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EVE KNIGHT

THE PARK RANGERS

The Pleasure Club

The Park Rangers [The Pleasure Club]
by Eve Knight

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The Park Rangers

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Dedication

To Anna Leigh Keaton for allowing me to include this story in *The Pleasure Club* series. This was a lot of fun for me to write.

To everyone in the GIAM community. I'm so glad to have found you! You've all given me more than I can ever express here. Thank you!

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Welcome to the Pleasure Club

Dear Ms. Julie Channing,

We're pleased to welcome you to The Pleasure Club.

As you have already signed and returned the contract and filled out all the necessary forms to ensure you receive your every wish, we will be in touch with you shortly with the details of your first Pleasure Night. Your Wish List and Pleasure Forms have been turned over to our staff of highly trained Pleasure Guardians, and they are hard at work finding your perfect match.

We will endeavor to meet your personal fantasy.

When you are contacted again, you will be given a location where your Pleasure Night will begin, and you will also be given a safe word to use should you at any time become uncomfortable. There is no shame in changing your mind. We're here for your pleasure, and should your safe word be used, your match for the evening will cease all activity, and the game will be put on hold until a mutual agreement between you and your Pleasure Masters can be reached.

Once again, welcome to The Pleasure Club. Please feel free to contact the office at any time should you have any questions.

Yours truly,

The Pleasure Club Management

* * * *

Julie,

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Your Pleasure Night will begin Monday, the twentieth, at Everglades National Park around three p.m. Please find enclosed a map of the park with the necessary parking area and hiking paths highlighted for your convenience. To fully meet your request, we ask that you not deviate from what we've specified.

Also included is a cell phone number. If, for any reason, you encounter difficulties parking or while en route to meet your pleasure masters, the person on the other end will assist you. For extra safety, we will have spotters on the ground observing your arrival until you meet up with your pleasure masters. The safety of everyone involved in your pleasure night is of the utmost importance to us here at the club.

Your safe word is contraband.

Sincerely,

The Pleasure Guardians

* * * *

Waves of heat rose up from the blistering ground. It baked the soles of my hiking boots, and sucked the sweat from my pores to soak through my top and worn jeans. Sticky humidity weighted my every breath, engulfing me in its inferno.

To many, this was hell in the middle of July. Summer brought torrents of rain, and severe lightning that set fire to the pines and scattered wildlife.

But to me, it was heaven.

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Bordered on all sides by wet prairies, the Pinelands boasted large, dense groves of sabal palm, saw palmetto, and Dade County Pine.

A slight, rain-scented breeze laced with smoke ruffled the hair at the nape of my neck, providing me some respite from the heat. Lightning arced through the trees, and the accompanying rumble of thunder followed seconds later. I progressed down the twenty-two mile long Old Ingraham Highway, passing a cluster of West Indian lilac. Somewhere in the distance an Eastern bluebird called.

My lungs labored with every step that took me away from the highway down another trail. My muscles burned. The forty pounds I carried strained my shoulder muscles. Sweat poured down my back and trickled between my breasts.

I was a long way from home. My boring existence as a sex hotline operator living sad and single in Detroit didn't provide me much entertainment.

Since dropping out of college two years ago, I've worked to satisfy men and sometimes women. To get them off while I went to bed alone and unsatisfied.

Some callers were downright disgusting, some lonely. Whether they wanted something dirty from me or not, as long as I got paid, I didn't care.

There were some callers, though, who piqued my curiosity with their vividly hot fantasies. There were nights when I didn't have to fake an orgasm. My climax would slam into me with such force, I'd have to restrain myself to not lose control. I'd end the call and lie awake, tossing and turning, my pussy overflowing.

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My fantasies became more vibrant as time passed. I didn't just crave a night of hot, raunchy sex with one man but two. Two men who'd draw out the sultry, sexy woman inside me.

It was pure fate that introduced me to The Pleasure Club. My cousin, Amira, did nothing but rave about the skill of the pleasure masters.

She'd needed only one night with one master she called Michael to add some zest to her life. She'd gotten a bit of that and much more since her night eight months ago. Now she had a fiancée and a baby on the way. There was still hope for me. Letting go of my inhibitions would set me free and perhaps change my life, too.

How could I resist going after a fantasy, especially one that came custom-made, tailored to fulfill my every naughty desire? I was tired of breezing through life, never taking chances, never adventuring beyond the familiar. So what if I didn't get into nursing school? I could be a kickass photographer. I just needed to take the plunge.

I needed to stop hiding and pretending Honey Trollop didn't exist. I had to accept her as part of me—all of her. No more shy, boring Julie. It was time I went after what my body craved—to release my inner trollop.

I'd always loved the idea of a park ranger. My fantasy involved two rangers slaking my lust in one of the most magnificent national parks our country had to offer. I shared this deep, dark desire with Amira, along with my concerns about safety. She assured me that The Pleasure Club would be perfect for meeting and surpassing my every need, while maintaining the utmost discretion.

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Satisfied, I acted on impulse. I booked my flight. Rented the SUV I had parked at Long Pine Key camping and picnic area, and reserved the hotel room to stay in after my Pleasure Club experience—all steps that brought me to where I was now, awaiting my Pleasure Masters.

A low rumbling nearby signaled the approach of a vehicle. Heat stirred inside me, a heat not entirely brought on by the extreme temperature.

A jeep crested the rise behind me. I stepped aside on the road to allow the official-looking vehicle to pass to my right. Instead of leaving me in its dust, the driver pulled over to the wide shoulder and parked.

He pushed up his visor and rolled down his window. The cool air inside the cab wafted out, bringing with it the scent of leather, sweat, and man. His dark gaze traveled slowly down my body. Its intensity sent my hormones rioting.

"Excuse me, ma'am. Are you lost?" he inquired, his eyes finally meeting mine. "You're trespassing. This path isn't safe for hiking. You'll need to come with me to safer ground."

"How does one look lost? Besides, you've never seen a woman walking alone?" I infused a hint of irritation in my tone so my words fell somewhere between annoyed and bitchy.

I was nowhere near being lost. About a quarter of a mile back, I purposefully ignored the "no trespassing" sign, walking under the gate barring my way.

"Folks don't travel without a partner or two. Those who do are usually up to their necks in trouble."

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"Well, as you can see, my neck isn't up to anything but getting covered in sweat and mosquito bites." I swatted at the pest on my cheek. "It's my shoulders and back that are starting to ache like a son of a bitch."

I only slightly regretted including in my fantasy the parts involving me walking miles through the swamp carrying a sack heavy enough to bend me in two. The only thing keeping me going this past hour was the thought of the phenomenal fuck awaiting me—my reward for such persistence.

He eyed my gear. "How long are you planning to stay with us?"

"Just a day."

He lifted a brow, skepticism flashing in his expression before his gaze became shuttered. A line formed in his tanned forehead. "That's a lot for one person to be lugging around, especially for only spending a few hours on the trail. What do you have in there?"

"Nothing too impressive, just the things I need to make my hike more comfortable. Mostly water since I'm so hot."

I wasn't overheated yet, but I couldn't wait to see how high this guy would take me.

"Show me. And while you're at it, hand over some identification."

"Is this necessary?" I shifted, repositioning my burden.

"It is if you're in possession of something illegal. You're trespassing and refusing to cooperate. I'm more than a little suspicious of what you have in that sack."

"Suspicious? Of me? I'm harmless, Ranger." I feigned an appearance of innocence. I widened my eyes before

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narrowing my gaze on his stark expression. "Just what are you thinking I'd find worth stealing? I'm just here for a relaxing hike. I'm trying to get in touch with my primitive self."

"There's plenty you could be carrying: some of our plant life, bird feathers, soil samples, rocks..."

"I didn't get your name. I want to be sure I report the correct ranger to the National Park Service when I file my complaint."

"Ranger Jim at your service, ma'am." Ranger Jim slid his long body from the jeep. His khaki pants molded themselves to his tight ass, his matching buttoned down shirt stretched tight over his broad chest. He strode to me, unhurried, his stare penetrating. "Now, how about handing over your identification? And unless you want to show me your research and collecting permit, I'm taking you in. I've had enough of your games."

"I haven't done anything. You can't do that."

He stopped before me. He stood so close I could smell the cinnamon on his breath and the sharp tang of his aftershave. "I'm doing you a favor. We'll go to my office where my partner and I will examine every item in that knapsack and on your person. Unless you want to get soaked out here. It makes no difference to me where we conduct our interview."

I peered up at the approaching dark clouds. Thunder, low and ominous, roared in the distance.

I could fight him, but I'd lose. He had a good sixty pounds on me, and a good eight inches to my five foot three. I wasn't

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a waif by any means, but he was well proportioned and all lean, hard muscle.

I glared into his tanned, angular face. "You and your partner, huh? You afraid you can't handle me on your own?"

His full lips turned down into a severe frown. I thought I observed a glint of humor in his gaze, but when I looked again, I only saw the same blank expression as before. "Ranger Brad and I never work alone when dealing with a difficult tourist."

I took a sip from my canteen. The cool water tasted delicious as it soothed my parched throat. "I can't see how I'm being difficult. You're the one who stopped me."

"Are you going to hand over your identification, or should I just haul you in then strip search you myself?"

I took my time obeying his order. I reached into a jean pocket and removed my wallet, while sending him a defiant glare from under the brim of my old cowboy hat.

Only when I found my fake ID did I raise my gaze to his. I handed over the card. To The Pleasure Club, privacy was just as important as safety. When I approached Amira with my intentions, she explained how all interactions between club members must be anonymous. It was an individual choice whether or not to provide real names.

Ranger Jim scrutinized the ID with the photo of the woman with short red hair and blue eyes before glancing to me. I bought a pair of blue contacts and chopped off a good six inches to my natural fiery locks.

"Take off your hat."

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The hiss and crackle of the two-way radio echoed from inside the jeep. Ranger Jim turned his profile to me to reach inside the cab for the receiver. "This is Delta One."

"This is Cougar Two. What's the hold up? This storm's a big one. Better get back to the station ASAP."

"I'm heading back right now. Bringing a tourist in for questioning."

"Shit," Cougar Two snapped as he let out a long sigh. "So much for going home early."

"I don't think you'll mind interviewing this particular tourist." There was no way I could miss the dose of smugness in his tone. "Over and out, Delta One."

I pulled my hat off to let it dangle by my side.

Ranger Jim backed from the truck and turned his focus on me. "So, Ms. Honey Trollop, will you come with me, or do I need to take you in by force?"

I advanced toward him, leaning in, breathing him in as I moved. My breasts brushed against him. My nipples tightened as I inhaled. "You won't have to force me to do anything, Ranger Jim. I'm all yours."

I plucked the ID from his loose grip. I let myself fall into him as I shoved it back into my pocket. He caught me, his strong hands catching me under my arms. His hands trailed a purposeful path down the sides of my breasts. His nimble fingers squeezed at my erect nipples through the transparent lace of my black bra.

A fat, cool raindrop landed on my nose followed by another then another that slid down my face to land on my chest.

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Within a matter of seconds, what started slow and cooling turned fast and drenching.

I allowed him to take the pack from my shoulders before he unceremoniously tossed it into the back of the jeep. The humid breeze that blew against the back of my neck sent a slight shiver through me. I rolled the kinks from my shoulders and neck, thankful to have my load removed.

Placing a large hand at the center of my back, he guided me to the passenger side. He lifted me up and inside the cab's cool interior. His palm slid over my waist and hips to my ass. His hand rubbed intimately against the crotch of my threadbare jeans. I could feel the firm press of his fingers moving against me. My pussy responded; wetness dampened my cotton panties. My anticipation grew with every second.

"Can you feel how wet you're making me?" I asked.

Rain pelted him, my question going unanswered.

He kept his gaze hooded, while his hand remained where it was. He made sure I felt his touch. I pushed back against him, moving my hips, grinding myself against his hand. He found the rip at the top of my thigh and tore. He slid just one finger inside to tease the lace fringe of my panties before skimming under to breeze through my wet curls.

I shivered as he widened the tear to insert another finger. Gooseflesh rose on my arms and legs as he swept them over the outer lips of my pussy.

"You're hot, but we'll make you even hotter," he said, removing his hand to close the jeep door. He dashed in front of the hood to the driver's side. Rain plastered his shirt to his chest and abs, outlining every hard plane.

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He clambered in and started the engine. The wipers squeaked with every rapid swipe over the windshield. Cold air from the vents blasted us, molding our sodden clothes to our skin. The jeep's headlights beamed a path through the Glades as he drove through the rain.

Ranger Jim maneuvered the jeep north, away from the Pinelands. We moved slowly through the area known as "The River of Grass" for its saw grass prairies. We wound our way through a maze of willows and oaks interspersed with tropical hardwood trees like the gumbo Limbo and poison wood.

Outside, thunder raged and lightning flashed. Inside the small cab, gravity pulled us together with every turn, making the tension between us crackle.

As we made another wide right turn, the jeep listed to the left. The console dug into my leg as I leaned over to pass my hand down his chest, his rock-hard pecs noticeable beneath his shirt. Ignoring the console, I moved my hand lower, stopping just shy of his belt. I glanced down at his fly. His cock rose to attention as I grasped him in my palm.

I rested my hand there, gently massaging him. He was thick and long. My panties weren't just damp; they were saturated. I wouldn't have to worry about him not being large enough for what I wanted—a long, hard, fast, rough fuck.

The jeep passed Royal Palm Visitor Center and out onto the main road past signs warning of the Florida panther.

"Aren't we going to stop there?"

"No. We're going somewhere a little more private."

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The jeep drove down another path, passing shallow water and thick vegetation—a safe haven for many number of wildlife.

"Look there." He gestured to an alligator lounging in a culvert beside the road. "That's why this area's dangerous. Unless you're looking to be his lunch."

Being alligator bait wasn't as tempting as being devoured by two rangers. "No. I think he wouldn't take the time to enjoy his feast." I sent Ranger Jim a pointed stare, one that left no room for interpretation. "If I'm going to be any man's meal, I want him to fully appreciate what I have to offer."

His diligent gaze met mine. "I'm a ranger who takes his job very seriously. Taking great care to preserve my surroundings is part of my job description. Brad and I are very thorough. Before you leave this park, we'll uncover any suspicious activity on your part."

We reached the ranger station in just under ten minutes. He grabbed my knapsack before hoisting me from the jeep and ushering me inside the cool, almost deserted building.

A man with blond hair and a lighter complexion than Ranger Jim's met us at the door, his shrewd, piercing blue eyes examining me from damp head to booted toe before acknowledging my companion. "About time you got here. Got an APB about a missing tourist from Miami. Doesn't look like she fits the description."

As they stood close, I noticed that although in appearance they were as different as night and day, they were both of approximately the same height and build. "Nah, Brad, she's not missing." Ranger Jim bolted the station's doors, shutting

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out the beating rain and crashing thunder. "I found her just off Ingraham Highway with that on her back." He indicated my backpack he'd tossed on a tabletop. "Looks and feels like too much for just going on a day trip. Brought her back here because she was getting smart."

Ranger Brad turned to me, his stare curious. "Oh yeah? That right?"

He waited. I remained silent and still, my pores absorbing all the raw masculinity surrounding me.

I sent Ranger Brad a cool shrug. His roaming cobalt gaze passed over me with a nonchalance that reminded me of how one might lick a popsicle—slow, long, and smooth. His full mouth with its devilish tilt at one corner would suck up every dewy drop.

With that thought, my muscles constricted, my juices melting my pussy into a drenched puddle of need.

I couldn't keep the enthusiasm from my voice. "My name's Honey Trollop, and I don't get smart. I get even."

Ranger Brad turned to his associate. "I get why you brought Ms. Trollop back here. She's going to be a handful."

I pretended not to hear as I averted my gaze from Ranger Brad to the maps and the aerial views of the park posted on all four walls of the office.

Ranger Jim reached for my arm, his hold firm but not bruising. "You check out her gear. I've got her. She might have something lethal in there, so be careful."

"Sure you don't want my help?" Ranger Brad fooled with a zipper on my backpack. "I'd be glad to lend a hand."

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"You can join us after you've emptied and gone through the contents of that sack."

With that, Ranger Jim propelled me through the doorway into another office, its decor simple, industrious. A coat rack and hangers sat in one corner. The smell of old burnt coffee permeated the air. A couch and desk took up the rest of the small space. A closed door on the opposite corner led to another chamber. Outside, the rain lashed against the grimy windows.

With one hand, he closed the portal, while his other remained locked about my arm. "You're soaked. Let's get you out of these clothes. Wouldn't want you to get sick."

"I am feeling a bit warm."

In a pretense of concern, he rested the back of his hand against my forehead before passing it down to the base of my neck where my pulse throbbed hard and heavy. "You're not burning up, but we can't take any chances."

I couldn't help but follow his clichéd teasing. "I'm not hot there. You'll have to go much lower to find my fire."

I pulled myself from his hold to turn and face the windows. I downed the rest of my water before setting my canteen on the table. A slight tremor slowed my fingers as I reached for the buttons of my blouse, their trembling not of fear, but of fervor. "How long will you keep me here?"

"That all depends on you. If you cooperate, you'll be on your way before sunset."

I whirled around, my blouse open, exposing my full, lace-framed breasts, my nipples standing at attention. I sent Ranger Jim a stare that just dared him to keep me trapped in

that office for any unnecessary length of time. "And what if I don't? From the minute you pulled me over, you've done nothing but harass me. Why should I willingly submit to your examination?"

He prowled closer, his strides silent. He stopped just in front of me, only a few inches separating us. I felt the warmth from his body strike my bare skin as he leaned in. His breath caressed me. "Because if you've been a bad girl and lied to me, I'll let you off easy."

Ah, so he'd turn rogue, but for what price?

His fingers tugged at the ends of my blouse, opening it further. He drew me closer, my hands remaining trapped at my waist.

"I don't understand." The moistness left my lips. I wetted them with my tongue. I wanted to relish his formidable presence and taste him with an animalistic hunger that bordered on pain.

He'd been keeping me at arms-length so I couldn't touch him, giving me just enough to get me hot, but not nearly enough to satisfy the lust he provoked in me.

"I'm saying if we find something incriminating on you, we'll let you off. But you'll have to do something for us in return."

"I'll do whatever you want."

I stretched up on my toes. My hands broke from their confinement to grip the brawny expanse of his biceps. A fervid thrill coursed through me. The salacious look he sent me made my nerves sizzle and my slit burn.

His hands moved to my waist then to my hips. My hands lost their purchase on his arms.

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"I'm glad we understand each other."

My lips parted with anticipation as he anchored me to his solid lankiness. His dark head lowered, his mouth slanted in a hot, brutal kiss over mine. Our tongues thrust and tangled together, advancing and retreating in a seductive tango.

I forged deeper into the kiss, meeting his advances and raising the bar of his assault. I bit at his lips, nipping at the corners of his mouth. I found and ripped at the buttons of his shirt, yanking a few off in my haste to expose his pecs.

His hands squeezed my ass before returning to my pockets.

He lifted his head, his gaze probing mine. "Will I find anything here?" He slipped his hands into my pockets.

I lowered my lids to mere slits. "You tell me."

He removed his hands, something clenched in one large fist. "Well, what do we have here?" He opened the envelope. Two feathers fluttered to the floor. "Tisk, tisk. I knew you were lying. Let's see what else you've been hiding."

I shook my head. My hat fell to the floor with the feathers. "I wasn't lying."

He grabbed hold of my belt and steered me toward the table. "Sure you weren't." Disbelief and accusation riddled his words. "Stop trying to bullshit me. 'Fess up. I told you, we'll make a deal, just give us what we want."

"Which is?"

"The truth."

He turned me about so that my back was against the table. "Off with your clothes, and be quick about it."

He backed away. Gathering the feathers and my hat, he watched me.

With my heart jerking in my chest, I dove for the closed door, my freedom a few feet away.

He pounced. "No, you don't."

Grabbing me by the back of my jeans, he hauled me none too gently to the table. Pushing me down on its cool surface, he held me still while he unfastened my belt. He tugged the leather from the loops, then tied one end around one of the table's sturdy legs. The other end found its way around my right ankle.

"I thought I would go easy on you, but you've taken that option from my hands. We'll leave your boots on for now. Keep your arms up, and don't move."

My remaining blouse buttons went flying as he ripped it open. The cotton slipped down my shoulders and arms to drop to the floor. A chilly breeze crept beneath my bra, pebbling my nipples.

He made short work of my bra, tearing it from my sweat-drenched skin. He lifted and fondled my breasts, rotating my nipples between his calloused fingers. My breath caught on a moan of pleasure as he increased the pressure on my nipples, intensifying the strength of his caress.

"What do you have planned for me?"

He left my breasts to explore my curves. Down my ribcage to the front of my jeans, he traced every dip and rise. The zipper rasped as he tugged it down. The button slipped loose under his deft fingers. I wriggled my hips, the denim dropping down my legs to pool at my ankles.

He pushed a large hand between my spread thighs. His palm pressed intimately against the damp cotton of my panties. I bucked against his probing touch, feeling it all the way to my core. I felt every brush of his hand against me. My legs were splayed as wide as my restraints would allow, but it wasn't wide enough.

"Untie me."

He inserted a digit under the frilly lace of my panties. "Will you behave?"

He traced the outer lips of my pussy before dipping inside. He played with my clit, my cream bathing his thumb. I struggled to free my hands, but he held me fast.

"Will you?" A finger joined his thumb. "I can always call for Brad."

I wanted them both to take me together, but only after they'd both had me individually would I surrender.

One night, a male colleague and I had a male caller who wanted to relive an experience of a threesome. I found role-playing the woman between them to be more stirring than anything I could've imagined. That call put me on this quest to experience the real thing for myself. And who better to fulfill my fantasy than two rugged outdoorsmen?

"For now," I conceded, stilling my struggles.

"Good."

He untied my belt then assisted me to remove my boots and remaining clothing. A chill rushed over me as I stood there, naked to his perusal.

"Want help with your clothes?" I tugged at his belt. His erection pushed against his fly. I smoothed my hand down

the bulge, a feline smile curving my lips. I couldn't wait to take him in my mouth.

Thunder roared, shaking the building. I've never been afraid of storms, but the loud crash startled me and I stumbled right against Ranger Jim's chest. His arms came around to steady me. "You're feeling a bit cold, Ms. Trollop. I know just the thing that'll warm you up."

He bundled me in his arms and guided me across the room to the closed door. He pushed it open before leading me inside. We passed a large bed overflowing with colorful pillows and throws. The open doorway of the bathroom appeared on our right, its marble tiles awash with light from a three-tiered chandelier.

He set me on my feet then turned on the two faucets of the walk-in shower. Steam filled the chamber, billowing around us in a thick haze.

I ran my hands over the shirt of his uniform, pushing it off his shoulders to fully expose his muscular chest. My hands progressed once more to his fly. I pawed at his zipper and stroked his thick ridge through his pants. I danced my fingers sensually along his length.

Air hissed through his teeth. His cock swelled in my palm. He tried stepping away, but I flattened my nakedness against him, pressing him back against the marble counter with its double sink. "Not fair, Ranger." My nails scraped over his broad back. "You can't expect me to be passive all night, can you?"

I straddled him, my thighs wrapped around his hips, the solid counter anchoring me to him. I arched back, pulling

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again at his belt. The satisfying swish and clink as it slid from his pants to hit the floor was sweet music to my ears.

I hopped down, pulling him with me. I made short work of stripping him bare. My gaze went straight to his lean hips and hard thighs, then to his heavy cock.

My mouth watered and my pussy throbbed, my cream cascading from my slit. I reached with a fingertip and traced his veins before wrapping my hand about him, testing his girth. My pulse raced as I palmed him with lazy strokes.

I bent my head and took him slow and deep into my mouth. My tongue swirled over the head, dipping to taste the heady drop of cum on its tip.

"Are you wanting me to beg, Ms. Trollop?" I heard with delight how, with every lick and suckle, I was slowly snapping the threads of his control. His rich cocoa-colored eyes sparked, the fire in their depths set my skin to burning.

I gave his cock one long, thorough lick before raising my head. From under my thick lashes, I peered up into his face and saw the tic pulsing in his jaw. "Just wanted you to suffer a little."

"So noted."

We stepped inside the shower. Steam surrounded us, enfolding us in its damp heat. Our mouths met.

We explored the groove of teeth and the soft skin of inner lip and cheek. We ran our hands freely over the other. I scored my nails lightly over his shoulders. He leaned back against the stall wall, and I passed my hands down his impressive chest to his taut abs. He, in turn, found every sensitive hollow and plane of my body. Every inch of my skin

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drew scrutiny from his deft fingers until I clung to the wall with both hands, my hips undulating in a silent plea for more.

He took hold of a bar of soap, its scent reminding me of nature, earthy and full. He washed the sweat of my journey from my body, his ministrations enticing and thorough as it traveled over me like satin steel gloves over my skin. From my sensitive underarms to behind my knees, from between my breasts to my thighs, he didn't miss an inch of my dewy skin.

My nails dug into his shoulders as I clung to him. He bypassed the curls at the apex of my thighs to insert two fingers into my slick pussy. Water cascaded over my body, washing the suds away as I trembled. With his fingers deep inside me, he brought me to a hard shuddering climax. My inner walls contracted as I angled my hips up, begging for more.

When I could move, I untwined my arms from around his shoulders to slide my wet body down his.

"Now it's my turn." I turned the soap between my hands, working up a thick lather. I itched to rove my hands over every hard inch of him.

I started at his broad shoulders, testing their muscular expanse. I passed my hands over and down his wide chest. The thick pelt of dark hair grazed my palms. I moved lower to his narrow hips then around to probe the firm cheeks of his ass. I glided them across his muscular thighs, then down to examine a small scar just above his knee. Sweeping up and inward, I reached his groin. With long strokes of my hands, I

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worked the soap over his sac and up and down the engorged length of his cock.

After one long last rinse, I wrapped my legs around his hips. His fingers slid again to my wet pussy and up to my hips, the head of his cock poised at my entrance. "Wait, we need protection."

With me still wrapped around him, he turned off the water and stepped from the shower. He held me with one hand, while with the other he removed a handful of condoms from a drawer in the vanity.

With impatience clawing at my nerves, I grabbed one and tore it open with my teeth. The remains of the foil packet fell to the marble floor. I perched on the edge of the vanity as I fitted the condom over him.

He tested my heat with one long stroke inside my pussy. I vaulted into his touch, my hips lifting from the counter. Sliding his fingers from inside me, he grasped my hips and held me as he entered me in one long, deep thrust.

A low groan rose in my throat as I turned my hips first one way than the other to deepen the angle of his stroke. With my legs splayed wide, he filled me to my core.

I raked my nails over his back, demanding he pick up the pace. My teeth found the cords in his neck. I nipped at the spot. His pace only increased a little.

"I don't want to wear you out for Ranger Brad."

"You won't, I promise. This is just to whet my appetite."

"And his, too."

"What?" I asked on a moan as he increased the tempo of his thrusts, giving me exactly what I sought.

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"He's been watching us," he said shortly, slamming into me.

If it were possible, my skin flushed hotter. I knew this was part of my fantasy, but actually thinking of another man watching us made me hotter and more aroused than I could have ever imagined.

I couldn't see Ranger Brad, but in my mind's eye, he was naked and fully aroused as he jerked off. I reached down and took Ranger Jim's balls in my hand. "Where is he?"

"You'll see him soon."

I squeezed him in my palm. He bucked even harder against me. I felt my climax start at the base of my spine and build, pushing me higher and higher before throwing me over the edge.

He followed me over, giving one hard thrust then another before shuddering and going still. Leaning over me, he rested his head on my chest, his breath falling hot and hard across my skin.

We lay there for a moment, collecting ourselves, recharging for the next round. Water dripped and pooled on the floor around us.

He helped me off the vanity and guided me from the bathroom and back in to the bedroom. Grabbing a towel on the way, he wrapped it around my shoulders. The thick cotton captured the wet droplets from my body. "Brad," he called, throwing the pillows from the bed. "I think she's ready for you now."

A mirrored panel of the wall beside the bed moved aside, revealing a sliding door with a two-way mirror on the opposite

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side. Ranger Brad stood naked, his presence filling the whole of the small space. The tiny alcove led through the bedroom and into the bathroom. A door leading into that room remained hidden as Ranger Brad stepped into view.

"It's not looking good for you, Ms. Trollop," Ranger Brad said, lounging beside me on the bed. "I found some incriminating evidence in your knapsack that could get you into a lot of trouble."

Ranger Jim sat at the end of the large rectangular bed. "She understands our terms. She's agreed to fully cooperate with us. So far, she hasn't caused too much trouble."

"Now comes the real test." Ranger Brad reached over and ran his hand over my bare breast to my budding nipple. Lust stirred deep in my belly. "You'll have both of us to contend with. Think you can handle it?"

I took in his golden skin and equally remarkable physique. Where Ranger Jim's eyes were expressionless, Ranger Brad's held a hint of devilishness. Where Ranger Jim could've been a dark mercenary of old, Ranger Brad resembled a Viking. Each man, though different, had the same goal in mind. Conquest. And I was to be their prize.

I crawled my hand over the satin coverlet to the top of his thigh, my fingers just teasing his cock. "Question is, can the two of you handle me?"

Ranger Brad's lips quirked as he leaned closer. "We'll just have to find out, won't we?"

He pulled me down on top of him, his mouth gliding over mine in a wet, hungry kiss. His erection pressed against my

lower abdomen, standing at full attention, a testament to his control.

Ranger Brad tossed aside the towel. His hands cruised over my body with a thoroughness that made me shiver with need. He dragged his mouth from mine to pass it over and down my neck to my breasts. He sucked hungrily at my nipple, sending a current of lust straight to my pussy.

I pushed him onto his back on the bed before following him down. I gave him the same attention he did me. From behind, I felt Ranger Jim scoot closer.

Like Ranger Jim, Ranger Brad had a few scars of his own. I traced one on his chest with my lips. The puckered mark stopped just short of his nipple. I took it in my mouth to suck and lave with my tongue. I slid lower down Ranger Brad's body to set kisses over his firm stomach and the scar on his side.

From behind, Ranger Jim tasted the inside of my thigh, sending shivers tripping down my spine. I trembled as he moved higher up my body to lick the outer folds of my labia. He finally came to rest at the small of my back. His tongue lashed against my sensitive skin.

I moved lower down Ranger Brad's torso, my lips closing tight around his cock. "Now honey, don't do that. Don't forget who's in charge here," he said, giving a weak protest.

Ranger Jim merely laughed as he opened a drawer of the nightstand. He took out a bottle of lube and some condoms. "Nice try, Brad. She'll have her way, this time. She'll learn soon enough who's boss."

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Ranger Brad lifted me up his body. I sent him a tiger's smile, all teeth as I licked my lips. "Can't I have more?" I purred, adding more whine than submissive request to my voice as Ranger Brad lowered my pussy over his mouth. My breath caught, a cry remaining trapped in my throat as his tongue plundered me.

Ranger Jim uncapped the bottle of lube and spread a liberal amount over my ass. I stiffened. Uncertainty washed over me. I tilted my head to the side to peer at him. He met my gaze. He left my ass to gently stroke circles over my back. "Just say the word, and I'll stop."

Ranger Brad paused in his feasting to regard me. He placed a tender kiss at the top of my thigh. "This is all up to you, Ms. Trollop."

I didn't need a reminder of the rules. Hell would have to flash freeze before I'd demand they stop. But their concern and care for my pleasure touched me. They were ultimately here for the thrill of a sexual and pleasurable experience, just as I was. But knowing that they were also serious about playing out my fantasy any way I wanted wiped away my fear.

"I know what the word is, but you're not going to hear it from me."

Ranger Brad found my clit with his tongue. His efforts to distract me from what Ranger Jim was doing worked like a charm. I focused on what he was doing with his mouth as his partner continued to massage the lube into my virginal flesh. Ranger Jim carefully inserted one finger, pressing slowly past the barrier, easing his way inside. I stilled at the unfamiliar

and uncomfortable intrusion, stiffening slightly under his hand before forcing myself to relax.

I took and held a breath to acclimate myself to the brief pain as he added another finger then another. The growing pleasure bombarding me from their double penetration removed any lingering discomfort. If I thought this was intense, I couldn't wait to have their cocks buried to the hilt inside me.

I rocked against Ranger Brad's mouth. His tongue swept further inside me. His finger swept over my G-spot. Ranger Jim kept his fingers inside my ass, following the motions of my body.

My orgasm built with every fiery lick and deep push. I wanted to savor the feeling and share it with them so we might all experience bliss together. I lifted myself off Ranger Brad.

"That's enough."

I took a condom, and as I had before with Ranger Jim, I slid it down and over Ranger Brad's hardness.

With the tops of my thighs bathed with my juices, I positioned myself over Ranger Brad's cock. I slid down with agonizing slowness, taking him deep inside my slick channel. Ranger Jim sheathed himself then settled in behind me, the bottle of lube in one hand as he coated the condom.

As he had done with his fingers, Ranger Jim slid the head of his cock slowly past my sphincter, carefully edging himself forward inside my ass. I sat lower and lower over Ranger Brad until he was sheathed completely inside me.

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When each man filled me to the brim, we moved as one. I couldn't tell where one man ended and the other began, we mingled and meshed so well. We moved faster and faster together, holding our pace, giving and taking all we could from each other.

Our pants and moans echoed throughout the room, pushing us forward until we came in unison. I clenched and held them tightly. Our bodies shuddered with the aftershocks, yet still we clung.

I collapsed onto Ranger Brad's chest, our bodies still joined. His heart raged under my cheek as his arms went around my waist. Ranger Jim disposed of his condom then gently washed me with a wet rag.

He got back into the bed. I disentangled myself from Ranger Brad to lie between them. Using their hard bodies for warmth, I curled against them, my head resting on a broad shoulder while muscular arms circled my waist from behind.

"So, did I pass inspection? Am I free to go?" I asked as sleep weighted down my limbs.

I could lie like this between them for hours. I wouldn't mind another go round, but I'd need a little time to recover.

"We should report you and take you in. The evidence I found in your backpack is quite damning," Ranger Brad said. "But..."

"But," interrupted Ranger Jim, "you cooperated and didn't give us much sass. I had my doubts. You made things real easy on us." He passed a hand down my back in a light caress. "Just be careful. This time was a warning. You might not get so lucky next time."

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"Yeah, Ms. Trollop," Ranger Brad added, "you might not be so lucky. So watch yourself. Not every Ranger is as forgiving as we are."

I reached out a hand to each man in turn. My fingers splayed over broad chests to circle and tease a nipple. "So I'm forgiven, and I'll be forgotten?"

Identical grins spread over their handsome faces. Ranger Jim settled his hand at the top of my thigh, his fingers a whisper away from my slick, hot pussy. Ranger Brad turned his head to capture a nipple between his skilled lips.

"Forgiven, but never forgotten," Ranger Jim said, parting my folds before sliding his thumb against my clit, while Ranger Brad scraped his teeth against me.

I gasped at the twin jolts of sensation spiraling through me. I had nowhere to turn or to cling as I again gave them complete control, allowing them to manipulate me as they would. Their hands and mouths worked in tandem, awakening me with expert ease.

As evening fell and the sky cleared, I again fell under their sensual spell. They tantalized and teased, cajoled and manipulated me into submission. Strong hands held me down as I lay exposed to the others touch. They turned me shameless, crying and clawing for release.

They prolonged my agony and their own pleasure with each slow thrust and withdrawal of a cock in my pussy to each tweak of my nipples. With the nipping of teeth against my collarbone and the sensual glide of a tongue against mine, every contact heightened my senses, raising my need to a crescendo.

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Until finally...finally we were together, moving together in one hard, steady rhythm, the height of our passion edging us closer and closer to reaching our limits.

My lungs burned. My body shuddered against the sensual strain. Sex and sweat lingered on our limbs and in the air like an aphrodisiac. I was the first to surrender to its potency.

I lay there with them forging deep inside me, Ranger Brad behind me and Ranger Jim under me. Their faces showed the strain of their control. Spent and weak with exhaustion, I let them take their pleasure.

Another climax rippled through me. I'd brought these powerful men to their knees. That knowledge thrilled me to my core.

"I won't soon forget you two, either," I murmured before falling into an exhausted sex-induced stupor.

Next time—because there would definitely be a next time if I had my way—I'd make sure I'd get doubly lucky. Getting lost in the swamp, eaten by mosquitoes and the heat wouldn't stop me. Even with the threat of alligators, it was still worth the trip.

* * * *

When I opened my eyes, the first rays of sunlight crested over the horizon. I was alone, my body pleasantly sore from my escapades with my rangers. Funny that I thought of them as mine, when we were complete strangers. My experience with them brought us close in a way I've never been before, but would love to take part in again. Kudos to The Pleasure

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Club for pulling off my fantasy. They earned high marks in ingenuity and excitement.

The keys for my rental car were on the nightstand along with a compass.

I grinned as I threw aside the blanket covering me. Rising from the bed, I searched for something to throw on. All evidence of my time with my rangers was gone—my torn clothes, the buttons of Ranger Jim's shirt—everything was neat and tidy in the softly lit chamber. Even the hidden door remained locked up tight.

I peered into the bathroom. I found my bag sitting on the vanity. I'd packed a change of clothes and a bag of toiletries for my stay. Making quick use of the shower, I washed away the physical evidence of the night before. My memories couldn't be washed away. They'd remain with me forever.

With my smile in place, I dressed and, taking the compass as my own personal souvenir, left the Ranger station. My rental car had conveniently appeared in front of the building. All was deserted. Sounds of the fading night accompanied me as I opened the driver's side door and got behind the wheel.

I glanced to the passenger seat and to the folded map. I didn't remember leaving it there earlier. I hoped it would help me find my way out of the park since I didn't have a clue of where this building was in relation to the main road.

After spreading the map out on my lap, a card fell to the floor. Bending down, I picked it up by its corner. Turning on the overhead light, I recognized that it belonged to The Pleasure Club.

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Flipping it over, I read the neat hand-written note, my smile widening.

* * * *

Ms. Trollop,

If you ever feel like taking a walk on the wild side, you know where to find us.

Your ever-thorough rangers,

Jim and Brad

I chuckled to myself as I peered down at the map. Whoever had left it for me marked the proper paths for me to take in order for me to safely reach the main road.

Tucking the card in my purse, I vowed it wouldn't be long until I again let Ms. Trollop come out to play.

The End

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Author Bio

Eve Knight's day-to-day life is pretty uneventful, but when she sits down at her computer, anything can happen. She invites you along for the ride to experience erotic sojourns and partake in the pleasures her imagination has to offer. Plan to stay a while, because there's always something hot brewing. You can learn more about Eve and her books at www.eveknight.com.

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