# BEST FRIENDS EVERYTHING

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It all started as one big misunderstanding...

Miranda STOWE

# Whispers Publishing

www.whispershome.com

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# First published in 2011

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# Best Friends Share Everything

Miranda Stowe

Warning

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# **Best Friends Share Everything**

# A Whispers Publishing Publication

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Published by: **Whispers Publishing**, P.O. Box 1165, Ladson, SC 29456-1165.

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BEST FRIENDS SHARE EVERYTHING By Miranda Stowe [Back to Table of Contents]

### Dedication

For Amber Skyze, Nina Pierce, and Lia Slater for making me fall in love with Erotic Romance.

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### **Chapter One**

\* \* \* \*

As seductions went, this one was going to be perfect. Already set in place, everything looked ready to go.

Jessalyn Sawyer paused at the hall mirror to fluff her hair. Her fingers buried themselves in the nest of wheat-colored locks. She pulled a piece over her shoulder and let it tumble into her plunging neckline. Grinning, she glanced down at the scarlet silk, fringed in black lace underwear, and smoothed her hand over a full, plump breast, purring when her nipple perked with awareness, seeking attention. He'd be home any minute now.

Though Devin probably wasn't aware of it, today was their three-month anniversary. And she wanted to celebrate.

She'd hit every store and boutique on the mall this afternoon in preparation, and now her skin was a golden sienna from the tanning salon. Her toenails had been through the ultimate pedicure. Her fingernails had gotten a French manicure. She'd even tortured her bikini area by buying a pricey and painful Brazilian wax job. But, wow, did her pussy look great.

Her strappy black shoes had tall heels, just as Devin liked. And her expensive panty and bra set showed off a conservative amount of skin that was going to tease him to death.

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It would take her a couple of months to pay off the debt she'd accrued in mere hours. Her credit card still smoked from the number of times it'd been swiped. But it was going to be so worth it.

Just as soon as her tardy boyfriend decided to come home.

He told her he had to work late tonight. So, they hadn't made plans. Well, *he* hadn't made plans. Jessie, on the other hand, planned big. She wanted to pay Mr. Kingsley back tenfold. Devin had startled and pleased her when he'd taken a huge step in their relationship a few days ago. She wanted to show her appreciation by thanking him with a nice *Penthouse Forum* fantasy.

Last week, he'd given her a key to his apartment.

Tonight, she decided to use it.

Grinning, Jessie spun from the mirror and sashayed her way to the kitchen. His kitchen. When her heels clicked against the tiled floor, she halted and smiled at what she'd already accomplished.

The late night snack displayed was an odd assortment, but she thought he'd catch its meaning. Unable to help herself, Jessie sampled the chocolate syrup, dribbling a drop on the pad of her index finger. As she lifted it to her lips, she let the syrup bottle fall back into place between the bowl of strawberries and can of whipped topping.

"Mmm." Swaying to the song on the CD player she'd hidden under the table for special effect, she danced sensually around Devin's kitchen, the clap of her heels keeping beat to the low mood music. She closed her eyes and hummed as she lapped the sweet chocolate off her finger. Delighting in the warm, wet stroke, she swirled her tongue until moisture dampened her panties between her legs.

Shivering with erotic expectation, Jessie grinned and pulled her finger from between her lips. She and Devin were going to have fun tonight. What was even better, he'd told her his roommate was out with some beautiful, easy airhead named Mandy, so it was almost a certainty *he* wouldn't be home until tomorrow sometime. Ergo, she and Devin could have the place to themselves...all...night...long.

She planned to break in every piece of furniture in the living room as well as the vanity and shower in the bathroom and...oh, yeah, definitely every surface in the kitchen. Wow, did she have plans for these high-back dining room chairs.

Devin wouldn't know what hit him. She was going to fuck him until he passed out from orgasm overdose. And then she was going to fuck him some more.

Still gyrating to the beat, she picked up a fluted glass of the champagne she'd already poured for herself and took a long, healthy drink, letting the fizzy bubbles wash over her tongue before she swallowed. Sighing, she picked up a grape and popped it in.

She was halfway through her second glass before she realized the knots in her stomach had loosened, her nerves relaxed, and her body buzzed with an eager anticipation. Primed and ready for a hard, fast fuck before some long, slow sex, and then everything in between, she growled at the slow-ticking clock. If Devin waited too much longer, she'd lose her high. "Come on, honey," she muttered. "Clock out already or I'm going to start without you."

She straightened.

Start without him?

Jessie tugged her bottom lip between her teeth. Okay, so once she'd overheard Devin and his roommate talking about how hot it was to watch a girl get herself off. She'd never done it in front of Devin before though. Hell, she'd never done it alone.

But now she wondered. Experimentally, she set her glass on the table, trailing her hand over the condensation before lowering her damp fingers down her silk-clad stomach until she reached the apex of her thighs. Touching herself through the thin fabric, she gasped. A zing of pleasure zipped through her veins and down the insides of her thighs until her painted toenails tingled. All that sensation rioting through her, and she'd barely grazed herself with the tip of her fingernail.

Jessie jerked her hand away. Lips parted, she stared wideeyed at her spread hand for a good two seconds before she burst out laughing. Wow, that felt good. And here, she'd always assumed masturbation was created purely for lonely, pathetic losers.

She wanted to tug her panties off and experiment a little more, stroke her clit and thrust a couple fingers up her vagina. Her pussy was already throbbing to give it a go. But her seduction scene wasn't quite complete. Rushing now, she went to work lighting the dozen long stem candles she'd set out. Once finished, she blew out a breath. As she poured herself more champagne, she finally heard the key in the door lock.

"Oh, God." She spun toward the kitchen entrance and stared at the dark opening that led into the hall.

He was home.

It was show time.

Setting down her glass, she flipped off the overhead lamp. The room plunged into a dim wavering flicker of candlelight. Grinning to herself, Jessie hurried back to the table. Down the hall, the front door opened. Working quickly, she pushed aside the champagne and turned to hike her bare ass onto the surface of the table. The cool wood caused the skin on her arms to prickle and her nipples to twitch.

In the living room, the sound of footsteps shuffled across the floor. The rattle of jingling metal let her know he'd tossed down his keys.

Wanting to strike an impressionable pose, Jessie used her heel to push out one of the high-back chairs and set one foot on the seat. She propped the other foot on the table next to her.

Royally exposed with her knees spread as far apart as they would go and only a thin layer of silk shielding her pussy from direct exposure to the doorway, she blew out a breath, but kept the pose. She wanted it to be more than obvious what was on her mind when Devin saw her. And she wanted him to react instantly. No beating around the bush; this was meant to be an in-your-face seduction.

Reaching down, she cupped herself, lightly stroking the moist heat permeating from the crotch of her silk panties. Her

body's reaction was instant. Groaning, she pressed against the area a little harder, squeezing the lips around her clitoris together and grinding them over the sweet ache.

This was going to be good. This was going to be so right. Devin was going to be stunned speechless. Fucked speechless.

He must've heard her moan because suddenly footsteps echoed down the hall, nearing the kitchen.

"Hello?" a cautious male voice called so quietly she almost didn't hear him.

Jessie continued to rub herself, working a little harder, rubbing quicker. Her body was on fire, responding immediately. She could come any second.

"Hey there, handsome," she answered, her voice husky with desire. Her head rolled sensuously back on her shoulders so her blond hair could spill down her spine. "I hope you're hungry."

### Sixty Seconds Earlier

Yawning as he unlocked the front door of his apartment, Conner Brandt slipped the strap of his laptop's carrying case off his shoulder.

Home sweet home.

Bleary-eyed, he shuffled across his dark living room and let his computer fall onto the couch cushions. He needed sleep, a shower, and food, not necessarily in that order. The sound of the neighbor's radio seeped through the wall again. Tonight, it was something jazzy and soft. Thank God. It'd lull him right into unconsciousness. He tossed his keys on an end table, humming under his breath along with the music. This melody wasn't typical for the neighbors. Usually, they liked loud, fast-beat hip-hop that kept him up 'til four in the morning. But this was nice. This was soothing.

Plopping onto an old plaid ottoman, he reached down and tore off a shoe. He was working off the second before he realized the music wasn't coming through the wall, but played somewhere inside his apartment.

Or maybe there was no music at all. It was all in his head. Shaking his already sore skull—strained from work overload—Conner sighed. He must be more tired than he'd thought. He needed to learn to clock out earlier. All work and no play did not a sane Conner make.

Straightening, he tilted his head and listened. No, he wasn't imaging it. There was definitely music flowing down the hall from his kitchen.

But *music* from his *kitchen*?

Frowning, Conner pushed to his feet and started that way. When he reached the hallway, he saw the glimmer of dim light spilling from the kitchen entrance. The shifty way the glow flickered told him it had to be an open flame making the illumination.

His roommate had been the last in the apartment. There was no telling how wrecked he'd left the joint.

Jesus, Conner could only imagine what appliance Devin had forgotten to turn off this time. Already braced to find a hand towel ablaze on the stovetop and smoke pouring from the oven, he started back. But he didn't get more than a step before he heard the strangest sound.

Falling to a stop, he paused and cocked an ear. Now that noise sounded too human to be some mechanical error. Jerking back into action, he quickened his pace, wondering if it was an intruder or his roommate.

"Hello?" he called.

But, no, he remembered, it couldn't be Devin. Kingsley's truck hadn't been in the parking garage when Conner had pulled in three minutes ago. Besides, why would Dev sit in the dark kitchen without calling out a greeting?

Then Conner got his answer.

"Hey there, handsome," a low, sexy female voice cooed. "I hope you're hungry."

What the hell?

Frowning, he stopped in the entrance.

And froze solid.

If he'd been a cartoon character, his jaw would've dropped to the floor, his tongue rolling across the ceramic tiles, and his eyes bugging about a foot from their sockets.

But holy mother of God.

If he'd known he was going to come home to find Jessie Sawyer draped across his dining table like the last supper, touching herself, he wouldn't have lingered at the gas station to buy a fucking candy bar.

*Was he hungry?* Ha! He was starving. And his appetite grew to full erection. His cock had never gotten so hard so fast before in his life. As the swollen flesh strained against his briefs, all the blood fled his head and dizziness swamped him.

"Where should we start?" she asked. "Here?" Her hand landed on a bottle of chocolate syrup, then shifted to caress a bowl full of strawberries. "Here? Or here?" Then, bless the saints in heaven, she touched herself again, burying her fingers against her pussy mound and sucking in a breath as she arched her back, which spread her legs further apart and displayed a better view of the goods.

He let out a hoarse groan and clutched the doorframe for support.

She gave a sexy chuckle. "Guess that answers my question," she said, and pushed aside the obstructive cloth of her panties, giving him an unrestricted inspection of pure woman, trimmed bare except for a sexy little patch of hair hiding her femininity.

As she caressed herself, dipping her finger into her glistening vagina only to pull it free to lubricate her clit in a swirling pattern, Conner began to sweat. Why was she doing this to him? Where the hell was Devin? Why was he just standing there, watching?

Temptation had never been this painful. His balls were tight enough to crack walnuts. Ready to free semen, he ached. All he had to do was take the last few steps to her, unzip, and slide his cock home.

Oh, Jesus.

Conner groaned again. He wanted Jessie, had always held a special lust spot in his loins for her. Well, not *just* in his loins actually. She was one of the sweetest, most innocent, freshly honest females he'd ever known. He loved her smile. Her laugh. The way she treated Devin. But Kingsley insisted she was the one-man type.

Was his roommate wrong? Or did she simply want to cheat on his best friend?

Tempted to say fuck it and then fuck her blind, he merely stood there and gaped as she continued to fingerbang herself, massaging her pussy until it bloomed open, so glisteningly wet, and his mouth watered for a taste. His tongue wanted to lap off those juices and plunge into her cunt for some more.

His knees gave out, so he slumped in a heap to the floor in the doorway, forced to watch while her ministrations became harried, harder. Her back bowed, her knees spread even wider, and she panted, so close to the edge, he had to clutch his crotch and squeeze to abate the pain.

"Holy shit," he whispered. "Holy shit."

She came, gasping and writhing on his kitchen table, her legs thrown open so far he could see France as her cunt spasmed and juiced her fingers.

"Mmm," was all he could utter as his entire being shook with the force of his need for release.

She sighed, appeased, and sat upright, her eyes slumberous as she grinned across the kitchen and curled her index finger, motioning him forward. "Devin," she murmured, her voice husky and entreating, "what're you still doing over there, silly? Come finish me. I need your dick deep inside me where I can't reach. I need it so bad."

"Holy shit," he said again, his jaw dropping open. Oh, damn. This hadn't been planned for him, after all.

"Baby?" she said, her eyes crinkling with worry. "What's wrong?"

He swallowed and staggered to his feet. "I..." Unable to talk, he stepped from the shadows of the hall and into the light of the kitchen so she could see his face.

Eyes widening, she gasped and jumped off the table, covering herself with a nearby hand towel. "Ohmigod. *Conner!*"

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## **Chapter Two**

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"I...I..." Sorry was the sentiment he needed, but it strayed from his brain. The only words he could really latch onto were *sex*, *now*, *naked*, *Jessie*, and *right-now*. Since those expressions weren't exactly what he should use in terms of an apology, he snapped his mouth shut and swallowed.

"Why the hell didn't you *say* something?" she cried, skipping around on her heels as she scoped out the kitchen, probably on the look-out for more hand towels.

"I... I..."

Draped in nothing but a 12x16-inch piece of terrycloth, she still had a lot of skin that needed swathed. But she managed to wrap one arm around both breasts and splay the other over that lacy triangle patch between her legs.

Conner just stood there...gaping. Ogling like he'd never seen a semi-nude woman before, he remained frozen in the doorway. Honestly, though, he couldn't move if he wanted to. He couldn't blink, could barely breathe. He could only stare. Okay, he might have made a sound, but it wasn't much more than a needy whimper.

Jessie, however, was a sudden flurry of motion. She leaped a step toward the counter, stumbled slightly on her heels, and snagged another towel dripping off a drawer handle. As she turned slightly to reach for it, he caught a peek of her side profile, and Heaven have mercy. Her panties were a thong. Jessalyn Sawyer was standing in his kitchen, wearing a thong.

There was no way that image was ever going to leave his brain. It was now the new screensaver tattooed to the insides of his eyelids. Every time he closed his baby blues, he'd see her splayed on his table, her hand between her legs and her eyes glazed with desire.

Conner huffed out a breath and jerked around, turning his back toward her. "Sorry," he gasped. Finally. *There* was the word. About twenty seconds too late.

His legs were numb from shock so he wasn't able to move away yet. He just kind of sagged against the doorframe, unable to get the fact out of his head that Jessie Sawyer was standing in his kitchen behind him, very nearly naked.

"I didn't think you'd be home tonight," she said, her voice was accusing as well as embarrassed.

"I..." A hundred words filled his head. Half were apologies for catching her unaware and then gawking at her like a creep for too indecently long. The other half were pleading requests to convince her to finish her plans for the evening with a slight shift in details, hoping to include him in them.

But he did neither. He knew she was vanilla, the monogamous type, meaning she was forbidden to him. So he tried again for the apology route, except the only word he could seem to articulate at the moment was 'I'.

Jessie still had full command of her tongue and vocal chords, however. "I swear Devin said you were going to be gone all night on a date. I had no idea you'd be home so early." "I..." He turned slightly until he could catch a glimpse of her in his peripheral vision. When he was able to catch a peek of tanned, delicious skin, he whipped back around until his spine was completely facing her, hoping he hadn't just encroached on her privacy.

"I w-was working late," he finally managed to blunder out.

"Oh." She sounded disappointed. "I thought Devin said he was working late."

Conner had no idea what Devin was doing. All he knew was that his friend was *not* here, but he better hurry up his ass to get here. Dev could smooth this out among the three of them. No one could talk his way into calm waters the way Kingsley could. He could fix this.

So where the hell was he?

"He..." Yep, he still couldn't speak. Since he was facing away, he pinched the bridge of his nose and blew out a silent breath. Okay, he was having a small brain overload. He just had to stop thinking about how much he wanted to stick his penis in Jessie Sawyer and...oh, but there was no way he could move beyond that delicious daydream.

"I'm really sorry about this, Conner. If I knew you were coming home tonight—"

"No problem," he rushed out and, holy cow, he could talk. Sort of. "I'll just..."

"All my clothes are in Devin's room," she added, and hurried past him.

"'Kay," he said, and squeezed his eyes closed so he couldn't cheat and cop another peek. Jessalyn Sawyer was a good girl, and he was going to respect her if it killed him...which it just might. Once her footsteps were gone and the door to Devin's room clicked shut, his eyes sprang open. He whirled back to face the kitchen.

She was gone.

Damn.

He swallowed and glanced toward the table. Her smell lingered, musky and enticing. His nostrils flared and dragged in the rich fragrance. Drawn closer to the table where it wafted the strongest, he finally noticed the damp spot she'd left on the wooden surface where she'd been sitting. Her leftbehind juices were too tempting to resist. He swiped his hand over the moisture, soaking his fingers, and promptly brought them to his nose.

"Oh, God."

He couldn't take it anymore. He had to alleviate the pressure before his balls exploded. Fumbling with his zipper, he freed his dick and gripped his wet fingers around the thick, long length, groaning at the relief. Pumping his hips and repeatedly stabbing his cock into his fist, he slumped against the kitchen counters and then plopped to the floor, landing on his butt. With his head thrown back, the muscles in his neck tensed. He gritted his teeth and jerked himself off, thinking of nothing but his roommate's girlfriend wearing a skimpy stringed number of lace and silk.

In his mind's eye, she was still grinning at him, crooking her finger to invite him inside her. Hissing her name, he came and squirted the leg of his trousers with each frantic jerk of his wrist, milking himself dry. Empty and depleted, he finally opened his eyes, relaxed and spent. What he saw had him freezing. This time, *she* stood petrified in the doorway, dressed in a tight top and short skirt with her hand covering her heart. He couldn't see her face in the shadows, but he already knew her eyes were wide and her lips parted.

Too sated and limp to be embarrassed, he sent her a lazy smile, one side of his mouth hitching up. "Guess I owed you one."

She croaked out a gasp, and lifted her hand from her chest to her mouth. Then, spinning on her heels, she took off.

"Shit." He closed his eyes and groaned. That wasn't very smooth.

"Jess," he called and scrambled to his feet. The sounds of her heels clattering down the hall let him know she was sprinting, so he took off in heavy pursuit and caught her at the door, just as she yanked it open.

"Jessalyn," he rasped, slapping his palm against the wood and slamming it shut. He leaned against the closed portal for good measure. "Wait."

She wouldn't let go of the doorknob. Staring down at her feet so she couldn't see his face and therefore experience any reminders of what he looked like masturbating as he called her name, she whispered, "Let me out."

But God, she could still see it all too vividly in her head. From the moment he stepped from the shadows into the kitchen and morphed from Devin's silhouette into Conner's body, she didn't think she'd ever forget that expression on his face, the hunger in his eyes. Her thighs tingled and her cunt swelled.

She whimpered. "Please let me out."

He had the biggest cock in her recorded history. When she caught him playing, she'd just wanted to slap his hand away and worship his cock with her own fingers, then her mouth, and finally with her vagina. It would've been so easy to stroll over to him, hike up her skirt, and straddle his hips. She wasn't even wearing her panties anymore; they'd been too wet to be comfortable. It would've been so easy to sink down onto all that glorious blessed length and impale herself. It would feel so good. So right.

Wait.

Not right.

She had a boyfriend. *His* roommate. *His* best friend. Oh, God. This was so wrong. She was such a dirty slut. She loved Devin. He was wonderful in every way, even in bed. So why did his roommate have to turn her on too?

With Conner's chest brushing against her back as he held the door closed, Jessie only wanted to pooch out her ass and rub it a few times against his lap, like a cat arching and scratching itself against a table leg.

She was definitely in heat. Conner had made sure of it.

That's why she had to get out of here. Now. "Conner, I said—"

"Don't go yet," he begged. "We need to...we need to straighten this out or we'll never be able to look each other in the eye again." Too late, she wanted to say. She continued to stare at her hand clutching the doorknob and wished he'd back off so she could escape. What was worse, she wished he'd step forward and rub himself against her.

As if reading her mind, he swayed closer. His nose neared her hair as he inhaled. "God, you smell good."

Her heart lodged in her throat and pumped furiously. "Conner," she started, hesitant.

"Shh," he said. "I won't do anything. I swear. Just...give me a second here."

She complied. She knew she shouldn't. But she wanted that second too.

"Turn around," he murmured. His voice was low and intoxicating.

As if hypnotized to do his bidding, she slowly swiveled to face him. He didn't back up or her give her space, but hovered, only inches away as he stared into her eyes. Her gaze was immediately caught by his. His baby blues held an intensity that made her want to crawl up his body, wrap her legs around him, and tug his dick into her warm, receptive cunt. Her thighs quivered.

Wishing he was shirtless, she skimmed her gaze down his chest, imaging how rippled and fit he had to be under all that cloth. But when she hit his belt line, she realized he hadn't bothered to holster his cock back into his pants.

Jerking her gaze away, she yelped. "Oh, God! Put that thing away." Damn. Even limp, it was huge.

Fumbling, Conner reached for his pants and grasped the zipper, but stopped. "You sure you want it that way?"

She squeezed her eyes closed. "Yes!" she nearly screamed, while inside, her body wailed, *No!* 

He slowly closed his fly. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make you even more uncomfortable. I just wanted to apologize."

"No, I'm the one who's sorry," she countered, hugging her arms over her chest. "I should've known you might come home. It's just...Devin said you were going to go out with some girl named Mandy tonight."

"Oh," he said. "No. I was called into work tonight. Had to cancel the date."

She nodded. Thinking the best plan was to laugh and make light of everything, she grinned and said, "Okay, so this is, like, the most embarrassing thing that's ever happened to me."

But he only sent her a sickened look. "Yeah, I'm really sorry, Jessie, I..." He broke off and shook his head. "I...I should've knocked or..."

She stared with a puzzled frown. He rolled his eyes and snapped his fingers. "Right. I live here. Why would I knock?" Running a hand through his hair, he blew out a breath. "I'm still sorry. I...I know I should've told you I wasn't Devin right off. Though I did think you already knew." He paused and glanced sideways at her, perplexed. "How the hell did you get inside, anyway?"

Jessie flushed and averted her gaze. "Devin gave me a key," she answered in a small voice, hoping he didn't get mad.

When he didn't respond, she risked a glance his way. He was frowning slightly down at the ground. "Is that okay?" she

asked, already digging her hand into her pocket and pulling out the key to return it.

"No! I mean, yeah, it's fine." Conner jerked his eyes up. Their gazes connected and held...and held.

Jessie swallowed and lowered her face. "Are you sure it's okay?" she asked, holding out the chunk of metal. "I can give it back."

He shook his head. "No. Please, keep it. I certainly didn't mind the surprise."

His eyes skimmed their way down her body as if he were still seeing her practically naked. Unease filled her and she crossed her arms over her chest. Catching the move, his gaze skidded back to her face, and she saw him swallow.

Something rammed hard into her gut as she watched his eyes drift over her. Jessie fisted her hands at her sides, fighting the sensation. What in the world where they still doing, standing there, talking to each other? They were both totally discombobulated by the whole kitchen scene. *Both* kitchen scenes. This pretending as if it hadn't happened was only making things worse.

Unable to just turn around and run like hell, however, she said, "I should go."

He nodded.

All she had to do was whirl around, open the door, and scram. But she didn't make a move. Their gazes met, held yet again, and fucked the sight out of each other. She whimpered.

His eyelids lowered, and he licked his lips. "You don't have to go."

Her stomach dropped, plummeting hard against her loins and sending a jolt through her nervous system. She almost stepped toward him, slid her arms around his neck and kissed his full, sexy mouth.

"You could stay," he said.

Though temptation roared through her, she turned the guilt on him. "I'm your best friend's girl, Conner."

He held her gaze steady. "I know."

It was easier this way. Blame him and she didn't have to feel so shitty, so unfaithful. Though, technically she hadn't done anything wrong. She'd just imagined it, wished for it, wanted it with every fiber of her being.

She snorted and rolled her eyes. "You're unbelievable, you know that. I love *Devin*, okay. He's...he's amazing. Fun and charming, and so easy to talk to. He treats me like a princess and caters to me like—"

Conner held up a hand to stop her. "He's *my* best friend. I know how wonderful he is. You don't have to sell me. Kingsley's...he's everything I wish I could be."

His soft confession jarred Jessie speechless. Glancing away with a light spread of color washing across his cheekbones, Conner ducked his head. He seemed mortified by the fact that he'd admitted such a thing aloud. Jess wanted to lift her hand and touch his dark hair. But then she remembered the proposition he'd just made to her.

"Well, way to be a good friend to him," she sneered. "Trying to steal his girl."

He lifted his eyes, startled. "Steal?" He murmured the word as if he'd never heard the term before. Then the skin

around his eyes crinkled with amusement. "Is *that* all you're worried about? You think I'm trying to *steal* you from Devin?"

Her mouth dropped open. "Uh...yeah." What else was there to worry about? "If you're so in awe of him, why would you want to hurt him like this?"

Gaze sparkling as if he wanted to laugh, Conner merely grinned.

"And how can you act so blase about it?" she demanded, fisting her hands down to her side. "You just stood there and asked me to cheat on my boyfriend, who happens to be *your* best friend."

His jaw hard and eyes intense, he said, "I wasn't asking you to cheat."

"So...?"

"How about this? Let's wait for him," he said, his voice so quiet, she almost didn't hear him. "You said he'll be home soon, right? If you're worried about doing anything sexual without him around..." He shrugged. "Then I can wait until he gets here."

She swallowed. The world dropped out from under her and she felt suspended above a new dimension. And suddenly, she was plummeting into foreign territory.

"You mean...you mean, like, all *three* of us together?" Dropping her voice to a whisper as she finished, "At the same time?"

He didn't speak, didn't even nod. But his eyes watched and waited.

"You're insane." Jessie pushed against his chest, and he let her, falling back a step to give her the space she demanded. Instead of fleeing, however, she balled her fists and glared. "I'm not...I'm not like that."

"Oh, I think you could be." His eyes glittered. "Just visualize it, Jessalyn."

She could visualize nothing else. A Devin-Conner sandwich would be—

Jessie shivered, unable to help herself. Just the idea of all that hunky male flesh sliding against her skin and touching her, kissing her, sucking on both her nipples at the same time, two hot men, adoring her with their hands and mouths and cocks...

A tremor worked up her body.

But, no. Even the suggestion made her blush; no way could she ever actually go through with something so sinfully delicious.

Could she?

She'd never done something so risque in all her life. She only made fun of people who did such things.

Then again, she'd looked down her nose on masturbating before tonight too, yet that had been amazing. Maybe a threesome would be okay too.

Maybe it'd be better than okay.

"If you have to have him here to be with me, I don't mind." Conner's voice was encouraging, coaxing...tempting. "Any way I can get inside you, I'll take it. Any way I can be close to you..."

She lifted her gaze and swayed toward him. He eased in as well, more than ready to meet her halfway. After licking her lips, she cleared her throat. "You sound so sure Devin would go for this idea," she said, striving to sound cool, unflappable, unaffected. And totally failing.

Conner grinned again; the full sexy hitching of his lips made her want to kiss him until she died of pleasure. "I *am* sure."

Her throat went bone dry. "So...you and he have...you've done it before? You've shared a woman?"

He lifted one shoulder, not willing to play kiss-and-tell, yet answering her plainly.

"Oh my God," she rasped. Her boyfriend had...he'd...Dear Lord. Dev must think she was the dullest girlfriend on earth. She'd never done anything remotely adventuresome in the bedroom. "But..." She had no idea what she wanted to add. Compelled to reject his idea, she thought she should say something to turn him down, yet temptation seized her throat and the words refused to come.

"But what?" he asked, stepping closer to run his index finger down the swell of her breast and over the beaded tip of her nipple. She jumped. "You don't have to be afraid, Jessalyn. We would never hurt you, never pressure you into doing anything you didn't want to do."

We. The very fact that he used the word "we" sent a thrill through her. Two men, loving her together. But not just any two men. Conner and Devin, one she loved more than anything and knew was a wonderful fuck, the other his best friend, a man she'd dreamed about since meeting him.

"So what do you say? Curious to try it?"

His entire hand closed over her breast. Her head fell back as pleasure roared through her. Her hips undulated toward him and her nipples sparked at his touch. Lowering his head, he kissed the side of her exposed neck. As his teeth gently gripped the skin on her throat, she moaned. She wanted this, wanted Conner and Devin and all three of them writhing and twining into mass orgy of desire.

Behind her, the door opened, admitting a third occupant to the apartment.

Heart thumping hard against her ribs, Jessalyn pushed away from Conner and spun around to gawk at her boyfriend as he joined them.

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### **Chapter Three**

\* \* \* \*

Devin considered falling face first onto his couch and passing out there for the rest of the night. But when he opened the door to his apartment, nearly plowing over two people as he pushed it inward, he jerked to a surprised stop.

His roommate grinned and his girlfriend gawked as he paused in the threshold. "Jessie?" he uttered, suddenly wide awake. The sight of her fresh, sweet face could always perk him to immediate attention. "What're you doing here?" The he frowned at his bud. "Conner? I thought you had a date tonight."

"I think I do," Conner drawled as a slow smile curved up his sensuous mouth. His gaze veered meaningfully to the woman standing between them. "With you two."

For a second, Devin frowned, confused. Then he glanced at Jessie. The pink flushing her cheeks made his jaw drop. "Oh my God," he gasped. "You're shitting me? A threesome? Really?" He began to grin until reality struck him. Wait, this was Jessie they were talking about. Miss Vanilla.

"Baby, are you sure?" he asked, stepping toward her and cupping her face. "I don't want you to do anything you don't want to do."

She was the sweetest girl he'd ever dated. Generous and giving. She always had a ready smile whenever she saw him. But she was pure old school and he had no problem being a

good boy with her because she made him feel amazing without all the kinky, adventurous stuff. But if she was willing to step out of her comfort zone—for him—then who was he to turn her down?

"This would be, like, the best surprise ever," he murmured, pressing his forehead to hers. "But I know it's not something you've ever done before." He tried to swallow down his hopes, but his cock kept growing in his jeans.

Jessie's big blue eyes were wide as she licked her licks. "I..." She was definitely uncertain. He didn't want to press, but damn, he and his roommate knew how to orchestrate a fucking awesome threesome.

"Is this what *you* want?" she hedged.

"Here," Conner's husky voice broke in. Stepping close behind her, he gently took hold of Jessie's wrist and drew it down to Devin's zipper. "Does this answer your questions?" When he pressed her hand against Dev's crotch, the warmth of her palm soaked through thick denim. He shuddered, and his dick twitched and swelled larger under her trembling fingers.

With a gasp, Jessie's jaw dropped, but instead of tugging away, she tightened her hold around the bulge and began to knead him. "You really do want it, don't you?"

"You'll love it," he coaxed. "I promise. We won't do anything you don't want us to."

She bit her lip; temptation swirled in her eyes. She opened her mouth, but no words came out.

"I think she needs a little more coaxing," Conner said.

Jess jumped and let out a yelp of surprise when Conner's arms slid around her waist and then up her ribcage to cup two large hands over her breasts while he simultaneously bent his head to the side and kissed her neck through her hair. Though the intoxicating sight of those masculine hands loving Jessie's perfect feminine breasts had Devin grinding his hips deeper into her hand, he hissed through his teeth, "Con. Don't rush her. Remember, she's never done this before."

"She can take it," Conner growled, nuzzling his nose through the locks of her hair until he found a warm patch a skin and nipped his teeth at the side of her throat. Damn, Devin knew exactly what that sweet skin tasted like and exactly how wonderful Conner's mouth felt on bare flesh.

End excerpt

Jessie looked utterly stunned as she stared down at Conner's hands on her breasts, then further lowered her glassy-eyed gaze to her own fingers working Devin through his jeans. But she didn't resist. In fact, even as her hand slid down his hard length to palm the heavy underside of his scrotum, she tilted her head to the side, giving Conner more room to nibble on her neck.

His roommate rolled his thumb and forefinger over the peaks of her breasts and tweaked her nipples, but it was Devin who groaned. Unable to watch his best friends having all the fun tasting and touch her, he inched forward to kiss his girl.

"Devin?" she whispered as he drew near. His voice and eyes were still hesitant.

"It's okay," he assured.

His lips were light as he pressed them to hers. She accepted him without wavering. He opened his mouth and stroked her with his tongue. Receiving his wet heat into her mouth, she returned the pleasure, nipping at his bottom lip with her teeth.

When Conner began to tug up the hem of her shirt, Dev pulled back far enough to help. Jessie sucked in a breath as Conner and Devin whipped the tight top off and over her head together.

Devin digested the sight of her in her silky lingerie. "New bra," he immediately noticed. He immediately liked.

"The panties match," Conner said, streaking his hands down the sides of her naked torso and pressing his erection against her ass.

Devin's gaze moved to Jessie's face just as she zipped guilty eyes his way.

"You started without me," he guessed. It figured. Conner never had been patient enough to wait for anything. Just one more thing he loved about his best friend.

As Jessie opened her mouth, Conner answered, "I came home to find her in the kitchen, waiting to surprise you. I think we both got a shock. But a good one."

Devin nodded, smiling at Jess to let her know he wasn't upset. "So, new panties too, huh? Show me."

She swallowed. "Um, actually, they were too wet to keep on, so I had to...take them off."

Both men froze. As Devin's gaze met Conner's, a slow smile started. No panties.

Nothing but wet woman.

Conner shuddered and moaned. "You just had to go and say that didn't you?" He dropped to his knees behind her and efficiently slid up her skirt. As he buried his face into her ass and scraped his tongue up the back seam, Jessie gulped. She was learning to control her surprise, but Devin guessed his friend was probably still moving a little too fast for her.

"Baby," he whispered, pressing his forehead to hers and cupping her breasts, smoothing his thumbs over the distended nipples. "We're only going to make you feel good, okay? This is all about pleasuring you."

She nodded and kissed him. As he cupped her face in both hands and accepted the gentle press of her mouth, she reached down and unzipped his jeans. Sliding her hands into the back of his pants, she cupped his ass cheeks and then pushed his Levis and underwear down together.

"I think it's time you caught up with Conner and me," she murmured.

His cock sprang from the nest of curls that had been harboring him. Jessie wrapped her hand around the rigid rod and began to pump with a firm, steady grip. She bit her lip and arched her neck back as Conner did something behind her.

"Damn you're tight," his roommate groaned. His head popped around the side of her hip. "I'll take the back tonight."

"No," Devin's answer was immediate. "You're too big. You'll scare her."

Con had no finesse for soothing anxious feelings anyway. He fucked the same way he lived his life; full bore ahead. But tonight, Jessie needed a soft touch through her first time, especially from the back. As far as he knew, she'd never had a man in her anus before. Besides, she was his girlfriend first; he got first dibs.

"What? Is this virgin territory?" Conner asked. He must've stuck his finger in her tight hole or begun to massage it because Jessie reacted in Devin's arms, jerking and clutching him tighter.

"Yes," she managed to answer as she held Dev hard, her teeth gritting and her eyes closing in absolute rapture.

"Damn," Conner said. Devin could practically hear him licking his lips, but his roommate gave the grudging reply, "Okay, fine, Kingsley. You can have the back door. Tonight."

Jessie made an anxious sound of concern.

Devin kissed her worries away. She began to pant hard in his arms; Conner had to be bringing her to pleasure with his fingers. Her breasts strained against his chest and her hand quickened its pace around his cock.

This was going to be so good. But they needed to move their little party to a bed, like now.

"Your room or mine?" he moaned the question to his roommate.

"Mine," Conner answered. "I have more toys."

Jessie broke her mouth off Devin's with a jerk. "Toys?"

She sounded leery, so he stroked her hair and took her hand, coaxing her to follow him. "Mostly just oils and lotions," he said. They wouldn't use anything too new on her tonight.

"And whips and restraints," Conner's husky voice came from behind them as he tailed after Jessie and Devin. "But we won't use anything like that on you," Devin added, shooting a scowl over her shoulder to his bud.

"Unless you want," Conner finished, sweeping a bold caress up her hip to squeeze her waist.

Opening his mouth to tell Conner to shut it before he scared her off for good and none of them had any fun, Devin was stunned speechless when Jessie shyly bit her lip and gave him a look of uncertain curiosity. "Maybe," she said.

In unison, both roommates groaned. Hot damn, tonight was going to be fucking fantastic.

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## **Chapter Four**

\* \* \* \*

Jessie still couldn't believe this was happening. Two men surrounded her, stripping her bare. As one removed her bra, the other shed her skirt that Conner had merely bunched up earlier.

"Damn, I can't believe I'm already ready again," Conner groaned as he dipped his head and sucked one of her aching nipples into his mouth. Jessie arched her head back and Devin immediately gathered her streaming hair into his hands and lavished the side of her neck.

The two men had switched positions and she wasn't sure she was so comfortable with this. Now that Devin had arrived, the shy, stuttering Conner was gone. This new Conner was all about intensity and bold daring. Devin was solid security, her firm foundation of support as he talked her through everything.

With Conner at her front, she felt more open and exposed. It was as thrilling as it was unnerving.

"You always were a quick rebound," Devin murmured, stroking her back and making the muscles around her spine loosen at his warm touch just before he reached around her to lovingly caress the length of Conner's cock. Watching that masculine hand stroke the equally masculine penis turned her on like nothing else. "But it's only been minutes since I last went off," Conner argued, pressing his hips deeper into Devin's touch.

Devin merely chuckled and teasingly slapped the other man's ass before returning both his hands back to Jessie. "Well, that's our Jess for you. I told you she was special."

Lifting his blue eyes, Conner looked up at her. As their gazes connected, she felt frozen under his intense examination. "Yeah," he murmured, his lips curving softly. "Our Jess is definitely special."

Then he kissed her.

In the past few minutes, Conner had teased and caressed her neck, trailed his tongue down her ass, slid his fingers into her anus and feasted on her breasts. But this was the first time his mouth had touched hers. It felt personal and surreal.

He was so different from Devin. Not unpleasant, just different. His taste, the texture of his tongue, the way he molded his lips to hers. She hummed in the back of her throat. The new and exciting sensations he stirred in her made her kiss him back, seeking more.

"On the bed," Devin rasped from behind them, nudging her toward Conner, who took a step in reverse, even as he continue to skim his tongue across hers and mate with her mouth. The three of them moved together. When Conner's mouth broke from her, Jessie craned her head around to seek Devin's mouth next, curious to compare.

Eagerly, he was there, leaning over her shoulder and stroking his tongue between her teeth. He was warm and familiar, his taste soothing her like a favorite childhood memory. She didn't want to let go of his tongue. But Conner had reached the bed and was sitting down, taking her with him. Behind her, Devin's steady hands eased her descent, helping her straddle Conner's lap and face him, her legs settling on either side of his thick thighs.

Behind her, the sound of rustling clothes told her Devin was undressing.

"Help me with my shirt?" Conner asked, lifting his arms.

She couldn't resist. She'd always wanted to see this man naked. Since the first moment Devin had introduced her to his roommate, she'd felt a spark, an attraction that had only grown more and more curious over the weeks. And now, here she was, with her wonderful, caring boyfriend at her side, stripping the hunky roommate.

Tugging the shirt from Conner's pants, she lifted the cloth, revealing golden brown, taut abs that rippled under her gaze. She leaned forward and pressed her mouth to the exposed skin, sucking one of his flat brown nipples into her mouth.

Behind her, Devin groaned. "Jesus, Jess. You look good doing that. I always wanted to know what it looked like from a different angle whenever you did it to me." Clutching her hips with both hands, he lifted her a few inches off Conner's lap. She was about to protest until she learned he was only giving his friend room to reach down and unbuckle his belt and zip down his fly. Conner's enormous cock jumped into view as he shoved his pants down his legs.

Jess only had a second to ogle before Devin was sitting her down again, right on top of the giant dick. Warm and impossibly hard as the length of Con's penis pressed along the folds of her pussy, he clutched her hair and kissed her again. Behind her, Devin slid his tongue up her spine.

"Just flow with us, baby. We'll make you feel good." Devin lifted her again. She missed the heat of Conner against her cunt and whimpered her distress. But Conner reached down and lifted his shaft, holding the base in his hand. Then Devin was lowering her, lowering her. Conner guided himself, and slowly, so fucking slowly, he stretched her entrance. She sucked in a breath, not used to such a snug, allencompassing fit.

"Big, isn't he?" Devin said in awe behind her.

She bit her lip and nodded. Conner kept filling her, his cock tunneling further up her channel, spreading her wider, making room where she hadn't thought there was any.

"Oh, God," she moaned. The inner muscles of her sex contracted and spasmed with greedy need.

"Shit," Conner groaned.

Devin's warm chuckle made her nipples twitch and ache. "Told you she had awesome pussy control."

"You weren't lying," Conner managed to gasp as he jerked up, his cock flexing deeper inside her.

The quick jab made her cry out.

"Easy," Devin warned his friend.

Conner began to pant, sweat trickled down his temple. "Can't. Jesus, Kingsley, she feels so good."

"I know." Devin's voice was smug and he stroked her back with a proud caress. "Just wait until she comes. She makes this little catching sound in the back of her throat. It's...damn. I need inside too. Now, Jessie. I'm sorry. I can't wait."

"Neither can I," Conner muttered. Wrapping his arm around her waist, he scooted backward onto the bed, taking her with him, until he was lying fully on his back. Then he urged her to lean forward, pressing her breasts to his chest. After batting Devin's hands away from her hips, he took over the task for himself, lifting her and tugging her back down onto his cock.

Though he felt too good to ignore, she glanced over her shoulder when Devin left the bed entirely. Catching sight of his tight naked ass as he started away from them, she frowned in confusion. But Conner caught her chin and urged her attention back to him.

"He'll be right back."

Then he kissed her and she was lost. As Conner moved his penis through her vagina, catching the bulbous head on every nerve ending inside her, his tongue mastered her mouth. She grew more familiar with his taste and his rhythm, and bantered back, squeezing him with every inner muscle she possessed. He groaned and increased his pace.

"Kingsley," he bellowed.

"I'm back," Devin's winded voice came in her ear. His warm, familiar hands smoothed up her back. A second later, a cool gel followed. She hissed out air between her teeth. With Conner hot and hard inside her, the contrasting temperature of the lotion made her nipples even more beaded. But Devin's palm smeared the slick lotion across her skin, quickly warming her with his touch. His fingers moved lowered. Inside her, Conner swelled bigger.

When Dev slicked the jelly between her ass cheeks and massaged her anus, she ground down hard on his roommate.

"Fuck, Kingsley," Conner muttered. "Can you hurry it up back there?"

"I'm just getting her ready," Devin said, his voice smooth and controlled. Patient.

Jessie clenched her teeth, feeling the same frustrated anticipation Conner did. "I'm ready."

"Not yet," Devin crooned.

"Devin," both she and his best friend yelled.

He merely chuckled and assumed position behind her even as he eased one finger into her tight sheath.

Jessie threw back her head and groaned out an unintelligible word of need. Devin stroked her a few more times with his finger, stretching and preparing her. When he finally slid it out, she almost wept.

"No, don't leave-"

"Shh," he calmed, stroking her back. The suctioned sound of more gel came behind her, telling her he was slicking more lotion over his cock. And then, there he was. Conner paused, holding her down tight on his dick, fully embedded inside her. Behind her, Devin spread her cheeks and prodded the puckered skin around her tight hole. The head of his cock slipped inside. She squirmed on top of Conner, wanting more, but Conner grasped her hip, steadying her. "Almost there," he said, his voice low and the most reassuring he'd been all night.

"Jessie," Devin groaned, straining her name from gritted teeth as if he was using all the control he possessed to go slow and easy.

"Oh, God, Devin. It feels so good."

He dipped deeper, her body clenching around him. She never would've guessed two cocks inside her would feel so powerful. But crammed into her body and, filling all her holes, they ignited every erogenous zone she possessed, lighting her up and rendering her erotically immobile so that she could only lie there and feel every sweep and dip as they began to move and thrust in perfect harmony.

The two men worked like the pistons on a car. As one entered her, the other left her, constantly leaving her filled. She choked out her need, begging them.

Their hands lavished her, front and back. Their mouths worshiped her neck and breasts. And their cocks plunged and retracted.

Her orgasm came in a powerful rush. It jolted up her legs and down her arms, flooding out of her pussy. She bowed her back and screamed. Conner and Devin swung faster, and then Conner was groaning and clutching her, his nose burrowing between her tits, a split second before Devin followed, nuzzling his face in the back of her neck.

As Jessie wrapped one arm around Conner's neck and cradled him to her bosom, she reached behind her with her free hand and sank her fingers in the back of Devin's soft locks. The two roommates clung to her, both buried as deep inside her as their cocks would go while the three orgasms rippled to completion.

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## **Chapter Five**

\* \* \* \*

Jessie woke pretty much exactly how she'd fallen asleep. Two warm, naked men wrapped snugly around her, six arms and six legs tangled in one comfortable menage a trois. She gave a blissful sigh and ran her fingers over the dark stubble lining Conner's jaw. He was the exact opposite of Devin. A golden boy, Devin was the friendly, open sort, always greeting her with a ready smile. He liked to talk and laugh and take her out: to eat, to dance, to socialize. His light brown eyes and pale blond hair made him and his roommate almost cliched in their differences. With midnight black hair and deep-set, brooding blue eyes, Conner was quiet, intense, almost standoffish.

Until last night. After last night, she didn't think she could ever label him as standoffish again. Quiet? Intense? Hell yes. Maybe shy—certainly not uncertain—but not as socially graceful or outgoing as Devin. More private. She couldn't imagine taking Conner on by herself through their first encounter. It would've been almost too much to handle. But with Devin around, smoothing out the rough, abrasive edges Conner created, sex with Conner had been utterly explosive.

And Conner had made it even more exciting for her to be with Devin. She had no idea her boyfriend possessed so much lust in him. But Conner had managed to draw some of the wild out of his roommate and Devin didn't hold back with the three of them.

Her hand paused in Conner's hair and she settled back deeper into the warm cocooning spoon Devin provided behind her. She loved him so much. She didn't think she could've done anything like she had last night if anyone else besides Devin was her boyfriend.

Her brow puckered. She could still call Devin her boyfriend, couldn't she? What did this mean for the three of them? She didn't want to give up Devin. But now that she'd just discovered this new side of Conner, she didn't want to lose him either. She sighed.

Morning afters sucked. Lifting Devin's hand off her hip, she kissed his palm before setting it on the mattress. Then she wiggled from between the two men and left them sleeping on the bed together. Before ducking into Conner's bathroom, she paused naked in the doorway and watched her boys lying next to each other. They were both so handsome. One choirboy beautiful, the other rugged, angular, and devastating. Conner curled in around himself as he slept; Devin lay sprawled, his head thrown back and his limbs everywhere.

Her smile was soft as she watched them. Her boys. The grin fell. But were they really?

In the bathroom, she stepped into the tub and started the shower, stinging her body with hot pinpricks of water. She caressed her skin and slicked soap over her breasts and down between her legs, remembering every place Conner and Devin had touched her. Her body grew alert, the memories making her nipples harden. Her fingers paused on her pussy, an ache beginning to throb between her legs.

The shower door opened and Jessie gasped, jerking her hand from her cunt. She looked up, expecting to see Devin sliding under the spray with her, but jumped when Conner appeared instead. His eyes glittered and his smile flashed wolfish and predatory.

"Finally," he murmured, stepping into the tub. "I have you all to myself for a moment." Sliding his arms around her, he tugged her close and kissed her full on the mouth under the fall of water.

It was warm, wet, and delicious. Jessie let herself sway toward him before she pulled back and asked, "Where's Devin?"

"Still passed out in bed," he answered, lowering his gaze to her breasts. Reaching out, he cupped both. "He's never been an early riser, but I think we wore him out good last night."

She wasn't sure if she should let him continue. But his hands felt so nice and his hard cock rubbing sensuously against her thigh made her pussy lips pucker.

When he leaned down to lap a droplet of water off her nipple, her body went tense with apprehension and desire. Even as she arched her back, giving him better access, she bit her lip. "Um...Should we...should we be doing this?"

He lifted his face, his blue eyes wide with surprise. Then his shoulders relaxed. "Devin again?"

When she didn't answer, he sighed, sending her a placating smile.

Then he turned and opened the shower door. Her heartbeat sped up. She wanted to reach out to him and pull him back. But instead of completely leaving the shower stall, he only leaned the upper portion of his body out.

"Yo, Kingsley," he called.

After a second, a muffled "What?" came muttering back.

"I'm going to fuck Jessie in the shower. You got a problem with that?"

"Yes, I have a problem with that. Next time, don't bother waking me up to tell me something so stupid. Just fuck her, man. And don't forget to give her a second orgasm for me."

"'Kay," Conner called as he slipped back into the shower and shut the two of them inside together.

Her mouth fallen open, Jessie could only gape.

"What?" he asked, all innocence and bliss.

"I can't believe you just did that."

Then he smiled, and his grin was pure ornery. "I didn't want you feeling guilty."

Her heart stuttered against her chest at the sight of his grinning features. Conner had always been abrupt with her before. She hadn't thought he'd even liked her.

He frowned slightly, his smile dimming. Reaching out, he touched her face with wet fingers. "Jess? What's wrong?"

She shook her head. "Nothing."

"No. Tell me."

"I just..." She glanced down and caught sight of his jutting penis, soapy shower water tricking down the long, hard length. Her eyes lifted. "I never thought you even liked me before." His grin returned immediately. Humor danced in his eyes. "Jessalyn." He rasped her name and threaded his fingers through her hair before pulling her to his mouth for a hot, powerful kiss. "I've always liked you," he said against her lips. "I liked you a lot. But Devin said you weren't like that, so I stayed away...even though it killed me to watch you two, unable to join in."

Jessie swallowed. "So...you...you've always wanted me." "Always."

"But..." Her eyes were sad. "What does this mean? I still love Devin. He's wonderful, and kind, and fun."

"He is," Conner agreed with a nod.

"So...?" she hedged, needing an answer. "Then who am I dating now?"

"Both of us," Devin answered, sliding open the shower door and stepping inside. The space was not meant for two people, much less three, but they all managed to fit, just as they had last night.

Conner glanced over his shoulder as Devin stepped in behind him. "I thought you were sleeping."

"I was," Devin mumbled with a moody scowl to his roommate before he yawned and reached around both Conner and Jess to catch a handful of water and then splashed himself in the face. "Until *you* woke me." Then he nudged Conner with his elbow. "Put Jess in the middle, will you? She's a hell of a lot softer than you."

Conner turned toward her, ducked his head and kissed her hard. With his mouth still latched to hers, he grasped her

hips, picked her up and switched spots with her. Immediately, an extra pair of hands slicked up her warm, wet body.

"Morning, beautiful," Devin murmured in her ear.

Jessie broke off her kiss with Conner to crane her head around and kiss Devin. His tongue was cool and wet and tasted like some of the chocolate syrup they'd all three had fun with last night.

"G'morning," she rasped when she finally broke her mouth way, giving him a sexy grin before turning back to Conner, who immediately hoisted her into his arms. She yelped in surprised and wrapped her legs around his waist. Behind her, Devin supported her to keep her from falling backward.

Conner's cock nudged her entrance, and Devin's burrowed into the back door. Jessie groaned. What—they couldn't do this standing wet in the shower, could they?

Fuck, yes they could. Both men entered her together, slow and careful. Suspended above the wet floor of the tub by an assortment of male arms and legs, she groaned, relishing every moment they held her trapped in their embrace.

"Faster," Devin told Conner, and Conner complied.

Jessie spread her arms wide, lifted her face to the spray of warm water and took a refreshing drink just as Devin and Conner's mouth came together over her shoulder. She watched the two men kiss, their tongues mating as their dicks spiked deep inside her, and she couldn't help it; she came strong and hard. Her orgasm consumed her, quaking out of her vagina and exploding through her entire being.

Afterward, she slumped back against Devin as Conner slowly slid out of her. Then her boyfriend followed.

She frowned again. Boyfriend. "So, which one of you is my boyfriend now?" she asked, remembering the conversation they'd successfully averted away from her attention.

"We both are," they answered in unison.

"But—"

"It's as simple as that," Devin said, cupping her face and kissing her nose before he reached for Conner and yanked him close for a brief yet hard kiss. "Best friends share everything. We can share you...if you can share us with each other."

Jessie had no problem with that part. Watching her boys kiss was a major turn on.

"But I can't just go around, telling everyone I have two boyfriends," she argued. "My family would disown me. My friends would—"

"Dev can stay your public boyfriend then," Conner answered.

"Yeah," Devin agreed. "And on those nights when I want to go out and you'd rather stay in, then Con loves to curl up on the couch with popcorn and a movie."

"Sounds perfect to me." Conner grinned at her and kissed her shoulder even as he reached out to caress Devin's torso. "And for those times you need a break from both of us, then we still have each other."

Glancing from one man to the other, Jessie bit her lip. "So you really think the three of us can work out together."

"Yes," they said.

She shrugged. Well then, who was she to complain? Two sexy men to call her own. Lips spreading wide with a smile,

she opened her arms and pulled both of her boys in for a hug. "Count me in."

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Best Friends Share Everything by Miranda Stowe

## **About The Author**

Miranda lives with her wonderful, Brad-Pitt-lookalike husband (hey, they're both blond-haired and blue-eyed) and adorable still-needs-to-learn-the-meaning-of-NO toddler daughter on their spacious corn-field-and-cow-pasture-front property in Kansas. Librarian by day and author by night, she is also published in YA and contemporary mainstream romance under a different pen name.

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