander back to the moment she opened the door, forced herself to remember past the sudden terror and to focus on the details. "He had black hair, scraggly and matted, with a long, square face and sunken eyes. If I noticed the color, I don't remember."

"Any scars or other defining features?"

Marissa shook her head. "Not unless a small dick counts." She gasped, her hand flying to cover her mouth as she realized what she said. Her face flamed as Justin snickered. "I can't believe I said that."

"It's what you saw, right?"

"Well, yeah, but..."

"Of course, that opens the question of what your interpretation of a small dick might be. Opinions tend to differ there."

Marissa narrowed her eyes. "You don't really expect me to answer that."

Justin chuckled again, but moved on. "Did he say anything to you?"

Marissa averted her gaze again, answering quietly. "He said lots of things."

"Such as?"

She took a deep breath along with another sip of her brandy. "I really have to repeat it all, don't I?"

"As much as you can remember."

She didn't hear much sympathy in his tone, only a cool authority she guessed he used when questioning witnesses. Strangely, it helped somehow, made it easier to look at him. "Is this my official statement?"

He shook his head. "You'll need to go through it all again at the station in the morning."

“Great.” That wouldn’t be easy. She heaved a sigh, pushing it out through pursed lips. “He accused me of wanting things, sexual things. He used, umm, specific terms and said he heard I liked that kind of stuff.”

“He heard? I don’t suppose he mentioned where he heard this.”

“No.” She only ever told one person about her sexual desires. Somehow, despite the mean, degrading things he said to her, she couldn’t imagine her ex-husband divulging her confession to anyone.

“What specific terms did the perp use?”

Marissa forced herself to hold Justin’s gaze. “Spanking, torture, denial, exhibitionism, s-strappado bondage.” She stumbled on the word as heat spread just below the surface of her flesh. Embarrassed heat at the necessity of repeating the BDSM acts the deranged naked man used to taunt her and aroused heat at her undeniable desire to experience the acts at Justin and Ben’s command.

What happened to her tonight had been terrifying. When she finally moved past the shock enough to slam the door on the pervert and dash for the phone, she had been scared to death he would force his way inside, force himself on her. But reliving it now for Justin, knowing she was safe, thinking not of the man who verbally assaulted her tonight but of the implications of the acts he described, put her one step closer to the edge of the full confession she knew Justin wanted.

He angled his head as he studied her for a long heartbeat. “Do you know what strappado bondage is?”

She nodded her answer, her mouth suddenly too dry to speak. He didn’t make her define it aloud. Thank God.

“What else did he do? Say?”

“He just stood there, getting himself off as he muttered kinky sex talk to me. It started as a grumble. I couldn’t hear him at first. I was so shocked when I opened the door to find this naked man on my porch jerking off that I couldn’t think for a minute. Then I heard him mumbling and, stupid me,” she rolled her eyes, feeling like a

complete fool, "I asked what he was saying. That's when he got louder. I don't think the true fear set in until he started shouting it at me. How I wanted to be tied down and paddled until my ass felt on fire. How I wanted a cock shoved in my mouth while another fucked me in the ass."

She stopped, her eyes widening when she realized how far she'd gone. She huffed a laugh. "Wow. You wanted specific. I guess you just got it."

"That's exactly what I wanted and what I needed to know." His lazy drawl turned gruff, grating over her sensitive skin.

"And what I'll have to say again in the official statement." She winced. It was hard enough being so blunt with Justin. She didn't know if she could say those things to another officer.

"Yeah, you'll have to tell it all to Evans tomorrow." Justin put his beer on the table beside his hip. His expression revealed nothing of what he might be thinking or feeling. "Is that everything?"

"Pretty much." She shifted on the sofa, turning slightly to set her brandy glass on the end table so she could pull a throw pillow in her lap. She needed something to cuddle, to hold close to her chest. Her breasts ached with a ferocity that shouldn't be happening right now. Her pussy burned, sticky wetness collecting between her smooth folds. "I slammed the door in his face, called 911. Somewhere in that time, he took off down the street. By the time I got back to the door he was gone. Then Bart and Ben showed up."

Justin reached for her, catching her wrist in his large hand and pulling it away from the throw pillow. He brought her hand to his mouth, grazed his lips over the backs of her fingers. "I'm sorry you had to go through that tonight."

The tenderness of the gesture made her heart leap to her throat. Ben usually came across as the softer one, gentle and kind. Control and rapacious confidence often pumped off Justin in waves. Yet, twice tonight, he proved to possess a sensitive side he never let her see before.

“Do you think he could be responsible for burning down my store?” she managed to ask as Justin lowered her hand to his knee. He didn’t let go of her, but skimmed his thumb lightly over the back of her hand in an almost idle caress.

“It’s the most obvious possibility.”

“Why?” How many times had she asked herself that very question since her store went up in flames only to be left dumbstruck and frustrated because she couldn’t find an answer? “Why would someone want to taunt me like that? I didn’t even recognize the guy tonight. And the things he said...” How would he know to say them? How would he know exactly what to say to her to hit on her darkest secrets?

Justin rubbed the back of his neck with his free hand and sighed. “I’m afraid Ben and I might be responsible.”

Mystified, Marissa glared at him. “What are you talking about? How?”

“We haven’t exactly made it a secret around town that we want you. Gavin and Randy have been worried that someone is out to make an example of the women associated with men like us.”

“Men who belong to the Service Club.” Marissa knew Gavin Scott and Randy Pope belonged to the club, too. The firefighters also claimed the heart and body of Georgia Cooper around the time Marissa’s store caught fire.

A muscle ticked in Justin’s jaw as he nodded. “Yeah, that was a secret at one time.”

“But I’m not associated with the club or with you and Ben. Not in that way, at least.” She stated the obvious, but didn’t expect the dominative heat that flamed in his eyes.

“Folks around town believe you are.”

“Thanks to you and Ben. You don’t leave a woman much choice, do you?”

“The decision has always been yours, Marissa. Ben and I have never attempted to take that out of your hands.”

No, they hadn't. Damn it. The surety swirling in his eyes told her he knew she wished otherwise. It would be so much easier for her if they did take the decision out of her hands, make the choice for her. He knew she wanted it. Ben knew she wanted it. Still, they were intent on making her say it.

He let go of her hand, turning his wrist to glance at his watch. "Ben should be back soon. Why don't you go to bed, try and get some sleep? Ben and I will bunk here in the living room for the night so we can take you to the station in the morning."

Feeling dismissed, Marissa unfolded her legs and slowly got to her feet. She felt Justin's gaze on her as she started to leave the living room. Each step tested her resolve. She could retreat to the relative safety of her bedroom, close herself off, and spend another endless night alone in her bed with the fantasies that plagued her dreams. Or she could swallow her nerves, bury her pride, and put to voice the decision that would bring all those fantasies to life.

She stopped at the entrance to the hallway and sensed he still hadn't looked away. Fear warred with preservation, lies slamming into truths until she trembled. She folded her arms beneath her breasts, hugging Justin's shirt tighter to her body, breathing in his scent trapped in the material.

"What is it, Marissa?" No kindness, no compassion, just a hard-edged demand for an answer. He knew. The bastard knew exactly the turmoil twisting her in knots this very moment, and still he wouldn't offer any relief.

She turned, the sight of him sitting on the coffee table with his forearms resting on his thighs as he gazed at her blending with the memory of him leaning against the counter in her store several months back. He had rested his forearms on either side of his narrow hips then, but the calculated patience in his eyes had been the same. That's when he told her the decision would not be made for her. Want it or not, like it or not, the words had to come from her mouth before he and Ben would assume control of her pleasure.

She didn't think he meant it at the time. She had fully expected him to lose his patience, to act on the predatory claim she saw every time she looked at him and leave her no choice but to obey his every command. He proved her wrong. He meant every word.

"Do you need something, darlin'?" He lifted a brow over a knowing eye, his expression cocky, confident, and utterly maddening.

Marissa cleared her throat, swallowed, and took a deep breath. "The things that perv said tonight..." She trailed off. God, she couldn't do it.

"What about them?"

"They were right." She said the words in a rush as her heart slammed in her chest. She heard a whimpering sound and realized too late it came from her. Dizzy with the realization she finally said it, she slammed her eyes shut and tried to focus on breathing. *Deep breath in, slow breath out.*

"Come here." Justin's inflection didn't change as he issued the order.

Marissa opened her eyes and found he hadn't moved a muscle. He waited, ever-patient, ever-steady, controlled. She moved to him on legs that quivered with each step. She wondered she didn't simply slither to the floor and curl up in a ball of embarrassment and shame.

He stayed exactly where he sat until she got within inches of him before he pushed to his feet. When she didn't look up at him, he hooked a thumb beneath her chin and pulled her face to meet his gaze. "Finish it."

Mortification warred with need, blurring her vision. "I can't." She said all she could. Damn it, it should be enough.

"Then go to bed." His hand fell from her face, but he didn't move away, didn't look away.

"You don't know what you're asking me to do." She hated the way her voice cracked, hated the emotions she couldn't hide.

"I'm not asking you to do anything. I'm *telling* you to. And I do know what it will cost you. I know how your ex made you feel, how

you've been taught to believe what you crave is wrong, that you're less than a lady for wanting the things you do."

Marissa blinked at him. He did know. He understood. Yet, he still insisted.

"None of that changes what I've told you from the start. Ben and I will not be to blame for you lashing out when those insecurities people in your past built inside you come back to haunt you." Something moved through his eyes, a quick glimpse of something dark, something he obviously kept bottled inside. "You make the choice, you say it as bluntly as you did the things that lunatic said to you tonight. You say it and repeat it every time we ask it of you and you'll get everything you hunger for and more. But you have to say it. Otherwise, you'll go to bed alone."

"I want you and Ben," she whispered in a voice that didn't even sound like her own. "I want to be tied up and spanked and, God, *everything*."

That got her a soft chuckle. "And you'll submit to us, belong to us, and do anything we tell you to do, no matter when or where?"

Wicked excitement exploded in her belly. She nodded. "Yes."

He shook his head. "Say the words."

She heaved a frustrated sigh. "I want to submit to you, to belong to you and d-do anything you c-command." The gleam of pure male triumph that overtook his expression made her system stumble in trepidation. What did she just say? What did she reveal about herself? What did she give him permission to do to her?

"Go to your bedroom, take off my shirt, but leave the nightie on. Stand at the foot of your bed with your back to the door, hands clasped behind you, and wait for us."

Chapter Two

Ben walked into Marissa's house in time to catch the last of Justin's stern command. *Wait for us.* He closed the door quietly behind him, his attention transfixed on the timid sex kitten slowly moving out of the living room. Her hands fidgeted at her sides, fisting and releasing the shirt she wore as she walked. He didn't think he ever saw her look more beautiful than she did at that moment. Her hair fell freely in a wave of blonde satin. Justin's large shirt hung off her small frame to flirt with the tops of her knees. Her bare feet took each step with a hesitant determination.

She faltered when she passed into the foyer and caught sight of him frozen in front of the door. She met his gaze, a plea for help clashing with a shame that tore at his heart. He hated seeing his Marissa hurting and damned the man, the people, who inflicted the pain. He wanted to go to her, to pull her into a tight embrace and swear to her everything would be okay. Only the knowledge that doing so would make it worse held him in place. He knew women and knew his Marissa. She needed what Justin obviously started. She wanted it with every wickedly sexy particle of her being. No way would he stop it when they were this close to giving it to her.

Her chest expanded on a ragged breath, but she didn't speak. Instead, she visibly gulped and continued down the hall.

Ben waited until he could no longer see the tempting view of her backside before he stepped away from the door and strode into the living room. He found Justin standing between the sofa and coffee table, his attention locked on the hallway where Marissa had disappeared.

“You got the confession you’ve been after.” Though he phrased it as more of a statement than a question, he waited for Justin to respond. He got his confirmation when his friend’s gaze shifted to him. Justin didn’t grin, didn’t relax or make a move that betrayed the victory party Ben knew must be going on in his head, heart, and cock. The gleam in his eyes he failed to hide gave it all away despite his stalwart control.

“I did.” He glanced back to the now empty hallway, shook his head, and jammed a hand through his hair. “Damned if I expected to, but I did.”

Ben chuckled. He had always known when the day finally came for Marissa to give in, she would blow Justin’s mind. His, too. Already his mind tossed around scenario after scenario of the best ways to bring her the pleasures he longed to show her. The idea of feeling her slick heat covering his cock while Justin worked into her tight ass drove his need for her higher.

They could’ve easily taken her a long time ago. If it had been any woman, they would have. Both realized early on claiming Marissa Schultz required patience. Teaching her to get past her hang-ups and allowing them to bring her the levels of ecstasy they burned to show her would call on every ounce of their skill.

“If I didn’t know you better, I’d say you aren’t sure what to do with that confession now that you got it.”

Justin snagged a bottle of beer from the coffee table and tipped it back, drinking deep. “I know exactly what to do with it, and I don’t plan on standing here much longer wasting time before I get started.”

“Careful,” Ben warned even though he knew he didn’t need to. “We want to break the wall, not her.”

“Don’t you think I know that? I love that woman as much as you do.”

Ben studied the other man for a long moment. They grew up together. They fell in as partners in the police department, in their trainings as Doms, in the women’s beds they shared. They fell in love

together, too, both badge over belt as hard as a man could fall for a woman when they set their sights on Marissa Schultz.

“Are there any more of those in the fridge?” Ben tipped his chin at the bottle in Justin’s hand.

“Yeah, grab me another while you’re at it. I’ll meet you in the back.”

Ben expected to find Justin already pawing their woman by the time he reached Marissa’s bedroom. Instead, Justin leaned against the doorframe, waiting, watching. Ben passed the other man a beer and sipped his own as he took in the truly amazing, beautiful sight of Marissa standing at the foot of her bed, quivering slightly in obvious anticipation and fear of their arrival.

“She’s stunning.” Marissa visibly stiffened at Ben’s softly spoken words, but she didn’t turn to look at him.

“I could stand here looking at her till the sun comes up.” Justin drank from his beer and then tipped the bottle toward her. “There’s your answer.”

Ben let his gaze fall from the back of Marissa’s slightly bowed head, down the silky curtain of her blonde hair to the tips that flirted with the crack of her ass. Her very bare ass made all the more alluring by the sheen of see-through lace stopping just below the curve of her cheeks. He hadn’t needed an answer to the question he asked when he helped her stand in the foyer. He had known she wasn’t wearing panties. Though she sat against the wall with her legs pulled to her chest, not showing him anything until he pulled her to her feet, he had smelled her, felt the heat of her arousal wafting from her exposed pussy.

“I would say it’s almost a waste of fine lace and satin, but damned if it’s not one of the prettiest sights I’ve ever seen.” Justin pushed away from the door and strode into the room. “I like this look on you, Marissa. It’s very sexy. Does it make you feel sexy, darlin’?”

Her timid response barely reached Ben’s ears as he continued to watch from the doorway. He understood Justin’s intent. Their biggest

hurdle in claiming Marissa lay in the deep humiliation she possessed over her desires. Making her admit to the needs ruling her soul would be the only chance they stood of keeping her happy, of loving her as she deserved to be loved.

"Do you dress like this all the time when you're alone?" Justin didn't touch her but slowly circled her like a lion caging his prey.

She breathed deep, the movement causing her hair to fall straighter down her back and exposing the edges of her shoulders. Shoulders, Ben noted, growing pinker with each question Justin asked, each admission she muttered.

"Are there panties to complete the outfit?" Ben saw her startle at the sound of his voice, but she still didn't turn, didn't attempt to look at either of them. He deduced it to be embarrassment rather than obedience that kept her standing ramrod straight with her hands clasped behind her back. While he wanted his woman to submit, even enjoyed rising a certain level of trepidation in her at what he might do to her next, this kind of shy mortification simply wouldn't do.

Justin smirked. "I believe Ben is obsessed with your lack of panties."

Ben shot him a look and repeated the question. "Are there panties to complete the outfit, Marissa?"

"Yes." Quiet. Too close to the verge of cracking. God, if she started to cry...Still, he feared they would have to harm her emotional barriers in order to break down her walls.

"Why aren't you wearing them?" He stopped inches from her back and touched the swell of one bare ass cheek. It flexed beneath his fingertip, and he smiled. "Answer me, sweetheart. What made you decide to forgo the panties tonight?"

"I don't like them."

"Why?"

"They get too w-wet."

Ben barely managed to stifle the groan he felt bubbling in his chest at that confession. Christ on a pogo stick, the knowledge her

pussy got wet enough to soak her panties when she walked around her house alone made him all the more eager to see how sodden he could make her with his touch.

“What do you think about that makes your pussy that wet?”

“You. Both of you.”

A choir of angels could have sung the words, and they wouldn't have sounded any more heavenly to Ben's ears.

“Are you wet now?” Justin's tone sounded as tight as Ben's chest felt. “Is your cunt coated in juices for us?”

“Yes.”

“How wet?” Ben heard himself ask the question before the intent formed fully in his mind. All his focus settled in his cock, the need to sheath his shaft in the wetness she spoke of controlling his mouth right along with his hormones.

“Very.”

He pushed her hair to one side, stealing a nibble of the flesh where her neck and shoulder met that elicited a low, sultry moan from her throat. “Show me,” he whispered against her skin.

She turned her head so fast she nearly hit him in the cheek with her chin. She would have if he hadn't picked that moment to quickly pull away. Her hazel eyes widened, giving her the complete deer-in-the-headlights look as she stared at him, disbelief and denial warring in her expression.

“Show me, Marissa,” he commanded again, a little louder, a little more forceful. “I want to see how wet you are.”

She shook her head. Ben's heart plummeted in disappointment, thinking she refused, until she spoke. “How?”

“Touch yourself. Swipe a finger between your pussy lips and hold it up for me to see the juices that cover it.” The struggle in her gaze as she kept her eyes trained on him twisted a knife in his gut. He cupped her cheek, needing so desperately for her to trust him, to feel comfortable with him. “Marissa, listen to me, sweetheart. There's no reason to be embarrassed. You're with us. You want us, don't you?”

"Yes, of course."

"Let us help you. Let us show you there's no need for shame or self-recrimination." Damn, he teetered on the edge of begging here. "You're too spectacular, sexual, *perfect* to hide from yourself, from the pleasures you truly want. God, baby, you're killing me here."

"Killing you?" Justin chuckled gruffly. "How about *us*?"

The corner of her lips twitched in the first hint of a smile.

"We want you." Ben didn't hold anything back. He saw no reason to. He wanted her more than his next breath, and he knew Justin felt the same. "Knowing you're wet for us, geezus, you don't know how crazy that's making us."

His cock turned to steel as her lips formed an O of pleasure. Was there anything more exciting than watching a woman enjoy her own touch? Damn right! Taking over the job to bring her to mountainous heights of pure ecstasy sent the excitement bucking off the charts.

Soon, he promised himself as she lifted her hand to hold it in front of his face. *Very, very soon.*

* * * *

Marissa struggled to hold her finger steady. She trembled from the inside out, the quakes sparking incendiary fires in her very soul. They said she was killing them. Didn't they know the torture this inflicted on her?

Her breath caught as Ben licked her finger into his mouth. He sucked her juices from her digit, all the while keeping his gaze locked with hers. His eyes, so darkened by desire, offered her comfort as they always did. The carnal hunger underlining that reassurance gave her a naughty thrill that left her unable to hold his gaze.

"You taste good. Sweet. Thick. Hot." His tone conveyed the very words he used to describe her. "Have you tasted yourself before?"

Oh, God. He couldn't expect her to admit to that. She squeezed her eyes shut and bowed her head.

“Marissa.” Justin made her name a warning. The scolding in his tone sent another bolt of wicked need careening through her.

“Do you want to taste yourself now?” Ben asked in a tone kinder but no less commanding.

Yes. Shame scorched her insides, building the flames within her high enough to stroke her internal sprinklers, raining the indignity through her soul. She wasn’t a lesbian. Other women didn’t turn her on. Yet, she couldn’t deny the craving of her own taste, the way the eroticism of the act made her mouth water. The fact she wanted a sample of her own juices only added more proof to the nasty and perverted things that ping-ponged in her thoughts.

Somewhere in the battle raging between her mind and body, she latched on to a ray of hope, a light that might offer her a prayer in hell of easing the mortification they seemed determined to make her face. “Don’t I have the right to remain silent?”

Justin barked a laugh, but when she dared to glance at him, she saw no sign of amusement. Instead, she caught a flash of appreciation a nanosecond before he spoke. “What’s your name?”

Confused, she blinked at him and angled her head. “What do you mean?”

“It’s a simple enough question. What’s your name?”

Warning bells chimed, drowning the hullabaloo in her head. He knew her name all too well. She could only figure she set herself up for something. Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, what could it be?

“Marissa.”

He nodded slowly and ran his tongue along the insides of his lips as he seemed to think for a terminal minute. “Oh, well, see, if you’d said Miranda I would’ve had to reconsider. But, since it’s Marissa...” He trailed off, clucked his tongue. “I don’t remember them teaching us anything about Marissa’s rights at the academy. What about you, Ben? Did I miss that lesson?”

“If you did, I missed it, too.”

Justin's expression turned mockingly apologetic. "Seems you just don't have any with us, darlin'."

"Now, hold on," Ben objected. "The lady must have some rights. We're fair, law-enforcing officials. We ought to be fair lovers, too."

Why did the idea of them being fair to her bring her more alarm than relief? Marissa looked from Justin to Ben and back again, noting the playful teamwork going on even as they maintained their authoritative positions.

I'm so fucked.

Except, wasn't that exactly what she wanted from these men? Yes, indeed, if only they would give it to her without making her feel like a flaming fireball of humiliation in the process.

"All right," Justin drawled. "I can work with this. Let me see. You have the right to experience pleasures beyond your wildest erotic thoughts. Anything you say can and will be used against you."

"Or for you," Ben interjected.

Justin frowned. "Hmm, that's a tricky one. Aw, well, we'll figure that one out as we go. Now, where was I? Oh, yeah. You have the right to send all the demons haunting you to the deepest pits of hell. If you cannot find the power within yourself to do this alone, we are here to offer our assistance every step of the way."

"All you have to do is let us." Ben guided her hands to return behind her back where she held them before his order to touch herself. "Surrender, Marissa. Forget everything else, *everyone* else, and live in the moment."

She nodded, her heart in her throat as she gazed at Justin and saw the hope and raw tenderness swirling in his eyes. She felt Ben's fingers around her wrists being replaced by cool metal a split second before she heard two consecutive clicks and realized the sensation of being handcuffed for the first time.

"Tell me if the cuffs are too tight, sweetheart." Ben's hands glided up her arms and over her shoulders, his fingers dipping beneath the spaghetti straps of her teddy to tease her flesh.

“They aren’t.” The metal rested just above her hands. If she attempted to slip her hands through or pull them too far apart it might hurt. As long as she remained still and submissive, she would be fine. If fine could be defined as burning alive with devious needs for kinky, perverse sex.

“If I had known the treat waiting for me when I returned tonight, I would have stopped by our place for more comfortable toys first. Flex cuffs or fuzz-lined work better for this purpose, but the department issue is all I have on me at the moment.”

“I don’t mind.” She couldn’t tell him about the pair of purple fuzz-covered handcuffs in the dresser drawer behind him. Though still in the plastic packaging they came in, the multitude of other toys in the drawer obviously saw far more use. Just thinking about Ben and Justin discovering her stash of playthings brought her so much embarrassment, every inch of her flesh heated from it.

Thankfully, Justin misinterpreted her blush and even seemed pleased by it. His lips curved in a grin of pure devilish delight as his fingers caressed her nape before turning over to fist her hair in his palm. “It’s what you want, isn’t it?”

She had told him she wanted to be tied up. Shit. What else did she say to him? Her mind scrambled over the sensations of panic and anticipation short-circuiting her synapses. She told him she wanted the things the perv screamed at her, but what had those things been?

“But it’s not all. You want to be bound, spanked, tortured, and denied.”

Yeah, that about summed it up in a nutshell. “Sometimes I’ve got a really big mouth.”

“Not often enough, darlin’, but Ben and I are aiming to fix that. How about we start now?”

She felt his free hand moving between their bodies, heard the distinct sound of a metal zipper being lowered, and all retorts left her tongue. His hand in her hair fisted tighter as Ben’s hands closed over her shoulders. Both pushed her to her knees between them.

Justin opened his jeans enough to pull his cock free. She moaned when he held his thick shaft and poised the engorged purplish head a scant half inch from her mouth.

“Suck my dick, Marissa. Take me in your big, pretty mouth.” He grazed his cock head over her slightly parted lips, encouraging them to open further as he used his hold on her hair to draw her forward.

She resisted the push of his hand on her head, wanting to lick the pre-cum glistening in the slit of his cock, wanting to circle the bulbous head with her tongue before sinking his length in her mouth. He allowed her only a moment to do so, a teasing swipe of her tongue, a tantalizing taste of salty-sweetness before he thrust inside.

She moaned again, louder, hungrier, as her lips stretched around his girth. The sound turned to a whimper of protest when her lips met with his fingers creating a barrier midway up his shaft.

“That’s all you get, darlin’. Make it count.”

All she got? No, it couldn’t be. She opened eyes she didn’t realize she had closed to see another several inches of stupendously wide cock behind his fingers, inches he refused her. She wanted to pull back, to argue, but he held her head firmly in place, allowing her only enough movement to work the length he gave her with her lips, teeth, and tongue.

“Suck it nice and hard.”

She flexed her lips, grazing her teeth along the smooth flesh, following the protruding vein along the underside with her tongue. She delighted in hearing him draw in a breath through clenched teeth as she bit his cock, not viciously, but in a way she thought he might like. He proved her right when he growled like a tortured animal and started pumping his hips, slowly fucking her mouth.

“Ah, God, that’s it. Your mouth is like liquid silk. So hot. So wet. You’re stealing my sanity, darlin’.”

The wild taste of aroused male consumed her. Lost in her world of making it count for Justin, she dimly registered Ben sliding down

behind her. He rightfully staked claim to half her attention when he settled his cock in her cuffed hands.

“Stroke me.” His breath fanned the sensitive skin beneath her ear, sending exquisite chills racing over her body. “Be careful not to hurt yourself with the cuffs.”

Leave it to Ben to care about wrist pain now. A little discomfort there was the last thing on her mind. She welcomed his cock, exploring by touch alone the girth and length of the hardness presented to her. A woman couldn’t help but compare when she held two men’s dicks in such fantastic ways.

Ben didn’t deter her investigation of his cock the way Justin did. He allowed her to feel each glorious inch. Her fingers barely met as they circled his shaft, giving her a clue about his width. His length remained a mystery, but she knew she failed to hold his cock completely even with both hands fisted end to end.

Fear slammed into anticipation deep in her belly when she thought of the cock in her mouth, of the discomfort starting in her jaw at being stretched so far. The deliciously wicked anxiety only mounted as she considered the remaining inches of Justin’s cock she had yet to taste. She doubted from the sizable bulges in their jeans that either man’s cock could be found lacking. What she didn’t dare to dream or dread was the full impact of their size and what that would mean to her. If she couldn’t fit them in her hands and mouth, how would she ever take them inside her body?

Dear God, she couldn’t wait for that question to be answered.

Her body screamed with the need for penetration. Hardened to the point of pain, her nipples ached for attention. Flaming to the point of sheer madness, her feminine lips clenched and unclenched in time with her stroking of Ben’s cock, her sucking of Justin’s, until her pussy felt like a sponge being squeezed of its wetness. She shifted her hips slightly in an attempt to reduce some of her need, but only managed to cause a stream of her juices to course down her inner thigh. If they wanted her begging, they just might get it.

Ben's hands moved from her shoulders, reaching down to cover her breasts. She arched her back, pressing into his touch and letting a sigh of pleasure escape around Justin's cock lodged in her mouth.

"That feels good, sweetheart." Ben whispered words of encouragement that barely made it through the fog in her mind as his hands kneaded her breasts. "You're so beautiful. Watching you like this, seeing you let go and enjoy yourself, baby, it's so sexy."

More. She needed more to enjoy. The desire built in her so great she couldn't think beyond the pressure in her breasts, her belly, and her pussy. *Please*. The word ricocheted through her mind, scrambling for a way out, but finding the only exit blocked by Justin's cock. *Roll my nipples between your fingers. Pinch them*. She knew she wouldn't be able to speak the words aloud even if her mouth had been empty. But maybe she could use her hands to convey what she yearned to feel.

She tightened her grip on Ben's shaft, widening the space between her hands as much as the cuffs allowed. It afforded her the room to close one hand around his cock head just below the fold of skin and flick her thumb over the tip as she wished he would do to her nipple.

"Geezus!"

She smiled around Justin's cock as Ben's declaration turned to a hiss of torture. But, rather than reward her with her desired effect, he continued the slow, tender massage of her breasts that sent her soaring to the brink of insanity. Her head bobbed on Justin's cock, his thrusts gaining in speed and control. He prolonged his orgasm by keeping his fingers in place around his shaft, refusing her his full length.

They denied her. They tortured her. It was absolutely exquisite.

Marissa felt Ben's resistance nearing its end. She focused harder, working both cocks with her mouth and hands, sucking and stroking in pressured repetitions that made their breaths ragged and movements jerky. Ben buried his face in the side of her neck, his arms tightening around her. Justin's hold on her head didn't falter, though

the closer he came to release, the more room he allowed her to bob her mouth on his cock.

“Your hand is so soft, like satin on my dick. I’m not going to last long with you jerking me off like this.”

Marissa looked up Justin’s body beneath her lashes to find him staring down at her. She didn’t want to think about the sight she made, hands bound behind her back, stroking wildly at Ben’s cock, while feasting ravenously on Justin’s. Ben said she looked beautiful. She figured she looked closer to a ravished porn star. She closed her eyes, pushing it all away except for the sounds of the men she sought to pleasure.

“You’re going to come with us.”

Ben’s hand skimmed from her breast and down her front at the same time Justin spoke, and she nearly whimpered with gratitude. Her thankfulness proved short-lived when Ben slipped one finger between her sodden folds, grated over her clit, and stopped.

Her hips undulated in search of more. She needed pressure, penetration, cock!

“Are you ready to taste my cum, darlin’?” Justin’s hand fisted tighter in her hair, pulling her head back and drawing it forward in brisk time with his hips as he fucked her with increasingly strong strokes.

Somehow she managed to nod. The anticipation of her mouth being filled with his salty, bold semen formed claws in her center as her own orgasm started to climb its way to freedom. Between her legs, Ben’s finger began moving again, curiously exploring her folds, applying the smallest amount of pressure to her clit, tormenting her cunt until it careened in pleasure.

The orgasm came over her so swift and violent that she lost her rhythm with both her mouth and hands. It didn’t matter because the men controlled both, holding her steady and thrusting until hot spurts of cum shot from Justin’s cock down her throat and jets of the same squirted the cleft of her buttocks from Ben’s.

Shaking, breaths coming in short gasps, she collapsed between Ben's body and Justin's legs as their holds on her eased. She heard the faint click of the cuffs and felt her wrists being set free. Her arms fell like limp noodles at her sides. She didn't know how long she stayed there resting against Justin's legs, but she startled when a warm cloth raked over the small of her back and top of her ass.

"It's okay, sweetheart," Ben soothed as he washed her. "I'm just cleaning you up so we can get you into bed."

"Come on, darlin'." Justin's hands closed around her upper arms and he pulled her to her feet. "We've got an early morning. You need to be fully rested to give your statement down at the station in a few hours."

Exhausted by the night's events, she watched as Ben turned down the covers on her bed and let Justin lead her to climb onto the center of the mattress. Hope tangled with need as she waited to see if they would join her. The next instant she felt like a spectator at a tennis match as both finished undressing on either side of her king-sized bed. They made it impossible to take in all the rippling, tanned flesh they revealed. Finally, she gave up with a frustrated puff of air through pursed lips.

Justin chuckled, obviously catching her aggravation, and grinned as he slid into the bed next to her. "Tomorrow." He pulled her down, turning her until she lay on her side in his arms, spooned against him. "We've only got started."

She saw the same promise echoed in Ben's expression, felt it in his embrace, as he settled himself at her front, cuddling as close as he could get. Sandwiched and loving it, Marissa gave in to the fatigue and drifted to sleep.

Chapter Three

Marissa couldn't move. Something large was wedged between her legs, spreading her wide, leaving her with only enough freedom to wriggle. Her arms were stretched on either side of her head, her wrists held down by twin firm bands. She sighed in contentment, loving this dream, anticipating what would come next. She didn't feel a trace of fear or embarrassment. In this world, neither emotion existed. Here, she knew only the wants of her body, the pleasures her men would show her, the love she felt for Justin and Ben.

A finger circled one nipple, and she arched her back, blindly seeking more of that touch. It obeyed without vocal command as the touching in her dreams always did, moving to her other breasts to dance over the pebbled flesh of her areola. The finger didn't dither, but brought a partner along as it two-stepped down the center of her abdomen, pausing to dip and tease her belly button before heading further south.

She writhed, whimpering when the fingers took different paths at her pelvis, tracing the curve of her upper thighs and starting the maddening climb up her body again. It wasn't right. In her dream, she shouldn't be denied. Forget that such depravation ignited a wicked need for more torture. So much torment ruled her waking hours, leading to dreams exactly like this, ones where she would awake with her pussy bathed in cream and her nipples feeling an abuse tonight's fantasy had yet to reach.

The thought barely crossed her unconscious mind before the fingers returned to her nipples. Something cool and unyielding pinched them in simultaneous assaults that made her back bow off the

bed as exquisite pleasurable pain shot in a direct current to her pussy. Her clit wept with jealousy. Her channel flooded with juice. She wiggled her hips, finding nothing to offer solace.

"Please." Marissa's eyes fluttered open as the whispered plea rolled from her lips. Her surroundings came into focus through a haze of pleasure and confusion.

"Hmm, we reckoned that would bring you around pretty quick." Justin's face loomed over her, eyes twinkling with promise and lips tilted in mischief. "Good morning, darlin'. Did you sleep well?"

Marissa laughed, a quick burst of surprised air she couldn't help. He looked so boyishly silly despite the devilish sex appeal radiating from his every pore. She breathed deep, the biting pain in her nipples drawing her attention once more, and smiled up at him. "I was having a truly lovely dream." She lifted her head, shooting a look down her body. Mortification wiped all traces of the smile from her face.

She saw the nipple adornments first, twin silver clamps fitted to her nipples. She recognized them as the cause of the delicious current continuing to course through her body. Her gaze followed the silver chain joining the clamps down her front to disappear between her wide-spread legs. The object holding her lower body captive lifted a brow, but the cocky expression got lost in the gentleness awash in his eyes.

"Not a dream, sweetheart, but a slow-waking reality." Ben's hands flattened on her upper thighs. He dragged them down to her knees before pushing up again. His work-roughened palms caressed her flesh, offering a tenderness that mirrored what she saw in his gaze.

Somehow it only made her embarrassment worsen. She slammed her eyes shut and let her head fall back to the mattress as the flames began in her cheeks. The fire of humiliation didn't stop until it seared her toes. "You went through my dresser."

“You needed clothes.” Justin’s defense sounded almost reasonable. “We couldn’t very well take you to the station dressed in that lacy number you wore all night.”

Marissa tried to pull her hands free, wanting to cover her face in any attempt possible to block out the world. She wanted to go back in time. Ten minutes would take her back to a moment when she still believed it all one of her kinky wet dreams rather than a reality she was afraid to confront.

Justin’s hold on her wrists only tightened, confirming what she already started to guess. His hands acted as the twin bands securing her hands above her head. They obviously took liberties with her sleeping body, positioning her to their advantage. She lay in the center of her bed with her legs spread and dangling over the edge. Ben sat on his haunches between her legs while Justin sat between her and the headboard. Both of them were fully dressed, a fact that frustrated her needs to feast her eyes on their amazing bodies even as it added yet another level to her shame. They didn’t leave her with as much as the transparent lace of her teddy to cover her naked flesh.

“I could’ve gotten my own clothes.”

“We had something different from your usual clothes in mind.” Ben’s hands slid from her thighs to her hips and stilled. “Not that we don’t like the way you choose to dress.”

“Speak for yourself on that one,” Justin muttered.

Ben ignored him. “But we wanted to see you in something a little more revealing, sexy. We figured, after sampling your selection of sleepwear, surely you had daywear more to our liking here somewhere.”

“Imagine our chagrin when we pulled open your secret drawer.” Arousal thickened Justin’s tone.

She didn’t want to imagine it, didn’t want to speculate on the thoughts or, *God*, the words they shared about the stuff the drawer contained. The array of uniquely featured dildos and vibrators, each with a specific size and purpose, only laid the foundation for her

personal toy stash. Lotions and oils, a ball gag, fur-lined paddle, tantric pleasure whip, anal beads, and a variety of nipple stimulators rounded out her collection.

“Secret is the key word there.” The fact they already knew the kinds of things that got her off didn’t lessen how she felt.

“Marissa, look at me.” Though softly spoken, Justin’s tone held all the authority she expected from him.

Still, she didn’t obey. Not this time. Not until a tug to the chain connecting the clamps on her nipples sent a white-hot bolt of pleasurable pain clean to her toes. She gasped, her eyes flying open, gaze slamming into Justin’s as her body jerked and writhed from the sensational stinging in her nipples.

“You’re going to learn you don’t have any secrets from us, darlin’.”

“You’re also going to learn how to keep those beautiful eyes open when we’re talking to you, touching you,” Ben added, his hands framing her belly and sliding down her pelvis. His thumbs found her pussy lips with featherlike caresses that sped her pulse and teased her clit.

“Unless you’re blindfolded, you should be looking at one of us.” Justin pulled her arms closer to his legs, shifting until he could pin her with his knees, freeing his hands. “We want to see your reaction to everything we do.”

Marissa shook her head. No, she couldn’t stand that.

“We want you looking at us while we please you.” Justin trailed a fingertip down the side of her face and neck, over her collarbone to her breast. “You don’t know how turned on we both got when we found this in your drawer.”

“Funny thing is,” Ben chimed in as he continued his maddening caresses to her pussy lips. “I’ve fantasized about seeing you wear something like this. We have one waiting for you at our place, a gift we bought that’s been sitting in the box waiting for the right time to give it to you.”

Marissa swallowed, moved beyond measure that they thought enough of her to buy her a gift and knew her well enough to think she would like such a thing. Of all the words spoken, the acts performed so far, that little piece of information put the first crack in her wall of mortification.

“You like them?” She sounded uncertain even to her own ears.

Justin made a sound of pained disbelief. “Oh, darlin’, we love them.”

“Even better than the ones we have for you,” Ben added. “We expected to start simple, to work you up to something like this.” The chain stretching down her belly forked into two chains further down. He ran his fingers along one of those lower chains, gripping it lightly. She shivered in anticipation, knowing all too well he had yet to fasten the remaining two clamps and where they would attach.

“It pleases us to know we won’t have to.” Justin danced a fingertip around each clamp on her nipples in turn. The sensation sparked a need for more, a tug that would send her flying once more.

She flew a nanosecond later in much the same way she did upon waking. Ben positioned the remaining clamps on her pussy lips, fastening them without warning to her most sensitive flesh and tugging on the chains for good measure.

Marissa writhed, gasping as the pain sliced into a wicked pleasure she loved.

“Tell us how it feels, darlin’.” Justin pulled at the chains on her nipples while Ben drew on the ones connected to her pussy some more, and she cried out. Foreign and nonsensical sounds left her lips. “Do you like that? Does it set your breasts and pussy on fire?”

“Yes, do it again.” Her mouth flew open in shock as she realized what she said.

Justin’s lips tilted in the cockiest, most pleased grin she ever saw on his face. “It’s about damned time.” Then he and Ben repeated the action, quicker and just a bit harder. Ben added a third torment to the mix by pressing against her screaming clit with the pad of his thumb.

She couldn't take it. The sensations were too great. The orgasm slammed into her, spewed out of her without warning or design. She thrashed, as much as her body could being held down by Ben and Justin, as wave after wave of exquisite rapture overtook her.

"Jesus, that's amazing to watch." Ben's whispered declaration brought her rushing back to the reality of what just happened, where she lay, what she said.

Justin read her like an open book. "Don't go retreating on us again, darlin'. There's no time for that. We've got to get you cleaned up and find something nice to wear to the station."

"I saw the perfect little dress hanging in the closet." Ben crawled up her body until his face hovered over hers, his breath fanning her lips. "It's a button-up number that'll make showing off this jewelry of yours real easy." He kissed her, a sweet, soft brush of his lips to hers, and didn't give her a chance to reciprocate.

She couldn't think to anyway. Her mind got stuck on his words.

Showing off? To whom?

Even as her alarm bells chimed, a sinful excitement shot through her bloodstream to chase down the questions.

* * * *

Justin didn't find it any easier to listen to Marissa recount the events of the night before the second time as he did the first. He wouldn't leave her, a fact that pissed Bart Evans off to no end. Her statement should've been taken at Evans's desk. Instead, the cop insisted they gather around the conference table in the interrogation room. The way Evans treated the situation, and Marissa, stuck in Justin's craw, but he held his cool, not wanting to make this harder on his woman than necessary.

He slouched in the uncomfortable folding chair on one side of the table, Ben opposite him, with Marissa on the end between them.

Evans glared at Marissa down the length of the table from the other end.

“Tell me in specific detail exactly what he said, what he looked like, anything at all you remember about those minutes last night.”

Marissa’s cheeks flushed with color, and she closed her eyes, her chest expanding with a deep breath. If Justin hadn’t been watching her, didn’t know the tantalizing jewels she wore beneath her dress, he figured he would have missed the flicker of pleasure that sparked in her expression. She got it under control that quick, but not fast enough for it to escape his notice. Ben’s either, he mused as his friend and partner shifted in his seat across the table.

Justin leaned closer to her. He kept his voice soft, but not so low Evans would accuse him of interfering with his key witness. “Keep taking those deep breaths, darlin’. It’ll help you get through this.”

Her hazel eyes swam in astonishment as she glared at him. He bit the inside of his cheek to keep from chuckling. Who knew being looked at like a two-headed ogre could be so cute?

Ben eased toward her, his shoulder moving in a way that told Justin his friend touched their woman beneath the table. Sly bastard. Women always thought of him as the gentleman, more compassionate and tender than Justin. He couldn’t help but admit his buddy knew how to play that assumption to his advantage.

That bolt of pleasure shot through Marissa again, contained in her eyes rather than over her entire face this time. Their woman possessed a great deal of control. Good in the sense that she wouldn’t need much training to be the full submissive they demanded and bad because she utilized that control over the wrong emotions.

“If you two don’t mind, I’d like to get on with this interview,” Bart Evans stated blandly.

Justin shot the officer a warning look he knew the other man would clearly read as, *Keep it sweet or I’ll have your ass*. He fully meant it, too.

Ben eased back in his seat. Justin straightened. Marissa took another deep breath before she started to speak, and Justin zoned out. Rather than hearing what she said to Evans, he heard her ragged plea from the morning echoed in his memory.

Yes, do it again.

They had done it. They managed to get her so riled and horny that she let go of her inhibitions in that moment and told them exactly what she craved. Damn if he hadn't nearly wept with joy. Instead of suffering that embarrassment, he gave her what she requested and fell deeper in love as he watched her body jerk and surrender to the pleasure he and Ben showed her.

No doubt, she pussy-whipped his ass long before he even got his first whiff of her warm, sweet essence. It never bothered him in the least. As much as he couldn't wait to get his hands around the fucker's neck that terrorized her last night, a small part of him couldn't help but be grateful. The incident drove her right to his and Ben's arms. It opened the door for them to finally, fully claim what belonged to them and start to knock down the wall of lies and shame people in her past built inside her.

"You didn't recognize the man at all?"

Evans's question penetrated Justin's thoughts, bringing him back to the here and now only long enough to send his mind on a high-speed chase down a different road. Despite what some folks believed due to the number of ménage relationships around and the word circulating about the Club, the number of known sexual deviants in Horn Hill fell into the negatives.

"Do you have any idea who might want to frighten you?"

Oh, yeah. Justin had a good idea. In fact, he'd been following up on it when he heard the dispatch come across the department scanner last night. So far, the investigation kept coming up dry on leads pointing to the person responsible for the arson on Marissa's children's clothing store. Perhaps Justin was letting his personal feelings cloud his investigative judgment, but his gut told him

Marissa's ex was somehow involved. Always one to go with instinct first, he took last night off to see if he could uncover anything that might shed light on her ex's guilt. He didn't find a thing.

"Unless you have anything else to add, I guess that will be all." Evans pushed away from the table. "I'd say I'll be in touch, but it looks like you already got enough influence in this department to know whatever I find out before I manage to pick up a phone."

Justin got to his feet so fast the folding chair fell backward, hitting the tiled floor with a loud clang. Marissa caught his arm just above his elbow, stopping him from going after the officer.

"Don't." The word shook, broke, and sliced his gut like a knife. "You'll only make it worse."

Justin heard the door close after Evans's exit, but his attention focused on Marissa. He knew before he even met her gaze what he would find. Shame. Sadness. Apology.

One step forward and three steps back. Goddamn it! Just when he thought he and Ben might start to convince her that what others thought about her desires didn't matter, someone like Evans had to make his judgment known loud and clear.

He gritted his teeth so hard he wondered he didn't feel pieces of enamel shooting out his ears, and looked at Ben. A muscle ticked in his friend's jaw and his eyes blazed, but he held himself in check.

For now. That promise hit the tension-filled air between them like a thousand-pound weight. They might let the fucker get away with his comment for now, but they would set him straight eventually. No doubt about them apples.

"Come on, sweetheart." Ben reached for Marissa as he circled behind the table. "Let's get you out of here."

Nothing but her hand moved as she glided it up Justin's bicep to his shoulder and lightly stretched a finger to his jaw. "I'm okay."

He knew better, and the fact that she lied only made him angrier. "Bullshit." She winced, her finger dropping from his face, but she

kept her hand on his shoulder. It trembled, her grip hesitant enough to tear at his soul. "Don't lie to me, Marissa. Don't *ever* lie to me."

He turned to her, cupping her ass in his palm and yanking her lower body against him. "Turning you over my knee and paddling your pretty ass until it's as red as a cherry will only be the start."

I want to be tied up and spanked and, God, everything.

Her sweet confession from the night before reflected in her eyes as clearly as it did his memory. Her ass cheek flexed in his palm, a reflex action he felt certain, a tiny spasm to experience what he vividly described. He would have to go one better than that if he intended to make his point.

"After your ass is stinging and your pussy is melting, I'll bind you to the bed, where I'll torment this luscious body until you're begging me for release. I'll keep you on the verge, let you get so close to orgasm, and yank it away. I'll drive you insane with the need to come, and when you're mindless enough, I'll untie you so you can swear on your knees with my dick brushing your lips that you'll never lie to me again."

"Christ, Justin." Ben swore hoarsely, obviously turned on by the image.

Damn if Justin didn't turn himself on. So much for good intentions.

Marissa's face glowed as red as a Christmas light, but her eyes darkened with a fierce arousal that kept him talking.

"You're not okay. I can see it in your eyes. I can feel it in your touch. He purposely embarrassed you."

"And you aren't doing the same to me now?"

"I'm turning you on, making you wet. I bet if I reached beneath this dress and touched your clit, you would go off like a rocket."

She swallowed and whispered. "Please."

"Please touch you? Please punish you for lying to me? What are you begging me for, Marissa?"

Moisture pooled in her eyes, and her breath hitched.

Justin looked away, feeling like a total ass. What the fuck came over him?

“Come on.” Ben cleared his throat and used his hand on Marissa’s waist to steer her away from Justin even as he patted Justin’s shoulder with his free hand. When their gazes met, Justin clearly read, *Way to go, knucklehead*, shining like a neon sign in Ben’s eyes.

Disgusted with himself, he spun on his heel and led the way to the elevator.

* * * *

Marissa’s imagination worked overtime as she scrambled to keep up with Justin’s longer strides. Everyone on the fifth floor of the City Justice building wasn’t really watching her pass. They didn’t know the delicious pleasure-pain zinging from her breasts to her pussy lips and up again thanks to the clamps still fastened to her sensitive flesh. They didn’t see the layer of cream coating her inner thighs beneath the knee-length dress Ben and Justin picked out for her. She knew all of that remained her secret, and yet, that didn’t stop the perverse thrill making her body sizzle to the core. Well, her secret and theirs.

Her men knew. Justin proved that in the interrogation room. Sweet Jesus, he made her so horny with his threats of punishment she very nearly had an orgasm merely from his words! He’d been right, of course. No, he’d been half right. Bart Evans did embarrass her with his parting words, a fact he obviously intended. She had been in the process of attempting to find a way to handle that shame, somehow bottle it perhaps, as she vowed she would do on the drive over.

Last night started with a humiliation greater than any she ever knew. A stranger, a vile creature with some insane agenda to make her feel dirty and wrong, violated her sanctuary and brought to light her darkest secrets. He forced her to expose those secrets, pushed her against a wall where her only choices were to call the police or allow

him to do...Well, thank God she didn't wait to find out what else he might do.

As horrid as it had been, Justin and Ben turned that shame into a beautiful passion last night and this morning. They guided her through a crack in her resistance to see she deserved to embrace what her body desired, what her heart longed to feel, what her soul needed to thrive. Her shame remained. That wouldn't be diminished in a night. But with their gentle guidance and firm commands, maybe she could learn to bury her inhibitions. She only knew for certain she wanted to try.

They stopped outside the elevator and waited for the doors to open. She stared at Justin's back, her gaze sliding along the defined lines of his shoulder blades. She resisted the urge to touch him, wanting little more than to thread her fingers through the silky strands of his dark hair. She wanted to see the storms kick up in his eyes the way she noticed they did when she played with the hairs at his nape.

Ben's hand on the small of her back gave her a steadying presence to lean against even as she yearned for his touch to explore elsewhere. Justin's rigid body in front of her gave her an object to focus her desire. She maintained that focus as Justin stepped inside the empty elevator. He stopped at the back wall, slowly turned to face her, and held out a hand. Her breath caught at the apology swirling with need in his imploring gaze.

Marissa didn't hesitate to put her hand in his. The mere contact of his long fingers enveloping her smaller hand brought her an undeniable comfort she never wanted to be without again. He spun her around, drew her lightly back against him, obviously being careful not to put pressure on the chain extending from the clamps on her breasts to her pussy.

He dipped his head and brushed his nose over her ear. His breath fanned the supersensitive flesh. "If I hurt you in there, I'm sorry."

Marissa met Ben's gaze as he moved into the elevator and pushed the button to take them the five stories down to the first floor. "You didn't hurt me any more than I've been hurting both of you." She

realized the truth of her statement as the words left her lips. By denying herself, pretending to be someone else, someone who didn't burn for the things she desired, she caused Ben and Justin pain, too.

She rolled her head on Justin's chest until she could look up at him. "I'm trying."

"Evans made a potshot in there because he could, because being seen with us is about as telling as it gets." Ben leaned lazily against the side of the elevator, his attention on her both compassionate and cautious.

She understood the look, the implication of his words. Whether the whole town *thought* she belonged to this pair of rugged, dominative cowboys or not, being seen with them today would confirm those suspicions and a whole lot more. Word would surely spread like wildfire. A trail of those flames sizzled through her system, burning a path of trepidation right along with a whole lot of wicked desire.

She swallowed hard and licked her lips. "I want everyone to know." She didn't want to be ashamed anymore, didn't want to hide or pretend.

Relief pumped off Justin in an almost tangible wave as he pulled her closer. His arm tightened around her waist and pulled the chain more firmly to her belly. The slight pressure gifted her with a gentle tug to her nipples and pussy lips. Her lids lowered as a sensual pleasure danced through her body.

She gasped a nanosecond later, her eyes flying wide as the elevator eased to a stop and the doors glided open. Diek Rylon lifted a brow, his gaze shifting from her to Justin and sliding to Ben as he stepped into the elevator with them. Recognition, understanding, and excitement kicked into a line dance fit for a rock band in her tummy as she stood frozen in Justin's embrace.

"Well, look what the cows dragged home." Ben shook hands with Diek, patting the taller man on his broad shoulder. "When did you get back into town?"

“Touched down in Huntsville at 2300 and drove in the rest of the way.” Diek rubbed the back of his neck, looking for all the world like a cowboy ready to drop where he stood. “It’s been a long night and even longer mornin’. I’m flat beat.” He touched the brim of his cowboy hat, greeting Marissa with an almost imperceptible nod. He moved a few inches further into the elevator to allow the doors to close. “Miss Schultz, it’s mighty nice to see you. Sorry to hear what happened to your store.”

“You’ve been back in town, what, less than twelve hours?” Marissa laughed as the car started to descend once more. “Word does travel fast in this town.”

“You’d be wise to remember that.” Coming from anyone else, his words might have been a warning. Coming from Diek Rylon, she knew better. Amusement stroked a purely male appreciation in his tone that left no doubt in her mind everything she ever heard about him was undeniably true. He might have been away for the last few years, jumping around the globe as he fought the war on terror with the US Navy, but he remained loyal to another club, as well.

Her cheeks flamed even as a new layer of cream formed between her pussy lips. She forced herself to hold his gaze despite the mortification attempting to rear its ugly head. Of all people who could have stepped into this elevator with them, she knew she didn’t need to be embarrassed around this one. He was one of them, part of the Service Club, a cowboy with the same controlling desires that got off on the same sexual practices as Justin and Ben.

Justin squeezed her waist, drawing an involuntary moan from her lips as a lightning bolt of rapture zinged. “Show him how wise you are, darlin’.”

Marissa blinked, too surprised for Justin’s softly spoken order to make sense. Movement out of the corner of her eye drew her attention to Ben’s hand as he reached for the button to stop the elevator’s motion.

“We won’t have long before maintenance will be scrambling to see what’s keeping the elevator.” Justin’s hands moved to her hips. “Show our buddy Diek the pretty thing you’re wearing beneath this dress.”

Realization dawned as she began to shiver in naughty excitement. They picked this dress for a reason beyond the loose comfort to fall over the claps and chain. The large, wide buttons holding it closed down the front offered quick access and an equally rapid concealment when needed.

Stories of exhibitionism within the Service Club ran rampant, tales of the men ordering their women to perform sexual acts for the club. Those stories, along with the attraction she felt for Justin and Ben the moment she met them, terrified her to her soul. She feared them because she wanted them, needed what they would demand of her.

“No embarrassment.” She meant the words to be a silent chant, but knew she spoke aloud when Justin whispered in her ear.

“That’s right, darlin’. You have nothing to be embarrassed about.”

Marissa undid the first button with fingers that shook. She didn’t give herself time to hesitate. She knew they didn’t have time. She moved straight to the next button and then the next until her dress parted to her waist, exposing her breasts, the clamps holding her nipples erect, and the chain stretching down her abdomen to disappear beneath the last buttons that remained fastened.

“Beautiful.” Diek’s lazy drawl drew the word out in a sign of pure male appreciation. “I’ve been away too damned long. Sounds like you boys are in the middle of a different type of training session with your woman.”

“It’s only beginning. Some bastard, among others, convinced our lovely Marissa she’s a whore for enjoying the kinkier side of life.” Ben’s tone rang with disgust.

“Yeah, I know the bastard.” Diek’s gaze slid up her chest to look her in the eyes. “Best thing you ever did was leave him. Hooking up

with these two clowns,” his lips twitched, “well, now that’s the second best thing you’ve done.” He glanced up, away from her to Justin. “May I?”

She didn’t hear Justin speak, but felt him nod. Diek gripped the chain with two fingers and tugged down, slowly at first, but increasing until she moaned from the pleasure. He pulled up next and the same sensations sparked in her pussy.

“I’ll let you in on a little secret.” Diek reached beneath the hem of her dress with his free hand and raked his thumb over her swollen clit.

She jerked at the quick caress, unable to stop the gasp or the plea that followed on its heels. “Please.”

“Being a whore is okay, too, as long as you’re doing it for your men.” Diek repeated the touch, flicking his thumb over her clit at the same time he gave the chain a particularly pressured tug.

The orgasm came out of nowhere, a violent rush of ecstasy that blew through her body and escaped in a dizzying capture of sanity and self-control. She couldn’t think to feel ashamed, could barely keep on her own feet as her body convulsed.

“I’ve definitely been away too long.” She dimly heard Diek’s quiet chuckle as his hands left her body. “Thank you for that, guys. You’ll be bringing her to the meeting this weekend, I hope.”

“Count on it.” Justin’s voice sounded thick with his own arousal. His cock pushed at her back, a solid rod declaring how much the recent events pleased him.

“If you feel generous enough to offer up another favor, I’d be much obliged if you gave a show for the Mustang.”

Ben’s laugh broke the sexually charged atmosphere in the elevator. Marissa struggled to regain her composure as the car gave a jolt and began moving again. “Still looking to get inside the engine of that hot rod, huh?”

“The engine, the exhaust, and a whole lot more.” Diek grinned and settled his focus on Marissa. “Button up quick, sweetheart.”

“You should thank the man for making you come, darlin’,” Justin said gruffly in her ear.

Diek watched her expectantly as she fumbled with the buttons of her dress. She managed to get all except the top one fastened before the elevator doors slid open behind him. He didn’t turn to leave, but continued to stare at her.

Marissa blew out a steadying breath. “Thank you for making me come.” She thanked the patron saints of mirrors, too, that not a single one hung anywhere near the elevator because the way her entire body glowed red in that moment would ricochet off and blind the whole blasted town.

“You’re quite welcome, Miss Schultz.” Diek adjusted his hat as he back-stepped out of the elevator into the blessedly empty lobby on the first floor. “I hope to get the opportunity to do it again sometime.”

Chapter Four

Diek's parting words echoed in Marissa's mind as she followed Ben through the front door of the house he shared with Justin. Would they let him touch her again? Justin said he and Ben dictated who saw their woman, and they did so in the effort of making her feel cherished. Oddly enough, she did feel that way. Still, the question of if it would happen again spun like a tornado in her brain, ripping a path down her body to the thick layer of cream coating the folds of her pussy. So much wetness collected between her legs she wondered she didn't squish when she walked.

Not because of Diek's touch. Though she couldn't deny, God built the man with absolute panty-soaking, hormone-imprisoning perfection in mind, his touch didn't do it for her. The eroticism of the scene did. The heady gruffness in Justin's whisper as he issued the command for her to expose herself to his friend did. Knowing Ben and Justin were watching had spread the icing on her fantasy cake.

"You're doing that thinking thing again." Justin caught her waist, winding her into him like a yo-yo on a string. He lifted his free hand to her face, cupping her chin and slanting his mouth over hers. "Nothing good can come out of it."

"I told you I have a lot to think about. It's been going on for months. I don't know how to stop it." Thoughts of who might be out to get her and why. Thoughts of Justin and Ben and the knowledge that, despite her strongest resolve, she couldn't fight her need for them any longer.

“Okay, maybe you can’t stop it.” He rested his forehead to hers. “Maybe all you need to do is change the way you’re thinking and what you’re thinking.”

“I’m working on it.”

His lips curved into a smile that made her heart do a happy jig in her chest. “I know. I noticed. Hungry?”

“I’m famished.” For more than food, she added silently. She skipped breakfast, unable to swallow a single bite with her stomach tied in knots anticipating the official statement she needed to give, the ridicule and disgust she knew she would see in Bart Evans’s eyes.

She made it through the interview and gave her statement in a steady voice that surprised even herself, despite Evans’s behavior. She walked out of that interrogation room with her head held high even if she did so with her focus on Justin’s supremely sexy, pissed-off backside. She made damn good progress in her battle to rid herself of the shame consuming her actions and desires, too. All in all, the morning left her in pretty high spirits.

“I think Ben is already rustling up something in the kitchen for an early lunch.”

“Can he cook?”

“A hell of a lot better than I can.”

Marissa pretended to mull that over for a moment. “Hmm, I’m not sure if I should take that as comfort or a warning.”

He grinned, a full-blown boyish quirk of his lips that made her grin right back. “Depends on how blackened you like your pasta.”

She narrowed her eyes. “Pasta isn’t meant to be blackened.”

“Then you better stick with Ben’s cooking.”

“Definitely comfort.” She giggled and only expelled a slight frustrated sigh when he released her and took a half step back. Her disappointment ebbed as he reached for her again. He skimmed the backs of his fingers up her front before finding the buttons of her dress.

“How about we take a break for a while?” He unfastened the buttons as he spoke, pushing the material aside to expose her breasts. “So beautiful.” He cupped them, mindful not to pull the chain. “Watching that little episode with Diek in the elevator, I can’t tell you how hot that made me.”

She felt it, the evidence of his arousal in the magnificent length of his cock against her lower back while she stood between him and Diek. She let her head fall back, her eyes growing heavy-lidded as she enjoyed the tender sensations he stirred with his touch. They mixed with the anticipation of the pleasure-pain she expected to follow until the concoction sped her pulse and her breathing.

“Why?” she heard herself ask.

“Why what, darlin’?” His hands released her breasts, thumbs and forefingers moving to the clamps on her nipples. A ragged breath left her as he simultaneously removed both. “Hurt?”

She shook her head. “Sensitive.” A low throb kept her nipples erect. His hands dropped to the hem of her dress, pushed beneath the material, and gently removed the clamps from her pussy as well. “Why did watching another man touch me turn you on? I mean, I can understand Ben because you share women with him, but Diek?”

“Because it turned you on,” he said simply. “It’s like I told you last night. I like for you to feel special. I get off on your pleasure.” His tone dropped to a husky, dangerous baritone as clouds of rising desire built in his stormy eyes. “Watching you writhe as you search for that defining line between pleasure and pain, unable to find it because both feel so damned good. Feeling you shatter as wave after wave of intense sensations burst from your pretty little body. Listening to the sweet noises you make, especially the ones somewhere between a moan and a plea, as you struggle with your inner demons and your body’s needs to follow my command. Those are the things that really get me off.”

Marissa tried to swallow, but all moisture evaporated from her mouth in the heat that consumed her soul. Her breath shuddered from

her lungs as trepidation and excitement mixed a wicked concoction in her belly.

“Like now, the way you’re watching me, waiting for me to tell you what to do. Are you hoping I’ll touch you? Are you wishing I would do more? Tell me what is going through your mind right now.”

She couldn’t. Her tongue welded itself to the roof of her mouth. Her mind scrambled over her body’s desires until she couldn’t make sense of the needs attempting to trample their way out of her.

“I thought...” She trailed off, confused and too turned on to think straight.

“You thought what?”

“I thought you used my wants to help me overcome my shame over them.”

“There are other ways, silent ways, to make you forget all shame, darlin’. Ben and me, well, we’ve been going easy on you. Most guys like us don’t give their woman the privilege of requesting pleasures. But see, we like to hear them. Ben has got this thing for the sound of your voice. After listening to you beg last night, I can understand why. So, tell me what’s going through that pretty head of yours. Better yet, if I followed your command right now, what is the one thing you would tell me to do?”

One thing? He expected her to pick *one* thing out of the infinite possibilities slamming through her system right now? Her gaze fell to his lips, her mind briefly latching on to the image of his mouth on her breasts. The sensitivity in her nipples shot up another degree. Her pussy clenched, drawing her visualization down where his tongue would slip between her sodden folds to terrorize her clit and channel in the most exquisite ways.

Her attention fell lower, centering on the spectacular bulge straining the zipper of his jeans. The potential pleasures she could gain from that stupendous part of him breached the realm of sanity. Every erogenous zone in her body screamed to be captured and sensually brutalized.

"I can't pick one." Her honesty got her a low chuckle and a devilish grin. "I want you inside me."

Justin's grin slowly faded as he pursed his lips, studying her. "See, that's too broad a command for anyone to follow. I could counter by saying I'm already inside you. Right here." He touched her temple. "Right here, too." His finger fell to gently poke her chest over her heart. "Or I could ask where. Do you want me inside you here?" Her lips parted on a soft sigh as he grazed the pad of his thumb over them. "Or here?" He pushed a knee between her legs, grinding his thigh against her pussy. Instinctively, her hips gyrated, her pussy absorbing the fantastic pressure and roughness of the denim to her bare folds. "Or here?" His hand pushed beneath her dress to palm her ass, a finger slipping between her cheeks to press at her anus.

Everything inside Marissa stilled at that touch. Fear danced with excitement, slamming into need and shattering any semblance of propriety. "Yes."

He lifted a brow. "Yes?"

"That's what I want, where I want you." Dear God, she said it. The heat spread from her ass to her ears as desire morphed to embarrassment.

"Say those blunt words I want to hear, darlin'." He pressed harder, slipping the tip of his finger inside her anus.

Marissa rocked back, seeking more, needing deeper penetration. "I want your cock inside my ass." As the words spewed from her lips, she slammed her eyes closed. Could a woman die of utter humility even while experiencing such pleasures?

"Good girl." His finger retreated, his knee lowered, and he gave the tip of her nose a quick peck before stepping away from her again.

Marissa's eyes flew open, her jaw dropping from the shock of the sudden loss of him. Amusement two-stepped through his expression. The bastard.

“Don’t make me wait so long for an answer next time I ask you a question. Take off the dress. Ben’s probably got lunch about finished in the kitchen by now.”

* * * *

Justin left Marissa standing in the middle of his living room floor gaping at him. She looked so fucking gorgeous with the color turning her flesh a deep crimson that he almost hated helping her overcome her embarrassment. Although, if the red he left her wearing came from anger instead, well, he could bring that on anytime it suited him.

Grinning like a fool, he walked into the kitchen and snagged a soda from the fridge. He tipped his head once in the direction of the living room when Ben shot him a questioning look. They didn’t need words. Ben got the message. Marissa would be along shortly.

Justin moved bags his buddy had set on the counter when they got home. Ben already put away the cold items they grabbed on their quick stop by the grocery. He purposely overlooked the nonperishable goodies and went for the bag they filled before leaving Marissa’s that morning. If she noticed they emptied her drawer of all her tantalizing toys, she didn’t say anything.

“She needs to eat first.” Ben situated several cucumber slices on top of a bed of lettuce sprinkled with cheese, ham, slivers of carrots and who knew what else.

Justin frowned at the salad. “She’s a woman, not a rabbit.”

“She’s a health nut. Haven’t you ever paid attention to what she eats?”

“Planning to have yourself a salad, too?”

“I’ve been craving one all day.”

Justin chuckled. “It’s primed and ready for you.”

“Oh?” Ben shot him a crooked grin. “Are you telling me a thank-you is in order?”

“Naw, just saw the need to play a little game of interrogate and exhibit.” Justin took a ball-gag from the bag. The unopened package proclaimed it to be cherry flavored. He stifled another chuckle and put it aside, knowing without a doubt his woman would never cease to amaze him.

“Did you get the answers you wanted?”

“For now.” Justin eyed the salad Ben put on the table. “Beautiful, man. It’s just beautiful.”

“Fuck you,” Ben grumbled.

“Now, now, boys, no fighting.” Marissa’s reprimand would have been far more effective if her voice didn’t quiver with nerves.

It worked successfully enough to stop the friendly bantering and draw Justin’s attention to the amazingly gorgeous, naked sex kitten standing in his kitchen doorway. His cock stung as if whipped by a leather strap. Damn, but he couldn’t wait to make his baby purr.

“Geezus.” Ben expelled a breath and closed the distance between himself and Marissa in three long strides.

It pleased Justin when she didn’t flinch as Ben advanced on her. She didn’t make a move to cover herself and only blushed marginally when Ben trailed a finger down her front from the base of her neck to her pelvis. The action did make her visibly shiver, and that only amped Justin’s desires to see her quivering and writhing as they had their wicked way with her delectable body.

“Cold?” Ben asked her, taking her hand and guiding her to the table.

She shook her head. “Actually it’s a bit warm in here.”

Ben met Justin’s gaze briefly. Neither of them thought to lower the thermostat when they got home. They made it a habit years before to set it high in the summer and low in the winter to cut down on the power bill, seeing no need to waste the money when they rarely spent much time at home.

“We’ll take care of that.” Ben pulled her in, brushing a kiss to the top of her head as Justin walked up behind her.

The back of her head immediately came to rest on his chest, and she gazed up at him, a small smile playing with her moist lips. “If this is how you intend to cool me off, you’re going to fail miserably.”

“Guess I should’ve made bowls of ice cream instead of salad,” Ben mused.

“Mmm, you made salads?” She lifted her head, leaning over slightly to see the table behind Ben. “You’re eating one, too, aren’t you?”

“I am, though I’ve got a hankering for a different kind of salad first.” Ben met Justin’s gaze over her head, the intent in his buddy’s eyes clear as a bell. Despite his insistence she needed to eat, Ben’s appetite would be satisfied first. “The carbohydrate king behind you will probably go for a sandwich.” He released her and walked out of sight.

Justin didn’t bother to turn. He already knew what Ben intended. “Not if all we’ve got is that crappy wheat shit you brought.” He kept one hand on Marissa’s waist as he reached with the other and snagged one of the chairs from the table. He spun it around and moved to sit, drawing her back to stand beside him. Unable to resist the flat belly now at eye level, he circled her belly button with his tongue and dipped inside for a taste. Her fingers delved in his hair, holding his head to her body in a silent urge for more. He caught her wrist as he eased away, cuffing it behind her back in his much larger hand. “Don’t do that again unless you get permission first.”

Stars of vixen exhilaration twinkled in her eyes even as she swallowed nervously and nodded once.

“Can you wait a few minutes longer to eat? I think Ben is about to starve to death.”

Confusion flittered across her beautiful face. “But I thought—”

Justin used his hold on her hand to pull her down, releasing it at the last second as he bent her forward over his lap, effectively cutting off whatever argument she had been attempting to voice.

“What are you doing?” She trembled, from anticipation or fear, Justin couldn’t be sure. He figured both added a pleasant level of excitement to the moment for all three of them.

“Comfortable?” He sure as shit was. The height of the chair allowed his lap to become the perfect platform for her body. Her hair fell around her face like a satin curtain, blocking her view. Not that she would be able to see anything but the floor in the position he put her anyway. He spread his legs wider, supporting her breasts with one thigh and her belly with the other. Her back arched, creating an enticing view straight to the curve of her spectacular ass.

“Christ, that’s beautiful,” Ben said gruffly as he walked back from the fridge, his hand fisted loosely at his side.

Justin could only imagine. He watched as his buddy used his free hand to guide Marissa’s quivering legs further apart, making room for him to sink between.

“You’re creaming, Marissa. Your pussy is coated with it. Baby, you don’t know what seeing this does to me.”

Justin closed his eyes and muttered a silent curse. No way in hell could his view of the creamy flesh of her back and the rounded crests of her buttocks compare to what Ben saw. Somehow he always ended up the one to provide the human bondage, a role that tortured his cock and balls as effectively as it seemed to do to their woman.

“Please.” Marissa’s plea came on a strangled whisper that only added to his suffering.

Justin took a deep breath and couldn’t stop the growl that rumbled from his chest. “I can smell you.” Hot and sweet, nothing could compare to the scent of a fully aroused woman. “Are you that horny? Is your pussy burning, darlin’?”

“Yes. Please. Do something.”

“Oh, we’re going to do something. Ben’s going to cool you off while he eats, and I’m going to give you a little of what you requested last night.”

Chapter Five

Twin demons of desire and panic rendered Marissa speechless. What did Justin mean by that? Surely Ben wouldn't leave her suspended over Justin's lap while he sat down to eat lunch. And what did she request last night? Her mind raced as rapidly as her heart, scrambling for answers.

A long finger pushed between her buttocks and sliced down. She sucked in a breath when it paused at her anus, instinctively flexing her butt cheeks at the contact.

"Relax," Ben said, his tone soft but firm, much like his touch. "Don't move unless you're instructed to."

Oh, God. She couldn't make any promises on that one, especially when his finger continued on to her pussy, rimming her channel, but not entering. Her torment intensified when he circled her clit, but denied it further pleasure as well.

"Ah, baby, you're so hot you're scorching my finger." Desire dripped from Ben's tone as surely as it slid from her pussy. "Are you this hot on the inside, too? I bet your passage feels like the barrel of a recently fired gun. Will it leave a blister if I stick my finger inside it?"

"Yes." She squeezed her eyes shut, waiting for his touch, knowing she would go off like a pistol as soon as he granted her the penetration she so desperately needed. Her eyes flew open in the next heartbeat, the floor seeming to spin beneath her as his finger retreated.

"Well, now. Good thing I brought something to cool you off."

He didn't give her a chance to wonder, didn't even allow her a moment to breathe. Intense cold met with the flaming heat between

her pussy lips, and she bucked, driving her hips back onto the object Ben held at the entrance of her channel.

“Oh, God. Oh, God.” She shivered. Her breaths came in erratic spurts as the sensations of cold and hot sent her body into a frenzy of clamoring confusion. It felt good. It hurt. The orgasm barely inches from escape mere seconds before fled from the shock only to claw its way back as her senses started to adjust.

“You moved.” Justin’s flattened hand slid from between her shoulder blades down her spine and stopped at the curve of her ass. “Were you told to move?”

“No.” She couldn’t help it. Shock controlled her reflexes, jerked her back, and drew the ice cube into her opening even as her inner muscles convulsed to push it out again. Once inside, Ben held it firm, slowly rotating the cube to caress every inch of her inner walls.

“Then don’t.”

How could Justin sound so sensible, as if following his instruction should be easy as pie, when Ben held a freaking ice cube inside her cunt?

Ben intensified her bafflement by spreading her cheeks wide with the fingers of his free hand and adding a tongue to her anguish. He licked her, a maddening swipe of his tongue from the rim of her aching channel, over her anus, and all the way up. She barely controlled the shudder gripping her muscles before his mouth returned to her sensitized flesh.

Warm breath fanned her puckered opening, sending slivers of hot colliding with the cold. Darts of confused pleasure pricked her system as he tapped the tip of his tongue over her anus, not entering but teasing her muscles to relax and expand.

“Breathe, darlin’.” Justin’s soft coaching brought her from the edge of insanity to realize that fear and anticipation lodged her breath in her throat. “Shallow. That’s it. Relax and let it feel good. Damn, that’s hot seeing his face buried in your ass.”

It did feel good. Ben took his time, gentle taps and slow circles, tender nips to the flesh of her cheeks followed by minute penetration. Her muscles began to relax of their own accord, opening for his probing tongue, sucking it deeper until he breached the sphincter and slid home.

“Please.” She wanted to writhe, to thrash, to grind her ass against Ben’s tongue. Her hands hurt from gripping the chair legs, her nails digging into her palms, but somehow she maintained control.

“Please what, darlin’?” Justin’s hands caressed her back with a tenderness she didn’t expect from him. “What do you need?”

She shook her head. She didn’t know. The ice cube melted in her pussy, adding a chilled wetness to the hot juices seeping from her channel. Ben’s tongue formed a long, moist rod that probed her ass with unyielding insistence, sending her clamoring for a release just out of reach.

“Too much,” she gasped. “More! God, I can’t.”

“Do you need to come?”

Something in Justin’s tone raised her internal alarm. He sounded so sweet, so compassionate. That couldn’t be good.

“Answer me, Marissa.”

“Yes.” But she couldn’t. Pleasure twisted with a dull exotic pain, morphing to sheer ecstasy as Ben began to truly feast on her ass. He fucked her anus like he might her pussy with rapid, deep thrusts of his tongue, wiggling and licking the innermost part of her nether hole. She never experienced such a naughty delight, and yet the orgasm taunted her, skating to the brink before slipping out of her grasp.

“You can’t, can you?”

Mortification coiled in her belly even as the rapture of being held down by Justin as Ben ate her ass destroyed her sanity. Why couldn’t she grab hold of her release? She whimpered, shook her head, and squeezed her eyes on the tears that blurred her vision.

“People react differently to hot and cold, sweetheart,” Ben said against her ass. His tongue dipped inside her anus, pulled free, and he

followed the probing assault with a bite to her ass cheek. "Your body is hot. The ice is cold. The combination is keeping your orgasm at bay. It's a sweet little trick I learned, and I thought it would work on you. I'm glad it did. You're delicious!"

Marissa felt him pull away. The ice fully melted now, his fingers eased from her pussy. His tongue drew from her ass. The absence and fear he might leave her teetering on the edge of release drew another whimper from her lips.

"No, please. Don't stop." She tried to lift her head, to see around Justin's lap, but found she couldn't move. Justin held her bound to his lap, one hand stretching from the base of her nape to her shoulder blades, the other flattened just below the small of her back.

"We're just getting started, darlin'." The promise in Justin's tone sent her internal siren wailing again.

Coolness dribbled down her butt crack but warmed almost on contact. She recognized the sensation as a warming lubricant, and her heart leapt to her throat. "Ben?" His name quivered from her lips in both question and plea.

"You had a lot of unused toys in that secret drawer of yours. Ben and I decided it's time to play with a few."

Marissa cursed herself for her toy collection. Already, they played with her body like a rag doll. Letting them loose with the full extent of the things she had only dreamed of having used on her might spell her hormonal suicide.

"Like what?" She could barely find the wherewithal to ask with Ben's hands moving over her ass, spreading the lubrication around her anus. His finger pushed inside, immediately breeching the tight ring of muscles and pressing deep. The digit, wider and longer than his tongue, brought with it a stinging pain that quickly dissolved into exquisite pleasure. "Ooh," she purred, fighting the urge to ride his finger.

"Like that, darlin'?" Justin asked hoarsely.

“Yes.” The word hissed from her as Ben wiggled his finger inside her, coaxing her inner muscles to relax even more than he managed before.

“So tight,” Ben said softly. “The way your ass gripped my tongue when I tasted you, God, Marissa, it was amazing. Feeling you, damn, baby, you’re squeezing at my finger. Your ass is sucking me in.”

“Christ on a pogo stick, Hoffman, you’re gonna make me blow.”

Marissa laughed as Justin shifted beneath her, drawing her attention to the massive erection lodged in her side. She had been so wrapped in the tormented bliss Ben showed her that she hadn’t thought once about their pleasure. Yet, what did Justin tell her in the living room? He got off on watching her, on pleasing her.

Ben’s finger retreated only to return with a partner. Two fingers pushed into her anus, wiggling and spreading, working her wider, sending her mind spinning on a rapturous rush to ecstasy. The twin demons of desire that possessed her the moment Justin guided her over his lap grew razor-sharp talons that sliced at her sanity, making her crazed with need.

“That’s so fucking sexy.” Justin shifted again, leaning over her in an obvious attempt to gain a better look. “I’m going to fuck you there after a while, darlin’.”

Marissa jerked as the truth of his promise sank home right along with Ben’s probing fingers.

“You’re not supposed to move.” Justin’s gentle reminder held enough command to make goose pimples ripple along her skin.

“Then you shouldn’t make statements like that.” She gasped the words because Ben chose that moment to pull his fingers free. His hand dropped away.

“It’s more than a statement. It’s a claim. That ass belongs to me, Marissa.”

A thoroughly submissive thrill electrified her clean to her soul.

“Take a deep breath.” Ben’s quiet instruction fluttered through her sex-fogged brain.

She opened her mouth to ask why. What did he intend to do? The sudden sharp smack to her butt cheek and the resulting sting made her follow the order without question. She sucked in a breath only to swallow it deeper as something slick and round eased into her ass.

"That's one way to make her obey." Amusement laced Ben's voice.

The humiliation didn't get a chance to rear its ugly head. Whatever Ben pushed inside her inched deeper as something of equal size moved in her ass behind it. She flailed, her head lolling, vision sparking with erotic stars of pleasurable pain as a low mewling sound escaped her.

"Three more," Ben told her, his voice so thick he hardly sounded like himself. "Let it feel good, baby. You know it does."

Three more? Sheer madness crashed into bliss, dissolving her being in a blast of white-hot, wanton need. Somewhere in the last dregs of her sanity, she realized what Ben put inside her. Anal beads. A string of five silicone balls, each one larger than the first. She never dared to try them herself.

"I can't." She shook her head, gripped the chair legs, and struggled to catch her breath, but all the oxygen seemed to be depleted from the kitchen.

"Of course you can," Justin said simply. "You want to. You will."

Damn him for being able to see straight through her when she didn't even know herself. He was right, though. She did want to, and she would.

"Won't you?"

Movement near her pussy distracted her from answering Justin's question. Her cunt dripped with need. Her engorged clit pulsed. Both found intense satisfaction as Ben drove a second object vibrating into her aching channel at the same time he pressed the pad of his thumb to her clit.

“Yes!” Marissa felt the final beads enter her ass as the vibrations in her pussy intensified, and her trigger released with a deafening bang.

* * * *

In comparison to Marissa’s delectable body, Ben’s salad fell miserably short. He wanted her again, needed to fill his mouth with her cream, feel her muscles gripping at his tongue. Damn, he couldn’t get enough of her.

She lifted her fork to her mouth, her lips parting slowly before closing around the utensil. His cock jerked behind his zipper. Okay, perhaps he wouldn’t mind being the one to get tasted next time.

“Something wrong, Ben?” Sultry, seductive, her voice flowed over his skin like whipped cream.

He tore his gaze from her mouth, caught the sparkle of laughter wrestling with the rising heat in her eyes. He slid a glance at Justin and noted a mirroring amusement in the other man’s expression. She could get the best of him right now. He couldn’t let that happen. “Naw, quite the opposite. I’m sitting here giving myself a mental pat on the back for a job well done.”

“Oh?” She chewed slowly, the sparkle growing cautious as she stabbed another bite of salad. “What job is that?”

“Claiming you.” Her fork halted halfway to her luscious mouth. She swallowed hard and licked her lips. What blood remained in his upper body took a decided dive for his cock and balls. “We seemed to be succeeding in jailing your embarrassment so you could let the real Marissa out of her prison.”

She tipped her head back, glanced around, and leveled her gaze on him again, her lips curving in a smile both shy and wicked as hell. “I think I definitely stepped out of the box this time.”

She shocked him down to his aching balls, too. They wanted to test her comfort zone, push her limits. What better way to do so than

staging lunch on the deck by the Jacuzzi where anyone who happened to be in sight of their backyard could get a tantalizing eyeful. So what if a good mile separated his and Justin's house from the nearest neighbor on either side, from and behind? The chance of being spotted, though slight, was still there. The possibility of any of those neighbors deciding to make use of the communal pond beyond the line of wood at the back of the property was pretty good, too.

He fully expected her to take the option of sitting at the umbrella table, figuring she would go for the seclusion of the shade and furniture to block her amazing, naked body. Instead, she went straight for the lounge chair, informing them she had no intention of attempting to sit with beads stuck up her ass.

Geezus, fuck! That's exactly how she said it, too. Ben nearly burst into tears of tortured gratitude. He still might, he mused as he glided his attention over her bare shoulder, followed the curve down her back and up the gentle round of her ass. She lay on her stomach on the lounge chair, upper body propped on her elbows with her salad bowl perched precariously in front of her. She stretched her legs flat behind her. Twice he watched her apparently forget the toy lodged in her ass because she bent a leg at the knee, kicking the air and letting out a startled moan when the move shifted her ass, no doubt jostling the beads in her puckered hole.

"Tell me something, guys. Why share?" She resumed eating, her tone taking on a more conversational ring.

Ben didn't kid himself into thinking she learned to push all shame aside already, to think around the kinky position they put her in. No, he saw the struggle in her to ignore it despite the casual question. Ignorance didn't equal bliss, no matter how much he wished it did. For all her sudden boldness, he was afraid she stacked a hefty wall of pretend around much of the truth to ward off total reality, at least for a little while.

"Would you rather us make you choose?" Justin popped the top on a soda can and drank deep as he eyed her.

Marissa startled at the sound, her eyes widening with an apparent newfound fear. “No.” Her attention danced from Justin to Ben and back again. “I couldn’t. I, well, I only wondered why you would want to share.”

Justin shrugged and settled back in his seat. “I have two brothers and a sister, Ben has one of each. Both of us learned to share early on. Our parents taught us well.” A hint of a grin played with the corner of his lips.

Ben chuckled and polished off the last of his salad before pushing his bowl aside.

Marissa stuck out her bottom lip, blowing an exasperated breath up her face. Her bangs fluttered over her forehead. “I’m not talking about sharing your favorite toy.”

“Sure you are.” Justin’s grin spread from ear to ear. “We’ve been playing with our favorite toy since late last night. Not planning on putting her away anytime soon either.”

Marissa hung her head in obvious defeat. Her hair fell around her face, but parted enough for Ben to spot the laughter in her expression. “You’re incorrigible.”

“We couldn’t step aside any easier than you could choose.”

She lifted her head at Ben’s serious response, her gaze locking with his. There were other reasons, of course, but he gave her the biggest one. He and Justin had been friends for more years than either of them could count. They fucked women alone and shared even more. The option of one of them claiming Marissa without the other simply never came up. They both knew instantly they would take her together, pleasure her to heights she never dreamed together, and *keep* her together.

“All done?” Justin stood, breaking the telling silence and reaching for Marissa’s bowl.

She nodded wordlessly, her gaze never faltering from Ben’s.

“Did you get enough?” Ben asked, hoping like hell she said yes because he couldn’t wait another second to touch her again, to kiss her, to be consumed by her.

“Of that.” Her attention slid from him to Justin’s knees and gradually climbed up his front. “I sure am getting tired of you guys having more clothes on than me. I thought I was the one with the embarrassment issues.”

“I thought you were, too.” Ben chuckled and got to his feet. He silently applauded her continued show of bravery even though he knew the boundaries still needed more persistent pushes. “Stand up. We want to be able to see you while we get naked.”

* * * *

Marissa curled her fingers around the frame of the lounge chair and pushed herself up to rest on all fours. Holy mother of orgasms! Her breath quickened. Her heart hammered as she fought to keep the pleasure from escaping. Would Justin and Ben punish her for coming without their permission? Not that they required her to ask so far, but she was on the verge of release now and they weren’t even in touching distance! The idea of how they might choose to reprimand her for such an act sent a wicked desire pinging through her that very nearly caused her to lose the battle as she struggled to extend one leg over the side of the chair, to place one foot solidly on the wooden deck.

She had pushed aside all thoughts of her surroundings as they pointed her to the back deck and opted for the lounge chair above her other options for the preservation of comfort. Though Ben turned off the vibrator after she detonated in the kitchen, he left it inside her pussy, the size and design of the toy enabling it to stay lodged in place even as she walked. He didn’t remove the anal beads either, making the idea of sitting positively hysterical. The only smart choice seemed to be the lounge chair where she could lay on her belly and not worry

of putting pressure on either toy hidden inside her body. Hindsight being what it was, the move might not have been so smart after all, seeing as how neither of her men appeared willing to offer a finger to help her stand.

“Have I told you yet how much I love the way your body responds to stimulation?” The warmth of Justin’s husky question sent a whip of heat lashing through her womb.

Marissa blinked in surprise. “You do?”

“I do.” Justin hooked his thumbs in the pockets of his jeans, his stance nonchalant. The innate authority flashing like bolts of lightning in his eyes blew his laid-back demeanor to smithereens. “You go off like a machine gun. I bet, if we kept our fingers...or other things...on your triggers, we could keep you firing for a full round or more.”

Marissa felt a fresh stream of cream trickle down her inner thigh even as she flushed hot from a new wave of humiliation. “I try to hold back, but—” She cut herself off when her voice broke. A single tear escaped to slide down her cheek before she could stop it.

Justin closed the distance between them, the backs of his fingers catching the tear and drying it from her face. “Somehow I keep managing to say something that upsets you. I didn’t tell you that to make you cry, my love. We never asked you to hold back your releases. I fucking love that you get so hot you can’t help yourself when you’re with us.” He put his hands on her hips, pulled her against the hard plane of his body, and she closed her eyes as the comforting warmth seeped into her. “Maybe one day we’ll have a session or two on control, on prolonging your orgasms. Quite frankly, I would rather spend a session or ten counting how many times we can make you explode before you pass out on us.”

She gave a watery laugh and looked up at him through tear-dotted lashes. “I’m close enough now if you keep saying things like that, you’re going to get number one standing right here.”

His brow winged up. “Really?” His hand slipped from her hip to her ass and down, grazing over the ring hanging from her rear

connected to the string of beads inside her. "Will it help if I do this?" He caught the ring and tugged. At the precise moment the pressure of the first bead being pulled back started to zing through her tender flesh, the vibrator in her pussy awoke at top speed.

Marissa didn't get time to catch her breath, let alone anticipate Justin's intention or realize Ben held the remote to the vibrator. Justin pulled again. Another bead cleared the ring of muscles to escape her ass, and her head fell forward on Justin's chest.

"Oh, no." His other hand found her chin and lifted her face. "No hiding, darlin'. I get to watch everything."

She didn't realize until she attempted to spread her legs that, when he drew her against him, he strategically positioned his legs to cage hers together. She would find no relief from the pleasure-laced pain by widening her stance, giving her respective holes room to spread. With her ass cheeks resting firmly together, it heightened the pressure as Justin tugged the third bead free. A strangled moan came with it as the talons buried deep in the tender flesh of her channel, vying with the vibrations to find a way out.

"Justin." She gasped his name, shuddered violently in his embrace, and lost herself as the final two beads slipped from her anus. Her nails dug into his shoulders as she held on for dear life, her body wracking with the force of the orgasm. Somehow she kept her head back, maintained eye contact through the explosion, and saw when his sexy mouth curved in a satisfied, if cocky, grin.

"One." He kissed the tip of her nose and slowly let her go.

Her legs wobbled, but she managed to stay on her feet without his support as he back-stepped to where he stood before sending her flying to the moon. The vibrations in her pussy stilled, making it marginally easier for her to regain her composure. She looked at Ben. "Thanks."

"Don't mention it. Why don't you take it out?" Though he phrased it as a question, the firm set to his expression made it an order.

Another test, she decided, and tamped down the rapidly rising heat burning away her courage as it slinked up her body from her toes. How embarrassing to stand before two men and let them watch as she put her hand between her legs and pulled a no-doubt dripping vibrator from her cunt.

No, not embarrassing. Sexy. Wanton. Powerful.

To her utter surprise, she actually started to feel all those things and more as she removed the toy from her pussy, all the while letting her attention move from Ben to Justin in turn. The muscle ticking in Justin's jaw, the way Ben's cheeks puffed out on a hard breath showed neither man went unaffected by the show.

"Okay, your turn." She didn't dare question this moment of guts. Perhaps Ben was right. Maybe the real Marissa was finally escaping her prison. The quick flash of cool warning in Justin's eyes cautioned her on pushing him too far. She tempered her brazen words. "Please."

They knew what she wanted and proved it without question by reaching for their shirts. Ben wore a solid black T-shirt with a star and the words *Horn Hill Sheriff's Department* embroidered above his left pec. The material strained over broad shoulders and rippling muscles she couldn't wait to see, couldn't wait to touch. He tugged the hem free of his Levi's and reached behind his neck, fisting the shirt to pull it over his head.

At the same time, Justin worked the buttons free on the Western-style shirt he wore. The same one he wrapped around her the previous evening. Sometime between then and now he lost the undershirt, bearing a spectacular view of corded muscles and rigid, tanned flesh as he shrugged the shirt off and let it fall to the floor.

Marissa's mouth watered, her heart raced, her pussy creamed, and her nipples throbbed. She couldn't keep up. Her attention shifted from Justin to Ben and back again so quickly it made her head spin. "Wait!" The cry sounded of half demand and half plea and stopped both men in mid-motion of reaching for their pants.

"Something wrong, darlin'?" Justin's lazy drawl hinted with laughter.

"Yes, you're giving me whiplash. Please, one at a time."

Both men removed their boots upon entering the house. At least that was one less article of clothing to torment her patience. Justin took the lead, freeing the button of his Levi's with a practiced hand. He lowered the zipper and shucked the denim from his narrow hips without show. The show, she immediately decided, came in the way his cock stood from his sculpted body, fully erect and stupendously large. How could it be that she found the sight even more soul consuming than the night before?

"Sweet mother of orgasms." She didn't realize she whispered the words aloud until the grin on Justin's lips turned to one of pure male arrogance. She let him get away with it because, holy smokes, with a cock like that he deserved to be arrogant.

"Working on number two already, darlin'?"

Marissa expelled a breathless laugh. "You bet your handsome ass, I am." She sliced her gaze to Ben. "Put me out of my misery."

"Your wish is my command." His blue eyes sparked and then darkened to the color of an unfathomable sea. "This time."

Lust, excitement, and fear formed a trio of whips that lashed at her breasts, her pussy, her ass as the promise and warning of his tone sank home. He didn't make her wait. He pushed his jeans and boxers to his ankles without ceremony, kicking them off and straightening to afford her another truly delectable view.

Her first view, she realized. Last night, she only got to look with her hands. Today she got the full frontal scrutiny and, my, oh my, no wonder she couldn't get her fingers around it last night. She swallowed, opened her mouth to speak, but had to swallow again before she managed a sound.

"I should probably warn you both that all ability to form words beyond *please* and *dear God, will they fit* have completely abandoned me."

“In that case, you have the right to remain silent.” Ben stepped close enough to her to touch, but his hands stayed at his sides. “Anything you don’t say will be understood by us to be your total surrender.” He moved around her, still not touching, his proximity heating her soul to the point of molten lava. “You have the right to make noise. As a matter of fact, we prefer that you do.” He stopped at her back, leaning in until his breath fanned the side of her neck. “We want you screaming, Marissa, begging and coming over and over again.”

Oh, God. Oh, God. Oh, God. A barely audible whimper left her throat as Ben nipped the side of her neck hard enough to mark her. Her vision blurred. Her senses collided in frantic crash of need and wicked fear. She closed her eyes, attempting to find some semblance of sanity, but when she opened them again, she knew she lost the battle. Justin advanced on her from the front, not stopping until the unyielding plane of his chest pressed to her beaded nipples.

“We’ve been easy on you until now, darlin’. We’ve allowed you to get away with a lot since last night. That stops now.” His cool, authoritative tone and the firm set of his expression left her no room to argue. “We’ve staked our claim. Mind, body, and soul, you belong to us, and we won’t show mercy for embarrassment. There’s no room for that with us, no need for shame or self-ridicule. Do you understand?”

Trepidation and desire tied her tongue in a knot. Though she heeded the warning in his tone, he offered her precisely what she wanted. Marissa nodded.

“Not good enough,” Ben told her, his face still against the side of her neck. “Say the word, baby.”

“Yes.”

“That’s our girl.” Justin’s expression remained hard, serious, but his eyes gleamed with pleasure. He reached for her, lacing their fingers together as he gently pulled her away from Ben. “Come inside. We have a surprise for you.”

As if they hadn't shocked her clean to her toes in a variety of wickedly fantabulous ways already. "What kind of surprise?"

Justin shot her a boyish grin as he led her into the house. "Well, if I told you before we get there then it wouldn't be a surprise, would it?"

Marissa followed him through the kitchen and down the hall, casting a quick glance over her shoulder to be sure Ben came, too. Justin stopped outside the last open doorway on the left side of the hall and turned to her. His guarded expression kicked her nerves into high gear.

She swallowed, licked her lips, and narrowed her eyes. "Why do you look like a man about to commit a premeditated crime?"

He chuckled, a quick burst of amused air, and seemed to think that over for a moment. "I suppose I might be, darlin', if intending to break a few ancient laws is really a crime."

"You're the cop. I thought breaking any law was considered a crime."

"Then I guess I'm guilty." The devilish gleam returned to his eyes. "You might want to take the time to enjoy the violation before turning me in, though."

Enjoy the violation. The words acted like a tuning fork to every erogenous zone in Marissa's body. Ben stroked the perfect note when he closed in at her back, pressed his solid front against her, and brought his arms around her much smaller frame.

"This will help." He dipped his head down, the warmth of his breath fanning her earlobe as he spoke. Then his hands came up and she noticed the strip of dark silk he held between them. "We want you to concentrate on feeling. We want you centered only on the pleasure, only on our touch."

Marissa gulped, nodded. Her heart beat triple-time, more out of excitement than any real fear. But Ben didn't put the blindfold over her eyes. He stopped with the silk stretched loosely beneath her chin.

“Tell us you want this. Tell us you trust us with your pleasure.” Ben paused, took an audible breath, and pushed it out slow.

The heat rippled along her neck, and she closed her eyes on the sensations that rained to her toes. His next words had her eyes opening, her gaze slamming into Justin’s.

“Tell us you won’t run when you get time later to think about everything that’s happened between us, everything that will happen.”

Clouds darkened Justin’s eyes. A fear that she might do exactly what Ben said, run from them when realization of all she allowed took hold in the light of a new day? She curled her fingers around Ben’s wrists and felt the same vibrations of concern radiating from him. She squeezed, kept her gaze locked with Justin’s, and did her best to put their unease to rest.

“I want this.” The strength in her tone surprised even her. “I want you.” She tipped her head back to look at Ben and added, “Both of you. And I won’t run. I’ll never run. I’m tired of running from how I feel and the things I want.” She spoke the truth, determined to meet the next rush of humiliation with a steadfast resolve to blow it to smithereens.

Ben’s lips curved in a smile that she knew she wouldn’t forget in a million lifetimes, and he brought the blindfold up to cover her eyes. With her vision gone, her other senses instantly kicked into hyper alertness. Ben’s fingers skimmed the sides of her neck as they fell away from the blindfold. He framed her shoulders with his wide hands, glided them down her arms, stopping at her elbows. Another set of hands, obviously Justin’s, took it from there, gripping her forearms and then sliding to clasp her hands in his.

They breathed in a sure, even cadence that soothed her nerves teetering on the edge. Neither spoke, but she didn’t need them to. Their guidance through touch alone proved enough.

Justin tugged on her hands and she started to walk, letting him lead her through what she presumed to be the door of the room at the end of the hall. A musky scent lingered in the air, mingling with

something faintly resembling gun oil. A slight chill brought goose pimples to the surface of her flesh. She counted the steps she took, needing something mundane to anchor her thoughts while her body pulsed for the unknown awaiting her. Twenty steps and Justin brought her to a halt.

Ben's hands picked up their downward glide once more, his palms flattening on her back and traveling over her buttocks, the backs of her thighs. His fingers slipped between her legs and urged them apart until she stood with her feet at shoulder width. The crisp leather straps he closed around each ankle gave her system a quick jolt. Wicked, insane need collided with a sliver of trepidation as awareness fluttered from her bound ankles to the wrists Justin began guiding behind her back and up.

Marissa let her body bend forward as her arms were stretched higher. Justin stopped just short of the position rendering her any real pain and secured her wrists with leather straps that mirrored those on her ankles. She didn't need her sense of sight to know what they did to her, the position they put her in. They bound her strappado style, naked, open, and entirely at their mercy.

She felt the breath on her ear before she heard the gruffly spoken question. "Are you uncomfortable?"

Her mind scrambled over the right answer. If uncomfortable meant every molecule of her soul sizzling in intense excitement for what came next, then yes. She answered Ben by blindly lifting her head and giving it a definite shake.

"How about now?"

Pleasure danced the thin line of pain around her nipples in a simultaneous rhythm that drew a whimper from her lips even as something strong and unyielding lodged between her ankles. The nipple clamps were back, she realized as she struggled to take shallow, steady breaths around the delight zinging through her. A small test of the object between her ankles told her they put a bar in place to keep her from closing her legs.

“I’m o...” Okay, she meant to say, but the word turned to a moan as Justin began to spread lube around her anus. She wiggled her ass, seeking more of the caress. The sensitivity of her rear entrance already reached mountainous heights after the attention it received a short time ago. She expected the toy—a plug?—to hurt. She didn’t expect the low mewling sound that escaped her throat as the object settled deep in her anus, as the pain lit into a pleasure so bright, release instantly teetered on the edge.

“Let it feel good,” Justin’s thick, controlled voice coached behind her.

“It does,” she half whimpered, half gasped. “So good. Too good.”

“Don’t come, Marissa.” His tone took on a level of authority harsher than any he used yet.

Don’t come! Was he nuts? Talons of razor-sharp need clawed the inner walls of her pussy.

“Hold on this time. Control it.”

How in the hell could Justin make it sound so simple? He wanted her to achieve the impossible, something he deliberately took away. They positioned her in such a way that left her nothing to hold on to, took away every last molecule of her control.

Her whimpers morphed to a full-blown cry of surprised, erotic, pleasurable pain as the first smack hit her already smarting ass. Not his hand, she realized in an instant, but something firmer, far more unforgiving. The second smack sent the stinging rocketing from her ass to her toes and climbing straight back up to settle in her drenched pussy.

“Please! Oh, dear God, please.” Whatever control she might still possess faded. Whatever hold she might have found slipped. She couldn’t do it. She needed to let go, to come.

“Please what, baby?” Ben’s softly asked question came in a direct contrast to the inferno scorching a path through her body, to the harshness of Justin’s command.

Please let me come. She opened her mouth to beg, but the single word that left her on a gush came nowhere close to what she expected. Instead, it exhibited precisely what she really wanted. "More."

* * * *

Ben didn't know a single word could make a man so happy. He had worried they might break her, move too fast, push her to limits she wouldn't be able to handle just yet despite all she claimed to want, all they knew her body craved. She proved him wrong.

He glanced at Justin and saw a mirroring relief in his buddy's eyes a split second before he wielded the paddle once more on Marissa's delectable ass. The sharp staccato of the smack reverberated through the room, accentuated by the sexiest moan of pure erotic pleasure Ben ever heard.

"Please." The plea stretched out, morphing into another pleased cry as Justin smacked her again.

"Darlin', there isn't much that turns me on more than hearing a woman beg," Justin drawled, caressing the flat of his hand over her ass. He tipped his head back and took an audible deep breath. "Except maybe for the smell of an aroused pussy."

Ben couldn't agree more. He dropped to his knees, taking several deep breaths of his own as he reached between Marissa's wide-spread legs to flick a finger over her swollen clit. "You're dripping wet, baby." He marveled at the cream covering her bare folds, thick and fragrant and ready to be licked away. His tongue pulsed to do exactly that.

"Please." Her begging became more strangled, less audible, breathier.

Ben sensed her teetering on the delicate verge of release, struggling to hold on, to obey. It surprised him that she could control it so well already given her quick responsiveness to their touch. If

they ever thought she was innocent, that she would need a great deal of training to be their submissive soul mate, they were so fucking wrong!

He touched her, a tender brush of his fingertips to her inner thigh, and she moaned, the sound a soft vixen melody that stroked his shaft and nearly set him to begging. He wanted more. Justin would demand more. They came this far. They wouldn't stop until they got it.

"Such a waste." He clicked his tongue as he watched a thin string of cum stretch from her folds. Geezus, he'd meant dripping metaphorically, but damn if her pussy didn't actually start to expel enough sweet cream to turn his statement true. "I can't stand watching such a tasty treat go to waste."

"Then don't let it."

The strength in her statement made him smile. *That's our girl.*

"What do you want him to do with it?" Justin asked.

The paddle hit the floor, and Ben knew his friend tossed it aside in favor of focusing on the plug he used to fill her anus. Ben couldn't quite see precisely what Justin did to her ass, but he could judge by the movements of Justin's arm that he played with the toy. When Marissa drew in a sharp breath, Ben guessed Justin pushed the plug a little deeper. When she gave a low throated moan, he figured Justin gave the object a good wiggle, maybe even a little tap to deliver an extra added thrust.

"Anything. Something. Please."

"Not good enough," Justin told her, eliciting another whimper from their sex kitten, this one sounding the most desperate yet.

Ben reached for the dildo he'd left lying nearby—another of the toys they took from her secret drawer, larger than the vibrating object he used on her earlier—and traced the sodden outline of her folds with the tip. Her pussy lips flexed, clenching as much as they could given how wide-spread he placed her legs. The movement sent another stream of cum escaping from her center.

"Tell us what you want, Marissa." Before she could speak, he shoved the dildo inside her drenched channel. The sound she made as the large, rigid cock penetrated her pussy nearly made him cry. Geezus, could she be more sexy, more ready, more perfect?

"That! Yes, ah, God, that." Her breathing accelerated. Her arms and legs shook. Her head lolled from side to side and he knew she would come in an instant if he let her.

He didn't. Ruthlessly, Ben held the dildo in place, not thrusting into her pussy the way he knew she needed him to. She growled, the sound more suited to a horny lioness in a cage than a delicate, beautiful woman, and tried to buck her hips against the stilled object inside her. She didn't succeed.

"Is this really what you want?" He gave the dildo a slight wiggle, just enough to send her the smallest spurt of pleasure, enough to heighten the need for more.

She shook her head. "No. I want to come."

Ben smiled. Close. They were so close. *Hold on, baby. Let it out. Don't hide. Tell us.*

"How?" Justin wouldn't give until she said it all.

"You're a real bastard sometimes, you know that?"

Ben winced, glad he couldn't see around Marissa's lovely body to catch the expression on his friend's face. The calm, almost apologetic tone of Justin's voice when he spoke shocked him to his bare feet.

"I'm not trying to be a bastard, darlin'. I've told you, it's important for us to know what pleases you."

"You please me. Your cocks instead of these fucking toys would please me a hell of a lot more. I want you to fuck me, damn it. I want both your cocks in me. I want you to make me come until I'm screaming for a break. God, please, is that specific enough for you?"

Ben looked up, caught Justin's glare as the man leaned over to see around Marissa's lovely body. He saw the party going on in his friend's eyes. The same party working up a frenzy in Ben's cock.

They exchanged a wordless nod of agreement and Ben reached up to unfasten the blindfold from Marissa's eyes.

She blinked, and he watched as her gaze focused on him. Desire and desperation spun in her eyes like tiny tornados, and in the dead center of the funnel he saw a peace he never noticed in her before. His heart stilled even as it swelled. He knew in that moment she truly stepped out of the box, locked her demons inside it, and was letting herself become theirs. No pretending, no hiding, she'd stepped into full-blown reality.

Ben held her gaze, letting her see his happiness, his need for her, hoping she would catch the love, too, in his own eyes as he removed the bar that spread her ankles apart. He saw faint movements behind her and knew Justin was working to free her wrists. The instant the restraints let loose, she tipped forward. Though his hands were on her, the sudden weight pushed him off balance, and he tumbled backward, taking her down with him to the floor.

Laughter lit her eyes and then darkened with unmistakable passion as Justin folded himself over her back. Ben and Justin exchanged another wordless look, neither needing words to carry through with the rest of their seduction plans, and Justin dipped his head to kiss the back of Marissa's shoulder.

Ben gripped her hips, holding her steady when she attempted to gyrate on his tortured cock lying between their bellies. Her eyes fluttered closed as Justin peppered the back of her neck and shoulders with kisses. She leaned into his touch, moaning softly, her own lips forming an O of pleasure. The moans grew louder, catching on a strangled cry, and her entire body went stiff.

Justin tossed the butt plug out of the way, met Ben's gaze again, and positioned himself to enter their woman. The sounds she made, the grunts that roared from Justin's throat, nearly made Ben come.

"Son of a bitch," he breathed, watching as her face became a slideshow of emotions. Pain flittered through her gorgeous features first, followed slowly by acceptance, and then the most intense

pleasure he could've ever dreamed. "Geezus, you have no idea how sexy it is to watch you this way."

"You should feel her," Justin grunted. "It's fucking amazing."

"Oh, God, tell me about it." Marissa's contented, ragged sigh made Ben laugh.

"Are you ready for me to feel, too?"

She looked down at him, her eyes sparkling with desire. She nodded in answer and wiggled her hips. His grip only allowed for the smallest fraction of movement, but it proved enough to grind her body on Justin's cock. Her eyes started to close again as a new zing of pleasure overtook her. Ben tightened his fingers on her hips, knowing he would likely leave bruises on her delicate flesh, but needing her to look at him as he filled her.

"Keep your eyes open, baby," he instructed and waited for her to comply. "No hiding. No fear. I don't want to see anything but happiness as Justin and I take you together for the first time."

She nodded again, her eyes opening fully, her gaze locked on his. "I want this. Please. I need to feel your cock inside me, too, Ben. I can't hold on much longer. I want you with us."

"You'll hold on as long as we tell you to, Marissa." Justin's tone left no room for disobedience.

"Now. Please." She pretended not to hear Justin, but Ben saw a flash of temper shoot through her face and couldn't stop his smile. When he thought about the three of them in the past, how their lives would be once he and Justin finally staked their final claim on their woman, being the mediator in the sparring between Justin and Marissa never played into any of the scenarios. She would turn to him for compassion, for leniency when Justin pushed too hard. She wouldn't find what she sought in him too often.

"Not until we say this time, baby," he told her, reinforcing Justin's command. "Not until we're both buried deep inside you." And with that, he gave her what she asked for in a slow invasion that nearly killed him. He pulled her hips down, penetrating her sodden channel

the smallest fraction at a time, marveling at the feel of her body as her inner muscles squeezed at his shaft and begged for more.

“Yes.” She hissed the word, drawing out the sound as he seated his cock inside her to the hilt. Her breathing sputtered from pursed lips, the hiss turning to an indescribable sound as her body started to quiver in his and Justin’s embrace.

“Are you okay?” He had to ask. He needed to know. Geezus, if they hurt her, really caused her pain, he would never forgive himself. She shook her head, and he felt as if a knife stabbed straight through his chest. “Shit. Okay, baby, wait.” He met Justin’s gaze over her shoulder. “Back off. We’re hurting her.”

“No!” Her hands curled around his shoulders, nails biting into his flesh. He started to lift her, to pull his cock free of her clinching cunt, but she pushed against his strength. “Please, God, Justin, don’t back off. I need...” Ben loosened his hold, and she rocked her hips, the move gyrating her body between his cock and Justin’s. “Ah, yeah, that.”

“Is this what you need, Marissa?” Justin nipped her shoulder and pushed forward, driving her body down and thrusting Ben’s cock deeper in her pussy while Justin impaled her ass. “Do you need us to fuck you?”

“Yes!” She answered Justin, but her gaze fixed on Ben. “I’m okay, but I won’t be much longer if you don’t let me come. Please. I need you. I need both of you. God, I need to come.” Tears glistened on her lashes, tearing at his heart even as it filled him with happiness because he understood them to be tears of frustration as much as her own impending satisfaction.

Relief washed through him in such a rush that he grinned like a loon. “Why didn’t you say so?”

Justin barked a laugh and started to move without warning. All playfulness got lost in the shuffle of desire, panting, and pure animalistic sex as he set a rhythm Ben immediately joined. Ben’s balls tightened, his cock pulsing painfully with the need to let go as

Marissa's inner muscles milked his shaft. Sheathed in her body, sharing precious space with Justin, and listening to the sounds she made, Ben knew nothing ever felt more right.

Marissa gazed down at him with unguarded passion darkening her eyes. Erotic pleas sparked in their depths, joining with her total surrender and his. He knew without looking Justin would be right there with them.

"I'm not going to last, man." Justin's strained declaration mirrored the desperation fighting its way out of Ben's cock.

"Please," Marissa whispered, and he couldn't deny her a moment longer.

"Come for us, baby. Now." Ben gritted his teeth and thought about ballistics in reference to the latest model of department issue weapons in an effort to hold his release in check. He could've thought anything and nothing would've worked. The feel of Marissa's hot juices, the intense grip of her inner muscles coupled with the most sensational erotic sounds he ever heard as she came apart around him shattered his resolve. He heard Justin grunting with his own release, and he lost himself in the moment, in the orgasm that racked his body, in the love for Marissa tightening his chest and claiming his soul.

Chapter Six

Marissa sipped her brandy, leaned a shoulder against the frame of the sliding glass door, and watched with intense appreciation as Justin walked around buck naked on the back deck. Corded muscles in his arms and back flexed, giving evidence to a strength she longed to feel holding her captive. The need never lessened and never seemed sated. He turned, affording her a view of his side profile, of his semi-erect cock dangling between his legs. Her mouth watered even as her pussy spasmed. No, her need for him couldn't be satisfied. She would never get enough. As if sensing her attention, he curled his fingers around his cock and gave it a few caressing strokes before returning to his task of readying the hot tub.

Marissa giggled and shook her head. "The man has no shame."

"You shouldn't either." Ben came up behind her, brushed her hair away from her neck, and grazed his lips over her flesh.

Marissa sighed, feeling more content than she ever had in her life, and leaned into the caress. "I know."

"Knowing and implementing are two different things." Ben trailed his fingers along the small of her back and let them fall away as he moved to stand beside her.

Marissa met his gaze. "I'm still working on that." She looked away, took in the trees surrounding the backyard, and noted the seclusion.

"*We* are," Ben corrected.

"I don't want everything I do with my men to be public."

"That's not the point."

She knew that, understood even in the privacy of her house and of theirs that she continued to fight the humiliation over her desires. Only when she threw caution to the wind and raised a shield around her pride did she start to step out of the prison locking her away and let herself enjoy.

“You’re doing well. I know it’s hard, but you’re doing great. I just wish you could see yourself the way we do.” Ben hooked a finger under her chin and turned her head toward him. “If you could, you would never feel the need for shame, for questions or confusion.”

Marissa stared at him, the compassion in his touch, in his tone, in his expression brought tears to her eyes. She cleared her throat and started to speak, but Justin spoke first.

“You two plannin’ on standing in the doorway all evening or you coming out?”

“You go on.” Ben straightened, leaned forward, and planted a kiss on the tip of her nose. “I’ll be out in a second.”

Marissa allowed herself only a nanosecond of hesitation before she took a deep breath and stepped outside. It wasn’t like she hadn’t been out here a few hours ago sprawled out on the lounge chair in her birthday suit with anal beads in her rear, she reminded herself. Surely the box she’d been stepping out of since Ben showed up on her doorstep last night was close to splinters by now.

Justin slid her a sideways glance as she walked outside. The approval in his eyes helped to ease her nerves. Still, she found it necessary to go for nonchalance in lieu of directness.

She tipped her glass his way. “We’re going to have to do something about the selection of alcohol around this house.”

“It’s not much different than what you keep at your place.” He walked around the hot tub, stepped over the side, and sat down on the edge.

Marissa lost her train of thought for a heartbeat as her attention slid from his face, down his muscular torso to his slightly spread legs and the gloriously stiffening cock resting against his body.

“Is something wrong?” Amusement laced his words. Her gaze snapped back up, and she found a mirroring sparkle dancing in his eyes.

“I can’t think of a thing.” *Literally*. She gave her head a quick shake and took a sip of her brandy and remembered the course she’d been taking the conversation. “On the contrary, I’ll have you know there’s a bottle of vodka at my house along with a bottle of rum, gin, and a nice selection of wine.”

“Girl stuff,” he scoffed, but the corners of his lips twitched.

Marissa shot a pointed look down her naked body, looked back at him, and lifted a brow. “I *am* a girl.”

“Oh, you’re definitely that, darlin’.” The spark in his eyes ignited a full flame as he held out his arms for her. “Come here.”

She complied without hesitation, stepping into the Jacuzzi and straight into his arms.

“If memory serves, you also have a bottle of bourbon and had close to a twelve-pack in your fridge before Ben and I drank a few last night. That’s guy stuff.” He dropped his gaze between their bodies, then looked up and grinned. “And I am a guy.”

No doubt about them apples. “I bought the bourbon on a whim.”

“Liquid courage?”

“Something like that.” Marissa shrugged. “And I can’t tell you how long those beers had been in my fridge.”

“Whatever you want, we’ll get it for you.” His hands rested on her waist just above her hips, his thumbs drawing lazy circles on her flesh. With him sitting and her standing, he had to tip his head back slightly to meet her gaze. “Have I told you yet how much I love having you here?”

Marissa’s heart swelled at the emotions creating a new storm in his eyes. She didn’t know what to say, couldn’t have found her voice through all the happiness filling her throat if she’d tried. She settled for shaking her head.

“Stay.” He made the word more request than command and she caught an accompanying plea flash through his expression. She never saw him look so vulnerable. “Not just tonight. Move in with us, Marissa.”

She stared at him, her head spinning. She blinked, started to speak, and closed her mouth again. It was all happening so fast. She couldn't get a grip! “What about my house?” It felt stupid that the question would be the first thing she managed to say, but she couldn't do anything more.

“I don't know. We'll figure something out. I don't want you out there alone anymore. First the store and then what happened last night...” He trailed off and shook his head. “I want you close. I want you here where I can protect you.”

“Will you give me some time to think about it?”

He looked away, but not before she caught the pain and fear that moved through his eyes. “Yeah, sure we will.”

Marissa framed his face with her hands. He was so handsome, so strong, and yet so fragile. Who would've ever thought Justin Bryan could be afraid of anything? “I'm not running.” She said it as forcefully as she could, willing him to believe her. “I'm not hiding. I just need some time to adjust, to get my bearings and move forward. You and Ben changed a lot for me in a very short time. There's no changing back. I wouldn't want to anyway. But I need to get used to these changes before we make more.”

She sensed Ben come up behind her before she felt him. He molded his front to her back, his hands splaying on her upper thighs. She let herself melt in their embrace, let herself draw on their heat and strength and drink in the emotions she felt pumping off them in waves.

“This would be a great yard for kids, don't you think?” Ben asked, dipping his head to nuzzle her ear.

Surprised, she angled her head to look back at him. “Kids?”

“There’s plenty of room for a sandbox,” he went on as if she hadn’t spoken. “That tree over there would be perfect for a tire swing, too.”

“We’ll need to section off the hot tub,” Justin chimed in, drawing her attention back to him. “We wouldn’t want one of them falling in unsupervised. There are far too many cases of that kind of tragedy these days.”

Marissa swallowed, too overcome with shock to make sense of the thoughts ramming into one another in her head. Finally, she managed a quiet croak. “You guys want kids?”

“Of course we want kids,” Justin answered as if she’d asked the stupidest question of the millennium. “I’m thinking six or maybe ten. Yeah, ten is a nice round double number.”

“Ten!” Marissa choked, though the idea secretly delighted her. “How about we stick to single digits, take the first number, and divide it by half?”

“A single number is okay, I reckon. How about we compromise and divide the second by half?” Ben countered, his hand skimming up her thigh to splay over her flat belly. “It’s too easy to see you all plump and radiant with our child. It’s got to be right.”

“Plump and radiant times five.” Marissa puffed out her cheeks as she looked from Ben to Justin and back again. “Five kids,” she whispered, still in awe.

“Think you could handle that?” Ben asked, brushing the tip of his nose to her forehead.

Marissa barked a laugh. “Think the two of you could handle being a father to five children?”

“Absolutely,” Justin said with such conviction she immediately believed him. “We love you, Marissa.”

Heart securely lodged in her throat, Marissa stared at him through teary eyes.

“With every breath, every heartbeat,” Ben added behind her.

She turned to him and thumbed a springy curl from his forehead as she gazed into his eyes. "I love you, too. With every breath, every heartbeat," she repeated, boldly tracing the outline of his lips before she captured them in a tender kiss that left her head reeling.

Breathlessly, she turned back to Justin. "I think I've loved both of you from the first moment." She cupped his cheek, started to lean down, but in customary Justin fashion, he caught her nape in his wide palm, holding her steady as he crushed his mouth to hers. His tongue plunged between her lips, licking her very soul through her mouth until desire drizzled through her, beading her nipples and making her pussy slick with need.

"Take me here," she gasped against his lips when he allowed her a moment to catch a quick breath. "Make love to me here, now."

Justin didn't speak. His actions said everything she needed to hear. He gripped her hips, lifting her until she straddled his lap, and held her poised a scant inch above his now fully erect cock. Gazes locked, he lowered her, thrusting inside her aching channel in a single, unyielding plunge that had her head falling back on her shoulders. Ben's chest was there to catch her. His lips were there, too, covering hers to swallow her cries as Justin fucked her, and the world around them slipped away.

* * * *

She needed clothes. Marissa doubted Justin and Ben would agree. If they had their way she wouldn't wear another stitch of clothing for as long as she lived. She grinned as she raked her thumb over the touchpad of her iPod attached to the auxiliary port of the stereo until she found the playlist she sought.

"Sometimes you just can't get what you want, boys," she tsked.

They didn't hear her, of course. They left her in the midmorning light, looking for all the world like a couple of cowboy cops walking away from the grand prize at a rodeo, and headed to the department to

pull a twelve-hour shift. They had looked, well, cute in their reluctance to go.

"I can't remember ever wanting to call into work as badly as I do right now," Ben had told her as he drew her against his front, capturing her lips in a kiss that made her head spin and her body hum with need.

Ben released her, only to spin her into Justin's arms. Despite his guarded expression, the worry Justin failed to hide made her breath lodge in her throat. He still didn't believe her. The realization hurt more than she could imagine. No matter how many times she said it, how much she willed him to trust her, he continued to think she would run.

"I'll be here when you get back," she whispered, rising to her tiptoes to reach his lips with hers. The tender kiss she meant it to be turned into a punishing claim as he assumed control. The next thing she knew she found herself naked in the living room, bent over the arm of the sofa and moaning in delightful ecstasy as they pleased her one last time before walking out the door. Twelve hours without them. She expelled a loud sigh and shook her head. Forget that she had gone years without them before. Even an hour seemed like excruciating torture now.

At least they left her wheels. She would've been satisfied with the keys to Ben's sturdy pickup. As she sped down country roads, then cruised through residential streets on her way into town, she couldn't help but love the way Justin's sleek Corvette hugged the pavement. Competent, confident, and powerful, the car spoke of the man's personality as much as his trademark Stetson and boots.

Marissa tapped her foot in time to Jason Aldean's Georgia-boy voice filling the interior of the car as he sang about his kind of party. Friday in a sleepy country town, she mused. What did she need to make tonight her kind of party? Naturally she needed Justin and Ben, maybe a CD of soft music, a little wine, and a few candles. Her grin spread. Yeah, that would show Justin how much of a girl she could

be. She would grab it all when she zipped by her place, made a quick detour to the grocery, and headed back to their house to prepare her men a tasty romantic dinner to come home to after their shift.

There would be time, she decided as she slowed the car to a stop at a traffic light on Main. Her belly fluttered in a dance of nervous excitement as she considered what other party the night would hold in store for her. She didn't need to check the calendar, didn't need them to confirm for her that the Service Club would meet tonight. They would take her with them. She didn't doubt that for a second.

"And you're not going to be ashamed about anything your men expect you do to once you're there," she told herself firmly as the light changed from red to green and she started driving again. The last twenty-four-plus hours saw her escaping her prison, and she couldn't, absolutely *wouldn't*, allow herself to be locked away again.

Feeling a determination and confidence she didn't know she possessed before now, she parallel parked outside the building that housed her children's clothing store and got out. Memories of the fire flashed through her mind as she gazed at the storefront. Echoes of the fear she felt that day sped her heartbeat. She froze with her hand in her purse digging for the keys and let the images play out until her pulse settled to normal once more.

They had been there for her even then, she thought, remembering how Justin and Ben were the first to arrive on scene that day, even before the fire department. How could she not have realized they would always be there?

You nearly lost Ben. That memory sent a chill slicing through her blood as she pulled her keys from her purse and took the remaining steps toward the door. Ben had bolted through that door the day of the fire, not hesitating for a nanosecond when he learned a young girl was still in the building. He had gone in to rescue the child and managed to get her out mere moments before an undetermined blaze engulfed the exit. Firefighter Gavin Scott had arrived in the meantime, gone in after Ben and the child, and got trapped by that blaze.

They could've died, she thought, not for the first time since that horrible day. All three of them could've been killed.

She unlocked the glass door and stepped inside. It was a wonder anything remained after the flames that ravaged the store that day. She'd been certain all would be lost. She'd been wrong. Once the fire was extinguished and the smoke cleared it became apparent that the structure remained sturdy. Supporting walls, beams, and foundation escaped with little damage, giving evidence to the solidness of the original building.

It took time to gain clearance from the fire marshal to begin the renovations. Two weeks ago the construction crew finally set to work, first by gutting the place and then starting the rebuilding. Already, she could see hints of life returning, glimmers of light that would soon lead to her business being back, bigger and better than ever.

Could Justin be right? Could what happened here really be because of the Service Club?

It seemed so, she admitted as she slowly walked the perimeter of the space. She let her thoughts scramble over the possibilities while simultaneously picturing what would happen next in the renovations. More, what happened at her place made the theory even more probable. The why and who, however, failed to make a lick of sense.

Whatever the reason, she refused to let it destroy her or the strength Ben and Justin uncovered within her. For quite possibly the first time in her life, she had what she wanted, who she wanted, and she wouldn't allow anything to take that from her. Squaring her shoulders, she made a final pass along the back end of the store and turned to leave. The front door opened, the sunlight at his back creating a God-like silhouette around the visitor. For a brief instant, she didn't recognize him. Then he spoke and a shame-laced fear she knew all too well trickled down her spine.

"Didn't learn the first time, did you? I wonder, Marissa, exactly how many warnings it's going to take before you'll finally listen."

* * * *

Justin hung up the phone, muttered a curse, and tossed the pen in his hand across the desk. It skidded over a stack of paperwork and toppled over the side, hitting the dusty floor with a faint *smack*.

"And you wonder why you never have anything to write with when you need it." Ben crossed the office, passed Justin a cup of coffee, and bent to retrieve the pen. "No luck, I take it." He rested a thigh on the corner of Justin's desk, blew into his cup, and took a tentative sip.

"Bastard's alibi is solid." It galled him to admit that. It pissed him off more that deep down he knew the score before he even started checking into the whereabouts of Richard Schultz on the night Marissa was assaulted.

"Didn't you say you followed him that night, watched him go inside Rosie's Diner?"

"Yeah, and he was still in there when I left." Swapping real estate plans with the county mayor, if rumors floating around town held true. "As far as I'm concerned, that doesn't clear him of squat. He could've hired that perp to put on the show at Marissa's and made sure to set it up so it all went down while he's chumming it up with the mayor. A man can't get a better cover than a politician."

"Leave it alone, Bryan. As far as *I'm* concerned, the man is clear." Bart Evans's chair creaked as he shifted his bulk behind his desk across the room. "And, seeing as *I'm* the reporting officer on that case, it's my findings that matter."

"See, there's the problem, Evans. You haven't *found* a damned thing."

Evans shrugged, his lips curving in a condescending smirk. "Could be I haven't found anything because there's nothing to find."

"What are you getting at?" Anger simmered in Ben's tone. Justin heard it, shot his buddy a glance, and wondered how long it would take before it boiled over. The king of laid-back cool didn't often lose

his temper, but everybody for three counties over would sure as shit know about it when it happened.

"I don't believe her."

Justin felt the fine thread on his own temper stretch thin at that remark. He sat up straighter and narrowed his eyes as he stared Evans down. "You want to tell us why?"

"Her story just doesn't add up. She opens the door to find some naked pervert on her front porch jerking off and shouting obscenities at her. Yet, by the time I get there, the guy has disappeared without a trace. I was less than five minutes from her place when the call came through."

"So was I," Ben reminded him. "Not that it matters. Half a minute can be enough head start for a perp to get away."

Evans shook his head. "I checked that place myself, walked the perimeter of the yard and beyond, and didn't find so much as a blade of grass disturbed. Truth is I think she made it all up."

"Easy."

Justin shot Ben a look at the softly spoken warning, not realizing until that instant that he had gotten to his feet. Apparently Ben had a better grip on his anger than he did. The other man hadn't moved an inch, but Justin saw the temper vein ticking near Ben's right eye and knew sheer will alone kept him perched on the edge of the desk.

"Give me one reason she would lie." And while you're at it, give me another reason to punch your lights out, Justin added silently. He'd been itching to throw down with Bart Evans for years. He figured now was as good a time as any.

Evans pursed his lips, his gaze shifting from Justin to Ben and back again. "That's easy enough. I'm looking at two reasons right now."

"Oh, for Pete's sake," Ben swore. "That's bullshit and you know it. You took her statement the morning after. Hell, you saw her that night. She was terrified."

"Yeah, I saw her." The tone of Evans's words coupled with his expression told Justin he saw more than Marissa's fear. Like how she'd been dressed that night.

Before Justin could say anything more to that, Ben turned to him, apparently deciding to let Evans and his wrong assumptions ride for now. "I talked with the fire marshal while you were checking out Richard Schultz's alibi."

Justin rubbed the back of his neck, steadily trying to keep a tight grasp on his temper, and let out a heavy sigh. "Nothing new there either, I gather?"

"The fire at the store was arson. There's no argument there. Damned if anybody can get a lead on who set the thing."

"They're connected." Justin knew it with every ounce of training and instinct he possessed. "The fire, the perp showing up on Marissa's doorstep, the same fucker is behind both incidents."

"Well, now, that's likely the first thing you've said yet that we can all agree on." Evans got to his feet, shuffled to the coffeepot, and poured himself a cup. "The thing is you're convinced it's her ex. Me? Seems to me the lady is the one who benefitted from both—shall we say tragedies?—the most."

Justin heard the snap and felt his hold on his temper give. If not for the desk and the span of the office between them, he would've taken Evans down without further thought. "How the hell do you figure that one?"

Evans turned and locked gazes with Justin over the rim of his cup as he sipped. He knew he was pushing Justin. The glint in his beady eyes told Justin that much. "It's the classic insurance scam. Even a rookie could read that from a mile away. The fact that she's contracted the builders to put in all sorts of new stuff she didn't have in that designer store of hers before the fire only adds more weight to the find."

"Marissa was checked out thoroughly and cleared completely of all suspicion shortly after the fire," Ben reminded the other officer in

a calm tone that contradicted the stiff set to his shoulders, the white-knuckle grip he now had on the edge of the desk.

"She was." Evans nodded. "By the two of you. Of course, if we're dismissing those who were thoroughly checked and cleared, as you put it, then her ex is off the hook, too. Yet, your partner there is hell-bent on pinning both incidents on Richard Schultz." He clucked his tongue and started walking back to his desk. "I've got to tell you. I never thought I'd see the day the two of you would be too pussy whipped to do your jobs."

"You son of a—" Justin closed the distance between them before he could blink. He caught Evans by the shirtfront, slamming him against the closest wall with enough force to send a plaque crashing to the floor. Red lined his vision. His pulse pumped so loudly he heard it in his ears, drowning out all sound. The hand that closed around his drawn fist, the strength that took his fist down, wrenched his arm behind his back, cut through the cloud of fury more than any words could.

"Let him go." Ben's evenly spoken order worked better than any shout at getting past Justin's walls of anger. "This isn't going to do anyone any good. Walk away. Take some time to cool down."

Justin stared at Evans and saw the fear flickering in his eyes. He scared the man. Good. He wanted the fucker to be terrified of him. When he got this way, he frightened himself. Breathing heavy, heart hammering a furious staccato in his chest, he slowly unclenched his fingers and stepped back. Leaving Evans standing there, watching as the cockiness returned to his expression, as the smirk once again curved his lips, only made Justin's itch to throw down stronger than ever. One day soon, he'd see it done, and he would enjoy the hell out of every freaking punch.

* * * *

"What are you doing here?" Marissa blinked as the glass door eased closed behind her ex-husband, tinting the sunlight, and erasing the God-like aura around him. She almost wished it stayed open, preferring that moment of mystery over recognizing the jerk in the designer suit that stepped into her store.

He looked as he always did, arrogant and polished, clean-shaven and not a hair out of place. He was handsome in a rich-boy real estate guru kind of way. Pure vanilla beneath the collar, she thought, boring and focused only on himself. She didn't have a clue what she ever saw in him that made her think she was in love.

"I wanted to see you." He straightened the cuffs of his crisp white shirt and smoothed his palms down his wrinkle-free coat as he moved farther inside.

Marissa pulled the strap of her purse higher on her shoulder, hoping the gesture showed her intent to leave rather than betraying the fact that her nerves were standing on end. "I was just going." She took a couple of steps, the heels of her shoes clacking on the hardwood floor. The sound echoed through the empty space. "The construction crew doesn't want anyone in here right now. There's a lot of equipment left on sight. It creates a liability for them and me."

"I heard about what happened," Richard said as though she hadn't spoken at all.

Marissa bristled, stopped where she stood, and angled her head. "Oh? I guess the naked man jerking off on my doorstep while shouting profane sexual acts at me is what you mean when you referred to warnings I've yet to hear."

Richard winced at her blunt rehashing of the event, but otherwise continued to ignore her. "I've been calling you." He started to walk slowly, casually, toward her as he scanned the interior of the store. "When you failed to answer after several hours, I finally drove out to the house."

"I wasn't there." Marissa's heart began to beat faster. She stepped back until she hit the wall and inched along it, keeping her goal of the

doorway in sight. She wanted as much distance as possible between them. He never frightened her in the past. Not the way he suddenly did now. She didn't know what changed. She only knew she didn't want to be alone with him in this empty store a moment longer than necessary.

"So I discovered." His gaze landed on her, his eyes full of intense revulsion. "I know where you've been, Marissa."

Marissa's blood turned to ice. She'd seen him angry before, disgusted with her, but never like this. Pure evil radiated off him in waves that chilled the slightly warm temperature of the room. She gulped, trying in vain to swallow the fear, to hold on to her strength. "That stopped being any of your business several months ago, Richard. Now, if you don't mind, I want you to leave. I have things to do this afternoon."

"I suppose those *things* you have to do include Justin Bryan and Ben Hoffman," he snarled as he advanced on her. With the wall at her back, she had nowhere to go. Marissa braced herself. For what exactly, she didn't know. "It is my business. It's the whole town's business. When you associate with men like them you make it a public matter. All those despicable things you wanted me to do to you." He grimaced as his tone turned mocking. "Tie me up, Richard. Spank me," he said in a horrid imitation of her voice.

"Stop it," Marissa whispered, turning her head so she didn't have to look at him. It didn't help. The memory of the night she confessed her deepest desires and the scorn he treated her with after came rushing to the forefront of her mind so clearly it seemed it happened just last night rather than all those months ago.

He stopped close enough to touch her, close enough to block her path to the door. She wanted to run, to push by him and escape the harshness of the memories, of the ridicule and shame. She wanted to face off with him, to show him she was stronger now, that he couldn't diminish her the way he did in the past.

Can't he? Isn't that what he's doing now? Isn't that what you're allowing him to do?

"And the rest..." He spat. "The other things you wanted, the objects you wanted me to use on you...They're too vile to repeat, too hideous to name."

She crossed her arms, hugging herself in an effort to offer herself some amount of comfort. Her cheeks burned as humiliation washed through her, controlled her, rendered her helpless.

You're not helpless. He's wrong. Don't let him do this.

"I tried to caution you." He sounded almost reasonable, as if he attempted to save her somehow from a terrible fate. "The first of many warnings you've failed to heed."

Warnings. He kept talking about warnings. Could he be behind it all? She wouldn't have thought him capable before now.

He closed that final distance between them, invading her personal space, preventing her from latching on to even a sliver of the suspicion swirling in her mind. His minty breath fanned her face as he leaned down. "You're nothing but a whore, Marissa. It was bad enough that I had to find that out after I married you, but now the entire town knows it, too. That car out front..." He flung an arm back, gesturing behind him to the door, to Justin's Corvette parked beyond. "All it's doing is broadcasting what a cheap tramp you are."

"No." Marissa squeezed her eyes shut on the words, on the tears that blurred her vision. What was it Ben had said? Being seen with them was about as telling as it got. That telling extended to Justin's car, too. Richard got that part right, at least. Everyone in town knew who the car belonged to.

"Nothing but a cheap tramp," Richard repeated.

"That's not true." All lies. Everything he said was lies. She knew it, believed it, but it didn't stop her from shaking any more than it kept the degradation at bay.

"You were with them last night. Did they give you what you want? Did they fuck you, use, and abuse you the way you wanted?"

“No.” *They made love to me.* She wanted to say the words, but they got lost somewhere in her throat, trapped in a web of indignity tainting the truth.

“Of course they did, and you’ll be the one to pay. Why do you think this store caught fire? Why do you think that pervert showed up on your front step?” Richard grabbed her chin, jerking her face up with enough force to bruise. A tear slid down her cheek as she opened her eyes on a quiet gasp. His lower body trapped her to the wall, prohibiting her from raising her knee, cutting off any hope she had of fighting back. “That’s the kind of stuff that happens to whores, Marissa. You can bet what happens next will be far worse.”

He released his hold on her chin so abruptly that her head smacked the wall behind her. She couldn’t stop the sob that escaped her trembling lips. He turned around and strode out of the store as confidently as he walked in. Shaken, terrified, mortified, she sank to the floor, drew her knees to her chest, and wept.

* * * *

Rosie’s Diner boasted two-for-one drafts, chicken-fried steak with white gravy, mashed potatoes, green beans, and homemade apple pie on Friday nights starting at five p.m. With that menu, it drew in every cowboy and suit without a wife at home waiting for him as soon as the work day ended.

Ben expected to sit at the bar, figuring all the tables would be taken. Justin spotted the vacant corner booth first and made quick work toward it, not giving more than a cursory tip of his hat to the many patrons he passed. It surprised Ben his buddy showed that much acknowledgement. Always one to insist on feeling in control of every situation and never allowing himself to be put in a position for an easy sneak attack, it shocked Ben to his booted toes when Justin took the side of the booth with his back to the restaurant.

"Early shift boys?" Nora Cash slid two glasses of water onto the table between them as Ben slipped into the booth across from Justin. "Draft is on special today. Get you primed and ready for a hot Friday night." She winked and hit them with a hundred-watt smile that dimmed at the look Justin sliced her way.

Ben tempered his buddy's response with the friendliest smile he could manage. "Just coffee, please, Nora. We're still on duty for a little while longer."

"Sure thing, Ben." She hesitated a moment longer, her attention shifting from him to Justin and back again before she walked away to fill their order.

Ben could already hear the rumors spreading, and she'd barely taken five steps from the table. Nora Cash had one of the biggest mouths in Horn Hill and put it to use every chance she got in more ways than one.

"I'm not at all sure coming here is going to help you get over that mad you're chewing on." On the contrary, Ben spotted a number of faces in the restaurant that could inadvertently make things worse. They considered most of those faces friends, men and even a few ladies who partied with them from time to time, and often indulged in banters of good-natured teasing. If those friends had an ounce of brains, they would steer clear today.

"You should've let me punch the fucker." Justin yanked off his Stetson and put it on the seat beside him. Twin revolvers, cocked and loaded, steadied themselves in his eyes as he met Ben's gaze. "That would've gotten me over my mad real quick."

Ben heaved a sigh, propped his elbows on the table, and regarded his friend. "Think so? Because what I saw happening back there was you getting suspended for assault on a fellow officer. I don't know about you, but I can't see how that would've calmed a thing."

"She didn't have anything to do with any of it," Justin growled through gritted teeth.

“Of course she didn’t, but you can’t punch the proof of that in Evans’s face. If that worked, I would’ve been right there at your side doing the swinging instead of stopping your stupid ass. Hell, we would’ve gone after him together the other day in the interrogation room and put an end to all of this then.”

“There’s no telling what she’ll do if she gets wind of Evans’s suspicions, especially when she realizes she’s under investigation because of her being with us.”

“She’s not stupid, man. She saw the way he treated her when she gave her statement. If you want my guess, she already knows he doesn’t believe her.”

“Believing her and penning her to the top of the suspect list are two different things.”

Ben dropped his gaze and shook his head. “You’re still expecting her to run, aren’t you? What’s it going to take for her to convince you she’s here to stay?”

“It’s barely been more than a day. You’re telling me you’re so sure of it?”

“I wasn’t at first. I saw her hiding it, pretending. That all changed sometime between last night and this morning. So yeah, I’m sure of it, because she told us more than once that she isn’t.” Ben leaned forward and lowered his voice. “She’s not your mother, Justin.” If the revolvers in the other man’s eyes had been real, he would’ve felt the bullets penetrate his flesh on that statement. Clouds of anger hardened Justin’s expression, but Ben didn’t let that stop him. “Marissa has her demons. She’s been made to believe what she craves is wrong. Her parents opened the wound. Richard dug it deeper. She’s getting past that now. We agreed to help her.”

Justin sat back as Nora returned with their coffees. Neither man spoke, but the wordless communication they exchanged in their stares made the tension at the table thick enough to keep the waitress from sticking around.

“You boys let me know if you want something to go with this.”

"Thank you, Nora," Ben muttered as she shuffled away.

"This isn't the place for this." Justin reached for the sugar jar and dumped a truckload in his coffee.

"You started it." Ben refused to back down. He understood Justin's hang-ups and accepted his partner's decisions to keep their distance from Marissa until she made her wants clear, but damned if he would let Justin push her away now. "You insisted the decision be left to her. I respected that, agreed with you. You set the rule. Neither of us touched her until she admitted everything she craved. I followed that rule. She did, too. Yet, you still aren't giving her the credit to stay."

"It's easy to admit what she wants to us. It's a hell of a lot harder to hold her head high in public knowing everyone around here is aware of what really gets her off." Justin raked a hand through his hair, the fury in his eyes finally giving way to the frustration and worry boiling in his gut. "I didn't consider if she'd be ready for that, if anything we do or say could prepare her for that. You know what people in this town will say about her as soon as they realize she's given in to us. Hell, it bothers me to think about it. Imagine the effect it'll have on a woman like Marissa."

"Can't be anything worse than what they've been saying about her since word got out we wanted her. She didn't have any trouble walking through town before." Movement over Justin's shoulder caught his attention and he leaned over for a better look. "Doesn't look to me like she's got much of a problem doing it now either," he said as Marissa strode purposefully through the restaurant crowd toward them with fire in her eyes and her lips set in a line of pure, wicked intent.

Chapter Seven

It took a while to pull herself together after Richard left. Marissa hated that part. Still, she didn't rush progress and felt certain she made more headway because of it. Everything had been happening so fast. She opened the door of her home to a pervert and her life suddenly spun out of control. Only, she hadn't had very much control over her life before that, had she? Fear, lies, and shame ruled her decisions, dictated what she said and allowed herself to enjoy.

She started to change that when she forced herself to confess her desires to Justin, allowed herself to take from the men she loved. Only, a part of her had merely been jailing herself into a bigger cage rather than truly busting out of her prison as she tried to believe.

You stopped letting yourself think.

She closed the door to her store, used her key to secure the lock, and turned to head for Justin's car when she spotted the squad car parked along the sidewalk three blocks down outside Rosie's Diner. Instinctively, she knew the car belonged to either Justin or Ben. A quick glance at her wristwatch told her they were still on duty. Should she go to the diner, swing in, and say hello? Or should she continue with the plans she made before Richard's attempt to ruin her day?

Marissa drew her bottom lip between her teeth, mulling over her options. She hadn't let herself think enough since she swung open her front door. From this point forward, she would take that time to think, accept the true consequences of what her actions would likely bring. It was easier to believe she already started to do that in the privacy of Justin and Ben's home. When confronted by someone as Richard had

done, standing out on the sidewalk where people walked by as she did now, she discovered she hadn't come as far as she first assumed.

"Thinking is good, but doing it too much can cause serious brain injuries."

Marissa startled at the female voice and whipped her head around to find Georgia Cooper smiling at her, a knowing glint in her eyes. "So I've been told more than once lately. Wow! Do I have a neon sign on my forehead displaying every word passing through my brain?"

Georgia laughed and pushed a strand of her hair behind her ear. "How about I fall back on the been-there-done-that phrase? Looks like your guys are taking a coffee break at Rosie's. It appears to be a pretty packed joint today, too."

Marissa didn't let herself bat an eye at Georgia's reference to *her* guys. "I was just thinking of joining them for a few minutes."

"You should." Georgia nodded her approval. "I'm sure they would like that."

"Did you, uh, want to join me?" Though Marissa had known Georgia most of her life, they had always run in different circles. Until now, she thought, secretly amused. Georgia's boyfriends, Gavin Scott and Randy Pope, were members of the Service Club Justin and Ben belonged to.

Georgia shot a look over her shoulder, pursed her lips, and looked back at Marissa. "Do you want me to? I can. I have some time before the guys will be expecting me home. They're not on shift today."

Marissa considered Georgia's offer for all of a nanosecond before she shook her head. "Thanks, but no. You go home to your men. I'm going to find mine."

Georgia's grin would've likely stopped Gavin and Randy's heart. "That a girl. See you at the meeting tonight."

Marissa blinked as Georgia walked away. The meeting...She suppressed the shudder as a sliver of mixed excitement and trepidation moved through her. Squaring her shoulders, she shoved her keys in her purse and walked the three blocks to Rosie's Diner

with her head held high. Her step faltered when she noted the place was packed with every barstool, table, and booth occupied by a familiar face.

And every single one of them has to look your way. She took a deep breath and braved the stares, knowing the attention likely came as much from the fact that she was a newcomer to the diner this afternoon as it was from rumors that might be spreading about her with Justin and Ben.

She chewed her bottom lip more in thought than out of nerves and scanned the dining room, starting with the table closest to the door and working her gaze around until she spotted Justin and Ben in the farthest corner booth. The mere sight of them proved all it took for her world to feel right again.

Putting an extra swing in her step, Marissa weaved her way through the tables, sidestepped a few patrons standing between her and her destination, and locked her attention on Ben. He leaned over, peering around Justin as if sensing her on the prowl. Despite the rapidly closing distance between them, she didn't miss the slideshow of emotions that flicked through his eyes. Surprise gave way to happiness. His gaze slid down her body, did a slow climb back up and affected her as surely as a physical touch. She managed not to let her step falter again, but only barely. Desire rained to her toes. Her nipples beaded to aching points, pressing against the material of her dress. She saw his attention stop there, watched the appreciation sizzle as a mirroring fiery desire swept into his eyes. Finally, intrigue settled in for a stay in his expression, wrapping around the questions of what brought her here and what her intent might be.

She intended to answer the questions, for him and everyone here, once and for all. She was at the booth, leaning forward, and flattening her hands on the tabletop before Justin caught up. Every bit as potent as Ben in body-numbing intoxication, Justin looked at her, one brow arching sexily over eyes full of an anger she knew she hadn't caused

and a desperate need to find an outlet that she knew she could give him.

“Remember those rights you told me about?” she asked before either of them got the chance to speak.

Justin licked his lips, and she lost her train of thought. Her pussy lips squeezed together in an involuntary reaction to feel that strip of moist flesh working between her sodden folds, lapping at the cum that seeped from her opening. He leaned back in the booth, extended an arm along the back of his seat, and nodded. “Yeah, I remember. Did something happen to change them?”

“No. I just thought of a few to add on.”

Blatant challenge pushed the anger aside in his gaze. “Oh? Do tell, darlin’.”

If he expected her to lower her voice or slide into the seat beside him and whisper in his ear, he was about to be shocked to his cowboy boots.

“What’s happened, Marissa?” Ben’s softly asked question gave her a moment’s pause.

Marissa glanced at him and hoped her expression gave him the assurance she wanted even as she knew the way she let her lips curve was her best attempt at a do-me-now smile. “Later. Please.” He nodded once, and she looked back at Justin. “I have the right to love any man, or men, I want. Anyone who has anything to say about that can go to hell.”

Justin’s lips twitched, but he held her gaze. “Has someone had something to say about it?” The anger returned, this time thickening his lazy drawl.

Marissa ignored him. She’d tell them about Richard later. She had more important things to say now. “I have the right to enjoy infinite pleasure with my men without feeling cheap or humiliated. Anyone who has anything to say about that can...” She stopped and frowned. “Well, they can go to hell, too.”

She heard a couple of female voices behind her give a whoop and a “Here, here, girl,” and a few high-pitched whistles from the men listening on.

Ben covered her hand with his. “Want to tell us what brought this on?”

Marissa caressed his finger with her thumb as she shook her head. She dropped her voice, but only marginally, knowing those closest could still hear her and not giving a flying hoot anymore. “What I want is for you to take me somewhere and make love to me.” She took a deep breath, straightened, and let herself say the rest in front of the whole crowd in Rosie’s Diner. “I want you to bend me over, spank me, tie me up, and make me beg to come until sunrise.”

* * * *

Marissa loved sunsets, especially when she got the opportunity to view it while lying back on a blanket on the ground surrounded by the soothing sounds of nature. She clasped her hands behind her, rocked back on her heels, and tucked her bottom lip between her teeth as amusement played in her throat. Justin spread a quilt over the grass while Ben put down the basket he carried, knelt next to it, and pulled out three plastic wine flutes.

“This isn’t exactly what I had in mind for tonight.” She’d been half afraid they would bend her over the booth table in the middle of Rosie’s Diner and have their wicked way with her after the announcement she made in front of half the town. Perhaps, if she hadn’t caught them off guard, in uniform, and still on duty, they might have done just that. She couldn’t even deny the idea gave her a secret demonic thrill. Instead, they brought her here. She glanced around, taking in the thick trees on three sides and the slightly thinner line of the fourth. She saw flickers of objects beyond that wall of tree trunks and brush, caught the spill of light mixing with the rapidly changing

glow of orange, pink, yellow, red starting to disappear behind the canopy of leaves.

So they didn't bring her to the middle of nowhere after all. Not exactly, at least. She suspected she had a good inkling what she would find if she stepped out of this secluded spot in the wood. The idea made her belly flutter.

"No, I'm sure it isn't what you planned." Ben set the flutes aside and uncorked a bottle of red wine. "It's better."

She giggled at the boyish gleam in his eyes. "If you say so. We're likely to be eaten alive by all the bugs out here, and that's to say nothing of the night air..." She trailed off, determined to get in some amount of teasing before they got hold of her. Who knew what teasing they had in mind? She couldn't wait to find out. "The potential for catching something in the woods is endless. And what about monsters? I've heard stories, you know. Rumor has it there have been some spooky things spotted in the woods around Horn Hill in past months. Here we are, way out here, soon with only the moon to give us light."

"Sexy, isn't it?" Justin's lazy drawl was back, giving no hint to the anger that made his words clipped and harsh earlier in the day.

You're what's sexy. The words stuck in her throat when he came her way. He circled her, stopping at her back. She sensed him taking a moment, heard him breathing in her scent.

"Will you feel safer if I assure you the only thing getting caught out here is you?"

Amusement laced the arousal tingling in her belly and tickled a quivering laugh out of her. "Safer? Not hardly. Try frightening me more."

"Aw, now, darlin', you aren't scared of us, are you?"

Marissa felt Justin's lips curve into one of his devilishly intoxicating grins as he nuzzled the side of her neck. She closed her eyes, absorbing the warmth of his breath, loving the sizzle that zinged

through her at the touch. “You’ve terrified me from the moment I laid eyes on you.”

“Hmm.” He caught her earlobe between his teeth and nipped at it before licking the tiny dart of pain away. “I’d apologize for that, but it seems to me a little fear can be a good thing.”

“It’s definitely worked so far,” Ben chimed in.

Marissa opened her eyes to find him getting to his feet and heading for her. For the briefest of moments, she actually forgot about him. The realization baffled the daylights out of her even as a pang of guilt shot through her chest.

“As for all that other stuff you said...” He gripped her hips and pulled her close until her body fit against his like a glove. “The only monsters you’ll encounter tonight are us.”

“The only bugs eating you alive will be us.” Justin put proof to his words by latching on to the sensitized flesh at the crook of her neck.

“Mmm.” Marissa rolled her head to the side, exposing more flesh for Justin’s attention. “You forgot about the night air.”

“Oh, that?” Ben skimmed his hands up her sides, cupped her breasts, and grazed his thumbs over the hardened tips of her nipples. “We’ll make sure you’re breathing fast enough you won’t take in much of that.”

Her breath caught on a half laugh and half moan of pure devious pleasure. “I’ll hyperventilate.”

“It’s okay if you do, darlin’,” Justin assured her as his hands glided down, slipped to the front of her thighs, and headed up. His fingers framed the shape of her pussy and stayed there to torment her with the need for his touch that would offer a respite from the intense burning between her folds. “We know CPR, and there are a couple of highly trained EMTs just through that group of trees over there if we need them.”

The butterflies in Marissa’s belly kicked into a wild frantic of trepidation as her suspicions were confirmed. They had brought her to

the woods close to the location where the Service Club meetings were held.

“Can they see us?”

Ben's gaze danced over her face, studying, inspecting. “If they're really looking, they can.” He lifted a hand to her face and brushed the back of his finger down her flesh from the corner of her eye to her jaw. “You never explained what happened today. Are you ready to tell us now?”

Marissa nodded. “I think I need to.”

He stepped back. Justin released her as Ben took her hands in his and gently tugged her to the quilt. They sat down together. Justin put his hands behind him to support his weight. Ben reached for the glasses of wine he'd poured and passed her one before sipping from his own. She folded her legs Indian style between them, smoothing her skirt over her thighs in both a nervous gesture and to hide her sodden bare pussy. Neither of them touched her as they waited for her to speak. God, she wished they would touch her. She felt sick of reliving humiliating moments of her past. She just wanted to move on.

“I stopped by the store to see how the reconstruction was coming along,” she began, taking a larger gulp from her wine than she intended. She winced as the too-sweet alcohol flooded her throat. “I knew the crew wouldn't be working today, something about another job near completion their boss wanted them to wrap up. I thought it would be a good time to check things out.”

“Makes sense,” Justin commented. He tipped his head back, pointedly looking at the sky.

Marissa followed his gaze. Only a sliver of sunlight remained over the treetops now. Another few minutes and they would lose that light, too. She shivered, whether from anticipation or unease, she couldn't tell for sure. “Richard showed up while I was there.”

Justin's head snapped at that. His hard, questioning glare landed on her.

“What did he want?” Ben sounded far calmer than Justin looked.

“To ridicule me. Humiliate me.” Marissa took a deep breath and repeated everything in crystal clear detail.

“He’s wrong,” Ben told her vehemently when she finished. “You know that, right? You finally understand that?”

Marissa nodded. “It worked at first. I can’t say it didn’t get to me. I’m not proud of that,” she added quickly. “I’ve never been proud of how he made me feel, how I let him and others have such an effect on me.” She turned to Justin, knowing her next words would have the greatest impact on him. “Even today, I thought about running.” Sure enough, she caught the angry bullet discharge in his eyes, and it pierced her heart. “My first instinct was to get away, start somewhere else, and go someplace where no one knows me or anything about my sexual secrets.”

“Why not?” The nonchalant way Justin shrugged his broad shoulder sliced her heart more. “My mother did.”

She thought as much, though she never knew for certain until now. “She ran from your father, from what she wanted out of him, from the pleasures he tried to show her.” She sighed, seeing the confirmation of her guesses in his eyes. “And, in doing so, she ran from you. I can understand why she did it, though it doesn’t make it right. It’s hard to get past the morals instilled in us. Being in this town doesn’t make it any easier. There are never many secrets in small towns, but sexual preferences...God, nothing is sacred anymore.”

“We’re to blame for that,” Ben confessed.

“Maybe, at least to start.” Marissa grinned. “It definitely doesn’t help a reputation when you get busy in an elevator or sashay into a packed diner and announce you want to be fucked like I did today.”

“We’ll take full responsibility for the elevator. Not that showing you off to Diek would ruin your reputation with anyone. He’d never run his trap about that. As for the scene in Rosie’s,” Ben chuckled, “that was all you, baby. And, no, it probably didn’t do much for protecting your virtue.”

Marissa scoffed. "What virtue? That's been blown to smithereens for a while now."

"Why did you do it?" Justin's question pulled her attention back to him. "Why come to Rosie's that way? Why not run if you thought so hard about it?"

Marissa set her wine aside, scooted to her knees, and shuffled the short distance to him. "I wanted to see if I could do it. I've got to say I'm damned proud of myself. I didn't chicken out. Walking in there the way I did was as much of a test for me as it was a way of proving to you I intend to stick." She threw a leg over his and straddled his lap. "Stop thinking I'm going to turn tail and haul it out of town, because I'm not. What I feel, what I want, it's so right in here," she covered her heart with her palm, "it can't be wrong no matter what anyone thinks."

Justin didn't speak. He stared at her, his eyes revealing nothing. Her heart pounded as she stared back, waiting, hoping, though she couldn't say exactly what reaction she expected to get. He closed his hands over her knees and pushed them up her thighs. One hand stilled there, while the other continued up and around to splay flat on the small of her back. When he pulled her down, catching her lips in a kiss that left her drunk and wanting, she sighed her relief into his mouth.

"You belong to us, Marissa," he said against her lips. "Even if you wanted to, you couldn't run from that now. That's what you proved to me today."

"I never really wanted to," she whispered breathlessly, her head falling back as his tongue trailed down her throat. "What I want is to feel. Make me feel, Justin. Make love to me." She opened eyes she hadn't realized she'd closed to find Ben on his knees and close enough for her to capture his gaze. "Both of you. Please. I need you."

Ben nodded, but Justin caught her hands when she attempted to skim them down his front intent on gathering the material of his shirt

and pull it free of his jeans. Surprised, she lifted her head to find Justin's gaze blazing with need and hard with authority.

"Remember how I said we'd been going easy on you?"

Goose pimples tingled to life over every inch of her flesh as excited trepidation caused her blood to flow hot, then cold, then hot again through her veins. She didn't answer. She couldn't with her mind reeling and her body screaming for his touch.

"It stops now. You want something we don't give you, you ask for it."

Marissa's lips went suddenly dry. She licked them and swallowed hard. She knew what he was doing, understood he was not only taking the dominative control she craved, but would forever be continuing to bolster her self-confidence by making her put voice to her desires.

"I want you naked." Behind her, Ben chuckled quietly. Justin's gaze flicked over her shoulder, and she knew the men exchanged one of their many wordless conversations.

"I guess she can't get more specific than that." Ben's fingers slipped into the back of her hair and caressed her scalp with a tenderness that almost caused her to miss the warning tone in his voice. "Trouble is I didn't hear a question there. It sounded more like an order to me."

"He has a point, darlin'. We can't have you giving out orders."

"Oh?" Marissa tried for a feigned innocence. She knew she failed miserably. "Well, then, I suppose I might need to be punished. You know, for stepping out of line."

Justin's lips twitched, but he didn't smile. "I'm starting to think I was wrong. Looks like Ben and I are the ones encountering the monster in the woods."

Marissa grinned and waggled her brows. "Let me get you out of these clothes, and I'll show you what a monster I can be." It felt good to play, better still to know she could say whatever she wanted, reveal anything she felt, and they would be okay with it. They might decide it necessary to reprimand her in some way, but she couldn't think of a

thing they could do to her that wouldn't send her on a screaming ride on an orgasmic roller coaster.

Justin tightened his hold on her wrists when she made a play for his shirt again. "You are asking for it, aren't you?"

"A request doesn't always have to be worded as a question," she pointed out, adding a sultry lilt to her tone.

"It does with us, love. Take off your dress."

Marissa's blood heated. Her pulse spiked. She didn't hesitate to obey, wanting to be skin-to-skin with him as quickly as possible. She wanted him out of his clothes, too. Common sense told her that she would stand a better chance of that happening if she shed hers first. Placing her mental bets on the fact that neither man could keep their hands off her naked flesh for long, she unbuttoned her dress, shrugged it off her shoulders, and made a show of tossing it aside.

"Nice," Justin said appreciatively, his gaze trailing over her naked flesh with palpable lust. He touched her, tickling his fingers over her collarbone and down the sides of her breasts. She thought for sure she won until his questing fingers closed around her arms just above her wrists. "Ben, you got your cuffs on you? Our woman has a busy set of hands tonight."

She started to pout, but figured she failed at that, too, especially when her breath hitched in surprise as Ben's arms came around her. Rather than pull her arms behind her back, he secured her wrists in the front, taking care as he always did not to pinch her skin with the unyielding metal. She glanced down at the cuffs and tipped her head back to look at him.

"There's certainly something to be said for dating cops. Bondage is never far away, is it?"

"Eventually we'll remember the toy ones," he assured her as the cuffs made a decisive click that echoed through the silence of the night. The sound made her shiver. He lifted a brow. "Nervous?"

“Not a bit.” She realized it was true. Excited, ready, horny as all get-out, most definitely, but for quite possibly the first time ever in a sexual situation, she didn’t feel the least bit uneasy.

“Good. Stand up.” Ben guided her to her feet, supporting her as she steadied her balance while still straddling Justin’s lap. Justin’s hands immediately delved beneath her dress and pushed it up until Ben took over, holding it bunched at her hips.

“Perfect.” Justin’s breath fanned her pussy lips, sending electrified sparks through her core a nanosecond before his oh-so-talented mouth covered her sodden folds. His tongue speared her feminine lips, pushing over her clit and delivering a quick flick to her opening before retreating.

Marissa’s legs jerked, her body quivering in Ben’s embrace, and she made a sound of pure sensual bliss. “Do that again.” Her hands were on Justin’s head, and she thought to delve her fingers into his satiny strands a moment too late. Ben hooked a finger around the chain between the cuffs and tugged it up, leaving her no choice but to lift her arms.

Ben nuzzled his face against her neck. “Are you still dishing out orders, Marissa?” His free hand flattened on her backside and caressed one cheek before delivering a sharp smack that made the electrified sparks go haywire again.

“Sure sounds like it to me.” Justin leaned back, abandoning her pussy, and drawing an uninhibited whimper from her.

“No, don’t stop.” She trembled and burned from the inside out.

Justin tsked and covered her weeping pussy with the flat of his hand. “Now, darlin’, we just can’t have you thinking you can tell us what to do.”

The smack he served to her bare pussy lips startled her senses far more than Ben’s stinging slaps to her ass. “Oh, my God. Oh, my god.” She sucked in shallow breaths as she tried to work her mind and body through the pain-laced pleasure.

"Do you know why I cuffed your hands in front of you?" Ben asked.

She shook her head.

"I wanted you to be able to reach your pussy."

"Finger your clit," Justin instructed as Ben used his continued hold on the chain between the cuffs to guide her hands down. "Make sure I can see."

Marissa used her thumb and forefinger of one hand to spread her throbbing folds wide, exposing her clit to Justin's view.

"So swollen, so beautiful," he growled, his gaze transfixed on the sight she bared for him. "Show me what you would do with that clit if you were alone, darlin'."

Marissa didn't hesitate to drive her middle finger between her pussy lips. She pressed the pad of her finger to her clit, slowly rotating the aching bud while applying more pressure. Her eyes drifted closed on their own volition as the electricity in her system collected in her clit, sizzling and growing in intensity.

"What are you seeing right now?" Ben whispered, his lips brushing the sensitized flesh of her earlobe. "What are you picturing when you close your eyes and get yourself off?"

"You," Marissa breathed. "Justin."

"Tell us more."

"It always begins with both of you watching me." It didn't stay that way for long, though. In her fantasies, neither man managed to last longer than a minute and a half before one of them took over manipulating her clit while the other began preparing her ass.

"We aren't the only ones watching tonight." Justin's matter-of-fact tone had her eyes opening, her gaze scanning the line of trees in the silvery moonlight before dropping to lock with his.

"Diek?" Her finger stilled as a wicked thrill raced down her spine. She remembered the need she'd watched overtake the Navy SEAL's expression as he'd played with her chains in the elevator at the police

department, knew he was fighting a war of his own to conquer a submissive whose identity remained a mystery to her.

“Rylon is over there,” Justin confirmed. “So are Gavin and Randy, Georgia, Cash, and Brock, and a half dozen others. Did anyone give you permission to stop?”

Marissa started working her clit again, tempered rotations of pressure that called on the animal sprouting claws in her core. “You said they could only see if they really looked.”

“Trust me, darlin’, they’re really looking.” The amusement didn’t show on Justin’s lips, but it sounded in his thickened tone.

As if to provide her proof that someone watched beyond the trees, she heard a movement, spotted a flash of something in the woods directly in front of her. She shivered, more out of excited arousal than embarrassment or fear.

“And we’re about to give them a hell of a show.” Justin’s declaration came with a guttural growl as he pushed her hands away from her pussy and buried his face between her legs.

Marissa bucked against his face as he didn’t waste a breath before spearing her channel with his thrusting tongue. He licked her to her very soul and then eased away only enough to swipe a good lick straight up her cunt to her clit. His lips locked around her swollen bud, rolled and sucked until she cried out from the sheer pleasure.

“Don’t come, Marissa.” Ben’s order spoken huskily in her ear left no room for argument or disobedience.

She whimpered. Her head fell back. Her hips rocked. Justin devoured her, assaulting her clit with his teeth and tongue until it felt fit to explode. He found her opening with the pad of his thumb, covering and pressing against its sodden rim, but not entering. God, she wanted him inside her. Any part of him would do right now.

He denied her, abandoning his attention of her clit to pepper her pelvis and the curve of her thighs with seductive kisses that kept her orgasm teetering. So close. So close. They figured out how to prevent her from going off so quickly, how to keep her right there without

allowing her to release. She couldn't come. Damn it, she needed to come!

Ben skimmed a hand down her back and delved a finger between her ass cheeks. Before his attention fully registered in her sexually clouded brain, he drove the tip inside her anus and she squealed. Squealed! The indignity of the sound might have brought about a familiar embarrassment if he'd given her a moment to breathe. Instead, he wiggled the digit deeper, spreading her nether hole and unleashing a torment she knew would send her over the orgasmic edge.

"Don't come," he said again, his finger ruthlessly working her back entrance while Justin returned to devour her clit. "Not yet."

"Please." The word came on a barely audible whisper as her head fell back once more on Ben's shoulder. They were driving her past insanity. Ben with his probing fingers, Justin with his skilled mouth, she couldn't decide which tortured her more, which she enjoyed more.

"Please what, Marissa? Ask us for what you want." Ben withdrew his finger from her anus, only to inch it back inside moments later with a partner, both bathed in a cooling gel her body instantly warmed. "Ah, geezus, that's so hot. Two fingers, baby. Your ass is so tight around my fingers, squeezing them. My cock is about to blow just thinking about taking their place. Is that what you want?"

She didn't answer, sucking a breath through her teeth instead as Justin's lips locked on her clit for another viciously stupendous heartbeat.

"Is that what you want?" Ben's question turned more insistent as his fingers spiraled in her anus.

Marissa started to sweat. Her breaths came in ragged spurts that barely rendered her enough oxygen. In her pleasure-starved mind she understood what it would take to get what she wanted. Prying her tongue off the roof of her mouth to do anything more than moan presented the problem.

She nodded, gyrating her hips, seeking deeper penetration and more tongue.

“Tell me.” Ben was being as relentless as Justin with his demands.

“Yes, it’s what I want.” She pushed the admission through lips so dry she wondered they didn’t shatter. It still wouldn’t be enough. “Please, let me feel you inside me. I need you, both of you. I don’t want to come until I have you. Please, fill me.”

Justin’s tongue retreated from her folds, and he kissed her labia with an audible smack before settling back on his elbows. Ben’s arm around her waist prevented her from falling forward. His fingers in her ass kept her dangling on the precipice of release.

“That’s what we wanted to hear.” Justin’s approval came on a husky growl.

Marissa lost track of him as Ben’s hands moved in and over her flesh. His hand on her waist dipped down to cup her pussy, one finger swiping between her folds and causing her to buck against the digits pleasuring her ass. She moaned when the hand didn’t stay on her pussy long, but glided up her front to cup one breast and intensified the ache in the already taught nipple before moving on. She caught a whiff of her scent as his hand neared her face and couldn’t stop her tongue from darting out to catch his fingers, to lick them between her lips.

“Damn, I love it when you do that.” Ben sounded dangerous, on the edge.

Marissa let a sly grin unfold on her lips and gave her ass a decided wiggle. “Damn, I love it when you do that.”

He chuckled, pulled his fingers from her mouth, and fisted his hand in her hair. He yanked her head back, eliciting a gasp from her a heartbeat before he crushed his mouth to hers.

Marissa was instantly entranced by a world of tasty bliss and devious pleasure as his mouth worked hers as effectively as his fingers did her ass. She lost track of Justin’s movements, her focus centering only on Ben until hands caught the backs of her knees and

started to tug. She folded in their embraces, sinking to her knees to straddle Justin's lap. Ben didn't miss a beat, claiming her sanity with his kiss. This time, she didn't feel the rough denim of Justin's jeans brushing her inner thighs, but the coarseness of the springy curls covering his legs. He'd shed his clothes in the moments he denied her his touch.

Blessedly, he stopped denying her now.

Justin impaled her, sheathing his cock in her sodden channel in a single fluid thrust that had her crying into Ben's mouth as the gates of heaven opened to admit her entrance. "Holy shit!" he growled, fingers digging into the flesh of her hips as he held her still, buried inside her to the hilt.

Ben chose that moment to break the soul-stealing kiss. He rested his forehead to hers for a heartbeat, a twinkle of amusement lighting the dark desire in his eyes. "Feel good?"

Marissa shook her head and stifled a giggle when confusion flittered through his expression. "It feels amazing!"

"You're amazing." Justin's softly spoken words drew her attention. He lay beneath her, gazing up with so much love and happiness in his eyes that it stole her breath. He used his grip on her hips to lift her, easing his cock out of her clenching pussy. Flames licked her inner channel in a frantic chase after his cock that he met with a stupendous driving force as he pulled her body down.

Marissa threw her head back, nearly giving herself whiplash when she didn't encounter Ben's chest to rest on, and cried out from the sheer fantastical pleasure spiraling through her.

"*That's* amazing." Justin settled into a slow rhythm that defied everything her body wanted even as waves of rapture washed through her.

More. She needed more. Harder. Faster. "Please." She flattened her bound hands on Justin's stomach, pushed her knees into the ground on either side of his hips, and attempted by sheer muscle alone

to ride his cock in the frantic pace her body craved. She nearly screamed her frustration when Ben's fingers left her backside.

"Careful, darlin'," Justin soothed. "Ben's just getting into position." He released her hips, folding his arms beneath his head to act as a pillow. "Why don't you ride me until he's ready? Give our buddies behind the trees a show of those beautiful tits bouncing while you fuck yourself with my cock. We promised Diek we would help him out tonight."

Promised Diek? A sliver of her mind reeled back in time to the elevator and the conversation that day. She remembered Diek mentioning the meeting and something about a Mustang. When realization hit, she actually stilled, her eyes growing wide.

"Diek wasn't talking about a car."

Ben hooted behind her. "No, baby. He and his brothers have their sights and every other appendage set on Mustang Ducote."

The Rylon brothers were three of the toughest, most hardheaded cowboys in Horn Hill. "The poor girl doesn't stand a chance."

"No, she doesn't, and seeing as we're on Ducote land right now, Diek's figuring she's watching from what she thinks is a safe distance. So why don't you show her what she's in for. Ride me, darlin'."

Raking talons of need clawed at her womb and demanded she obey Justin's too-sexy, thickly drawled command. She locked her gaze on the trees and started to ride. The idea of being watched, the knowledge that it wasn't just a pretend game flat did it for her. She no longer cared who knew or what they said about her. She was who she was, and she wanted what she wanted. Plain and freaking simple.

She bounced on Justin's cock, loving the unyielding hardness slamming deep inside her. The control he allowed her lasted all of a minute before he joined her, powering his cock inside her with a vicious power that had her body screaming in exquisite pleasure. Justin's fucking didn't stop as Ben settled in behind her. Ben hooked

an arm around her waist and rested his chin on her shoulder as she bobbed up and down on Justin's cock.

"Are you ready for me, too?" Ben's hand caressed her ass. His finger eased between her butt cheeks, and she felt the intense coolness of the gel join the inferno ruling her from the inside out. He greased the tender walls of her anus, giving her a last breath of preparation before he pulled free. The next pressure she felt to her puckered hole came from the head of his cock, poised and ready to thrust inside.

The sensations drove her closer to madness. She fought the rapidly rising need for release, grappling to hold her orgasm at bay. She nearly lost the fight as Ben pushed inside her anus, breaching the tight rim of muscles, and not stopping until their bodies met, his cock buried deep. Exquisite electric bolts zinged through her. The stinging pain almost immediately gave way to sheer exotic pleasure.

"Better?" Justin asked.

"Paradise," Marissa sighed and surrendered. They fucked her the way her body craved to be fucked, slamming into her ass and pussy in thrusts that demanded her obedience even as they speared her with love. She fell forward, crushing her bound hands between her body and Justin's. He caught her with a hand at her nape and stared up at her through heavy-lidded eyes.

"Come for us, darlin'. I want to feel those sticky sweet juices drowning my cock."

Marissa didn't need to be told twice. The orgasm tore through her, spilling out of her in an explosion that rendered any attempt at control utterly useless. Her body jerked. Her head spun. For an instant, she thought she even lost consciousness.

"Ah, God, that's it," Justin grunted, and then she felt the heat of his semen as it flooded her channel.

Ben flattened his hands on her belly. She heard him grunt, felt his body tense, and then closed her eyes as his release filled her anus.

Spent, breathless, and quivering, Marissa rested her forehead on Justin's. "I could stay right here forever," she muttered dreamily. "Sandwiched and filled and floating in paradise."

The floating sensation suddenly turned to one of a freefall. She opened her eyes to find herself flat on her back between them, no longer being filled by them. She frowned. "Or not."

Ben's chuckle sounded exhausted. "Sorry. I lost my balance."

Marissa grinned. She waited a beat and then lifted her bound wrists. "Would you, um, mind taking these off now?"

"Do you promise to behave yourself?" Justin rolled to his side, propped his upper body on one elbow, and lifted a brow as he looked down at her.

"Do you promise to punish me if I don't?"

Ben barked a laugh as he got to his feet, found the key to the cuffs, and settled back down to free her hands. "You aren't supposed to enjoy punishment, baby."

"Then you shouldn't make it feel so good." She rotated her wrists, getting the blood circulating properly through them once more. "About all those kids you guys want..."

"What about them?" Ben stretched out beside her, idly drawing lines on her bent thigh with one hand while he pillowed his head on his other arm.

"Well, I've been thinking. I'm okay with as many as you want."

"Are you, now?" Justin followed Ben's example, drawing lazy circles around her breasts.

Not ten minutes since she fell apart in an orgasmic boom and already her body started responding to their touch. "I am."

"What's the catch?" Ben asked.

"No catch, except do we have to get started right away? I want both of you all to myself for a while first."

"Well, now, how can we argue with that?" Justin leaned down, brushing his lips to hers in one of the tenderest kisses he'd ever given her.

They fell into a comfortable silence. Marissa lay between them, staring at the stars, listening to their even breaths, absorbing the comfort of their presence. "I never heard anyone in the trees," she commented finally. "Didn't see anyone either."

"They're there." Ben sounded half asleep, but completely confident. "We'll go over if we can ever get the strength to move again."

"They'll always be there," Justin told her. "The club is more than just..."

"A sex club," Marissa supplied when he trailed off.

His lips twitched as he sat up beside her. "We watch out for each other, for what's ours. There's still someone out there who's apparently after you. Until he's caught, know you'll be watched, darlin'."

"Not just by us," Ben added, sitting up, too. "Not just when we're making love or at club meetings either."

"We don't want you to be alone." Justin's statement left no room for argument.

Marissa's gaze danced from Justin to Ben and back again. "My very own service club," she teased. "Ready to take care of me in bed or out." That got her a chuckle out of both men.

"We love you," Ben said in a matter-of-fact tone that filled her heart.

She reached for them, hooking an arm through each of theirs, and tugging them down. "Remember those rights we keep coming back to?"

Justin grinned. "Hmm, you came up with a few good ones at Rosie's this afternoon."

"I figured out one of those is the most important one, too."

"And what's that?" Ben asked.

"Loving you, both of you, and being proud enough to let the whole town know." She kissed them each on the tip of the nose in

turn, getting another laugh from them as she got to her feet. “Now, what do you say we get to this meeting?”

Head held high, a wide smile splitting her lips, and feeling more free than she ever had in her life, Marissa walked confidently, boldly, and naked through the trees with Justin and Ben close behind her.

THE END

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Tonya Ramagos is a bestselling author of contemporary, fantasy, paranormal and cowboy novels. She spends most of her time in a fictional world dreaming up hot hunks and head-strong heroines. When she's not writing she's reading. Anything from legal and military non-fiction to any genre of romance can be found on her bookshelves and flash drives. Her music tastes are just as varied with artists ranging from country to rock to heavy metal loading her MP3 player. Her idea of relaxing is curled on the sofa or on her back deck with a book and her favorite beverage. A single mother of two fantastic boys, she enjoys playing games, dancing, and walking the nature trails around her home in Tennessee.

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