

ELLORA'S CAVE *Moderne*

Handy Men

Delilah
Devlin

ELLORA'S CAVE
Quickies®

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Delilah Devlin

Two very handy men mend a divorcée's broken heart...

Rather than cry over spilt milk, a newly divorced woman throws caution to the wind and decides to seduce her neighbor's handsome handyman.

Jeff isn't stupid—Pamela tossed those screws into her sink to get his attention! The fact she's beautiful and vulnerable convinces him she needs “special” attention. When he has her hot and horny, he surprises her with his partner Casey and a threesome.

What starts for Pamela as a wild, no-holds-barred fling quickly gets stickier as the guys push for something longer lasting.

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Chapter One

The impulse came like a flash of lightning—hot and searing—all the way to the bone. An idea born of a need she hadn't felt in a long, long time...and inspired by one red-hot handyman in butt-hugging jeans and a t-shirt.

The man fired the militant gleam in her eyes as she brushed bronzing powder across her cheeks and swiped carmine “eat me” red lip stain across her mouth. She didn't give herself time to rethink the decision, reaching for the phone before her usual, cautious self reasserted control. No more couch potato cry-ins for her. No more self-imposed exclusion while she figured out what to do with the rest of her life. Today, a new Pamela Dwyer was *reaching* for the damn gusto.

The anger felt good. Especially after the shock she'd received moments ago when she'd surfed the web for the latest gossip about her ex.

One glance at Andrew's Facebook page, and Pamela's confusion over what the hell had happened to her life dried up. He'd blocked her from his page, but his profile picture had been changed from Andrew's handsome, craggy face to the soft innocence of his newborn son's.

The picture said it all. And no doubt every one of their friends here in Austin, who'd rallied around her when he'd left, would now pour out their congratulations to him while privately agreeing he'd done the only thing he could do to be happy.

Tears had stung her eyes, but she'd refused to let them fall. Instead, she'd blinked them away, closed out the screen and glanced through the blinds at her immaculate lawn. The perfect lawn and landscaping to surround the perfectly appointed house she'd won in the divorce settlement.

But back to that lightning strike...

Across the street, a man had stood atop a ladder while he fished leaves from old Mr. Johnson's gutters. It wasn't the fact the old man had spent money to hire someone to do odd jobs around his place that caught her attention, although that was plenty unusual all by itself. It was the way the sunlight glinted on the younger man's hair. Glints of gold she could see from over thirty feet away. And once her attention was snagged by that nagging glow, her gaze couldn't help but trail down the long, lean, buff lines of his healthy frame.

From the back, the man was perfection. Then he'd turned to the side, no doubt to say something to Mr. Johnson who hovered at the bottom of the ladder. The old skinflint would supervise the handyman to make sure he got every nickel's worth of his money. However, not a hint of irritation shone in the handyman's expression. His smile had been quick—a flash of white teeth against a tanned face.

Pamela had breathed deeply, enjoying the surge of heat flowing through her veins. So much better than the cold, hollow feeling in her womb. Arousal had bloomed, fresh and unexpected, washing over her, lapping away the disappointment. Leaving her...expectant. Feeling younger than her thirty-eight years.

There were times in a woman's life when she had to grab the bull by the horns or she'd never taste passion again. Pamela decided then and there that her time was now.

Twenty minutes later, the doorbell chimed.

Christ, do I really have the guts? She'd had twenty minutes to get icy-cold feet.

She held her hand in front of her face and blew against her palm then sniffed. *Mouthwash still works.*

Before opening her door, Pamela bent over, shook her head then straightened, giving her straight blonde hair an extra fluff. She pasted on a smile—not too wide or eager—one she'd practiced in front of the bathroom mirror to make sure it reflected just the right amount of casual interest. She didn't want to scare him away. At least not before she had a chance to practice being a femme fatale.

However, after opening the door, her smile faltered just a bit. Up close, the repairman was more of a rangy lion than a bull, and even more attractive than her secretive glances through the blinds had revealed. Thickly muscled arms and a broad chest stretching a green *Handy Men* tee filled her vision.

Maybe she should have targeted someone more in her league—and at least fifteen years older. However, when she'd seen him working on the rain gutters of her neighbor's house, watched the way he moved gracefully up and down the ladder, a plan had begun to form. One she was too invested in to back out of now.

"Your neighbor said you were havin' trouble with a garbage disposal?"

Her greedy glance shot up to meet his, and she noted the crinkles of amusement at the sides of his eyes. Blue eyes with golden coronas around the pupils. *Yum.*

Realizing her mouth hung open, she snapped her jaw closed. "Uh, yes. Trouble with the disposal. That's why you're here."

It was the truth, so she didn't stutter over it. However, she didn't mention she'd thrown a handful of screws into the sink to make sure the old disposal seized. Her plan to lure him into her house was working like a charm. She wished her ex could see her now. Plain Pam, reliable Pam, *boring, defective* Pam had a few tricks left.

"I'm Jeff McCaffrey," he said, and held out his hand.

Blowing out a little breath to release her tension, she gave him her hand and shook. "Pamela," she said quickly.

His palms were calloused and large. She slid her hand slowly from his, enjoying the scrape. Even if things didn't work out, she'd have plenty of sensory details to savor later to go along with the lovely picture he made.

"Um..." He lifted the toolbox with a flex of impressive biceps and raised his eyebrows.

It took a second to register that he needed her to move away from the door. Feeling flustered, she stood back and waved him inside. She closed the door behind him and followed eagerly on his heels into the hallway.

He halted abruptly.

Unable to stop her forward momentum, Pamela held out her hands to brace herself – and cupped his ass.

His head swiveled to glance back at her, a slight, dazed smile curving his mouth.

She paused a second too long before removing them, but his ass was too much temptation. “Sorry about that,” she muttered, palms and face burning. Lord, she was thirty-eight, and he had her blushing like a teenager. Her flirting skills were woefully rusty.

He cleared his throat and pointed toward the door on the left. “The kitchen?”

“Yeah,” she said, sounding a little winded, but her fingers tingled and her skin felt on fire. She hadn’t wanted to come on to the younger man like a cougar in heat, but he was *fine-fine-fine*.

He swung open the door and walked to the counter, setting his toolbox beside the sink. “What sort of noises was it makin’?”

“Crunchy?”

“Crunchy?” His lips twitched.

She shrugged. He was the “Mr. Fix-It”. He’d figure out soon enough what the problem was. Maybe he’d think the screws in the disposal had gotten there by accident.

He reached beneath the cabinet next to the sink and flipped the switch. Metallic grating made her wince. The poor thing ground worse than her ex’s teeth.

Without looking back, he said, “Don’t touch the switch. I don’t have my tongs, so I’m gonna stick my hand down there to see what’s happenin’.”

In his hand went, and he turned slightly to the side, his gaze meeting hers while a frown drew his honey-brown brows together. When he pulled free, he held a screw. "Wonder how that happened?" he drawled.

She grinned brightly. "Serendipity?"

"Wha—?"

So maybe not a brain surgeon, but the calculated stare he returned told her he wasn't stupid. He pulled out another and laid it on the countertop, and then another. "Somethin' you wanna tell me, Pamela?"

She held her breath, ready to blurt the truth, but then she'd sound exactly like what she was—a woman desperate for a man's attention. Instead, she pouted. "You're not my doctor. I don't have to tell you the truth." Then she shrugged, overwhelmed by the urge to blurt something cute. "I needed a screw." *Sweet Jesus, I did not just say that!*

He grunted, lips twitching again, and reached for the switch. The metallic grinding had stopped, but the little motor seemed to miss, and the gears gave a rhythmic click. He shook his head regretfully. "Don't think I can save her."

Was he still talking about the disposal? "I'm not attached. Got another?"

"Not with me. Let me hit the reset button, just in case."

He knelt beside the sink, his eyes giving her bare legs a quick once-over.

Thank God, I had them waxed. Any smoother and they'd be porcelain.

Then he dragged his gaze away, opened the cabinet and stuck his head inside. "Man, this unit's ancient," he said, his voice sounding hollow. "Probably as old as the house."

Ancient? The disposal was as old as the house, which was seventeen years old. She'd lived there all her married life.

Feeling a little deflated, still, she couldn't help but admire the view as he bent deeper. His t-shirt pulled free of his pants, revealing a strip of tanned flesh and a hint of dimples just above his buttocks.

Her thumbs would fit nicely in those little grooves.

"Want an upgrade?" he asked, backing out again.

"I wouldn't mind," she said, fanning her face until he turned. She curled her fingers and gave him a quick smile.

As he stood, his gaze narrowed, sliding down her body. "I'll have to come back."

"Just tell me when. I'll make myself available."

Perhaps she sounded a little too chipper because he slowly folded his arms over his chest and leaned against the counter. One side of his mouth curled up. "You're not the least shy, are you, ma'am?"

Pamela bit her lip. *No guts, no glory*. She gave a little toss of her hair and met his gaze. "What's the point in acting coy?"

He grunted again, a masculine sound that thrilled her all the way to her hardening clit.

"Well, Pamela," he drawled, "I'm about to hang things up for the rest of the day. I'll have to come back tomorrow with a new disposal."

She glanced at him from beneath her lashes. "Have to hurry home?"

"I'm never in a hurry with a pretty girl." The wicked gleam in his eyes was a not-so-subtle challenge.

Lord, she hoped she was reading the signals right. The first time she'd been tempted to seduce a man, and it looked as if she was going to score. *Big*.

Fiddling with her hair, she leaned a hip against the counter, closing the distance between them. "It's really hot outside."

"A scorcher," he murmured, and smiled.

She pointed through the window with a lazy finger. "I've got a pool out back. Wanna join me for a swim?"

"Love to, but I don't have a suit."

She eased closer and tilted back her head. "Does it matter?" she said softly.

An eyebrow arched. "Not if you don't mind."

"Does it look like I do?"

Jeff shook his head and laughed. "Dayum, girl, you move fast."

She walked a finger up his brick wall of a chest. "Let's have some fun."

When the woman of the house turned, Jeff barely suppressed an edgy growl. She'd come on strong, and it looked like he was about to get some mighty fine tail. "Just to make things clear..." he began, not moving until she halted at the door.

Her head craned to glance back.

"You don't have a mister who's gonna come slammin' through the door, do you?"

"I'm a little insulted," she said, although her smile said she lied. "I'm single. Completely free to make up my own mind about what I want. I want to swim."

She turned, and her curvy behind gave a sassy bounce as she walked away. Pert, round globes lifted one at a time, and his mouth filled with drool. Casey was going to be mad as hell he hadn't been the one to take Mr. Johnson's service call. The old man had tapped him on the shoulder just as Jeff was putting away his tools to tell him that the pretty neighbor lady was "desperate" for help. And would he mind coming to her rescue?

Pamela hardly looked the desperate type, but she'd been all over him since she'd opened the door. He wondered about that. Pretty blonde, tanned and toned body, soft brown eyes a man could fall into—and a lush, pouty mouth that turned a man's dick to stone. Why the hell would she want a guy like him? But he wasn't stupid. If she was bored or horny and needed a playmate for the afternoon, he was there.

He wiped his wet hand on a towel and followed Pamela down the hallway. "Nice to meet you, by the way," he called after her, grinning.

"Nice to meet you too, Jeff." She gave him a flirty glance over her shoulder and reached into a closet for a couple of large towels. "We'll want to dry off afterward."

The way her Texas drawl dragged over the words had his balls tightening. He took them from her, and she indicated with a crook of a finger that he should follow.

If he'd had a tail, it would have wagged.

She walked sedately, the short, strappy sandals she wore clicking on the hardwood flooring. She had nice, long legs to go with the grade-A prime ass. In fact, there wasn't anything he'd seen yet that he didn't admire. Nothing about her appearance was overtly sexy, but her mid-thigh-length skirt swished, drawing his attention like a red flag waved in a bull's face. He gusted a hot breath through his nostrils and kept a few paces back to enjoy the view.

She opened a slatted door onto the patio and stepped into the sunshine. It glinted on her soft, silver-blond hair. There was a split second of doubt reflected in her eyes as she glanced back, but she firmed her mouth into a carefree smile and continued on.

So maybe she wasn't as much of a player as she wanted to seem. He liked her all the more for it.

The patio was enclosed with a stone wall. The pool looked like something that belonged on a tropical island—kidney-shaped with flagstones surrounding it, and a rock waterfall at one end with large, smooth boulders for sunbathing. "Nice setup," he said, dropping the towels onto a chaise lounge.

"Swimming's the only exercise I enjoy. So I splurged. I keep it heated in the winter months." She stepped out of her sandals.

When her hands crossed and reached for the bottom hem of her blouse, he held his breath. She pulled it up, past bare breasts that were round and full and tipped with pink nipples. He let out a soft whistle. "Nice."

She dropped the shirt on the ground and arched a brow, seemingly not the least bit embarrassed to be half nude. He didn't wait for a second hint. He peeled his own tee over his head then sat on the edge of the chaise to untie his work boots.

When his feet were bare, he glanced up. Her body was nude and turned away. Creamy tan everywhere except for a thin stripe that disappeared between her buttocks. She stood on the edge of the pool and dove into the water.

His hands shook a bit as he shoved off his jeans and underwear. He padded to the side, hopping into the water, then strode straight for her.

She leaned back, ducking her head, then skimmed the moisture off her face and glanced his way. She gave a little laugh, and he wondered if he wore his lust on his face.

"Told you I'm not shy," she said softly. But there was a glint of determination in her gaze, as though she was bolstering her own confidence to be this bold.

He waded closer until their bellies rubbed, and his dick bobbed between them. He was feeling way too eager and hoped she wouldn't take a step away.

However, her hand sank beneath the surface, and her slender fingers curled around his shaft. "I didn't think this out," she said, giving him a tug. "I have condoms in my medicine cabinet."

"I have one in my wallet. Always carry one. For emergencies," he added with a tight smile.

Her blonde brows gave a little waggle. "Does this qualify?"

"I'd say so."

Only he wasn't in any hurry to let her go. His hands smoothed over her hips and cupped her butt. "I watched you peeking at me through the window," he said, pulling her firmly against him.

She gasped and bent back her head. "So, you know I tossed the screws into the sink?"

"I guessed it right away. Got hard just thinkin' about the fact you did it to get me inside."

"Mr. Johnson recommended your work. I figured even if you were married or gay, that at least you could replace that old thing. Most everything else in the kitchen is new."

"Do you really want to talk about your disposal?"

Her eyelids dipped. "I don't want to talk at all."

Which was fine by him. He tightened his grip and pulled her up his body until she wrapped her legs around him. His cock glided against her open sex, and he ground his hips into hers.

"You're big," she whispered.

"That worry you?"

"No, I'm thrilled."

He smiled again, liking her bold honesty. "You do this kind of thing often?"

"Actually...never."

He canted his head, studying her expression for clues whether she was telling him the truth. "Then why now? And with me?"

"Because I'm tired of waiting for life to happen again." Her brown gaze met his—open and a little vulnerable.

Jeff noted the tension that deepened the fine lines beside her eyes and mouth. "Sweetheart, what's this about? Really?"

She lifted her shoulders. "Does it matter?"

"Guess not." He leaned toward her and kissed her.

A sigh slipped between her lips, and he deepened the kiss. If she wanted to make the jump with him, well, he was more than willing. He freed a hand and held her head, taking charge of the kiss, sliding his tongue inside in a decisive stroke. She tasted minty, as if she'd brushed her teeth before greeting him. And he smiled against her mouth.

She drew back, frowning with suspicion. "Are you laughing at me?"

“No, I’m happy.” All of him—north and south—was tingling with pleasure. And why wouldn’t he be? They were naked and embracing—his cock snuggled so close he could feel the heat of her center.

Suddenly in no hurry, he arched a brow. “You said you wanted to have some fun. How about you let me be in charge? I’ll show you a good time.”

Her eyes narrowed. “What do you have in mind?”

“Why don’t you just wait and see?” he said, his grin stretching wider.

She laughed and ducked her head, laying her cheek on his shoulder. “I like the sound of that,” she said, but her tone was doubtful.

Jeff gave her ass a squeeze. “Tell you what. If at any point you want to take back control, I’ll consider it.”

She groaned. “Now I feel *sooo* much better.”

Chapter Two

Pamela stepped out of the shower with a glow on her skin that had nothing to do with the fact she and Jeff had swum like seals, stealing kisses and caresses under the water, for a good hour.

That she wasn't disappointed they hadn't had sex yet made her shake her head in wonder. Jeff knew she was more than willing, but despite the fact he seemed eager, he'd withheld his own pleasure.

Instead, he'd done his best to put her at ease—with him, with their nudity. There wasn't a place on her body he hadn't touched with casual glances of his fingers, but she'd never been uncomfortable.

There was more to the younger man than met the eye. Something that pleased her to no end. This sexy, little interlude was shaping up better than she'd hoped.

When he'd shooed her into the shower, she'd thought for sure he would join her, but she was coming to trust that he had a plan. His kisses were hot. His caresses casual but still calculated. He'd skillfully primed her body for sex.

She dropped the towel on the rack and strode naked into the bedroom. However, there was no sign of him. Thinking he must have used the shower in the guestroom, she trailed into the hallway. There, she heard muffled voices and her heart skipped a beat. Had someone come to the door?

Before she had a chance to duck back inside the bedroom, Jeff came around the corner, dressed only in his jeans, a half-smile curling his mouth. He held out his hand.

Something in his expression, a watchful quality, put her on alert. She resisted his invitation, one foot turned toward her bedroom door. "I thought I heard voices. Is someone else here?"

"My partner Casey. He just finished a job. I invited him over."

Pamela's body went cold and she turned, hurrying back to her room. But his long strides caught her before she reached the door. He pushed her front gently against the wall and trapped her with his body, his hands settling on the tops of her hips. "You told me you wanted to have some fun. Sweetheart, you're a two-man job."

She was a two-man job? Part of her was appalled at the suggestion, the other part was secretly thrilled, although the idea was just too wicked to consider for even a second. "I'm not into threesomes. You should have asked me first."

His cheek scraped hers. "You put me in charge," he said softly. "And I think you'll like this. Give it a chance."

Pamela stiffened. "Were you playing me? Keeping me going until he was done with his job?"

"Yes. I knew he'd be into it." His tongue tickled behind her ear. "You'll like him. Promise."

Another slide of his cheek chafed her shoulder, and she nearly groaned because it felt so good. "I don't want him," she gritted out.

"But you haven't even met him yet."

"And I don't want to. If you're going to insist, you can both leave."

A hand slipped between her belly and the wall. Fingers crept toward her pussy then slid into the top of her folds.

Pamela closed her legs. "Don't touch me."

His fingers stayed there but didn't move. "I'll stop if that's really what you want. But hear me out."

For her pride's sake, she wished she could control her body's response, but the heat of his fingers caused her pussy to clench. "I can't believe I was this stupid," she whispered.

"You're not stupid, Pamela. Just lonely. How long's it been since the divorce?"

She froze. "How'd you know?"

"Mr. Johnson," he said quietly. "He was pretty easy to pump for information. When I saw you through the window, I got curious." His fingers tapped her clit. "How long?"

Her body shuddered, and she pressed her hot cheek against the cool wall. "Eight months."

"How long were you married?"

"Seventeen years—not that it's really any of your business."

"He left you for someone else?"

"A younger me," she said bitterly. *A better, functioning me.*

"Well, he was a fool. You're pretty and smart. Sexy as hell. And I'll bet you haven't dated much since it happened."

Not at all, but she wasn't going to say that today was the first time she'd felt a spark of arousal. For the longest time after Andrew left her, she'd wondered if her libido had dried up from all the tears she'd cried.

His fingers eased deeper, and she relaxed just enough that he skimmed her lips. Despite her disappointment in how this was going, she was wet. Still as eager as she'd been all afternoon. "Send him away," she whispered.

His head shook against her in a denial. "You want me, right? And maybe you've already been wondering if we could see each other again?"

She didn't respond to the question, but she had wondered—there in her shower where she'd fantasized about having a torrid affair with a younger man.

"Well, if you want me, you have to take Casey too."

The tightness in his voice alerted her that he was trying to tell her something important.

His body eased away from her back, and she turned slowly, still trapped because he braced his hands against the wall beside her shoulders. "Just how close are the two of you?"

His steady gaze bored into hers. Color seeped into his cheeks. "Close."

“Are you gay?”

He shrugged. “I don’t like labels, Pamela. We like women. But we like to share. And sometimes, we like to get it on together too.”

“You want to share me with him?” Suddenly, she felt less attractive. She wouldn’t be the center of this ménage. She’d be the spice the two men added to their own relationship. “You’re not interested in me, are you? Not me in particular anyway. You thought a lonely divorcée would be so desperate she’d play with you and your boyfriend.”

His sigh riffled her drying hair. “You’ve got it wrong. I like you.”

“You don’t know me.” And it was the stark, scary truth that she didn’t know a thing about him either – other than the fact he and “Casey” were lovers.

Jeff’s mouth firmed. “I’ll leave now – if that’s what you really want. But I’d like the chance to prove you’re dead wrong. What will you lose?”

“My self-respect.”

“Really?”

Pamela was ready to blurt an emphatic *yes*, but suddenly realized she’d be lying. She was more disappointed than shocked or disgusted by his suggestion. And her body wasn’t paying any attention to the jumble of emotions swirling in her head.

Images flashed through her mind – of her sandwiched between two muscular men – but the images only went so far. She couldn’t fill in the intimate details of specifically *what* they were doing. Part of her was just plain curious about how it would work.

Her breasts brushed his chest, and she couldn’t voice the lie. Not even to herself. Her nipples were alert, so hard and tight they felt ready to burst. And her pussy, where his fingers had stirred, was still oozing arousal. She licked her lips. “If I say yes, can I change my mind?”

His eyes darkened to smoky blue-gray. "Afraid you won't like it? Or that you'll a like it little too much?"

She gave him a glare. "I haven't been...adventurous."

"Do you want to be?"

She held still, staring into his eyes. That sharpness she'd detected before was there again, as though he was reading her, anticipating any objections so he could change his strategy.

Beyond anything, she was tempted to say yes. She could do this one time. As an experiment. To flip a finger at her husband and his complaint that she'd been too modest, too "uptight" to keep his interest from straying. He'd placed the blame for his mistress's pregnancy on her.

"I want to put on my robe," she whispered. "Before I meet him."

Jeff shook his head. "Uh-uh. I want to introduce you just like this. I want him to see why I think you're perfect for us."

She was perfect? Perfect because she was so *imperfect* she'd be willing to do anything? While she mulled over that thought, she let him tug her hand to lead her slowly down the hallway. When she turned the corner, it was too late to reconsider. She held her breath and stepped into the living room, wondering if she'd ever recover from the embarrassment of this moment.

However, that thought quickly burned away like red-hot ash. The man standing in the center of the room left her completely breathless. She wanted him on sight.

His expression was hard. His mouth a thin, straight line. But his gaze was hot and swept her head to toe. He then made another, slower perusal.

Somehow she resisted the urge to thrust out her chest and cock her hip, because, damn, she was tempted to pose for him.

Where Jeff was lean and golden, this one was built like the bull she'd imagined – big and dark. He was dressed like Jeff, but his tee molded a rugged, burly chest. He was

taller than Jeff by a couple of inches, his hair was black as a crow's wings, and his eyes were a clear, crystal blue.

Jeff pulled her deeper into the room then lifted his arm and twirled her slowly beneath it, like a dance move that she followed without hesitation, surprised by her grace because she was trembling inside when Jeff stopped her in front of Casey.

Casey's chest lifted, his nostrils flared. He lifted a finger to trace a circle around one erect nipple. His touch was gentle but still burned through her.

Her nipple tightened, painfully erect, and she licked her lips because once again her mouth had gone dry.

Casey's gaze darted to Jeff. "She agreed?"

"She's a little nervous."

"She's right here," Pamela muttered.

The darker man's mouth stretched. His hand came up and he cupped her chin to raise it. His thumb slid across her lower lip. "Is she willing to follow orders?"

Pamela gave a nervous laugh. "I beg your pardon?"

"Yes, you will," he said, his tone dead even.

Which unaccountably caused her pussy to clench. She opened her mouth to tell him to go to hell, but Jeff stroked her buttocks. She jerked, gasping, but she didn't move away from either one of them.

Casey dropped his hand and slid it between her legs to cup her. His fingers eased inside. "I think we'll take this to the bedroom."

The low, rumbling texture of his voice mesmerized her, and she swayed toward him.

His teeth flashed white, and then he bent to take her lips in a kiss that barely brushed her mouth. When he raised his head, she gave a little moan and tried to follow, but he removed the hand stroking her and stepped back. "To the bedroom. When you get there, crawl right up on the bed and lie there."

She shivered and released a shallow breath, staring back at him. He was young, possibly as young as Jeff, but power emanated from him—a compelling charisma she didn't want to fight. The feeling wasn't like anything she'd ever felt before. She wanted to do his bidding. Wanted his approval.

Pamela shook her head to clear away those thoughts. "I must be out of my mind," she whispered.

He stepped closer, forcing her gaze to rise. "I won't hurt you. At least not much," he added with a crimped smile.

This close, his scent surrounded her. The heat of his body rolled off him in waves, washing over the front of her body.

"We're here because you wanted a little adventure. We'll give that to you."

She swallowed hard, caught by his icy stare. Without a word, she turned toward the hallway.

With both men following silently in her wake, she padded to her bedroom, her heart beating fast. Once inside, she didn't look back. She climbed onto the mattress and lay down, her head raised on a pillow.

Staying silent, Jeff stripped off his jeans and walked to her closet, sliding open the mirrored door.

When Casey drew off his shirt, her gaze swung and held, uncaring what Jeff might be doing, rifling through her things, because the sight of all the darkly furred skin Casey revealed made her mouth water.

He toed off his work boots and stripped off his jeans. When he straightened, she gave an internal moan because his sex was erect, standing out from his groin. Holding her stare, he stroked his long, thick cock. "I want your mouth on me, Ms. Dwyer. To take off the edge."

Jeff laughed, and she swung her glance to find him holding several of her winter scarves. She knew immediately what he planned. Was she ready for this? Could she trust them once she was bound?

But the mattress dipped beside her and cut off the sight of Jeff. Casey straddled her upper body, his cock bobbing in front of her face. He bent toward her and his cock tapped her chin. Before she could think about what she ought to say, what she should do, he reached for another pillow and gently cupped her head to lift it and slide the pillow beneath her, raising her head higher. Then he leaned forward to brace an arm against the wall and guided his cock toward her mouth.

She didn't hesitate. Instead, she opened to accept him. He didn't give her time to adjust and certainly not to think. He filled her mouth with thick, musky cock. Something she hadn't known she'd missed. Lord, how she loved being stuffed, her ability to complain muffled. And she knew she hadn't ever been this hungry to be overwhelmed by a man. She closed her lips around him and began to suck.

"That's it, sweetheart," he said, his voice husky with approval. "She's perfect, Jeff. Hot and wet." He adjusted his stance and stroked inward, sliding on her tongue. "Take me deeper."

She didn't think she could but widened her jaw anyway and let more of his length inside until the tip butted against the back of her throat. She gagged a little and gave him a glare, which he brushed aside with a laugh.

"It's okay to make some noise."

Which oddly freed her to moan. Soon the moist sounds of his cock sliding forward and back, of her mouth suctioning around him were the only things she heard—certainly not the pad of Jeff's feet as he neared the bed. But she knew where he was the moment he shifted a foot to widen the sprawl of her legs. Then he tied a scarf around her ankle and anchored it to a rung of the footboard. When he repeated the action, she tested the binding only to find her legs were held immobile and spread wide.

She didn't mind a bit because Casey was still shafting her mouth, thrusting in smooth motions that quieted her mind while tension curled tighter in her belly. The slow, steady rhythm pulled her own arousal along, building tension in her belly and thighs.

When he began to pull away, she gave a garbled complaint, sucking the tip, rolling her tongue across the velvet cap, anything to tempt him to remain.

Casey gave himself a stroke and squeezed, forcing a drop of pre-cum to bubble from the slit.

Her tongue captured it, and she closed her eyes to savor the musky flavor.

Casey climbed off her, kneeling beside her while Jeff tied her hands to the rungs of her headboard.

"How does it feel?" Jeff asked. "Anything too tight?"

Her lips felt stretched, so she shook her head. "It's fine." Her gaze strayed to his red, swollen cock.

"All in good time," he said.

Casey jerked his chin at Jeff. "You find any lube?"

Lube? "Jesus," she whispered.

"Found that and some massage oil."

Jeff held up the warming oil she'd bought when she'd still been desperate to hold on to her husband. Jeff held the tube over her chest and squirted oil onto her nipples then trailed it down her belly to her sex.

When his hands closed around her breasts, she bit her lip because the pleasure was almost too much to bear. Already sensitized by his lazy caresses while they'd swum, each rasp of his calloused hands was sheer torture. Her back bowed. Her stomach grew taut. He massaged her breasts, rolling them together, plumping them for both men to admire.

When his fingers went to work on her nipples, twisting and plucking, she thrashed her head on the pillow. "It's too much," she whimpered.

"Not until I say it is," Casey said. He stretched out on the bed on his belly beside her, molded a breast then bent to lap at the nipple. When he caught it with his teeth, she gasped.

Over and over, he teathed her gently, tugging the nipple then releasing it until it felt swollen and raw. He latched his lips around the areola and sucked it into his mouth. His large palm glided down her belly, and while he tortured her breast, fingers splayed over her mound to pull her short, curly hairs. When his finger slid between her folds, she twisted her body against the ties, arching and bucking because she needed more.

Casey raised his head and gave Jeff a hard look. "Fuck her now." Then he resumed tonguing her nipples.

The words were blunt, shocking in their crudeness, but she mewled. "Yes. Yes, please."

Jeff gave her breast a kiss then climbed off the bed. There was a box of condoms on her bedside table, one she'd had hidden in her bathroom cabinet, but she didn't care that he'd searched through her things, only that he hurried.

She watched over Casey's bobbing head as Jeff tore the plastic packet and rolled the condom down his shaft. He walked to the foot of the bed and climbed between her legs.

Casey edged away to make room as Jeff braced his hands beside her shoulders and lowered his cock between her legs. When Casey's hand reached to guide Jeff into her pussy, her eyes widened, but Jeff had told her they were intimate.

Casey's gaze swung to hers and narrowed while he gave Jeff's cock long strokes that caused his partner to shudder and curse. But at last Casey slid his fingers between her legs, opened her folds and pulled Jeff's cock forward.

As soon as Casey withdrew, Jeff plunged inside her.

Her entire body stiffened as he shoved inside, her walls clenching around him, making it hard for him to push forward.

“Relax, baby. Let me in.”

But she couldn't. Her jaws locked and her body shivered.

Not until Casey placed a wet fingertip against the top of her folds and swirled did she begin to ease. She was whimpering nonstop, every nerve ending so electrified that she couldn't come.

Jeff paused and came to his knees. He put his hands beneath her ass and lifted her, pulling her legs against the silk scarves, but when he stroked into her again, the angle of his penetration changed.

Pamela exploded, her body undulating, fighting his grip. Her body arched, jerking, writhing as she came.

When at last her body let go of its rigor, she fell against the covers.

Casey massaged her breasts and kissed her. Jeff rocked into her sex, the motions shallow, soothing, churning easily in the copious moisture her body had released.

Jeff withdrew and lay down beside her then tipped her chin toward him. His kiss devoured her lips.

Sleepy-eyed, she drew back her head. “Untie me,” she said, her voice hoarse.

He scooted down the bed and released her feet. Casey untied her arms. Then they lay beside her, their bodies tense. Expressions watchful.

The pleasure had been all hers.

Jeff's cock wasn't diminished. He hadn't come. Casey's body was tense, muscles taut, abdomen clenched to display the knotted rows of muscles.

“You two,” she blurted then licked her sore mouth. “I'd like to see.”

One corner of Casey's mouth kicked up. “See what, beautiful?”

“You two fuck.”

The men chuckled. Jeff's expression softened as he grinned. "You want to watch two dudes fuck? You sure about that?"

"Never more." She breathed deeply, inhaling their mixed scents. "You were incredible together. I think if I had a weak heart I'd be dead."

"That good?" Jeff drawled.

"Even better."

"No regrets?"

"Just one."

Casey rested his chin on her shoulder. "And what's that?"

"That I'm not in better shape, because I think I'd like to join in, but I'm spent."

"Take a breather. Watch."

As Jeff came over Casey, she rolled onto her side and tucked a hand beneath her cheek. How strange it was that she felt nothing but pleasure watching the two men embrace.

Without hesitation, Jeff's mouth devoured Casey's. Lips roamed lips, cheeks hollowing as tongues thrust together. Casey's strong arms enfolded Jeff, bringing his body down on top of his.

She wondered how they managed to get so close when both their cocks were so engorged, but Jeff's hips rose just enough she could see the two align their cocks, side by side, and stroke each other's shafts.

Jeff made the most noise. Understandable since he'd teased himself inside her. Deep, agonized sounds to accompany the fluid movement of his hips.

Watching the flex of Jeff's buttocks, the way the two men strained together left her breathless and aroused. It was like watching the dirtiest, sexiest porn. Right here in her bed.

Wouldn't Andrew be shocked? All her friends would think she'd done something this desperate out of hurt over the divorce and her failure to bear a child.

But they'd never know. Tonight was all there'd ever be. When it was over, she'd look for a more suitable partner. Someone older. Someone who wouldn't raise eyebrows.

Certainly not anyone who looked better than any model on a romance novel cover. And definitely not two.

Chapter Three

The thought made her smile. Two lovers. Who'd have thought she'd have the nerve?

"You like watching." Jeff's lazy drawl drew her gaze back to both men's faces.

They were staring. Jeff's mouth stretched into a grin. Casey's smile was tighter. His eyes bored into hers.

Pamela sucked her bottom lip between her teeth and nodded. It was kind of obvious that she was fascinated by...well, everything.

"Would you like to do more than look?" Jeff asked.

She'd been tired after her explosive orgasm—as good an excuse as any to keep removed from something she wasn't sure she could handle. However, Casey's narrowed eyes made her feel like a coward. Again she nodded, but more slowly.

Jeff turned back to Casey and arched a brow. "I'll get the lube." Abruptly, he rolled off the opposite side of the bed and walked around to hers. He grabbed the tube lying on the bedside table. He also plucked another condom from the box.

Pamela followed him with her gaze, avoiding Casey until fingers slid between her legs. She darted a look his way then was snagged by his expression.

Stony. That should be his nickname. Maybe she'd work up the nerve to call him that to his face.

He smiled, but there wasn't an ounce of amusement in his gaze—only a challenge that sucked the wind out of her. He removed his hand from her pussy and raised it.

Jeff laid the tube on his palm.

Casey flipped the cap and squeezed until a narrow pinkie-tip of gel oozed out. "Lube up my cock, baby. Make it nice and slippery. Jeff'll enjoy it better."

Her jaw sagged, but when he lifted her hand and placed the tube in the center, she curled her fingers to hold it. More gel curled over the tip.

Casey pushed up and knelt beside her, spreading his knees so that his cock could be easily accessed. He rolled a condom down his shaft then placed his hands on his thighs.

Her hands shook and she blushed, knowing they both watched as she squeezed gel onto her palm then began to clumsily smooth it down his cock. However, as the gel warmed, she enjoyed the feel of it, of him, and soothed down and up, cupping her palm to gloss the blunt but arrowed head.

"That's good," Casey said, pushing her hand away.

She hid a smile at the tightness in his voice. It was good to know "Stony" had his limits.

Jeff eased onto the bed on the other side of Casey and raised a single brow.

Casey took a deep breath. "Jeff still needs to learn a little control. I don't want him shooting too soon, so I want you to ring his cock."

Pamela didn't need instruction there. She'd read enough books, even though Andrew had never been one to believe that his orgasm should ever be stalled.

Jeff came up on his hands and knees. Casey cupped his buttocks and slid a finger between his cheeks. He poked a finger into Jeff's ass, and Jeff's entire body went rigid. His jaw sawed shut. For the first time, he lost his easy grin.

Her own body tightened as excitement glittered in his eyes.

"Come closer, sweetheart," Casey said, drawing her attention. "Reach under him."

She came close to Jeff's side and reached beneath him, gripping his still-cloaked shaft with her slippery hand, and then formed an O with her fingers around his girth and scooted it toward his groin. "My fingers don't meet."

Casey gave that sexy, rumbling laugh that shivered right through her. "Shouldn't be a problem. Just squeeze what you can. Don't let go until I tell you. Think you can do that?"

She nodded then dropped her gaze to watch as Casey stretched Jeff's hole with two more fingers.

Looked painful to her.

Jeff groaned and his back sank, raising his buttocks.

When Casey eased out, he gripped himself just beneath the head and pushed against Jeff. The entrance was small.

Imagining how she'd feel in the same position with Casey's huge cock pressing inside, she couldn't hide a grimace.

"Think you wouldn't like it?" Casey asked, his tone sly.

"I think there'd be a problem with the fit."

His chuckle was dirtier, growlier. He pushed again, this time easing into Jeff.

Jeff's cock jerked inside her grip, and she clamped harder around him. "Better get moving," she warned.

Casey's eyelids dipped, his breaths deepened. Jeff's fingers dug into the coverlet.

Kneeling beside the men as Casey began to slowly shaft in and out, Pamela felt connected, as though she was part of this orgiastic bliss. Certainly, the two men were enjoying the hell out of the experience. Casey's eyebrows lowered in concentration, likely exerting his control to stave off his own orgasm.

She wondered how it would feel to have him work her pussy like that, relentlessly stroking, shafting faster then slower, concentrating on whatever it was he was feeling happening inside Jeff.

And what clues was Jeff giving him? Was Jeff tightening and easing around him? Was his sphincter clamping hard just as her fingers were around Jeff's straining cock?

A girl liked knowing these things, especially if she ever hoped to improve her knowledge and become a better partner for another man.

She still smarted over the things Andrew had said when he'd announced he wanted a divorce. Had she been uptight? Resistant to anything that seemed...dirty? She'd

behaved in bed the way she thought he wanted her to. He'd been the one who'd taken her innocence. He'd liked that he'd taught her everything she knew.

Perhaps he'd been the one lacking knowledge and his present wife had blown him away with her ho bag of tricks.

"Where'd you go, baby?" Casey asked, his lips pulling away from his teeth in a grimace as he slammed harder into Jeff.

"It's just cobwebs," she whispered. "Nothing important."

"Ease off him now," he ground out.

She slid her fingers away just as Casey gave a shout and hammered against Jeff's tight buttocks. But she didn't like that she wasn't a part of this and crawled behind Casey to slip her arms around his chest.

His hips moved but he kept upright, letting her snuggle her face against him. She pressed kisses against his shoulders, smoothed her hands over his hard belly, enjoying the play of muscles rippling beneath her fingertips.

At last Jeff groaned and his arms crumpled beneath him. His face pressed hard into the bedcover as Casey kept up the savage pounding while sweat slid in rivulets across his chest and between his shoulder blades.

And because she was a part of it, because she embraced the raw power, the sensual hunger, she licked away his sweat.

His movements slowed and he paused, his body shuddering inside her arms. When his hands glided over the tops of hers and held her against him, she smiled.

"You were right, buddy," Casey said, his voice losing its hard edge for the first time. "She's perfect for us."

* * * * *

Casey watched Pamela as she padded around the kitchen, heating leftovers and cutting vegetables for a salad. She wore his tee, and he had to admit, the sight of her,

draped in his shirt, pleased him at an elemental level. He felt possessive, lazy like a lion looking over his lioness every time her gaze slid his way.

She'd been game—completely natural, even though she'd been a little shy at the start, a little unsure of how she fit in the mix. However, she'd been anything but passive. There at the end, when she'd wrapped herself around him, ensuring that he couldn't ignore her while his cock unloaded inside Jeff, she'd proven just how strong she really was. Wistfully, he wondered what it would take to get her to let them into her life.

Not something he'd been moved to seek before. He and Jeff hadn't had the time to contemplate finding a woman to share on a permanent basis. Fresh out of college, they'd decided to throw in together to build a business. They'd hustled for contracts, built their clientele list. They'd started with a single truck, trailer and tractor, but now they had a store and warehouse and a small fleet of Handy Men trucks. If Mr. Johnson hadn't been a friend of one of their best clients, one of the hired hands would have been sent to clear the old man's gutters today.

Someone else might be enjoying Pamela's company right now. The thought angered him.

Jeff nudged his bare toe under the table, drawing his gaze. His partner's chin jerked toward Pamela, who hummed beneath her breath while she sliced crescents of red peppers. "I like her," he whispered.

Casey drew a deep breath. "I do too, but don't go pinning any hopes on her. She's out of our league."

Jeff nodded. "Think we should tell her?"

"Nah. She wanted to slum. Build her confidence with a fling. We'll give her that. But she won't be looking for anything more." Casey said the words because they were the ones that made sense, but they rang hollow inside him.

"Damn shame. Maybe she'll agree to a thing. You know, a weekly date?"

Casey cursed under his breath, annoyed with Jeff's insistence. In some ways, Jeff was a little oblivious, content to follow where his dick led but rarely looking deeper. Casey loved that about him, because Jeff's loyalty and friendship with him meant all the more, but sometimes he wished Jeff would get a clue.

Truth was, Casey wasn't sure he could handle a casual "thing" with Pamela for long. The woman pulled him in with her soft brown eyes. She was at turns sassy and vulnerable, and he wanted to break her down, in every sexy way possible, until he found the real her.

She'd been scared to death when Jeff had led her naked into the living room, but the temptation had been there, simmering in her eyes, coloring her cheeks with arousal. And where her eyes had betrayed her every thought, her mouth had tempted him to plunder.

And he had. What was the first thing he'd demanded? A freaking blowjob. He'd acted out of instinct rather than with a plan. And he always had a plan. When it came to their business, when it came to how they played with women.

From the amusement gleaming in Jeff's eyes, he knew exactly what kind of number Pamela was doing on him. Maybe he wasn't completely clueless.

"She's pretty."

Casey grunted, annoyed. "Fucking stunning."

"She's a little old."

Casey aimed a glare at Jeff, only to find him grinning.

"Yeah, doesn't bother me a bit either. So what are we going to do about her?"

For once, Casey didn't have a clue.

Pamela strode toward the kitchen table, a small, smart, bronze-and-glass confection that made him aware of every fingerprint he left on its surface. She placed plates with huge slices of lasagna in front of him and Jeff then returned with bowls of salad.

He leaned over the plate and inhaled. "Smells good." When he glanced up, her mouth curved.

Had he sounded like a Neanderthal?

"Take a bite. It took me hours to cook. They're leftovers from a party I went to. I'm just glad it's not going to waste."

His stomach growled, but he waited until she came back with her own dishes. Only when she laid her napkin on her lap, did he dig in. He groaned at the first bite. "'S good."

Jeff chuckled beside him. If anyone knew how much he liked a good home-cooked meal it was the king of the microwave pizzas.

"Do you have plans for the weekend?"

Casey's almost spit out his food at Jeff's question. Not that he didn't want to know the answer, but a guy didn't blurt something like that out when a woman was in control. And in the kitchen, a woman was firmly in the driver's seat.

Pamela finished chewing her food then set aside her fork. Her glance went from Jeff to Casey. "I did. Shopping with girlfriends, but I'm flexible."

Casey sat straighter in his chair.

Jeff arched a brow his way then turned back to Pamela. "Would you like to spend some time with us away from here?"

Casey let Jeff do the talking since it seemed she felt more at ease with him.

Her eyes sparkled with humor. "What do you have in mind?"

"You mean, besides sexing you up?"

Her eyes rolled and she gave a nervous laugh. "Yeah, besides that. We can't spend the whole weekend in bed."

"Really?" Jeff said with a waggle of his eyebrows. "What kind of guys have you been with?"

Her expression was priceless, a little stunned, and then color sprouted on her cheeks. He'd bet if the tee she wore were a little more snug across her breasts, he'd see that her nipples just sprang.

Jeff stuck a fork of food in his mouth. "We've got a cabin," he said, chewing quickly. "By a lake. A dock. A boat. It's pretty and quiet. We can do pretty much what we want. Wear what we want."

Pictures of Pamela skinny-dipping off the end of the dock flashed through Casey's mind. But the lake had a silty bottom, and he couldn't imagine her enjoying having mud slide between her pretty painted toes. He swallowed down a bite before attempting to speak. "You could sunbathe."

"Sure," Jeff said, eagerly, trying to close the sale. "Or fish."

Again Casey couldn't imagine her hooking her own worm. "Maybe it's not her thing, Jeff."

Pamela leaned forward, her expression open, maybe even a little eager. "I'd like to go. If I won't be too much trouble. And I'd like to do all those things, but I'll have to admit, it's been a while since I fished."

"How long?" Casey asked, suspicious because, again, he couldn't imagine her enjoying something so simple.

She shrugged. "Since I was a little girl. My dad used to take me to Lake Johnson in the summer. We had an old boat. The engine sounded like a sewing machine, but it was nice out on the water."

"Bet you ski," he said.

She wrinkled her nose. "It's not the same. It's usually a big group. Lots of noise. Everyone sucking in their guts." Her lips pressed into a thin, disapproving line.

He wondered about that reaction. Wondered what dude left such a sour taste in her mouth.

"I know what you mean," Jeff jumped in, aiming a quick glare at Casey. "It's not relaxing."

Casey kept his gaze on Pamela's face, looking for a hint of where she thought this thing would lead. If she'd seemed the least bit doubtful, he'd have added another obstacle, another little test, but so far, she seemed sincere. She wanted to spend time with them—or maybe just get away from whatever was eating her. And something definitely was or she wouldn't have given either of them the time of day.

"I'd like to be lazy," she said softly. "Not think too much. I haven't had a weekend like that for the longest."

Casey grunted. "You've got that pool—"

"Which I use to do my daily laps for exercise purposes only." Her gaze slid away at Jeff's satisfied grin. "*When I'm alone.*"

"You work?" Casey asked then wished he hadn't when her smile turned bitter.

"Yes." Her fingers tightened around her fork and she set it aside. "I share a business with my ex-husband. We're trying to separate our client list, but that's not working out very well. He keeps trying to scoop them out from under me."

Here was the source of her unhappiness. And even though she didn't look comfortable talking about it, his jealousy had him saying, "You and your ex work together. Any chance he's holding out to get you back?"

She gave a sharp shake of her head. "None. He's remarried. Has a child now." Her eyes filled, and she glanced away.

Fierce satisfaction burned through him. Her idiot ex had closed that door for good.

"Sounds like you need to sell," Jeff said quietly.

"He can't afford it."

"Then let him run it."

She snorted. "He's an idiot. He'd give that wife of his access to the cashbox and then we'd both be in the poorhouse."

Casey had heard enough. She'd abandoned her meal and tension was deepening the faint lines beside her mouth. Time to end it. "Then maybe you need a manager. Someone to take the reins and let you both take a step back."

Her expression registered surprise at his suggestion. "I've been looking into hiring someone, but Andrew, my ex, doesn't like giving up control."

"Doesn't have much of a choice if he doesn't have controlling interest..."

Her gaze narrowed on him. "You know a bit about running a business," she said, in a soft but accusatory tone.

Casey nodded, wondering if she was disappointed he had a brain. "I have a degree from Texas A&M in business. Jeff's was horticulture. We both worked construction in the summers."

Her expression turned thoughtful as she glanced from Casey to Jeff. "So, do you own Handy Men? Great name by the way."

"We do," Casey said, ignoring Jeff's smirk because hadn't he been the one to say they should keep her in the dark about the fact they weren't laborers? "We started it up as soon as we graduated. Took loans from our parents, but we've paid them back."

"I'm impressed."

Maybe she really would be if he told her they had thirty employees and actually oversaw the landscaping design for a new golf course. But then maybe she'd think he was trying to build himself up in her eyes, and he didn't want a woman if she couldn't accept him as he was. Simple needs. Simple pleasures. Despite a healthy bank account.

"Spend the weekend with us," he growled.

Her chin lifted. "Are you even asking?"

He shrugged. It was up to her now. Better she knew from the get-go that he'd be in charge. Of everything. She could be as lazy as she wanted—in between bouts of intense, physical activity.

Something of what he was thinking must have been plastered on his face because she swallowed hard. "I'll pack."

"Pack light. And no swimsuit."

Chapter Four

As impulses went, this one had taken her farther than she'd ever dreamed going.

Jeff and Casey had left her shortly after their meal, saying they'd be back to pick her up in an hour. She'd half expected them to show up again in one of their Handy Men trucks, but the sleek SUV that had pulled into her driveway had her sighing her relief. As it was, the neighbors likely had their noses glued to the glass to see who had arrived. Not that she truly minded.

Not one but two handsome men in cargo pants and dark tees had helped her to their truck.

The drive, squeezed between the two of them up front on a bench seat, had been pure torture. While Casey drove, he'd given instructions for her and Jeff.

She'd been nude from the waist down for most of the drive and hoping like hell they wouldn't be pulled over for anything because Jeff's hands played between her legs, fingering her into an orgasm. Then she'd bent over Jeff's lap and given him a blowjob that had been choreographed in minute detail by Casey.

He'd never been coarse, but his words still made her cheeks glow with embarrassment.

Her "sweet pussy" hummed its own silky-wet tune when Casey had freed a hand from the wheel and stroked her clit as she swallowed down Jeff's cum.

It had been the most decadent experience of her life. And the most liberating. But at last, Casey told her to put her clothes back on. They'd arrived.

They pulled down a long, gravel road, trees and tall grasses hugging the sides, giving the impression that they were entering their own secluded world. The sun was setting, looking like an orange fireball slipping into dark-blue water.

The cabin was a log and stone affair and larger than she'd expected.

"We built it from a kit," Casey said. "A couple of years back. Had a camp trailer out here for a long time then decided we liked the place enough to make it permanent."

A porch stretched across the front. When he noted her interest, he said, "There are chairs and a chaise just inside the door. Don't like to leave them out when we're not here."

The guys opened the cabin, pulled out the furniture, then returned to the truck to gather her and her suitcase.

When she stepped across the threshold, she wasn't sure what she'd expected – but it wasn't this.

Stone halfway up the walls, bare logs to the roof. Long, exposed beams formed a wagon wheel above her head. At the center of the ceiling was a large, iron chandelier. Still, the place wasn't huge. It was cozy, the space well planned for maximum use. Stairs led up one side to an open loft bedroom. The downstairs was one large room with a kitchen against the back wall. The rest was a living room with tall bookshelves on both sides. The furniture was a rugged, baseball-mitt leather. The floors polished oak.

"I love your place. You did all this?"

"Most of it, including the electrical work."

Casey's smile was the most relaxed, the most natural she'd seen yet, and it gave her pause. He really was a beautiful man. And talented. Both of them were.

"I take it we'll share the bedroom," she said, gazing up toward the loft.

Casey's grunt told her she'd asked a stupid question. "I'll take the bag," Casey said, hefting it into his arms and climbing the stairs.

Jeff stood with his shoulder against the door casing. "I'm glad you came."

"So am I." That much was true, but she was also confused. Everything had happened at a breakneck pace. Too fast to sort out what she was feeling, much less

think rationally about it all. Was this just a weekend of debauchery? Or was she hoping for more?

Maybe she should dial back her expectations. Enjoy the moment.

But the look on Jeff's face, the quiet approval as well as naked lust did something to her. Made her hot, wet, had her hoping she could hold on to this feeling for just a little while longer. "I'm a very greedy woman," she murmured.

His eyebrows shot up. "How's that?"

She shook her head and glanced away. "So what's first?"

"It's nearly dark. How would you like to do a little skinny-dippin'. I promise your toes'll never touch the bottom."

She wrinkled her nose. "Are you telling me the bottom's slimy?"

"Maybe." His grin made that seem like such a small thing to worry about.

"I'll let you hold me."

"Let me? Now who said we were givin' you any choices here."

She laughed, throwing her head back, enjoying the way it felt. She was free to play with two handsome lovers who knew more about her body and her needs than she did.

But she didn't want them thinking she was passive, content to let things happen. She did have choices, beginning now. She toed off her sandals and dropped her purse on the floor beside her.

His eyelids dipped, his gaze skimming her frame.

The top she'd chosen had a side zipper and was so snug her breasts spilled over the top. She turned and raised her arms. "Would you help me?"

Jeff stepped closer. "How'd you get into this thing—not that I'm complainin' about the view. My tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth when you slipped into the SUV."

She smiled a siren's smile, or as near as she thought one might look, and glanced up from beneath her lashes. "I shimmied into it. Took some doing." The zipper gave, easing the blouse open. Cool air brushed against hot skin. He dropped the blouse on the

floor and fingered the long indent the zipper had made in her flesh. "That feels so good," she whispered.

His fingers skirted across to tweak a nipple. "Quick, the skirt," he rasped.

She unzipped the skirt and gave a little shake of her hips to send it slithering down to the floor. Since they'd already tossed her undies out the window on the drive there, she stood nude.

Jeff knelt in front of her and grasped her hips, his thumbs rubbing the notches as he centered himself between her legs.

She held her breath then released it in a slow hiss as his tongue slid between her folds. Her fingers sank into his thick, brown hair, giving him silent encouragement to continue.

He paused and urged one thigh over his shoulder, opening her. Then fingers, teeth and tongue devoured her sex. She closed her eyes, leaning back her head, savoring his tugs and thrusts.

Hands cupped her rear, and a solid wall of muscle snuggled up against her back. Casey kissed her cheek. "Leave you two for a minute..."

"It's my fault," she said, giving him a cheeky grin.

Jeff grunted against her. Fingers thrust deeper, and he leaned back. "It is her fault. She seduced me. Stripped raw right there at the door for anyone to see."

Casey cupped her breasts, staring down at them over her shoulder. "Do you have anything to say for yourself?"

She widened her eyes, playing the innocent. "I've been very, very naughty."

One corner of his mouth kicked up. "Then aren't you the lucky one? I know just what to do to with a naughty girl."

"God, I hope so," she breathed.

Jeff grabbed her arm, catching her by surprise and pulled her forward, over his shoulder.

Draped over his back, she gave a laugh as he bolted upward and strode toward the stairs.

She raised her head. Casey followed them, his gaze narrowed and intent, but she wasn't scared. That look spelled pleasure. Dark, thrilling pleasure.

Once they reached the loft, Jeff strode forward, depositing her on her feet beside an odd-looking bench. "Kneel on the padded rung," Jeff instructed.

She knelt then followed his gently guiding hands as he forced her to lie over a padded bolster. In this position, her bottom was raised, her sex exposed for them both to see, and from the sounds of their feet, they'd moved right behind her to take a look.

"Not fair," she muttered.

When Casey knelt beside her, she gave him a questioning glance, but he slipped bonds over her wrists, with Velcro closings that bound her hands to the frame.

Then he moved behind her, arranging her knees farther apart. Hands roamed her bottom, giving her firm caresses while lifting her buttocks and parting them.

"You're pretty all over," Jeff murmured. "Even here," he said, fingering her anus.

By now, she was pretty sure her ass was pink from embarrassment. But she didn't complain. Instead, she listened to the rustling of clothing as it was shed, listened to their whispers as they plotted how best to punish her.

"Hands or strap?" Jeff asked quietly.

"Hands," she blurted.

"Wasn't askin' you, sweetheart."

"Course not, I'm just the one whose ass is going to sting."

Another minute or two passed, and Pamela wondered if they'd ever get down to the punishing part. Then a finger traced between her buttocks, smoothing something silky down the crease. The thick tip swirled around her opening then prodded.

"Not ready for that," she warned.

"Which means she's been thinkin' about it..." Jeff drawled.

She shook her head. "Won't ever be ready for that," she said under her breath.

Chuckles followed. The finger prodded her again. "Just relax," Casey said. "Neither of us is going there, we're just playin'."

"Good to know," she rasped.

And yet, as embarrassing as it was to know they both watched while one of them played with her there, and even though the intrusion burned, the deeper he prodded, the more her pussy reacted. It grew engorged. Her lips clenched and released. Hot, slick fluid oozed from inside her.

A finger trailed along a dribble. No, *Christ*, it was a tongue because it widened and lapped. The finger withdrew from her ass and something else pushed against her, something slim and pointed.

"Just a dildo," Casey said. "Don't grip it so tight."

As if she had control over those particular muscles at the moment. Still, he worked it 'round and 'round, easing her open until the tip sank into her. When it was inches inside, a strap was worked around her thighs. "To hold it there," Jeff whispered. "Don't worry."

Don't worry? She had a dildo up her ass and already her pussy was on fire. Her thighs tensed and she gave a shallow, backward thrust.

Fingers slid through her folds then tugged the hair cloaking them. "Always in such a hurry?" This time it was Casey. His wet fingers trailed over her backside then fell away. When a slap landed on one cheek, she gave a short, shocked laugh.

But the next one stung, and she stayed silent, not sure how she felt about this because the pain left her feeling slightly off balance. Another slap landed, and then another. Her skin warmed and something strange began to happen. A lassitude entered her limbs, an odd, floating feeling that increased with the next and the next stinging whack.

"Think she likes it," Jeff said softly while a finger slid inside her pussy. Moist sounds emanated from her pussy as her inner walls began to ripple.

A tongue feathered her inner lips then thrust inside. She gave a short, gusting shout and arched her back, pulling at her bonds.

"Likes it a lot," Casey said, his tone even, something she was coming to realize was his "turned-on" voice.

Another swat landed on her buttocks, hard enough to rock her forward, then something significantly larger thrust into her body. A cock. A thick, hard cock. *Yes!*

Fingers pinched her clit. "Don't come, sweetheart. Don't surrender. Not until I say so."

"Fat chance I can help it!" she gasped.

"You like this?" Casey asked in his growling voice. "Like me fucking you? I'll stop if you come."

Oh God. She wanted him to fuck her and never stop. Not past the first orgasm or the second. And damn, she knew that was a possibility because her ass and pussy were both on fire—and full to the point of gluttony.

Still, he moved in a steady, droning rhythm, in no damn hurry to let her fly.

A hand raised her face. "Open your eyes, baby girl," Jeff said softly.

She hadn't known she'd squeezed them shut, but she opened them at Jeff's urging. He was naked, his cock thrusting from his groin and near enough she could almost lick it.

However, he wanted to play. He gripped himself and ran his hand up and down his shaft. "Want some of this, do you?"

She nodded eagerly.

He gripped the base and slapped her cheek with his dick.

She wasn't proud. She turned to capture it with her mouth, but he moved away. Again he slapped her other cheek and she glared up at him.

Casey slammed her from behind, his belly spanking her buttocks as he increased the speed of his back-and-forth motions.

Her mouth slackened and Jeff slid his tip inside.

Jostled forward and back, she tried to suck hard to hold Jeff with her lips, but he stood just out of reach so that her mouth ringed him when Casey drove forward, but pulled away when Casey retreated.

It was frustrating, but she understood their goal. Heat built in her core, causing an almost painful, desperate cramping. Her breaths came in soft gusting sobs.

Casey changed the angle of his thrusts and butted against the base of the dildo stuck in her ass, forcing it deeper each time he muscled forward. He must have signaled to Jeff because his partner cupped her face and forced her jaws wider. Then he thrust into her mouth, crowding deeper with each stroke.

She moaned and clamped her mouth around him, sucking hard because she needed to draw him into her, needed release from this heavy fullness, this drugging abandon that was stealing her mind, her will.

Casey's hands parted her buttocks, his strokes shortened, sharpened. Just when she was sure she couldn't take it another second, she heard, "That's it, baby. Let go. Let go. Come for us!"

And she did, flying apart, spasming so hard on the bench it bucked beneath her.

Jeff hissed between his teeth then blew, and thick, salty spurts hit the back of her throat.

She sucked them down, drawing on him like a fat straw, unwilling to let up the pressure because Casey was still hammering her from behind.

As he shouted, there was a moment when she felt suspended in the air, and then her feminine channel convulsed, pulsing around his shaft. She quivered and cried, begged silently for it to end, to be held, and then her arms were freed, and she was pulled from the bench.

Strong arms enfolded her, cuddling her against a broad chest. She clung to Casey, wiping her tears on his skin and hiccupping until her breaths evened out.

A kiss landed on her forehead, and she blinked to find Jeff squatting beside them on the floor. His smile was soft, his gaze tender. "You were amazing."

She sniffed. "Fuck you."

Casey snorted and tightened his arms. A hand gripped her hair and pulled back her head. His gaze raked her face. "We're not settling for a weekend."

Something she needed to hear. Still, that pesky voice of reason told her it was ludicrous to even consider his demand. "Just because your dick's happy, doesn't mean this is a good idea," she said snidely.

"You get a potty mouth every time you get pissed?"

"I get pissed whenever I have a dildo crammed up my butt."

"Happen often?" Jeff quipped.

She rolled her eyes.

"I mean it," Casey said. "We've just started. I think this will work."

Pamela dragged in a deep breath, trying to still the quivering gasps still shaking her body. "I'm thirty-eight years old," she said, her voice thick with tears.

His features softened with a smile. "A slow learner. I'm okay with that."

She shook her head but couldn't stop the little grin that tugged at the corners of her mouth. "The dildo?"

"I don't know. I like the thought of where it's stuck right now. Truth be told, I'm a little jealous."

Jeff laughed. "You two are gonna be the death of me."

Pamela arched an eyebrow at Casey then they both swung their glances Jeff's way. "Sounded like a challenge to me."

"Yup. Good thing we've all the time in the world to make it happen."

Epilogue

Three months later, Pamela signed the last documents authorizing the new manager access to the bank accounts. Andrew sat across her desk, his cheeks florid with rage, but the deed was done. He'd caved at last, after she'd threatened to sell her half of the business for a dollar to a business rival. Everything had moved swiftly after that. She'd made sure of it.

She had incentive—"the boys" had something special planned and had set a deadline for her to be free and legal.

The bank VP signed his approval then turned to the new manager. "Everything's in order. Congratulations."

Pamela pushed up from her desk for the last time. She'd decided to take a step back and play silent partner for a while. Maybe for good—if she liked playing Suzy Homemaker as much as she anticipated. "I hope you enjoy your new office."

When she left the room, Andrew followed on her heels. "Pam, this is crazy. I can't believe you'd leave. You've poured your heart and soul into this business."

She halted and glanced back. "You're wrong, Andrew. I poured my heart and soul into you, but you threw it away. It's time for me to move on. You should be happy. I know Heather will be ecstatic. I'm out of the picture for good now except for an annual audit. Have a nice life."

And she almost meant it. Her old resentments and sorrow had faded, soothed by all the masculine attention showered on her every day over the past few months.

The elevator chimed. She turned toward the sound and the two strapping men who stepped into the corridor. Instantly, she felt lighter, happier. Casey and Jeff were dressed in business suits because they'd wanted to make the best and most emphatic impression on her ex—a little boost for her ego before she forgot Andrew ever existed.

She gave both men a wide smile and lifted her cheek for pecks from each.

"What's this?" Andrew asked, his voice deepening with suspicion.

"My lunch dates."

"What?"

She didn't have to look back to know that right about then his face was turning purple with outrage. "Yeah," she said, gifting both of her "trophy" men a blissful smile. "My boyfriends. One for each arm."

Casey offered her an arm. Jeff crooked his elbow as well. Then, clutching both of them, she gave a peal of laughter as the guys hustled her into the elevator.

When the doors slid shut, she blew out a deep breath. "That went a lot smoother than I thought it would. And your timing was impeccable."

Jeff jabbed at buttons on the elevator panel. "Think we can get this thing stuck between floors?"

"Only happens in movies," she said, unable to wipe a silly grin off her face. She hadn't felt this level of elation in years.

Casey grunted. "The parking deck's plenty dark. You do mean to give this place a final 'fuck you' before you leave, right?"

Pamela giggled then glanced at both their expressions. They weren't kidding. She bent double as laughter bubbled over.

"It was a good move, getting her to walk away," Jeff said. "Now we just have to convince her she needs a couple of roommates."

She covered her mouth to stifle another laugh. Maybe she was getting hysterical. "Mr. Johnson would have a heart attack."

"Sweetheart," Casey drawled. "Mr. Johnson has a powerful set of binoculars."

Her head shot up, laughter stalling in an instant. "Noooo!"

Jeff chuckled. "We made his day last night."

"His freaking century," Casey muttered. He pulled her against his side and tipped up her face. "Happy, baby?"

"Happier than I ever thought I could be."

His kiss was short but urgent.

The doors slid open. Pamela darted away, running deep into the shadows, their footfalls pounding behind her. Before she'd reached the darkest corner of the garage, Casey pulled her into his arms. A hand rucked up her skirt. Jeff slid in behind and tugged the band of her underwear, tearing it away.

With the sounds of cars speeding by in the distance, Pamela leaned into Casey for a searing kiss. When they drew apart, she reached for his zipper and jerked it down. Behind her, the scrape of Jeff's echoed against the concrete walls.

Casey cupped her bottom and lifted her, and she spread her legs, making room for both men to slide inside, something they'd practiced often over the past weeks, until they'd gotten the necessary choreography down for the men to "share" her completely.

She kissed Casey's jaw to ease his grim expression as he and Jeff worked their way inside her pussy in slow, grinding increments. As always, she whimpered at the burning stretch.

"No regrets?" Casey whispered, an inch from her mouth.

She gripped his shoulders and held on tight as the men raised her up and down their shafts. "Only that I didn't meet you both years ago."

"Might have ended up in jail, sweetheart," Jeff chimed in, his voice rasping like sandpaper.

"Would have been worth it," she groaned.

"We're never letting you go," Casey said, his crystal gaze boring into hers. "Just so you know."

Pamela reached behind her and slid a hand behind Jeff's head, hugging him, and then closed the distance to meet Casey's mouth. "Just so you know, I'll hold you to that promise."

As the two men turned up the heat, forcing her up and down, faster and faster, she grinned. "Maybe we should send Andrew a thank-you card," she panted.

Jeff and Casey laughed then pressed closer, kisses sliding over her cheeks and mouth.

Pamela whimpered as hands roamed her sides and one slid down her belly to circle on her clit. Her orgasm built, winding tighter and tighter. "Oh God, Casey!"

"Not yet...fuck, not yet," he whispered in her ear.

"Speak for yourself, bastard," Jeff growled.

Tires squealed, lights flashed, but Pamela didn't care. "Don't you stop, not now!"

"Get a fucking room!"

That's all it took. She screamed as both men lunged inside her, pushing through her rippling inner walls.

When at last she lay limp against Casey's chest, the two men withdrew. Jeff first, zipping up, then lifting her into his arms while Casey stuffed his cock back into his trousers.

"But what about you?" she asked sleepily.

Jeff's chest shook beneath her cheek. "Sweetheart, the best is yet to come. We've got big plans."

Cradled against his chest, she glanced over his shoulder at Casey who followed only paces behind them. He gave her wink then a quick flash of white teeth.

Pamela shook her head, trusting in a bright future she'd never expected. Who would have thought a handful of misplaced screws could bring a woman this kind happiness? Her heart was filled to the bursting point with love for her two "handy" men.

She snuggled deeper into Jeff's arms and extended her hand toward Casey, who caught it and pressed a kiss into her palm. No, life couldn't get any sweeter than this.

But then it did.

"How's Paris sound, sweetheart?"

About the Author

Delilah Devlin dated a Samoan, a Venezuelan, a Turk, a Cuban and was engaged to a Greek before marrying her Irishman. She's lived in Saudi Arabia, Germany and Ireland, but calls Texas home for now. Ever a risk taker, she lived in the Saudi Peninsula during the Gulf War, thwarted an attempted abduction by white slave traders and survived her children's juvenile delinquencies.

Creating alter egos for herself in the pages of her books enables her to live new adventures. Since discovering the sinful pleasure of erotica, she writes to satisfy her need for variety—it keeps her from running away with the Indian working in the cubicle beside her!

In addition to writing erotica, she enjoys creating romantic comedies and suspense novels.

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

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