



Double Bang!

by

KyAnn Waters
&
Tarah Scott

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales, is entirely coincidental.

Double Bang!

COPYRIGHT © 2011 by KyAnn Waters & Tarah Scott

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission of the author or The Wild Rose Press except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles or reviews.

Contact Information: info@thewildrosepress.com

Cover Art by *Diana Carlile*

The Wild Rose Press
PO Box 708
Adams Basin, NY 14410-0708

Visit us at www.thewilderroses.com

Publishing History
First Scarlet Rose Edition, April 2011

Published in the United States of America

Dedication

Dedicated to the number three
because all good things come in threes.

Double Bang!

“Oh, my god.” Sara Martin stared at the computer monitor. What she saw wasn’t supposed to be there.

The slowing of her computer had been so slight, she’d almost dismissed it. But she’d initiated the secondary scan—something she’d never had to do in the two years she’d worked for J&R Ltd. Import and Export—and found the kernel-mode rootkit. The powerful malware had evaded the nightly scans, concealing its purpose from the active processes.

No ordinary spyware could penetrate the state-of-the-art system. That meant someone had hacked into J & R Ltd’s system.

“This is so not good.” Her heart began to pound and the hairs at the nape of her neck tingled. Her internal warning system sounded an alarm. The network security for the import and export corporation was the best in the world. Maintaining secrecy for the high profile clients who spent millions of dollars on rare antiques was the company’s top priority. Her boss, Bradley Jackson, built his clientele by making sure their business transactions were safer than the gold at Fort Knox.

But he’d been wrong. Someone had installed a backdoor client on his impregnable virtual fortress.

She glanced at the clock in the corner of her screen. Five minutes to eight. “Shit. Shit. Shit.” Bradley was in a meeting with a wealthy Japanese client and they would be in full negotiations by now. She grabbed her cell from the desk, slid it open, and sent a text. *911*. Not that he’d see the message as an emergency, not with a million dollar deal on the line.

Sara considered texting the details but didn't. Their system had been breached. God only knew who might be monitoring communications. "I should just go to him. He'll know what to do."

Sara jabbed the monitor button. The screen went blank, and she grabbed her purse from inside the lower right hand drawer of her desk, then rose. Three steps forward and she froze.

"Shit." She should unplug the computer system. Her terminal was the hub for all activity on the company's intranet. Anyone high tech enough to get into her computer could possibly bypass her system and access another. Pulling her chair away from her desk, she tossed her purse on the cushion and dropped to her knees. Her fitted skirt rucked up her thighs and hips as she shimmied underneath the desk. She felt along the wall to the plug, grunted when she didn't readily locate the plug, then stretched until her fingertips reached the cord. A hard jerk pulled the line free.

"I should just call the police," she mumbled as she wiggled back out from under the desk...and bumped into something solid.

Sara squeaked and jerked, banging her head hard on the underside of the desk. "Damn," she cried, clamping her hand over the small knot forming on her head. She glanced to the left. Black polished wingtips stood directly behind her. Her heart jumped and little quiver started in her belly. Devon Curran, the man who made her warm in the most unprofessional way, was standing above her—staring at her ass, which was still nestled against his legs.

"This is an interesting variation to the way I pictured you on your knees."

The drawled words spoken with deep male appreciation sent a rush of awareness flowing through her, settling in the places she had imagined

his hands and mouth. And he'd pictured her on her knees? She closed her eyes and swallowed.

Over the last couple of weeks, Devon had flirted shamelessly and she'd enjoyed his attention. But this was beyond unbearable. Heat bloomed in her cheeks. Not the ones he was staring at, but the ones on her face. Just because she'd entertained the idea of asking him to her place after work, of feeling his weight press her into the bed, holding her down as he fucked her with a slow screw and eased the ache between her legs, she wouldn't. This was work. Devon was her office infatuation...and taking him home would pose problems of another kind.

"Devon," she scolded, scooting back. She had to get to the restaurant. "I don't have time for bantering sexual innuendo." He didn't move. She was forced to bump her ass against his immovable legs. "Move."

He laughed. "Not if you keep doing that."

"Now!"

He sighed and stepped out of the way.

Sara scooted the rest of the way out and stood. Heat from his gaze bore into her back as she shimmied her skirt into place. She grabbed her purse. "I have to go."

Sara whirled and got a mouthful of muscled chest beneath a starched white shirt. She snapped her head up, and her gaze locked onto Devon's deep blue eyes.

"What's wrong?" Strong fingers grasped her shoulders. For a heart-stopping second, neither of them moved. The slow caress of his hands down her arms thickened the sexual tension. "You're trembling."

And she was betting it was from the nearness of this man and *not* the break in security. He stared down at her with such heat that her insides liquefied. Warmth pooled in her pussy and her

nipples tightened. Devon joined J & R Ltd two months ago. He had turned out to be a distraction she was still learning to deal with. Just hearing his voice down the short hallway that separated them conjured visions of the treasures hidden beneath the linen shirts and pressed trousers that fit him to sinful perfection. His angled face, dark hair, blue eyes, and muscular body made him the perfect GQ model.

“Sara.” The way her name slipped off his tongue caused a shiver to slide up her spine. “What’s going on?” He frowned. “You’re scared.”

“Hell, yes, I’m scared. There’s an intruder in my office.” And she wasn’t referring to the one that had her panties damp and her heart thundering.

A corner of his mouth twitched. “Is that what I am?”

“Right now, yes.” With those damn sexy dimples highlighted by a five o’clock shadow, she wanted him to intrude on her personal space—intrude intimately. She shrugged free of his hold.

He propped a hip on her desk. “How about I take you to dinner?”

She pictured dinner in a dimly lit restaurant, them alone in a private corner where he could reach under the table and slip his hand beneath her skirt and into her curls. “Devon, I’m going downtown. I have to talk to Bradley. I sent him a text, but this can’t wait until he decides to reply.” She considered discussing the breach, then realized neither of them could make a decision without talking to Bradley. “This is bigger than you or I can handle.”

“I think you can handle anything.” He wagged his brows. “Regardless of size.” His voice lowered and his lips tilted into a mischievous smile.

“Devon! This is serious.” She narrowed her eyes. “Are you drunk?”

“Completely sober...and hungry.” He grinned.

"I'll go with you and we can grab dinner."

"I can't. We have a network breach. My gut tells me something is very wrong—beyond the security of our system. We have records of shipment dates, our warehouse locations. If anyone decided to intercept a shipment or break into a warehouse, we would never find the merchandize."

He stood. "Okay, calm down. I'll handle it."

"You?"

"I admit it. I'm a Tom Clancy junkie. I've always wanted to find myself embroiled in some high action espionage with a beautiful woman. So how about it?"

"How about what? You need to take this seriously."

"I am, but the system is practically impenetrable. A security breach would have to come from the inside, and Bradley is too thorough to let the wrong person close to his business." Devon cupped her elbow with his palm. "But I'll take you to Bradley, then we'll go to dinner."

"Not tonight."

He didn't move. Sara shot him a deprecating look, then turned sideways and sidled past him. Her pebbled nipples brushed against the linen shirt stretched taut across his chest. She held her breath until her shoulder brushed his and she was past him, then started for the door. He seized her wrist. She jerked her gaze to the fingers that held her in a gentle but unbreakable grip, then frowned.

"What did you text to Bradley?" he demanded.

"What?"

"This will be easier if you tell me what you know."

Apprehension skimmed the edges of her consciousness. "I know I need to go."

He stepped in front of her. "No."

The intensity in his stance and the directness of the single spoken word sent a frisson of fear

crawling along her skin. “Devon, you’re scaring me.” She tried to push past him.

His arm banded around her waist, and he yanked her against his solid body “We’re going to calmly walk out of here—together.”

She froze. Bradley was thorough when it came to who he let close to his business. Before she’d been hired, she’d undergone a background check that rivaled an FBI investigation. Devon would have undergone the same check. Was it possible the wrong person had slipped past Bradley’s security? About as possible as someone hacking into their system.

“Don’t make a scene.”

The cold note in his voice sent a prickle down her spine.

“You’re absolutely right,” he said. “This is bigger than you and me, and I’m not about to let you fuck up my operation.”

Blood roared through her ears. Devon, gorgeous Devon had to be involved with the system breach. Whatever she’d stumbled onto was going to get her bound, gagged, and thrown into the trunk of a car until the cops found her dead body. A whimper escaped her lips.

“Relax, Sara. I only want to talk.”

“Talk?” Panic raced to the surface. She drew in a sharp breath with the intent to scream.

Devon’s lips crashed down on hers. He hugged her in a breath-stealing embrace and lightheadedness weakened her knees. She pounded on his chest. Her hip dug into something hard and her stomach tumbled. The hard steel pressing into her wasn’t the cock that had fueled her fantasies, that hard heated shaft driving into her while she drowned in his mesmerizing blue eyes. No, this bulge was at waist level. He had a gun strapped to his side. Tears burned the corners of her eyes, and a

wave of terror buckled her legs.

Bang! Bang! You're dead.

Devon caught her to him. "Goddammit, Sara." He almost sounded repentant. "Let's go. *Now.*" He propelled them toward the door. "Not a word. Understand?"

"Are you going to kill me?"

He gave a snort. "Of course not, but if you don't do exactly what I say, I *will* paddle your ass."

Devon mentally cursed. *This wasn't happening.* One night. One fucking night left before this was all over and Sara had to come across his rootkit in the system. How the hell had she known what it was? He glanced at her sitting in the passenger seat of his sport coupe, and his chest tightened. She stared out the side window into the night, refusing to look at him, to speak to him, to even listen to reason.

"For a rational woman, you're being very stubborn. I can explain everything."

"Unless you are going to stop this car and let me out, I don't care what you have to say." Her head snapped in his direction. "This is kidnapping. You're looking at serious prison time if you don't let me go."

"I'm not the one engaged in criminal activity." He hated for her to discover the truth this way. He would have told her, eventually. Once his assignment was over, he had every intention of pursuing her for more than a business arrangement. His personal interest was a source of contention between him and Rigg, his partner. The man she didn't know, but did. Their betrayal was going to piss her off, but they needed to protect her. "I'll explain everything."

She shot him a lethal glare. He sighed, picked up his cell, and dialed Rigg.

Rigg answered on the first ring. "Are we a go?"

"Yeah, with complications." He glanced at Sara.

She still stared, eyes narrowed, lips tight. She was more angry than scared. He hoped like hell that was a good thing. “I have a noncompliant Sara with me. I need the file.”

“Dammit,” Rigg muttered. “Why? What happened?”

“She may have compromised the situation.”

“What does she know?” Worry laced Rigg’s words.

“She found the rootkit.”

“Fuck,” Rigg cursed. “How?”

He still hadn’t figured that out. She shouldn’t have been able to detect the rootkit. He’d be pissed if he weren’t impressed. “We knew she was smart. We’ve got to tell her everything. Full disclosure. Meet me.” Because there was always risk Sara would discover Devon’s activities, the contingency plan included a designated meeting place.

“Devon—”

“I know.” His gut tightened. There wasn’t any way to lessen the impact of what they’d done. Could she forgive his betrayal—and Rigg’s? “Be there in fifteen minutes,” Devon said to Rigg, then snapped shut the phone and dropped it into the cup holder between the seats.

Devon shifted his gaze to the rearview mirror for any tails as he made a right hand turn and headed to a small beach motel in Santa Monica. Bradley was a suspicious son-of-a-bitch. Devon had no way of knowing how long it had been since Sara sent the text—and she still hadn’t told him what she’d sent. He needed to know because the situation was dangerous and if Bradley learned of the investigation, all their work would be worthless. And people would be hurt. “What did you send Bradley in the text?”

“I’m not talking to you.”

“You will.” He heard her swallow. She should be

scared. He was.

The motel came into view, and Devon slowed. Darkness cloaked the building, but in the distance, lights dotted the coastline to where the Santa Monica Pier jutted outward over the water, its colorful Ferris wheel lighting up the main shopping district. He turned into the covered parking lot, drove toward the rear, reversed the car into the parking stall in readiness for a hasty departure, and killed the engine.

He faced Sara. "Don't bring attention to us. Just trust me for the next fifteen minutes."

"Trust you?" she retorted, her voice thick with incredulity. "You're holding me against my will."

Even in the dimly lit parking area, even pissed off, her eyes, like cut emeralds, sent heat skittering across his flesh. "When I *hold* you, it won't be against your will."

Her mouth parted in a small huff. Fuck, how was he going to get through this night? Her breathy gasps were an aural assault on his reined in control. The way she looked, all curves and feminine softness. Sexy sophistication. Blonde hair, sultry bedroom eyes and full lips perfect for kissing. Perfect for sinful pleasures. Her mouth made his cock hard and his balls heavy. But he'd fallen for her because of her sense of humor, her intelligence...and the way she smelled. Her perfume teased him, tempted him...distracted him.

Devon popped open the driver's door. Before he could walk around the vehicle, she was out of the car, arms crossed over her chest. She might be angry, but she was smart enough to know he wasn't going to let her go. A sliver of relief loosened his shoulders. Her anger and determination meant she wasn't as terrified as she wanted him to think—at least not of him. Intuitively, she had to know he wouldn't hurt her. He'd give a year's salary to be

right.

“Room 16. It’s at the end of the building.” He linked their arms. Heat from her arm penetrated the thin layer of linen and warmed his flesh. Sara was six inches shorter than him and four years younger than his thirty-three years. She was as smart as she was beautiful, which meant he had his work cut out for him tonight.

They reached the door, and Devon slid his keycard through the handle. The small light blinked green, and he pushed open the door.

“Did you have this planned?” She tugged on her arm in an effort to break free of his grasp.

“Of course.” Devon gave her a gentle shove across the threshold. “Everything except your discovery of the computer hack.”

She spun to face him. “So kidnapping isn’t your only crime! What are you going to do when the cops find out you’ve hacked my computer?”

Devon stepped inside the room, forced her back another step, and chuckled as he locked the bolt. “I was just thinking that you are as smart as you are beautiful, but maybe you’re more beautiful.”

“Oh, thanks! What the hell is that supposed to mean?” She braced her hands on her hips. The sheer lace of her bra was a shadow beneath her thin blouse. He swallowed hard, knowing she wore sexy lingerie beneath her conservative clothing. Nylons encased toned legs and trim thighs. Thighs he wanted locked to his hips and legs he wanted wrapped around his waist. Christ, he needed to get his mind out from between the sheets and focus on gaining back her trust.

He brushed past her as he slipped off his jacket. He tossed it on the bed and continued to the small refrigerator. “I am the cops.”

“What?”

He opened the fridge, grabbed a cola, and faced

her. "I am the police."

Her eyes narrowed. "The police don't kidnap their co-workers."

"They do when they're undercover." He pulled the tab on the cola. "You want something to drink?"

"I would prefer a drink from my own fridge." She crossed her arms. "I'm sure the one speeding ticket I've ever had," her voice rose, "makes me a prime target for surveillance." Her pebbled nipples prodded against her blouse. As his cock stretched and thickened, he forced his gaze from the swell of her breasts to her flushed face. Her eyes sparked with indignation.

"Sit down." He pointed to the bed.

She hesitated then slowly sat. "Don't think you're sitting next to me."

He grinned. "I've wanted to get you into bed for weeks."

She snorted. "Your charm wore off when I discovered a gun in your pocket." At least she still had her sense of humor.

"I'm still always happy to see you." Devon pulled out the desk chair and sat across from her. "Bradley's import and export business includes moving a lot more than antiquities in and out of the country. We've been watching him...watching his computer transactions for months. When we had enough information, they sent me in to ascertain who was involved. When this goes down, Bradley isn't going to be the only one who falls. But we need to make sure our net is big enough to catch the big fish. I couldn't let you tell him about the hack. If he suspects anything, the deal he's making tonight—the one with the Japanese investor—won't happen and we lose months of work. I need to know what you sent in the text."

She was quiet a moment then she looked down at her hands clasped in her lap. "Nothing. Just 911."

Obviously 911 doesn't mean emergency to him. He hasn't called. That's why I was going to him." Her voice lowered. "There's nothing more important to Bradley than money." Her gaze turned wary. "What do you think he's involved in?"

"We don't think. We know he's part of a sex ring. He barter for—and trades—young girls into sexual slavery."

Sara's eyes widened and she slowly shook her head. "You're wrong." She covered her mouth with trembling fingers.

"We're not."

A soft knock at the door caused Sara to jump. Devon rested a palm on her thigh. "That's my partner. I'm going to open that door and you're going to be even angrier. Please, just try to understand." Devon stood. Fuck, he'd started to get through to her, but all trust would be gone once he opened the door. He crossed the room, glanced over his shoulder, smiled at the woman he'd grown to care about, and pulled open the door.

"Rigg!" She launched to her feet. "What are you—" Her gaze shifted from Rigg back to Devon. "Oh no, this is not happening." Her head cocked to the side. "Both of you?"

What in the hell was her hot neighbor doing at the door? Her mind screamed what she refused to acknowledge. Sara frantically scanned the room for her purse. She was sure she'd had it in the car, but had she brought it to the room? She couldn't think.

Devon was suddenly at her side. "Sara, we didn't have a choice."

Raking her bangs from her eyes, she didn't stop her wild search for her missing purse. "I have to get out of here."

Strong fingers clasped her shoulders, and she riveted her gaze on Devon's face. She cast a glance at

Rigg, who now stood inside the room. He closed the door, then looked at Devon.

“So did you compare stories?” She twisted in an effort to break his hold, but his fingers only tightened on her shoulders. “Did you have a bet on who was going to bang me first?” And stupid her, she had actually wanted to fuck them both. While at work, Devon had kept her hot and horny. He was witty and charming, and the sexual innuendos had caused a riot of butterflies. She’d imagined all the wickedly naughty things he could do to her. God, but she’d wanted him and that had torn her up. Because, then at home, her next door neighbor, the hot guy who moved in a few months prior—Rigg—had filled the remaining hours of the day. He was strong and simple. Like a rock, she knew if she leaned against him, he’d feel too good to let go.

Not anymore. “Let me go. I’m leaving.” She had to go before she clobbered both of them. They’d spied on her, toyed with her emotions. Dammit, and Devon was the worst. He’d made her care. “I’m going home. If you want to stop me, you’ll have to arrest me.” She shoved at Devon’s chest. This time, he released her and stepped back.

Sara started for the door.

Rigg tossed his bag onto the bed and stepped in front of her. “You can’t go home tonight, Sara. It’s for your own safety.”

“And don’t tempt me to put cuffs on you.” Devon’s smile—however sexy—pissed her off more.

“Stop teasing her,” Rigg stated.

Sweet, solid Rigg, with a body made for sex. He rode a motorcycle and made her think of deliciously naughty things—like wrapping her legs around his hips as he fucked her up against a wall. Or taking a ride on his bike, racing down the street, wild and untamed. Her pussy grew wet thinking about his hands on her ass and his face buried between her

legs. He was hot in a bad-boy way. So not her type, but any woman's fantasy.

Muscles bulged from his tight T-shirt. A tribal tattoo—one she knew banded his entire right biceps, covered his shoulder, and stretched onto his muscular back—peeked from beneath the sleeve of his right arm. The tattoo—Rigg—exuded raw appeal. He looked like sex. A man to make her feel like a woman. A sex kitten to his brawn. Jeans hugged his trim hips and thick thighs. He wore black boots, and his swagger told her he'd have the moves. God, how she's imagined him between the sheets.

Then felt like shit when she flirted with Devon—wanted him—wanted him more than she wanted Rigg. She'd felt like a bitch in heat. And they were partners. Working her, playing her. Her stomach roiled. "I'm going to be sick."

"Ah, Sara." Devon grasped her arm and tugged her onto the edge of the bed beside him. "We didn't mean to deceive you." He rested his palm on her back and rubbed a slow circle. "We had to be sure you weren't involved."

Rigg sat on her left. "At first we wondered if you were Bradley's lure. You're beautiful and sexy."

"You think I could be involved in...in sex trade?" She pictured teenage girls kidnapped from their homes, stolen away from those they loved and the only security they'd known, and stashed in brothels filled with other girls who were never let out of the rooms where men raped them.

Rigg combed hair from her face with his fingertips. The gentle touch was clearly intended to soften her anger—and was working, which made her even angrier. "Our investigation ceased being about you ten minutes after we met you."

Her mind raced. They had come into her life about the same time, within a few days. She'd never

had an inkling that they knew each other. But then why would she? They were professional liars—undercover cops. She shook her head. “I’m so stupid.”

“No.” Devon angled his head so that she was forced to meet his gaze. “We’re just good at what we do. I had a job to do, but we both knew there was more going on here than our investigation.” His eyes begged her to understand. “Our interest in you has only increased.” He softly kissed her lips.

She sat frozen for an instant, startled by the feel of the warm lips brushing hers, the promise of more, if only—she yanked back and looked from Devon to Rigg. “Our?”

Rigg smiled, carving deep dimples into his whisker-shadowed cheeks. He glanced away, ran his fingers through his hair, then met her stare again. “Sara...” He let her name fade into the silence of the room.

They wanted her. They *both* wanted her. How much had they talked? Her heart pounded. Was this part of their plan? Covert seductions. “What do you want from me?”

Rigg reached inside his duffel and pulled a manila file folder from inside. “For starters, to believe us.”

Sara hesitantly took the paper Rigg extended toward her. “I don’t *not* believe you.” She didn’t know what to think. She knew these two had gone to extreme measures to keep her under surveillance. In her heart, she knew they’d protected her. That didn’t change the fact they’d betrayed her.

Twenty minutes later, Sara swiped at a tear she’d been unsuccessful in stopping. The women weren’t all teenagers, and weren’t all model material as she’d envisioned, but they were young, fresh, and had been taken from their homes just as she’d feared. Half a dozen photos of the young women and

another half dozen pictures of freighters like those J&R used to import/export was irrefutable evidence. Devon and Rigg weren't wrong about Bradley Jackson, and she'd unwittingly helped him kidnap those girls. Every time she scheduled a *sale*, she now had to wonder what was being bought and sold.

Rigg gently disengaged her fingers from the folder and took it from her. "Bradley Jackson's business is importing and exporting illegal cargo. Young women." He closed the folder and slid it back into the duffel.

"Tonight his network is going down," Devon said. "And Rigg will be there."

Fear lanced through her. Were they going to leave her? She searched Devon's face. "Do you have to go, too? I mean, you're partners, right? Do you do everything together?"

Devon stared hard at Rigg, and the tension in the room thickened. "We haven't done *everything* together."

It didn't take a folder of evidence to know they were talking about more than the investigation. The fear and anger at her forced confinement morphed into a simmering heat deep in her core.

Devon's cell rang, shattering the moment. "Excuse me." Devon stood and glanced at the display screen. "It's our contact." He strode across the room, slid open the sliding glass door leading to the balcony, and stepped outside. His quietly whispered words cut off when the door slid shut.

Rigg rested a hand on her thigh. "We never meant to hurt you."

She glanced at his hand, then lifted half-lowered lashes and stared into the dark smoldering depths of Rigg's obsidian eyes. "Will you hurt me now?"

"No, but I won't pretend not to want you." His fingertips scorched a trail higher.

Sara abruptly stood and crossed to the sliding

glass door “What about Devon?” The man on her mind leaned against the railing, speaking into his cell phone. He smiled when he saw her then his gaze shifted over her shoulder and the easy smile hardened.

The lights dimmed, only a small lamp at the table illuminated near where she stood. A tingle shivered along her spine. Warm breath caressed the nape of her neck. Rigg pressed in close...and from the other side of glass and a sheer curtain, Devon watched.

“I don’t want the same thing as Devon.”

“And what do you think he wants?” Her heart pounded as Rigg’s palms rested on her hips and his chest pressed against her back.

“You.”

She clung to the simple word. How much of her? Tonight? “What about tomorrow when the investigation is over? What will you want?”

“I’m partnered up with Devon for this assignment, but tomorrow I could be in a meth ring or bringing down a drug cartel. You wouldn’t want to know me then. I’m not stable like Devon.” His lips brushed her shoulder and blood whooshed through her ears. “Devon’s looking for more.” Rigg nestled his hard cock against her ass. “But I still want to fuck you.”

Her heart raced. Was he offering what she’d fantasized about these last months?

“It’s been hard, Sara. Seeing you everyday, knowing I couldn’t touch you.” He flattened a palm on her ribcage and slowly slid his hand around to her waist. “It wouldn’t have been fair to touch you, not then. Not when I couldn’t tell you the truth.” He leaned forward, and moist lips trailed along her neck to her ear. “I hated lying to you.” Goosebumps raced across her arms. His warm breath bathed her ear. “One way or the other, we have to protect you.” His

hold tightened on her waist and Sara arched her back and ground her ass into his groin.

“Yes,” she whispered, not wanting to contemplate exactly what she was agreeing to. Yes, she wanted more with Devon. But yes she wanted to be fucked by Rigg.

As Rigg shimmied her skirt higher, she held Devon’s gaze. He visibly swallowed and shifted against the railing, but he didn’t turn away. Nor did he charge into the room to ask her what the hell she was doing with his partner. His sole attention was on her face, staring into her eyes. His Adam’s apple bobbed. His lips formed words she couldn’t hear as he spoke into his cell phone.

Her heart pounded and her nipples tightened. “He’s watching us.”

Rigg gyrated his hips, pressing his erection into the cleft of her ass. God, he was making her hot. Staring at Devon as Rigg’s fingers slid onto her abdomen and crushed her flush against his towering strength sent her heart into an erratic beat. Rigg was tall, thick and solid. The fragrance of his cologne worked like magic, weaving around her and making her drunk with lust. She was needy and aching, and tonight she just didn’t want to think about why they were all here together. She only knew she wanted—needed—them both.

“Sara.” Rigg breathed a kiss to her neck.

The wet tip of his tongue flicked against her skin. Her body burned yet she shivered from his touch.

Her skirt inched higher. Then Rigg’s palm was on her hip. Muscles in her belly quivered, and her pulse grew thready. He slipped his fingers beneath her nylons, under her panties and, oh god, curled his fingers over her pussy. With her eyes closed, she trembled as his finger parted her wet folds and the tip slipped into her cunt.

Without Rigg's strong arms holding her, her knees would have buckled. As he guided his finger deeper, she grasped his forearm, her nails cutting into the hard muscle.

"Oh," she moaned as he sawed in and out.

Rigg shifted his left arm higher and cupped her breast. "He wants you."

His words broke through the fog of lust. "Huh?"

"Devon. Look at the way he watches. Fuck, even I can see how much this turns him on."

She slowly opened her eyes. The intensity of Devon's stare melted the last of her resistance. His gaze touched her as intimately as Rigg's fingers. "I want him, too."

Rigg chuckled and plunged in a second finger. "He knows."

Sara cried out and her thighs trembled. Every nerve sizzled. A kaleidoscope of flutters swarmed her belly. Devon closed his phone and, in a whir of motion, slid open the door and stepped inside. Then he was there, his mouth closing over hers. In a wild, erotic frenzy, his tongue parted her lips, sought and conquered her. She clutched at him, trying to get closer. A breeze from the ocean, coming through the open sliding door, cooled her heated flesh.

"Fuck." Rigg ripped his fingers from her cunt. The lamp clicked and the room darkened with only the glow of the coastal community beyond the glass doors.

Sara whimpered with the loss, but Devon's hard, passionate kisses deepened. She wrapped her arms around his neck, twining her fingers in his hair. Rigg fumbled with the closure to her skirt. A moment later, the fabric slipped over her hips, down her thighs, and fell around her feet.

"I've wanted my hands on your ass for months." Rigg's gritty words were followed by his fingers gripping her cheeks, kneading her flesh through her

sheer black hose.

Devon's kiss gentled. He smiled against her lips. "Are you sure?"

"Yes." She hadn't been this sure about anything. "I don't need anymore apologies for the lies that got us here." She wanted to tell him how she'd fantasized about him, coveted more than a working relationship. But all she could think about was the virile man in her arms and the one on his knees behind her, lifting her feet one at a time and slipping off her heels.

"What do you need?" Devon unbuttoned the first button of her blouse.

"Just you." Soft kisses brushed the back of her knee. She sighed. "And Rigg."

"I'm here, baby." Rigg tucked his thumbs into the waistband of her nylons and peeled them down her legs. She wouldn't have thought the removal of pantyhose would be sexy, but she felt the stripping like a decadent caress. His warm breath kissed the flesh he exposed, licking and softly sucking the dip above her hip, drawing his lips over her and gently nipping the curve of ass.

As Rigg removed her nylons, Devon finished unbuttoning her blouse. With a shrug, the flimsy silken material slipped off her shoulder. Her arms fell to her sides, and she was left standing in her lacy bra and thong panties.

"This is just us." Devon tucked his finger under her chin and lifted her face. "You set the pace."

Rigg placed a kiss on her bare shoulder. "You make the rules."

She glanced over her shoulder. "Kiss me," she smiled over the words, "and then I want you to fuck me."

"It will be my pleasure," Rigg said.

He turned her and gently claimed her lips, stoking the heat and passion burning between them.

His rough, calloused fingertips grazed her shoulders, slipping off the straps of her bra. Lust unfurled in her core, and she had the desperate need to feel their hard, male flesh against her.

She allowed the bra to slip from her arms and drop to the floor. From his position behind her, Devon cupped her breast, rolling the nipple between his thumb and finger. She'd never thought her breasts were her best feature, but then she'd never had Devon's strong fingers on her. The nipple tightened, and a spiraling pleasure surged from tip to clit.

Sara moaned and fumbled with the buttons of Rigg's jeans. She ached, needy for both Devon and Rigg to cram her full of their cocks. She didn't care where, she just knew she felt empty inside, desperate to be filled. The last button free, she parted the denim, and Rigg's cock, swelling behind his boxer briefs, filled the gap.

She whimpered and ground against Rigg while reaching behind her, feeling for Devon, not wanting to be without him. She needed them both touching her, both kissing her...both fucking her. But Devon took a step back.

A flash of panic ripped through her heart. Fear that Devon would change his mind and not want Rigg with them, or worse, he wouldn't want her because she wanted them both, clawed at the edge of her thoughts. "Devon?"

"Hold on." The husky tone of his voice melted over her, chasing away her insecurity.

"Stay with me." Rigg kissed her again, drawing her deeper into the euphoric moment. She'd never have thought she could want two men with such ferocity...but she did.

"I don't want him to leave."

Rigg's disarming smile revealed the truth. "He's not going anywhere, baby, and neither am I."

The rustle of Devon's clothing sounded behind her. A moment later, his hands were on her hips and his hard cock slid between her thighs. "Only place I'm going is inside you." He rubbed his cock against the damp crotch of her panties.

Pivoting in Rigg's arms, she faced Devon and drank in the sight of him, naked and powerful. Dark hair dusted his pectorals, circling flat brown nipples on his broad contoured chest. Her gaze traveled the feathering trail over his rigid abdominals to his cock, erect and bobbing.

"Oh," she said on a breathy exhale as her pussy clenched and her mouth watered. Emotion churned in her belly. Both Rigg and Devon were going to have her. The thought both thrilled and terrified. And yet, she wanted to see more, feel more...touch more. She trembled and turned to Rigg.

"Are you scared?" he asked.

She shook her head. Electric erotic energy sizzled over her flesh. Unsure, but unafraid, she slid her fingers under his shirt.

"Fuck. Bed," Rigg mumbled, and kissed her. His tongue took another delicious plunge into her mouth.

With a hard tug, Devon stripped the motel bed, leaving only the crisp white fitted sheet. Rigg walked her backward, sliding kisses over her neck, his hands roaming over her body. Yet, she felt more heat from Devon's stare. He watched them with hawk-like intensity. Rigg was playing, but Devon was the Alpha male in the room.

The rush of feminine power was intoxicating. She'd never considered herself sexy, but her hips beckoned as she crawled onto the bed. She wasn't exactly sure how they wanted her. Past experiences with men hadn't prepared her for this...these two men. Her heart jolted. And what about condoms? She certainly didn't carry them.

"I don't want to spoil the mood, but do either of

you have condoms?" Her face warmed.

Rigg chuckled and bounced onto the bed. "I'm single and a guy, of course I have condoms."

Laughter dissolved the tension in the room. Rigg balanced the intensity in Devon. "Good, then get one for you and your partner." She pushed him off the bed. "And no clothing on the bed."

"Yes, ma'am. " Rigg grinned. "I suspected you had a controlling side."

She didn't feel in control. Reckless and uninhibited better described the rioting sensations surging through her. She rolled onto her side and faced Devon, who still stood at the edge of the bed. God, he was beautiful. Hard lines and taut flesh over ripped musculature. He wasn't the rugged brawn and Mr. Charisma of Rigg, but he was lean and exuded quiet strength. A serious aura surrounded him. Methodical, intelligent. He reminded her of a dangerous wild, cunning animal stalking his prey. And he wanted her.

Sara rose to her knees and scooted to the edge of the mattress. Devon's gaze never wavered as she stared into his eyes. She had no doubt he knew what she wanted. She sat on the edge of the bed.

"Whatever you want," he whispered as she closed her fingers around the velvety girth. Pulsing veins threaded the shaft. She stroked him with a tight fist, sliding the taut flesh over the steely length. The stalk was long and thick and curved toward his abdominals. Dark, wiry hair swirled around the base. A pronounced ridge formed the darkening head. Pearly essence seeped from the slit. Leaning closer, she inhaled his musky scent.

After wetting her lips, she bent forward and closed her mouth over the soft flesh of the corona. She whimpered as he clutched fistfuls of her hair and slowly screwed his cock into her mouth.

Sucking Devon's cock had her burning up.

Sliding her lips down the shaft, she took him deep into her mouth. Hot, hard, and smooth. A thrill shot through her. Touching the most intimate part of his masculinity, the raw power, the control...the mounting desire was a heady sensation. She hollowed her cheeks, cocooning his cock in fiery wet heat. Devon moaned, clenched his buttocks, and pushed in a fraction deeper. He combed his long fingers into her hair.

Desperate for penetration, her pussy tightened. God, she needed something stuffed inside her...she needed Rigg to fuck her. She needed him to hurry up with the condoms, stretch one on, and slam into her. Widening her thighs, she slid her left hand between her legs. Parting her drenched folds, she touched her swollen clit and shuddered violently. A wordless murmur rolled from her chest. So hot. So wet. She speared two fingers into her channel. As fast as she stroked him with her right hand, she fingerfucked herself with her left. But it wasn't enough. It wasn't Rigg.

"Started without me?" Rigg spoke beside her and tossed two condoms on the bed.

She moaned, sucked harder on Devon and buried her fingers deep in her core. Devon thrust into her mouth, cradling her skull in his hands as he fucked her mouth. Strung tight, she was on the brink of release. Cream slicked her pussy. She thrust, wiggled and thrust her fingers again. Just a few more...

"Not without me." Rigg clasped his hand around her wrist and guided her fingers out of her cunt toward his mouth. He licked her fingers. "Not enough." Rigg climbed onto the bed. "Over here." Holding out his hand, he waited for her to join him.

Slipping her mouth from Devon's cock, Sara gasped for breath.

Gaze locked with hers, Devon wiped his thumb

along her bottom lips. "Your turn."

Sarah turned to Rigg. Lying flat, legs from the knees down over the side and with his head in the middle of the bed, he reached out for her hand. Now that he was naked, she visually traced the ink covering his right side. The black pattern, the tribal points and swirls added to his wildness. How many times had she imagined his savage touch? The aggression and power?

Almost as much as she'd imagined screwing Devon.

Sara straddled Rigg's face, braced her hands on his chest, bent over and licked his cock from tip to base. Rigg groaned, firmly gripped her ass and burrowed his face between her legs.

"Oh damn," she cried. She couldn't speak, could barely breathe as hot lashes of his tongue swirled over her pussy. Slicing the blade of his tongue between her folds, he tasted her cream, tunneling into her channel then licking over and around her clit.

Grasping his cock at the base, she closed her lips around the blunt corona and sucked him into her mouth. The thickness of his cock stretched her lips and turgid length pulsed in her hand. She moaned and sucked, drawing more of his fluids from the deep slit in the head. So good. He was muskier than Devon, a rich earthy taste floated over her tongue.

Devon positioned in front of her. Sara glanced up. Hunger darkened Devon's eyes, yet the edge of his lips hinted at a smile. He tapped her mouth with his cock, painting her lips with his pre-cum. Sara grasped hold of his shaft, curled her tongue around the flared rim, and sucked.

"Just like that," Devon said with a growl. "Wrap those pretty lips around my dick and suck me."

How was she supposed to focus on Devon, when her body trembled and pressure built in her clit? She

was going to come before them. Her thighs quivered. Her heart pounded. Rigg sucked her clit hard, carefully using his teeth to rasp the hard sensitive knot of nerves. Oh god. Her pulse spiked as she bucked against his face, rolling her hips and driving toward orgasm. His relentless tongue flicked over her pussy, never pausing in an effort to make her come. And damn, but she was so close. She mewled her pleasure, rocking into Rigg's face as she pumped Devon's shaft and glided her tongue over the glans.

Sara ripped her mouth from Devon and cried out. Spasms jerked her body and every muscle tensed. Waves of pleasure surged through her. Rigg's fingertips dug into her thighs, forcing her hard onto his face as she rode her climax against his mouth.

Adrenaline pumped through Devon. However, this was unlike the fear, anxiety and trepidation that came from police work. Sara had him tied up in knots. Tomorrow, the investigation and Bradley Jackson would become the prosecution's problem. J & R Ltd's doors would be closed. Investigators would be crawling all over the files and computers. Sara's life and livelihood were unintended casualties. She was running on fear, anger, and frustration. Channeling those emotions into sex would work for tonight, but what about tomorrow? He'd used her to get to Jackson. She had to know there was no agenda tonight.

He glanced at Rigg. They'd both found her attractive, but Devon had fallen—hard. He had no claim to Sara, wasn't justified in the jealousy ripping through his chest as she turned and slid over Rigg's body, teasing him with her breasts. A lustful smile tilting her lips, she fingered the condom package. But she wasn't staring at Rigg. Over her shoulder, her gaze locked on Devon.

"So are you going to fuck me?" She issued the

challenge, then tore the condom wrapper with her teeth.

Yes, he was going to fuck her...care for her...love her. She might not know it now, but she needed him. Maybe as much as he needed her.

"Can you take us both?" Devon took the condom from her fingertips and fit the ring to the head of his cock. The rubber squeezed his shaft as he rolled it down the length.

"I want to." She rose to her knees, straddling Rigg's hips with her back to Devon.

Devon glanced at Rigg. "Is that what you want?"

Rigg leaned up on his elbows. "Whatever Sara wants is good with me."

Devon had always liked and respected Rigg. A niggle of regret wormed into his thoughts. Over the weeks, they'd both expressed interest in Sara. Both knew before coming to this motel room that if the opportunity presented itself for one of them, they'd take it. Never had Devon expected this. He knew Rigg hadn't either.

Rigg grabbed a condom and quickly sheathed his cock. "We'll go slow."

Sara braced her hands on Rigg's massive chest. "I don't want slow. I want you to fuck me."

"Baby, you're always so polished and proper. Fuck, but I love when you talk dirty." Rigg laughed and positioned her above his dick. He wrapped his fist around the base of his shaft and rubbed the sheathed head along the seam of her cunt.

She moaned as her head fell back and she sank onto Rigg, her pussy eating his cock. "Fuck. Fuck. Fuck." Her brows furrowed, and she gasped for breath through lightly parted lips. Then a soft chuckle erupted from her. "Oh fuck." She twisted and glanced at Devon over her shoulder. Her smoldering eyes darkened. "Yeah, you better take it slow."

He tilted her head back, cupped her cheek and brushed a kiss over her lips. He savored her mouth, nibbling and sucking. He licked his way inside and glided his tongue along hers. She breathed into him with the rhythm of Rigg thrusting into her body. For a moment, they were one breath. The room—the night—cocooned them intimately. Distant sounds of ocean waves drifted through the open door, and a cool breeze caressed his sweat-slicked flesh.

“I want you,” she whispered against his lips. “I need you.” She straightened.

Devon shifted behind her, resting his hands on her hips. Rigg grunted, anchoring her hard to his groin and rolling his hips.

“Lean forward,” Devon instructed applying pressure to her back. Sara molded her chest to Rigg’s. Rigg’s hands roamed over her back, along her ribs, then cupped her ass. Massaging her buttocks, fingers firmly gripping her toned curves, Rigg pulled her cheeks apart, exposing her tight, pink star to Devon.

Devon clenched his jaw. Possessiveness swelled within him. Rigg’s cock stretched her pussy, filling her. Devon wanted to be buried in her sweet heat. He wanted to be the one holding her close, crushing her breasts to his chest, feeling her nipples prod into him. He also wanted to be the man sliding his cock into her ass.

Sara glistened with cream. Devon gathered her juices on his fingers. Circling her puckered entrance, he lubricated her hole then gently slid his finger into her ass. Sara moaned and arched her back. Rigg’s cock flexed, digging into her cunt and causing more cream to trickle from her core.

“You’re so tight,” he said sawing two fingers in and out of her ass.

“Good,” she said and grunted. “Because I’ve never done this before.”

Rigg nipped at her chin. "Never had two men or never been fucked in the ass?"

She ground her mouth against Rigg's, devouring his lips and Devon continued to open her passage and wet her anus with her cream.

She tore her mouth from Rigg's. "Oh, damn," she cursed and thrashed her head. "I haven't done either." Her thighs trembled. "Please, Devon." Hips jerking, she impaled herself on Rigg and backed into Devon.

"Hold her," he said to Rigg.

A strangled laugh broke from Rigg. "She's going to hold still because she wants your cock in her ass as I fuck her pussy."

"You have a dirty mouth, too," she said. "And yes, I'm holding still." She was rigid.

"Relax," Devon soothed as he aligned the head of his cock with her entrance. "Use your dirty mouth to tell me what you want."

"I want to come."

"Breathe out and bear down." She did and he pressed forward. The head slipped in and he groaned. Fuck, but she was tight. Clenching his buttocks, he pushed in another inch.

"You okay?" Rigg gripped her ass and spread her cheeks wider.

"I feel like I'm splitting in two." She gasped. "But the burn feels so good. Oh damn, why couldn't you have a little dick?"

Devon laughed and pulled out an inch.

"No," she whined, rearing back and driving him deeper into her rectum. "Don't pull out. You'll have to start over."

"Are you a backseat driver?" Rigg asked. "Feel this." His mouth pulled into a hard line and his muscles bunched.

"Oh, fuck." Devon could feel Rigg's cock pulsing and flexing in her pussy.

“I have to move,” she begged. “Please.”

Rigg gripped her hips, keeping her in place. Devon leaned into her, his stomach flush to her lower back. Another inch deeper and her muscles softened, melting around his cock. He slid deep and groaned. Sara sighed, and Rigg relaxed. Their bodies were joined in all the right places. Hot and hard. Wet and wondrous. Devon braced his hand on the dip of her lower back and slowly pulled out. As he plunged back in, Rigg rocked her on his pelvis.

Her hands clenched into fists as she gripped the sheet. She moaned and grunted with each thrust.

Rigg spoke low and dirty. “I’d watch for you to come home from work.” His hands roamed over her hips. “I’d imagine stripping you out of your prim and proper skirts. I’d stroke my cock, imagining you on your knees, sucking me off, your mouth hot on my dick until I blew. Your fingernails clawed my thighs as you swallowed, sucking my nuts dry.” His gaze shifted to Devon. “And then he’d walk in.”

Devon imagined all of those things and more. He thrust harder, slamming his cock into her ass, fighting with Rigg for space in her tight, silken sheath.

“Did that spoil your fantasy?” she asked.

Sweat slicked her trembling body. Devon’s cock filled her ass, the ring of muscle squeezing and the inner muscles milking him with exquisite pressure.

“No.” Rigg lifted and lowered her on his shaft as Devon plowed into her from behind. “It’d make me harder.” He pounded into her. “I rubbed my dick raw imagining you fucking Devon.”

Devon’s balls tightened. His legs rubbed against Rigg’s. Sara panted and moaned between them, taking their pounding and creaming around their shafts. Devon closed his eyes and listened to the flux and flutter of her breathing. He reveled in the heat encasing his dick, hardening further with each

stroke against the pressure of Rigg's cock ramming deep into her pussy.

Fire licked his balls and heat pooled at the base of his spine. Her body was an erotic haven, but the pleasure was too intense. Sara shivered and her inner muscles tightened. He could feel her orgasm building...and he wanted to come with her.

"I can feel you getting close," he whispered near her ear. He kissed her neck and continued to sink deep into her ass, in perfect tandem with Rigg filling her cunt.

"I'm there." She gasped, crying out as convulsion racked her body. Devon slammed deep as waves of her contractions pulsed along his length. He pumped, drawing out her pleasure as pressure reached volcanic proportions around his cock. He gritted his teeth against the exquisite pleasure, riding her wave of release. And then he came in spasms that stole his breath.

Rigg bucked hard into her pussy, jarring them both with his strength. He roared, grinding and thrusting through his orgasm. Devon pressed down as Rigg surged higher. Sara was stuffed full of cocks and coming hard.

Sweat trickled along Devon's spine and his heart pounded. Rigg's labored breath echoed in the room along with Sara's feminine gasps. Her body liquefied, melting into Rigg. Euphoria worked like a drug on Devon. His mind was numb and his body spent. He eased his cock from her ass and collapsed on the bed beside them. Sara moaned, lifting off Rigg's deflating dick and slid onto the mattress between them. She rested her palm on Devon's racing heart. He covered her slender fingers with his larger hand.

The air was heavy with unspoken words and the fragrance of amazing sex blended with the clean scent of the ocean. Devon's pulse slowly returned to

normal, but he didn't want to move. Sweat cooled on his heated flesh, but the warmth emanating from the woman beside him rekindled his simmering desires. Quiet settled around them although tension thickened the air.

Sara took a breath to speak, but the moment shattered.

A cell phone.

Devon's heartbeat jolted. A call meant the bust was underway.

"It's mine." Rigg's voice was laced with seriousness.

Gone was the playful lover's bantering he'd shared with Sara, replaced by the tightly controlled detective. Rigg slid from the bed, tugging the condom from his dick. Devon did the same, tying off the top, leaning over the edge of the bed, and dropping it into the garbage.

Rigg picked up his jeans and fished his cell phone out of the pocket. "Rigg," he stated, tugging on his boxer briefs.

Sara sat up and shimmied toward the edge, but Devon wrapped an arm around her.

"What are you—"

Devon held a finger up to his lips. Rigg didn't need the distraction. "Stay," he whispered. She was Devon's responsibility and she was right where he wanted her. She nodded and snuggled next to him. He breathed out, relaxing with her in his arms.

Rigg offered one word answers to whoever was on the other line. He paced the floor, dressing and collecting his files.

"Fifteen minutes. Wait for me." He closed the phone and glanced at them. "I gotta go." He lifted his leg to a chair, picked up his gun from the table, and strapped it to his ankle. "The bust went down clean, but the shipment wasn't complete."

Devon sat up. "The girls?"

“Four in custody. They’re talking, but they don’t speak English. The chief has a Vietnamese translator coming in. I’m going in.” He put his hand up. “Jackson’s in custody. Already lawyered up.”

“We knew that.” Someone at Jackson’s level had all the money and all the connections. That’s why Devon had been on the inside. The evidence against Jackson was solid. “He won’t get off.”

Rigg picked up his keys from off the dresser. He paused, staring at Sara. He crossed the room and sat on the edge of the bed. “Thank you.”

“Oh god.” She bowed her head. “Don’t thank me.” She laughed. “Let’s just admit we both wanted tonight.”

He brushed a quick, chaste kiss over her lips. “Yeah, I’d wanted to bang you since the first day we met.”

She rolled her eyes. “Will I see you again?”

“How much of me do you want to see?” He wagged his brows.

She glanced to Devon. “I...I, um...”

“Don’t worry, baby. I’m sure we’ll see each other again.” He stood. “I’ll call you with updates.”

“I’ll be in later.” With Jackson in custody, Sara was safe. She could go home, but Devon wasn’t ready to let her go.

Rigg nodded to Devon and winked at Sara, then he left. Devon hunkered down on the bed, holding Sara close.

“Do you need to leave?” she whispered in the darkness.

“No, my role in the investigation is pretty much over.”

“I’m sorry I almost blew it when I texted Bradley.”

“You didn’t.” He banded his arms around her shoulders and pillowed her against his chest.

She signed, relaxing into him. Her fingertips

traced patterns on his torso.

“Are you okay?” He didn’t know what to read into her quietness.

A warm slow exhale blew across his skin. “I was going to ask you the same thing. Rigg talked so much...and you didn’t say much at all. I guess, I’m sort of worried about what you’re thinking.” She shifted, resting her chin on his sternum.

“Rigg had a good time.”

Her gaze dropped to his chest. “But you didn’t?”

Devon combed his fingers through her hair. “I enjoyed myself...very much.” He scooted up and reclined against the pillows. Sara repositioned her head on his stomach. Her silken hair draped over his abdomen, caressing his cock and bringing wildly erotic visions to his mind. “Everything I wanted to say, I didn’t want to say when I had you in bed with Rigg. Tonight was hot as hell. Rigg is a great guy, but he and I don’t want the same things.”

She chuckled. “That’s what Rigg said. So you didn’t just want to *bang* me?”

“Hell, no.”

“Good, because I don’t expect to ever have a night like this again.” She placed a soft kiss on Devon’s stomach. The muscles tightened and quivered. “At least not with Rigg.”

He released the breath he hadn’t realized he was holding. She kissed lower, sliding her lips over his groin. His cock swelled with blood and his balls tingled. “I don’t want to share.” He cupped her skull as she kissed the tip of his dick.

“I *wanted* Rigg to fuck me.” She lifted her head and met his gaze. “I *need* you to make love to me.”

Devon growled, his cock ready and his heart invested. He pulled her into his arms and turned her onto her back. “Please tell me Rigg left another condom.”

Sara smiled and held up a plastic packet.

Double Bang!

“Fuck.” He slid his lips over hers and sank into a hot wet kiss. Tomorrow he’d thank Rigg. Tonight he was going to make love to the woman he loved.

About the Authors

KyAnn Waters

Multi-published author KyAnn Waters lives in Utah with her husband, two children, and two dogs. She spends her days writing and her evenings with her family. She enjoys sporting events on the television, thrillers on the big screen, and hot scenes between the pages of her books.

Visit KyAnn at
www.kyannwaters.com

Tarah Scott

Award winning author Tarah Scott lives in New York where she and her daughter reside in a lakeside community. When she's not working, writing, or reading—who are we kidding? She's always working, writing, or reading. Oh! There is her daughter. They do manage to spend a lot of time together.

Visit Tarah at
www.tarahscott.com

To chat with KyAnn, Tarah, and other Wild Rose Press authors of erotic romance, join us at www.groups.yahoo.com/group/thewilderroses.