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INDECENT
Encounters
MENAGE ANTHOLOGY

INDECENT ENCOUNTERS

8 Author Anthology

Edited by Bonnie Brown

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Raw

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Chapter One

Poppy Mansfield stood on the balcony of her tenth floor room at the Sunrise Hotel. She was naked. If anyone saw her, she didn't care. Poppy was a stranger in the Australian tropical city of Cairns. If someone looked at her body and laughed? So be it. She stopped worrying over what people thought of her long ago. If it was lust they felt? Well, that was different. Poppy was ready for that. While she was in Cairns on specific business, she was also ready for sexual adventure.

"I need to get laid." That was a fact. Poppy was hungry for hot, forbidden sex with a stranger that she was open to almost any suggestion that came her way. "I need dick." Poppy wanted to be taken hard, rough and raw. "I want to be used. I want to wake up aching." It wasn't what a good girl would crave, but Poppy was tired of being good. That was just a façade she hid behind in her everyday life. In reality she was nothing like her image. "I want to be fucked."

Poppy thought momentarily about her long term partner and lover. He was a good man. She needed him. "But I also need more." And it wasn't just an orgasm she craved. Poppy could come under her own fingers or the tongue of her lover. Her gnawing lust was different. It was about being stripped naked of all defenses and being taken raw and hard purely for the sensation of it.

Her hand moved down to her clean shaven pussy as her interest once more turned to the backpacker's hostel across the road from where she stayed. It struck her as odd that a quality hotel and rough dormitory style accommodation could be on the same tourist strip. But that was Cairns for you. The far north Queensland city catered to all tastes and classes and no one was considered better than anyone else.

Poppy's eyes locked in on the same man she had been watching for a couple of days. She often saw the auburn haired man on the small balcony of the room he shared with some other backpackers. Rarely did he wear a shirt. And his shorts? They sat low on his lean hips. It would take so little to yank them down and

see what they hid. Poppy licked her lips as she imagined running her tongue down his skin from his sternum to his dick. She liked toying with men. She loved sucking dick. It drove men to do wild, dirty things to her.

She stroked her clit as she thought about the man across the street. "And just what would you do to me, Joshua?" That wasn't his name of course. It was just what Poppy had decided to call him. She watched as he bent down and picked up another can of beer from the cooler that was placed on the balcony. Poppy could see the bare crack of his ass as he leaned over. Her fingers itched to pull his shorts down to bite and taste. "Oh, how I want to do terrible things to you, Joshua." Poppy had decided long ago that life was about taking chances and enjoying herself. She rubbed her clit harder.

The man she was looking at turned. Poppy jumped slightly, yet she continued stroking herself. Did he see her? Could he see where her hand was? She smiled in invitation. "Come and get me, Joshua." Poppy closed her eyes and slid the fingers of her other hand inside her. "I need cock."

* * * *

Owen Craig had been watching the tenth floor balcony of the hotel across the street for the last couple of days. The red haired woman who stood naked on the balcony was driving him wild. She was a tease. He knew the type. "I want to hunt her down and fuck the stuffing out of her." While it was true that Owen couldn't see every line of her body, he knew by the way the woman stood, she was a confident, sexy lady looking for the right man. As for her standing naked on the balcony with her hands between her legs playing with her pussy? Some may have called her a slut. Owen viewed her as liberated and in control. He liked that. Women who played games held no interest to him. "I'm the man for you, princess."

"Is she watching?" David, one of his roommates squinted in the direction of the balcony.

"Yes." Owen was on holidays. He had rented out a room at The Palace Backpackers Hostel as he enjoyed meeting new people. While sharing a dormitory room with four men had its challenges, it also had its benefits. A never-ending parade of women had come and gone from the room, each sharing what she had to offer, and Owen was not one to turn down a gift.

David slapped him on the back. "Go get her man."

Owen smiled. "I plan to." Since the day he first saw her she was a marked woman.

"And remember your friends if the lady is looking for something a little more extreme."

"Oh, she will be. Her type always is."

* * * *

Owen leaned against the wall across from the Sunrise Hotel and waited for her to appear. He had been following her since he first saw her. Any plans Owen had vanished when she wandered into his world. Some women were like that. They made you watch, want and mess up your schedule to be with them. He smiled as she appeared in a red, strappy sundress that fell down to her knees, yet left her pale shoulders bare. That she didn't wear a bra was obvious. Her full breasts were bouncing against the red fabric with every step she took. "And I bet you have no panties on." Owen ran one long finger down the column of his throat. "All the better to fuck you with."

Owen waited for her to move further down the street. He knew where she was headed. It was Friday. The local farmers market was in full swing. People flocked there for fresh fruit, vegetables, entertainment and atmosphere. It was the ideal place for a tourist. "Not that she's going to see it." Owen planned to waylay her before that.

* * * *

Poppy's heart beat erratically. She knew the man she christened 'Joshua' followed her. Poppy had eyed him discreetly as she left the hotel lobby. She smiled to herself as she pulled the cotton strap back up over her shoulder. It was madness to wear something so revealing in the bright sun. Her skin was delicate and prone to burn. However, there was another heat she was aching to feel.

"Excuse me, do you have the time?"

The fine hairs on her neck tingled as a man came up behind her. She knew in her heart it was Joshua. "It's just after ten o'clock." Poppy didn't turn toward him. She closed her eyes as she felt the heat from his body press against her. That a stranger had the audacity to do that to her should have offended Poppy. But

it didn't. Poppy sank back against him, enjoying the bound-up tension she felt as his dick pressed against her butt. *I want him in my ass.*

"Scared to look at me, princess?"

Princess? Was that how she came across? Like some prissy woman who believed she was too perfect to be touched? "I'm going to the market and —" Poppy stopped mid sentence as she felt his hot breath on her neck. *Touch me. Fuck me.*

"Let's not play games now. I know you've been watching me. I know what you want."

Knowing he'd seen her made her smile. Poppy wasn't the only one in need. "Do you?"

"Yes." Joshua placed one arm under her breasts and walked her forward.

Poppy could have stopped the momentum but that would have been no fun for her. "What do you want?"

"You." His teeth nipped gently at her neck.

She shivered as his lips covered the bite mark. "And you think you can just ask and I'll come to you?"

The stranger lifted his head and chuckled. "Oh, I'm not asking, princess." His arm fell from her waist as his hand linked with hers and he pulled her forward.

"But—"

"You want this."

They rounded a nearby corner then led into an alley. A large truck blocked the other end. "I don't."

"Liar." Joshua kept moving forward. "You'll get everything you desire, princess." He pushed her up against the wall, his body trapping hers. "Do you like it rough and dirty?" His hands started pulling her skirt up to her waist.

The warm, humid air on her skin competed with the rough denim of his jeans and the hot fingers tugging at her clothes. Poppy knew she could yell and scream and kick him to free herself, but she didn't want to. That Joshua had come to take what was on offer thrilled her.

His blue eyes locked with hers. "I asked you if you liked it rough and dirty."

"Oh yes." Poppy's hands dropped to his zipper. He watched intently as she worked it down. She smiled as his dick jumped out to greet her. "Pretty." She saw the amusement in his eyes.

"You like dick?"

“I love dick.” Her hand curled around his shaft. Anyone could see them. Poppy didn’t care. She would never be back in this town again. She wanted this man and she was going to allow him to take her any way she wanted.

Joshua pushed his hands down on her shoulders. “Suck me.”

Poppy was forced to her knees on the hard concrete. Her hand tugged on the dick she still held. She was rewarded with a growl of satisfaction from him. “But Joshua, what if —”

“—someone sees us, princess? They’ll think you’re a whore. Now open your mouth and suck my dick.”

I want to be your whore.

Chapter Two

Owen smiled at the name she called him. *Joshua?*
Whatever gets you hot and naked with me, princess. He knew she was the sort of woman who wanted to be made to do things. Owen placed a hand behind her head and pushed his hips forward so the tip of his dick touched her lips. "Suck it." He sighed when her lips slipped around the head and drew him inside her mouth. Some women knew how to suck a man's dick. This lady was one of them. It was in the teasing suck and release of the head of his cock, and the soft hand that gripped his shaft as it moved back and forth, teasing the underside of his cock with a well practiced pressure. She knew how to work him just right.

"Oh fuck, you're good at this, princess." Her green eyes lifted up to meet his. Owen's heart skipped a beat. Some women could hold you with their eyes. This woman was one of them. "Do you want me to come in your mouth?"

His dick slipped from her lips. "Yes."

He smiled. *This one I have so many plans for.* "Not yet, princess. I need to fuck you first. Stand up." Owen helped her to her feet and then pushed her back against the wall.

* * * *

Once more her skirt was dragged up to her waist. Poppy caught his hands. They were large and calloused. This was a man who worked for a living. *What will those hands feel like on my body?*

"Still scared someone will see us?" His fingers drove up into her cunt.

Poppy squealed. "Yes-s-s-s." She spread her legs wider to accommodate his thrusting fingers. If someone was watching now? *Let them.* Poppy bore down on his hand. "I need cock." The cock in question was riding high and hard and waiting for its turn.

He chuckled. "And you'll get it. But I want to see your breasts now. Show them to me."

Driven by lust and the promise of more, Poppy undid the four small buttons that held the fabric over her breasts together. As it parted her eyes locked with his. She saw the raw need and hunger in his intent gaze. Poppy felt the power she had over him. Her hands went up to the pink-tipped mounds and massaged the fullness. *Oh yeah, I'm not the only one in need...*

“Hey! You can’t do this here. It’s a public thoroughfare.”
The driver had returned to his delivery truck that was parked in the alley.

Joshua never took his eyes off Poppy. “Do you want to watch?” he asked the man, his fingers still buried inside her.

Poppy stared agog. “Joshua?” Craving was one thing, reality another.

The delivery driver’s eyes were on her pussy. “I want to be inside her.”

Joshua held Poppy back as she tried to break free from his arms. “You may when I’m finished, and you’ll need a condom.”

A dozens words of protest came to her lips, yet she said nothing. No words were compelling enough to make her stop what these men planned to do to her.

The truck driver grinned. “Got one.” He leaned against the wall and waited his turn.

Poppy was stunned. She looked from Joshua to the other man. They were both so different. The trucker was huge, tall and solidly built. There was also a roughness about him that verged on caveman.

Joshua removed his fingers. They were wet with her juices. “Turn around.”

“But I want to see you.”

“And I want to fuck you and I’ll do it my way.” Joshua grabbed her by the waist and forced her to face the wall. He let her dress drop to her feet so her back and ass was on display. Joshua spanked it hard several times.

Poppy jumped in shock and pain. “Stop it.”

Again his hand came down on her butt. “I do what I want.”
Slap. Slap. Slap.

It was humiliating to be treated like an errant schoolgirl being punished for not doing as she was told. “Stop it. That hurts.”

“What?” *Slap.* “Don’t you want to be filled?”

“Yes.”

“Then shut up, spread your legs and say nothing.”

As liberated as she believed herself to be, Poppy couldn’t help but do as she was told. The promise of sex always won over her need to be in control. She felt his dick prod her ass.

“Ask me to fuck you, princess.” Joshua’s voice was rough against her ear.

Poppy knew the truck driver looked on but she didn’t care. “Please fuck me, Joshua,” she replied in a soft voice.

“Louder.” He slammed his body against hers.

The bricks scratched her skin but Poppy didn’t care. “Fuck me,” she said, loud and clear.

“What?” Joshua’s hands went to her hips and pulled her ass back against his dick.

“I need your dick inside me right now,” Poppy yelled out, uncaring who heard her. That the truck driver laughed raucously was of no concern to her. “Please fuck me hard.”

Joshua chuckled, as if pleased. “Your wish is about to be granted, princess.”

At the first thrust of his dick inside her cunt, Poppy cried out in excitement. This was what she had needed. There was nothing like being filled by a hot, driving cock. Joshua shoved it up her so fast and so furious that she held her breath in awe. Few men knew how to take a woman in such a primal way. Most men were too careful. Poppy wasn’t interested in romantic sex right now. She didn’t protest when Joshua pulled her hands back behind her. Poppy enjoyed the feeling of being pinned to the wall, unable to fight against it. “Oh, Joshua...”

* * * *

Owen’s thrusts were deep and hard. He knew what the lady wanted. She needed to be taken and owned. His hips pummeled her ass, balls slapping as he drove his dick into her time and time again. “You like my dick inside you, princess?”

“Yes, I love it.”

“Do you want me to stop?” Owen nipped her ear with his teeth.

“P-p-please d-d-don’t,” Poppy panted, clearly trying to keep up with his pace.

Owen glanced at the truck driver standing beside them. He was already rolling a condom over his dick. It was fat, very long and hard, and Owen doubted most women would be able to take so much inside without crying out in discomfort. “Do you need me princess?”

“Yes, don’t leave me.”

Owen pulled out, his cock wet and shiny. He nodded to the truck driver.

“W-w-what are you doing?” She turned around to look at him.

“My turn,” the driver announced, as he took Poppy’s arm and pulled her over to the truck.

Owen watched as she stumbled, the fabric of her dress twisted around her ankles. The driver moved her forward, his cock bouncing and ready for action.

“Joshua?” Poppy cried out as the driver opened the door of his truck and pushed her onto the seat, her ass in the air. There was no finesse at all as he spread her legs and entered her cunt roughly. Poppy cried out in shock. “Too big.”

“You women like it.”

Owen watched intently as the man pounded his dick inside her, his hips moving in a manic fashion as he rammed back and forth. It was sheer animal lust that drove him on. The girl shrieked with every hard thrust. It was rough, unforgettable sex. Owen wanted to see the look in her eyes when they finished. That would tell him a lot about her.

The truck driver yelled as he came. His last thrust made Poppy’s body bounce with the intensity of it. He pulled out and slapped her red ass. “Thanks, man.” He ripped off the condom and threw it into the alley.

* * * *

Poppy allowed herself to be dragged off the seat by Joshua. She wouldn’t have been able to move otherwise. She ached all over. The driver had been so big and rough. Her cunt felt sore and tender. *But oh, I enjoyed that.* Poppy pushed the hair from her eyes and looked up at Joshua.

“You liked that?” he asked. Neither of them paid attention to the truck as it drove off.

“I loved it.” There was no point denying it. While she hadn’t come herself, she was taken and used as she had wanted. When Joshua lifted her into his arms and pushed her back against the wall, Poppy instantly wound her legs around his waist. She was sore and tender, but the thought of this man filling her once more made her cling to him.

Joshua pushed his dick inside her again. His lips met hers, swallowing her small cry at his entry. He thrust gently within her for a while. Poppy found it nice and calming after the furious pace she’d just endured. She was disappointed when he stopped.

“On your knees, princess.”

Poppy dropped slowly down as bidden. Her thighs ached as she knelt before him, her eyes on his cock as he fisted it. "I want to taste."

"Open your mouth."

Poppy did so, waiting for the firm flesh to slide inside her mouth. Instead, warm, sticky cum spurted on her lips and dripped down her chin as he came. She licked the sour, musky flavor from her lips.

When Joshua finished, he pushed his dick inside his jeans. "I'll be at The Hunt Club tonight. Be there, princess."

Poppy watched as he walked off, leaving her cum-soaked and naked in the alley.

Chapter Three

Poppy ached all over. The walk back to the Sunrise Hotel had been a long one. It wasn't the distance. That was barely two blocks. It was the fact that she had been fucked within an inch of her life, covered in cum and wearing a filthy dress that made it hard. "But damn, it was worth it." She knew people looked at her and wondered. *Let 'em.*

Once more Poppy thought what the steady man in her life would think about this. Would he be shocked or did he know her too well for that? Poppy pondered on her lack of guilty feelings. Was it possible to feel guilty for something you enjoyed? Surely remorse only happened if you were ashamed at your actions. Poppy felt no shame. "I would do it again."

Once inside her hotel room she went straight to her luggage. Poppy needed one thing desperately. She needed an orgasm. Scrambling through her clothes, she found what she was after. She sighed as her hand wrapped around the long, thick, bright pink dildo, and then she moved to the shower. Poppy needed to be clean but she needed to come. So many competing needs were making her frantic. The warm water rushed down her body washing away the marks from her possession, and calmed her down. She would never forget the moment in the alley though. It was ingrained in her mind forever.

Poppy turned on the vibrator, smiling as the rotating head churned and twisted against her palm. "Perfect." She inserted it inside her vagina, wincing slightly. Joshua and the truck driver had certainly left their mark. She was sore, yet not so sore that she didn't want more.

"Ma'am?"

Poppy jumped at the sound of the male voice outside the bathroom door. When the door opened she held her breath.

The dark skinned man came inside the bathroom and started stripping off his clothes. His dark brown eyes were locked on the dildo buried inside her. "You only had to dial 9 for room service and I would have come to you." Once naked, he moved into the shower stall and dropped to his knees.

Surprised, yet excited by his offer, she nodded. "Service me now then." Poppy clutched the broad shoulders before her. John had been an unexpected bonus. Never before had a room service attendant actually service her. The first day of her arrival, the sexy Latino had led her to the hotel room and held out his hand

for a tip. The look in his eyes had suggested so much more than just monetary pleasure to be enjoyed, and she was happy to indulge. John's was not the first dick she had sucked within five minutes of acquaintance.

John ramped up the speed of the dildo, pushing and pulling the large plastic cock in and out of her cunt. "You like?"

"I'd prefer the real thing." Poppy smiled as the dildo slid out from between her legs. "Suck me."

"Yes ma'am." John's mouth suctioned onto her clit.

Poppy dropped her head back and gave in to the raw sensation of a man eating her. She pushed her pussy into his face wanting him to devour her. His hands wrapped around her legs and held her close. There was no way she could move even if she wanted to. "Oh, John..." He was relentless. He sucked and lapped until her knees shook. He shoved two fingers inside her cunt and pumped hard. It was inevitable after the alley and now John that she would come in his mouth. She fell over him as the orgasm ripped through her.

"My turn." John picked her up in a fireman's lift and carried her wet, slippery body to the bed. He set her down and propped up her hips so her ass was in full view.

As he mounted her, Poppy spread her legs to give him full access to her cunt. But that wasn't where he was aiming. She cried out in sudden pain as his dick pushed inside her anus. Poppy clutched the sheets beneath her. Never had someone taken her ass with so little warning. As his dick drove inside, she whimpered at the burning discomfort.

"Shhh..." John whispered in her ear. "You know you like it."

Poppy had been about to disagree when he began thrusting inside her. She held her breath as the discomfort turned to a burning heat that flooded her body. She pushed her ass back against him.

John laughed. "You're such a slut."

"Yes." There was no point denying it. She loved sex in any form. That he was using her purely for his own satisfaction made it more exciting. She had no control. He was using her. She smiled and pushed her face down into the pillow. The sound of his balls slapping against her ass seemed to go on forever. Poppy loved a man with stamina.

When John pulled out she moaned, already missing his fullness. He grabbed her around the waist and flipped her onto her

back. She watched as his hand wrapped around his engorged cock. As the first drops of cum hit her breasts, Poppy dipped her fingers between her legs and rubbed hard. That she came almost instantly didn't surprise her.

"And I'll be sure to commend your service to the hotel manager, John."

* * * *

Poppy pushed inside the door of The Hunt Club. It was situated off the main tourist strip beside the main railway line. It was Saturday night and as expected of a bar that had women's panties tacked to the ceiling, it was filled with half drunken men and scantily clad women. It was a standard pick up place you would find in any city. Poppy looked around her. She had dressed simply due to the heat in denim shorts and a simple white peasant blouse. The lacy, satin red bra she had chosen to wear under the blouse was meant to be provocative but even with that she felt out of place. The women at the bar looked much wilder and drunker than Poppy believed she could ever be. One was bare-assed and sitting on the lap of a man. It didn't take a genius to work out where his dick was buried.

Poppy pushed through the crowd ignoring the hands that felt her ass and groped her breasts. She wondered where Joshua was. *Am I crazy to come here?* While the need for sex drove her on, Poppy wasn't one for Saturday parties. She and her partner usually stayed at home and amused themselves with their own company.

* * * *

Owen watched her as she made her passage toward him. He wanted to rip her clothes off, throw her on the bar and fuck her until she begged to come. He smiled to himself as he shifted into his seat to relieve the pressure on his dick. "Maybe later." Once more he wondered about the woman in the white peasant blouse. The red bra under it branded her ready for anything. "So what fantasy can I give you tonight, princess?"

"Joshua," Poppy called out as she reached him.

He smiled at the name. *Do I look like a Joshua? Or is it her fantasy to be taken by one?* "Hello, princess, I'm glad you came."

“Did I have a choice?”

His eyes locked on hers. “You always do. It’s whether you choose to be good or bad.” Owen chuckled as she blushed. It was hard to believe that the woman who stood unashamed and naked on her balcony or indulged in stranger sex in the alley could blush.

Poppy surveyed the room. “This place is—”

“A knocking shop? A place full of horny people wanting to get laid?”

“Yes,” she conceded as she picked up his drink and took a gulp.

“Don’t you want to have a good time, princess?” Owen had no firm plan in mind for her yet, but he expected, like the truck driver in the alley, her entertainment would be assured.

“Yes, but—”

“What do you crave?” Was it the way girls were brought up that made it difficult for them to name and act on their desires?

Poppy licked her lips and looked at the men around her.

“Um, well, nothing.”

Owen leaned in and whispered against her ear, “Liar.” He wrapped an arm around her waist and enjoyed the feel of her voluptuous body against his. He had never understood why women resorted to diet away their curves.

“I should go.” Poppy tried to pull out from his arms.

“Why? Are your fantasies too wild to name?” He knew that couldn’t be true of the woman he had taken in the alley.

* * * *

Poppy looked into his eyes. They held a knowledge of her that made her tremble. “Yes.” She wanted to name them. Standing naked on a balcony was easy. Asking to be used by multiple men wasn’t. *What would my partner say?*

“Do you want to be taken?”

She went red in the face. *How did he know?* “I, er—”

“It’s nothing to be embarrassed about, princess.”

“I’m not. It’s just—”

“And who do we have here?” Her words were interrupted by a tall, dark haired man coming to stand before her. “Looking for a good time with the purple helmeted custard chucker, sweetheart?”

“A purple helmeted what?” Was it some sort of cocktail or a local dish?

Joshua smiled. "He means his dick."

That was the last thing Poppy would have thought of. What men call their penises amazed her sometimes. "Oh, right. I mean no." *I mean yes. I don't know.* The 'purple helmeted custard chucker' statement had thrown her completely, and Poppy had thought she had heard everything.

Other men joined them.

"Boys, this lady is new in town and looking for fun," Joshua explained to them.

Poppy turned to him in shock at his blatant announcement. "I'm not a piece of meat." While she wasn't pure as the driven snow, Poppy preferred to have some class until things got down and dirty.

"No, but you've just told me what you need and I'm happy to help you get it."

The men nodded in agreement.

She looked at the four men and then Joshua. *Could I allow myself to be used like this? Five hungry dicks all wanting a turn?* "I, um —" *What?* She had needs. She had the ability to fulfill them. There was no need to feel guilt when it came to the steady man in her life. This was her choice. He knew and accepted that. *So what the hell am I waiting for?* She looked into Joshua's eyes.

"Take her to the back room, boys."

And that was what Poppy needed. The responsibility taken out of her hands.

In the back room, Poppy was stripped and tied to a table. Her head hung over one end and her ass was propped up by cushions, so it was thrust up into the air. She couldn't move an inch. *Stick an apple in my mouth and I'm dinner.*

Five men with hungry eyes watched her. Poppy was excited and alarmed. There was no way she could control what was about to happen. She looked at Joshua. "What if someone comes in?" She stopped dead after she said the words. A good girl would be demanding to be let up and not worrying who saw them.

"Relax, princess. The room is ours. I paid the owner triple the price so we won't be disturbed."

Oh, okay. "So, er, what happens now?" Poppy realized how dumb that sounded. Naked woman plus dick equaled sex.

Joshua leaned in and murmured, "Shut up and stop thinking."

"But—"

"No cock for you if you keep talking."

Poppy was tempted to thwart him just to see if the horny men could walk away without touching her. She doubted it. She had seen the bulges in their jeans. Their cocks were on red alert. They needed to come or they'd explode. "Fine. Walk away from me then."

Joshua laughed. "You're smart, princess. You know we need you as much as you need us."

That was the thing about mutual lust. If all partners were willing it was a give and take experience to be enjoyed. Poppy knew other women may not see it in such simplistic terms but she lived her life to suit her. What others did was as their conscience dictated. Poppy raised her head and looked at the men before her. There was something exciting about knowing she was the prime focus of their attention. *This trip to Cairns has been the best ever.*

Joshua had insisted they use condoms. Fantasy was one thing but the reality of disease another. "She's here to be enjoyed, boys."

One man strode before her and unzipped his trousers. His thick cock sprung out before her. The head was dark red and bulbous. Poppy licked her lips.

"Do you like sucking cock?" His greedy eyes were on hers as he worked a condom over his shaft.

"I love it." There was no point lying. She had allowed them to take her to the back room. She was under their control for that reason. Once his dick was covered, Poppy flicked out her tongue and touched the tip. The man groaned. Poppy smiled. *Yeah, this is what I like.* And so began the main entertainment of the evening.

Men stood in front of her, their rubber covered dicks stiff with excitement as one by one she sucked them into her mouth. Those who waited to be sucked ran their hands over her body. Fingers slid inside her cunt and ass, pumping into the openings. She squirmed and sighed as they teased her body. There was no way she could come and yet that was the point. This was about being used for their pleasure.

Joshua climbed on top her prone body and impaled her with one deep thrust of his cock. If her mouth hadn't been full she would have cried at the sudden intrusion. The burning force of cock penetrating her vagina made Poppy push up against it.

"Relax, princess," Joshua crooned in her ear as his full weight pushed her back down.

Her mouth slid from one hard dick. "Joshua?"

“Yes?” He moved slow and steady within her.

“May I ask a favor?” It was more an urgent request.

“Anything you want you can have, princess.”

“My boobs are killing me.” Any woman with double D’s knew it was not possible to lie for long on their stomach, especially on a hard table. “Turn me over and fuck me please.”

Joshua pulled at the knot bounding her hands, his dick still buried inside her body. “What about these men?”

She knew they looked at her with lust and the need to come. “They can watch and still play with me.”

“You’re beautiful, princess.” Joshua kissed her shoulder and pulled out from her cunt.

“I’m a slut.” She felt like one and yet it wasn’t a bad feeling. Poppy was getting what she needed and she was not about to apologize for her behavior.

“No. Sluts don’t care about others.” He undid the bindings and helped her turn over.

Poppy’s eyes locked with his as she opened her legs wide to invite him inside once more. Joshua needed no further encouragement. He grabbed her ankles and pulled her towards him so her ass was barely on the table. Poppy wrapped her legs around his waist and moaned as Joshua’s dick pushed inside her. Poppy sighed and caressed the heads of two men as their mouths latched on to her nipples. Her open mouth was soon filled by a cock. Only one man stood to the side tugging his dick. Poppy’s eyes slid to the side to watch him. She was surprised when he grabbed the hips of one of the men at her breast.

Joshua smiled down at her. “Sex is about pleasure in any form, princess.”

She knew that. Poppy just never imagined she would get to see one man taking another in the ass. The thought of it made her suck the dick in her mouth even harder. The man latched on to one of her nipples lifted his head and grunted as the other man forced himself inside him. She knew such a sudden entry had to hurt but the man didn’t seem to be in pain. Guttural moans escaped them both as one plowed into the other. The dick slipped wet from her mouth. “Fuck me harder, Joshua.” Poppy wanted to feel and taste every made moment.

The man at her head fisted his cock and started pumping. She knew he was going to come on her. He pushed one man from her breast and aimed his dick so cum shot out and covered her nipples. Another man soon followed his lead, his cum mixing in

with the first. The man getting fucked at her side leaned over and licked at the wet, sticky liquid.

“Oh my...” That was not something she expected. It was such a raw, dirty and primal move. Joshua placed his fingers on her clit and started to rub in time to his thrusts. It was all too much for Poppy. She felt her body explode under the friction and heat and the intense sensuality of the moment. Poppy yelled out loud as she came, her hands gripping the sides of the table as Joshua continued pounding inside her.

“I want to feel you inside me when you come.”

Joshua’s eyes locked with hers. “Are you sure?” He had not worn a condom since being with her, preferring to come outside her body.

“Yes — please.” She needed to feel the heat of his seed flooding her body.

“Anything for you, princess.” Joshua jerked hard several times and growled out her name as his balls smacked against her ass once more, and he ejaculated inside her.

Poppy closed her eyes and gave in to the euphoric feeling of being taken and owned.

Chapter Four

"I wondered what this room looked like." Poppy stepped through the door of the hostel room. There were four single beds and the chaos of clothes and backpacks filled the room.

"Are you tired, princess?" Joshua's hand rested gently on her shoulder.

"Yes, I should go back to my hotel." Though, if she was honest, Poppy wanted to stay with him. There was something sexy yet calming about the man. It was hard to define. Since she had so little time left in Cairns she wanted to enjoy it.

"Stay the night here. We can sleep and do stuff." Joshua winked at her.

Yeah, doing 'stuff' is what I need. Doing Joshua? Even more so. "I need to shower." She smelled of sex and sin from the bar.

"We have showers." Joshua smiled and grabbed a towel. He led her to a communal bathroom down the hall. It was used by both men and women. Poppy shut the door on him and undressed. It was funny how life worked out. She had gone from being lonely and staring at a hot guy across a street to being taken by him and others. Poppy sighed. "Life is good."

She stepped under the spray of the shower and closed her eyes. The warm water played over her skin, soothing it like a balm. Poppy ached everywhere but then that was exactly what she had wanted. She pressed her hands on the cool white tiles and let her mind drift. That was until she felt a dick press against her ass and hands cups her breasts. Her eyes snapped open. "What the—?"

"I love your breasts." The man's voice was low and close to her ear. "I just want to suck you."

Poppy turned in his arms to face him. The blond man looked vaguely familiar. She wondered if he was one of the men she had seen with Joshua when she watched from her balcony.

"Please let me."

That a man would find pleasure in sucking on her nipples intrigued her. "Suck away." The mouth that latched on to her nipple was hot and demanding as it tugged on her pink flesh. Poppy wrapped her arms around his shoulders and let him lick and caress her breasts until the peaks were red and swollen. But even then he didn't stop. Poppy laughed. Some men worshipped breasts.

The blond man raised his head and reached for her hand.
“Kneel on the floor. I want to fuck your tits.”

Poppy shivered. It had been so long since any man had done that. She loved the feeling of a strong, hot dick sandwiched between her breasts. Poppy dropped to her knees. The water continued to rain down on her back. She was wet, naked and in a public place where anyone could walk in and yet, none of that mattered. This was about raw need and opportunity.

The man squatted down slightly, his cock in line with her breastbone as he pushed her breasts together, hiding his cock in the mounds of flesh. “Oh yeah,” he murmured as he began thrusting.

The friction of his dick on her skin was painful yet not. There was a sense of the naughty and forbidden that overrode any discomfort. She smiled as the head of his dick poked up and down like a hot sausage between her breasts. Each time it appeared she licked the tip to tease it. The man groaned and thrust harder.

“I see you’ve met, David,” Joshua said, walking into the bathroom. He stopped to turn the shower off.

“Yes.” It didn’t seem the slightest bit abnormal to be found in such a compromising position.

Joshua leaned against a wall. “He likes breasts.”

Poppy laughed. “You think?”

“David,” Joshua said as he tapped his friend on the shoulder.

“I can’t stop. I need to come.”

“Too bad, man. The lady is mine.” Joshua gently detached Poppy from him and helped her to her feet.

“Bloody hell.” David tugged on his cock in a furious motion. A jet of cum shot against the white tiles.

Joshua winked at Poppy. “Your work is done.” She felt a safety with Joshua that Poppy rarely experienced. When he took her hand she wanted to follow him anywhere.

He led her over to a bed. “Come here and lie down with me.” The bed was only big enough for one. Joshua lay down first and held his arms out to Poppy.

She lay at his side, one leg propped over his waist and her pussy rubbing against his erection. Poppy felt a sense of peace in his arms. “It’s been a crazy couple of days.”

“Did you enjoy it?” Joshua pushed a strand of hair from his face.

It had been the best time and one she would long remember. "Oh yes."

"What do you want out of life, princess?"

That he cared enough to ask touched her. "I don't know. The usual things. Health and happiness." *And I want you, Joshua.*

"Are you happy?"

Poppy looked into his eyes. "Right now? Yes."

His hands moved around her waist to hold her close. "And tomorrow?"

"I'll see what it brings."

Joshua smiled. "Is life that simple?"

"Yes. You know it is." Poppy saw the look of hesitation in his eyes. "Oh, come on, Joshua. You're a man who enjoys what's on offer."

He nodded. "True."

"So, how can you not be happy with that?" To take and give without the complications of restrictive bonds? That was a freedom few people enjoyed.

"I'm happy right now here with you."

How was I so lucky to find Joshua? Poppy moved her body on top of his. She curled her hand around his dick and placed it at the entrance to her cunt. She was so wet with need that it slid inside with no resistance

"Thank you," he murmured against her lips.

"All my pleasure." They stayed like that for a very long time.

* * * *

Owen woke up alone in his bed at the hostel. The warmth of Poppy's body no longer comforted him. "I need to find her."

He found her having breakfast in a nearby coffee shop.

"You left me." His eyes roamed her face as if trying to commit to memory every curve and feature.

Her fingers gripped the handle of a coffee cup. "You were asleep."

He raked his hand through his hair. "I wanted more."

Poppy sighed. "I gave every part of me to you."

"I love you." Owen saw the tears start to glisten in her eyes. There was so much more to them than one short weekend in a foreign city.

"I know, but —"

Owen leaned over and placed his finger to her lips. "Don't say it. I know, it was just a fleeting liaison."

Poppy wiped a tear from her cheek. "It was so much more than that. We both know it."

"Yes." Owen did. This woman would forever be ingrained on his soul. "And you need to go home." There was no question about it. They had to go back to reality. "Will I see you again, princess?"

Her eyes shimmered with tears. "You never know, Joshua."

Chapter Five

Poppy wheeled her suitcase down to reception.

“Did you have an enjoyable stay, ma’am?” The clerk at the counter began tallying the bill.

“It was most enjoyable.” *I have been taken, used and fucked so delightfully that I’ll be sure to recommend it to my friends.* Poppy paid her bill and headed to the door. It was time to go home and back to reality. She stopped when she saw Joshua. “How sweet you are to come and see me, Joshua.”

“I had to.” His finger trailed down her arm. “I was compelled.”

Poppy shivered at his touch. *He is gorgeous.* “I’m leaving today.” She was suddenly sad to leave a place where she had enjoyed herself so much. She looked into his eyes. *It’s all due to Joshua.*

He smiled in response. “I have a secret. My name is really Owen.”

Poppy’s bag crashed to the ground. “What? Why didn’t you tell me?”

“I didn’t want to ruin your fantasy.” He bent down and righted her bag. “I also hope to continue on with our delightful acquaintanceship.”

She shook her head. “I should tell you the truth. I have a long term partner whom I love very much.”

“You’re kidding me?” Owen raised his eyebrows in surprise. “And he lets you fuck strange men?”

“He encourages it.” Poppy realized how lucky she was to have someone like that in her life.

“He must be a patient soul to allow that.”

She chuckled. “Oh, I allow him his dalliances with other women. Are you shocked?”

“I’m bloody stunned and appalled.” Owen pulled her into his arms. “Did you enjoy the weekend, princess?”

“Owen, darling, you’re disgusting.” She choked back a laugh. “I can barely walk straight.”

“Hey, I fulfilled your fantasy of multiple dicks taking you.” He slapped her butt playfully. “Do you still love me?”

As partners went, Owen was the sweetest, most indulgent man she had ever met. That he allowed her freedom to experiment and enjoy other men was an indication of how much her happiness meant to him. Poppy knew there would come a time when both

would only touch and taste each other but for now, they enjoyed their secret 'stranger' weekends. "I adore you." Owen understood her like no one else.

"And I love you, princess. But next time I get to stay in the hotel. The beds in the hostel were hell on my back."

"Hmm, maybe next time I could stay in the communal backpackers and parade around naked in front of all those men."

"As long as you come back to me, I'll fulfill any wish you have."

Poppy kissed him. It was slow, lingering and full of need and promise. "Come home with me. I have a terrible need to do wicked things to you, *Joshua*."

The End

Taken by Three

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Nicholas Lawson grinned at the African American girl, Evie, waiting for him in front of the bar. His brothers were so eager to find out if everything was going according to plan. If they kept calling him all the work they'd put in for months planning this was going to backfire. He saw her smiling shyly at him. Or maybe not. Either way, she seemed genuinely taken in by his proximity. Perfect.

"Sorry about that." He jammed his cell phone into his pocket. "My brothers can't do a damn thing without me."

She nodded, and then brought her glass of Long Island Iced Tea to her bow-shaped, full lips.

"You have any brothers or sisters?" He knew she didn't, but he wanted to keep the conversation going.

Evie shook her head quickly. "No. Only child, but I know how annoying people can be sometimes, especially family."

"I hear that." Nick took the empty glass from her manicured hands and placed it on the bar counter. Damn, she was pretty. Thick dark hair that was styled into twists and pinned behind her ears. "What are you doing tonight?"

Her brown eyes widened, and for some reason it bothered him. As if his question knocked her out of the ballpark. He drew his brows together and shifted his gaze around the small night club. The music was blaring and he could see a man dancing up on the ass of a girl with the back of her skirt lifted. He locked eyes with Evie again. He knew she hardly went out and this was her first time coming here. She was lonely.

"I'm not doing anything," she admitted.

Nick flashed his most charming smile. He liked her, regardless of the fucked up nature of him and his brother's plan. He tempered down his guilt. They weren't going to hurt her, at least he and Zane wouldn't. Ryder... He would make sure his oldest brother wasn't too hard on the voluptuous girl.

"My place is over by the lake." It was a vague enough location. He knew she would assume the lake close by, the only one in the area and close to her apartment. "We don't have to do anything, sweetheart, but I'd be lying if I said I didn't want to get to know you better."

Evie ran her tongue across her bottom lip. His eyes locked on the subtle movement and his cock sprang to life. He couldn't wait to feel that tongue on him.

"I'd like that too." Her lips widened into a feminine smile. "The lake isn't too far from my place. I'll follow you with my car."

Nick lifted his eyebrow in a joking manner. "You don't trust my driving skills? Or you don't trust me?"

She opened her mouth to say something, but he quickly placed his hand around her waist and chuckled lightly. "I'm joking, sweetheart. Drive behind me if it makes you feel better. The only thing I ask is to let me walk you to your car."

She nodded. "I think that's a good idea." They headed outside the club, Evie leading the way to where she parked her car.

* * * *

The first thing Evie noticed was her Honda civic slumping on the left. She gasped. Her brand new tires. "Seriously?" she cried, bending to inspect the slashed, deflated tire. She turned to Nick. "I don't understand this. Why would someone do that?"

"Do you have a spare?"

She shook her head, feeling ridiculous. "I didn't see the need."

Nick reached out and helped her stand. He stroked her cheek. "Sweetheart, I see it this way. I can drop you off at your house, leaving both of us alone and aching tonight, or we can keep each other company. What do you say?"

Blood rushed to her face, and a thrumming settled between her legs. She flushed. God, she was actually going to go home with a guy she'd just met. Evie sighed inwardly. She was twenty-four years old—a grown woman. Was it so wrong of her to take a chance on going to his place, maybe even have sex with him? Not that she was ready to make any promises of that. She had no interest in a one night stand, but he *did* seem interested in her. Maybe something real could become of it.

"Are you coming home with me?"

Desire and interest overrode her caution. "Yes." Evie followed Nick to his car, a sleek silver Audi. She glanced at him opening the door for her. He was wearing dark blue jeans and a crispy button down dark red shirt. She could tell he was one of those guys who cared about his looks. His brown hair was

carefully styled for the just out of bed, tousled look. She smiled, wondering how long it would take him to get dressed each morning. Probably more time than her. She wasn't into fashion, and wore clothes more sensible than for the looks she rarely garnered anyway.

Moments later after they'd left the nightclub, Evie gazed out the window, drawing her brows together as they sped past the turnoff for the lake.

"You missed the turn."

Nick kept his eyes on the road. "I didn't."

Her heartbeat stilted and her breath lodged in her throat.

This isn't happening. "You, uh...you know of another route to the lake?"

He spared her a glance, deep brown eyes probing hers. "I know where I'm going. I never told you we were going to Lake Washburn."

She jerked her head back, panic lacing through her spine. "Where are you taking me? You said your house by the lake. Are you at least going to tell me which one you were referring to?" *So I can sneak a call to 911 as soon as possible.*

"Tiberius."

Unable to control her reaction, Evie screamed, whipping off her seatbelt. "That's three hours away!"

"And out in the middle of nowhere. I live there, sweetheart, you don't have to tell me that." His look of warning sent slivers of ice down her spine. What had she gotten herself into?

Evie sank into the leather seat, replacing the seatbelt. She shook her head. God must be punishing her for going home with a man she'd just met. If her mother was still alive, no doubt she would have been disappointed with her decision.

"Why are you doing this?" She glared at Nick.

"A score to settle." He gazed at her, his expression softening. "It's nothing personal, Evie."

She nodded, keeping her eyes on him, while pushing her hand into a small opening of her handbag beside her lap. She rifled through, feeling for her cell phone. If she could somehow manage to dial 911, even if he caught her at least she could blurt out his plans for her, so the police would know where to look. Evie coughed, pretending to clear her throat in hopes of masking the sound of her hand shuffling through the bag. "Are you going to kill me?"

Nick laughed quietly. "I will if you don't put that bag under the seat."

She threw the bag to the floor, her cell phone tumbling out and rolling under the seat.

"Shit. You don't have to look like that, sweetheart. I'm not going to hurt you. I just need you to cooperate a little with me. This isn't going to be as bad as you're thinking."

Evie swallowed down her fear, finding an odd sense of comfort in his words. "Nick, if you tell me what this is all about, maybe we could work something out. This is kidnapping. It's illegal."

"Trust me, sweetheart, we're definitely going to work something out."

She frowned at his refusal to elaborate on the cryptic message. Silence filtered through the car and Evie's head spun, devising methods of escape. Eventually, Nick must have seen the frantic look on her face because his hand slowly worked its way up her leg, squeezing her thigh. "Relax. I've already told you we're not going to hurt you."

She froze, her eyes bulging. "We?"

He didn't get to answer. Whatever he was about to say was overshadowed by a loud beep resonating behind the car. "Right on time," Nick muttered.

Snapping her head to the side, Evie spotted a large pickup truck merging from an exit on the right. It was too dark to see into the vehicle, but her stomach twisted and she suspected she was staring right into the faces of the "We."

* * * *

Ryder swung out of the pickup, his boots hitting the dry dirt. Nick's car had pulled up into the driveway of their log cabin home a few minutes before. He'd seen the girl walking slowly out of the car, dragging her feet. She was afraid. *Hell yeah*. After what that prick, Herb Walker had done to him, costing him two goddamn years of his life in prison for a crime he hadn't committed, his precious daughter had better be afraid of the consequences. Ryder forked over cash to the bastard, paying the high powered attorney to defend him against the trumped up illegal arms smuggling charge. A guilty verdict later, Ryder came to find out Walker was getting paid off by the D.A and his cronies to swing the case for the prosecutor.

Automatically, his thoughts reverted to the black girl. Evie. Evangeline Walker. Ryder had seen her years ago, filling in one day for her father's secretary. She hadn't noticed him of course. Prissy bitch. He remembered the clothes she was wearing that day. A knee length skirt with an expensive-looking sweater over a long sleeved shirt, the collar neatly folded. Looking back, he wondered if *daddy* had paid for those clothes with any of the hundred-thousand dollars he'd spent trying to clear his name.

"She makes filing bankruptcy almost worth it, uh big bro?"

Ryder pivoted on his heel, glaring at his younger brother Zane. "Does everything have to be a goddamn joke with you?" He knew his brother was trying to make light of the situation after years of working themselves and their shipping company out of the red.

Zane slapped him on the shoulder. "Your call. You can stay out here all night while Nick and I dip our pricks into that hot pussy waiting inside the house." Zane shook his head and chuckled. "You're a stronger man than I am. Come on in when you're ready to start collecting on that money."

He watched his youngest brother step inside the twenty year old cabin made by their father. Crawford Lawson had taken his sons to live out in the country, raising them alone after their mother up and left one evening.

Ryder ran a hand over his scalp, the tiny hairs tickling his fingertips. He kicked the dirt, thinking about Evie. Even her name sounded prissy. *A fucking princess*. He curled his lips, hating the way his cock hardened the instant his mind shifted to her as if she had some sort of hold on him. She was a bit on the plump side, more so than he liked his women to be. On Evie though, fuck... He wanted to dig his fingers into her soft flesh and pound into her until neither of them could see straight.

Damn. Ryder switched his gaze toward the house. He wondered if Nick was already mounting her, shoving his prick inside her pussy, while Zane watched, waiting his turn. He clenched his jaw, not wanting to be out here by himself while his brothers fucked the only woman who stayed in his head for more than five minutes. This wasn't their first time sharing a woman, but those girls were usually straight-up whores. The Lawson brothers had never been with a woman as classy as Evie, at least not all three at the same time.

Ryder headed to the doorway with dangerous purpose. He knew Evie's type. Spoiled daddy's girl, who probably thought her

pussy was too good for him and his brothers. He twisted the handle of the door.

Time to pay up, Evie.

* * * *

Evie watched in horror and awe as another man joined Nick in the bedroom he'd practically shoved her into. This brother looked around the same age as Nick, identical lean body type with bulging biceps. They both had the same brown colored hair with hints of golden blond, except his hair wasn't neatly cut as Nick's. His hair was short on the sides with a low curled up mohawk in the middle. What was up with these men and their hair?

"Ryder's in one of his moods again."

Nick clicked his tongue. "So, what else is new? I followed his instructions to a 't' and sweet-talked the girl into coming home with me, and what does he do? Act like he couldn't care less."

Sweet-talked. Evie whispered the words to herself. He made it sound like a horrible chore his brother had required of him. Pushing away the hurt she felt at being referred to as "the girl", Evie bolted off the bed, stopping in her tracks as the bedroom door flung open. Her eyes popped open and her throat closed up, feeling as if the oxygen was suddenly sucked out of the room. She sat back down.

The last brother to enter the room was tall, a bulky man who looked like he could bench press her, filled up the doorway. His head was shaved low and he had tattoos all over his arm. *Oh my God.* She'd seen him before, although she didn't remember him looking quite so ripped all those years ago. Evie clutched her throat, remembering that he had been one of her father's clients and she'd thought about him for days afterward.

Terrified, Evie frantically looked around at all three men. The door slammed shut and she almost jumped out of her skin. "What's going on here?" She tried to stand up but her legs felt wobbly. Not like there was even any place to run to. They were out in the wilderness. The last house she'd seen was at least fifteen minutes away.

The tattooed man locked his cold eyes on her, switching his gaze to look at Nick and mohawk brother. "Get her on the bed."

His gruff voice sent delicious thrills down her spine despite the fear in her heart. Evie's pussy tightened, warm juices trickled

into her panties. *Oh my God.* Were they all going to have a turn with her?

Nick walked over to her. "You heard him. Ryder's a mean son of a bitch, sweetheart. You'd better do what he wants." He smiled softly as if to lessen the intensity of his words. "Hurry up. You have three hard cocks waiting to get inside your pussy."

"I can't." Evie peered up at him, heat warming in her lower belly. "You can't just expect me to lie down and have sex with all of you. You've kidnapped me and—"

"Your father took a hundred thousand of our goddamn money. You're going to work it all off until we're done with you," Ryder snapped.

The one with the mohawk laughed, his youthful face lighting up. "Ah, shit. By that time her pussy's gonna be useless for anyone else."

Evie moaned, her eyes widening after she realized the tiny sound escaped her. Oh God, they were going to think she wanted this. Kidnapping and rape. She shook her head. No, it wouldn't be rape, not when she was aching for these men. After being alone for so long, the thought of being taken roughly, and by three men, caused a stir of long-suppressed hunger through her body.

Nick knelt in front of her, lifting her dress up to her waist. "You want that don't you, sweetheart? Having the three of us use your cunt whenever we want." He slid a finger inside her underwear, turning his attention to his brothers. "She's soaking wet." He fondled between her labia and Evie squirmed against his hand, wanting more.

"Shhh. Hey, it's all right. You're going to belong to us, Evie. All three of us. It's going to take a long time for you to work off that kind of money, so you might as well get used to the idea."

She pressed her palms on the mattress, pushing herself closer to him, her gaze switching to the two brothers watching her. "Get used to what?"

"Being our personal slut." Nick slid his finger into her.

"Ohhh." Her mouth opened and she looked up at the ceiling, spreading her legs.

"All three of us are going to fuck you. Your pussy is going to be available to us right through the day and night, sweetheart. You're going to suck cock when we tell you and stick that ass up for all three of us to fuck you at once."

She heard a loud snort. "Enough with the poetry. Take off the rest of her clothes. I want to get a good look at that pussy you're enjoying so much."

Nick pulled off her panties and threw it on the wooden flooring. "That's Zane. Don't mind him. He has a big mouth and doesn't know when to keep it shut."

Evie flushed, surprised to find herself helping Nick remove her dress and bra. No wonder they'd sent him to sweet talk her. The man made her insides melt into liquid fire.

Naked and completely at their mercy, Evie remained on the bed watching all three men shrug out of their clothing.

"Who's going to fuck her first?" Zane asked.

Ryder locked eyes with her, his lips set into a firm line. "Let Nick do it. He's the one who got her here."

Evie shivered, every cell in her body tingling with excitement. Zane strolled over to her, his thick powerful legs and stomach rippling with muscles. His hand went to his cock. The head, a bright shade of red, dripped with pre-cum. Light purplish veins ran down the length of his thick shaft. "You ever sucked cock before?"

Her neck burned with heat and Evie shook her head. Although she wasn't a virgin, she'd never been able to stomach the thought of performing that act on anyone.

Stroking his cock, Zane smiled at her. "You got the condoms?" he asked, swinging his gaze to Nick.

Fascinated, Evie lowered her gaze, riveted to the sight of Nick rolling the thin sheath over his huge cock. God, they were *all* huge. How the hell was she going to take all three of them? Evie glanced nervously across the bedroom. Ryder stood by the wall, his nostrils flaring as he stroked his engorged cock, looking pissed as hell.

Evie averted her eyes from Ryder, easing back onto the bed the moment Nick came to stand in front of her. She parted her knees, holding her legs wide for him.

"You're a beautiful slut, Evie, knowing when to spread your legs for a man."

Her heart flipped, oddly pleased by his crudely worded praise. Nick pressed his cock at her slick opening and Evie laid her hands on his back, looking over at Zane who was holding his dick beside her head at the side of the bed. Nick sank into her and Evie moaned, digging her fingers into his smooth skin.

“Oh fuck, she’s tight,” Nick said to his brothers. He withdrew and plunged harder. Evie cried out, raising her hips, her eyes locked on Ryder. He was still slowly stroking his cock, his beautiful lips curling each time the king-sized bed creaked from Nick pumping into her.

Evie shifted her head to the side and Zane slid his glistening cock against her lips, coating them with his fluids. She licked the swollen head and dipped her tongue in the small opening, lapping up his pre-cum. Nick kept fucking her, making her body bounce on the mattress.

“Let me in, babe.”

Zane’s rich tone filled her senses and Evie opened her mouth, pulling the head between her lips. She liked his taste, tangy and delicious. Evie blinked, moving her gaze away from Ryder and settling her hazy vision on Zane. His brown eyes were drunk with lust, appearing darker than usual. Evie sucked harder, an unbelievable thrill coursing through her. She had a cock in her mouth and a cock in her pussy, slapping in and out. Moisture flooded her. Her cunt cinched around Nick’s shaft, at the same time she drew Zane’s cock deeper into her mouth.

Nick squeezed her breast, swinging his gaze to Zane. “Is she any good at sucking?”

Evie blushed and swiveled her tongue around the thick rim separating the tip of Zane’s cock from the base. She kept sucking, hoping he would say yes.

Zane thumbed her chin. “Our girl’s the best.” She saw him turn to Ryder who was stroking the tip of his meaty cock. “You were right about her lips, they feel amazing.”

Ryder snapped his gaze to hers, lowering his eyelids to stare at the cock in her mouth. “That so?”

He walked up to her and halted beside Zane. Ryder’s fist locked around her hair, eliciting simultaneous groans from Nick and Zane. Inside her pussy, Nick swelled, increasing his speed, loud wet slaps ricocheted through the spacious bedroom. *Oh God*. Evie sucked harder as Ryder guided her head on his brother’s cock, salty fluid trickled at the back of her throat.

“You want to swallow his cum?” Ryder asked her.

Evie looked up, nodding to him. She did. Zane’s cock tasted so good. Evie was glad she was able to take him all the way inside her mouth.

“Shit,” she heard Nick yell. “I’m calling dibs on her mouth next.”

Evie's entire body trembled violently and she groaned as the orgasm hit her, just as Nick stiffened inside her pussy. He shouted above her, throwing his head back and pumped in with quick, hard thrusts. Evie felt Zane's cock twitching between her lips. She looked up at him and swallowed quickly as a hot splash of cum shot down her throat. Ryder stared at her, his features hard. She heard him grunt approvingly, his eyes lowering to watch the movement of her throat working hard to swallow his brother's semen.

Nick withdrew from her. A second later Zane slid his now flaccid cock from her mouth. Evie watched Nick carefully peel off the filled condom while making his way into the adjoining bathroom.

Slowly, her breathing returned to a normal pace. Evie didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Perhaps both. She was out in the middle of nowhere being held captive by three of the most gorgeous men she'd ever met, and she'd just whored herself out to two of them. Shaking her head, she pulled her legs together.

Ryder stepped in front of her, his massive frame filling the room and her senses. "Not on your goddamn life." He pried her legs apart and gripped his thick cock. It was long. Not as long as Nick's but much broader. She bit her lips, her pussy throbbing, coming to life all over again.

Before she could say something...anything to Ryder, he mounted her; shoving himself balls deep inside her pussy. Evie screamed and her body jolted beneath him. Nick hadn't taken her so roughly. Ryder grabbed her ass, hoisting her up. He pulled out, only to push into her harder than before.

"How does it feel being used by us? Three white men tearing into your pussy without a damn thing you can do about it, princess."

Her lips parted and she responded with a small cry of ecstasy, fully aware of Nick and Zane eyeballing her, their gazes switching from her face to Ryder's cock slapping into her pussy. Her legs started shaking again.

"Hold her legs," Ryder said to his brothers, his voice ragged in between a forceful thrust.

Oh my God. Evie panted softly, her pussy clenching around Ryder's cock the moment Nick came on her left side with Zane on the other, both of them gripping her legs, spreading her wide open for Ryder to pump into her.

Ryder cupped her breasts. "You have nice tits." He lowered his head and licked a nipple. She raised her hand, smoothing the short prickly hair on his shaved head.

"Your cock feels nice," Evie whispered.

Ryder fucked her harder. "What about my brothers? Did you like having Zane's cock in your mouth? Did it feel *nice* having Nick plowing your pussy?" She felt the hands on her legs tighten, bending her knees for Ryder to get into her at a deeper angle.

"Answer his question," Zane said in a low, husky voice.

Evie clutched Ryder's shoulder. "I did," she admitted on a breathless sigh. "I want all of you. Your cocks inside me all the time."

"Oh, sweetheart." She felt Nick's hand stroking her thigh. "That's what you're here for." Nick continued in a thick tone, "We're going to make sure you always have a cock inside that sweet little pussy."

"And her mouth too," Zane added.

Evie nibbled her bottom lip, raising her hips to take everything Ryder had to give her. Moaning softly, she arched her back, another orgasm slamming into her. Groaning, Ryder wrapped his large hands around her waist, holding her close to him. With his masculine body poised rigidly above her, Evie could tell he was caught up in the same glorious rapture she was experiencing.

Abruptly, Ryder withdrew from her body, shoving himself away from her without sparing her another glance. Her eyes misted and Evie tried not to feel hurt, watching the way he angrily yanked the condom from his cock as he stomped into the bathroom, slamming the door behind him.

Zane plunked down on the bed beside her, his hands resting behind his head. "Ryder's always like that, babe. Don't let it bother you."

She narrowed her eyes, but decided to bite her tongue. How could it not bother her? She was being kept here as a sex slave for their amusement, albeit the idea was beginning to sound less terrifying, but it didn't feel good having Ryder fucking her one minute and unable to stand her guts the next.

Reluctantly, Evie issued Zane a single nod, pretending to accept his reassurance. Minutes later, after all three brothers had left the room, Evie laid in bed deliciously sore and wondering just how long they planned on keeping her at the cabin.

She didn't have any family or friends who would come rushing to find her. Years ago, she'd cut ties with her father after becoming fed up with his verbal abuse and controlling ways. Not only that, but she'd become well aware of the corruption he was involved with. She wanted no part of it, and she hadn't wanted to follow in his footsteps and attend law school. He'd cut her off and she'd happily accepted his decision, experienced tremendous relief from it.

Evie stared upward, watching the spinning motion of the ceiling fan, her mind occupied with worries. She didn't have a normal nine-to-five job. That meant no co-workers would be calling 911 when she didn't show up to work after a day or two. Her entire life was in her apartment, including the computer she used for her web designing firm she ran single-handedly.

Sighing, Evie realized that she was trapped. The Lawson brothers had successfully kidnapped her and as Ryder said, there wasn't a damn thing she could do about it. At least they hadn't harmed her, regardless if they considered her a possession. A small smile made its way to her lips. They had given her the most amazing, decadent orgasms of her life and a part of her even found them charming, in a Stockholm syndrome kind of way, she supposed. Yes, that had to be it. There was no way she could be developing feelings for three men she'd only met hours ago. It was much too soon to start liking any of them...all of them, wasn't it?

* * * *

Zane stepped out into the living room, glancing out through the large bay windows. The sun was just climbing over the horizon, filtering through the gigantic cedar trees shadowing the cabin. He wanted to head down to the lake and drop his hook in the water. His brothers weren't too much into fishing, so he always had to go by himself.

Zane turned toward the open kitchen, his brow lifting with concern. Evie. She was still here, three days after they'd captured her. He rubbed a hand over his jaw. Of course she was, and likely wouldn't be leaving anytime soon. Not if he had a say in it. He liked having her around, even though she pretty much had no choice in it. Ryder was wrong about her. Evie was the furthest thing from a bitch. Shit, how many people would volunteer to cook dinner for their kidnappers? What she did yesterday evening... Best food they'd eaten in years.

She was sitting on a stool in front of the wooden breakfast nook. Soft, cinnamon colored hands were wrapped around a mug while her eyes, a darker shade of brown than his, stared off into space. Evie looked worried. She expelled a small breath then flicked her tongue across her lips. Zane's cock twitched inside his briefs, longing for the warmth he'd experienced inside her mouth.

"Hey." He walked over to her.

Evie's head shot up. She quickly pushed away the mug. "Hi." Her eyes lowered to her empty hands.

"It's not even seven yet. You always get up this early?" Zane pulled out a chair next to her, his fingers itching to stroke her hair. One of the twists was loosening and he could see the pretty corkscrew pattern.

She shook her head. "I don't feel comfortable lying around. I still don't understand any of this. I have a life that I need to get back to. I'm sorry about what my father did to Ryder. I really am. I'm aware of the man my father is and I don't have contact with him anymore because of that very reason. I had nothing to do with what happened." She stared at him pleadingly, her eyes appearing rounder than their almond shape. "How much longer are you guys going to keep me here?"

The three of them had agreed to keep Evie until they became bored. It was out of the question now. Every minute he spent around her, he found something new to like about her. That never happened to him before with a woman. Not only that, but he had a feeling Ryder cared for her more than he was letting on. It had to be eating the shit out of him, if he knew his eldest brother well. As for Nick, he'd made it plain to them that he wanted Evie.

"That's not entirely up to me, babe. All three of us have to make that call. And judging by last night, I don't think you're in any real hurry to leave either."

Evie frowned. "I've never done anything like this before. Nick said I'm supposed to be a personal slut for the three of you, but that's not who I am. I've only been with one other person, apart from you guys."

Zane nodded and took her hand in his, tracing circles on her wrist. "Do you enjoy being with us?"

She bit her lips. "Yes."

"Then what's the problem? We like you. We're not going to allow anyone else to touch you, no matter what. It'll only be the four of us."

She looked nervously toward the hallway. "Ryder. Is he going to get violent with me if I do something to upset him? He's always so angry."

His chest tightened painfully. Damn, he was going to have a talk with his brother and let him know the girl was scared shitless of him. "No, babe. He's not going to hit you. Nick and I would never allow him or anyone else to lay a hand on you. Ryder too. He'll protect you." Zane fingered the strand of hair that was teasing him. "Was he too rough on you last night? I know he's been fucking you hard, but I didn't think he was hurting you. Did he?"

Evie smiled slowly, shaking her head. "Ryder didn't hurt me." Her shoulders lifted. "It was a silly thing to say."

Man, she was beautiful. Zane dipped his head and kissed her lips. "Ever been fishing before?"

"No." Evie looked over at the fishing rod he'd left on the floor. "Are you inviting me?"

Pushing out of his chair, he tugged her up. "Yeah, come on. We have to hurry up though. I like to get there right before the sunlight hits the lake."

* * * *

"I got one!" Evie looked over at Zane who was throwing his fifth catch of the morning into a bucket. She couldn't believe how serious he took his fishing, despite his playful personality, or that she'd find such peace being out here with him. She could get used to this.

"Reel it in."

Evie nodded, following the instructions he'd given her earlier. She heard his loud laughter before she got a chance to see the end of her hook. "What's so funny?" Evie looked down at the puny thing dangling from the hook and she pouted. "Oh."

Zane pushed a hand through his mohawk. "Throw it back in. That couldn't even feed a bird." His eyes twinkled with the humor she was growing accustomed to. While Nick could tell a decent joke, it was Zane who always had everyone cracking up. Everyone except Ryder. Smiling seemed to be a hardship for him.

"You're going to eat those words one day."

He came to her and threw his arms around her waist. "It's not a competition, babe. Plus, you could never catch up to me."

His warm lips brushed against her neck. Evie leaned into him, arching for his kiss.

"I wanted to fuck you again last night," Zane whispered thickly.

He ground his erection against her back and an overwhelming sense of peace and joy flowed over her. "We can do it here. Unless you don't want us to do it without your brothers present."

Zane slid his hand underneath her dress, moving around to face her. "Forget them. I want you all to myself right now." He stared at her deeply, while tugging down her panties. "You're going to have to stop wearing these. We're going to need your pussy naked and wet at all times." He pressed a kiss to her lips. "Can you do that for us, babe?"

Her heartbeat sped up. "Yes." At this point she would do anything for these three men, as strange as it seemed. Somehow being with them made her feel alive and wanted. It didn't hurt that they appreciated and didn't criticize the extra pounds on her.

Zane brought her down with him on the soft grass misted with the morning's dew. He opened his pants, his hard cock springing out, full and ready. Evie sighed. She loved all of their cocks, their unique length, scent, girth; so different yet always making her weak with pleasure. Splaying her thighs, Evie grazed her teeth on her lips, and clutched a patch of the soft wet grass in her hands the moment he thrust into her.

She cried out from the wicked intrusion.

Pumping into her, Zane braced himself with one hand on her leg, the other on the ground. "Oh God, baby. I needed this."

Evie stroked his back and rolled her hips. In the back of her mind, she was aware that he hadn't put on a condom. She couldn't say anything. Not now. It felt so good to have his cock inside her, their hot naked friction taking her closer to the edge.

"Zane," she murmured as her fingernails scraped across his back.

He pushed harder and deeper. "Nick was right, wasn't he?"

She bit her lips, not understanding him. Zane pinched her sensitive nipple. "About you being our slut. Admit it, Evie. You're fucking three men—brothers. What kind of woman does that sort of thing?"

She whipped her head to the side, resisting the urge to cry out.

"Lie to me and I'll stop fucking you."

“Zane,” she whimpered. “No. I’m not...” her voice trailed off and she arched up to him, trying to hold him in place. He slid almost entirely out of her. “If you’re not a slut then you won’t mind not having a cock in you for the rest of the day.”

To be around them all day long and not have a single one of those gorgeous cocks pounding into her, Evie gave in and cried out, pressing her lips to his jaw. “Don’t leave me.” Zane pushed inside her, fucking her with shallow strokes using only the broad tip of his cockhead.

“What are you, Evie?”

She clasped his shoulders and touched her lips to his ear. “A slut. For you and your brothers.” He groaned with pleasure and shoved into her, fucking her hard. Demanding her passionate response. The grass scratched her back but she didn’t care. Zane was inside her, his wonderful cock fucking her, making her feel as if she was right where she belonged.

Her pussy tightened around him and she knew she was about to come. Zane stared down at her, his breathing harsh as his cock continued to own her with deep, forceful thrusts. “I’m going to wet your pussy, babe.” He thrust hard. “Might as well get used to having us come inside you.”

Evie whimpered, stunned by the force of her orgasm. She buried her face between his shoulder and neck, overwhelmed by the surge of emotion welling up in her heart and body. Zane ejaculated inside her and she hugged her arms around his neck, wanting him to feel the warmth he and his brothers were infusing into her soul.

They rested in the grass for some moments, their palms on each other’s heart, feeling the rapid thumping. “Let’s go back before they think I’ve run off with you.” He helped her get up and fix her dress. “We can come back here tomorrow.”

They headed back to the cabin. Zane gave her a quick kiss on the lips as Nick walked up to them along the path leading to the house. “Did he drag you out fishing with him?” Even though the question was directed at her, Nick glared at Zane.

Evie shook her head. “I wanted to go. I’ve never been fishing before.”

Nick arched a smooth eyebrow, looking between the two of them. His gaze settled on her and softened. “Did you catch anything, sweetheart?”

Her cheeks burned. Zane had his hand on the small of her back and the rich sound of desire in Nick’s voice couldn’t be

mistaken. "I caught one. We had to throw it back because it was too small." She shot Zane a glare. "And you laughed at me."

Zane's eyebrows shot up in amusement. "But I made it up to you, didn't I?"

Her entire body was on fire now. Nick looked between the two of them, his gaze landing on Zane. "Did you fuck her?"

"Yeah."

Evie swallowed hard. She stared at them, feeling uneasy. How was this going to work anyway? Nick treated her with the utmost tenderness. What if he got upset because she'd had sex with Zane? She didn't want him to think she preferred Zane to him, or Ryder despite his surly attitude.

Nick nodded as if Zane had told him it was going to rain later on. "Ryder's still inside. He's pissed that you took her without letting us know."

"Was he?" Zane smirked.

Nick chuckled, shifting his attention to her. "Go inside, sweetheart. There's nothing either of us can do for him." He tipped his chin gesturing to Zane.

Evie felt apprehensive to be alone with Ryder. He was intense in everything he did. It showed in his lovemaking and the way he spoke to her. It sparked exquisite tingles in her stomach, but also incited a tinge of fear in her heart. Nick and Zane must have picked up on her emotions, trying to nip this thing with her and Ryder in the bud before it escalated. Nick touched her shoulder. "He's not so bad once you get to know him." He nudged her toward the cabin.

Cautiously, Evie headed inside, glancing backward to see both men walking in unison, disappearing amid the immense trees decorating the property.

"Where were you?"

Evie jumped, startled by Ryder's gruff voice. She'd barely stepped foot into the house and he was ready to attack her. He stood by the wall separating the living room and the bedrooms, his brawny tattooed arms folded over his chest, making him look every bit the mean son of a bitch Nick warned her about that first night.

She lifted her chin. She might love having sex with them, but they didn't completely own her, and she wasn't going to let Ryder make her feel afraid. If they intended to keep her here, she needed to make them understand that she wasn't going to sit or lie around, waiting for whatever they doled out. There was more to

her than sex. If only they could trust that she wouldn't try to escape, they could all live easy and really enjoy each other.

"Zane invited me to go fishing with him. So I went." She lifted her brows. "Did you forget to attach my shackles this morning?"

He snarled and pounded toward her. "Pull a stunt like that again and go off without letting me know and see if you don't find yourself chained to the fucking bed. I'm not playing with you, Evie. You're here to pay off a debt. Don't start getting ahead of yourself no matter what bullshit ideas my brothers might be putting in your head."

Her heart twisted. Ryder unequivocally didn't like her. She shrugged despite the emotional pain. "I didn't ask to be here. You and your brothers kidnapped me. Send me home and I'll talk with my father about this. I'm sure you're not the only one he's screwed over."

Ryder grabbed her shoulders, shaking her hard. "I spent two years of my life in a maximum facility prison because of your daddy, princess. Your father was expensive. We had to file for bankruptcy to keep the shipping company. It took years to get us back on foot. My brothers busted their ass while I was locked up to get the company afloat. If that weasel you call a father was still alive, I'd put a hole in his goddamn head."

Evie gasped. *Still alive*. "What do you mean? My father's not dead. I would have known. Someone would have..." Her forehead crinkled into a frown. Ryder remained impassive, staring at her with what could even be mistaken for sympathy.

"When?" she asked quietly. Her father was dead and she'd had no idea. The last time she'd spoken to him was six years ago, right before she'd entered university.

"He died last year in Mexico. Spent a few years down there hiding out from the feds." Ryder blew out his breath and scrubbed a hand over his hair. "Shit. I thought you knew he was dead."

She felt choked up. Herb Walker had been a tyrant for all the years she knew him, but he'd still been her father. A biological connection. Evie inched over to the couch and took a seat. Lowering her head, she stared at her knees. Her father was dead and now she was left to pay for his crimes. At least Nick and Zane liked her and would make sure Ryder didn't hurt her. She fidgeted her fingers. But Ryder was their brother and she was just their "personal slut", if anything were to happen they'd probably take

his side over hers. He'd already suffered by going to prison because of her father; she was sure the brothers were protective of him. Who was going to protect her?

Pressing a hand to her cheek, she opened her eyes wide, blinking back the tears of fear that brimmed beneath her lids. She took a deep breath and stared at Ryder.

"I'm a website designer," she whispered. "I'm not rich, but I make enough to get by. I'm willing to work something out with you. Maybe we can meet in the middle. I can send you a check to pay back what my father did to you." She stared at him, hoping he would see the desperation in her eyes. "You don't want me here and I don't want to be here using my body to pay off a debt I didn't incur. Just let me go home, Ryder. Please. I'll write out a contract with you so you'll know I'm being truthful."

He sank down onto the couch beside her. "Does it look like we're poor?" he snapped. "I don't want or need your money. That's not what this is about."

"Isn't it? You said I have to pay off the hundred-thousand dollars. What else is there?"

He moved off the couch, coming to stand directly in front of her. "I'm not changing my mind about the debt you owe me, princess. The money's the last thing on my mind. I want payment in the form of your mouth and pussy around my cock when I say so."

Evie nodded demurely. "Okay, Ryder. *Master*. If that's what you want." She rose from the couch and knelt in front of him.

"What are you doing?" He frowned, but made no attempt to stop her from unzipping his pants.

Evie pulled out his cock, and rubbed her face against it. "I'm repaying you," she whispered. "I hope you're going to keep count from now on. I'd like to know when I've reached a zero balance."

Ryder groaned and shifted his cock away from her face. Evie peered up at him. "What's wrong? I thought this was what you wanted...your little black slave girl on her knees servicing you at all times."

"I never called you that." His cock brushed against her nose as he straightened. Evie inhaled deeply, the rich musky scent sending waves of heat into her pussy.

She moved her face. "No. You only treat me like your sex slave. Same thing. It's obvious you don't like me although I've

gone out of my way to try and please you. I don't understand why you won't just let me pay you and you can go and find a woman you actually *do* want to be around. At least your brothers seem to like me. Zane even assured me that he wouldn't let you hurt me." Mentally, Evie slapped herself for bringing Zane into the argument. She had no other ammunition to use against Ryder, but she had to make him see that his brothers were on her side. If only he would let go of his aggression and open up to her. He was always so guarded and she wanted more than anything to erase the damages her father had done to him. Not with sex, rather her friendship. Love.

"You think I could hurt you?" He sounded stunned and...hurt by her assumption. "*Me* and not Nick or Zane?"

Guilt sluiced through her. Ryder must get that a lot, people assuming he was dangerous because of the way he looked. "I don't know what to make of you," she said honestly. "There's a hidden part of you that I've glimpsed on a few occasions. I know you were the one who came into my bedroom in the middle of the night to pull the blanket over my legs. I thought it was sweet of you, but when you get upset and yell at me, I'm not sure what to expect."

He stared at her in silence for a few seconds. "You don't know my brothers all that well, yet you didn't think they would hurt you."

Evie shrugged. "Nick and Zane are always friendly toward me. They didn't go to prison because of my father. You did." Was it possible for him to overlook her parentage to see her for who she was? Evie, the woman who was willing to lose her heart to him.

Ryder cupped her chin, forcing her to look at him. "I never blamed you for what your father did." He ran a hand along his jaw. "What Herb did to me was a perfect excuse for me to get close to you."

"Why?" Did he remember her from all those years ago in the law office?

He touched her cheek softly with his big hand. Evie leaned into him, savoring his rare tenderness. "Because you were the prettiest girl I'd ever seen that day when I stopped by Walker's law firm. It angered me that I'd never get a chance with you." He bent to kiss her lips. "I'm sorry, princess. I shouldn't have been so harsh with you. It makes me feel like shit knowing you think I

could physically hurt you. I could never—would never do that to you.”

“What about my heart, Ryder? How am I supposed to cope when the three of you decide you no longer want me around?”

“That’s not going to happen,” he rasped, lifting his cock to her mouth. “You belong to us and we’re not letting you leave us. Ever.”

Evie licked the crown of his cock. “The four us?”

“The four of us,” Ryder repeated.

Her heart leapt and she parted her lips, drawing his shaft deep inside her mouth. Evie felt his hands on her head gently stroking her hair, his rough voice encouraging her to take him to the back of her throat. “Princess, I think you’re the sexiest woman alive with a cock between your lips. I almost came last night watching the way you were latched on to Nick’s cock. I knew you loved it.”

Evie rocked slowly back and forth on her heels. Her pussy throbbed, urging her to give all her attention to Ryder. She couldn’t speak though, not when she had his delicious cock to focus on. Ryder held her head; his massive cock paused at the walls of her throat. He stroked her hair, simply holding her to him, their gazes locked with neither of them moving.

“Are you thirsty?”

Evie blinked and nodded the best she could, considering how tight he was holding her hair. “Do you want my cum, princess?”

In answer Evie locked her arms around his waist, smoothing her hands on his firm ass. *Please.*

Ryder placed his cool fingers on her throat, caressing her skin. His other hand fisted a lock of hair on her nape and without warning he thrust into her mouth with a hedonistic groan, and coated the back of her throat with his cum. With her knees quivering, Evie swallowed, taking every single drop.

Ryder slid his cock from her mouth. “Sit with me.” He pulled her up from the floor, seating her on his lap facing him. ”

Evie smiled. “You guys really don’t mind sharing me. It doesn’t bother you to see me fucking Nick and Zane or sucking their cocks?”

Ryder kissed her cheek. “No. Why should it? Your pussy feels wonderful, princess, and you’re the best cocksucker. I wouldn’t want anyone telling me I couldn’t have a turn with you.

Why wouldn't I want to share you with the two people I love the most in the world?"

Something about his statement hurt even though she knew it shouldn't. "Do you care about me Ryder? Even a little?"

Ryder slipped his hand under her dress. "More than a little." His fingers delved between her moist folds. "I love you, princess."

Overwhelming joy fluttered through her by his unexpected words. *He loves me*. Evie laid her head on his shoulder and moaned.

"Princess?"

She loved the pet name. "Hmm."

"Why is your pussy wet with cum?"

Embarrassment raced up her spine and she groaned. "I'm sorry. I had sex this morning."

"With Nick or Zane? Both?"

"Zane. We didn't have a condom." His fingers pushed farther inside her. Evie relaxed again on his lap and sighed.

"So you let him ride you bareback? Filling your pussy with his seed?" He lifted his brow.

"Ryder, don't be angry. I'll let you and Nick come inside me too. We didn't plan it. I swear."

He chuckled softly, stroking the walls of her wet pussy. "I'm not angry. I would have done the same thing he did. Bastard beat me to the punch."

Relieved at his show of humor, Evie placed her arms around his neck, enjoying his lazy strokes inside her pussy. She wasn't in a hurry to come; it felt nice just being so close to him.

"Are you two best friends now?"

She swung her head to the side at the sound of Nick's voice. Zane came striding in behind him.

"Guess that answers our question." Zane plopped down in the armchair opposite the couch.

Evie returned her attention to Ryder, whose arms tightened around her. He looked over her shoulder to his brothers. "Eager Beaver here came inside her pussy." She saw him tilt his head gesturing to Zane.

She gasped. Did he really have to share that information with Nick? She had to speak up and defend Zane. "I wanted him to."

None of them said anything to her. They kept on speaking as if she wasn't there, although Ryder's finger was still up her dress fondling her cunt.

Nick slapped Zane on the head. "Nice going."

Zane shrugged. "What's the big deal? I wasn't going to let a condom get in the way of a perfectly good time to fuck." He smiled at Evie. "You enjoyed it didn't you, babe?"

Evie moaned softly as Ryder squeezed one of her breasts. "I did. You guys, please don't blame him. It's my fault too."

"Be quiet," Ryder told her, looking over her shoulder again. "What if she gets pregnant?"

Evie turned, curious to see and hear where the conversation was headed. Nick walked over to the kitchen and poured himself a glass of water. "We keep fucking her until she has the baby, then we fuck her again." He shrugged. "It's too late now anyway. I'll fuck her when you're done. If you didn't already fuck her and cum inside her, you can do it after me. At least we all have an equal chance of fathering her kid, if she gets pregnant." Nick looked over at Zane. "Guess we can throw out all those condom packets."

Ryder nodded to his brothers. "You're right."

Bristling, Evie lifted herself off Ryder's finger. "I'm sitting right here and you guys are talking about me as if I'm a piece of furniture. I thought it was the four of us in this together. Or am I still just here for your amusement?"

Nick walked over to her, scooping her off Ryder's lap. He cradled her in his arms. "Sorry, sweetheart. We didn't mean to make you feel like that. Give us some time and I'm sure you can train us to your liking." He winked at her and laid her on the rug, lifting her dress. Evie spread her legs for him, flushing at the way Nick's eyes darkened the instant he glanced between her legs. "He gave it to you good, didn't he?" She nodded despite being utterly embarrassed. Evie wondered what she looked like down there, sticky with Zane's semen.

Nick gazed at her. "What else did you do today, sweetheart? What were you and my brother doing in here before we came inside?"

She heard Ryder's ragged groan and saw him walk up behind Nick, his eyes settling between her legs. "Tell him, princess."

Evie bit her lips. "I was sucking Ryder's cock."

"Did you swallow?"

“Yes.”

Nick sighed and unzipped his pants. “Let me get this straight. You have Zane’s seed in your pussy and Ryder’s cum down your throat?”

Evie averted her gaze and nodded slowly, as a smile curved her lips.

Nick pushed his cock into her. “You’re a slut, sweetheart. Plain and simple. I’m just glad Ryder convinced us to make you ours.”

She cried out and dug her heels into the rug. Ryder and Zane stood in front of her, their eyes riveted to Nick fucking her.

“Fuck her harder,” Zane prompted. “She can take it.”

Ryder nodded in agreement, his eyes locked with hers. “Evie’s always hot for a big cock in her pussy.”

Evie lifted her eyes in shock, but unable to refute what Ryder said. Nick laughed softly and pumped into her harder. “I think you’re right. She’s squeezing the fuck out of me.” He grabbed her breasts, pushing into her with long strokes. “Ryder’s right isn’t he, sweetheart? It turns you on being used by the three of us, doesn’t it?”

Keening her answer, Evie twisted her head to the side and back, looking at the men. Nick rolled her nipples between his fingertips. “We love you, sweetheart. All of us. We love you so much. You’ll always be ours. Even when we’re old and gray, you’re going to keep that cunt naked and ready for us. The three of us fucking our perfect little love slave.”

Her orgasm slammed into her and Evie cried out. The sound wrung from her heart was suddenly muffled by a pair of lips crushing over hers. Ryder. She felt and saw Zane press his lips to her neck.

“I love you too,” she whispered, after her kiss with Ryder ended. “I love all of you and I’m happy you kidnapped me. The only thing I’m still trying to figure is which one of you slashed my tire.”

Nick groaned and slid out of her. “Sorry sweetheart, that was me too. I did it after I saw you go inside the club.”

Lovingly, Evie slapped Nick on the shoulder. Zane folded his arms around her while Ryder continued to kiss her face. She laughed softly. “You guys owe me a new tire when we go to pick up my stuff.” The brothers nodded, their eyes reflecting the love she felt for them. Evie swallowed, her eyes misting and snuggled closer to her men.

Sure, they'd kidnapped her and used her body, but in the end, Evie wouldn't change it for the world. She was loved and wanted and needed by three men. What else could a wanton woman ask for?

The End

Post Op

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My first surgery of the day was still a few hours away. I showed up at the hospital early to make my rounds. The first patient on my schedule was Joseph Zorich, twenty-eight years old, in room 304.

I checked his chart. Judging by his meds, Joseph Zorich should either be asleep or *really* out of it. He was on enough painkillers to knock out Marlon Brando.

I went up to the room and knocked softly on the door. It swung open, and I was eye-to-eye with a man.

He was in his twenties, dressed in jeans, a ball cap (on backwards) and a t-shirt with a beer company logo, giving the appearance of an overgrown frat boy. Or maybe a jeans model. He was tall and solidly built, with a wide chest. His longish, chestnut brown hair was a shade darker than his thin, neatly-groomed moustache and matching soul patch. He smelled faintly of marijuana, and his dark eyes were lined with pink.

"Oh, are you the doctor?" he asked, stuffing a pack of cigarettes back into the front pocket of his jeans.

I held out my hand for him to shake. "I'm the surgeon, Dr. Maggie Keller. I don't suppose you're my patient, Joseph Zorich?"

"No," he said, moving aside to let me into the room. "I'm Max. That's Joey in the bed by the window. Excuse me, Dr. Keller. I'm going outside."

As he walked away down the corridor, I fought all of my baser instincts not to stick my head out the door and watch him go. I don't know what it was about Max that got me going, but I had an instant crush.

I cleared my throat, walked past the sleeping patient in the first bed, and introduced myself to my three o'clock surgery. "Mr. Zorich? I'm Dr. Maggie Keller. I'll be performing your operation this afternoon."

Joseph Zorich had the same dark eyes as Max; they might have been brothers. Like Max, Joseph was clearly stoned, except that Joseph's drugs were legal.

"You're a chick," Joseph said.

"I know," I said. I'm used to this kind of stupid comment. This patient at least had the excuse of being whacked out of his mind on painkillers. "I've come by to ask you if you have any questions about your surgery."

"Your hands are tiny," he said, staring with wonder at my hand clutching the clipboard. Good thing I'd just had my nails done. "Very delicate. You're going to do a good job of fixing my back, I can tell. Max is worried."

"Oh, yes," I said. "I met Max at the door. Is he your brother?"

"He's my lover," Joseph said, without the slightest hesitation. "If he was my brother that would make some of the things I do with him pretty sick."

That's what I get for assuming the whole world is heterosexual. I should have known they weren't related; their bodies were totally different types. Max was thick and solid, with rosy pink skin. Joseph was long and lean, but not skinny. His skin was olive-toned, and the shoulder that I could see through his badly-fitting hospital gown was dotted with freckles.

Joseph went on. "You're pretty," he said. "You've got beautiful tits. I'd love to suck them. Max would like you, too, I think. What do you say, doctor? Instead of a surgery today, how would you like to have a three-way with me and Max?"

I can't say the thought of hopping into bed with Mr. Zorich, especially if Max would come back from his cigarette break, didn't cross my mind. But I'm a doctor; I've heard everything. And I didn't let this patient get under my skin.

"Mr. Zorich, you're obviously in a lot of pain, and under the heavy influence of the painkillers they've given you. I'm going to leave my card on your bedside table. If, at any time between now and your surgery, you think of any questions you'd like to ask me, feel free to call. I'll try my best to answer all of your questions before I see you on the operating table."

"Have it your way, Doc," he said, suddenly looking sleepy. As I walked away, I tried not to stare at the circus tent under his thin sheet. Joseph Zorich obviously had a lot on his mind, other than his upcoming surgery.

* * * *

I made my morning rounds, seeing two more patients before my first surgery. Mr. Zorich's surgery was my second of

the day. I'd pushed all thoughts of him and Max out of my head until I saw him, anesthetized and face-down in front of me. It wasn't really like looking at Joseph Zorich, the human being, at all. I was looking at a sterilized four-inch-square area of the skin on his back—my worksite—little more than a piece of meat. The only thing recognizably human about it was a strip of those freckles.

I did what I'd been called in to do: operate on a herniated disk in Mr. Zorich's back. I did it well, never once thinking about his wildly inappropriate comments—or his sexy boyfriend. Then I scrubbed up for my next surgery.

After my five o'clock, I stepped outside the hospital for a cigarette break.

"Doctors shouldn't smoke," said a voice behind me. I turned; it was Max, out for a cigarette break, too.

"I know," I said. "It's a bad habit. But you know, I don't think I would have made it out of medical school without these things." I frowned at the half-smoked cigarette between my fingers, dropped it, and crushed it underneath my high-heeled shoe.

"I quit a couple of years ago, technically," Max said. "But I go back to it when I'm nervous." He added, "Joey's still knocked out. I can't wait for him to wake up."

I put my hand on his bare arm gently. Touching him set off something inside me, but I forced it from my conscience. "It can be hard watching someone you love feel pain," I said. "But Joey should be fine in a couple of weeks."

"How long will they keep him here?" he asked.

"Two days, usually," I said. "They'll just want to make sure he doesn't try to do too much too soon."

Max looked down at the sidewalk, and I knew what was on his mind. He was thinking about the home he shared with Joey, and how empty his bed was going to feel without him.

"He hurt his back playing basketball," Max said. "Joey's got a long jumper that's just impossible to block."

"I'll bet," I said, thinking of Joey's long arms and legs. A body like that was designed for shooting a long jumper. And for other things. Images of Max and Joey together crossed my mind. I wondered if Max could see it in my eyes.

"He should be playing basketball again in a couple of months," I said. "He'll just have to be careful."

"Doctor?"

“Yes, Mr.—?” Damn. I didn’t know Max’s last name. All of a sudden I wanted to know Max’s last name.

“It’s Lowell,” he said, “but you can just call me Max.”

“Max,” I said. What a name. What a man’s name. And Max was definitely a guy’s guy. He and Joey might be lovers, but I’d bet they’d never once in their lives been called all those names that boys love to throw at each other. Queer. Fairy. None of them applied; Max and Joey were men, pure and simple.

“Joey’s roommate told me what Joey said to you before the surgery,” Max said. “I’m real sorry.”

“I’m used to it,” I said. “You wouldn’t believe some of the things I’ve heard from my pre-op patients.”

Max nodded and lit up another cigarette.

* * * *

I’ve performed thousands of surgeries in my career. Most of my patients are over sixty. The younger ones are almost always trauma victims. A few, like Joseph Zorich, are just unfortunate enough to injure themselves seriously enough to need surgery. I’ve seen a Joseph Zorich or two in my career. But I’ve never, *ever* in my eight years as a surgeon, responded to a patient sexually before.

When I was in the operating room I was all business. Joey and Max didn’t cross my mind once as I performed my usual array of spinal surgeries. It was in my off time, when I was alone, that they kept creeping into my mind. As I sat in the cafeteria eating my salad and drinking my cappuccino, my eyes would suddenly close, and I’d be watching my own private erotic slideshow.

Joey and Max in the shower.

Joey and Max on the living room sofa.

Joey and Max in the hospital’s elevator. Joey and Max and *me* in the hospital’s elevator, going down...

I don’t usually fantasize about being with two men. I’ve always been a good girl. I’ve never cheated on a boyfriend, never experimented with another woman. I have no problem with people being gay or bisexual, but it’s not something that I usually think about. Still, I had to face it: Max was hot, Joey was hot, and the two of them together made my knees weak.

A week went by, and more and more the fantasies involved Joey and Max—and me. I told myself this was normal. Probably just a sign that it had been too long since my last date, but

otherwise normal. The ability to engage in sexual fantasies is a sign of a healthy mind, I reminded myself, quoting one of my psych professors. And that's all it was—just daydreaming. Joey left the hospital three days after his surgery, and I didn't think I'd ever see him, or Max again.

One afternoon I checked my office voice mail. I was expecting all the usual calls from other doctors' offices, and maybe a call or two from my mother. I wasn't expecting a message from Max Lowell.

"Dr. Keller?" Max's voice said in the message. "I found your card in Joey's hospital room. I hope it's okay that I called you. I just have one more question about his surgery." He left a call-back number.

I wrote the number down and stuck it in one of my pockets, making a mental note to call Max back later. My calls to other doctors and their offices came first, though. I ended up in a long debate with a radiologist about some films, and by the time I got around to Max, it was the end of the day. I decided to call him from home.

Whoever picked up the phone sounded sleepy; I couldn't tell if it was Max or Joey. "Hello?"

"This is Dr. Keller," I said. "I'm returning Mr. Lowell's call. Is this Mr. Lowell, or Mr. Zorich?"

"This is Joey," he said. Then I heard him calling for Max. After a moment, Max took the phone.

"I'm sorry about that, Dr. Keller," Max said. "Joey's on much less medication now, but he's still a little out of it."

"That's all right," I said. "You had a question about Mr. Zorich's surgery?"

Max laughed. God, he had a cute laugh. "You can just call him Joey, Doctor," he said.

"Fine," I said. "And you can call me Maggie."

"Okay, Maggie." There was that little laugh again. "This is kind of hard. No offense, but I wish you were a guy right now."

I understood what he meant. "This is a sex question, right?"

"Yeah," he said. "How long is Joey supposed to wait?"

I don't spend a lot of time with my patients after surgery. Most of the follow-up is done by their family doctors; somehow, getting to know my patients as people makes it harder for me to keep cutting them up and sewing them back together. I'd seen Joey briefly after the surgery, and he was still in a lot of pain. But

his nurses told me that he'd already been up and walking around by the end of his stay. That was a good sign.

"That's really up to Joey," I said. "He'll let you know when he's ready."

"He's ready," Max muttered. "I just don't want to hurt him, you know?"

"Then don't start out with anything too acrobatic," I suggested. "Max, I'm going to be perfectly frank with you. I don't know what your sex life was like before Joey got injured, and it's none of my business." *Wishing* it was my business didn't make it so. "I've heard that a lot of couples get by with a lot of hand jobs and oral sex after a surgery like this."

Max laughed uncomfortably. "Thanks, Dr. Maggie."

"No problem," I said, even though there was a problem. Now I was going to be thinking about Max's lips on Joey's cock, obsessively, and I wasn't going to get any sleep that night. "Anything else?"

"Yeah," he said. "Actually, there was something else. You're a Kings fan, right?"

That wasn't exactly what I was expecting. "Yeah," I said. "How did you know?"

"Your t-shirt," he said. "You had it on under your scrubs the day of Joey's surgery. You don't by any chance have tickets to this Saturday's Kings-Lakers game, do you?"

"No," I said. I've been watching the Sacramento Kings since I was a little girl at my daddy's knee, but I hadn't been to a game in years. The NBA's schedule was generally in conflict with my work at the hospital.

"Good," Max said. "Then you can come over and watch the game with us."

I hesitated, naturally. To go to a patient's home would be totally inappropriate, not to mention unethical. It was the kind of thing that could get me sued, or worse.

Even though alarm bells were ringing in my head, I said, "I'm on call at the hospital on Saturday evening."

That was the perfect excuse not to see Max and Joey again. If I went to their place, it was bound to be an uncomfortable situation, and I should have left it at that.

But then there was another sound in my head, the little voice that whispered that I *wanted* to get into an uncomfortable situation with Max and Joey, that I liked those long-repressed, forbidden feelings they were giving me. Dangerous? Yes. But

sexy as hell, too. Before I'd even made up my mind, I heard myself adding, "But I'll stop by if I can."

Max laughed again; he was *so* stoned. "Cool," he said. "We'll see you when we see you, Dr. Keller. I mean Maggie."

I got off the phone. The way Max had said my name echoed over and over in my head. *Maggie*. As in, "Maggie, suck my cock... Maggie, I want to watch while Joey fucks you... Maggie, have you ever been with two guys at the same time?"

In my mental slideshow, Joey and Max totally disregarded my medical advice not to do anything acrobatic.

* * * *

Joey and Max shared a second-story apartment in a gorgeous old brick building. As I pulled my car into the parking lot, I saw that all the apartments had separate patios. I saw a man standing on a second-floor balcony, smoking a cigarette. Was it Max? I couldn't tell.

I went to the door and knocked. Inside, I heard the sounds of a party. The TV was turned up, and I heard the game in progress. I was late; it was already the third quarter. I heard voices.

I knocked again. Joey answered.

"Joey," I said. "You look great."

He smiled wide. I noticed for the first time that Joey's teeth were really straight and nice. "Hey, you actually made it," he said.

I held my pager up. "I might not be able to stay long."

He nodded. "Stay as long as you like. There's pizza over here on the table, and beer's in the fridge."

"I wish I could have a beer," I said, "but I'm on call."

"Oh," he said. "Right."

I stepped into the apartment where Max and three of his friends were squeezed onto an old, beat-up blue-and-green plaid couch. *Queer Eye* this was definitely not. It was a guys' apartment, with stacks of pizza boxes by the door and a carpet that looked like it hadn't been vacuumed in months. All of the furniture was worn, especially the big leather chair with the stuffing coming out of one crack and duct tape over another. There were two bedrooms, and both doors were open. Two messy, unmade beds.

Max and Joey's friends and I looked each other over. The guys looked like typical twenty-something sports fans, wearing sweats and Kings jerseys. I wondered if they understood Max and Joey's situation.

Joey, still walking a bit stiffly, fell into the battered armchair. "Guys, this is Maggie," he said. I was glad that he didn't add something like, "My surgeon." He added, "Maggie, this is Alex, Erik and Miguel. And I think you've met Max."

They nodded in my direction, but I could see they were caught up in the game. The Kings were having a rough time, though. It was a great game for Kobe.

There was no room left on the couch, so I sat in the only comfortable spot left: right on the arm of Joey's chair. Joey looked up at me and smiled.

During a time out, Max leaned forward in his seat and said, "Hey, Maggie, I'm glad you could make it. Want a beer?"

"She's on call," Joey said.

I got into watching the game. The Kings, meanwhile, had battled back to within five points of the Lakers. In the middle of the fourth, Joey went out onto the patio for a cigarette. I wanted a cigarette, too, so I followed him.

"I hate to act like a doctor," I said, closing the patio door behind me, "but how's your back?"

"It gets a little better every day," Joey said. "I'm off the heavy meds. I just take the over-the-counter stuff now." He took a long pull from his bottle of beer. He looked like he'd had a few.

"That's a good sign," I said. "Can I ask you something?"

He smiled. His dark eyes were sparkling in the fading sunlight. "Sure," he said. "Anything."

"Can I see your scar?"

He set his beer on the wooden railing and found an ashtray for his cigarette. Then he lifted his gray t-shirt over his head and turned around.

My eyes traveled from his shoulders down his spine to the section I'd worked on. The wound I'd made had healed completely, and was now truly a scar. It was a small, discrete mark on the smooth plain of Joey's back, shaped like the letter C. I congratulated myself for making the mark so carefully.

But what really got me about Joey's scar was the color. It was a deep, angry-looking red-brown. Although the wound was healed, the color was as smooth and liquid as fresh blood. It would fade over time. But for now, other parts of Joey must be this same

color. His lips. His nipples. His cock. What would Joey do, I asked myself, if my fingers brushed against his scar? Would he react as surely as if I'd touched his lips, his nipples, or his cock? I wanted to find out. I wanted to reach around him, unbuckle his belt, reach into his jeans and hold his cock in my hands.

I wasn't going to, of course, although I sensed that he would have let me. Instead I had to be a good girl and be content to touch the scar, lightly, with my fingertips.

"Is it bad?" he asked.

"No. It's not bad at all. It's beautiful, in fact," I said. "When I touched you there, did you feel any pain?"

"No," he said.

"How does it feel? Numb?"

"No," he said. "Sensitive. Really sensitive. Like goose bumps, or..."

Joey jerked away from me and put his shirt back on. Turning to face me, he caught me and pulled me close to him. "Maggie," he said into my ear, "Stop being such a damned doctor for a moment. You know what I want to do."

Held tight against him, I could feel the stiffness of his cock through his jeans. But I could have figured out how badly he wanted me just from the look in his eyes.

"Max wants you, too," he said. "So it's up to you. After the guys leave, you can go. Or you can stay. At least until that fucking pager goes off."

"I don't know," I said, sitting in the patio's deck chair to smoke my cigarette.

Eventually, there was cheering from the vicinity of the plaid couch. It sounded as if the Kings had won after all. Max came out to smoke.

Joey looked past him into the apartment. "Where did everybody go?"

"The guys went down to the corner to celebrate," Max said. I nodded, remembering the pub I saw on the corner.

"You didn't want to go with them?" Joey asked, raising an eyebrow.

"You look like you're having a good time out here," Max said, looking over at me. "I wouldn't want to miss out on any of the fun."

I was glad I was sitting in that deck chair, because my knees were weak. I knew that I wasn't supposed to be there. I was faced with the possibility of actually doing all those nasty things

that I'd been imagining for the past couple of weeks. I was excited, but I was nervous, too. I never thought this would actually happen, and you know what they say about being careful what you wish for...

Joey finished off his beer. "So, Maggie," he said, "what do you want to do?"

"Let's go inside," I said.

We went inside. Max carefully drew the blinds over the patio door.

"So," I said, my eyes following Joey as he sat on one end of the plaid couch, "do your friends know about your situation?"

Joey shrugged. "Some do, some don't," he said vaguely.

"We never tried to hide anything," Max said. "Everyone's been cool with us, except for Joey's sister. She keeps telling us we're going to hell."

Joey smiled. Max walked over to the fridge and grabbed a couple more beers. He gave one to Joey and the other to me.

I looked at the beer, considering that I was still on call, and might have to go to the hospital to perform an emergency surgery at any moment. I knew it was wrong. But I was getting thirsty, and it seemed rude to reject Max's hospitality. Especially when he stood before me, looking right into my eyes, and smiled at me in that totally disarming way. I twisted the top off and took a few sips before sitting on the couch beside Joey, nervously.

"How did you two meet?" I asked.

Max sat on the other side of me, sandwiching me between him and Joey. They both smelled like beer and cigarettes, and Max smelled like pot. I started to sweat.

"We knew each other in college," Max said. "Moved in together afterward, just as roommates. Joey had a girlfriend."

"So what happened?" I asked.

"We used to watch straight porn together," Joey said.

"After a while I realized that it wasn't watching people fucking on TV that turned me on. It was watching Max get turned on. The first time he told me he wanted to touch me, I almost punched him in the face."

Max laughed. Resting his hand on my thigh, he leaned over me and kissed Joey's lips. They didn't have to tell me the rest of their story; I could see it in their eyes. They kissed deeply and passionately. I could see the love between them.

Then Joey turned his head slightly, leaned in, and kissed me. He tasted just as I imagined he would. Beer and cigarettes. He

was a good kisser; I could feel it in my belly. Max's hand still rested on my thigh. His other hand supported Joey's back, just inches from where I knew Joey's beautiful scar to be. I felt the warmth of Max's body against me, but I lost track of his hands as Joey's kisses got longer and deeper. Joey's hand was under my t-shirt, playing with the lace of my bra at first, and then teasing my nipples. I wanted to take off my shirt for him, but didn't know how to break away.

It was Max who broke away first. He knelt on the floor in front of me. Max untied my shoes and worked them off my feet. He did the same with my socks. Then, gently, he began to work on the buttons of my jeans. I helped him slip them off. Joey pulled my t-shirt over my head, then took my face in his hands and kissed me with a fervor I'd only wished for before.

He reached behind me to unhook my bra.

Max, meanwhile, couldn't wait for me to work my way out of my panties. "Oh, Maggie," he said, "you're so soft, and you smell so good." He kissed his way up my thigh, then hooked a thumb into the crotch of my panties and pulled them aside. I felt both his tongue and his moustache brush against my pussy lips. "Is that okay?" he asked me.

"Yes," I said. I reached for Joey, stroking his cock. He showed his appreciation by enthusiastically sucking my nipple. The sensation went straight to my pussy.

The warning bells were going off in my head again, big time. I was on call. I wasn't the kind of girl who did things like this. Worse, I wasn't protecting myself like I should. My medical training was telling me that the exchange of bodily fluids between Max's very hot, very wet mouth and my pussy should not be allowed. But I didn't want him to stop. The reality was much better than any of my fantasies. And it wasn't going to take much more licking and sucking for me to come.

I felt my toes curl up tightly. Joey's lips clamped down on my clit, and my fingers clenched around Joey's cock. My hips bucked wildly as I came with a long, loud scream. The neighbors must have been really confused. As my rapidly beating heart slowed to normal, I caught my breath.

"That was amazing," I said.

Joey stood up from the couch. Max helped him out of his jeans and his white briefs. Standing there in the dim light of the postgame coverage that still played on the TV, his cock was long

and beautiful. And its head was the same violent red-brown as his scar. He threw his t-shirt over the back of the couch.

“Maggie,” he said, “what do you want to do?”

I could have come to my senses at that moment. I could have done what a respectable thirty-six-year-old surgeon would do: get dressed, thank my hosts for the lovely party, and leave before I caught something. But I didn’t.

Instead I turned my head and watched Max strip for me. His wide chest was perfect, with a little patch of the same chestnut-colored hair as his moustache and that little soul patch.

“I want to stay,” I said.

“Will you let me fuck you?” Joey asked. He unwrapped a condom from the back pocket of his discarded jeans.

Max and I looked at each other. If I said no, Max was ready to say yes.

I said yes.

I twisted out of my panties and rolled over onto my belly. Joey gave me a nod of approval. I wondered what I looked like to him. Did he see me the way I saw him on the operating table—just a body, faceless, hardly more than a slab of meat? It wasn’t a very romantic thought, but somehow it turned me on to think that he was going to work on me.

“You have a sweet little ass,” he said, caressing the curves in question. “I almost forgot what a woman’s ass felt like.”

I felt his weight shift onto the plaid couch, then onto me. He slid his hands between my thighs and I spread my legs for him. His cock rested against my ass while he kissed the back of my neck. I turned my head so that I could watch Max.

Max crouched beside the couch, gently touching my breast with the back of one hand and stroking his cock with the other.

“Let me do that,” I said, reaching out. Max’s cock slid between my fingers.

Joey eased himself inside me slowly, reaching deeper and deeper within me until he filled me up. We both groaned from the strain. When he started to move, I lost my grip on Max for a moment; I wasn’t expecting Joey to be quite so powerful...so aggressive.

I pumped my hips in time to Joey’s strokes so that he wouldn’t have to work so hard. Wouldn’t want him to hurt his back again, after all.

“Oh God,” Joey moaned. I stopped thinking like a surgeon and started remembering that I was a woman. His cock might have

been right at home stroking Max's prostate, but there was no doubt that Joey knew his way around a pussy. Joey punctuated his long, slow strokes across my G spot by biting down gently where my neck met my shoulder. His teeth might not have been as precise as my scalpel, but they had me on the verge of coming again.

Meanwhile, my fingers worked furiously up and down the length of Max's cock. His eyes were closed, and his face looked patient and mildly amused. I couldn't have been as good at it was for Joey; there's no substitute for knowing the equipment inside and out. I wanted to be the one to take care of Max. But this was the best I could do with Joey on top of me, fucking my brains out.

Joey thrust deep inside me and slapped my ass hard. It was more than I could stand. I buried my face into the plaid cushion of the couch and screamed as my body was wracked with a massive orgasm. Joey held my trembling, sweaty body tightly, giving me four or five more powerful strokes. I yelled out with each one. Then, at last, we were screaming and trembling together.

Joey and I separated. He sank into the battered armchair. "That was beautiful, Maggie," he said breathlessly. "Your cunt is amazing. You're so tight and wet."

"Thank you," I said, pushing myself up onto my hands and knees.

"No," Max said, brushing my hair aside to touch the spot where Joey bit me. "Stay there. I want you right there."

"You don't have to," Joey said. "I can take care of Max."

I looked up at Max, standing over me, naked, every bit as hot as I'd imagined him in my fantasies. While that little voice in my head was telling me what a bad, evil slut I was, I saw with perfect clarity that this was what I wanted. This was what I needed.

"I want to," I said. Then I added, "Condom?"

Max groaned, but Joey dug a box of condoms out of the end table drawer. I watched Joey give Max's cock some good, long strokes with his tongue. He sucked the underside of the head for just a moment before putting the condom on Max. My pussy ached with desire.

Max lacked Joey's sense of subtlety. He pounced on top of me, got inside me quickly and banged me ferociously. He might have hurt me if I hadn't wanted him so badly.

And Joey was only making me hotter. Getting out of his chair, he watched us closely. Then he began whispering words of encouragement to Max.

“Fuck her,” he said. “Get that pussy. Bang her good.”

After a while, Max froze in mid-fuck. “Stop it,” he said. “You’re gonna make me come too fast.” He kissed the back of my neck tenderly and said to me, “This is our first time.”

“I know,” I said with what breath I had left in me.

Joey laughed. “He means it’s *our* first time, Maggie. Our first time sharing like this. With a woman. We’ve talked about it for years, though.”

Max reached for Joey, caught hold of his shoulder, and pulled him in tighter. Max and Joey kissed. I felt Max’s cock jerk inside me and I felt like an outsider.

But, thus distracted, Max was able to get back to business without fear of coming too soon. He rode me hard. After a moment, he must have looked ready to come, because Joey started whispering again.

“Do you like it, Maggie?”

“Yes,” I said. His words touched off a little spark inside my belly.

“Tell me you like it.”

“I like it,” I said, pumping my hips extra hard to make sure that Max felt it. He squeezed my breasts and bucked harder. “I like the way your cock feels inside me, Max. I like how you fuck me.” Who was this bad girl that was saying these things? Surely not Maggie Keller. M. D.

They worked for Max, though. His loud, sexy holler as he was coming sent me over the edge along with him. As we collapsed onto the plaid couch, I felt four hands all over my body. When I opened my eyes, Max and Joey were locked in a passionate kiss as Max fondly rubbed my hip.

When we separated, Max and Joey sat down on the couch on either side of me. I leaned my head on Joey’s chest and closed my eyes.

“Do you want to take a nap?” he asked, in an almost fatherly tone.

“Uh huh,” I said. I reached down to the carpet and groped for my beer bottle. I finished it all in a few swallows. Max led me into one of the bedrooms (it didn’t matter whose) and laid beside me. Joey lay on the other side of me; I was sandwiched between them again. Their bodies were hot, and the sheets smelled like

guy. Like ball sweat and come stains. But when Joey rolled over and fell asleep, I traced the outline of my scar on his back.

"You fixed him," Max whispered. His hand rested on my bare breast. "Thank you."

It wasn't so much that I'd fixed Joseph Zorich, but that Joseph Zorich and Max Lowell had fixed some part of me. Where there had been a need before, now there was a beautifully satisfied feeling. I guess the bad girl in me needed to be let out. I felt as if I were the one who'd been cut apart and sewn back together.

"The scar will fade with time," I said.

Max reached across me and traced Joey's scar with his fingers. Joey stirred slightly at his touch. "I like it," he said. "I've always thought that scars make a body more beautiful, not less. They mean that you lived through something."

"Yeah," I said. I pressed myself against Joey's back and closed my eyes. Max pressed in against me. I don't know how long we slept like that before my pager went off. Joey slept through the beeping, but it woke up Max.

"You leaving?" he asked. Even in the low light, he looked adorably tousled.

"I have to. Work."

Max got up to let me out of bed. Before I left he took my hand. "I'd love to see you again. I know Joey would, too." Joey grunted slightly. He may have been partially awake.

This wild, carefree woman I'd become couldn't resist Max's smile, or the thought of seeing the two of them again. The rational, scientific part of my mind that had gotten me through medical school screamed in protest, but I knew I'd found what had been missing from my life.

"I'd like that," I said.

Max sat on the edge of the bed and stroked his chin. "Cool," he said. He pulled me against him and kissed me. "See ya later, then?"

"See ya later," I agreed. My heart did a little flip. It didn't make a damn bit of sense, but as I walked out of Max and Joey's apartment, I knew I fell in love with them both.

The End

The Birthday Surprise

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Chapter One

Melanie Blaisdell cursed as the doorbell rang a second time. She was never going to get these drawings done if people kept interrupting her! And if the drawings weren't ready for the meeting Monday morning, Marcus would have her head.

She padded down the carpeted hall in her bare feet and stood on tip toe at the front door, eye to the peep hole. Two young men waited on the front porch. After her vision adjusted to the distorted perspective of the fish-eye lens, she recognized one of them as Sandy Elliott, her lawn guy. *Oh my gosh!* It was Friday morning and she'd forgotten to leave the driveway gate unlocked so he could pull his truck in. She flipped the deadbolt and opened the door.

"I'm sorry Sandy. I completely forgot what day it was."

He grinned, his straight white teeth a brilliant slash in his tanned face. As always, when the gorgeous young gardener smiled at her, Melanie's pulse kicked up a notch or two. What she wouldn't give to be fifteen years younger!

"That's okay Mrs. B. I'm a little early today. I'm trying to get all my jobs done by three so Wes and I can take off for the beach for the weekend. He'll be helping me out today."

"Is this Wes?" she asked, her eyes settling on Sandy's companion for the first time. The second young man was darker, but also very muscular and tanned; his clean white t-shirt strained over his broad chest. He was probably about twenty five, she guessed, like Sandy.

"Yeah." Sandy turned toward his friend. "Wes, this is Mrs. B."

"My friends call me Mel," she said. Her gaze locked with Wes's intense blue eyes. He was looking back at her with frank interest.

"Mel? You don't look like any Mel I've ever known."

There was the slightest suggestion of flirtatious impertinence in his voice as he made a point of letting his gaze rove up and down her body. Melanie felt her face heat. She wasn't exactly dressed for the public in her comfy old shorts and t-shirt, and her hair was

probably a mess. She hated being put in the position of feeling self-conscious about her appearance, especially by hunky young guys like these.

Wes let out a little grunt as Sandy planted an elbow in his ribs.

“Cool it,” Sandy growled. “Mrs. B was my very first customer five years ago. Show a little respect.”

For your elders, she finished mentally, heaving a sigh. It was hell getting old. At their age she’d been pretty gorgeous herself. Now her fortieth birthday was just a day away. She certainly felt forty when she looked in the mirror. There was no denying those little crinkles at the corners of her eyes.

Stepping back, she plucked the ring of household keys from their hook near the door and opened the screen. “The gate key is the one with the blue top.”

As Sandy took the keys his fingers brushed against hers, and a nice little zing ran up her arm. Melanie felt warm all over again.

“I’ll get them back to you when we’re done,” he said. Then the two men turned and went down the steps toward the truck. Melanie stood for a moment and watched them as they crossed the lawn, admiring the way their worn jeans clung to their lean hips and molded to their perfect butts. Wes was more powerfully built than Sandy, with the thighs, chest and shoulders of a body builder, but Sandy was certainly no slouch in the muscle department either. In fact, Melanie had sometimes fantasized about him coming up behind her in the kitchen and putting those strong, tanned arms around her. More than once, on a lonely evening, she’d imagined his big, work-roughened hands covering her breasts, his fingers moving in circles over her eager nipples.

Aghast, Melanie felt a flush of sexual excitement curl through her. It was the first time she’d fantasized about Sandy while he was actually on the premises. It made the whole experience more immediate and much more exciting. Her breasts tingled with fresh desire and she felt her panties getting moist. Quickly she closed the door and leaned back against it, breathing unevenly.

Then, almost without volition, she found herself drawn to the big bay window in the dining room. Standing behind the cover of the heavy drapes, she watched as Sandy unlocked the gate and Wes drove the pickup through. He pulled it up the driveway close to the garage and got out. Sandy joined him, and for just a moment

the two men stood shoulder to shoulder, heads down, talking something over. Sandy gestured toward the back yard and Wes nodded. Then Sandy said something and they both laughed. Their body language, as they stood there together, seemed almost intimate. They must know each other well, she thought.

For the first time, Melanie wondered if Sandy might be gay. That would explain why he'd never shown the least bit of interest in her, even five years before when she'd been a new widow, ten pounds lighter and still relatively wrinkle-free. The thought assuaged her ego just a little, but it also made her sad. *What a waste that would be!*

She watched as they unloaded the riding mower and leaf blower from the back of the truck. Wes got onto the mower, fired it up, and headed for the lawn in the back yard. Sandy's shoulder muscles bunched and rippled as he strapped on the blower. He walked in the direction of her hiding place, stopping beneath a maple that had littered her front lawn with fallen leaves. The tree was only fifteen feet beyond her window, giving her a close-up view of the brawny machine operator. The autumn sun glinted off his light hair and gave a gold sheen to his smooth skin. Melanie licked her lips, thinking that he might taste like sunshine itself, warm and sweet. Her fingers twitched, stroking along the drapery panel as if along those big, brown arms.

Then the blower screamed to life.

Melanie stumbled back in surprise, her hand coming up to cover her mouth. It was all she could do not to let out a scream herself.

And somehow—she didn't know exactly how—her foot or her hand caught in the drape and pulled the rod out of its bracket. The whole panel came floating down, rod and all, revealing her hiding place.

There, on the other side of the window, Sandy stood, looking right in at her.

Chapter Two

A sudden movement over his right shoulder caught Sandy's eye. He turned just in time to see the drapes in Mrs. Blaisdell's bay window fall to the floor. And standing there in the window with her hand to her mouth was Mrs. B herself. Her big blue eyes were very wide, her pretty face all pink.

Sandy flicked off the power to the blower. He stepped up close to the window.

"You okay?" he yelled.

For a moment she just stared, her face glowing more pink by the second. Then finally she nodded.

"Fine. Fine," she yelled back, waving him away. Then she bent down and picked up the drapery rod. He watched as she struggled to lift it high over her head. He couldn't help but notice her shirt riding up, exposing several inches of her pale stomach. Knowing she wouldn't be able to hear him, he groaned under his breath. He'd been lusting after Melanie Blaisdell since the first day he saw her, and the skin on her torso was every bit as smooth and creamy as he had imagined it would be.

Now she didn't seem to be having any luck hanging the drapery rod. She wasn't tall enough.

"You need help?" he yelled again. He unhooked the harness of the blower, ready to set it aside. She shook her head vehemently. He watched as she hefted the rod again, admiring now the way her snug t-shirt clung to her big soft-looking breasts. He swallowed hard. He was pretty sure she wasn't wearing a bra today. He knew Mrs. B. often worked at home, so seeing her in casual dress was nothing new. But he'd never seen her body displayed quite like this before, framed in the front window where anyone—including him—could totally check her out.

"I'm coming in to help," he called. Then he set the blower down and went to the door. He waited for what seemed an eternity, but finally she was there, turning the knob and stepping back to let him in.

"I—I didn't mean to bother you at your work," she said, her voice all breathy. "I just can't quite reach high enough." She wasn't making eye contact. And she was still blushing. *What's that all about?*

He followed her to the dining room. As he retrieved the rod and easily popped it back into its bracket, it suddenly occurred to him that she had been standing right here when everything fell.

Had Mrs. B been hiding behind the drapes, watching him? The possibility of that made him smile to himself. He glanced over at her. She was standing there by the dining table, twisting her hands together like a guilty little girl. He felt a strong rush of animal attraction to her.

Sometimes Mrs. B came across as just too sophisticated and glamorous...way out of his reach. But not today. He liked her without makeup, in her casual clothes and bare feet. He liked the tousled look of her long red hair, as if she'd just gotten out of bed. He especially liked the shy way she was acting. It stirred up strong feelings in him, made him want to put his arms around her, to take care of her in some way. At the same time, other parts of him were getting pretty excited to be standing here so close to her. He felt an undeniable response from the region below his belt.

But there wasn't anything he could do about it. Barefoot or no, Mrs. B was still out of reach, and always would be.

"Thanks for your help," she said in a quiet voice, and turned back toward the entry.

Just then they both saw a white delivery van pull into the driveway. *Main Street Floral*, the side panel said. A guy jumped out of the van and came up the walk with a long narrow box under his arm. Mrs. B opened the door.

"Delivery for Melanie Blaisdell," he said.

She took the box and gave the guy a bill from her pocket. As he went back down the steps, she set the box on the hall table and lifted the top off.

"I'll just be getting back to work then." Sandy started to brush past her. As he did, he glanced inside the open box. There, lying among the folds of red tissue paper, was a big bunch of black roses with extra long thorns. *Whoa!* Somebody sure had a twisted sense of humor.

And just as Sandy was wondering who that twisted person might be, Mrs. B let loose with a string of swear words that stopped him in his tracks. For a moment he just stood there, watching helplessly as she shook her fist at the ceiling and damned someone named Alex to hell and back.

What should he do? Was something seriously wrong? Who was this Alex guy anyway, and why would he do something as rude as send black flowers to a nice person like Mrs. B? A fresh surge of protective feelings riffled through him.

And then suddenly all the fire seemed to go out of her. She dropped her fist and her shoulders slumped. To Sandy's horror,

tears made shiny tracks down her cheeks. She looked up at him mutely and gave a loud sniff.

“Hey,” he said, stepping forward. The next thing he knew, his arm was going around her shoulders; he just couldn’t seem to help himself. “Hey, it’s okay.” He rubbed slow circles on her back. “Don’t cry. It’s okay.”

He was actually touching Mrs. B! His pulse rate rocketed.

After just a moment she squared her shoulders and lifted her head, giving him a quivering smile.

“Thanks for the pep talk,” she said. “I can really use it today.” She ran her hands back through her hair, releasing an invisible cloud of woman-scent that made more crazy things happen in his groin. Mesmerized, he kept his hand on her back, circling gently.

“So who’s this Alex guy?”

“He’s my rotten kid brother. He loves to give me a hard time.”

“Why would he do that?”

She gave him a sideways look, like she was measuring him in some way. Finally she sighed.

“The truth? Tomorrow’s my birthday. I’m turning forty. Seeing those black roses, it suddenly hit me that I’m officially old now.”

Sandy gaped. *Forty*? This soft, sexy woman he’d fantasized about nearly every day for the last five years?

“No way!”

She smiled. “You’re sweet. But yeah, I’m gonna be forty.”

“No way,” he said again. “You having a big party?”

She crinkled her nose and shook her head. “Nobody but Alex knows. I prefer it that way. Besides, I have drawings I have to finish this weekend for work.”

He stared down at her for another minute, loving the way the warmth of her back came through the t-shirt and into the palm of his hand. Loving her smell, and the fact that she wasn’t moving away from his touch, a crazy idea popped into his head and he blurted it out.

“Come with us.”

“With you?” She drew back.

“Yeah. To the beach. Lincoln City. We’ll totally help you celebrate. Come with us.”

Chapter Three

Melanie stared up into the earnest expression of Sandy, her lawn maintenance guy. In the space of three minutes he'd gone from hunky, young enigma to something quite different. Before, there had always been a yawning chasm between them, made up of a mix of factors like age, gender, privilege, and employer/employee relationships. Suddenly, all of that was gone. He'd bridged that chasm entirely with his simple act of compassion.

And *oh* how good that felt! As she reached up and wiped away her tears, she was acutely aware of his clean male scent and the broad wall of his chest crowding her shoulder. His big, warm hand continued to caress her back, raising lovely tingles of gooseflesh all over her body. Even her nipples were getting into the act now, tightening into hard little nubs of anticipation.

Oh. My. God. She drew herself up. How inappropriate!

Here he was, offering her true friendship and sincere support, and suddenly all Melanie could think about was how much she wanted Sandy's talented hands on other parts of her body. A long slow blush moved up her chest and warmed her face. She started to move away. He moved against her at the same time, and her arm came in contact with the firm, unmistakable ridge of an erection straining at the fly of his jeans.

An erection! Wait a minute. Did that mean this big strapping guy was sexually aroused too?

By *her*?

A thrill streaked through her as she struggled to focus on what he was saying.

"Well, what do you think? Wanna come?"

"To Lincoln City?"

"Sure. We're gonna make camp right on the beach, sleep in the back of the truck. I've got a camper shell that fits down over it. We'll all be warm and dry."

An enthusiastic grin lit up his whole face. Oh how she wished she could be that young and carefree again. To just pick up and go and not worry about anything but where to park a truck. How great would that be?

And what about that other tantalizing thought that kept playing at the edge of her imagination? How great would it be to have Sandy touching her in all the places no man had touched her in way-too-many-months? The goose bumps fizzled over her

again and she let out a long sigh, wishing like anything that the erotic images going through her head were more than a silly fantasy.

But she wasn't twenty-five anymore. She had to act like a grownup. She had work to do this weekend. And whatever the cause of that erection, she was certain that the idea of actually making out with a forty-year-old woman had to come in close to the bottom of Sandy's list of favorite things.

"I'm sorry. I can't. But thank you so much for offering."

"You'd have your own bed," he assured her, "if that's what you're worried about."

His big gray eyes were so innocent. *Weren't they?*

She felt herself blushing again.

"Oh I wasn't worried about that—"

"You weren't?" His pupils suddenly darkened and he leaned in closer. If possible, the erection pressing against her hip grew even more rigid.

Melanie's mouth went dry. Keeping her eyes locked on his, she shook her head. "No, I wasn't worried," she whispered. Her belly did a crazy little flip at the avid expression on his face. Then Sandy lowered his head and took her mouth.

And she let him.

It was a sweet and tentative kiss at first, his lips firm and barely brushing across the surface of hers. Then he groaned and grabbed her upper arms, holding her in place as he deepened the kiss. Melanie's mind whirled, her body caught in a maelstrom of wonderful sensation. Part of her—a small part—knew she should stop him. But most of her was melting...melting under the power of his persuasive mouth as he claimed her thoroughly.

Where had the kid learned to kiss like this? Her knees felt all wobbly, like they would surely buckle beneath her. Good thing he was holding her arms like he was. And her heart was thundering like the last turn at Santa Anita. She felt herself opening her lips to him, felt herself pressing her breasts into his chest, heard her own little moaning sounds of excitement.

"Oh. Yeah. Mrs. B," he whispered as he pulled away for a moment. His voice was low and ragged, his breath uneven and raspy.

She gasped. "Don't call me that."

"You don't know. You just don't know," he said, planting little kisses on the side of her face and into her hair.

“Don’t know what?” she managed as his teeth began to tug at her earlobe. An electric charge skittered over her skin. Earlobes! Who knew?

“You don’t know how long I’ve wanted to kiss you like this.”

“Really?” She pulled back and eyed him for a moment. There was no trace of insincerity in his face. Just the glitter of pure male arousal in his eyes. It seemed that he really did want her.

Wow!

She remembered hearing it said that the best aphrodisiac was being the object of another’s desire, and it was proven right here: her body was responding in ways it hadn’t done in years, inspired by the sexual hunger in his gaze, the eagerness of his kisses. Her nipples felt as if tiny propellers spun at their tips. The junction of her thighs began to throb.

Pushing the last of her reservations to the back of her mind, Melanie lifted her lips for more of Sandy’s kisses, accepting the thrust of his tongue as it invaded her mouth with a primitive rhythm that made her squirm. After a moment she answered that rhythm with the play of her own tongue. And then she felt his hand brush against one of her breasts. He cupped it gently at first, lifting it as if weighing it. Then he took possession. She whimpered a little as he began to knead her flesh, scraping his thumbnail across her nipple so that it pushed out against the fabric of her shirt, begging for exposure.

“Oh. Oh. That feels so good.” Was that really her own voice, so thick with passion? Was she really arching backward to give him easier access, practically thrusting her breasts up at him? Just as his mouth found hers again, she felt him lift the hem of her shirt and push it up and out of the way. Their tongues danced again, exploring, delving, finding the warm, wet recesses of each other’s mouths. And his big rough hand began to ply her naked breast with an expertise that made her quiver all over.

Suddenly all Melanie could think about was getting her own hand around the thing that was making that prominent bulge in his jeans. As her fingers grasped his zipper and edged it down, he groaned into her mouth.

“Not here,” he said, panting. But she snaked her fingers inside, finding his boxers. She rubbed her knuckles against him, up and down. He pushed back against her hand, his breath ragged on her cheek. “Not. Here,” he said again.

Finally, Melanie let her eyes drift open to focus on their surroundings. She realized with a start that they were still standing in the entry hall, with the front door ajar and the box of black roses on the table nearby. Seeing the roses brought her back to the present with a thud. She started to pull away, but Sandy's hand remained on her naked breast.

"Maybe this isn't the best idea," she said, not raising her eyes to meet his. She felt foolish all of a sudden. What did she think she was doing, standing here in front of the whole neighborhood with her shirt hiked up and her hand down the lawn guy's pants?

That's when she heard someone else clear his throat. Wes pushed the door all the way open and stepped over the threshold. His expression was one of eager interest, his dark eyes throwing sparks.

"On the contrary," he said softly. "It looks like a great idea to me."

Chapter Four

Melanie's jaw dropped and she jerked her hand out of Sandy's pants as if they were full of fire ants.

"We—we—" No suitable excuse came to her mind. She felt her face flame as Wes let his gaze fix on her breast, which was still cupped by Sandy's hand. She tugged her shirt down to cover her nakedness, but Sandy kept his hand right where it was, way up under her shirt.

"We were just celebrating Mrs. B's birthday," Sandy told Wes. "Can you believe she's turning forty tomorrow?"

That really seemed to capture Wes's attention.

"Serious? You're damn hot for forty," he said, strolling in a lazy half-circle around her as if he was assessing a side of prime beef. His eyes kept returning to Sandy's hand where it rested beneath her shirt.

Melanie stood stock still. A funny thing was happening to her. She was beginning to like the way Sandy and Wes were looking at her, with all that heated male arousal so plain on their handsome, young faces. It felt so great to be desired again. Streams of sexual excitement rippled through her, coalescing in her moist center. Somehow, she didn't feel at all afraid. Not with the front of Sandy's big warm body up hard against her like some kind of sexy shield.

Wes sidled up against her. She could smell the fresh outdoor scent of him as she looked back over her shoulder into his face. She saw the tiny flare of his nostrils when he caught her scent. His sapphire gaze raked over her.

"You ever made it with two guys?" His voice was rough and low, suggestive of all kinds of scenarios she had never even let herself imagine. She couldn't stop a gasp from escaping her mouth, even as a hot arrow of excitement shot through her.

"No!"

"Ever think about it?" He pushed up closer, sandwiching her trembling body between his and Sandy's. His gaze dropped down to her breast. And ever so slowly he reached around and pulled that side of her t-shirt back up, exposing her once more. Then he slid his hand up next to Sandy's and nudged it aside.

Now it was Wes's hand that cupped her naked breast!

Melanie couldn't believe this was happening. She clamped her eyes closed as Wes ran this thumb across her nipple a time or two and then gave it a tentative pinch. A startled cry broke from

her lips at the searing spiral of pleasure coiling through her. When she let her eyes come open again, he was grinning at her. It was a knowing grin, ripe with sexual awareness, self assurance and raw desire.

“Never?”

“Not until now,” she said boldly, forcing herself to speak the truth. She locked her gaze with his. She knew the husky quality of her own voice gave away just how turned on his touch was making her feel.

Sandy began to nuzzle her cheek then, raining small kisses at the edge of her mouth. She turned her face up so that his lips could find hers again, wanting his reassurance as Wes shifted and pressed up hard behind her. She could plainly feel the firm length of his growing erection nestling between her butt cheeks. She’d never felt anything quite like this before, being touched by two different men at the same time, both of them looking at her with such naked lust. Her body felt so alive all of a sudden! She swallowed hard, wishing like hell that she knew the rules of this game.

“It’s a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity,” Wes whispered near her ear. He began to move against her buttocks in a sensuous rhythm, and his other hand came around her and pushed the other side of her shirt up, baring her other breast. Sandy leaned back, giving Wes room, and watched avidly. Melanie squelched a little gasp at the familiar way Wes began to handle her breasts, teasing and caressing them until she couldn’t stand still.

“Mmm. Nice. Just perfect.” His breath was warm on her neck, his hands even warmer as he cupped her firmly and lifted her swollen nipples towards Sandy’s face.

“Aren’t these sweet?”

“Oh yeah.” Sandy’s voice was hoarse as he lowered his mouth to the sensitive little buds.

Melanie cried out as Sandy’s lips and teeth began to tug on her tender flesh. He suckled with eager abandon, drawing her deep into the hot cave of his mouth. Thrills of intense sensation telegraphed a searing path from her nipples to her pulsing core. To have Wes holding her breasts captive, offering them to Sandy to suck, was more erotic than anything Melanie could have imagined. Her head fell back against Wes’s chest and she let out a long, low moan, giving in to the tide of sensual arousal that overtook her.

“You want this, Mrs. B?” Sandy asked, his voice ragged as he pulled his lips away. Then he used the tip of his tongue to tease

a circular path around her areolas. "You want us both? 'Cause we sure want you." He began running his hands down her rib cage and over her hips, kneading and caressing, bringing her pelvis up hard against his. It was all Melanie could do to remain on her feet.

"Now would be the time to say no, pretty lady," Wes crooned softly against her hair. She felt the ever-stiffening prod of his cock against her ass.

"How—how does this work?" She felt breathless and confused, like she was oozing into a decadent puddle of sexual hunger as the two young men had their way with her willing body.

But she also had the clear realization that they hadn't removed her clothing or theirs. They were eager, yes, but there was no force involved. They really were allowing her to decide whether to go forward. She was the one in control, the one with all the power. Nothing had ever made her feel as desirable.

"You just say yes," Wes whispered, his hand sliding suddenly between her legs from behind, "and we'll do the rest." She couldn't seem to stop herself from parting her legs a bit and wriggling back against him as his fingers began to tease her there through the fabric of her shorts. *Oh my!*

"Say yes," Sandy coaxed, his eyes playing over her face. "Let us make love to you. It'll be your best birthday ever, Mrs. B. I promise."

Through her haze of arousal, Melanie's mind struggled to focus. Should she take a chance on doing something so wild and crazy? Could there possibly be a better way to forget that she was turning forty tomorrow? Or would she end up regretting letting the two men into her bed?

Just then Wes's questing fingers found their way inside the elastic leg band of her panties. Melanie blushed furiously, knowing what he would find there; she was already slick and hot where he touched, her body betraying just how turned on she was. What were they going to think of her?

Wes chuckled softly in her ear.

"Damn, woman, your pussy is wet and ready. I'd say that's a definite yes, wouldn't you?"

What was the point of trying to deny any longer how excited she was by their invitation?

"Yes," she sighed. "Yes. Yes." Then she began to giggle as Sandy pulled her t-shirt off and over her head.

Chapter Five

Suddenly, big arms went under her, lifting her up with ease.

“Where’s the bedroom?” Sandy asked as he started down the hall toward the back of the house.

Giddy at the sensation of being born along so lightly, Melanie pointed ahead. “Second door on the left.” She could hear Wes’s footfalls close behind them. Then they stopped.

“Let’s hit the shower first,” Wes suggested.

“Good idea,” Sandy said. “You don’t want us all sweaty, Mrs. B.”

As she slid from Sandy’s arms just inside the bathroom door and watched the two men begin to shuck their clothes, a fresh wave of shyness overtook her. Could she really get naked with them? It was one thing to imagine reclining on a bed with plenty of sheets for camouflage, but quite something else to stand in the big open shower with the two of them, under the unforgiving glare of the skylight. Covering her bare breasts with her folded arms, she hung back, watching, fascinated, as Sandy and Wes revealed the youthful perfection of their bodies without the least nod to modesty. They seemed completely at ease with one another as they stripped, tossing their clothes in a mixed pile, then got in the shower together. Melanie tried not to stare at their cocks, which both stood firmly at attention and bobbed with every movement. As Wes began soaping himself up, Sandy motioned to her.

“Come on in. There’s plenty of room.” It was true. Her huge open shower with its multiple shower heads and spray attachments was one of the reasons she’d bought this house to begin with. Never in a million years could she have envisioned this scene playing out here.

Melanie hugged herself and shook her head. The little seed of doubt was growing bigger in her mind. What was she thinking of, agreeing to have sex with both these young men? She was in way over her head. Would they be nice about it if she admitted she’d changed her mind?

It was as if Sandy could read her second thoughts. He stepped out from under the spray and came to stand right in front of her, his big male body resplendently wet and naked. He reached out and took her by the hand and led her into the water. It was too late now for regrets.

Closing her eyes as she stood under the warm rain-shower head, Melanie decided to make believe she was standing in a tropical waterfall. She felt her shorts being gently tugged away, and then her satin panties. Now a pair of strong, soapy hands slicked down her back and over her hips, caressing and washing her. She squeezed her eyes tighter as a second set of hands began to move over her breasts and belly in sensuous, slippery swirls.

As the big male hands slid further down, stroking along her thighs and back up again, Melanie shuddered and let her legs part. The fingers quickly moved in, finally finding the wet folds of her throbbing pussy. She let out a little cry and opened her eyes. It was Sandy standing before her, his gray gaze studying her face as his fingers probed her with infinite care and attention.

For just a moment she forgot all about Wes. The expression on Sandy's face was so rapt that it seemed only the two of them in the shower. Her eyes strayed over the expanse of his chest, noting the fine sprinkling of blond hair and the tiny brown buds of his nipples pushing up between the rivulets of water that ran over him. She licked her lips, wanting to capture those buds and pull them into her mouth. She reached up to rub them with her fingertips.

Sandy groaned in appreciation at her touch, and his fingers came to rest for just a moment. Then he began stroking her again, venturing thoroughly between her pussy lips until his thumbnail scraped her swollen clit. When she sucked her breath in sharply he smiled.

"You like the way I'm touching you?"

"Oh yes," she moaned. Weak with desire, she leaned against his chest as he caressed her.

"Open wider for me so I can get to your clit," he murmured. He pushed her thighs further apart, trying to adjust her stance. She nearly toppled over on the slippery tile. Sandy turned toward his friend who stood several feet away, once more soaping himself up. "Help me out here, Wes."

Before she knew it, the other man was at her back, his body slick and hard, his cock like a thick ramrod against her ass. He slipped his hands under her upper arms and lifted her back against him, supporting her weight. His hands just happened to land nicely on her breasts, which he began to fondle.

No longer needing to support herself, Melanie's heart hammered in expectation as Sandy once again pushed her thighs wide apart. Now she lay back against Wes, splayed open for both

men to see. She watched as Sandy pushed two of his thick fingers gently into her opening. With his fingers moving inside her in a sensuous rhythm, he used his thumb to tweak her clit, which by now was plumped to twice its normal size and exquisitely sensitized. She let out a yelp of surprise, and both men laughed. Melanie giggled. There didn't seem to be much point in feeling self conscious now, she decided, not when the men could plainly see everything there was to see. And not with the incredible sensations sweeping over her. Sandy obviously enjoyed what he was doing to her, and was very good at it. She leaned back and half-closed her eyes, giving herself over to the pleasures of each stroke and caress as a coiling heat began to build in her body.

Melanie's eyes flew open again as Sandy reached over and grabbed a spray attachment. He flicked it on and grinned at her. She watched in breathless anticipation as he adjusted the spray to a narrow, pointed stream. Beginning at her ankles, he worked the spray up her leg, teasing and stroking her with the stream of warm water. He moved it in along the crease of her thigh, closer and closer to her sensitive center, then just at the last moment flicked it away again.

After a few minutes of his teasing, Melanie was panting in delicious frustration. She writhed in Wes's grasp, thrusting her hips forward toward the water's spray. Sandy moved it close again, letting the jet of water flirt around the perimeter of her pussy. Her body hummed, begging for the next warm stroke. Then, without warning, he centered the stream directly on her clit for perhaps half a minute, enough to build her arousal to a new, titillating peak. She thrashed and moaned, feeling the keen tension of an orgasm approaching, feathering through her, puckering her whole body, but still hanging beyond her reach.

"Please, Sandy," she whimpered as he aimed the jet away from her once again. By now, all she could think about was placating the pulsing little nub at the center of her being, and filling her passage with Sandy's magnificent wet cock.

As he came close this time, she reached out and took a firm hold on his cock. He let out a soft sound of surprise and dropped the spray hose.

"Fuck me," she moaned and pulled him up close. "Now."

"Oh yeah," he said. Settling his hands under her hips, he lifted her pelvis up. She felt the head of his cock nudging the entrance to her pussy, but not at a comfortable angle. And the

marble tile of the shower was just too slippery. This wasn't going to work, even with Wes to lean against.

"In the bed," she gasped.

Before she knew it, Wes had scooped her up and the three of them were heading for her bedroom.

Chapter Six

Sandy followed Wes down a short hallway and into a spacious, airy master bedroom. Sandy pulled the bedspread back, and as Mrs. B eased down onto the sheets, he glanced around. The room was clean and uncluttered and painted in soft colors. Pretty much as he would have imagined Mrs. B's bedroom to look. He liked it. Right above them, a huge skylight allowed the morning sun to stream in, making her pale, soapy skin all shimmery. He had the strong urge to lick her dry from her toes to her nose. He couldn't remember ever being so turned on. His cock was so hard it hurt him to move.

He stood back from the bed and watched as Wes sat down at the edge near her shoulders and placed two or three pillows beneath her head. Her eyes were wide, fixed on Wes's face, but when he let his fingers begin to trail lightly across her breasts, she let her eyelids drift down again. The tip of her tongue came out and ran along her lips, making them shiny and inviting. When Wes pinched her nipples she let out a soft little cry and arched her back. It was a clear invitation, and Sandy didn't blame Wes at all for lowering his head to suck on one of those rose colored tips. Mrs. B's fingers got all tangled up in Wes's hair as she hugged his mouth to her breasts. Pretty soon she was writhing in excitement, lifting her hips and letting her thighs fall wide open.

Talk about an invitation!

Sandy grinned and moved forward, sliding down beside her on the bed across from Wes. He grasped an available nipple in his teeth and bit gently. At the same time he let his fingers stray down her soft belly to the thatch of damp curls between her thighs. The closer he got to her pussy, his fingers circling and dipping, the more she moaned and wriggled beneath them. Her eyes met his, glazed with desire. Her body's musky, warm perfume wafted around them, telegraphing just how turned on she really was. Whatever hesitation she might have been feeling earlier was obviously now completely forgotten.

"Now, where were we?" he murmured, teasing her with his words and his fingertips. "Oh that's right." He stroked boldly up her slick cleft, finding and caressing again the engorged bud of her clit.

"Oh my god! What are you waiting for?" Her voice was ragged with desire. "Put your cock in me."

“Here?” he teased further, his thumb orbiting her clit, slipping into her glistening opening, then coming back to her clit.

“Yes, oh, yes!” she cried.

He glanced over at Wes, who gave him the thumbs up sign and then went back to suckling her nipple.

“You got it, Mrs. B.” He rose and knelt above her, swinging his leg across. He slid his hands beneath her sweet round hips and lifted her pelvis to the perfect angle. For just a few seconds he let the head of his cock rest at her dusky opening, enjoying the sight of it there, and then he shoved in.

OMG. He’d never felt anything quite like it! Yeah, he’d had his cock in more than a few pussies, and they’d all been deliciously warm and wet. Some of them felt better than others. But Mrs. B’s pussy? It was like her lady parts were custom made to mold exactly to his naked cock, to massage him and clench around him in perfect harmony with his movements. As he stroked in and out of her, finding his rhythm, she eagerly met his thrusts with her own body. Each time he drove into her, he seemed to go deeper and deeper, until it felt as if he must have punched his way clear through her. And yet her passage was still snug around him, somehow slippery at the same time, providing the perfect amount of friction to get him off. In no time he was ready to come. He fought the tide, wanting her to climax with him.

“I’m getting close,” he groaned.

“Wait for me,” she cried, writhing beneath him.

“Give her a hand, Wes,” Sandy said.

Apparently knowing exactly what Sandy wanted, Wes reached down and eased one hand between their two bodies. Sandy adjusted his hips, leaning back just a little so Wes could press his index finger into Mrs. B’s pussy. Wes felt for their rhythm and then began to follow along, stroking her clit in time to Sandy’s thrusts. With his other hand, he continued to work her nipples, rolling them roughly between his fingers.

Mrs. B let out a long, low moan of naked ecstasy. Sandy had never heard anything quite like it, and he loved the sound. He loved the flush of color that was stealing over her chest and neck too, and the dark animal desire that lived in her eyes as her gaze tangled with his. At the same moment he felt her body squeeze and pucker around his cock, surrounding him with waves of incredible sensation. The pulsing friction pushed him right over the edge. His taut muscles bunched tighter as he rode the crest of

it, almost losing consciousness. Then, with his heart thundering in his ears, his cock unloaded like a fire hose into her pulsing pussy.

Several minutes passed before Sandy opened his eyes. He was lying across Mrs. B. Her eyes were closed, her breathing gradually slowing. Wes was stretched out on the other side of her, his head propped on his hand, grinning from ear to ear. He flipped Sandy another thumbs up. Sandy smiled back and rolled off her and up to a sitting position, running his fingers back through his damp hair.

“Hey man,” Wes said, “was that as good as it looked?”

“Better,” Sandy managed. “Truly awesome.”

Mrs. B opened her eyes then.

“Beyond awesome,” she said with a lazy smile. She looked straight into his eyes. “Thank you,” she murmured.

“Sure. I told you you’d like it.” He ran his fingers up and down her bare arm.

“What about you, Wes?” She turned her head and glanced pointedly at his cock, still stiff and dark with engorgement. But as she reached out to touch him, he rolled away.

“You can catch me next time,” he said, “This time it was all about you, Mel.” He bent down and gave her a peck on the forehead, but before he could move away, Mrs. B made a grab for him.

“And this is all about you,” she said, laughing as her hand closed firmly around his cock. In a smooth move she was up on her knees at the edge of the bed, pulling him up close. “You’re not getting away that easy,” she teased.

Wes grinned and shoved his hand back through his hair.

“Well, whatever you say, boss-lady.” Then he groaned as Mrs. B bent her head and took him in her mouth.

Sandy lay back on the pillows and watched as a good four inches of Wes’s naked cock disappeared into the welcoming depths of Mrs. B’s mouth. Her lush red lips worked around him, forming a snug ring that obviously felt as good as it looked.

“Oh yeah,” Wes rasped, his fingers twining in her hair as her head began to move up and down in a steady cadence. “Just like that.” He moved one hand to the bed post to steady himself and widened his stance, as a grimace of pure pleasure contorted his face.

Sandy felt his own body responding as he watched. The whole scene was erotic as hell. He particularly liked his view of Mrs. B’s backside as she knelt across the bed from him. Each time

she rocked forward he caught a glimpse of her pussy, still glistening and swollen from where his own cock had been just minutes before. He didn't think he'd ever seen anything as sexy as that. Unless it was the way she was using her tongue on Wes now, licking broadly at the length of his shaft, down around his balls and back up again.

It occurred to Sandy that he'd never known anyone quite like Mrs. B. Not only was she beautiful, with her soft curves and pretty face, but her eager lovemaking far outshone any of the girls his own age.

Wes let out another groan, and Mrs. B closed her mouth around him once more, making little mewling sounds of pleasure as she suckled the dark head of his cock. Her tongue darted out, swirling around the tip, caressing and teasing until Wes bit back a guttural growl. He grasped her face, his whole body tensing on the very brink, then Sandy watched as he went over the edge. Mrs. B pulled him in deep once again, milking him skillfully as his cock pulsed freely between her lips.

When he was done, Wes collapsed forward on the bed, a weak grin on his face.

"God. That was really something," he finally said. "I feel like *I'm* the one who got the birthday gift."

Everybody laughed, then Wes got up and went into the bathroom and shut the door.

"Lucky Wes," Sandy said, stretching out at her side again. He began to nuzzle her neck and ears, kissing his way from there to the nearest nipple. She giggled softly.

"You'll get me hot all over again if you're not careful, Sandy," she said. The dark desire in her big eyes told him plainly she wouldn't mind that at all.

"Damn. I gotta get going, Mrs. B" he told her. "We're still hoping to finish up early today."

"Oh, of course." She blushed and pulled away, dragging the sheet up over her breasts. She had a funny pinched expression on her face now, as if she wasn't quite sure where she stood with him. "I have work to do myself, remember?"

"You could always come to the beach with us," he reminded her, smiling.

She laughed a little, but wouldn't meet his eyes. "That's sweet. But you guys go ahead and have a great time. You don't need to be dragging an old lady along." Her hand came to rest on his knee for a few seconds and then moved away.

“Old lady?” He bent and kissed her, his tongue thrusting boldly inside, taking complete possession of her lush mouth. With his lips and tongue he tried to let her know just how desirable he found her, as if his cock hadn’t told her so just minutes before. When he pulled away she gasped for air.

“I don’t see any old ladies here,” he told her.

She blushed and looked pleased.

He stood up and strolled toward the bathroom. At the door he turned.

“See you next Friday as usual?”

She smiled. “I promise I’ll remember to leave the gate unlocked this time.”

“If you forget,” he said, taking a step back towards her bed, and letting his eyes come to rest on her face, “I don’t mind at all coming to the door to get it from you.”

“Oh,” she said. Her cheeks turned a little rosier.

“I’d be happy to help with your drapes again too, any time you need me to.”

“Yes?” Her eyes were beginning to sparkle now.

“And I’m pretty good with plumbing, if your shower attachments don’t seem to be working quite right. Don’t worry, you’ll be well taken care of, Mrs. B.”

“Oh my. I certainly like the sound of that, Sandy.”

Just then the bathroom door opened and Wes came in, a big white towel draped around his hips.

“Hey,” he said, “know what I just realized?”

“What?” Sandy and Mrs. B said in unison.

“We forgot all about her birthday spanking.” A devilish grin played at his lips.

“A sp-spanking?” Now she was *really* blushing and her eyes had gotten huge. She clutched the sheet to her breasts. Her words came out all quivery. “You’re just kidding, right?”

“We wouldn’t kid you, Mrs. B. Relax, you’ll love it,” Sandy said, imagining the way Mrs. B’s soft round butt cheeks would look, glowing all pink from a paddling. Forty swats would take a nice long time to administer if he and Wes took turns. He felt his cock stirring eagerly at the thought. “We’ll take care of that first thing next time we come, won’t we Wes? That’ll give you something to look forward to, Mrs. B.”

For a moment she was speechless, her mouth hanging open, her eyes darting from Wes to Sandy and back again.

Then her gaze dropped to his hands.

“Show me your hands,” she said, “both of you.” As he and Wes extended their palms toward her and stretched their fingers wide, her eyes got even bigger. He saw her tongue flick out and go back in, and a fresh stain of pretty color suffused her face. His breath caught. She stared into Sandy’s face for a moment, then she smiled and peeled the sheet away.

And in a husky voice she said, “Why wait?”

The End

Admired

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Cora slammed the file down on her desk. Should anyone look into her office, they would be shocked to see her so frazzled, but her precious management position hung by a slender thread. She felt queasy thinking about the next few hours of explanation that these numbers would require. Hot tears prickled her eyes as she fought to control her emotions, and reminded herself that she was The Ball Breaking Miss Cora Cole and she never *ever* cried. At least until today. She snuck into the ladies room, locked the door and quietly let her fear take over.

Letting her tears fall for a while, she then fixed her face and straightened her shoulders. Taking a deep breath, she prepared herself to face the result of a very bad economy, shifting taste in the fashion industry, and the longest conference call of her life.

She entered the office. Peter, her assistant manager, gave her encouraging thumbs up, although his expression was more than a little grim. He must be all-too aware, should Cora lose her job, he'd be next.

Senior staff understood how these things worked, but for the most part her team was clueless that the entire branches' employment lay in her hands. All of their jobs depended on whether or not she could make national management understand that more funding had to flow for their branch to follow the new trends, and regain their place in the fashion market.

Cora's branch had struggled as the most underfunded, but she held on where many managers would have failed, by instigating a strict policy: work hard or leave. She didn't mess around with ungrateful employees, which is how she became so unpopular with her team. If things went south today, even her enviable staff of diligent workers wouldn't pull her ass out of the fire. With a final glance around a room of unsympathetic faces, Cora closed the conference room door behind her.

* * * *

Hours of fast talking and misdirection later, Cora walked out onto the floor, feeling sticky with sweat from the nightmarish meeting. A moment of awkward silence settled around the open

space as everyone looked up. Their faces clearly showed their surprise that the stylish Miss Cole looked so rumpled.

“I was going to call a meeting, but I know how certain individuals like to gossip, so I’m just going to announce the good news here and now for you all.”

Immediate silence followed with curious stares. Peter looked like he was ready to faint. “Corporate is funding an entire overhaul of our website.”

Her announcement was met with a moment of complete disbelief, followed by jubilant pandemonium.

Cora quickly returned to her office and composed an email about how she would be working from home for the rest of the afternoon. She hit the send button and collapsed back in her chair. The release of that much stress made her feel like every bone in her body had liquefied.

During her conference call, the mail had been delivered, and she noticed a strange purple envelope on top of the pile. It seemed much too casual for inter-office mail, but occasionally someone would misaddress something, or a well-meaning office worker would abuse the mailboxes and slip a baby shower or birthday party invitation into the system. She was about to toss it, but stopped herself. Once in a while it was good for a manager to show a personal side, and considering the good news today, she tucked the letter into her purse to look at on her own time.

She packed up her briefcase and all but ran from the building. As she neared her new hybrid car, Cora realized with a pang of fear, that without her job the car would be the first thing her bank repossessed. At least for the current quarter she would be able to make her car payments and keep her overpriced roof over her head. After the trying day, what she needed was a hot bath, a glass of wine, and a good hard fuck to make it all better. The bath and wine was a cinch, but the fuck would have to be added to her wish list.

She got in her car, gripped the wheel, and drove out of the parking lot as if she’d stolen it.

Forty minutes later she walked in the door of her apartment, and Alfie, her three-legged cat, limped over for some attention. She had found him injured on her patio one summer night and took him inside to care for him until his stump healed. The cat had immediately adopted her and refused to leave the safety and comfort of her cozy apartment. He was all she had to come home to. Cora leaned down to scratch him behind his ear,

and the purple envelope fell out of her purse onto the ceramic tile, startling the skittish cat. Screeching, Alfie rushed off as fast as his furry, disabled body could carry him.

“Scaredy cat,” she muttered, picking up the envelope. “All right, let’s see what kind of gift I’ll be buying.”

The moment she opened the envelope a man’s strong, musky cologne hit her. It wasn’t unpleasant, just very insistent. Deciding baby shower was probably off the list of potential parties, she unfolded the paper.

Dearest Cora,

I long for you. I want to feel your silky black hair between my fingers. I want to smell the apple scent of your shampoo as I press you against me. I don’t think you realize how beautiful you are, and I want to show you in a way that you will never forget.

I don’t want this letter to scare you, but I’m not going to play around with poetry. I know what I want, and I want you. Getting to know you will be wonderful, but imagining your soft red lips around my cock has me so hard right now, and what I want most is to feel the warm, wet wonder of your hot pussy as I slide inside you. I want to see your big, brown eyes looking at me when I make you come. I’m going to make you scream my name, Cora.

You are admired,

M

I can’t wait to see you come for him. Touch him, suck him. And Cora, I can’t wait to be inside you too,

R

Heat flushed her face. She put the letter on the hall table and went into the bathroom to splash cold water on her cheeks. She felt dirty. The fact that the letter was very obviously a group effort disturbed her. R and M had different handwriting. Someone at the company was watching her, clearly wanting her, and his friend wanted to play too. Should she go to the police with the letter?

She quickly decided against that course of action. The embarrassment of someone else reading the intimate words made her cringe. Besides, if she were to be honest with herself, the letter turned her on, and it wasn’t as though he had threatened her. She decided just to act as if she never received the letter. She would

save it. If she discovered a suspect, or felt any sort of danger, *then* she would go to the police.

The letter was a surprise, and it made her feel desirable. She was wet and suddenly dying for an orgasm. Without a thought to anything else, she decided to get in the tub with a glass of wine and her vibrator.

She stripped off her clothing and stared at her reflection in the mirror. Carrying at least twenty pounds too many didn't exactly make her feel beautiful. In her younger years she'd always felt attractive, but as time passed her self confidence had waned. Turning away from the reflection, she set the water to the perfect temperature, added a floral bubble bath and waited for the tub to fill. She closed her eyes, breathing in the beautiful and relaxing fragrance.

Cora had always been responsible and selective about whom she slept with. She never even had two boyfriends at the same time. *Who could R and M be?* They were obviously very good friends if both of their notes were in the same envelope. She tried to think of any serious bro-mances at the company, but no particular pair of friends stood out. And why would these two mystery guys think she would be into something so sexually deviant? If they were from the company they would be aware of her reputation as an icy bitch.

A loud noise, far too loud to be Alfie, made her pause. Cora grabbed her purple silk robe from the wall hook, whipped it over her shoulders, and quietly opened the bathroom door. She peeked around the corner.

Her apartment was all one level and she saw no one, only her cat. With an annoyed sigh, she decided that the letter from her orgy-loving secret admirer had to be the cause of her jumpy state.

Cora shrieked when the phone suddenly rang. Shaking her head in disbelief over her jumpy reaction, she headed to the hall table and picked up her cell phone.

"Hello."

"Did you get my letter, Cora?"

Panic welled up. *Now* she felt threatened. Knowing the mystery man had her cell number went way beyond the norm. Obviously this wasn't going to go away by ignoring it. Should she hang up on him or try to find out who he was? Calling on her inner icy bitch, she decided to play it calm and cool. She didn't want him to know she was scared.

"Is this R or M?"

“M,” he replied, his voice soft and sexy. “R is sure you’ll freak out. He told me I’m an idiot for calling, but I just had to know, did you like it?”

“Why did you write the letter, why...me?”

“I’ve wanted you since the first moment I saw you. I want you a little more every time I smell your shampoo or perfume. I want more than sex from you, but I won’t lie, I mostly want sex.”

At least he was being brutally honest. Strangely, she found it somewhat refreshing. When she did take the time out of her busy schedule to date it always felt like she was playing some kind of confusing game. She liked that her stalker didn’t play games, but she didn’t recognize the voice and she needed to know who it was in case he was dangerous.

She walked into the living room and looked out her window furtively. Was he out there somewhere staring at her window, looking for her?

“So you see me every day, but what about R? Do I know both of you? Have we ever spoken before?”

“We’ve spoken, but you’re always in such a hurry you look right through me. I’m sure you’ve seen R, but I don’t think you’ve ever spoken to him.”

“Um...sorry.” *Why am I apologizing to a stalker?*

He chuckled. “I’ve never taken it personally.”

“What division of the company do you work in?”

“You’re getting colder, Cora.”

“How’d you get the note in my mail if you don’t work at the company?”

“I don’t work there, but my sister does. I stopped by to have lunch with her, and while I waited it was easy to slip the envelope right in your mailbox.”

“Where do you see me every day?”

“I’ll tell you, but first—you didn’t answer my question. Did you like the letter?”

Biting her lip, she paused before replying. What was wrong with her? She knew she should be terrified, that she should hang up and call the police, but Cora couldn’t help herself. Knowing two men wanted her that badly still turned her on. She told him the truth.

“It turned me on enough that I was just about to use my vibrator.”

“Would you rather have a real man right now instead of that vibrator?”

“The vibrator is safer.”

“Cora, I asked if you’d rather have a real man, not if it’s safer.”

Knowing she might regret replying, she closed her eyes and debated on what her response should be. It felt like she was under some kind of spell. “Yes.” A pause followed and she wondered if he hung up. “Are you there?” she asked quietly, her eyes wide open now.

“I’m here, Cora.” His voice sounded strained. “God, I wish I hadn’t asked you that. I’m so damn jealous of that vibrator right now. You have no idea.”

His mention of jealous made her remember his mysterious friend. He was a puzzle and she wanted to solve him. “Why do you share everything with your friend?”

“We’ve always been close. One night, our first year of college, I came back to the room sooner than he had expected. He was with a girl and she offered for me to join them. R shrugged and said, ‘Why the hell not?’ and we’ve shared every girl who would let us ever since. I wanted to be completely honest in my letter. I want you, but I want to share you too.”

His words were turning her on, more than she dare admit. Casual sex wasn’t something that she did, but suddenly she felt adventurous. She had taken a risk today at work and won, maybe risk wasn’t always bad.

She was only slightly closer to solving the mystery of who he was, so she decided to keep him on the phone, but she wondered if it was simply an excuse to keep talking to him.

“I’ve never been with two men at the same time. How does it work?”

“We’d take turns finding every spot on your body that brings you pleasure. We’d take it moment by moment, letting sensation lead us all to a fantastic orgasm. I’d like to see you come for me first. R knows how I feel about you. I think he’s looking forward to seeing me with you.”

His words shouldn’t make her feel like they did. She should be horrified. She had never imagined she would be intrigued by something like what M was describing, and Cora didn’t trust her knees to hold her up anymore. Shaking from the excitement, she dropped back onto her couch.

“Who are you, M?”

“Are you excited, sweet Cora? Eager?”

Hating herself for it, she felt raw and bare. Emotional vulnerability made her uncomfortable. Still, she gave M an honest answer.

“Yes, I’ve never been so turned on before. I’ve never talked about sex over the phone either.”

“I like it, all these firsts. My cock is aching just talking to you. Do something for me? Touch yourself. Touch your pussy. Rub it for me.”

Cora had never been one to follow orders, but for M, she slipped her hand into the opening of her robe and felt her slick, wet heat. She held the phone between her cheek and shoulder and lay back, using her natural lubrication to rub small circles around her clit. The nub was so sensitive simply from talking to the mysterious Mr. M that she already felt herself building an orgasm. His soft, sinful voice encouraged her.

“Come for me, Cora. Please, I want to hear it.”

She kept rubbing, and after only a few minutes her soft mewls of pleasure became a full-blown moan. The phone slipped and slid down to rest in her cleavage as the swirling rush of madness tingled through her core. She wondered briefly if M would be able to hear the thundering of her heart as she came.

“Yes, oh God yes. Ahh yes!”

She lay panting for a moment before picking up the phone, flushed and satisfied.

“Are you still there, M?”

Cora was embarrassed by how soft and innocent her voice sounded now, especially after the kind of sexual sounds she’d just made. Frustrated, she wished her boldness hadn’t fled after her explosive orgasm.

M moaned before he spoke. “I’m here, Cora.”

Her heart pounded. “Are you touching your cock, M?”

“Oh, I am, I am.”

That built her confidence back up a little, and she lowered her voice to echo his.

“Will you stroke it for me, hard?”

“I will.”

A blush stung her cheeks but she pushed on. “Come, M. When you come I want to hear it.”

“Cora, I’m so fucking close. I never thought you’d…”

“Shhh, M. I want to hear you come.”

Her pleading interruption must have pushed him over the edge, for a hoarse cry resounded through the phone, and it was obvious he had found satisfaction too.

“Thank you, M. Now will you tell me your name?”

“Malcolm,” he replied, his voice even warmer and deeper than before. “But you can call me Mal. I live down the hall in 3C.”

“Would you like to come over for a drink, Mal?”

Cora wasn’t sure what got into her. She just had phone sex with a man she knew nothing about, and just invited him into her home.

“I’d love to, but I want our first meeting to be special. I’ll pick you up at seven tomorrow night for supper. Then I’m going to invite you in, and R...Ramsey, will be there.”

“I’ll be ready.”

“Goodnight, Cora. Do you still think you’re going to use that vibrator?”

“Goodnight, Mal. And yes, I think I might.”

Before he hung up, she heard his soft chuckle.

For a long time Cora sat staring at the phone in her hand while Alfie meowed at her.

“Phone sex is one thing,” she grumbled. “But will I actually have the guts to have sex with Mal and his friend?”

Alfie meowed again. It was clear the cat was no help with the question. Cora returned to the bathroom and let the cooled water drain out of the tub before refilling it with a warmer temperature. Two more orgasms later, she was glad she had thought to buy a waterproof vibrator. After she was done, she washed herself and soaked in the water. She hoped the extra orgasms would take away her desire for Mal, but now she wanted him more than ever. She got out, toweled off, and went to bed.

Plagued with erotic images, she tossed and turned for what felt like hours. As hard as she tried, she couldn’t conjure up the face of the man who lived in 3C, or any of the people she might have glanced at as they came or went from the apartment complex. Irritated with herself, she finally fell into a fitful sleep, dreaming about her admirers, R and M.

* * * *

Cora was so nervous her hands shook as she got dressed on Friday morning. She knew it was going to be an exceptionally long day, and she was too distracted to be productive. When asked

about her flushed cheeks and neck she told the staff she had a fever and a headache.

Was Malcolm serious? She'd never been with two men before. With her eyes closed she tried to picture what it might be like, and even the image made her wet. And that made her self-conscious and uncomfortable. She shouldn't be so on edge, but knowing what awaited her that evening made her jumpy and nervous. On her lunch break, she decided being at work did her career more harm than good, and went home for the day.

The moment she arrived at home and walked in the door, Cora dropped her bag to the floor with a heavy plop. She undressed while walking down the hallway, leaving a trail of clothing on her way to the bathroom. She turned on the bathtub faucet, hoping a bath and another round with the vibrator would help calm her down. Her phone rang from the living room, and after a moment of hesitation she went to retrieve it.

"You're home early. Are you alright, Cora?"

Malcolm's voice sent a chill through her even as she felt a twinge of sexual excitement.

"Are you spying on me, Malcolm?"

"I noticed you pull into the parking lot. I work from home. I'm not spying on you, but I don't want anything to spoil tonight. Are you ill?"

"No, I'm not ill...I—I'm horny. I was going to go...relax."

"Relax how?"

"I was going to go masturbate," she said boldly.

The control he had over her terrified and excited her at the same time. Used to being the one in control, letting that slip and giving it up to Malcolm, a disembodied voice, felt right somehow, freeing even. Maybe The Ball Breaking Miss Cora Cole needed a change of pace.

"Don't," Malcolm said. "I don't want your pretty little hands to touch that juicy little cunt. I don't want you to come today until *I* make you come. Can you do that for me, sweetheart?"

"Y—yes, Mal." Saying it made her pussy ache. *Where had this need to please him come from?*

"I'll pick you up at seven. It will just be you and me at dinner, but when I bring you back to my apartment, Ramsey will be waiting for us. Think you can still handle this?"

He paused, but Cora didn't answer.

“Cora, I don’t want to make you uncomfortable, but when it comes to sex, I need to be in control. I like to watch the woman I’m with come for me. I won’t hurt you, Cora, but I demand a level of obedience from my partners. Can you do that for me?”

“Yes, Malcolm.” Her voice sounded so confident, where had that come from? Her pussy ached and throbbed just thinking about what he had planned.

“Do you want this, Cora? I can’t pretend that I can be different with you. I feel it, more with you than anyone else before. I need you to let me...have you my way. I need you to let go and let me give you pleasure.”

“I’ve never felt good being out of control,” Cora admitted, not sure why she was still letting herself be so transparent with Malcolm. “But talking to you like this...I want you to show me how.”

His soft groan twisted her up inside. She liked knowing that even if he was in control, she still had a measure of power over him.

“I’m going to teach you just how good it feels to be out of control, sweetheart. I won’t hurt you. I can accept your fear, but never your pain. Are you still scared?”

“Yes, a little bit. It’s all right, I...I like how you’re making me feel, Mal. I don’t understand why, but I really like it.”

His soft chuckle sent a spike of desire through her core. She wanted the experience to be out of her control. She wanted Mal and his friend to make her come. Maybe losing control would give her some measure of peace in life. Lord knows she needed it from her stressful job.

“You’ll like it even more tonight, I promise. I’ll see you at seven, not a minute later.”

“Yes, I’ll be ready, Mal.”

“Yes, you will.”

He hung up and Cora felt something beyond description coursing through her body. Whatever it was Mal did with his voice and words was just what she needed. She didn’t realize it until now, but she wanted to be controlled, wanted to be taken away from the reins, even for one fleeting moment. They had developed a bond over their exchange of control, but what about Ramsey? She knew he wanted to have her too. Maybe, if it would please Mal, she could let Ramsey touch her and relish Mal’s pleasure in that.

At exactly 6:59, Cora stood obediently in front of her door. She considered going out into the hall, but somehow she knew it would displease him. Just knowing he was down the hall and about to pick her up overwhelmed her with desire again.

The clock struck seven, and Cora held her breath. Seconds later, a loud knock made her jump. She quickly pulled her wrap over her shoulders and opened the door.

All the breath in her lungs expelled in a whoosh.

Malcolm was gorgeous, and he had to be a good ten years younger than her. Seeing his long, muscular body made her even more anxious for this adventure to start, but it was his face that really made her heart stop. It was chiseled perfection; a sculptor could not have done a better job creating male beauty. Malcolm's short blond hair was cut in a way that left the front a bit long, hanging over his big blue eyes. He wore a crisp dress shirt in an azure blue that made the color of those bedroom eyes stand out. Dark dress pants clung to his body, and when he took her arm and led her out into the hall, she peeked around and noticed how good his pants looked cupping his sexy ass.

What had inspired a guy like Mal to pursue a girl like her? She could dress well, but she wasn't exactly a fashion plate. He had obviously seen her short, plump body before he sent her that intimate letter.

"You didn't touch yourself today, did you, Cora?" he asked her, loud enough that any passerby could hear him.

Wondering what people would think by his bold question, heat crept up her neck. Mal simply smiled down at her. Looking at his expectant face, she wanted to tell him. She matched his casual tone, and spoke the words that she would have preferred to whisper.

"I didn't touch myself, that's *your* job."

His smile lit her heart. She never felt such a rush of sexual heat before.

"Good girl."

He led her down the hallway to the stairwell. Once inside, he pressed her against the cold brick wall, kissing her neck and fondling her panty-less ass through the thin silk of her short red dress. When his lips claimed hers, it was as though he had seared her with fire. His masculine fervor demanded her honest response, and she couldn't help but press against him and bask in the erotic sensation of it all.

"Let's skip the restaurant," she suggested.

“No, sweetheart. You’ll just have to wait a little longer to come.”

His lips found hers again and danced over them for a moment before he straightened and cupped her cheek, looking into her eyes.

“Let’s go or we’ll be late. Ramsey is impatient for tonight too.”

Cora followed him mutely as he led her to a waiting car. They rode in silence, Mal’s intense energy burning beside her. When she snuck a look at his face, she shivered at the absolute determination she saw there. Cora suspected he would have preferred to skip the restaurant too, but even after such a brief acquaintance, she knew deviating from the plan would have been out of his nature.

It frightened her how much she didn’t care that he might be using her. Cora wanted him so badly her body trembled. Her anxiety even caused her teeth to chatter. Mal was a force of nature, virile and in charge, and she felt small next to him. His dominance offered her something she had never considered before with a man. She’d always prided herself on being strong. Did submission make her weak? Somehow, she didn’t think so.

Cora felt empowered knowing her submission still gave her control over Mal.

* * * *

The Italian restaurant was trendy which made it nearly impossible to get a reservation. Cora wondered how he got one so quickly. The building was old and wonderfully remodeled inside and out. Greenery grew over the exterior, and inside it felt like she was walking into a garden. Flowering vines hung from the walls and ceiling. A violinist stood in the corner playing a sad but sweet love song. The ambiance of the place was amazing.

Cora wanted to enjoy her first date with Mal, however, as the waiter led them to a very nice table with glowing candles and beautiful dishes, she couldn’t help but notice how the other women in the restaurant looked at Mal. He was young and handsome and, judging by their lustful gazes, he could have taken any of them home.

As if he sensed her hesitation, he reached across the pristine white linen tablecloth and gripped her hand lovingly. When he spoke, there was genuine concern in his voice.

“Please don’t tell me you’re having second thoughts about tonight.”

“No. I’m not. It’s just...you could take any of these attractive young women home tonight, and you want me and my...less-than sexy body. Is this just because I’m willing to be with your friend too? I want to please you, Mal, but I don’t want to be used in the process.”

“Cora, I went to a great deal of trouble to get you here tonight. If I wanted a one-night stand with someone I didn’t care about I wouldn’t have gone to so much work. I took one hell of a risk. If you had decided to call the police, that note would’ve gotten me in a great deal of hot water. Just sneaking something into your mailbox at work could have caused me a good amount of embarrassment with my sister.” He smiled, his beautiful eyes twinkling from the candlelight. “If you weren’t worth every second of that I wouldn’t have done it. Your body is perfect, real. I want to feel the softness of your flesh under my hands as I stroke you. I want to smell your pussy as you get hot for me. I like a woman to be a woman, and you are beautiful.”

Her heartbeat sped up by those stark, meaningful words.

“I’m older than you.”

The corner of his mouth lifted. “How old do you think I am?”

“I’d guess under twenty-five.”

“Wrong. I’m thirty. I know what I want, and I want you.”

Cora blushed. She was still nine years older than him. She was quiet as the waiter approached. Mal ordered them a nice bottle of wine and the waiter poured them each a glass before leaving. Mal took a long drink from his and looked deeply into Cora’s troubled eyes.

“Cora, you’re special. I felt a connection with you even when you didn’t give me the time of day. I feel something between us. Please don’t tell me I’m wrong.”

Cora shook her head. “I feel it too. You make me feel like I’ve been waiting for something.”

“I’ve been looking for a woman like you for a long time. You’re strong and beautiful.”

His intent gaze was breathtaking and honest. His hand was warm and she squeezed it, not sure what else to say or do.

“I like strong women who are willing to let go and be submissive, not women who are *always* submissive. You’re so brave, allowing me to bring you into new sexual territory. You’re

honest with me and that's worth more than fifty barely legal, giggling bimbos."

He spoke at the normal volume and it caused Cora to flush. Talking about sex in a five star restaurant wasn't something she usually did. In fact, talking about sex *period* wasn't something she usually did.

The waiter returned and Mal ordered for them. She'd only seen men do it in movies. Cora had always thought it was so antiquated. But from Mal it seemed right, even chivalrous. Then he poured her another glass of wine from the bottle in the chiller.

He broke the tension by asking her about the newest movie releases advertised. She couldn't stop her smile. Watching movies was one of her favorite things to do and Mal seemed to have seen them all. They both loved epic science fiction flicks and when Mal admitted his secret love of romantic comedies, she decided he had to be a robot because no man could be that perfect. They discussed movies and he "got" the ones that her friends never did, and that impressed her.

"How did you manage to get a reservation here on such short notice?" she asked during a pause.

"I've been planning tonight for a very long time, just in case you said yes. You're my fantasy girl, sweetheart."

Before she could decide if that confidence was terrifying or flattering, Mal's cell phone rang. Clearly disturbed by the interruption, several patrons gave them dark looks. Mal handed it to her and she didn't question him, even if it was odd. She spoke into his phone automatically.

"Hello."

"Hello, Cora. This is Ramsey." His voice was just as deep and seductive as Mal's. "Are you in the middle of a crowded restaurant?"

Her chest tightened with anxiety. "Yes."

"You don't need to speak, just listen."

Cora saw the delight on Mal's face. He had obviously planned this with his friend.

"Cora, I've never heard Mal talk about another woman like he talks about you. Your agreeing to this really put him on cloud nine. He's my best friend and I want him to be happy." Ramsey sighed, and lowered his voice. "I can't wait to watch him fuck you. Mal likes to be in control of his woman, but he's always gentle. I want you to want me, but I want you to love him. Do you think you could do that for us?"

“Umm...” She was never at a loss for words, but Ramsey had stolen her ability to think clearly. Could she love Mal? Looking into his beautiful face the answer was easier than she ever imagined it could be.

“Yes, I believe I could. I think I’ve always been waiting for someone just like him.” She saw Mal’s smile broaden.

The waiter returned with their food. She was still on the phone, staring intently at her date. Intense energy surrounded them. Mal quietly thanked the waiter.

“Me, I’m a bit more casual,” Ramsey continued. “I love to go down on a woman. I can’t wait to taste you. But I think I’ll let Mal go first, and while he’s eating you, I think I’ll work my finger into your ass, and show you how good that’ll feel. I’m a gentle lover, Cora, and I’d love to fuck your ass while I watch you come for Mal. Do you think you could come twice for us, Cora?”

“I...yes.” Feeling the heat creeping up her neck and face, she wondered if everyone in the restaurant knew what kind of conversation she was having. Mal’s happy expression made butterflies flutter like crazy in her stomach.

“Well, I’m sure your food is there and I want you to eat so you’ll have plenty of energy for us later. You’ll need it. Oh, and Mal loves to have the underside of his cock licked, just FYI. Enjoy your dinner, sweetheart.” And with that, Ramsey hung up, leaving Cora wet and flustered.

After Ramsey’s seductive intrusion, Cora and Mal ate and joked through the rest of the meal. As the waiter cleared their plates, Cora actually felt relaxed and content despite the unusual events. She felt a real connection with Mal, beyond simple lust. After he settled the bill he took her hand and she happily followed him out, although she felt a bit nervous. Fantasizing about being with two men and actually doing it were very different things.

Cora never had a man she would actually call a lover before. She’d had boyfriends and friends with benefits, but ‘Lover’ felt like the right word for Mal. She didn’t want to define Ramsey yet. Maybe afterward things would make sense, but for now she just let her nervous confusion have its way.

Whatever happens, I promise I won’t regret this. Whatever happens, I need this, I need to know this about myself, she thought as they drove home.

When they pulled up to the building it didn’t feel like coming home, even though Cora had lived there for six years. Her pussy tingled just thinking about strange lips touching it. For the

first time she was thinking of Ramsey as a source of pleasure, and not just a means to making Mal happy. Their brief conversation had put her strangely at ease about being with both of them.

Something about their odd relationship occurred to her and after a moment of hesitation she decided she may as well ask.

“Please don’t be offended, but do you and Ramsey...are you...is it sex? Do you have sex with Ramsey, just the two of you?”

Mal snorted. “Is my sexuality an issue?”

“Well, I’ve never been with two men, and I don’t know anything about what to expect. I’m afraid I might make a mistake.”

“Sweetheart, you couldn’t make a mistake tonight if you tried. He’s just a friend. A very close friend, but no, we don’t have sex with each other. We love to watch each other having sex with women, and some guys would probably label that as gay.” Mal shrugged. “It’s just not something that’s been an issue.”

He waited a moment, watching her reaction, and then continued.

“When this starts, just let the sensations lead you. I like women who aren’t afraid to ask for what they want in bed. If something feels good, or you want more, just tell me. I can’t make you come if you don’t let me know what I’m doing is right. The same will be true for Ramsey. Don’t be scared or offended if we ask you for something. If you don’t want to do it just say no, but don’t go cold on us or clam up. Okay?”

She smiled shyly, feeling a small weight lift from her shoulders. “Okay, Mal.”

“Are you still a little nervous?”

“Yes,” she admitted.

“So am I. I’ve wanted you for so long and now I’m afraid I’ll scare you away before you can make my dreams come true.”

“It’s that easy?”

He smiled. “Only for you.”

* * * *

Cora stood with Mal in front of the wooden apartment door. This was her last chance to change her mind, to run away like a scared little girl, but she had come too far and running wasn’t an option anymore. The sound of the deadbolt opening told Cora that Ramsey hadn’t changed his mind either. He pulled the

door open and waved the two of them inside. His lusty smile made it very clear that he was looking forward to the evening with them.

“I’ve been dreaming of seeing you here for so long.”

Mal’s velvet-soft whisper stirred her unlike anything she had ever experienced before, and she relished his words. How could a mere voice make her feel so sexy? She could hardly believe such a handsome man honestly felt so passionately about her.

Mal’s domain was organized, clean, and masculine, his entire living room set up as a large office. Clearly, working from home consumed most of his apartment.

Mal grinned before looking a bit abashed.

“I don’t get a lot of company at home,” he explained. “When I’m social, I tend to go out because I’m here so much. I don’t usually bring women here so early in a relationship. I just want you to know you’re special, Cora.”

Ramsey smiled and winked at her. His thick brown hair hung casually in his eyes, definitely sexy. He was even more handsome than Mal. She’d never seen a man with such lush brown hair or bright hazel eyes. He was a bit shorter than Mal at nearly six feet and he wore a neatly trimmed goatee and mustache. Ramsey was appealing in a less intense, friendlier way. Dressed in shorts and a t-shirt, his fashion sense exuded casual. Confidence oozed from the man, making him very charismatic.

“Malcolm doesn’t normally go to so much trouble to get a girl. He doesn’t tend to have problems in that department, but after seeing you, I can see why he’s willing to go so far to get you here. You’re just the kind of girl he’s always wanted.”

She wasn’t sure what Ramsey meant by that. Was it a compliment?

Cora sat down on the soft leather couch. She had no idea what to do now. Mal took off his shirt, and sat down next to her. Seeing him shirtless left her shaking just a little bit, it was starting to get very real. She normally had to know a man for a very long time before going to bed with him and she never would have allowed any of her past boyfriends to bring a friend, but somehow being with Mal and Ramsey like this felt right. Maybe the unfamiliar feeling of it all was exactly what she needed. To be controlled for a change and allow her mind and her body to be free.

Mal took her hand and placed it in the middle of his chest. His eyes seemed to glow and the intensity of his face stole her breath away completely.

“I want you to know this is not just about fucking tonight. If you don’t want this to be a relationship, I think we should end it now. I want you to spend the night with me, and I want to wake up in the morning holding you in my arms.”

Cora didn’t know what to say, it felt so sudden. She just nodded in answer, feeling the heat of another blush coloring her cheeks. In less than twenty-four hours, the man managed to make her react like a school girl.

Ramsey took off his shirt. His chest was broad and defined. Both men looked like they spent a good deal of their free time in the gym, and her body tingled with the knowledge that soon she’d be taken by both of them.

She stood up and pulled down the zipper on the side of her dress. It slithered down her body and fell to the floor in a swish of material. She loved seeing the desire in their eyes and the awed expression on their faces. Before she could remove her bra, Mal was there, his nimble fingers making quick work of the hooks, until her breasts were bared. Cool air surged over her rosy nipples as Ramsey pulled the straps over her shoulders and let the bra drop to the floor. Exposed to their hungry eyes, Cora fought the need to cover herself with her arms. Ramsey pulled her back down to sit between them.

He massaged her back and shoulders as he slid closer to her on the sofa. Her tension must have been visible, because he whispered quietly, “You’re doing fine, honey, relax.”

Mal’s eyes never strayed from the sight of her naked chest. He didn’t seem to want to pull himself away from the view. When he finally did, he knelt in front of her, positioning himself between her legs. A look of adoration filled his face. It was so strange to have a man look at her with such genuine need and desire, she almost felt uncomfortable. *What made her worthy of attention like this?*

This *thing* growing between them was far more intense than Cora ever had with another man, and it overwhelmed her. He gazed up into her eyes for a moment, cupping her body with infinite tender devotion. And when he moved, she closed her eyes, afraid she might break if she watched.

His hot, greedy mouth took her right nipple in, sucking hard. Her sudden gasp of pleasure resounded through the room.

Ramsey's hands never left her back, and the combination of Mal's mouth tugging at her needy tits and the tender warmth of the other man made her feel a sense of sexual power she'd never known before.

Nervous feelings began to fade away. No man from her past matched Mal's skill when it came to sucking on her breast, and if he was so good at this what other skills might he have?

He moved again. The cool air hitting her wet and abandoned nipple only heightened her pleasure as he found the other. He nipped at the sensitive peak and swirled his tongue around it. The rough, warm swipe made her arch her back and buck her hips involuntarily. Ramsey still worked on her back and shoulders, massaging her with a skill that made her wonder if he might be a masseur by day. He moved the hair off her neck, his large, long fingers kneading away the knots from the stress of her workday. He wrapped an arm around her, taking the breast Mal had deserted in his hand, and rolled the nipple between his fingers. She cried out from the wicked blend of sensations both men evoked. It felt wonderful. The competing pressures and pleasures caused her pussy to spasm.

"I'm getting your couch wet," she whispered.

Both men chuckled.

Looking down at Ramsey's large hand and Mal's thick blond hair, she thought she might come just from the erotic sight.

"Mal?" She tried to keep her ass from wiggling. Mal didn't respond. "Mal, I want you... I want you to fuck me." Her voice sounded choked.

Ramsey laughed softly in her ear and kissed her neck. He worked his way to her ear lobe where his teeth nibbled softly, causing her to gasp and shiver.

"Didn't you hear me? Please, Mal."

"I've wanted that for so long, there's no way I'm rushing. But I bet you'd like me to eat that sweet pussy, right?"

"I think if you breathe on it I'll probably come."

The men exchanged a knowing look and smiled in unison. Mal scooped her up in his arms and carried her to the bedroom, only a short distance from the living room. The way he held her made Cora feel so small and vulnerable, and she liked it. He gently laid her on his bed, and she smelled his cologne on the comforter. Unable to help herself she lounged back, enveloped in his sexy, spicy, and very masculine scent. Mal spread her legs

wide while Ramsey stood behind him. Both men looked at her bare pussy as if it would be their last meal.

“She’s more beautiful than any woman I’ve ever seen. If I didn’t already feel like I do, I’d fall in love just because of this pussy. She even smells perfect,” Ramsey said, offering her a wink and a sexy smile. “Personally, I don’t think one night with that glorious pussy will be enough for me.”

Cora lay on the bed as they talked about her like an object. Her modern sensibilities should have been outraged, yet she’d never felt more turned on in her life. She felt objectified, and her inner feminist had trouble reconciling how sexy it felt at that moment.

With many of her past boyfriends sex had been like scratching an itch, something she did for relief. But Mal and Ramsey were building up to so much more than just release, though the desire for a screaming orgasm grew unbearable.

Ramsey moved to lie next to her on the bed. Mal was still between her legs and she knew what he was about to do. Ramsey slipped his arm around her and pulled her close, kissing her face and neck. She turned to offer her lips to him, but he pulled away. “Those are for Mal.” Then he continued working his way down.

A sudden and unexpected sensation of cool air on her pussy made Cora arch her neck to look down, where Mal’s face hovered between her legs.

“What are you doing?”

His fingers spread her cunt lips apart as he blew cool air against her clit. Mal looked up and smiled. “I thought you said if I breathed on it you’d come?”

Cora couldn’t suppress her giggle, but it didn’t last long as Mal slid his tongue between her parted lips. She gripped the bedding and moaned languidly, her entire body quivering in ecstasy. Mal’s tongue swirled slowly and ever so provocatively over the sensitive nub, increasing the speed of his strokes until he was lapping at her core wildly. Cora screamed as a powerful orgasm gripped her.

Her body shook and pulsed as she gave in to the startling rush. Closing her eyes, she glorified in what Mal’s tongue did to her needy clit as euphoria surged through her. Ramsey still held her in his arms, kissing her neck and playing with her nipples. The sensation of so much attention to both her cunt and breasts at the same time caused her body to convulse once more as the pleasure took her by surprise.

She'd never had more than one orgasm during sex before. Most of her previous sexual encounters were a quick race to the finish line, even when she didn't come. Mal and Ramsey took their time satisfying her, and that alone sent her over the edge of sexual madness. For the first time in her adult life, she was truly thinking about pleasure and not just orgasm. Giving and receiving obviously meant much more to these two men as well.

Ramsey got off the bed to stand behind his friend. Mal's tongue worked furiously on her clit. He was a man on a mission.

"You're so beautiful," Ramsey said. "You should see how your pussy is glistening. Do you think we should show her?"

Mal nodded, but continued working her clit with his skilled mouth.

Ramsey left the room quickly, and within seconds, returned with a small hand mirror, which he positioned to reflect her pussy as Mal licked her wet flesh. Cora watched in rapt excitement. Feeling it was one thing, seeing him do it as well overwhelmed her.

"I didn't want to beg," she whimpered. "I really didn't want to beg. Please, oh please, fuck me. Fuck me hard now...right now, Mal."

Ramsey laughed. "I love to hear you beg, I really, really do. Mal? I think you should give her a little sample of what that big hard cock will feel like in that tight pussy."

Mal never stopped licking but he slid two fingers inside her and began to pump them frantically.

Cora had heard other women talk about the G spot. Now she knew what they meant. His two large fingers fucking her felt unbelievably good, she nearly cried from the wicked intrusion. Mal brought her so close to the edge, she thought she would tumble over, but something entirely different began to build within her. It was beyond orgasm. It was almost painful the pressure was so intense. She had already come twice so she knew it wasn't just delayed release. Mal moved his mouth away, but he kept pumping his fingers, and suddenly she arched her back and closed her eyes. She dug her nails into the comforter as a squirt of moisture erupted from her pussy. A scream tore from her throat, and she vaguely heard the men's appreciative groans of delight. *Oh my god...I just squirted...*

Cora sat up, panting, staring at both men, and then her gaze traveled down to their raging erections. She crawled down the bed, noting how relaxed and sated her whole body felt as she took a

cock in each hand, and looked up at the men. They wore similar expressions of anticipation. Cora kissed the head of each cock, paying equal attention to both. First suckling Mal, she licked the underside of his cock especially slow, and it wrung a low groan from him, before giving the same treatment to Ramsey.

"I want to come in your pussy." Mal's voice was rough. "If you keep doing that I'm going to come all over you."

"You keep sucking me, baby. I want you to make me come." Ramsey's passionate demand made Cora tenderly cup his balls with one hand while she fisted the base of his penis with the other.

Mal was behind her now, his hands gripping her ass. She flinched as Mal put something cold on her ass and let Ramsey's cock slide out of her mouth. Ramsey moved behind her, next to Mal at the head of the bed. Cora tried to turn, but Mal pushed her back down. He spread her ass cheeks and she relished the wonderful loss of control, shivering as the men intimately inspected her.

When Ramsey slid his large finger in her ass, she gasped. It felt very odd. His finger worked in and out, slowly over and over. The longer he pumped his finger, the more comfortable she became, and the more she liked his touch.

Mal moved back to the foot of the bed, kneeling down to make eye contact.

"I want to be the first to come inside your pussy and your mouth, but Ramsey wanted your ass. Have you done anal? Are you willing to trust us?"

"Yes."

The look in his gaze made it clear how pleased he was with her answer. Cora couldn't say no to his request and in some twisted way, she liked his demand. She wanted to please them more than any other woman had ever pleased them.

Ramsey gently caressed her ass cheeks. "Don't be scared. I promise I won't hurt you. I've done this before with someone inexperienced. Lie on your back. Mal is going to lick that pretty cunt and I'm going to be the first man to fuck that beautiful ass."

She nodded, moving onto her back as he directed, and closed her eyes.

"You don't know what a treasure you are," Mal whispered. "I do love you, Cora. I think I've been waiting for you my whole life."

She was so focused on Mal's words that she wasn't paying attention to Ramsey, when suddenly, Ramsey slipped two fingers in her ass. She squeaked in discomfort as he swiftly switched to three fingers, stretching her in preparation for his big cock. He paused, holding them deep inside her, and she lay there quietly, allowing her body to adjust to the sensation. Mal positioned himself over her, his balls dangled just above her mouth, so he could lick and bite at her tender clit. She cried out in pleasure, already on the verge of another orgasm.

"Please, Ramsey, I want to feel you, not just your fingers."

She lifted her head and licked greedily at Mal's testicles. Tasting the salty spice of man heightened her pleasure. Cora heard Ramsey opening the lubricant bottle, and after a moment, the head of his cock nudged her ass. She did her best not to clench her muscles at the invasion. Slowly and much more tenderly than she had imagined, Ramsey worked his cock inside her. Inch by inch she felt the tender invasion of his body taking her in that place no man had touched before.

"Oh, thank you, Cora," Ramsey moaned.

Cora never imagined she could have an orgasm from anal sex. She shuddered and cried out as Mal continued pumping deep in her ass. Mal moved away and stood up, taking her hand in his, watching her face as Ramsey's body stiffened. His hoarse cries soon followed her own. Cora let the pleasure wash over her as the last of his load entered her body. He pulled out slowly, and she felt a warm dribble of his come down her ass cheek. She was surprised to see Mal had a towel ready.

Tenderly and carefully, Mal wiped the fluid and lubricant off her body, and she wondered when Mal would fuck her pussy. She was well-aware he had yet to slake his own needs.

Mal and Ramsey sat on either side of her. Mal took her in his arms and kissed her tenderly, deeply. When he pulled away, she looked over his shoulder and smiled at Ramsey.

"Thank you for teaching me that, Ramsey. I had no idea that would feel so great."

Mal's fingers ran through her hair. He gathered the heavy mane off her neck with a deep groan, holding it away from her face as he kissed her more passionately.

"I can't take it, Mal. Don't make me wait another second."

The mattress dipped as he moved to straddle her with his glorious, muscular body. He loomed above her like a god ready to claim her and she happily lay on the altar for his pleasure. No man

would ever compare to him. His eyes widened with surprise and pleasure as his cock drove deeply into her body. Her pussy contracted instantly, and knew it wouldn't take much to come again, her sensitivity peaking. She gripped him with her inner muscles and bucked wildly against him, screaming his name as their bodies collided in a sweaty dance. His face looked strained, but he had amazing stamina. Stroke after stroke he didn't come and she kept crying out, shaking and gasping from the intensity—pleasure so great it was becoming painful. Never before did she feel such bliss, that she found herself weeping. Ramsey was there instantly, holding her, tenderly pushing the hair off her face.

"It's okay to get it out, honey," Ramsey whispered. "Let it take you..."

Cora couldn't stop the keening wail, a mixture of great pleasure and emotional overload. Finally, when she heard his deep cry and his body stilled, Cora regained some semblance of control. Looking up into his face and seeing those amazing blue eyes staring back at her, she knew he was as deeply affected as she was. What they shared was more than just sex, maybe it was love. The kind of love that happens quickly and unexpectedly.

Mal collapsed on the bed next to her, panting, his face reflecting the wonder she felt. They just looked at each other for a moment, catching their breath.

Mal slid up on the bed, taking her in his arms. Ramsey did the same thing on the other side, leaving her sandwiched between them. With a sigh, she lay quietly, simply listening to them breathe. Occasionally, one of them would kiss a shoulder, cheek, or arm while they lay cocooned in contented bliss together. The warmth of their bodies kept the chill away. She'd never felt so secure, or so sexy in her life. She didn't believe sex for the sake of sex could still feel so emotional and connected. There was something honest about it and Cora had to admit she had never felt more accepted by a man she slept with before. Exposing her soul and body like this for these men had been worth the anxiety. She didn't want to leave their arms again. These two men were exactly what she needed in her lonely life.

"Sweetheart, you've made me so proud."

"I know." She kissed the hollow of Mal's throat.

"This isn't enough for me. I want you to be a part of my life. Was this just sex?"

She was surprised he even needed to ask the question.

“No. Oh no, Mal. I...I don’t know what it is, but it’s phenomenal. I can’t wait to do it again.”

Ramsey chuckled softly against her back. “I told you she’d be ours, Mal.”

“No, she’s *mine*, but you’re lucky she’s going to let me share her with you.”

Mal pulled her closer, tighter. “I love you, Cora.”

Ramsey held her close, and somehow she knew he was smiling.

“I’m yours, Mal, always. I think I love your generous nature most, and love is for sharing.” She giggled. “I think we should share our love with Ramsey, don’t you?”

In that moment her teasing words sealed the bond between them. As kisses rained down on her skin, Cora couldn’t have been happier.

What would the staff think of The Ball Breaking Miss Cora Cole now?

The End

Waking the Lioness

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The heat of the steamy New Orleans night crept into Alchemy, despite the fan whirring idly overhead, as patrons came and went. Lara Carey set her empty tray down on the bar and fished in her pocket for a hair tie. She gathered her blonde hair up in a messy ponytail, wiping a few stray, sticky strands from her face.

“I feel like all my make-up melted off,” she told Luc, the bar manager.

He laughed, spinning a bottle of gin as he prepared a cocktail. “You look perfect, Lara, as always. Gorgeous.” He winked at her.

She flushed, suddenly conscious of her thin white tank top, and the way the sweat beading on her chest slowly slid down her cleavage. She resisted the urge to tug her top up, covering her breasts. Luc flirted with all his waitresses; she knew she should just laugh and flirt back. But she couldn’t bring herself to.

The inside of Alchemy, the hottest cocktail bar on the river front, was decorated in green leather, dark wood and brass fittings. Lara had been working here for almost six months now, leaving her old life far behind. She’d moved down from the wind and rain of the Colorado Mountains to the heat and haze of Louisiana a year ago, hoping for a fresh start. Alchemy was part of that: a job she liked and friends she loved.

The only thing missing was a little action... She glanced at Luc, watching him toss bottles and shake drinks with flair and precision for a gaggle of impressed girls. He’d sleep with her, she knew that. But it would be meaningless, passionless sex, and she hated the thought of that.

She wanted—needed—more. A primal connection, an animal lust to satisfy her inner lioness.

She dug her fingernails into her palms, hard, as unwanted memories rose in her mind. A hard, sun-bronzed male body, warm amber eyes, and lush lips turned into a stern frown...

Oh dammit, would she ever shake him off?

Lara took a deep breath and picked up the fresh tray of cocktails one of the bartenders had shoved her way. The smell of Kahlua, crème de menthe, and vodka filled her nostrils. With her shapeshifter nature at work, her heightened senses kept her

intensely aware of the world around her. She could smell the sharp tang of her own sweat, the floral and musky mix of perfumes from the girls at the bar, and the heavy reek of the river outside.

Her better-than-human vision meant no detail went unnoticed, from a stain on the glossy tiles of the bar to the admiring glances she attracted as she sashayed through the bar. The waitress uniforms for Alchemy were a little skimpier than she'd have picked on her own, just a short black skirt and a white tank top.

And her better-than-human hearing meant she didn't miss the whispers from the male customers in the bar. *"Check out the legs on that. Wouldn't mind taking a ride with her."*

Lara flushed as she reached the table of men in question, setting their drinks down. "One Nasty Martini, one Black Russian, and one Cold Shower," she announced. "Enjoy, boys."

The 'boys' were men, really, probably fresh from the office and ready to enjoy a wild Friday night. They'd loosened their ties and lost their jackets, and already stank of alcohol. As Lara moved away from the table, one of them slapped her rear—hard.

"Hey, babe, how about a Screaming Orgasm over here?" he asked in a smug tone.

Lara whirled round to glare at him, a growl working up her throat. "Back off."

His friends laughed. "Watch it, Greg, she's got claws!" another one added, winking at Lara.

They didn't know the half of it. She started to walk away again, but Greg leapt up, catching her arm and yanking her towards him. "Hey, chill out," he told her, leaning in way too close. She could smell the nose-wrinkling odor of vodka on his breath, not to mention the distinctive musk of an aroused male. "I'm just being friendly, you know?"

Revolted, she shook him off. "No manhandling the staff, pal, unless you want to be barred." God, she wished she could shapeshift right now. It would be so satisfying to bite his groping fingers off.

"Come on," he whined. "Pretty girl like you shouldn't be so uptight. I bet I could loosen you up..."

Alchemy's front door flew open and the cool scent of mountain rain and cats flooded Lara's senses. She gasped, whirling away from Gropey Greg to see Caleb Andrews walk through the door.

Oh god. Her knees went weak. He looked just like she remembered—tanned and strong, dark blonde hair ruffled, big hands clenched into bigger fists. His amber eyes widened with surprise, and then narrowed with anger as he scanned the bar and saw her. He stormed towards her, those lush lips she'd never stopped dreaming about pressed together in a thin, angry line.

Gropey Greg released her at the sight of the brutish wild man stalking towards him. He was obviously smarter than Lara had given him credit for. Caleb bared his teeth in a snarl as he reached Lara, planting himself between her and Greg. “She invite you to touch her, asshole?” he demanded.

Greg paled, held his hands up defensively. “Hey, woah. Relax, okay? No harm meant, man.”

Caleb shoved him into his seat. “You touch her again, I’ll break your fingers off.”

“Caleb!” Lara shouted, grabbing his shoulder. “What are you doing?” Her heart thudded, a potent mix of surprise, outrage, and pure lust.

Caleb turned his fierce gaze on her, the heat in his eyes forcing her back a little. “You left Mace Creek for this?” he demanded. “Serving booze and getting hit on by scrawny creeps like him? Jesus, Lara.”

Face burning, Lara grabbed his arm again and dragged him out of *Alchemy*. The eyes of the entire room were on her; she saw Luc watching with a frown on his face. This wasn't going to go down well with him—Luc hated trouble in the bar.

Outside, Lara leaned against the wall, running her hands over her hair. If she'd felt hot and sticky before, she was positively boiling now. The last person she'd ever expect to see in New Orleans was Caleb. And yet here he was, larger than life and twice as sexy as she remembered. The shock of seeing him doubled by the second. “You... What are you doing here, Caleb?”

He shoved his hands into his jeans pockets, glowering at the cigarette butts littering the pavement. “I didn't come looking for you, if that's what you're worried about.”

Her heart sank, and she scolded herself silently for her disappointment. She'd left Mace Creek to get away from Caleb, hadn't she? Away from the whole Mace Creek mountain lion community. She should be pleased he wasn't here for her. Shouldn't she?

“Then it's just coincidence you strolled into my bar?” she challenged when he lapsed into silence.

He stared out at the river, face dark and drawn. People pushed past them, and Lara smelt frying onions, lime, and shrimp from the grill next door. The air over the river shimmered, and Caleb seemed fascinated by it. For a few long minutes she thought he wouldn't answer—and how like him that would be—but eventually he sighed heavily and turned back to her.

“I'm looking for someone. A friend. Tate Beckett.” He fumbled in his pockets again and pulled out a battered leather wallet. He flipped it open to show Lara a photo. A golden-haired youth smiled at her from the picture. He had classic mountain lion coloring—blonde, blue-eyed, fair skinned. Very attractive. He probably wasn't as young as he looked if he was a shapeshifter.

“He's missing?” she asked. Stupid question, really. Something about Caleb always robbed her of her wits.

“He came down here three weeks ago to visit family and never came back,” Caleb confirmed. “He was supposed to be back in Mace Creek two weeks ago. We spoke. He had his flight booked and everything.” He chewed his lip, anxiety marring his handsome features. “I came down here, scouted around, smelled mountain lion... I didn't expect it to be you, Lara.”

He looked at her properly for the first time, his eyes softening, scowl relaxing. “It's good to see you,” he added. He reached for her, brushed a damp lock of hair from her cheek. His fingers barely made contact with her skin but his touch was still electric, sending little lightning bolts dancing over her skin and down between her legs. She shivered.

“It's good to see you too,” she said, horrified at how breathy she sounded. How did he still do this to her? It had been a year—shouldn't she be over this? “I ... I ... Can I help? With your friend, I mean?” She gestured to the photo.

Caleb snapped the wallet closed and hid it away. “I don't know. I could be overreacting, I know that. Everyone back home says so, anyway.”

“How is everyone back home?” Lara couldn't resist asking. She spoke to her mother and sister once a week, but the rest of the community—all her old school friends and neighbors—she'd lost touch with. Well, chosen to lose touch with. She hadn't wanted to hear any news about Caleb. Not after...everything.

He shrugged. “Same old, same old. You know Mace Creek. Nothing changes.”

Yeah. Another reason she'd left. “Listen, my shift ends in an hour,” she said, wetting her lips. Her heart raced dangerously

fast. She was on thin ice here. The thrill was delicious. “How about you come back to my place? We can talk. Try to figure out where your friend is. I mean, there aren't that many shapeshifters in New Orleans. And hardly any cats at all. So if your friend, Tate is here, we can find him. I'm sure we can.” She bit her lip, painfully aware she was babbling.

Caleb smiled, quick but spine-tingly warm. “I guess it's a better plan than just wandering the streets and hoping.”

“Great.” Lara ducked her head to hide her dumb smile. She really didn't want him to know how pleased she was to see him. “That's great.”

* * * *

Lara went through the rest of her shift like a zombie, working on autopilot, achingly aware of Caleb propping up the bar, watching her every move. His eyes followed her everywhere; she felt his hot gaze slide up her legs, over the curve of her breasts, down the arch of her spine. Felt it as surely as if he actually touched her, because she remembered so clearly what his touch felt like.

They should have been married by now. He'd proposed two years ago, and the whole of Mace Creek had celebrated. Their boldest, strongest alpha male and their brightest, most vivacious female to marry and produce the next generation of mountain lions. It was the talk of the town. Lara walked on air for six months, dizzy with love and delirious with happiness. Until Caleb sat her down and confessed his deepest, darkest secret to her.

She still heard the words ringing in her ears, imprinted in her memory. *“I don't think I can just be with a woman, Lara. I think...I think I need a man too.”*

It wasn't that he was bisexual—she didn't care about that. But knowing he didn't think he could be happy, or satisfied, with just her...that was too much. She tried, they both tried to make it work. For almost a year they did couple's therapy, tried to find a way to make it work. But they couldn't. Lara couldn't trust Caleb, and he couldn't promise her he wouldn't stray. So, heartbroken and lost, they parted.

She never thought she'd see him again, except in her dreams. Steaming hot dreams where Caleb took her hard, filled her body with his and made her scream with pleasure, just like he had time and time again in reality.

With him watching her the way he was now, like he wanted to pin her against the wall and take her in front of the whole bar, she couldn't help but wonder if he had the same dreams.

* * * *

An hour later, Caleb followed Lara back to her apartment. Her place was a few blocks from Alchemy, nestled over an antique shop. He looked around the chaotically colorful apartment with a flicker of surprise. He wasn't sure what he'd been expecting, but he was sure this wasn't it. Lara was always so cool and contained; this small apartment with its terracotta walls and jewel-colored artwork was wild and hedonistic. It was a side of her he'd glimpsed from time to time—mostly in bed—but never seen out in the open like this.

“Nice place,” he said.

“Thanks.” She pulled her hair free of its tie, letting the pale gold locks fall free. The motion fascinated him. He remembered her hair tangled and wild, a halo framing her face as she rode him, their bodies slick with sweat, her moans driving him crazy as he pushed her ever closer to the edge.

Damn. He tried to push that memory aside but his cock was already running with it. It throbbed painfully as he watched Lara pace around her flat, putting things away, fluffing cushions, fiddling. She was so tense, her shoulders and back so stiff. He wondered if she'd let him give her a back massage...

Then he remembered why he was in New Orleans. Tate. *Shit.* Tate. Where the hell was he? Caleb threw himself onto the sofa, crushing the freshly-plumped cushions, and ran his hands through his hair. “Goddamn,” he muttered.

“Are you okay?” Lara asked, taking a seat beside him. She rested her hand on his knee tentatively. He resisted the urge to twine his fingers with hers.

“Worried about Tate. I shouldn't be,” he admitted. “He's not a kid, he can take care of himself, but it's not like him to be out of touch, you know?”

“You think he's hurt?”

“Hurt, lost...dead. Shit, I just don't know, Lara.”

“Well, where do we start looking?” she asked. “You said he was down here to see family. Have you spoken to them?”

He bit his lip. "I...yeah. I mean, I tried. They didn't..." He took a deep breath, reluctant to tell her the truth, fearing her reaction. But then, she already knew the truth, didn't she? She was the only other person who did. "Tate and I are together." It came out in a rush, explosive almost. He turned his head away, not wanting to see her reaction. Could be disgust, anger, even pity. He couldn't stand pity. "His family didn't take the news well."

"He was here to tell them?" Lara asked. "Caleb, you don't think they'd hurt him, do you?" Alarm filled her voice; he had to look at her.

In the lamplight falling across her, she looked angelic. Her hand still rested on his knee, an electric pressure that sent blood rushing to his cock again. Her eyes were wide with genuine concern, for a man she'd never met. Typical Lara, brimming with worry for everyone else. He gave in to his urge and covered her hand with his, relaxing slightly at the skin-on-skin contact.

"I don't think so," he answered. "But their reaction might have pushed him into doing something dumb-assed."

"Like what?"

He shrugged. Tate had a wild streak, and his family's approval meant everything to him. "I don't know, Lara, I just don't know. I need to get out there and find him." He rose abruptly, the need for action overriding the slow-burning lust Lara's closeness caused. "I've got to go, Lara. I'm sorry."

"Well, wait." She jumped up too, grabbing his hand. "Let me come with you. Two heads are better than one and all that, right?"

He looked down at her, those big blue eyes, and those soft, kissable lips. She'd distract him. He already felt guilty, standing here with a hard-on for her when he should be out looking for Tate. Taking her with him would be asking for trouble.

And yet his inner lion was already roaring for her. His mate. He was hungry for her, ready to tear those clothes off and ravish that luscious body the way he used to. The way she liked it.

He swallowed hard. "Yeah," he said thickly. "Right."

* * * *

Just as Lara told Caleb, there weren't that many shapeshifters in New Orleans. Not many of them cared for city living, except maybe the werefoxes who adapted to any environment they found themselves in with enviable ease. So Lara

was pretty sure finding Tate was just a matter of time. Provided he wasn't... Well, she wouldn't think dead. She was sure that was just Caleb overreacting. And why wouldn't he, when his...boyfriend was missing?

Boyfriend. God. She shook her head as she locked up the apartment and followed Caleb downstairs to the still-bustling street. Was Caleb happy with a boyfriend? Had he taken Tate aside and told him that he couldn't be content with just a man in his bed?

"So where do we start?" Caleb asked, breaking her miserable chain of thought. "This is your city."

She sighed, trying to refocus her thoughts. "Well, if he'd been visiting family, why not start there? There should still be a scent, right?"

"I already tried that." He rubbed the back of his neck, frowning. "The scent was too weak for me to track."

Cat shifters, like natural cats, didn't use scent much in hunting. They relied more on hearing. Lara sighed again. "Okay, so we'll head to the Smoke Shop." If Tate had been in New Orleans, and was *still* in New Orleans, someone at the Smoke Shop would know.

"What the hell's that?" Caleb asked suspiciously.

"A shifter-run bar," she explained, changing direction so they were heading towards Frenchman Street. "If there's any word on Tate, it'll be there."

* * * *

The Smoke Shop was not what Caleb expected. It had been a speakeasy during the Prohibition Era, and still retained a lot of that 1920's charm: a clash of Colonial and Art Moderne styles in mandarin red and sage green. There were no humans inside; Caleb wondered about that. Shifters lived in secret—humans had no idea they existed. So how did the Smoke Shop's owners manage to keep their bar human-free?

He shoved the thought away. Didn't matter. All that mattered was that someone here might know something about Tate. It was a slim hope, he admitted to himself as he followed Lara through the crowd to the bar, but it was better than nothing.

Lara leaned on the polished wooden bar, the simple motion curving her spine so her rear rose up, perfectly grab-able. Caleb shoved his hands in his pockets and forced himself to stare at the

man Lara waved over. He smelt like a fox, musky and earthy; his sharp features and reddish hair confirmed it. He grinned widely at Lara, sending jealousy knifing through Caleb. That was a knowing smile. An "I'd like to see you naked" smile.

"Hey, gorgeous," the fox greeted her. "What'll it be?"

She shook her head. "We're not here for drinks, Remy. We need help."

Remy's green eyes slid over Caleb, and that foxy smile fell away. "Okay." His tone was suddenly neutral as he clocked Caleb's possessive posture, lurking just within touching distance of Lara, lips curled in an almost-snarl. "Okay," Remy said again. "What's up?"

Lara explained briefly about Tate. Remy's eyes lit up. "Yeah, I remember him! He was in here just a couple of nights ago. Chatted with Gracia for hours." He nodded towards one of the barmaids, a Spanish girl who smelt as foxy as Remy. He called her over. "Gracia, you remember the mountain lion?"

"Sure do," she purred. "Handsome guy."

Caleb couldn't help but growl now, a fresh stab of jealousy hitting him. "What did you talk about? He say where he was going?" he asked. Lara took his hand and squeezed hard. He wasn't sure if she was warning him to behave or offering support, but the contact buzzed through him, heating his blood. Why couldn't he focus, dammit?

Gracia shrugged. "He was heading out to the bayous to do some fishing, see some gators. That's what he said, anyway."

"And that was two days ago?" Lara asked. "He hasn't been back since?"

Gracia shook her head and wandered off to deal with a customer. Lara and Caleb exchanged looks. "The bayous are pretty big," she said.

"Then we'd better get moving."

* * * *

At the edge of the bayou, away from the town and surrounded by cypress trees and cow lilies, they shifted. Lara didn't even pretend not to stare as Caleb stripped off. She'd seen him naked countless times before, hadn't she? The sight of him painted in moonlight, muscled body silvered, golden hair glowing, took her breath away as if it was the first time. Her greedy gaze drank him in. The dusting of pale hair on his chest, guided the

eyes down, down... Those broad shoulders she'd clung to night after night, nails digging in as he pumped into her harder and harder...

She shivered, aware of her taut nipples and the warm burn between her legs.

"You okay?" Caleb asked as he kicked off his shoes. He stood before her completely naked, gorgeous, and magnificent.

"Fine," she said, hurriedly stripping off her own clothes, keenly aware of his intent gaze raking her. Was she selfish to hope he was as aroused as she was? Did it make her a slut to want him so badly when they were out here looking for his missing boyfriend?

A sudden image hit her hard: Caleb naked with the man in the photo, biting, scratching, kissing, growling, bodies grinding together in a furious passion as they fucked and tore at each other. It was such a visceral picture, and shockingly sexy. She felt her skin flush from head to toe, throbbing with arousal, and had to look away, unable to look at him anymore with that image blazing in her head.

She peeled her bra off and looked up to meet his eyes. "What?" she whispered.

He shook his head, turning away from her as if the sight of her hurt him. "Let's get moving," he said. He dropped to his knees, stretching and arching as he shifted.

Lara watched with a different kind of hunger now. She'd chosen her exile from Mace Creek, but that didn't mean she didn't miss her own kind. There were no other cat shifters in New Orleans, and she missed the companionship of her kin. Soft sandy fur flowed over Caleb's muscled chest and down his limbs. His skull changed almost too fast to see; one minute a man's, the next a cat's, with a blunt muzzle and fine black markings around his ears and eyes. He was big for a male cougar, over eight feet from the tip of his tail to his nose, paws wide and hind legs strong. Lara's own lioness recognized him for what he was: a powerful alpha male in his prime. She was helpless to resist responding with her own shift, drawn to him like tides to the moon.

She dropped to the ground, digging her fingers into the damp soil, letting the change ride her. It was swift, a few sharp flashes of pain as her legs and arms shortened and thickened, but the pain was well worth the exhilaration of being in cat-form. She really didn't shift often enough these days.

Her hearing, acute in human form, sharpened until she could hear every little sound for miles around. The splish-splash of a frog leaping into the water, the haunting cry of a Great Horned owl as it glided through the trees. The distant beat of music carrying on the night winds from the city. She stretched, relishing the fresh strength in her body.

Caleb prowled towards her, rubbing his face along hers in a cat's greeting. She rumbled a greeting of her own, excitement thrumming through her at the contact. She pushed her body against his, letting herself pretend for a second that it was the good old days, just the two of them about to set off into the mountains for a few days of hunting and wild love-making.

Then Caleb sat back on his haunches and screamed. The high-pitched, eerie sound sent birds wheeling from their nests in panic, along with small animals scurrying through the bushes for safety. It even sent a shiver down Lara's spine, and she knew the sound intimately.

As the last echoes of his screech faded, Lara heard an answering scream somewhere deep in the bayou, and her heart leapt. Caleb's ears flicked, his tail twitched, and he jumped up. It had to be Tate, surely? Ignorant humans might mistake a cougar's cry for other animals, but Lara knew her own kind when she heard them.

Caleb lurched into the bayou and she followed.

* * * *

The territory was vastly different from Colorado. Caleb wasn't used to stalking through beebalm and Turk's cap, never mind all the mud and the dizzying array of new smells. Catfish and cranes; the hair-raising, cold-water scent of alligators. Every splash in the water, every ruffle of wings overhead was a distraction he couldn't afford. He recognized the scream as Tate's, and it was weak, pained.

He let Lara take the lead, despite his instinct to push ahead. She knew the land far better than him, and he trusted her to guide him true. They'd hunted together countless times in the past; she'd never let him down. But of course, she was another distraction. With his sharper cat's senses he could smell her intoxicating musk, a raw feminine scent that roused his desire and would drive him crazy if he let it.

Tate, he told himself. This is about Tate. *Forget Lara.*

As they paced through the wild undergrowth, he picked up Tate's scent for the first time and adrenaline flooded him. A potent mix of excitement and fear moved him on. Desperation to see Tate and terror over what he might find made him focus on the task at hand, and he was able to forget Lara's alluring presence, at least for a few seconds.

Tate's scent grew stronger and Caleb picked up his pace as he caught a trace of another scent mingled with it. Blood. Rusty, salty, and unmistakable. He chirruped to Lara, urging her to pick up her speed too.

She whistled back at him, letting him overtake her. In the lead, Caleb pushed himself as fast as he could, hampered a little by the tangle of thorny plants surrounding them. But he ignored the pricks and stabs he picked up, his entire being bent on reaching Tate. God, if he was hurt...

Caleb screeched again, unable to bear the thought of losing his mate. He needed Tate, needed him to be okay. The thought of him in pain was a strike to his heart.

Tate had saved him. Pulled him out of the depression he'd slumped into when Lara left Mace Creek. Tate with his quick laughter and easy smiles, his clever hands and skilled lips, had pulled Caleb out of a dark place, tumbling into a love that took him completely by surprise. If he lost Tate now, he didn't think he'd cope.

He burst through a clump of snake root into a clearing at the edge of the bayou. Dark water lapped at a rotted wooden fishing platform, and a small cabin stood a few feet away, the smell of mould and damp permeating the air. But Caleb wasn't interested in that. At the edge of the clearing, one leg caught in the rusted jaws of a bear trap, laid Tate.

Cat-shaped, limp, and still, Tate barely had the strength to open his eyes when Caleb growled and raced over. Caleb nudged at his head, whining, trying to get a reaction. Tate huffed and whined himself, but that was it. Frustrated, heart tripping in panic, Caleb moved to the bear trap. It closed around Tate's hind leg, vicious metal teeth sunk into skin and down to bone. Blood matted around the wound, and Caleb thought he smelt rot and the nauseating scent of infection. His panic magnified. He scraped at the metal, tried to chew at it, all the time growing crazier at the thought of the pain Tate must be in. He growled and hissed, spitting his anger at the trap.

Suddenly warm, gentle hands clasped around his scrabbling paws. “Stop.” Lara's voice was firm and calm, penetrating the haze of mad alarm filling him. “Let me look, okay?”

He hissed at her and moved back reluctantly. Cat's paws were useless here, but Lara's human hands and shifter strength might succeed. He watched, twitching with impatience, as she murmured comforting nonsense to Tate and worked her hands around the bear trap, feeling out the weaknesses in the metal. Then, with a sudden growl of effort, she snapped the jaws of the trap back, her arms shaking with the strain. “Move him!” she ordered Caleb.

Caleb grabbed Tate by the fur of his throat, trying to avoid nicking his skin, and dragged him free of the trap. Lara released the trap with a cry, the nasty clang of the metal snapping back together echoing through the bayou. She gasped and fell back into a bed of dead leaves, wringing her hands. “Fucking hell, that hurt,” she muttered, and then crawled to them.

He nuzzled Tate, purring and whining in turn. Tate's eyes flickered open, dull and glazed, and he managed a tiny chirp at Caleb. They needed to get him somewhere warm and safe, Caleb knew, and they needed to get him shifted back to human. The shift would heal the worst of his leg wound, and burn off any infection he might have.

Caleb shifted back to human and carefully slung Tate up in his arms. Tate wasn't much bigger than a natural mountain lion in shifted form, smaller than Caleb himself, and felt light in his arms. The steady thud of Tate's heartbeat against Caleb's ribs conveyed an answering pulse of relief through Caleb. They'd found him. Thank fuck they'd found him, and he was alive.

Lara stood, still massaging her fingers. “Think we can get into the cabin?” she asked, gesturing to the door. Caleb strode over and kicked at the wooden door. It creaked, the sound almost plaintive to his ears, but it took several more hard kicks before it broke open.

It was dark and damp inside, humidity hanging over the cabin's interior. Caleb blinked as his eyes adjusted to the dim light, picking out a single bed against the far wall, a tiny stove and sink along the right wall, and a couple of uncomfortable-looking wooden chairs opposite. Obviously the place wasn't designed for long-term stays. And clearly nobody had been here in months—dust and cobwebs covered everything in a dirty grey tangle.

He took Tate to the bed and laid him down. “See if you can find some lights,” he told Lara.

She moved to obey, naked body brushed by moonlight falling through the single window. God, even her silhouette was sexy. He wet his lips and forced himself to turn back to Tate. The other lion watched him with dull eyes, barely aware. How could he to get him to shift?

Lara flicked a light switch and warm light flooded the small room. “How’s he looking?” She knelt beside Caleb at the bedside. Tate’s nose twitched as she did, no doubt picking up on the scent of an unfamiliar female.

“I need him to shift, but I don’t think he’s aware enough,” Caleb replied, crouching down to stroke Tate’s fur. “Any ideas?”

* * * *

Lara watched Caleb’s strong fingers move over Tate, gentle and soothing. The movement was tantalizing, reminding her of being stroked the same way by him, as if she was unbearably precious. She swallowed the lump in her throat, but the image wouldn’t go away. And her earlier flash-fantasy of Caleb and Tate together came pounding hard on its heels. Arousal hit her sharply, beading her nipples and stirring a hot ache between her thighs. No way Caleb wouldn’t smell it, never mind Tate. Her cheeks flushed.

But—hey, if she was going to be turned on, maybe they could use that? Strong emotion often triggered uncontrolled shifts. Heart pounding wildly at the audacity of what she was about to try, Lara rested her hand on Caleb’s thigh, digging her nails in to get his attention. “Caleb,” she breathed. “I’ve got one idea.”

He looked at her, surprise on his face. “Lara...”

She smiled, hoping she didn’t look as nervous as she felt. “Is Tate the jealous type?” she asked, flexing her fingers. Caleb let out a ragged sigh.

“Lara, this isn’t—“

She moved in front of him, sliding her hand down his torso until she cupped his balls. Another ragged sigh. Lara licked her lips and kissed his throat, nipping lightly. The smell of male arousal mingled with her own musk. She kept her eyes on Tate as she teased Caleb, raking her nails over his balls and rubbing her thumb across that soft, sensitive stretch of flesh beneath, just the way he loved. If Tate was the jealous type, she could be making a major mistake here, one she’d never recover from.

But Tate didn't look angry or jealous as the dull glaze faded from his eyes. He looked...curious.

Caleb groaned as she encircled his hardening cock. He pulled her hard against him, crushing her breasts to him with just the right balance of pleasure-pain. She whimpered as he dug his fingers into her hips, silently urging her on.

She worked her hand slowly up and down his shaft, her other hand making lazy trails up and down his chest. It had been so long since she'd been with anyone. The slightest contact burned like wildfire, and this was *Caleb*, the only man she'd ever loved. Breathless with desire, wound tight with need, it was impossible to pretend she did this only to force Tate into a shift. She was doing this all for her own selfish pleasure and she wasn't going to stop. And if Caleb's reaction to her touch was anything to go by, he didn't want her to.

On the bed, Tate raised his head and chirped at Caleb. Caleb raised his head, a little growl escaping his lips. "You know the rules. You want in, you shift," he said in a voice thick and throaty with desire.

The words caught Lara off-guard; they implied so much with so little. Just the inflection Caleb gave him hinted at so much history, past threesomes, maybe. Her heart skipped. Did Caleb think... Would she even...?

Her stomach filled with butterflies as she realized she would. Dammit, she was so starved for skin contact, and so in love with Caleb, that she would. She'd take both men. Excitement raced through her. She'd take them both and savor the thrill of it.

Tate shook his head and pushed himself up, his wounded back leg clearly hampering him. Lara's hand faltered for a second, worried he'd hurt himself worse, but then Caleb's hand closed over hers. "Finish what you started," he growled softly.

She held him tighter, pumped him faster, and Tate slunk off the bed to the floor, watching with now-clear, sharp eyes. Caleb growled again, his head rolling back in sheer pleasure as Lara stroked Tate's head with her free hand. He purred, closing his eyes and his honey-colored fur rippled as he began to shift.

It was beautiful to watch, a slow revelation as the mountain lion rolled away to reveal the young man within. Tousled hair, chiseled face, long lean limbs. Lara inhaled sharply, fingers now tangled in his sun-kissed hair. Tate looked up at her through dark lashes, heat in his eyes.

She dropped her hand and gazed down at his leg. Instead of a blood-crusted, oozing wound, there was now a thick, ugly scar, fresh and pink but clean. She released a sigh of relief, relaxing her hold on Caleb.

“No,” Tate said. His voice was low and rough, matching the heat in his eyes. “Keep going.”

It was an order, not a request, and it took Lara by surprise. She'd assumed, given his apparent youth, he wouldn't be an alpha. Obviously she'd assumed wrong, because her inner lioness was roused by the command in his voice, rearing up inside her and filling her with the animal lust she'd thought only Caleb could inspire in her.

Wordlessly, she continued working Caleb's erection, increasing the pressure and reaching for Tate again. He caught her hand, sliding his fingers up her bare arm with the lightest touch, sending a shiver through her. His stare was intense, filling her head with heady, hedonistic images of what the three of them could do together. And then, without warning, Caleb growled and swung her round to sit in his lap, her back to his chest. He reached down between her legs, driving two fingers inside her with a rough thrust that made her gasp and grip him for support. Tate smiled and pinched her nipple, drawing a moan from her.

Pinned between the two men, Lara was awash with sensation. Caleb fingered her fast, sending pulses of quicksilver pleasure through her, while Tate leaned down to suck at her nipples, a slow, teasing contrast to Caleb's fast-and-hard approach. It was overwhelming. The scent of her own arousal mixed with the salt-and-sweat tang of the two men drove her lioness mad. She wanted them, more of them, all of them. She was amazed at her own hunger.

Tate licked a slow, hot line up her throat, then bit down with a snarl. “Tell us how you want it,” he said roughly, blowing cool breath where he'd bitten her, sending a fresh wave of white hot desire through her.

She couldn't speak for a few seconds. Her skin was burning up, her lioness fighting to get out. Caleb withdrew his fingers from her to graze her aching clitoris with his thumb. “Answer him, Lara,” he whispered, nibbling on the curve of her ear.

She writhed against him, pressing her rear against his throbbing cock. He felt ready to burst, hot and hard. Tate was just as ready, a quick glance confirmed. And Lara's head spun at the

thought of them both inside her. Her body tightened, pressure growing inside her. "I want..." She swallowed, trying to keep the quiver from her voice. She met Tate's gaze. His face was inches from hers, his lips ripe for kissing. Behind her, Caleb rubbed her clit again, a little growl of impatience rising from him. "Answer him," he repeated.

Her entire body was strung like a bow, desperate for more touch, more heat, but as sexy as Tate was, so close to her, so strong and enticing, it was Caleb she wanted inside her. She twisted, throwing her legs around Caleb's waist so she straddled him, and pushed him down to the floor with a quick, sharp shove. He yelped in surprise and she laughed, gripping his wrists to hold him down. A frantic need possessed her as his cock rubbed against her warm entrance, and she shifted her hips so he was poised to enter, just sweet seconds away from penetrating her.

"Come here," she ordered Tate, reaching back for him. He obligingly moved round to stand before her, his own cock bobbing right at her mouth, right where she wanted him. She took him in her mouth as she lowered herself onto Caleb, blissfully taking both men into her in the same scalding instant.

God, it was amazing. Caleb stretched and filled her, his hands working her hips in a quick, grinding rhythm that sent flashes of fire through her. And Tate tasted like heaven, his hands knotted in her hair, his hips moving as she sucked and toyed with his heavy erection, fondling his balls as she did. Caleb reached one hand up to rake down her back, and she arched her spine, dizzy with delight.

She'd run away from this, a year ago, when Caleb told her what he wanted, needed. She could hardly believe that now, with two powerful men inside her, riding her to greater and greater heights of pleasure. It swirled through her, up from her pussy where Caleb drove himself deeper and deeper, up through her stomach and her tingling nipples to her lips, where Tate's cock muffled the moans and sighs of pleasure rising in her throat.

"God, Lara, god... I'd forgotten..." Caleb growled and twisted her nipples until she cried out, pulling away from Tate briefly. Tate pulled her back, a frantic light in his eyes.

"Don't stop, for god's sake."

She couldn't have. She was so close, on the edge of a wild orgasm, bucking harder and harder against Caleb, leaning forward to increase the pressure of his cock against her clit. Desperate little whimpers escaped her as she grabbed the base of Tate's shaft,

squeezing just enough to make him cry out and close his eyes. All three of them were inching ever closer to release; she could feel it in every pulse and throb of their joined bodies. Caleb was snarling her name, raking his nails down her back, pushing into her faster and faster, while Tate's movements were losing their smooth fluidity, becoming more and more uncontrolled. Lara's stomach fluttered and dipped as the pressure inside her reached boiling point.

The orgasm hit her in a rush, just as Tate came in her mouth with a roar. Seconds later Caleb found his own release, shouting her name, and Lara writhed in mindless, delicious ecstasy as shock waves shook her body. She was on fire, every last inch of her burning with euphoria. Tate sank to his knees, kissing her fiercely, as if he would devour her, and she kissed back, relishing the taste of him.

Caleb lifted her off him, breaking their kiss. Sitting up, he hooked his arm round Tate's waist and pulled him in for a kiss of his own. Lara watched, fresh arousal lighting her up again at the sight of the men kissing with an easy, familiar passion. She was ready for them again, the vision before her every bit as scintillating and tempting as she'd imagined. She cleared her throat, suddenly aware of the dust coating them all. "Why don't we take this somewhere cleaner?" she suggested.

* * * *

The sound of rushing water from the shower barely masked the sounds of Tate and Caleb talking in there together. Lara sat at her kitchen table, sipping black coffee and trying not to think too hard about what they might be talking about.

They'd made it back to her apartment about an hour ago, and by then the adrenaline and lust had faded from Lara, leaving her unsure and a little embarrassed by her wanton behavior. God, she didn't even know Tate. What must he think of her? And Caleb... She'd thrown herself at him shamelessly. How could he possibly respect her after that?

She flushed, staring into her coffee. The sweet ache between her thighs was a pointed reminder that Caleb had been just as willing as her, and the love bite at her throat a reminder that Tate hadn't minded either. But still... What now? Caleb and Tate were a couple, clearly very happy together, and she was a third wheel, a convenient little extra.

But the sex had been so good, so unexpected and thrilling. She'd relished having them both, yearned to repeat the experience over and over in different positions. Tate on top, Caleb in her mouth, maybe the two men fucking while she watched and pleasured herself. Oh yes. She closed her eyes to block out the onslaught of images, but that only made them more vivid, painted across her mind's eye in an erotic flush.

Oh, it was pointless to daydream. They'd be back off to Mace Creek soon enough and she'd be alone again, wanting and yearning and unfulfilled. Maybe she could visit the Smoke Shop, see if there were any willing partners there to help her keep the fantasy going.

But she was sure it wouldn't be anything close to her experience with Caleb and Tate.

* * * *

"You still love her, don't you?" Tate asked Caleb as they stepped out of Lara's small shower.

Caleb frowned at him, reaching for the towel draped over the radiator. "What are you talking about?"

"Come on." Tate took the towel from him, wound it round Caleb's shoulders and began drying his mate off. "I'm a big boy, I can take it."

"You don't have to tell me that." Caleb ran his fingers down Tate's cheek, loving the feel of his rough stubble. "I know exactly what you can take."

Tate grinned and flicked him with the corner of the towel. "Don't change the subject. You're still in love with Lara, aren't you?"

Caleb didn't answer for a second. The answer was yes, of course, and of course Tate already knew that. The real question was, what did it mean? Lara had walked away from Caleb because she couldn't handle his bisexuality. One earth-shaking fuck under the most insane circumstances didn't suddenly fix that, did it?

"She wouldn't want to be part of a ménage," he said finally. "It's just not her scene."

"Are you kidding? Looked like her scene back at the cabin. I've never seen a woman so hot for it. And that body... She's luscious. It was like she came alive right then, you know?" Tate gripped Caleb's shoulder, his intense gaze forcing Caleb to look at him. "If you love her, ask her to come home."

Caleb shook his head. "And what would that mean for us, man?"

Tate cupped his cheek and kissed him softly. "I love you. You know that. You've told me over and over you need a man and woman to be complete. We've had how many threesomes in the past year? Dozens? And how many of those women had you yelling their name as you came? Zero. If you love her—and you do—then we need to hold onto her."

"But could you love her?" Caleb countered. "Could you be happy with her permanently in our lives? In our bed?"

Tate smiled wickedly. "I could put up with her, I guess."

It was tempting. More than tempting. Caleb pictured Lara in the throes of her orgasm, eyes on fire, body glowing. He remembered how right she'd felt, how good it had been to plunge into her once more, like...like coming home. Of course he still loved her. Of course he wanted her again. Wanted to see her sucking off Tate again, wanted her lips around his own cock. Wanted to take her in every position he and Tate could think of—and they had plenty in their repertoire.

Oh yeah, he wanted Lara. His cock twitched and throbbed just at the thought of it. He glanced to the bathroom door. She was just through there, in the kitchen, probably waiting for him to go out and say his goodbyes. Her face on the walk home had been shadowed, like a woman waiting for rejection.

Tate spun him round and slapped his ass. "Go get her, tiger," he ordered, kissing the back of his neck. "Don't let her get away twice."

* * * *

Caleb moved so silently through the room, Lara didn't notice him until he was kneeling at her feet. She jumped as he rested his hands on her knees. He was clad only in tight black jeans, his muscled torso gleaming in the lamp light. Faint red marks from her nails drew her eyes down to the waist of his jeans, and she wet her lips, hungry for him all over again.

"Lara," he said, staring up at her earnestly, amber eyes wide and hopeful. "I... Thank you for your help. Finding Tate, I mean," he added awkwardly.

She smiled, resisting the urge to smooth his ruffled, damp hair. "It was nothing."

“Not to me,” he insisted. “Tate, he’s...you know. I’d never have dealt with it if I’d lost him.”

Lara felt the prickle of tears. So this was it. The big goodbye. Caleb would tell her it had been good, see you around, take care and all that, and waltz off into the sunset with Tate. And who could blame him? She’d walked out on him after all—why shouldn’t he have moved on with someone who accepted him, all of him, unreservedly? “I’m glad we found him,” she said finally, hoping her tears didn’t start until after they’d left. If she cried in front of him, she’d never get over it.

“We’re heading home tomorrow,” Caleb continued, taking her hands, twining his fingers in hers. He was silent for a long, painful moment, clearly fighting to get the next words out. “Will you come with us?”

It was so far from what she’d expected to hear, she almost didn’t understand him. For a second Lara couldn’t even breathe, let alone answer. She gaped at him, a hot flush working over her from head to toe. “Are you serious?”

She saw him flinch, realized he’d misunderstood. He rose, head ducked. “Okay, I get it. It’s fine. I just thought...” He shrugged, shoving his hands into his pockets and turned away. “We’ll get moving then. No point in us being in your way.”

Her heart skipped at the thought of him leaving her. “No!” She leapt up, catching his arm. “Caleb, no. I don’t want you to leave.”

He turned, surprise lighting his face. “Then what do you want?”

She wet her lips again, searching for her courage. She wouldn’t let him escape, not if he was serious, not if he honestly did want her. She’d missed him, ached for him every day, and their encounter with Tate had only intensified that. “You. Always you, Caleb.”

Hope flared in his eyes again. “What about Tate? You know we come as a package, right? Can you live with that, day after day? You didn’t think you could before.”

“I know,” she acknowledged. “And it would be naïve of me to promise here and now that I could live with it, because I just don’t know. But I want to try. I need to try.”

He stroked her hair, a little smile on his lips. “Are you sure, Lara? Don’t make me hope if you’re going to change your mind.”

“I want to try,” she repeated firmly, curling her arms round his neck. “I thought I'd never have a second chance with you, Caleb. I've missed you every day and I won't give you up without trying. I love you. I've never stopped loving you.”

He kissed her then, hot and possessive, waking her lioness once again. “God, I've missed hearing you say that. I love you, Lara. So much.”

He wrapped his arms around her waist, lifting her off her feet, and she wrapped her legs round him, wanting to be as close to him as possible. She threw her heart into kissing him back, pouring all her passion and need into the kiss. If he wanted her, she would give her all to make it work this time.

As she remembered the sweet, burning lust Tate and Caleb had filled her with, she didn't think she'd have to work that hard.

The End

Do It Fur Love

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Chapter One

Vanessa slammed the accelerator of her car to the floor in a rage, her breathing ragged as she fought between punching something and bursting into tears. This wasn't the first time she'd left work in such a state of emotion. She should be used to being disappointed in the human species by now. People were egotistical, rude, and self-absorbed. Today had crossed the line of her patience though. Her sleazy boss had once again grabbed her backside. He'd done it for the last time, too.

She'd whirled around, hauled off and punched him the instant she felt his hand cupping her ass, tired of warning him against his inappropriate behavior. She was pretty sure she'd broken his nose, too. As blood gushed from between the hands cradling his face, she'd quit, right there on the spot. At twenty-eight, she was no longer the timid girl she'd once been.

"Jerk," she grumbled, her eyes narrowing into angry slits.

Preoccupied with thoughts of her lecherous boss, Vanessa didn't realize how fast she was driving until she sped around a bend, and her tires slid on the light layer of snow. It was early December, but already the ground was covered with a fine dusting of the chilly substance. With a soft curse under her breath at her carelessness, she pressed her foot down onto the brake pedal.

To her horror, the pedal continued all the way to the floor, being about as useful as a steak dinner to a vegetarian. The car didn't even slow down. With a gasp of fear, Vanessa repeatedly tapped her foot against the pedal, praying the brakes would catch.

Nothing happened.

As she struggled with the wheel, the tires hit a patch of ice unseen against the black pavement. The car spun out of control, careening off the road. She gave a cry of alarm as the driver's side door slammed into the side of an embankment and the car came to an abrupt stop in a wide ditch.

Vanessa's head slammed against the steering wheel with a dull thump that seemed to echo around the car's interior. Stars danced in her blurry vision. A small squeak of pain escaped her, the only thing she could manage in her confusion.

She was on a secluded back road. In her anger, she'd decided to take the long way home so she could blow off some steam by driving faster than the speed limit advised. The path she'd chosen was isolated enough that it could be hours before someone drove by in good weather. With the snow, it might be days.

As she fumbled with the clasp of her seatbelt so she could reach for her cell phone, her vision began to fade to black. She fought it as long as she could, until the peaceful oblivion of unconsciousness took her under.

* * * *

The roaring sound of her pulse in her ears dragged Vanessa slowly into consciousness. Her vision swam, making it hard for her to focus on any one thing. Dimly, she was aware of an arm underneath her back, lifting her. Blinking rapidly as she attempted to force her gaze to focus, she turned to a movement on her right and saw russet fur. *A dog perhaps?*

The animal nudged her shoulder as if trying to rouse her.

Vanessa mumbled in her half conscious stupor and turned her face away from the cold nose, trying to see the person who'd just hefted her out of her car, the person who had probably just saved her life.

She saw thick black hair and a strong jaw with a five o'clock shadow. *A man.* That was all she was able to make out before her eyes fluttered closed and she passed out.

Chapter Two

Vanessa woke to sunlight streaming through the window. She opened her eyes and nearly panicked at the unfamiliar bedroom that greeted her. She sat up with a gasp, and her head protested the sudden movement.

The unexpected pain brought memories rushing to the forefront of her mind. She'd wrecked her car and passed out alongside the road. With a groan, she ran a hand over her face. "My car," she grumbled, afraid of the amount of damage she'd done.

Noise, she guessed from a kitchen, made her glance toward the door in alarm. There was nothing more awkward than waking up in a strange man's bed without knowing his name. Though this man wasn't a one night stand. He was actually kind of her hero. And she'd spent most of the night with the russet colored dog curled up against her side, not the owner of the animal.

Swinging her legs over the side of the bed with determination, she marched purposefully to the door. She was ready to get the awkward meeting out of the way. The man must be just as leery about a strange woman spending the night in his home as she was about being there. Putting on a brave face, she marched into the hall and followed the smell of food to the kitchen.

The man who she assumed had saved her stood at the stove with his back to her, transferring bacon from a frying pan to a plate on the counter.

Vanessa leaned against the doorframe, studying him.

His black hair was cut short in back, but she remembered it was slightly longer in front, curling over his forehead. His shoulders were broad, tapering down to a narrow waist, and his backside looked fabulous even in a baggy pair of sweatpants.

Once finished with her saucy ogling, she cleared her throat to get his attention. Getting caught spying would hardly make a good first impression.

The man spun around with a pleasant grin on his lips, showing off a set of teeth so white they gleamed. "Well, good morning! I didn't expect to see you until this afternoon." His gaze shot to her head. "How are you feeling?"

Vanessa touched her forehead, and fingered the tender lump at her hairline. "Good," she admitted slowly. For being in such a scary accident, she honestly didn't feel all that bad. "Thank

you so much for helping me last night. You saved me. I may have frozen to death if you hadn't come along."

He seemed to stare straight into her soul with his piercing blue eyes. "Don't mention it," he said, voice low and soothing.

She had to look away from the heat in his gaze, feeling embarrassed as it shot a bolt of electricity straight to her nether region. "You...you had a dog with you, yes?" she asked, searching for something to distract her from the all too inviting way he leaned back against the counter, giving himself an air of confident ease. "I didn't imagine that, did I? I thought it curled up in bed with me last night, but I haven't seen it this morning."

He gave a bark of laughter at her comment, but it was the anxious gasp from behind her that made Vanessa jump in surprise. She spun around to face a second man, shocked to discover someone else in the house.

"Yeah," the first man said with a laugh. "There was definitely a dog there. Though I wasn't aware he chose to sleep in your bed last night. Bad doggy."

Vanessa tried to keep her jaw from dropping to the floor as she gawked at the newcomer. Though he was fully dressed, he'd obviously just gotten out of the shower. He was running a towel through his messy, nearly shoulder-length reddish-brown hair, his expression wary. The dark haired man was gorgeous, but his friend was not outdone in the mouthwatering department. He was striking in a completely different way than the first man, who was polished and sly, whereas this one was rugged and masculine. He was also larger, with broad shoulders and a bigger waistline. He looked like a football player, all hard-muscled and firm. His biceps rippled with strength as he rubbed his hair absentmindedly.

She couldn't take her eyes off his abs, which were clearly defined through his tight t-shirt, causing her body to tremble with longing.

He seemed to finally realize how flabbergasted she was at the sight of him, because he relaxed and smirked in amusement. "I'm Brenn." He reached into the back pocket of his faded jeans and tossed a stack of mail to the table next to Vanessa's elbow.

Distracted, she glanced down at the envelopes. She saw a few were addressed to Brenn, but the one on the top read 'Dihn'. Her eyes lifted to the dark haired man. "Your name is Dinn?"

He shook his head with a chuckle. "It's D.I.H.N., but it's pronounced Dean. My mother had a sick sense of humor. Either that or she was the worst speller on the planet."

Vanessa grinned, drawn in by his casual smile and open, friendly expression. "I like it. It's original." After a pause, she added, "I'm Vanessa."

"Vanessa, is there someone out there worried about you?" Brenn asked, interrupting the silent flirting Dihn was doing with his eyes. "Do you need to use our phone?"

"No," Vanessa said without thinking on her answer. "I live alone. I only see my parents twice a year. In fact, I quit my job yesterday, so it would probably be months before someone started missing me..." She trailed off uncertainly and bit her lip in concern over her thoughtless admission. After rushing all this out, she realized it might not be the best thing to say in a strange house, in the company of two strange men.

"You don't need to worry," Brenn quickly assured. "You're safe with us."

"It's not like we're monsters or anything," Dihn threw in with amusement, his eyes twinkling with humor.

"Dihn," Brenn said with warning, but the other man only laughed. With a sigh, Brenn turned to Vanessa. "I'll set you up with stuff for a shower while the lug over there finishes breakfast." He motioned for her to follow him.

With a half wave to Dihn, she padded after Brenn down the hallway to the second door on the left, passing the room she'd slept in the night before.

"This is the bathroom," he informed her as he grabbed a towel from a cabinet just inside the door. "The next door down is Dihn's room. I suggest you avoid that. It's a pigsty," he teased, with a slight grin. "I'm at the end of the hall."

"Oh," she said with soft amusement. "So you aren't a couple, then?"

Brenn's eyes widened in horror at the implications her statement held. "God no!" He shivered. "Not even close."

This rewarded him an impish grin. "Didn't think so. Just checking."

He raised an eyebrow as he handed over the towel and a packaged toothbrush. "Checking? Why?" he asked roguishly. "You interested?"

Vanessa took the towel from him with a blush, but he continued on before she could answer.

"Feel free to take your time," he assured. "When you get out, Dihn will have breakfast ready."

She smiled in appreciation. "Thank you."

Brenn grinned in response, causing butterflies to flutter in her stomach...and perhaps lower. "You're welcome." He began walking backwards down the hallway, leaving her to her shower. "We'll see you in a little."

* * * *

Ten hours since she'd awoken in an unfamiliar house, Vanessa sat curled up on the couch with a blanket wrapped around her. She was wearing a pair of Dihn's sweatpants and one of his t-shirts while Brenn ran her clothes through the wash. She was watching Dihn expectantly as he talked on the phone.

"Yes. I understand. Thank you." He hung up and tossed the phone aside.

"Well?" she asked curiously. They'd each been taking turns calling the local towing companies, trying to get her car hauled out of the ditch she'd run it into. Apparently the snow had accumulated, becoming a storm. Trucks were busy with emergency situations, only taking jobs that were essential. They were busy, and her car was going to be a challenge. They all told her that if she was safe and warm, she should stay put for a few days until the storm passed over. Dihn had said he'd call one last place, but she didn't have high hopes.

"They're not coming out, especially this late," Dihn said apologetically. "If you want, I can try to drive you home in Brenn's truck. It's usually good in the winter. It's your call."

"Don't worry about driving me," Vanessa was quick to say. "If it's as dangerous as they say..." She trailed off with a shrug. "You've already done so much for me already. I wouldn't want you to put yourself in danger. I'll just crash here, if you two don't mind me staying."

"Mind?" he asked. "Nah. Brenn's ecstatic over the possibility. We haven't had company since his little sister stayed with us for a long weekend a few summers back. It'll be nice."

"Well, thank you. I appreciate it."

Silence fell over the room. It remained quiet until Brenn returned with a basket full of fluffy, heated laundry.

"Vanessa is going to stay with us for a few days until this unexpected storm lets up," Dihn informed him. "I told her you'd be fine with that."

Brenn sat the basket down on the coffee table, his expression pleased. "I don't mind at all."

After Vanessa thanked them, the room fell silent...again. She kept shooting them curious looks, and they reciprocated. The

morning had been spent trying to figure out how to get her home. They'd all had a common goal, so the very light personal conversation hadn't seemed lacking. This new, awkward silence made her all the more aware of the fact that she didn't know either of them very well. At all, in fact. An idea popped into her head, and she sat up straight with a wicked grin. "We're going to play a game," she informed them.

Dihn's eyebrows rose while Brenn looked surprised at her comment.

"Okay," Brenn said slowly. "I believe we may have Monopoly around here somewhere." He looked about the room, his expression thoughtful.

"No. Not *that* game," she said, waving him off. "We're going to play 'Truth or Dare'. We don't really know anything about one another, so what better way to get acquainted?" She looked pleadingly at Brenn and patted the seat next to her. "Come on. It'll be fun."

As Brenn reluctantly sat down next to her, Dihn asked, "Isn't this a girl's game?"

Vanessa narrowed her eyes playfully. "Yeah. So what? It's girly, but it's a fun way for us to get to know each other." She arched an eyebrow at him in challenge. "You scared? Do you have a lot of secrets to hide?"

Brenn tensed next to her and shot Dihn a warning look.

The other man ignored this and rubbed his hands together eagerly. "I've got nothing to hide. Let's do this, ladies."

Vanessa grinned in delight. "Alright. I'll go first." She turned to Dihn with a pointed look. "Dihn, truth or dare?" On his confident smirk and truth option, she asked, "Is it true that you are living out here in the middle of nowhere because of some awful crime you've committed?"

"That is completely false. My record is squeaky clean." He glanced at his friend with a devilish smirk. "Brenn, on the other hand, has three speeding violations on his record. Three. Oh, and a parking ticket."

"Ooh, dangerous," Vanessa teased, elbowing Brenn good-humoredly. "A wild child, huh?"

Looking amused, Dihn leaned back against the arm of the loveseat where he was sitting. "Go ahead, wild child. You can go next."

With a sigh, Brenn turned to their guest. "Vanessa, truth or dare?"

“Truth,” she said with an encouraging smile.

“Is...” He trailed off thoughtfully. “Is it true that you like hockey?”

Both Dihn and Vanessa blinked in surprise at the randomness of his question.

“What?” Brenn asked. “You said we were supposed to be getting to know each other. I was just curious if you’d be watching the game with us tomorrow night.”

“Then it’s a perfect question,” she assured. With a grin, she answered, “I am originally from Canada, so hockey is a must. I love watching it. I even had delusions of playing, but I’m a terrible skater.”

“I skate,” Brenn said, perking up a little. “I could teach you, help you get a little better at it while you’re here. We have a pond in the back of the house that we skate on occasionally.”

“I’d like that,” she said honestly. “Thank you.”

Dihn clapped his hands, abruptly ending their conversation. “My turn!” he said eagerly. After getting Vanessa to accept another question, he asked, “Is it true you are going commando in my sweatpants?”

“Dihn!” Brenn cried. “That is inappropriate!”

“Now, now,” Vanessa teased. “That’s how the game works. I have to answer.” Leaning over to Brenn’s laundry basket, she pulled out a skimpy pair of panties and held them up for Dihn to see. “I absolutely am.” Dropping the panties back into the basket, she raised her chin challengingly. “Dihn, truth or dare.”

“Truth.”

“Is it true you’re getting hard just thinking about the fact that I have no panties on?” She herself couldn’t help but be slightly aroused that her exposed genitals rubbed against the scratchy front of Dihn’s borrowed sweats.

Brenn, who’d just raised a bottle of water to his lips, nearly spit his drink out.

“True,” Dihn came back without embarrassment. “I’ve got half a tent.”

Vanessa smirked but didn’t comment. “Brenn?” she asked.

“Dihn, truth or dare,” he said stiffly. Upon request for truth, he asked, “Do you think it’s true that this game is getting out of control?”

“That would be false. I think it’s just getting heated up.”

“Dihn,” Vanessa rushed on, not wanting them to notice that she’d already gone out of turn once. “Truth or dare.” On

getting truth, she said, "Brenn looks pretty stressed out about this game. Is it true that the two of you have a secret you're hiding from me?" She heard Brenn inhale sharply and knew she was on to something.

"That answer is true," Dihn's low, calm voice answered.

"What are you hiding?" she pressed.

"Ah, ah, ah. You've had your question. It's my turn," Dihn said, deflecting her inquiry. "Vanessa, truth or dare?"

"Dare," she said boldly.

"Honey, you just barked up the wrong tree." Brenn choked on his drink, but Dihn continued on, ignoring him. "I dare you to strip naked, go outside, and make a couple snow angels."

"That is enough," Brenn snapped angrily. "Vanessa, you don't have to listen to a single thing he says. He's behaving like an animal."

She put a calming hand on his arm. "It's okay. I've played this game before, and I was aware of the risks. Besides, this isn't the worst thing I've been dared to do." She shot Dihn a mock annoyed look. "It's obviously been awhile since he's seen a woman naked. He's had to resort to trickery and scheming."

"I gave you this dare because it's so cold out. It had nothing to do with getting you naked," Dihn said, and she knew he was lying.

"Then I guess this is just a lucky bonus."

"Vanessa," Brenn started, but all protests died in his throat the moment she climbed to her feet and pulled her t-shirt over her head, revealing her breasts.

The sweatpants were so baggy they were already slung low on her hips. She barely had to move to shimmy out of them. Strolling over to Dihn, she took his hand and pulled him to his feet, her eyes boring seductively into his. "Seeing as you issued the dare, you better come out and make sure I fulfill the requirements."

Dihn was quick to follow her, eagerness plain on his face. "You coming, Brenn?"

"No. I don't want any part of this."

"Suit yourself," Dihn said over his shoulder as Vanessa led him out the front door into the frigid air.

Once they were on the porch, Vanessa stared out at the large field to the left of their house, shivering. "Alright. Here goes nothing," she said reluctantly.

"You can always chicken out," Dihn taunted.

Slapping him playfully on the chest, she pushed off and ran to the field without looking back. The snow was soft and flaky, but it was as cold as ice. She felt it sliding between her toes as she raced through the calf deep winter wonderland. Though she was freezing, she laughed in delight. She hadn't felt this free and spontaneous in years...or this sexy.

Bracing herself for the cold, she spread her arms wide and dropped backward into the snow. She disappeared into the tufts and lay there for a moment, taking in the night sky. When she was convinced that she'd never get warm again, she began working on her angels.

She was just climbing up from her fourth one when Dihn yelled out, "Are you insane?" He laughed in disbelief, his breath steaming in front of him. "It's cold! Get back in here already!"

Vanessa sprinted back to Dihn. He was holding his arms open for her, and she graciously lunged into his warm embrace, giggling as she did. "I was waiting for you to give the word."

He brushed a damp strand of hair away from her face, staring down at her in amusement. "Like I said, you're insane."

Gazing up at him, Vanessa decided to do something completely insane. "Dihn," she said softly, her breath fogging the air between them. "I dare you to kiss me."

"It's not your turn," he informed her, voice barely above a whisper. When she went to pull away, he held her tight against his chest. "But I never play by the rules." With that, he lowered his mouth to hers.

The kiss started out intense and hot. There was no warming up with Dihn. He was fiery by nature. While his lips attacked her own, his groin pressed forcefully against her pelvis. He was so thin that she could feel his hipbone digging persistently against hers.

As she opened her mouth to his unrelenting probing, allowing him to slip his tongue inside, his hand sought one of her nipples. He pinched it between a thumb and forefinger, causing her to moan into his mouth.

Pulling back, he lowered his head over her other breast. "So hard and eager after just one little kiss." He took it into his mouth, his tongue swirling over the puckered flesh. He grazed his teeth along the sensitive bud, biting ever so gently.

"It's hard because it's cold out," she defended, though she dug her nails into his back in pleasure.

Dihn suddenly released her and stepped back. "You're right. We should get you back inside before you freeze." His eyes told her this was the last thing he wanted, but he reluctantly led her into the warm house.

Brenn was waiting for them in the living room with a fluffy robe in hand. He went to speak but hesitated a moment at the sight of her pebbled nipples. Finally finding his voice, he said gruffly, "I'm sure you'll want to get a hot shower now." He wrapped the robe around her almost unwillingly and closed it.

"Not at all," she disagreed. "I'm not letting a few naked snow angels ruin the game." She pulled him down to sit next to her on the loveseat and leaned into his side for warmth. "Your turn, Brenn."

Rolling his eyes and huffing, he said, "Whatever. I will continue your childish game. Dihn, what'll it be?"

"Dare."

Brenn finally grinned, though it had a hard edge to it. "I dare you to spend the rest of the game in your underwear. We'll see how much *you* like being exposed."

A wide grin spread across Dihn's face. Without the slightest hesitation or sign of embarrassment, he stripped, leaving himself in nothing but a pair of boxer briefs.

While Dihn was busy preening, Vanessa quickly asked, "Dihn, truth or dare?" When he chose dare yet again, she knew she had him. "I dare you to show me what your secret is."

Brenn sucked in a gasp of air. "Game over," he said gruffly. "I'm done."

She whirled on him. "You can't quit in the middle of someone's turn!"

"I don't give a shit about the rules. This is—"

Dihn cut him off. "No. If she wants to see that badly, then let her." Amidst Brenn's loud protests, Dihn climbed to his feet. "Follow me, princess. Just remember you were the one who asked to see this."

With a quick glance at Brenn's weary, unhappy face, she mouthed, "I'm sorry." She then turned and followed Dihn back onto the porch. "It's outside?" she asked, peering into the yard. "Do you have a body buried out here or something?"

He raised an eyebrow before sliding his underwear down his legs. "What I'm about to show you is much scarier than that."

Vanessa crossed her arms and stared at him skeptically. "Your big secret requires you being naked?"

“It’s not a requirement. It just makes things less messy.”
Dihn turned to face her in all his naked glory.

Though she was eager to find out what he was hiding, she was still a woman with a healthy sexual appetite. Her eyes skimmed down appreciatively, and her heartbeat picked up speed in approval.

“Now don’t bother screaming,” Dihn’s voice interrupted her inspection. “There’s no one around for miles to hear you.”

Before she could think too much on that, Dihn turned his back on her and raced to the end of the porch. He leapt, and, in midair, his body seemed to turn to liquid. It shifted and moved, doing the impossible. In the moment it took him to hit the snow, his entire form had changed. Paws landed, and when snow kicked up, it clung to black fur.

“Oh my God,” she breathed in disbelief. She watched in awe as Dihn, in wolf form, began dashing through the front yard, excited yips and snorts fogging the air around him.

Without a word, Vanessa spun on her heels and ran back into the house as fast as her legs could carry her. “Holy shit. Holy shit,” she cried. She went straight to where Brenn still sat on the loveseat and stared down at him, her chest heaving. “The two of you are werewolves?” she screeched.

When he finally looked up at her, his expression was miserable. “I’ll drive you home now. Just give me a minute to find my keys.”

His reaction confused her. “Drive me home? Why would I want to go home?”

Brenn seemed, at last, to see her animated expression. “Wait,” he said, sitting up in his seat so he could study her face. “You aren’t terrified? You don’t want to get out of here as quickly as you possibly can?”

“Are you crazy?” She plopped down next to him and gripped his forearm. “I’m not going anywhere! I want to know all about you two. You guys are amazing. You know that, right?”

Brenn laughed in astonishment, his expression becoming completely open for the first time since she’d met him. “I’ll tell you anything you want to know.”

Chapter Three

Vanessa gave a cry of alarm as her feet gave way underneath her, and her backside crashed to the unforgiving ice below.

Brenn skated to her side in an instant. “You really are bad at this,” he said with a laugh. “The first time we came out here, I thought you kept falling on purpose to get my attention, but you truly are a terrible skater.”

Vanessa let him haul her to her feet. She clung to his arms to keep from toppling over again. “I warned you!”

Brenn wrapped an arm around her waist, holding her upright. “Are you sure you’re Canadian?” She gave him a dirty look, and he grinned. “Have you had enough for the day then?”

“Yes. I don’t think my backside can take anymore.”

The past three days, she and Brenn had been going out to the pond that was a few hundred yards from the back of the house. He’d lent her his sister’s skates, which were a perfect fit. She’d felt like Cinderella when he’d knelt in front of her and slid the skate over her foot. Then he’d laced them up, telling her a tight, proper fit made all the difference.

Three days of practicing and she wasn’t much better, if at all. She continued coming out here, not for the lessons, but because she enjoyed Brenn’s company. He was sweet and attentive. Though he was broad and muscular, and his hands were like bear paws, he was as gentle with her as could be. Once again, she felt like a Disney princess, maybe Belle and her tenderhearted beast.

With his arm still wrapped protectively around her waist, Brenn guided her off the ice and over to an ornately carved bench near the pond. He sat her down and knelt in front of her. Crouched over her legs with his head low, he began unlacing the skates.

“You don’t have to do that,” she said with a little laugh.

He looked up at her through his hair and smiled. “I don’t mind.” He held her shoeless foot in his hand and gently massaged her ankle. “I want to make sure there isn’t any swelling. You took some pretty rough bumps out there.” He removed the other skate and repeated the process before directing her foot into a fluffy boot—also his sister’s. “It’s a good thing Lila left all this here.”

Nodding in response, Vanessa sat with her gloved hands resting on either side of her thighs on the bench. She watched him slide the second boot over her foot. Her heart fluttered, and she

had to fight the urge to run her fingers through his loose, shaggy hair. The first time she'd laid eyes on Brenn, she'd found him to be unbelievably attractive. Now her attraction was much more dangerous, because it wasn't just his body she wanted.

Finishing with the boot, he gazed up and caught her staring. He smiled before joining her on the bench. "I think you're getting better," he clearly lied, removing his own skates and sliding his feet into a large pair of work boots.

She laughed. "Don't lie!"

Brenn tied the laces of their skates together and slung them over his shoulder. Offering her a hand, he pulled her to her feet and tucked her against his side. When he slung his arm over her shoulder, Vanessa slid hers around his waist.

"You're right." He guided her to a small building they used as a pool house, weight room, tool room, and storage facility. Basically, it was their place to escape and feel manly. "I shouldn't lie. You are the worst skater I've ever seen." He squeezed her shoulder to take away the sting of his comment.

"Hey," she huffed, poking his ribs playfully as he opened the door and held it for her. "We can't all have superhuman balance and werewolf grace."

The room they entered had a large fireplace along the far wall. Brenn had started a fire before they went out, knowing they would be cold when they returned. He went over to it and tossed another log into the hearth. "The superhuman balance I'll give you, but werewolf grace? How many dogs out there would you describe as graceful?"

Vanessa followed him to the fireplace and warmed her hands near the fire, rubbing them briskly together.

Brenn pulled his gloves off and sat them on top of the mantle to dry. When he spun around, he bumped into her. His hands shot to her shoulders to keep from knocking her over, but he involuntarily pulled back when he got a handful of snow instead. "Yikes," he said, shaking the melting liquid off his hands. "We should get you out of all this gear."

Vanessa held her breath as he stepped forward and, with sure hands, unzipped her coat. He slid it down her shoulders; his palms sliding along her arms, giving her warmth even through her sweater. She closed her eyes for a moment and leaned into his touch.

He didn't seem to notice how much of an effect the simple action of removing her coat had caused. He was busy removing

his own coat and tossing it in the same direction as hers. "Why is your stuff covered in so much more snow than mine?" he teased.

Vanessa took a relaxing breath as the heated moment passed. "Shut up," she grumbled, though her smirk contradicted the harshness of her comment.

Turning back to her, Brenn grabbed her hands and pulled off her gloves, setting them on the mantle next to his. "You're a mess." He cupped her bare hands between his and rubbed them in an attempt to warm her up. "You've even got snow in your hair."

"Yes, well..." She trailed off when he brought her fingers to his lips and kissed them. She was once again very aware of his sexuality.

This time, he seemed to notice the heat between them. His hazelnut eyes darkened and stared intently into hers. "Ness," he said softly, "I..."

She made it easier for him. She did what she hoped he'd wanted to do since first meeting her. Stepping closer, until her breasts brushed against his chest, she stood on her tiptoes and kissed him.

His initial reaction was surprise. He sucked in a sharp breath and froze. When she giggled against his lips, he relaxed. His arm slid around her waist, and he gently pulled her closer to him. "You have no idea how long I've wanted to do that," he sighed.

"Probably as long as I have...about three days."

He chuckled deep in his throat, the sound manly and rugged as he lowered his mouth over hers again. He was tentative at first, as if still unsure of her reciprocated desire.

The soft pressure of his hands on her hips made her crave more. With a whimper of need, she rubbed her body along the front of his, making sure there was no question of what she wanted. That little bit of encouragement was all Brenn needed. He deepened the kiss, spreading his feet so he could pull her in more comfortably against him.

Her hands skated up his shirt, over the abs that had been tempting her for days before sliding up his shoulder blades, nudging his shirt upward.

Taking the hint, he pulled it over his head and tossed it to the floor behind him. His mouth was on hers again the moment it was free.

What could have merely been a kiss transitioned into something more when Vanessa felt his cock swell and press firmly

against her hip. She moaned and slid her arm around his neck, forcing him closer. She urged him down to the soft rug in front of the fireplace, her fingers splaying in and tugging at his hair. Overcome with arousal, she pulled him on top of her, their bodies a tangle of entwined limbs.

Brenn braced a hand on the floor, giving her just enough room to get her hands between them to explore the hard plains of his abdomen. His mouth never leaving hers, he positioned himself between her legs and pressed her lower body down onto the rug with his own, grinding his erection against her.

Vanessa whimpered in approval as his hand grazed along her bare stomach underneath her sweater. When he gave her breast a possessive squeeze, she pulled the sweater frantically over her head to give him better access, and reached for the button of his pants, unable to wait any longer to feel him hard in her hands.

She was just about to reach inside when Brenn's hand closed over hers. "Wait," he said breathlessly. "I don't want to take advantage of you. It wouldn't be right."

Vanessa wrapped her legs around his waist, holding him tight, fearing he might pull away. "It isn't taking advantage," she was quick to assure. "Trust me. If you aren't inside me very soon, I will go insane."

His expression was still hesitant. "Are you sure?"

Vanessa arched up into the erection that was rubbing against the crotch of her wool pants, receiving a shudder from him for her efforts. "One hundred percent." She drew him down for a slow, sensual kiss. "I want this."

He pulled back to study her for a moment longer before his mouth was on hers again, fierce and persistent. Then he removed the rest of their clothes in record time.

Vanessa gasped, arching her lower back off the floor as he eased his cock inside her. She squeezed her thighs around his hips, amazed and delighted by the satiating thrust.

Brenn groaned low and hungrily as he sheathed himself as far as he could, obviously as fulfilled as she was by that first thrust alone. He pulled back slowly, letting her feel every long inch as he withdrew before thrusting deeper. He chuckled at her desperate cry of pleasure. "Damn. It's been too long," he grunted as he set to work at bringing them both unimaginable gratification. He made love to her there on the floor in front of the fire, shadows dancing off his handsome face, making their interlude seem almost mystical.

She whimpered and cried his name against his neck with her explosive orgasm, her body quivering and clenching around him just as he found his own release. When she finally came down from her high, Brenn was caressing the curve of her right breast, his large fingers as gentle as ever.

“Ness?” he asked quietly into the darkness beginning to settle around them, the only light glowing from the fire.

“Hmm?”

“Would you stay with us? At least through Christmas?”

She blinked up at him through sleepy eyes and considered his offer. There was nothing she wanted more than to stay here with him, but that didn’t make it the right decision. “I wouldn’t want to impose,” she admitted softly.

“Impose?” he asked with a snort. “Please. We’re two grown men living alone together in the middle of the woods. Not to sound too desperate, but we could use the company.”

She gazed up at him, studying his face before she smiled. “I’d love to stay. That is, as long as you let me help decorate this place for Christmas.”

Brenn leaned down and gave her a firm kiss, his expression full of joy. “It’s a deal.”

Though she was delighted at the thought of staying with Brenn through Christmas, she couldn’t ignore the concern that dampened the moment. More time with Brenn meant more time with Dihn. She didn’t know how long she could fight her attraction to his best friend.

Chapter Four

Christmas Day came quicker than Vanessa expected. She awoke in Brenn's bed, and not for the first time.

His warm body pressed against her from behind, his arm cocooning her against his naked body. "Good morning," he whispered, pressing his lips gently to the spot just below her ear.

"Merry Christmas," she replied softly.

He mumbled something unintelligible in her ear as his palm slid down her bare stomach.

She giggled and squirmed as his hand continued to inch lower.

"I have a gift for you," he whispered, nibbling on her earlobe.

She made a happy noise and settled her backside against his groin. "Is it a solid nine inches and guaranteed to bring me to orgasm?"

His arm suddenly slid away from her as he rolled away and grabbed something from the nightstand. "Actually, it's shiny and made of twenty-four karats." He rolled back to face her, as she did the same. He propped his head on his hand and held out a velvet box.

Vanessa eyed the gift eagerly for a moment before taking it from his hand. "You bought me jewelry?" With one last look into his eyes, she flipped the top of the box open. Inside laid an ornately braided gold chain. At the end was a small, heart-shaped diamond.

"The karats are just the chain," he said proudly. "The diamond is the real surprise."

"A diamond?" she asked in disbelief. "Brenn! This is too much!" She fingered the stone as it reflected the morning sunlight. "This is too much for..." She trailed off. She wasn't sure how to end that sentence. A friend? A fuck buddy? Though they'd been having sex for nearly three weeks, they'd never once mentioned it being anything more than that—just sex.

Dihn still flirted mercilessly with her, and, though she'd tried to hide her feelings for him she had to admit, she reciprocated. It never seemed to even faze Brenn.

Maybe it was because they both knew their fantasy would have to end eventually. She would have to return to her own world, and he'd go back to living his life as he'd done before her

arrival. There was no sense in being protective or jealous over something that would never be yours to keep.

Either way, she hadn't been able to keep herself from falling head over heels for Brenn. She was afraid she might be in love with him. The only reason she doubted her true feelings was because of her attraction to Dihn. *Is it possible to love two men?*

Brenn interrupted her worried thoughts. "It isn't too much. We don't have anyone else to buy for besides each other. Having you around to spend money on was exciting, and when I saw that necklace, I knew it was made for you."

"It's beautiful," she breathed in awe.

"Told you," he said proudly, as he slipped the necklace on her. "Perfect." Leaning over, he kissed her cheek. "I have to head out." On her curious look, he smiled. "Every Christmas I take a goody basket to the elderly couple who live a couple miles down the road. I'll be back within an hour. We can open the rest of the gifts then." He kissed her softly before disappearing into the connecting bathroom with a change of clothes.

Vanessa lounged in bed for a few minutes, listening to him prepare before she crawled out of bed and donned a robe, then headed into the hall toward the main bathroom. She made a detour when she heard Dihn in the kitchen. She found him packaging Tupperware containers of pancakes, cookies, and homemade soup into a large box.

"Getting the care package ready?" she asked, feeling her heart warm in affection for these two wonderful men. Knowing they were werewolves, and yet they made care packages for their neighbors was unexpected to say the least.

"Yep." Dihn grinned slyly. "Yet it's not nearly as charitable as tagging along while you did your Christmas shopping. What a pain in the ass that was."

"Ouch," Brenn said as he stepped around Vanessa to enter the kitchen. He took the box from Dihn, his gaze intent on her. "I think you've just been insulted." He headed toward the door. "I'll be back in an hour. You two better be ready for some gift opening," he said over his shoulder.

As the door shut behind Brenn, Dihn turned to say something to her, but the words seemed to die in his throat.

"What?" she asked with a nervous laugh.

With supernatural elegance, he hopped over the counter and was in front of her in the blink of an eye. He nodded to something above her head. "Mistletoe."

She glanced up. "Oh..." She broke off with a squeak as Dihn yanked her toward him and crushed his mouth to hers. She was surprised by his aggressiveness but not disappointed. With a noise of pleasure, she wrapped an arm around his neck and returned the kiss, unable to fight her attraction to him any longer.

"I've wanted to do this for weeks, ever since that night on the porch," he admitted against her lips.

Vanessa closed her eyes with a moan as he sucked her lower lip into his mouth. "I need...to get...a shower," she said regretfully. It was her last feeble attempt to resist him, one she silently prayed would fail.

"Good idea. So do I." He began walking her backwards toward the bathroom, his mouth once again on hers. He had his shirt unbuttoned and on the floor before they reached the door.

Giving in to her needs, she helped him by unbuttoning his jeans and tugging them down around his ankles.

As Dihn stepped out of them, he opened her robe and slid it down her shoulders, his fingertips skimming her bare flesh. He growled in approval as his hands cupped her breasts.

"Commando under your jeans?" she asked as she wrapped a fist around his erection. "Sexy."

Dihn groaned and walked her backwards into the shower.

As he turned the water on, hitting them with a blast of heat, Vanessa grabbed his shoulders. She hopped up, wrapping her legs around his waist. She knew it was wrong of her to be doing this, but she couldn't resist him. She'd been yearning for him even as she slept in his friend's bed. Vanessa wasn't easy by any standards. In fact, she'd been called a prude by more than one ex-boyfriend. Yet something about these two men made her want to throw her morals out the window and fulfill her every sexual desire.

With selfish pleasure at the forefront of her mind, she ignored her guilty conscience and rubbed her clit against Dihn's cock, whimpering at the bolt of ecstasy spiking through her.

Dihn growled again, the sound only a werewolf could make, and pressed her against the shower wall. His hands slid under her thighs, and he lifted her just enough to enter her, and elicited a cry of rapture. He was rough, forcing his way in and out of her as the water sprayed down on their entwined bodies.

He lowered his mouth over a nipple, grazing his teeth along it, and she cried out. The orgasm slammed into Vanessa

quite suddenly. She screamed, gripping his shoulders, her nails digging into his flesh.

She felt him come shortly after her, the sensation of his orgasm prolonging her own. She screamed again, throwing her head back against the shower wall as her legs tightened around his hips, milking every last drop he had to offer.

Brenn had informed her that both he and Dihn had gotten vasectomies for fear of passing down their genetic anomaly. Neither slept around, but they preferred caution to regret. This meant she was in no fear of pregnancy and could enjoy the convenience of no birth control.

As she shuddered and clenched, trembling around his cock buried deep inside her, Dihn chuckled breathlessly. "I think this might top all the other gifts I receive this year."

"Agreed."

* * * *

"Ten, nine, eight," the threesome counted aloud with the television, "...two, one...Happy New Year!"

Vanessa clapped joyfully as one year ended and the next began, full of opportunities.

While she was overcome with emotion, Dihn grabbed her. He hefted her up and gave her a kiss worthy of breaking in the New Year. He then set her back down on her feet with a joyful laugh. "Happy New Year. Excuse me while I go get really drunk."

As he wandered into the kitchen for more alcohol, Brenn spun her toward him with a chuckle. "Happy New Year, Ness." He bent his head over hers and kissed her gently.

He stared at her for a moment before taking her wine glass and setting it to the side. "I have a gift for you."

"More gifts?" she asked, raising a brow.

"Sort of." He took a deep breath, looking nervous. "I've arranged for movers to clean out your apartment and bring all of your things here next week if you so choose. We don't want you to leave. You can have the spare bedroom permanently. It's yours if you want it."

He held a hand up for her to give him a moment to continue. "And we know you're nervous about money since quitting your job. Dihn's secretary just had a baby, so she resigned. He said the position is yours if you'll take it. He works for the Give A Wish foundation, collecting donations and arranging wishes for candidates. You'd be making a real

difference in the world. It's a good job. I wouldn't have offered otherwise."

She stood stunned for a moment, unable to fully comprehend his words. Another part of her fell in love with Dihn all over again. For a man who was supposed to be a scary monster who went bump in the night, he sure did care about people. "You did all this for me?" she finally asked breathlessly.

"Yes," Brenn said softly. "Please tell me you want this." He paused, giving her time to think, though his expression was full of anticipation and uncertainty. "What is your answer?"

She watched as he anxiously fidgeted in place and fell in love with him even more. "Yes," she whispered.

"Yes?" he asked eagerly. "To which part?"

"All of it. The room, the job, everything."

Brenn picked her up and spun her around. "You have no clue how happy that makes me."

She wrapped her arms around his neck and lowered her face for a kiss. "About as happy as it makes me."

Chapter Five

It was March, two months since Vanessa had moved in. Life couldn't be more perfect. She was truly happy like she'd never been before. She couldn't imagine her life without Brenn and Dihn. She loved her new job, her new home, and the men she lived with...though perhaps the weather could be nicer. They'd been hit with another snowstorm. Brenn was currently outside shoveling snow while Dihn made dinner.

Vanessa had just finished a load of laundry, trying to keep herself busy while the boys worked. Walking into the kitchen, she set the basket down. "How's dinner coming along?"

Dihn reached out and grabbed her hand, pulling her toward him. "Good now that you're here." He kissed her firmly, before a wicked grin curved his lips. "Actually, it's finished, and I'm bored." He sank into one of the chairs at the kitchen table and pulled her down to straddle his lap. "Can you think of any way to keep me entertained until Brenn comes in?"

Vanessa felt his hard-on already forming and rotated her hips against it in encouragement, rewarded by his deep groan.

His hand slid up her shirt while his mouth kissed a path along her neck.

She whimpered languidly and tilted her head back to give him better access.

Suddenly, the front door whipped open, smashing against the wall, startling them both.

Vanessa spun with a gasp to find Brenn in the doorway.

His shoulders and chest heaved in anger, his eyes cold and filled with hatred. "What the hell is this?" he snarled. His gaze burned a hole in Dihn. "How could you? You know how I feel about her."

Dihn stood and put Vanessa behind him protectively. "Me? You knew how *I* felt from the very beginning, yet you went ahead and slept with her anyway! I was the one who dragged her out of that car. I was the one who wanted to share our secret with her. *Me.*"

Brenn growled, the sound low and inhuman. "She chose *me*. She slept with *me* first. She's mine."

"Brenn!" Vanessa cried in shock. She didn't understand where his sudden animosity came from. They'd never openly discussed the circumstances of their situation, but none of it had been a secret. She alternated between whose bed she slept in every

night, and they had appeared well aware of her relationship with the other.

“She is not yours,” Dihn snarled. “She’s *mine*. Always has been since that first night on the porch, when you were too stubborn to come out and involve her in our lives.”

“Dihn!” she cried in disbelief at his unusual aggression. “What is wrong with the two of you?”

Ignoring her, both men moved with hostility toward the other, emitting ferocious growls.

“Stop!” she screamed in horror as both men lunged.

They collided and smashed through the large sliding door. Glass shattered, sending shards flying in every direction. Before either man hit the ground, both were covered in fur. They hit with a thud, glass tinkling dangerously around them. Both werewolves clawed, just missing injuring blows before breaking apart to circle each other, looking for an opening to go for the kill.

Vanessa jumped through the broken doorway and raced after them into the snow, her heart in her throat. She’d known this day might eventually come, but she hadn’t expected it so soon. Nor had she expected it to turn violent. She put herself between the two wolves, trying to keep them from hurting each other.

“Please,” she begged, her breath fogging the air around her face.

A growl emanated from Brenn. He lowered his head and snarled, his gums pulling back from his muzzle to show a deadly set of teeth.

“Brenn,” she pleaded. “Don’t do this.”

Dihn returned Brenn’s ferocious growl with one of his own, his paws clawing at the snow in his rage.

Vanessa whirled to face him, her expression panicked.

“Dihn, no. We can talk this out.”

Dihn and Brenn snarled in unison.

Vanessa faced Brenn, her dark hair slapping against her face from the harsh wind. “Stop it!” she screamed, fearing they’d kill each other. “I won’t let you do this!”

Ignoring her, both wolves raced forward, their intentions murderous.

Vanessa sucked in a deep breath. Feeling braver than she ever had before, she stepped in between the two beasts, prepared to take the brunt of their anger.

* * * *

Vanessa awoke in Dihn's arms, as pain raced immediately through her entire body. "Brenn," she mumbled. "Dihn..."

Her last memory was both werewolves slamming into her, unable to stop their brutal attacks. Brenn had hit her low, Dihn high. It must've looked like a horrible football collision that left her out cold. At least they'd managed to detour the strike of their deadly claws in time.

As excruciating as it had been, her main concern at the moment was making sure both men were still alive.

"I'm here," Brenn's voice assured from her right. "Oh God, Ness. I'm so sorry."

As Dihn lowered her to the bed in her typically unused room, she whispered, "Why? That wasn't like you."

He looked sheepish. "I know you've been having sex with him. It was just...seeing it firsthand, this close to the full moon. We're full of testosterone. I just flipped." He ran a hand over his face, looking pained. "I can't take it anymore, Ness. You have to choose. Him or me?"

His question was like a shot to the gut. It was like asking a person to choose between air and water. *Impossible*. Climbing to a kneeling position in front of where Dihn stood next to the bed, she placed a hand on his chest. "I can't live without you." Leaning forward, she kissed him tenderly.

"That's your choice then?" Brenn asked, his voice full of agony.

"No." Not letting go of Dihn, she grabbed Brenn's shirt and pulled his mouth down to hers, throwing all of her passion into that one action. "I can't live without you either. I want you both. Can't you see that? Don't make me choose."

"Ness, how?" Brenn asked. "How would that even work?"

"Society norms don't apply to the majority of your life. Why should they here?"

Brenn stared at her for a moment in silence, his expression guarded. She was positive he was going to reject her plea, when he finally spoke. "Dihn?" he asked carefully.

Dihn's voice came low and cautious. "Sharing was never the issue, not for me."

"I'm willing to try," Brenn whispered, his voice full of vulnerability. "Though I wouldn't even know where to start."

"Let me assist," Dihn offered. His gaze slid to Vanessa, and with authority, he said, "Take off your clothes and lie down on the bed."

Her eyebrows rose in surprise, but she was desperate for this to work. She nodded obediently and set to work at removing her clothing. It wasn't until she had settled down on the comforter that she noticed both men had removed their clothing as well.

Where Dihn looked eager, Brenn looked uncomfortable.

"Relax," Dihn instructed his friend. To Vanessa, he said, "Give me your wrists." He positioned himself above her, and when she held out her wrists, he pinned them to the bed above her head, leaving her body exposed to Brenn's suddenly hungry gaze.

Any hesitation he'd had seemed to evaporate as he crawled predatorily across the silk sheets and lowered his mouth to her.

Vanessa arched up off the bed with a gasp as his tongue lapped at the very core of her desire, causing her legs to quiver. She watched Brenn with wide eyes as he nuzzled her clit, teasing it with his tongue.

Obviously not wanting to be outdone, while still pinning her arms down, Dihn lowered his mouth over her right breast and flicked his tongue swiftly along her nipple. At her cry of delight, he blew warm breath across the moist bud before taking it into his mouth and sucking hard.

Brenn slid his arms underneath her thighs to gain better access, his palms cupping her buttocks. Doubling his efforts, he sucked on her clit just as forcefully as Dihn did her nipple. He alternated between licking and sucking, his tongue bringing her to completion almost instantly.

With her nails digging into Dihn's wrists, she cried out her satisfaction at receiving stimulation from both of them simultaneously.

While she was still delirious with pleasure, Dihn released her wrists to let Brenn lift her. He pulled her against his chest and immediately lowered her onto his erection.

She whimpered and buried her face in his shoulder, her eyes closing in rapture. As Brenn rocked her on top of him, guiding her movements, she felt Dihn move in behind her.

He gently slid her hair out of his way, and then his lips trailed along her shoulder, adding to the erotic bliss. His hands slid around her front where he plucked and squeezed at her breasts in rhythm to Brenn's movements, raising her pleasure to another level.

Brenn suddenly gave a hoarse cry and thrust deep one last time. His abrupt orgasm threw her into a second one, and her body

trembled with pleasure. He gave a satisfied groan and laid back, spent.

Before she even had time to realize what Dihn was doing, he lifted her off Brenn's lap and entered her from behind.

Vanessa gave a sharp, startled cry of ecstasy, and Brenn was there, swallowing her shout with his kiss. He reached down between her legs and caressed her clit in rhythm to Dihn's thrusts, increasing her pleasure.

Dihn gripped her hips and thrust roughly, swiftly, taking his pleasure as much as he gave. He shoved so deep that he forced a scream from her throat as she climaxed a third time before he reached his own culmination.

Both collapsed to the pillows next to Brenn.

As Dihn fought to settle his ragged breathing, Vanessa curled up to Brenn's chest, her eyes heavy and her heart overflowing with love.

"I've only got one thing to say," Brenn said on a content sigh. "We're going to need a bigger bed."

Dihn and Vanessa nodded in unison. "Agreed."

The End

The Problem with Love Spells

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Chapter One

“Are you insane?” Windred’s intense blue eyes appeared larger than usual as she stared at Gretchen, with her mouth agape and a look of utter dismay on her face.

Gretchen shrugged, feigning innocence. “How was I supposed to know this was going to happen?”

Windred sat down at the kitchen table and put her hand to her forehead. “The thirty million warnings you’ve had in your lifetime should have been a red flag.”

Gretchen turned her attention back to the stove, added a dash of cinnamon to the pot, and stirred it gently. “Don’t tell mom, please.”

She couldn’t believe she was still scared of her mother’s judgment. She was twenty-seven, had her own apartment, and a good job as a second grade teacher. What could her mother possibly do as punishment?

“Don’t worry, Gretchen,” Windred said while toying with her shoulder length blonde hair.

Gretchen adored her sixteen-year-old sister. They both looked a lot alike with their matching shades of cornflower blue eyes and sun-kissed blonde hair, although Gretchen’s was down to the middle of her back and wavy, while Windred’s was short and straight. Her sister was so carefree, beautiful, and lucky. She could never understand what Gretchen was going through.

She added a spoonful of brown sugar and stirred the pot. The content was getting creamier and it smelled heavenly. What a shame that the next few ingredients she needed to add would destroy the taste. Her cell phone chimed and she turned to grab it off the counter top.

“Baby, I need your hot sexy body next to mine,” the text message read. Gretchen rolled her eyes while erasing it. In her peripheral vision, she could see Windred and the ‘I told you so’ expression on her face.

Seconds later, another text message arrived on her cell phone. Just like the last one, it contained a lustful message but

from a different man. She deleted this one, too, and sighed deeply as reality sank in.

She had always been unfortunate in love. The problem was her mother. When she was young, her mother fell in love with a wonderful man. He was a witch, just like her mother, and she felt like he was a perfect match for her. However, when she learned of her pregnancy and told him, he came clean about a little secret of his. He was married. Mom was devastated and ended the relationship instantly, choosing to be a single mother instead of a home wrecker. Unfortunately, dad told his barren wife that he was leaving her for his pregnant mistress. The wife, also a witch, wasn't happy about it, and she cast a spell that the child be born unlovable.

That child was Gretchen.

She was beautiful, or at least as pretty as any other woman with nice curves and ivory skin. She had a decent personality, but love always passed her by. Her male co-workers saw her as a sister figure instead of a woman to love. Her male friends saw her as a friend, and just a friend. Strangers on the streets and bars looked at her, winked lustfully, and then when her heart started racing with hope, they'd pass her to approach a prettier woman. She had no boyfriends in her life, and her only form of sexual release came in the form of one-night-stands. She did her research. The only way to break the Loveless spell would be for Gretchen to find her soul mate, the one person who was predesigned to be with her. The soul mate would be the only man to come back after a one night stand. But how could she find him if no one ever saw her as a woman to love?

Was she wrong for casting a love spell? Sure, they could be dangerous, but finding true love and breaking the spell was worth it, right? Besides, witches were always warned about how dangerous love spells really were, but no one ever took the time to explain exactly what would happen. How was she supposed to know *this* would happen?

She turned off her phone to avoid more calls and messages, and slipped it in her purse which was resting carelessly on the countertop. All of the sudden, she had become a sexual magnet with every man on the face of the earth wanting her.

Gretchen opened the cabinet that stored all spell books and potion ingredients and shuffled through it. Behind the lizard tongues and gator nails, she came upon an empty container with 'Wolf Fur' written on it.

“Great,” she said sarcastically, and shoved it aside. “No wolf fur.”

“We’re out of bat blood, too,” Windred said, and opened her math homework. “Mom needed a super speed potion this morning.”

Great! How was she going to break that stupid love spell if she couldn’t find half of the ingredients she needed?

Gretchen looked at the clock and realized it was nine at night already. The only magic supply shop in the whole state closed at six. The idea of waiting until morning came to mind, but she opted against it. With every man on earth being under that spell, she couldn’t wait until morning. She couldn’t let more women find their husbands and boyfriends pining over her. It wasn’t natural or right, and had she known that would happen, she would have never cast that spell. She could break into the magic supply shop, but spending the night in jail didn’t appeal to her either.

“There is another option,” Windred said, as if reading her mind. “You could just have sex with every man on earth. Only your soul mate will come back after the bodily exchange and then the Loveless spell will be broken.”

“Yeah, and in the mean time, I could become the world’s biggest slut. No thanks.” She sat down at the kitchen table across from Windred and tapped her glittery pink fingernails on the polished wood top. When the idea came to her, she rose instantly and poured the partial potion into a glass container and sealed it shut. Then she grabbed a spray bottle from the cabinet and slipped it into her jacket pocket.

Windred stared at her, clearly confused. “Where are you going?”

She donned her light spring jacket and fished her car keys out of her purse. “The forest. It’s the only place I can find a wolf and a bat.”

Chapter Two

Being in a forest after dark was dangerous for anyone, and the chill of fear trickled down her body. Although she was a witch, her powers had been greatly exaggerated by the media. In all reality, a witch couldn't snap their fingers to make stuff happen, and without potions and spell ceremonies, they were rather useless. In a state of panic, they could make some magic happen, but it was highly unreliable, like flickering lights or switching channels on the TV.

She turned the flashlight on and stepped deeper into the dark forest. It would have been smart had she taken off her stiletto boots, Gretchen realized with a frustrated sigh, as her heels started sinking into the muddy soil.

Crack!

The sudden sound made her spin around, and she tightened her grip on the kitchen knife that was her only weapon.

The sound turned out to be nothing and she breathed a sigh of relief. Continuing deeper into the woods, a profound panic licked at her, and she felt a bone chilling fear as if her skin was on fire but her insides were turning into ice.

Whooo ooh! Whoo ooh!

She jumped, dropping the flashlight and knife on the soft ground. Her hands flew to her speeding heart. She started feeling light-headed and stars danced before her eyes. Then, when the realization hit her, Gretchen laughed. It was just an owl. Feeling like a skittish idiot, she picked up what she dropped and continued walking. How was she to get her hands on a wolf and a bat if every noise she heard gave her a panic attack? She was acting crazy!

I'm strong.

I'm brave.

I'm fearless.

Okay, so none of that was true, but she needed the pep talk to continue on her journey.

When Gretchen was deep enough in the forest, she pulled the spray bottle out of her pocket. It was a potion with a scent designed to attract wolves. She sprayed the air with the hypnotic perfume and then waited. Gretchen turned in a circle, waiting for a wolf to appear, hoping only one would come. She feared what would happen if she came face-to-face with an entire pack.

It felt like hours in that dark, thick forest, but her flashlight finally stumbled across what she needed. She stopped, staring wide-eyed. About ten feet in front of her appeared a wolf.

It was beautiful, with a chest as white as pure snow, and his back glistened in light grey. Its icy blue eyes eyed her curiously. A growl pierced the night's silence as the wolf caught sight of the knife in her hand. Could it be that it sensed danger from the weapon?

Her first instinct was to run away but she couldn't do that. She was starting to hate herself for ever casting that love spell. The spell that turned all her male co-workers into stalkers. The spell that made married fathers pick up their children from her class and gaze at her lustfully, announcing that they will leave their wives for her. The worst part was a phone call she received one afternoon from a heartbroken wife, who informed Gretchen that her child will not be coming to school the next day because her husband was leaving her for some other woman. She couldn't do that to anyone. That spell was starting to ruin her life and everybody else's too.

After drinking the potion, it would take seven hours for the love spell to be reversed. She couldn't wait until morning to make that potion. Tomorrow was parent-teacher conference day and she couldn't watch all those fathers lust after her in front of the mothers. No. It couldn't wait. It was necessary for her to drink that potion tonight.

Determined, she put the handle end of the knife into her mouth, and carefully pulled out a piece of dried beef jerky from her jacket pocket.

The wolf extended his neck and his nostrils flared slightly at the meat in her hand. She dropped it at her feet as the wolf's gaze followed the meat. He inched closer, his beady eyes watching her cautiously. Then he pounced, and Gretchen almost jumped back in terror. *Almost*. But she stayed where she was, frozen, trying not to make a move. As the wolf devoured the meat, she grabbed a fistful of fur from his back.

His head snapped up and he growled, his body tense as if ready to attack. The white fangs glistened in the light from her flashlight, and she sensed the bright light angered him further. Instantly, she dropped the flashlight and jumped up. She grabbed a tree branch and swung her body upward to another branch, then climbed another and another until she reached the middle of the

tall tree where she felt safe. Ten years of gymnastics finally paid off.

It was perfect timing, too, Gretchen realized, as her panicked gaze traveled from wolf to wolf. Two more had followed the scent.

She took the knife out of her mouth and stabbed it into the tree trunk. Then Gretchen pulled out a small bag from her back pocket and put the fur into it. Next was the bat, but with the wolves circling the tree below, she didn't want to risk her life trying to find the cave.

For the first time in her life, the witch's sense of panic finally came in handy. She watched intently as the spray bottle slipped out of her pocket and flew through the air. All three wolves jumped and took off after the bottle, its alluring fragrance more potent than human blood.

She yanked the knife out of the tree and carefully climbed down. With the wolves following the scent away from her, at least she was safe from that danger. *For now, anyway.*

She walked in the general direction of a bat cave she knew of, hoping to find a single bat without being attacked by a colony.

Gretchen didn't know how long it took to get to the cave, but her heart started to race when she came upon it. Fear licked at her like an icicle inside her veins. She didn't want to enter the cave, desperately hoped she wouldn't have to.

She took a couple of steps closer and examined her surroundings. A few trees stood strong by the entrance of the cave and she saw about ten bats hanging upside down on one of the branches.

Instinct warned her she'd be attacked once she made her move. There was no way around it. Her only hope at that moment was to get her hands on one of those bats.

She walked as quietly as she could toward the sleeping beasts.

They must've heard her approach, for they unfolded their wings, ready to take flight. She gripped the tip of the blade between her thumb and forefinger, took aim, and threw the knife, piercing one bat's wing and pinning it to the trunk of the tree. The bat screeched, struggling against the knife.

Gretchen ran toward the bat as the colony began to fly out of the cave interior. She quickly pulled out an empty medicine bottle from her pocket and placed it under the bat's wing, catching its dripping blood. Tiny, sharp fangs pierced the skin on her neck

and hands, and she flung her free arm around frantically, trying to fight them off, but to no avail. They tangled in her hair, screeching and sucking blood out of her scalp.

She knew she couldn't stay here long or risk serious injury...maybe worse. She had to hurry.

Gretchen put as much of the blood into the bottle as she could and twisted the cap on. Then she pulled the knife out of the bat's wing.

The poor bat fell down on the soft soil and fluttered its uninjured wing, withering in pain as it screeched. She couldn't leave it the way it was. As much as she disliked bats, she couldn't kill one either, although its buddies were trying to kill *her*. There was only one thing she could do. Spit on it. Although a witch's spit had healing powers, she'd never tested it. Gretchen was an old-fashioned medicine and band-aid girl, and she didn't lick her wounds. However, considering the circumstances, she spit on the injured bat wing and rubbed it around with her fingers. Immediately, the wound began to close up. *Good enough*. She couldn't wait around any longer, and Gretchen took off running as fast as she could.

As she ran back through the forest, toward the car, Gretchen knew that someday, somehow, there will be consequences for what she did to the wolf and the bat.

Chapter Three

Back in the safety of her apartment, Gretchen showered, made her potion and drank the disgusting beverage. Then she poured herself a nice glass of chardonnay and shortly after, she was ready for bed. The journey into the forest had taken its toll on her. Preferring to sleep nude, she crawled into her sanctuary and snuggled under the sheets.

She had the strangest dreams, erotic fantasies that were beyond her reality. Kinky sex with handcuffs and blindfolds.

Gretchen held the whip in her hands, while her body was covered in imitation leather...

A hand touched her. It snaked up her waistline from behind to curl up her front. Soft fingertips traveled down her navel, right down to her mound, playing with her pubic hair before slipping into her wet folds. Then the erotic heat of a large cock pressed against the back of her thighs, just below her buttocks.

Another hand slid over her shoulder, and traveled down her breast, cupping it provocatively. She didn't have large breasts and that one hand held her boob like a perfectly fitted bra cup. Then, that hand traveled down her ribcage, her side, to her butt, where it pinched and kneaded playfully.

Everything became dark and her dreams became more senses rather than images. She felt hot breath on the back of her neck, like a lover nestled softly behind her, and then on her breast, like a teasing whisper. She'd never had any physically enticing dreams before.

Her eyes shot open the instant her brain processed what was going on. She wasn't dreaming of those touches. They were happening while she slept!

It was dark in the room, the only light came from her small bedroom window which was behind her. The light of it illuminated a mysterious man sleeping beside her. His head was lower than the pillow. Actually, it was level with her breasts and when he breathed, his breath tingled her nipples. The sensitive buds rose to attention, extending to the mystery man's lips, even as ice cold panic engulfed her body. She stared at the rest of him, and he was naked too. *Completely naked!*

He was tall, his legs dangling carelessly off the foot of her bed.

A soft, warm breeze on the back of her neck made Gretchen look behind her. She noticed an arm draped over her

body, and a hand with long fingers curled into the blonde hairs between her legs. Warning bells rang in her ears and she turned her head slowly, afraid of what she was going to see. Behind her lay a man, a tall man with a body ripped with muscle. And yes, just like the other man, he was naked too. She jerked on the bed and screamed, her actions wrought out of instinct. Getting to the phone to call the police was her next thought.

Gretchen grabbed the bed sheet and draped it over her body, doing her damndest not to flash her two naked intruders.

They both sat up in unison, almost like they had rehearsed what was happening. The licks of panic tingled through her and all the lights in the apartment started flickering until only the bedside lamps were on and all the others were off again. The burgundy curtains by the window snapped shut and fluttered for a second, although the window was closed.

“Who...” she said in a shaky, squeaky voice. “Who are you?”

In the lamplight, she studied both men more closely. The one behind her was taller, with jet black hair and almost amber eyes, hinted with green. They were mesmerizing and seductive. She tore her gaze away before she completely lost herself in their depths. He had a triangular face, like that of a prince rather than a modern man. His firm red lips looked like they were made for kissing. There was a cut across his entire right arm where blood had dried into a crimson and brown line. It didn’t appear like he was in pain over the cut, although the sight of it made her wince. Before common sense and logic could take control of her, she asked the first question that came to mind. “What happened to you?”

He looked at her as though she was dumb. “You.”
“Me?”

He rolled his eyes. “Yes, you. You did this when you pinned me against that tree with that stupid knife.” The stranger opened his mouth and flashed a pair of fangs.

Great. She had managed to annoy a vampire. “Drinking a witch’s blood can kill a vampire,” she added in self-defense, although the words sounded weak even to her own ears.

“Sure.” He shrugged and his lean muscles rippled. “But having sex with one can make a vampire immortal.”

“What about the bats that drank some of my blood? Did they...” Worry engulfed her. She didn’t want to kill anyone, not even a slimy bat. “Did they die?”

The vampire laughed. "Luckily those were just bats. My vampire friends were out hunting." Just like that, he ripped the sheet from her body without even touching it. Gretchen gasped, and tried to cover herself with her hands, but it was futile. His soft, yet masculine chuckle made her wet between her legs.

She turned to the other man and gazed into his intense blue eyes. She'd seen those eyes somewhere before. He was tall, but not as tall as the vampire. His face was more chiseled and square, and just as sexy. He had more muscles, and from the look of it, his package was bigger too. He scratched his chestnut colored head. "Don't bother covering yourself. I've seen you naked already."

"Who are you?"

Instead of answering he turned around, revealing his back. He had an ass that any woman would want to sink her nails into, even bite and nibble on, but she doubted that was what he wanted to show her. She forced herself to look up. A bruise spread over half of his back. Speckles of dried blood over scraped skin looked painful as hell.

"Did I do that?"

He looked over his muscular shoulder. "Yes, when you ripped my fur out."

"Sorry." What were the chances to wake up and find a vampire and a werewolf in her bed? Knowing both were mystical creatures, her plan to call the police would be pointless now.

"Why did you do this to both of us?" the werewolf asked.

"Yeah. What was so important that you couldn't use store bought material?" the vampire added.

Feeling a lot less frightened now, knowing both men were of a similar existence as she, Gretchen pushed off the bed and took a seat on her dresser. The fact that she was naked made no difference now. "A love spell."

Both men exchanged knowing glances and looked at her sadly, like they both understood where she was coming from. "It's hard to find love when you're a creature and your own kind is hunted," said the werewolf. He stood and walked over to her, offering his hand. "My name is Kane, by the way."

"Vlado," said the vampire.

"Gretchen," she added with a shy smile. "Many years ago I was cursed to be loveless my entire life. I just wanted to change that."

Kane nodded and crossed his arms over his chest. "I still don't understand why you had to go hunting for material when you could have bought it."

Gretchen averted her gaze. "You see, I cast the love spell yesterday, but I didn't know it was going to make every man on earth fall in love with me. I don't want that." She sighed, feeling alone and unloved. "I just want one person to love me, to want to be with me. I needed you guys to reverse the spell." She covered her face in her hands. "All I want is to find that special someone to spend my life with. Or even a temporary someone who would last longer than one lousy night."

Memories resurfaced of the few guys she'd actually slept with. All nights were short-lived with the man leaving in less than thirty minutes. All she wanted was someone to love her, hold her, and give her mind-blowing sex. Just the thought of that made her nipples harden and her pussy ache with need that had yet to be fulfilled. She wanted real hot, kinky sex—not the missionary position. She wanted everything there was to have in the world of ecstasy. How ridiculous to be under a love spell, with two naked men in her room, and still unable to get one of them inside her.

"How much do you know about vampires and werewolves?" Kane asked, a smile curving his luscious lips.

"Not much. I know they exist."

"There is something you need to know," Vlado added. "We can read minds."

Before Gretchen could answer, her body lifted from the dresser and she was tossed onto the bed sheets with a thump and a bounce. Her cry of surprise resounded through the room.

They can read thoughts? Oh, god. Her mind raced with questions, but before she could even process any of it, she had two handsome men standing at the foot of the bed, both gazing at her like they wanted to fuck her brains out. Her body came alive with fiery need.

Gretchen's hands lifted over her head, and although nothing was pinning them down, it felt like they were tied up with a silk scarf. Vlado stared at her, his green-amber eyes probing into her wandering mind.

Vlado's tongue between her thighs. She could see it, although she couldn't feel it. No man had ever licked her down there.

Kane's tongue lapping across her hard nipple.

Vlado's big cock in her mouth.

Kane's fingers buried deep inside her pussy.

Vlado's finger teasing the entrance to her anus.

"Stop," she said on a moan, begging Vlado to stop manipulating her mind with those sensual images. She just wanted to feel the real thing, not be teased with it. Her pussy was so wet she could feel her moisture on her thighs.

Kane laughed. "What makes you think it was him manipulating your mind?" With that, he looked down at her pussy and she blushed. And then he touched her there. It was a butterfly touch, a light caress of her pussy lips, but when he pulled his fingers away, they were glistening wet with her moisture. She watched as one by one he licked his fingers clean. Something in Kane's eyes flashed wildly and he buried his face between her thighs. His tongue lapped across her pussy and a rush of unfamiliar sensations spiked through her body. She moaned, and Kane lapped his tongue over her again and again. With that long tongue, he parted her opening and slipped it inside. In and out, with sure, meaningful strokes. She cried out, grabbed a handful of the sheets and squeezed. She felt the orgasm mounting, her pleasure heightening as his tongue licked her with dangerous purpose.

He pulled away for a second and looked at her while licking his lips. "You taste so good."

She didn't know how to respond to that, and luckily didn't have to as he bent down and continued licking her. Gretchen felt the pleasure rising, her body started to tense, and her nerve endings tingled as his tongue made circling motions on her sensitive clit.

She was almost there. Almost at the edge. At the point of no return...when he pulled away.

Gretchen moaned, wanting more. She tried to reach out and touch him. Tried to pull him back toward her, but he stepped away. "You didn't think it would be that easy, did you?"

Kane sat down on the dresser and Vlado came toward her instead. He took one nipple into his mouth, sucking it deeply. She moaned as he lightly nibbled on it and the sensation sent tingles spiking through her core. Gretchen moaned, begging for more, begging for one of them to invade her pussy. Vlado's hand lingered over her opening, and she tried to buck her hips to meet him, but every time she did he moved his hand away. She was starting to see stars in her eyes.

She felt a mouth on her other nipple, and realized that Kane joined in on the fun. He bit into it and pulled lightly, then let go and lapped at it with his tongue. He sucked it into his mouth like a starving man feasting on his last meal.

Vlado let her nipple pop out of his mouth and moved down, where he flicked his tongue over her pussy, lapping up the juices of her arousal. "You do taste good," he said, and rubbed some on his index finger. He brought that finger to her lips.

Gretchen opened her mouth and tasted what he had to offer; the taste of her own pleasure. She would have never dared taste herself but now knew the intoxicating aroma and taste of her desire, and it aroused her further.

Vlado kissed her, his tongue mingling with hers playfully. Once she felt like she could move her arms again, Gretchen snaked them around his neck, holding him close. She stroked his tongue with her own, tasting and exploring his fangs. She moaned into his mouth as Kane worked magic on her pussy with his fiery tongue.

She groaned when Kane pulled away, missing the sweet sensation of having him between her thighs, but when she reached out to pull him back, Vlado pinned her down and devoured her mouth with hot kisses. She grabbed Vlado's erection, weighing his long, thick dick in her hand. Gretchen imagined his cock inside her, in her pussy, her ass. She suddenly wanted to do things she'd never dreamt possible. She wanted to taste him, suck him, and fuck him until she screamed.

As Vlado kissed her with demand, Kane grasped her thighs and wrapped them around his waist as he settled between her legs. She cried out as his cock penetrated her, stretching, filling, branding her with his animal lust. Unable to stop her cries of ecstasy, she pulled away from Vlado's lips and threw her head back with a deep, languid groan as Kane pounded into her.

She milked him, and took everything he had. Kane's manly grunts resounded through the room as he plunged deep, and pulled out almost to the tip, only to plunge in again. The friction was bordering on painful, yet the shivers that ran up her body heightened her pleasure. She couldn't believe she had one cock inside her and another in her hand.

Gretchen tightened her grip on Vlado's dick and gave him a silent plea with her eyes. He nodded, and came closer, slipping his dick across her parted lips and into her mouth. She tasted his manly essence, the pure flavor of masculinity. When her tongue

licked over the bead of moisture at the tip, she could feel his muscles harden and his body shudder. It made her smile to know that she could weaken such a strong vampire. He grunted as she ran her tongue up and down his shaft, still stroking the base of his thickness.

The unexpected invasion of a finger probing her anus, made her cry out. Then just as suddenly, both men pulled away. Vlado lifted her on top of him as he lay back on the bed, guiding his cock to the core of her body. She sunk down with a languid moan, cinching her pussy around his hard length. She had never been on top, and the feeling was incredible. He took her deeply, and Gretchen ground her hips up and down against his body, his cock sending ripples of sensation sluicing through her. Kane finger-fucked her ass and she desperately wanted his cock there instead. She had never done that either, and now, presented with the opportunity, she wanted to try it before the chance passed her by.

She loved having two mind readers fuck her, as she felt Kane slip his cock between her ass cheeks, and then he was there...filling her in that forbidden place. Pain followed by unbearable pleasure made her quiver and whimper, barely able to hold herself up from the wicked intrusion.

Vlado and Kane held her in place, their movements fast and synchronized. Stars sparkled in her eyes as all her nerve endings exploded into a mind-numbing orgasm. Shortly after, both men came too, their bodies jerking behind and below her, as they filled her with their hot cum.

Gretchen had never endured an orgasm so life shattering and fulfilling. Her entire body felt weightless as they pulled away from her, and she collapsed onto the bed, too exhausted and fulfilled to even lift her head.

As she closed her eyes, only one thought remained before she drifted off to sleep. Will she ever see either one of her mysterious lovers again?

Chapter Four

When Gretchen got to work the next morning, her male co-workers ignored her, and the student's fathers saw her as nothing more than a boring teacher. All was back to normal, except that she couldn't get Vlado and Kane out of her mind. They'd ruined her for other men, and as sexless as her life had been before they came around, she knew it would be even worse now, for she knew what was out there...what she could enjoy. After what they'd shared last night, she'd never be able to enjoy anything but the best, and somehow she knew no man would be good enough. Vlado and Kane's enormous cocks being part of her sexual resume may have made things worse.

The day went well, as well as any school day could go, and it wasn't until she got home to her empty apartment that reality hit her full force. Both men were gone, just like when she had woken in the morning to find herself all alone. She still hadn't been able to find her soul mate; the one man who would stay after sex. The one man who would come back to her over and over until life and death tore them apart.

She graded some papers, and then soaked in the tub with a romance novel and classical music. Gretchen drank an ice cold glass of chardonnay, and prepared herself for bed. She stared at her naked form in the mirror. She should have been lusted after, but was still loveless. Men didn't seem to notice her, and it really stung.

Tears slipped over her cheeks. She turned away from the mirror, grabbed her bed sheet, draped it around her body and went to the kitchen. After pouring herself another glass of chardonnay, she headed out to the balcony off the living room. The cloudless spring sky, with a full moon, haunted her with its eternal beauty. Silently, she pleaded for the moon to guide her soul mate to her.

Somewhere below, in the distance, she heard a dog howl and thought of the Golden Retriever a few doors down; the one Gretchen had always brought treats to on her early morning walk. She looked down, thinking she would see him, but instead, looking back at her was a wolf. A wolf with white and light grey fur and familiar, piercing blue eyes.

Her heart raced, and in her surprise, she dropped the sheet.

The wolf picked up something from the ground with his teeth, but she was too high up to see what it was. Then, with lightning reflexes, he jumped up and flew through the air, and

what landed on the balcony wasn't a wolf...it was Kane. He was naked, in all his masculine beauty, and in his mouth he held a single white rose. Kane took it from his mouth and handed it to her. Gretchen inhaled its delicate aroma. Her heart pounded with excitement, and longing, as she gazed over his nakedness. Hot moisture pooled between her thighs at the sensual gleam in his sexy eyes.

"Your scent," he said, and inhaled deeply. "Your taste..." he pulled her to him roughly, and kissed her with passionate demand, "pulled me back. I need to taste you and feel you, Gretchen. I need to please you, while you please me."

Her heart fluttered with happiness at his kiss, his touch.

"Where's Vlado?" she asked, remembering the sexy vampire.

Kane shrugged. "Vampires don't really care for commitment. He may come back for more sex, but that would be about it with him." He picked her up and carried her through the living room and into the bedroom. "I could offer you so much more..."

In his arms, she knew she had found the man who had broken the Loveless curse. The man whom she was meant to live her life with. The one who would bring eternal happiness and fulfillment into her life. Her heart rejoiced knowing that she could now love and be loved in return. It was Kane, the man after her heart, the wolf who would always protect her. Kane was the soul mate she had been searching for.

As he laid her gently on the bed and covered her body with his own, Gretchen kissed him with all the passion and happiness swirling within her. He was everything she wanted...and more.

The End



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