



Three  
*Signatures*  
for the Lady

Suzanne Graham

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This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and occurrences are a product of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, places or occurrences, is purely coincidental.

*This story is dedicated to the hot math stud in my life.*

*I love you, Will.*

*Thanks to E. for the falling towel.*

## *Chapter One*

*Damn, my toes are killing me in these heels*, Anna thought as she climbed the concrete steps to the last house on the block, near the campus of the University of Florida. After this one, she was calling it a day. Then she was going home, stripping out of this stifling suit, and pouring herself a large glass of cold Chardonnay and probably a second one after that.

Having been raised with the cooler summer temperatures of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, Anna struggled with the heat and humidity of summers in Florida, but she couldn't imagine going back and living through another northern winter.

After pressing the doorbell, she waited with her best professional smile on her lips and the clipboard—still needing another hundred signatures to reach this week's goal—held loosely against her side. She'd have to get up early tomorrow and try to catch people in the more suburban parts of town before they left their houses for their Saturday morning errands. With any luck, she'd be able to finish then.

When no one answered her first ring, she pressed the doorbell again. From the sound of the laugh track blaring from a television inside, it was obvious someone was home, and she was not leaving without one more signature.

Taking a deep breath, she held the doorbell in for the count of five. She had to be persistent without being off-putting. Hopefully, five seconds was the optimal length.

"Jeez, can't one of you bums get off your butt to answer the door for the pizza? You're sitting right here while I was in the frickin' shower," a loud male voice yelled from behind the door seconds before it was thrown open.

Anna choked on an inhalation at the nearly naked, blond god in front of her. A white towel hung low across his hips, interrupting a trail of dark hair from his navel to his nether

regions. His abs contracted under her gaze, revealing a toned six-pack. She dragged her gaze up past his pecs and sculpted shoulders to his grinning mouth and moss green eyes.

“Hey, I didn’t realize Stumpy’s was trying to improve its image by making its delivery people dress up in suits,” he said. Then he winked at her.

He *winked at her*. She had to be at least ten years older than him, and he winked at her, as he stood there covered only in a towel, which threatened to slip from his body at any moment. Already, the front had dipped lower, exposing more of that dark, curly, private hair.

Her cheeks heated when she realized she was staring at his crotch. She forced her eyes to meet his. “I-I’m not with Stumpy’s.”

“Yeah, I kind of figured when I didn’t see a box of pizza in your hands. What can I do for you?”

*Probably more than I’ve ever even fantasized.*

She cleared her throat and launched into her spiel. “I work with Representative Forsyth, and we’re concerned with the condition of the state’s natural resources. A referendum on next year’s ballot will give voters the opportunity to voice their support for the protection of Florida’s land and wildlife.” She held her pen and the clipboard out to him. “Your signature will help put his referendum on the ballot.”

This was when most people took the clipboard and pen from her, filled in the information, and signed their name, but he didn’t make a move for either the pen or the clipboard. She waited for him to ask a question or give a comment. She knew not to break the silence with nervous chatter. The one who remained quiet at this point would be the victor, and she was definitely not leaving until she got his signature.

“Hey, Frank,” a man shouted from inside the house. “Is that the pizza? What’s taking you so long? We’re hungry.”

“It’s not the pizza,” the young man in front of her yelled back. “But it’s definitely something tasty-looking,” he said in a quieter voice, his eyes travelling up and down her body.

Anna’s jaw dropped. She’d remained quiet, but she was definitely not the victor here. This man had complete control of the situation even though he stood there wearing only a towel. His self-assurance further illustrated his youthfulness. Men Anna’s age, who’d experienced a few of life’s hard knocks, no longer possessed this level of cockiness.

But come on, he was laying it on too thick. She had to outweigh the average college co-ed by forty pounds. That, plus her age, couldn't possibly make her attractive to him. A guy with his looks probably only dated young, model-thin beauties.

"Who is it?" A shorter, dark-haired man joined Frank at the door. In his washed-out concert T-shirt and board shorts, he looked like a typical student from the university. But his eyes were definitely not typical. They were such a light shade of blue they looked translucent.

As she studied him, his gaze drifted across her like a caress, and her nipples pebbled against her bra.

Damn, it must be time for her to get new batteries for her vibrator if a mere glance from these guys was making her wet.

She turned her attention back to Frank as he spoke.

"She works for Representative Forsyth, but she hasn't told me her name yet," he said as he maintained eye contact with her.

She put the pen and clipboard in her left hand and held out her right one. "I'm Anna Paulson. Representative Forsyth and I would appreciate your signature on this petition."

The young man's warm hand engulfed hers. "Frank Burke. This is Steve Wolfe." He nodded to the man next to him. When he finished the introductions, he held her hand a moment longer before letting go. "We'd be happy to sign your petition. In fact, you can get three signatures for your efforts. Jeff, here, will sign too."

"What am I signing?" A tall, muscular, African-American man pulled the door open wider to stand next to Frank. He was dressed in tan slacks and a light blue polo shirt. "Shit, it's hot out there. Why haven't you invited this poor woman inside, instead of making her stand out here in the sun? I'm sorry, ma'am. My roommates have the manners of barnyard animals."

*Ugh, he ma'am-ed me*, which was kind of ironic because of the three of them, he seemed to be the closest one to her own age.

"Come on in and we'll get you something cold to drink while you explain whatever you need us to sign," the large man named Jeff said.

"Oh, no, thank you. This won't take but a minute if you'll just fill in your information on the petition and sign your names to put the Wildlife Preservation Referendum on next year's ballot." She held the clipboard and pen up to him.

He lifted one hand, biceps bulging under his polo shirt, and rubbed his short-cropped black hair. "Now, there might be a problem."

"You have a problem with protecting the diminishing natural resources of our state?" *Ouch, that came out sounding a little bitchy*, but she was hot and tired, and she just wanted them to sign the damn paper so she could go home and strip out of this frigging suit and take off these torturous heels.

A trail of sweat slid down her right temple. God, the sun was brutal overhead even at five in the evening, and the cool air blowing out of the open doorway of the house felt good whenever she got a touch of it on her face.

"Jeff doesn't have a problem with protecting the environment as long as he's not planning a development on it," Frank said, drawing her concentration back to him and his slipping towel.

As Anna watched, time seemed to freeze, except for the downward fall of the white cloth from Frank's waist. Past his pale hips to the tops of his tanned thighs, it slid until it dropped to his feet.

"Oh, my," she breathed out at the sight of his impressive, semi-hard cock surrounded by a nest of dark hair.

Her exhalation elicited a twitch and further swelling of his penis.

It took a gruff male laugh from Jeff to snap her back to her senses. She took a quick step forward and held her clipboard up in front of Frank's waist with her eyes fixed firmly on his face.

Her cheeks burned from more than the heat of the sun. "I-I'm sorry. Would you like to get dressed while I explain my petition to your roommates?"

His face split into a grin. "Yeah, but you'll have to come in and accept a cold beverage while you wait."

She nodded while struggling to keep her eyes on his face. She'd never been very good at resisting a piece of candy when it was so close at hand...and he was definitely a fine piece of eye candy.

Groaning inwardly, she berated herself for being as much of a lecher as the old men who preyed on young women.



*Snap out of it, Anna. Keep your mind on business. Then you can go home and rock your world alone with your vibrator while imagining all sorts of yummy fantasies starring Frank and his little, white towel.*

*Yeah, and wasn't that pathetic.*

"Get your pants on, Frank. We'll take care of Miss Anna," Steve said, shoving his roommate with his elbow.

Frank reached down to grab the towel and slowly brought it back up around his waist, all the while grinning at Anna with a mischievous spark in his eyes.

*This boy is wicked...and wouldn't it be fun to be naughty with him.*

"I'll be back in a minute." Frank winked at her *again* before leaving her standing at the front door with his two roommates.

"Please come inside out of the sun and let us get you a cold drink," Jeff said, stepping backwards deeper into the house.

Anna hesitated a moment as she looked from Jeff to Steve. They didn't seem to be giving off any bad vibes, so she took a deep breath and crossed the threshold.

Her eyes took a while to adjust to the darker interior of the house after the blinding sun, but the cool air blowing from a nearby air conditioning vent felt blissful. Reaching behind her head with her right hand, she lifted her shoulder-length hair off her neck for a brief respite.

"I don't want to take too much of your time," she said, dropping her hand and trying to resume her professional persona. "If you'll just sign this petition, I'll let you get back to your Friday night activities."

*Ding. Dong.* The doorbell behind her rang, and she started.

"Please let that be the pizza. I'm starving," Steve said, giving her a quick smile as he eased past her to answer the door.

She stepped further into the foyer to move out of his way.

"Come into the kitchen, Miss Anna," Jeff said. "I'll get you something to drink."

"Oh, no, really. I'm fine," she said, following him to the back of the house into a surprisingly modern kitchen in the old townhouse.

With his head stuck in the stainless steel fridge, he said, "We've got Corona for the lightweights, Guinness if you're a little more serious about your brew, and then of course, we have Chardonnay for the woosie drinkers."

“Hey, man. I heard that,” Steve said, setting two large pizza boxes on the table in the adjoining dining area.

Anna’s mouth watered at the thought of drinking a cold glass of wine, surrounded by three fine-looking men. And she hadn’t even had to go to a bar for any of it.

Jeff looked at her over his shoulder. “I’m betting on the wine.”

She licked her bottom lip and nodded. “Yes, that would be great.”

Jeff’s eyes seemed to focus on her lips. She licked them again. And sure enough, his eyes narrowed, and she caught a peek of his tongue sliding along his own full lips.

*Oh, my God. How could I have found two guys in the same house who look like they are interested?* She’d been having such a bad string of luck lately. She hadn’t met any guys in the past six months who were anywhere near this sexy or shown even half as much awareness of her.

“Pour one for me, too,” Steve said from the other side of the kitchen where he was pulling paper plates out of a drawer.

Jeff retrieved two wine glasses from the rack under the cabinet next to the fridge. “Woosie drinker,” he said under his breath.

Steve walked behind Jeff and swatted his butt. “I heard that, Mr. Tall, Dark, and Handsome.”

Jeff turned a smirking grin toward Steve. “Are you going to take it out on my hide later?”

“You know it, babe. And I also know you said it just to push my buttons. I’ll decide later whether that requires an extra bit of discipline.”

Jeff sent Steve a smoldering look before returning his attention to the wine bottle and the two glasses.

Okay, so she was definitely wrong about Jeff’s look of interest in her. He was obviously involved with Steve. But that still left Frank—the young man with the many winks and one wicked grin.

\* \* \* \*

In his bedroom, Frank jammed his legs into a pair of khaki shorts and hesitated for a moment before sticking his head and arms through his favorite T-shirt. He’d certainly enjoyed Anna’s visual touch on his body, but he didn’t want to appear too conceited by parading around the house without a shirt on.

Maybe he’d arrange a spill that would require him to take it off.

*Dude, that's weak.* He shook his head, but he couldn't remember being affected so strongly the first time he met a woman.

Woman. Yeah, she was all woman, not like the young chicks in the math labs he taught on campus.

Between researching his dissertation and teaching at the university, he didn't get out among real women much. Having one show up on his doorstep was too good an opportunity to let pass.

When his towel had slipped, he'd thought his chances were over, but she hadn't run off shrieking. In fact, he'd caught her checking out his package quite thoroughly, and damn, that had been one hell of a turn on—having a buttoned-up, professional woman ogling him in the flesh.

Her blue eyes had flashed with apparent appreciation, and her skin had flushed a deep shade of pink. Where her suit jacket hung open in the front, the thin material of her blouse had clung to her large breasts, and he'd gotten a glimpse of her nipples tightly budded under her bra.

Yeah, she'd definitely responded positively to his unconventional greeting.

She was thick around the middle, but she looked solid and strong, not fat. Actually, she looked like she was built for pleasure and wouldn't require an overly gentle touch. Not that he liked it rough necessarily, but he did like the thought of not having to worry about breaking her in two with his deep thrusts.

His cock twitched against the zipper of his shorts. *Down boy, we've got some bases to get to before we'll be thrusting anywhere.*

On his way out of the bedroom, he checked his reflection in the mirror above the dresser and used his palms to flatten the hair at the sides of his head. He paused a second longer to splash some cologne on his neck and jaw.

Meeting his own eyes in the mirror, he chastised himself. *Trying too hard, dude. Relax.* He practiced a lazy grin.

*Nope, still trying too hard. Just go talk to her, you idiot.*

He drew in a deep breath and forced himself to stroll calmly toward the kitchen where he could hear Anna's voice dancing lightly over the deeper tones of his roommates'.

As he turned the corner to the dining area, Anna paused with a slice of pizza halfway to her lips. She set it on the paper plate on the table in front of her, and her cheeks lightly blushed.

She'd taken off her suit jacket and the neck of her blouse was open enough that he could see her throat and upper chest also flushed.

"Your roommates invited me to a slice of your pizza since you and I seem to share a similar distaste for the anchovies on their pie."

Having a hard time lifting his eyes back up to her face, he sat in the chair across the width of the table from her. He took a swig from the bottle of Guinness one of his roommates had placed there for him, but before he could work up a response, she continued.

"I hope you don't mind sharing. I didn't have lunch, and I just needed one piece to give me the strength to go back out into the sauna."

He watched her tongue slide across her top lip and thought, *Hell, you can put those lips around anything of mine.* But what he actually said was, "No problem. I can't eat a whole one by myself anymore, not like I used to. Symptom of getting old, I suppose."

She laughed. "Right, because what...twenty-two is ancient these days?"

Jeff snorted from his end of the table, and Steve choked on a swallow of wine at the opposite end.

If she was fishing for his age, he was more than willing to jump on her hook. "No, it's not, but at twenty-seven years old, thirty seems to be just around the corner."

Her eyes widened as she searched his face. Looking for the beginnings of crow's feet, maybe?

"Hitting thirty was nothing," Jeff said. "But you'll definitely have to increase your time at the gym if you want to keep those abs cut, Frankie."

"Is that the excuse you want me to believe about all the time you spend at the gym?" Steve asked.

Jeff lifted his arms and flexed his biceps. "Arms like these aren't created by sitting at a drafting table."

Steve rolled his eyes and tossed a wadded up napkin down the length of the table at Jeff. "Show off."

"Drafting table?" Anna asked Jeff. "You mentioned you planned developments."

"He's an architect," Frank answered before Jeff or Steve could steal her attention again. "And Steve's a rising star on stage."

As she looked across the table at him, her gaze drifted down to his T-shirt, which showed a nonsensical formula, but to a non-math person, the symbols looked like they spelled “sex=fun”.

“I’ve never seen the integral of Euler’s constant used in a formula quite that way before,” she said, meeting his eyes after staring at his chest for a minute.

“You speak math?” he asked, breaking into a smile.

“A little.” She met his smile with one of her own, and he noticed a small dimple in her right cheek.

*God, she is the perfect mix of cute and sophisticated.*

Steve groaned. “No math talk while we’re eating pizza. It gives me indigestion.”

She glanced at Steve but spoke directly to Frank. “I got as far as fourth semester Calculus before I decided my real passion was Poli Sci. How far did you go?”

“He’s in it to the bitter end,” Jeff said. “He’s getting the capital P, lowercase h, capital D after his name.”

Frank ignored him. “Did you get your job with Representative Forsyth right after graduation?” he asked Anna.

“No, I started by volunteering for Representative Adam’s first election campaign as an undergraduate. Then I was hired as staff while I finished my masters. But after his term limit was up and he was elected to the U.S. Congress, I was hired by Representative Forsyth three years ago.”

“Why didn’t you follow Adams to DC?”

“Because I prefer working at the state level...for now.”

He added the years in his head, using that big math brain of his, and figured she’d been working for at least eleven years, which would put her in her early thirties. Not too far out of reach for him.

“Sounds like you’ve got a lot of experience, so why are you knocking on doors asking for signatures?” he asked.

“I believe it’s important to stay in touch with the constituents on a personal level,” she said with a practiced tone.

He grinned. “You’re building face recognition. You’re planning to run for office, aren’t you?”

She glanced from Jeff to Steve then back to him, and nodded. “Eventually, but I haven’t put a date on it in my mind yet.”

Jeff leaned toward Anna with the wine bottle and refilled her empty glass.

“Oh, you shouldn’t have done that,” she protested. “I really should leave and let you get on with your evening.”

“You’re looking at the extent of our plans for the night,” Steve said. “In fact, having you join us for dinner has already made this Friday better than most.”

“Did you have plans for the evening?” Jeff asked. “Is someone waiting for you at home?”

*Thank you, Jeff.* But then Frank wondered if he was giving off “desperate” signals that Jeff had picked up on and was helping him out accordingly. He glanced at his roommate, but he seemed entranced with Anna, and he wasn’t paying any attention to Frank.

*Huh. Jeff hasn’t shown any interest in women since he and Steve started hooking up together about three months ago. Figures they’d both be drooling over the same woman now.*

“Uh, no and no,” Anna said. “No plans other than getting out of the rest of this stuffy suit and drinking a few glasses of Chardonnay, which you’ve already provided. Thank you very much.” She took a healthy sip from the refilled glass.

“We could help you with the first part of your plans as well,” Steve said.

Frank looked at him. *Shit, is Steve interested in her, too?* They’d never competed for the same woman before. Why did they have to start now with Anna?

*I guess they see something special in her, too.*

Anna giggled then covered her mouth with a hand. “Oh, Lord. I think I drank too much before I ate that slice of pizza.” She pushed back her chair and stood. “I really ought to be going home. Thank you for sharing your dinner and your wine.”

“If you drank too much, you shouldn’t be driving,” Frank said, standing quickly and trying to think of something to say to get her to stay longer.

“I plan to take the bus. I left my car at home today because I knew I was going to be walking the streets.” She laughed. “Boy, that sounded bad, didn’t it?” She grabbed her suit jacket from the back of the chair and moved around the table, heading for the front door.

“What about your petition?” Steve asked, picking up her clipboard from the counter in the kitchen.

“How could I have forgotten that?” She spun around and let out a yelp.

Frank rushed to her side and caught her elbow as she wobbled on her heels. “Are you okay?”

“Yes, thanks. I just twisted my foot the wrong way. I’m fine,” she said and took a step toward Steve who held her clipboard out to her.

But it was obvious she wasn’t fine when her left ankle buckled under her, and Frank caught her around the waist before she tumbled to the floor. He eased her down gently, settling on the floor next to her.

“Thanks for the save,” she said, her cheeks flushing anew as she drew her knees together and tugged down the hem of her skirt.

“Let me take a look,” he said, removing her shoe and smoothing his hand over her bare ankle. Her skin was cool and soft under his palm. He resisted the urge to skim his hand further up her leg. “Does this pressure hurt?”

When she didn’t answer, he looked up and found her gaze fixed on him.

“Uh...no,” she stammered. “That doesn’t hurt at all.”

“That’s good, but it’s starting to swell. We need to get some ice on it,” he said.

“Let’s get you off the hard floor and onto the couch.” Jeff hunkered down to grab Anna under the knees and behind the back. He stood in one smooth motion. For a big guy, he was graceful.

“Oh, you didn’t need to carry me,” Anna objected. “I’m sure I can walk.”

“Just relax, Anna,” Steve said. “Jeff is always looking for a reason to show off his muscles.”

“Hey, you can’t argue that they don’t come in handy when there’s a damsel in distress,” Jeff responded as he set Anna on the couch.

“Thanks, Jeff,” Anna said and rested her hand on his forearm before he moved away.

## *Chapter Two*

“You know, this is really embarrassing,” Anna said to the three men standing over her where she sat on their couch. “I’m sure I just tweaked my ankle, and I’ll be fine taking the bus home.” She moved to slide her legs to the floor.

Frank stopped her with his large, warm hands on her calves—the same warm hands that had felt so good stroking her ankle.

“You’re not leaving,” he said.

The words should have sent up distress signals in her brain the way he said them with so much command in his voice, but the concern and interest apparent in his eyes made his words sound like an invitation to something yummy.

Maybe she *should* take them, or rather him, up on the offer to help her get out of the rest of her clothes. She’d really love to get out of her binding skirt and into a soft cotton T-shirt and shorts. But fantasies were one thing, and she’d always been a very practical woman. It was definitely time to leave.

“Here’s some ice for that ankle.” Steve elbowed his way around Frank and set an ice pack on her foot after elevating it with a throw pillow.

“Really, guys. I’m okay. You don’t need to fuss over me like this. I’ll put some ice on it when I get home.” She made a move to rise off the couch.

Jeff’s huge hands on her shoulders kept her sitting. He knelt on the floor in front her. “Would you do us the honor of being our guest this evening?”

She stared into his dark eyes. They were so black, the pupils were nearly indistinguishable from the irises. His face appeared deeply serious until she caught sight of the right corner of his lips tugging up into a half smile.



“We’ll take you home, of course, if you prefer,” he said, “but we’d really like you to hang out with us for a while. Will you stay a little longer?”

She broke eye contact with him and looked up at Frank and Steve, who stood hovering over the couch. What could they possibly see in her that had them all waiting so expectantly for her response? And did she really want to analyze it, or would she rather go along for the ride and see where she landed? Maybe it was time to toss the practical side of her out of the plane...for one evening.

She met Jeff’s gaze again. “If I stay, I’ll have to do something about this suit. I really can’t hang out comfortably wearing it.”

His half-smile widened into a full-fledged grin. “As Steve said earlier, we’d be happy to help you achieve part one of your plan.”

She held up her hand, palm out. “Sorry, I don’t mean to give you the wrong idea. I was really hoping to borrow a T-shirt and pair of shorts to change into.”

His smile dimmed slightly, but he still looked quite happy. “Of course. Let me help you into the bathroom while Frank grabs you some clothes.”

Before he could scoop her up again, she grabbed his hands. “Wait. Let me see if I can walk on it now.” She swung her feet to the floor and released one of Jeff’s hands to lean over and remove her remaining shoe.

“Ready?” he asked, standing in front of her, still holding one of her hands.

She looked up and her stomach fluttered. *Damn, he is really big.* Her eyes settled on his pants directly in front of her. *And I don’t think that’s a sock stuck in his pocket, either.* The room tilted as a rush of hormones swept through her.

How far was she willing to go tonight?

She looked at Frank again. He gave her another wink. *Yeah, I’d definitely go that far tonight if I got the invitation.*

Squeezing Jeff’s hand, she said, “Ready.” Then she stood with the majority of her weight on her right foot before slowly easing more and more weight onto her left one. “I think it’s good. Just a temporary zing from twisting it the wrong way.”

“Take a step and see how you do,” Steve said.

Feeling like a toddler just learning how to walk, she held Jeff’s hand, which he didn’t seem to mind. She took a step then another, feeling only a slight tenderness in her injured ankle.

Lifting her face to the men surrounding her, she smiled. “All better...see.”

“Great,” Frank said. “The bathroom is right next to my room. Head in there, and I’ll get you something to wear.”

As she walked the remaining distance down the hall, the tenderness in her ankle increased until it was more of a sharp pain, but she kept that information to herself, not wanting to draw any more of their concern. If they were going to fuss over her, she didn’t want it to be about her ankle.

She leaned her butt against the sink while she waited for Frank to return. Would he bring her another math T-shirt? Oh God, let his shorts be roomy enough to fit over her waist.

“Here you go,” he said, returning before she could work herself up into a tizzy about being too big to borrow his clothes. “Do you need any help getting undressed?” He gave her a hopeful smile.

She smiled back, taking the offered clothes from him. “Sorry, not this time.”

“That sounds promising.”

She laughed. “Maybe.”

He didn’t look like he was ready to leave. Even though she hated to push him away, her ankle was starting to scream at her.

“I’ll be out in a few minutes,” she said before swinging the door shut.

Then she hopped to the toilet and sat on the closed lid. A couple of tears popped out from under her eyelashes. Shit, her ankle really *was* screwed up. Taking a few deep breaths, she got her emotions back under control and lifted her leg to get a better look at her ankle.

*Yep, definite swelling, but I couldn’t have broken anything, right?* It just had to be a pull of something, a sprain maybe.

She lowered her foot and began to take off her blouse. If she were home, she’d be taking off her bra too, to get truly comfortable. She glanced at the dark green T-shirt Frank had given her. Did she dare? It would be obvious she was braless because she wasn’t a small cup size.

*Oh, hell, why not?* She tucked her bra between the layers of her folded blouse on the counter.

Holding up the T-shirt before putting it on, she giggled. In white letters, it read, “I love math so let’s + me and you, - our clothes, then MULTIPLY.”

*Oh, so subtle, Frank!* He certainly didn't seem like a stereotypical math geek, and she loved when a guy could make her laugh.

After donning the super soft T-shirt, she undid the clasp and zipper on her skirt and wiggled out of it without putting any weight on her injured ankle. The shorts Frank had brought were actually cut-off sweats with a drawstring, plenty large enough. She slipped them on over her panties, grateful to be out of her skirt.

Since she was there, she used the facilities and hopped to the sink to wash her hands. Looking in the mirror, she used a piece of toilet tissue to blot her face where her makeup had melted in the sun. She ran her fingers through her hair a few times to put some life back into it.

Then she took a deep breath. *Showtime!*

She opened the door and was relieved the three men weren't standing on the other side waiting for her. The sound of the TV in the living room indicated they were waiting for her in there.

She put her left foot out and tried to take a step. "Shit," she cursed under her breath and hopped onto her right foot.

"Anna?" Frank came zipping around the corner from the living room. "Are you okay?"

His voice sounded full of tender concern, and her ankle hurt like hell, but she wasn't going to cry. She wasn't! She couldn't cry in front of this hottie stranger. She wouldn't. So why were there tears sliding down her cheeks?

He froze where he stood in the hallway as he watched her face.

"What's going on?" Jeff came around the corner, but he didn't stop when he saw Anna's tears. He just kept coming toward her until he'd swept her up in his arms again. "That ankle isn't as good as you let us believe, is it?" He carried her into the living room.

She shook her head. "It was okay going into the bathroom."

"Needs more ice and more time elevating it," Steve said, putting a pillow on the coffee table. "Put her on the couch facing the TV so she can watch the movie with us."

Jeff sat on the couch next to her as he lowered her. He removed his hand from under her legs once they were propped up on the table, but he left his arm around her shoulders.

At this close proximity, his scent surrounded her with a heady blend of musk and spice. She wiped her tears away as she resisted the urge to snuggle up into his neck for a better sniff.

“Here. We should have given you some of these earlier,” Steve said, handing her a glass of water and two red ibuprofen tablets.

“Thanks,” she said after swallowing the pain relievers.

“Do you want something else to drink?” Jeff asked.

“No, this water tastes good. I think I was a little dehydrated from my walk in the sun today.”

“There’s a pitcher of filtered water in the fridge,” Steve said. “Let us know if you want more.”

“Sorry, I’m being such a pain,” she said, setting the glass on the table in front of her.

Frank finally came back into the room and sat on her other side on the couch. “I’m sorry you’re *in* pain,” he said, taking her hand.

It was a surprise that he would initiate that kind of contact, but it felt good—*really* good—to be sitting on the couch between two men with one man’s arm around her shoulders and the other holding her hand.

“Okay, so are we ready to start the movie?” Steve stood near the large, flat screen TV with a remote in his hand.

“What are you watching?” she asked.

“How do you feel about horror movies?” Frank asked.

“Uh...scared?” she said.

“Perfect,” Jeff said with a chuckle.

Anna smiled to herself. They probably wanted her scared so she would turn to them to hide her eyes. Mostly, she thought horror movies were funny, but she’d be willing to play along with the damsel in distress role in this case if it gave her an excuse to cuddle up with one or two of these men. Yeah, this was going to work out well for everyone.

Steve started the movie and closed the heavy curtains over the windows before taking a seat in the armchair to the right of the couch with his feet on a matching ottoman. “Too much glare,” he said.

*Right, plus the additional benefits of privacy and mood lighting.* This was quickly becoming the best Friday night of her life, regardless of the pain in her ankle.

As the opening credits rolled by on the screen, the room filled with music from the surround sound system. It was just like being in a movie theatre. They'd probably even make her popcorn if she asked.

Frank leaned his head toward hers and whispered in her ear. "By the way, you look hot in my T-shirt... I like the natural look."

His warm breath tickled along her neck and she shivered. At the same time, her nipples hardened under the soft cotton, displaying them more prominently.

Frank's hand squeezed hers and she squeezed back, smiling at him. "Thanks for lending it to me."

His eyes fell to her lips, and he dipped his head. She met him halfway in a soft, lingering kiss. She closed her eyes as the room tilted around her, and she tried to memorize this feeling of his lips pressed against hers.

As they drew apart for a breath, she became aware of Jeff lightly tracing his finger in a circle on her bare thigh. She met his gaze.

"Can I have one of those?" he asked softly.

Her head spun with the sensations swirling through her. These men wanted to share her. *Definitely* the best Friday night of her life.

She tilted her head in his direction, and he lowered his lips to hers. His were much fuller, and she couldn't resist a small swipe across with her tongue. He took it as an invitation to pull her closer with his arm around her shoulders, and he deepened the kiss. His tongue breached her lips and danced erotically with hers.

"Am I going to be the only one watching the movie?" Steve asked, sounding disgruntled from the chair across the room.

Jeff ended their kiss and rested his forehead against hers. "Steve wants to play too," he whispered.

Turning her head, she met Steve's bright eyes. "We're being rude. We didn't make room for Steve on the couch," she said.

Frank and Jeff seemed to send each other a silent message before Frank stood abruptly and tugged her arm up. "You have to get off the couch for a second, Anna."

She pushed herself up onto her good foot. "Why? Why can't we just slide over and make space?"

Jeff lifted her off her feet and placed her in the chair that Steve had vacated after pausing the movie.

As she watched, Jeff and Frank moved the coffee table to the side of the room, stacked the couch cushions on the floor, and quickly converted the sofa into a full-sized bed. Steve returned from down the hall with a set of sheets, a blanket, and a pile of pillows.

After covering the mattress with the sheets, the men used the couch cushions and the bed pillows along the couch back to create a very comfortable looking setup.

But it was a *bed*.

She didn't know if she was ready to *get into bed* with three men...yet. Because really, wasn't it just a matter of time before she gave into these delicious feelings her hormones were creating as they coursed through her system?

She surrendered herself to living out this little—or not so little—fantasy as Jeff came over to scoop her up again.

Frank sat with his back against the cushions while Jeff picked Anna up out of the chair and brought her to the sofa bed.

"Now we can all be comfortable," Jeff said, positioning himself on the bed next to Frank with Anna between his legs. "Just lean back against me, sweetheart."

Steve got on the bed on Jeff's other side. "Anna owes me something."

Frank watched Anna's eyes widen and her lips lift into a small smile. She seemed to be enjoying being the center of attention...so far, but was she really willing to go all the way with him and his roommates? They'd never tried this with a woman before, but they'd sometimes talked about it after drinking a few beers.

He wasn't sure he'd enjoy watching a woman he liked kissing his roommates, but when Anna reached for Steve to deliver his kiss, Frank's cock hardened more behind the zipper in his shorts.

Yeah, it was hot watching her with the other two guys—kind of like being on the inside of an adult movie. And the best part was he was going to be participating in the action, not just observing it.

When she finished kissing Steve, Frank asked, "Are we ready to start the movie again?"

Anna looked at him with slightly dazed eyes. "What if we just listen to music?"

Before Frank could respond, Steve grabbed the stereo remote and flipped on the romantic hits mix on the iPod.

“Anything else you’d like to do?” Frank asked her.

Her gaze flicked down to his lips and back to his eyes. “Kiss you again.”

With his hand cupping the side of her face, he kissed her soft, full lips, catching a faint whiff of Jeff and Steve on her. The mix of their scents with her feminine smell drove him to possess her mouth more fully, as if his inner caveman was claiming her for himself.

She responded by pushing herself more fully into his arms.

## *Chapter Three*

As Anna kissed Frank again, deeper and longer this time, with her hands on his shoulders and him holding her head at just the right angle, she felt Jeff's hands sliding up and down her sides over her borrowed T-shirt. His palms were large and warm even through the cotton material.

She moaned into Frank's open mouth as she imagined Jeff holding her breasts in his hot hands.

A third pair of hands ran up and down her bare legs, stroking along the outside for several lengths before inching their way toward her inner thighs, sending goosebumps skittering down her calves.

When Jeff pressed his lips up the side of her neck in a breathy kiss, she broke her kiss with Frank on a gasp of delight. "Oh, that feels ni-ice."

Frank used his hands at the sides of her head to direct her attention back to him. "Anna. Before this gets too out of hand, how far do you want to go with this? With the three of us?"

She stared at him through her lust-dazed eyes. The change in his demeanor was so swift, it took her a moment to catch up with him. "How far?"

He nodded. "Do you want us to stop?"

She shook her head as much as she could, considering he still held her between his hands.

"How far, Anna?"

"You want me to say it out loud?" she whispered.

A wolfish grin spread across his face. "Yeah, that would be sexy to hear."

Blood rushed to her head, making her slightly dizzy as her cheeks warmed. "I want..." God, could she really say this out loud to these men?



“Tell us what you want, sweet Anna,” Jeff breathed into her ear.

She shivered at the warm caress and the images flashing through her mind.

“Let us make you feel good,” Steve said, massaging her calves with his strong hands.

Melting under his touch, she could barely put her thoughts into words as she met Frank’s waiting look. “I want...all of you,” she admitted.

“Are you sure?” he asked, all traces of his smile gone from his face.

“Are you trying to talk me out of it?”

“No, but I don’t want you to do something you might regret later.”

Jeff and Steve’s hands froze mid-stroke as they waited for her response.

“Why would I? I’m a grown-up, I’m not drunk, and I’m with three incredibly sexy men who want to have a good time with me.”

“Sexy, huh?” His grin returned with full force.

She matched his grin with one of her own. “As if you didn’t know, Mr. Oops-I-Lost-My-Towel.”

His chuckle was cut short when she pressed her lips to his in a move intended to end the discussion and get the action started again. And it worked.

His grip tightened on either side of her head as he tilted her to gain control of their kiss. His tongue plunged into her mouth, sweeping across her upper palate, driving her need for more. More contact, more touching, more skin on skin.

As if Jeff could read her mind, he slipped his hands under her T-shirt and up to her breasts.

“Oh, God,” she groaned against Frank’s mouth at the exquisite pleasure of Jeff’s hot palms squeezing her flesh.

Frank took the opportunity of the break in their kissing to trail his lips down her jaw and throat, leaving soft, wet kisses along the way.

“Yesss,” she hissed as Steve’s fingers slid up her legs to the bottom edge of her borrowed shorts.

Overcome with the sensations from the three men touching her, she melted backward against Jeff’s chest with her eyes closed. His arms tightened around her as he held her securely to him.

“Shirt off?” Frank whispered into her ear.

“Mmm, hmm,” she agreed as she lifted her arms to help Frank get the T-shirt off her.

Frank’s sharp inhalation had her eyes popping back open. His attention was riveted to her chest.

“Damn, you are beautiful,” he said.

Rather than being offended that he was directing his comment to her breasts, she laughed and said, “As I recall, you’re pretty damn special looking without a shirt as well.”

He didn’t waste a moment to reply; instead, he tugged off his shirt and tossed it to the floor.

She gave a lame impression of a wolf whistle, and he made a show of flexing his biceps before joining her laughter.

She caught her breath and wriggled to the side to look at Jeff behind her. “Your turn.” She looked at Steve. “You too.”

“Let me go first,” Steve said. “It’d be too much of a letdown if I had to follow Mr. Muscles.” He stripped his T-shirt off, but didn’t stop there. Before she could fully appreciate his lean torso, he stood and dropped his board shorts, under which he’d gone commando.

She let out a low whistle at the sight of his hard, curved cock. “That could never be considered a letdown.” She reached out her hand to touch him as he climbed back on the bed, but she caught herself before she made contact and drew her hand away quickly.

“Touch me, Anna,” he said in a more commanding voice than she’d heard from him before.

She reached out again and wrapped her hand around his width. He was hot and smooth and rock hard. She stroked her hand up and down and up again, twisting her wrist slightly when she got up to the tip.

“Oh, that’s good,” he said, his leg muscles tensing as he knelt on the bed next to her.

The rustle of clothing behind her drew her attention, and she found a naked Frank rejoining the party on the bed.

Jeff removed his hands from her breasts and gently pushed on her shoulders. “Lean forward, sweetheart. I’m feeling over-dressed for the occasion.”

Anna took the opportunity to get onto her knees and lean forward far enough onto her hands to wrap her lips around Steve’s cock. She licked around the flared head, savoring his musk—his groans of pleasure created a rush of wet heat between her legs.

There was something about being on her hands and knees in front of man that really got her rocks off, especially when he grabbed her hair in his fist to control her head movements like Steve did now.

She hummed her pleasure around his cock in her mouth, and he gave an answering groan of satisfaction.

Jeff wriggled out from behind her and shed his clothes while Frank ran his hands up and down her naked back and over her shorts. "Can I help you with these?" he asked.

She withdrew her mouth from around Steve long enough to say, "Yes, please."

Without any hesitation, Frank slid her shorts and panties down her hips and over her ass. He helped her lift one knee at a time to draw them off her legs while she maintained her position on her hands and knees with Steve's cock in her mouth.

It felt deliciously naughty and hot and sexy to be in the middle of this ménage à quatre, and she promised herself she really wouldn't have regrets in the morning. Then any other worrisome thoughts were swept away with the waves of pleasure washing through her as Frank slid his hands over her ass and lower to her slit.

He slipped his middle finger down to her clit and circled lightly.

"Mmm," she moaned with her mouth still around Steve's cock.

Steve bucked his hips and held her hair tighter in his fist. "Fuck, I'm going to come."

She looked up, met his eyes, and gave a short nod of her head. *Yes*. She wanted him to come in her mouth. She wanted to see him lose control and know she did this to him.

She worked her hand up and down his shaft as she concentrated her tongue and lips on the tip. His thrusts grew more forceful, and she gagged briefly when he hit the back of her throat, but it increased her excitement to be used for his release, especially as Frank and Jeff touched her breasts and her clit and worked to get her off.

With a final thrust, Steve shot thick cum down the back of her throat. She swallowed quickly to not lose any.

"Ugh, too sensitive," Steve groaned when she licked his tip clean. He pulled his hips back, out of her reach.

His closed-eyes look of satisfaction sent her lips up into a smile. She'd like to put an equally satisfied look on the other two men as well. To know she had the power to bring them such gratification was heady and aroused her further.

When Steve caught his breath, he leaned down and kissed her thoroughly. She hoped he could taste himself on her.

“Thank you, beautiful,” he whispered after drawing back from their kiss. “Can I return the favor?”

“You’ll have to wait your turn,” Frank said. “I’m going to be the first one who tastes her.”

Anna shivered with the promise of a long evening of pleasure.

“On your back, sweetheart,” Jeff said, taking her by the shoulders and easing her down on the bed. Then he leaned over her and circled the tip of her nipple with his hot tongue, blowing softly over her wet skin.

Goosebumps spread across her chest.

“Ticklish?” He grinned at her.

“A little,” she confessed. “But don’t stop. It feels good.” She burrowed her fingers in his short-cropped black hair as he lowered his head to her breasts again.

He drew her right nipple into his mouth and suckled it to a hard point, pressing it to the roof of his mouth then swirling his tongue around it.

“Oh, yesss,” she breathed out.

Steve laid down on her other side and worked her left nipple in his mouth. His style was more demanding as he nipped her with his teeth then soothed the slight sting with his tongue.

She writhed under the double attention, and Steve grew more forceful with his nips, edging her closer to the pleasure-pain line. Flashes of sensual heat shot from her breasts to her clit where Frank was hovering between her legs.

He dipped his head and with a long stroke laved her clit with his tongue. Her hips thrust up from the bed as she sought more from him.

Slipping his finger inside, he stroked her inner walls. “God, you’re so wet,” he whispered gutturally. “It’s so hot to see you enjoying this so much.”

He bent down again and sucked her clit into his mouth as he added another finger inside her, curling to reach her innermost sensitive spot.

“Ahhh,” she cried out as her orgasm built to its peak. She gripped the sheets with her fists as her body tightened. Her breath caught in her chest as she tried to hold on to the sensation for as long as possible as wave after wave of passion flowed through her.

Finally, the orgasm ebbed, and she gasped as her breath came back in pants. She laid on the bed with her eyes closed and concentrated on relaxing her muscles as she became aware of three pairs of hands gently stroking over her body, soothing her.

God, it felt divine.

She opened her eyes when she felt Frank move up her body to lie over the top of her, holding himself up with his hands on either side of her head.

She smiled up at him. "Hi."

"Hi, yourself." A grin split his face. "That looked like a good one."

"Yeah, it ranks right up there near the top of the list."

He bent his head so their lips were a hairsbreadth apart. "You've just made it my mission to hit the number one spot."

She reached up and grabbed the back of his head to draw his mouth down to hers. Before she kissed him, she whispered, "You've got a good chance of reaching it." With their lips locked together, she reached her other hand down to touch him and found his cock already covered by a condom.

She smiled against his lips. She liked a man who was prepared. Spreading her legs further apart, she guided him to her entrance.

He hesitated and broke their kiss so he could meet her eyes. "Ready?"

She looked up into his beautiful, green eyes and nodded. "Oh, yes."

He eased slowly into her until he was fully seated. She wiggled her hips when he didn't move.

"Wait," he gasped. "I just want to enjoy this feeling before we continue... You're so hot and tight. God, you feel so good."

She contracted her inner muscles, and he groaned.

"Don't you want this to last?" he asked.

"I *want* you to start moving," she said with a grin. "We can always go again if the first time ends too fast."

He chuckled. "I love a woman who says what's on her mind." He bent his head and kissed the sensitive spot behind her ear.

She gasped as he withdrew and thrust back in without warning. As she grew to learn his rhythm, she noted Jeff and Steve were coupling on the other side of the bed.

Jeff laid sprawled on his back with his hard, black cock wrapped in Steve's hand as Steve knelt over him. As she watched, Steve positioned Jeff's cock and slid down slowly to surround him. Then he lifted himself up and lowered himself down in an increasingly faster pace.

God, the sight was so erotic, she rushed towards her next orgasmic peak. When Frank reached between them and touched her clit, she blew through to the other side with a shout. He joined her shortly with a jerk of his hips and a muttered curse.

He leaned on his forearms, balancing over her. After taking a couple of deep breaths, he opened his eyes. "You gotta give me another chance. When I felt you go off, I couldn't hold back."

She laughed and stretched up to kiss him. "The whole point *is* to 'go off'. But yeah, I'll definitely give you another chance."

Instead of responding, he brushed his lips against hers before deepening the kiss. She felt him twitch inside her and wondered how soon until he was ready for his next chance.

He broke the kiss. "I've got to take care of this." He reached between them and wrapped his hand around his cock as he slid out from her. "I'll be right back. Don't go anywhere." He kissed her on the nose before leaping off the bed and walking naked to the bathroom, giving her a glorious view of his perfect ass.

When he was out of sight, she turned her head to watch Jeff and Steve nearing the completion of their joining. Jeff had his hand wrapped around Steve's cock as he pumped his hips up into Steve's ass.

"Come for me, man," Jeff grunted.

"Not until you do," Steve said, panting and leaning forward to twist Jeff's nipples with his fingers.

"Ah, shit!" Jeff shouted. His face tensed, and the muscles in his neck strained as he bucked into Steve and reached his climax.

"Oh, Christ. Yes!" Steve yelled and shot his cream across Jeff's dark chest. Then he collapsed on the bed next to him, panting as he came down from his climax.

Still breathing hard, Jeff turned his head and noticed her interest in them. He held out his hand and beckoned her over.

When she got within reach, he pulled her up to his lips as Steve used his T-shirt to wipe Jeff's chest clean.

“How you doing, sweet Anna?” Jeff murmured against her lips.

“Unbelievably well,” she said, smiling into their kiss.

Steve leaned forward and trailed a line of kisses up her neck. “Can I get one of those luscious kisses?” His words blew across her ear.

She turned toward him and gave herself over to the demanding thrust of his tongue. For the smallest man of the three, he was the most dominant, and she didn’t think he was trying to overcompensate for being short. He seemed thoroughly comfortable in his own skin and naturally masterful.

“I leave you for a minute and come back to find you already at it again with my roommates?” Frank asked, getting on the bed behind her.

Looking over her shoulder, she checked his expression to see if he was really mad, but the smile on his face indicated he was only pretending.

Lying down, he wrapped his arms around her and pulled her back against his chest. “How about a snuggle before we go again?” he said, his face buried in her hair.

“Snuggle? You want to snuggle?” She wriggled closer into the warmth of his body. Now that she wasn’t all worked up, her skin was getting too cool in the air-conditioned room.

“I could use a little nap,” he said. “I was up early to teach an eight o’clock class this morning.”

Steve lay sprawled over Jeff and lightly trailed his finger down her hip and thigh, sending tingles across her skin. “Good idea, Frank,” he said. “We should pace ourselves if we’re going to keep Miss Anna busy all night.”

“I could use a little nap, too,” she said, closing her eyes and enjoying the fact she was in bed with three naked men. She could never have imagined her day would end like this.

## *Chapter Three*

Anna awoke to find three pairs of hands stroking her skin softly from head to toe. She stretched her arms above her head. “What a way to wake up,” she murmured, noticing the sun no longer peeked around the edges of the curtains. A table lamp softly lit the living room. She wondered how late it was and whether they were ready to kick her out.

“Do you still feel like playing?” Frank asked, kissing his way along her shoulder.

Okay, so Frank at least wasn’t ready to say goodbye yet. She reached her hand up to stroke his cheek. “I’m still game if you are.”

He grinned. “There’s something the guys and I thought you might enjoy trying...”

Her stomach quivered as she anticipated his next words.

“But only if you’re comfortable with it,” he continued, but then paused. He was killing her with the suspense as he smiled lazily at her.

“You’re going to make me ask for it, aren’t you?” she said.

“Yeah, I told you I thought it was sexy to hear the words coming from you.”

She blew out a breath and took the time to glance at Jeff and Steve. They were watching her aptly, waiting for her response. She nearly chickened out and closed her eyes before asking, but she figured if she was woman enough to ask, she was woman enough to do it with her eyes wide open. But what words to use?

“Um...are you offering...double penetration?” she asked, feeling her cheeks burn.

“Oh, yeah, watching you say that is definitely hot,” Frank said before overwhelming her with a scorching kiss.



She came up for air only to find Jeff teasing her nipples with his fingers and tongue, causing her to gasp, and Steve between her spread legs. With hard pulls of his mouth over her clit, he was quickly building up her need.

Grabbing Frank around the neck, she pulled him down again to her lips. Their tongues thrust in and out of each other's mouths, driving her to the edge fast and sharp. She shot over the top as the three men worked her erogenous zones.

She floated back down to her body as her breathing returned to normal.

Jeff and Steve moved out of the way as Frank donned a condom and levered himself over her.

"I love watching you come," Frank whispered along her lips as he slid into her.

*Oh, yesss.* And she loved when he filled her with his cock.

"Uh, buddy?" Jeff tapped Frank on the shoulder.

Slightly irritated at the interruption, when all Frank wanted to do was enjoy the tight heat surrounding his cock, his response came out sounding like a growl. "What?"

Jeff chuckled. "You've got to be on your back, if this is going to work. Flip our girl over."

Frank wrapped his arms around Anna and turned them over one hundred eighty degrees. Luckily, they'd started on the far side of the mattress and didn't roll off the other side of the bed. He wouldn't want to break his connection with her for anything, not even hitting the floor.

As she caught herself with her hands on either side of his head, her breasts hung near his mouth. He lifted his head and pulled in a mouthful. She arched her back and moaned as he worked her nipple into a stiffer peak.

Her hips rolled, and he thrust up into her wet heat. She felt so good that he thought he was going to lose it already.

"Frank, stop," Steve said in a tone of voice that was impossible to ignore, and his body responded immediately, freezing mid-thrust.

"Ah, God," he groaned as he fought off his need to come.

Anna leaned forward and twirled her tongue around the inside of his ear.

"Not helping," he moaned.

The sexy minx giggled, but then she gasped and twitched above him. “Oh, yes,” she purred.

Frank heard the cap of the lube snap closed and imagined Jeff was preparing Anna’s back door. Her velvety sheath tightened around him as she responded to Jeff’s fingers in her ass.

Frank recited multiplication facts in his head to distract himself, but resistance was futile. She felt too good, much more engrossing than mundane arithmetic. Instead, he concentrated on her breasts, working them with his fingers and tongue until they beaded tightly.

“Okay, sweetheart. Here I come,” Jeff said from his position behind Anna, kneeling between Frank’s legs.

“Oh, yesss.” Her head dropped forward, her hair falling around them like a blonde curtain as Jeff eased his way in.

Frank could feel Jeff as he entered. His cock slid up his own on the other side of the thin dividing membrane inside Anna, making her fit even tighter around him.

*Smack!* Steve’s hand landed on Jeff’s ass, causing Jeff to jerk into Anna and nearly making Frank shoot his load.

“Shit, what was that for, Steve?” Jeff yelled.

“I owe you a few for your comments earlier. Did you think I would forget?” Steve said before landing another slap on Jeff’s ass.

Anna moaned and wriggled above Frank.

“Damn it, Steve.” Frank broke out in a sweat as he struggled to keep himself from prematurely exploding in Anna’s clenching pussy. “Couldn’t you wait until we finished here? Anna’s not going to get a very long ride if you keep that up.”

Steve chuckled. “Don’t worry. No one’s coming until I say.” He slapped Jeff’s ass a third time.

Frank’s temples pounded. He’d overheard bits when Steve and Jeff had played their dominance game, but he’d never participated, nor had he thought he’d wanted to. But now, having Steve tell him he couldn’t come until he was given permission, incredibly, Frank found himself getting harder.

“Now that we’re all on the same page...” Steve moved to kneel above Frank’s head. Grabbing Anna’s hair, he pulled her mouth level with his cock. “Let’s get this party started.”

Anna looked eager to suck Steve's cock down her throat as she lunged forward to wrap her lips around him. A hum of appreciation vibrated from her throat.

"That's a girl. Take it all, baby," Steve encouraged her as he held her head firmly in his grasp.

From his viewpoint beneath them, Frank definitely felt like he was on the inside of a porno flick, but the big difference here was that he cared about these people. They weren't merely bodies getting off in front of him. Two of them were his closest friends, and the third he was hoping to get a chance to have something more with than just a one-night stand.

"Okay, boys. Let's see you work our girl into a good rhythm," Steve ordered, his voice rough with his own increasing arousal.

Frank thrust his hips up into Anna as Jeff pulled out slightly. Then Jeff shoved forward as Frank reversed. The friction was intense, and he thought his head was going to explode—both of them.

Anna balanced herself on one hand and reached up to work Steve with her other hand in addition to her mouth.

"Oh...yes," Steve said, sounding near his release. "Just like that, baby."

Frank reached up and grabbed her breasts, twisting her nipples between his fingers. Moaning, she bucked over him, and he nearly lost his position inside her.

"Oh, Christ," Jeff groaned, jerking into her backside. "Come on, Steve. Give us the word."

"Not yet," Steve growled.

Anna mewled around the cock in her mouth as her pussy squeezed Frank. He didn't dare beg Steve for permission, because he was sure the man would make them wait longer if he did. He tightened his jaw instead and held his breath, hoping Anna would work some magic with her mouth and make Steve come fast.

Above Frank's head, Steve propelled himself more forcefully between Anna's lips, and her moans intensified. God, he was going to have to ask her to give him the same treatment some day. It looked like a hell of a good blowjob.

"Oh, fuck," Steve shouted as his hips jerked violently. "Come now."

Frank's balls tightened, and he blasted into Anna with a shouted curse. She screamed as her muscles clamped around him, milking his cock. Over them, Jeff launched himself into his

orgasm, pulsing along the length of Frank's shaft inside Anna. He gritted his teeth at the overwhelming sensations and let the waves wash over him.

He resurfaced with Anna lying slumped on his chest and Steve and Jeff crashed out on the bed next to him. Skimming his hand up her back, he kissed the top of her head where it rested just below his chin.

"Oh, my God," she murmured. "That was so beyond yummy." She blew out a deep sigh.

He chuckled. "Good then?" He grabbed some tissues from the box he'd brought out from the bathroom earlier and disposed of the used condom.

She nodded, rubbing her cheek against his chest. "Uh huh, good...do you think I could catch a little sleep here before you drive me home? I don't think I can move at the moment."

At the mention of taking her home, Frank wrapped his arms around her tighter. He wasn't anywhere near ready to let her go. "Yeah, get some sleep. I'll drive you home in the morning."

"Thanks," she mumbled seconds before her breathing grew deep and regular.

"We're going to our own room," Jeff whispered as he and Steve quietly got off the sofa bed.

"Thanks," Frank said as Steve arranged the sheets and a light blanket over him and Anna before he left.

He closed his eyes and absorbed the feel of Anna's plush body spread over him as he inhaled her sweet floral scent mixed with their sex smells.

God, she was incredible—sexy, confident, smart, and funny. Now if he could figure out a way to extend this one night into something more.

Various plans darted around in his head as he watched the light brighten around the curtain edges as dawn approached. Finally, his eyes refused to stay open, and he caught a few hours sleep wrapped in the warmth and softness of beautiful Anna.

## *Chapter Four*

Anna grabbed the ringing telephone in her bedroom after changing from her work clothes into a pair of shorts and a tank top Monday evening. “Hello?”

“Hi, Anna. It’s Frank. I was wondering if I could come over for a visit.”

Her stomach flip-flopped in her belly. She’d wondered for two days when or *if* she’d hear from him again. The three men had been so wonderful on Saturday morning, just as accommodating to her as the night before—making her some breakfast before they all piled into Jeff’s car and drove her home.

They hadn’t wanted to leave her alone with her bad ankle, but she’d assured them that the goodnight’s sleep had done miracles. Or had at least made it possible for her to limp on it without too much pain. Frank had offered to take her to urgent care to get it checked out, but she thought it would be too awkward to have him waiting with her, so she’d sent him home with his roommates and driven herself to see the doctor after showering and changing clothes.

Two hours and an X-ray later, she’d left with a walking boot on her left foot to immobilize her sprained ankle, and no chance of getting the ninety-seven signatures on the petition she needed to reach the week’s goal. She was going to have to recruit more volunteers to get the petitions signed since she was going to be out of commission for a while.

In order to protect her emotions, she’d been telling herself her adventure with Frank had been a one-night stand—quite an exceptional one-night stand—and she had to move on. But now, here he was calling her. “Yes. I’d be happy to have you over. When can you come?”

*Ding. Dong.* Her doorbell rang.

“Can you hold on a second? There’s someone here.” She kept the phone to her ear as she limped down the hall on her booted foot to open the door and came face-to-face with Frank on

her front step, dressed casually in cargo shorts and another math T-shirt. This one read, “Pizza—the edible pie chart.”

She grinned up at him as she lowered her phone and pressed the end call button. Tilting her head to the side, she looked around his broad shoulders.

“I’m alone. I hope that’s okay.”

She met his eyes. “That’s fine. Do they know you were coming here without them?” She stepped back to let him in her apartment.

“Yeah, when they saw how much I...”

“You what?” She led him to the couch in her living room, and he sat next to her.

“Uh, how well you and I got along. Besides, they’re in it together pretty tight, the two of them.”

“So it was a one-time thing?”

“If that’s all right with you.”

“Of course, it’s fine. I think I was living out my own *Girls Gone Wild* fantasy. Definitely not good to continue along those lines...”

“If you want to get elected.”

“Right.”

“Yeah, I talked to the guys about that too.”

“What did they say?”

“That you will be an incredible State Rep, and they don’t want to do anything to hurt your chances of getting elected. In fact, they want to work on your campaign. Steve offered to organize his friends who work video to volunteer and produce your commercials.” He pointed to her boot. “Now tell me what the doctor said. I offered to take you.”

“It’s just sprained. I didn’t want to tie up your Saturday waiting around with me. You looked like you couldn’t wait to get home and go back to bed.”

“With you.” He leaned toward her, and her head swam as he kissed her.

Okay, so maybe Mr. Sexy wanted another night. She’d take whatever he was willing to give because she’d never had orgasms like the ones the other night. They were highly addictive.

She reached under his T-shirt and ran her fingers over his sculpted abs. Damn, he was built so fine, like her own personal sex god.

He helped her pull his shirt over his head, and she teased his nipples with her tongue and fingers. He twitched under her touch, and she grew wet at her ability to make him want her.

She trailed kisses down his pecs, over his abs to the waistband of his shorts as he threaded his fingers in her hair. Slipping to her knees on the floor, she positioned herself in front of him between his legs.

“Is kneeling going to hurt you?” he asked.

“Not at all,” she said, too preoccupied with releasing him from his pants to think about any twinges in her ankle.

He lifted his hips so she could slide down his shorts and briefs and pull them free of his legs. Then she had complete access to him—to his thick, hard cock. She hadn’t gotten a chance to get a good look at him last time with all the action that was taking place on the sofa bed.

Now she looked her fill while she gently palmed his balls and licked up his shaft. He had great length and width, and his musky scent drove her arousal higher. She swirled her tongue around his tip, and the resulting twitch further excited her.

Wrapping her lips around him, she lowered her head to take him all in. She had to relax her throat and remind herself to slow her breathing through her nose, but she was rewarded by a deep groan from him.

“Oh, God. That feels so good,” he said as he ran his hands over her head.

Drawing her head up, she stroked his shaft with her hand, twisting her wrist at the top over the tip.

“Yesss,” he hissed. His hands tightened in her hair.

She soaked her panties and wished she’d had the forethought to get naked before she began this, but then again, it added a certain level of eroticism to the scene to be ministering to his naked body sprawled on her couch while she remained fully dressed on her knees at his feet.

She sucked him back into her mouth, and he thrust his hips up with his hands firmly holding her head. She worked him with her hand and her lips and tongue until he was bucking wildly beneath her.

“Oh, God. I’m coming,” he cried and tried to break her hold on him.

She didn’t let him go and took him in the back of her throat when he shot his load. Easing him down with light, gentle strokes, she licked him clean before resting her cheek on his thigh while he caught his breath with his head thrown back on the couch.

He blew out a breath. "Damn, that was nice, but I feel like a schmuck."

"Why?"

He lifted his head and gazed down at her. "Because it looks like I only came over here for a blowjob."

A twinge of self-doubt crept up her spine. "You're leaving?"

"No!" He reached down and pulled her up to lie across his chest on the couch. "Not unless you're kicking me out."

She nuzzled his neck where he smelled like piney aftershave and faintly of sweat. "Not at all. How long can you stay?"

"I don't teach until ten tomorrow."

"Are you saying you want to stay all night?" She met his eyes.

"If you'll have me."

She smirked. "I think I've already *had* you."

"Then it must be my turn to have you." He flipped her onto her back on the couch and teased her ear and neck with hot, wet kisses. After a few minutes, he lifted his head. "So is it all right if I spend the night?"

"I've got to get up at six for work."

"So you don't want me to stay?"

She wrapped her arms around his bare shoulders. "I want you to stay, and I have a feeling I'm going to need a lot of coffee at work tomorrow."

He grinned. "Yeah, but it'll be the good kind of tired after a night filled with loving."

"Should we take this to the bedroom then, where we can get more comfortable?"

His grin widened. "I like the way you think." He stood and helped her up from the couch with her hand in his.

"Um...one question first," she said before leading the way to her bedroom.

"Yeah?" His brow creased with worry.

"Did you bring many condoms?"

He burst into a rough laugh. "I *really* like the way you think." Reaching down into his cargo shorts, he pulled out a long row of condoms. "In fact, I believe the saying is 'great minds think alike'."



Some of her good feelings dissolved. Was this just a booty call for him? He'd obviously planned on this, judging by the number of condoms he'd stuffed in his pocket.

"What's wrong?" he asked, stepping toward her.

"What are we doing here?"

"Having a good time...and getting to know each other better. Is there a problem?"

She shook her head and reminded herself that when he first showed up tonight, she was willing to take whatever he was willing to give. "No problem." She grabbed his hand and showed him to her bedroom. Maybe after another night of raucous sex, she'd get him out of her system.

Yeah, right, that's what people said when they knew they were already in too deep, and she feared she was in way over her head with this bright, sexy, self-assured younger man. But she might as well enjoy the ride for as long as it lasted because it was sure to end sooner rather than later.

## *Chapter Five*

But three weeks later, the ride hadn't ended, and Anna waited outside a small classroom on campus with sweaty palms and a headache threatening. Self-doubt flitted at the edges of her decision, but she'd made up her mind. She had to do what was best for her.

The door opened and young, fresh-faced college students emerged from the classroom. While she waited for the way to clear, she took a deep breath and threw back her shoulders. When the final student left, she stuck her head around the doorframe.

Frank's back was to her as he gathered a stack of papers into a pile and stuffed them into his messenger bag. She took the time to appreciate his broad shoulders, narrow waist, and long legs for the last time.

When he turned and caught her staring from the doorway, his face broke into his familiar wide smile, and she choked on her breath.

She wanted to run into his arms and forget the original purpose of her visit, but she bit her bottom lip and held firm to her decision.

"Hi," she said with a brief wave of her hand.

"Hi, gorgeous. What are you doing here?" He walked toward her as he slung his bag over his shoulder.

"Do you have a few minutes to talk?"

"Sure. I don't have another discussion group until after lunch. Do you want to grab something to eat with me?" He leaned forward for a kiss, but she took a step back.

"No, thanks. Can we find a bench outside?"

He nodded, looking at her with questions in his green eyes. "Is there a problem?"

She walked near him, but not touching. "I'll explain in a minute." She didn't think she could walk and talk and make sense at the same time. Not with something this important that she needed to get right.

Once outside, they sat on an empty bench in the shade of an oak tree.

Frank slid his bag to the ground and turned to her with his arm along the back of the bench. "So, tell me what's up?"

She met his gaze for a moment before she had to look away and stare at the campus building across from them. "There's no easy way to say this."

"Then just spit it out." His tone was rough.

She glanced at him. Did he suspect what she was going to say? "I'm sorry, Frank. I really like you, but I can't see you anymore."

"Why not?" His eyes lost their usual happy glow. She'd never seen him look so serious.

"It's not good for me."

"What? Since when?"

"I'm not talking about the sex," she said. "Well, I am, but not in that way."

"You've lost me, Anna. I don't know what you're talking about."

"I'm sorry. I wanted to get this right so I didn't hurt you."

"You didn't think I'd get hurt when you told me you didn't want to see me anymore?"

"Yes. No. I mean...I wanted you to know that it has nothing to do with you."

"You've met someone else?"

"No!"

"Then please explain to me what has changed. I thought we were getting along really well."

"We do get along really well...in the bedroom."

"And that's a problem, how?" he asked.

"Because that's all we've got between us, and I need more."

He drew in a breath. "You think we're only together because of the great sex."

"Yes, and it's not enough for me anymore."

"Shit."

She placed a hand on his forearm where it rested on the bench. "I'm sorry, Frank. I really do care for you."

“But you think I’m only into you for the sex.” He blew out a harsh sigh. “God, I screwed this up badly.”

“No, it’s not your fault. I jumped quite willingly into your bed, but it’s time for me to stop playing with casual sex. I’m looking for something more serious.”

“And you don’t think I’m it.”

Her chest tightened as she registered the hurt showing on his face. “I didn’t think you were interested in serious.”

“Would you believe me if I said I was?”

“We’ve never even been on a real date in the three weeks we’ve known each other,” she said. “It’s always been your place or mine, but we’ve never been out together in public.”

“So if I took you out for dinner and a movie, it would show you how serious I am about us?”

“I don’t know. I guess it would be a start.” He was confusing her. She’d thought he’d be satisfied with her explanation for the breakup, and he’d be happy to move on to his next conquest. Well, maybe not happy, but she didn’t think he would give her a hard time. But he wasn’t letting her go that easily.

“Anna, I’m sorry. I guess I should have told you this a lot sooner, but I really like you.”

“Well, yeah. I kind of figured you liked me a little when I—”

“No, don’t say it. I’m not talking about what happens in bed. I’m talking about the late night conversations in the kitchen when we grab a snack, or when we stay awake most of the night talking. You make me laugh one moment, and in the next you make me consider the bigger issues of life with your talk about human rights and equality.” He traced his finger down the side of her cheek. Softly, he said, “I love your big heart and your determination to represent the underdog. I love your sense of humor and your honesty.”

She stared at him and blinked back the tears that threatened to spill. He was making it much too difficult to break this off.

“When we started this relationship, I admit I was only looking at your physical attributes. But when I look at you now, Anna, I see your beauty, inside and out. And I love everything I see.”

“You do?” she whispered.

He nodded. “Anna, will you go on a date with me?”

She smiled.

“But wait.” He held up his hand. “Before you answer, I have to let you know something. I don’t have sex on the first date with someone that I’m serious about.”

“You don’t?” she asked.

He shook his head. “No, I’m sorry, but if you go out with me, we won’t be having sex for at least two...” He studied her face. “Nope, not for at least five dates, because I want you to know I’m really serious about this relationship.”

“Five dates before you’ll have sex with me?”

He nodded. “Do I need to make it more?”

She groaned. “Please, no. I don’t know how I’ll wait that long.”

“Is that a yes?”

“Yes, I’d be happy to go out with you on a date, Mr. Burke.” Then she laughed.

“What’s so funny?”

“This has got to be the most backward start to a relationship.” She looked around her before leaning forward and saying in a low voice, “From a ménage à quatre on our first meeting, to three weeks of the best damn sex ever, to our first platonic dinner date. Could we have a more unusual beginning?”

“I think it’s an incredible start to an incredibly promising relationship, and I’m looking forward to spending a lot more time with you...outside of the bedroom, Miss Paulson.” He closed the short distance between them, and she prepared herself for one of his sizzling kisses, but he merely brushed his lips against hers chastely.

“Can we count this as date number one?” she asked when he sat back against the bench, leaving her feeling unfulfilled.

He chuckled. “Nope, but I’ll pick you up at six tonight for dinner, and you should wear something nice. There’s a restaurant I want to take you to, and they have a dress code...as in you actually need to be dressed to eat there.”

She smiled at him, thinking about the perfect dress in her closet. The low-cut front showcased her cleavage, and she planned to drive him crazy with it all night. By the time their five sex-free dates were over, they were going to be making a mad dash for the bedroom, and she imagined it was going to be as incredible as he promised.

### ***About the Author***

Suzanne Graham has always been an avid reader and diary writer. After inheriting boxes of romance books from her aunt, she decided to try putting her own stories on paper.

Suzanne met her husband, a fellow American, as an exchange student at the University of Warwick in England. They are the proud parents of three boys. In her spare time, you can usually find Suzanne on the living room couch reading romances.

Suzanne loves to talk to her readers and can be found at [www.suzannegraham.blogspot.com](http://www.suzannegraham.blogspot.com).

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***Moon Princess* by Suzanne Graham**

As Celina Maddock left the office on a Friday evening, her coworker jumped into her car and demanded she get on the highway and drive fast after their sizzling kiss in the parking lot. She never imagined she'd get the gorgeous Barrett Osborn ordering her around; however, when he starts talking about Shadows, werewolves, and werebears, she becomes a little worried about his mental health.

When Barrett's lover, Stan Varka, offers his assistance in escaping the Shadows, Celina goes along with their strange story about shapeshifters, because finding herself the center of their attention becomes extremely erotic.

Once they've finished their night of playacting, Celina doesn't think she could possibly have a future with these two amazing lovers...until they convince her that she really is the Moon Princess and the only hope for establishing peace between the wolves and the bears.

***Kidnap and Kink* by Brynn Paulin**

*Be Careful What You Wish For...*

Jenna Marks has a secret fantasy, to be kidnapped, tied up and seduced. When she confides her secret to her best friend on a dare, she never imagines her wish might come true.

Rob Colvin, owner of The Dungeon, has had his eye on Jenna for months, but he didn't think Jenna would be into the things that make him hot. When he overhears her secret, he knows he's going to be the one to deliver her fantasy—one weekend of her submission to him, her mysterious and masterful lover.

***Infernal Devices* by Abigail Barnette**

*All Steamed Up: Book One*

The Two Aces. Victorian London's most salacious secret, the club is a place where erotic fantasies are played out among clockwork automatons and aether powered machines. Where nothing is off limits and the pleasures are as wicked as the imagination will allow...

Permilia Deering goes to The Two Aces looking for the sexual excitement that she knows she

will not find with the man to whom she is affianced, notorious cold-fish Wallace Sterling. On her first visit to the club, she meets the Ace of Spades, a masked stranger who drives her to heights of passion she's never dreamed possible—and makes her seriously reconsider becoming a mannerly society wife.

When Wallace Sterling first glimpses his fiancée standing outside The Two Aces, he assumes she's uncovered his secret identity—the Ace of Spades. But Permilia has no idea that her intended is living a double life, and Wallace worries that he'll be out of the picture once she gets a taste of what the Ace of Spades can offer her...

### ***Las Vegas by Demi Alex***

Determined to spread her grandmother's ashes from the top of the Eiffel Tower, Angel embarks on a cross-country trip to Las Vegas. It's not France, but it's all her budget will allow. Too bad the screened observation deck hinders her plans, and when she attempts to slip her hands past the wire, the local authorities cuff her wrists.

With the last of her money used to pay fines and court fees, a complimentary food voucher leads her to a casino pub for a bite to eat. There, a late night proposition arises. Baring her breasts for a bit of cash seems simple enough, but three intriguing strangers change the odds and raise the stakes.

Angel discovers she doesn't need Lady Luck when she's got the Luck of the Irish. Laying all her cards on the table, she bets on a passionate night with Liam, Brody and Ryan. But come morning, the guys up the ante. The jackpot is tempting, but staying with the three men is the greatest gamble of her life and requires that she go all in.

Will Angel fold and leave Las Vegas as she arrived? Or will she add her heart to the pot and meet their ante?

### ***Possessing Eleanor by Tessie Bradford***

Eleanor Lewis is perfectly content with her comfortable, quiet, relationship free life until she finds herself on all fours at the feet of Jackson Royce. Eleanor is stunned by her instant and intense attraction to the power and confidence radiating from the devilishly handsome building contractor. He scrambles her brain and heats her body to the boiling point.

Jackson always trusts his gut instincts. The ultra sexy woman sprawled on the floor is a sexual submissive. How intriguing that the all-business, sensible shoe-wearing office manager has absolutely no idea. The moment he takes her into his embrace, he vows to possess her mind, body and soul.

From their first sizzling encounter, through a whirlwind courtship, Eleanor discovers being possessed by a man who loves her absolutely is what she had been searching for all along.



### ***Transparent Illusions* by Melinda Barron**

Freelance writer Saffron Tyler needs work. When she offers her journalistic skills to Steele Publications, they suggest that she spend two weeks as a submissive at Fingertip Fantasies, an exclusive BDSM resort that caters to the ultimate fantasies of any customer willing to pay for the high-end service. She's been tasked to come back with a titillating exposé guaranteed to enthrall the readers of Steele's underground magazine, *Salacious*.

But when Saffron arrives at the resort, she realizes nothing is as it seems, from the fact she doesn't know where the resort is located, or anything about the man she is submitting to—except she's to call him Master, with a capital M.

What starts out as an undercover assignment soon becomes so much more. Immersed in the lifestyle, Saffron finds herself no longer acting the role of the submissive, but actually wanting to be the perfect sub her Master believes she can be. When all is said and done, will Saffron take her experience and her story and never look back? Or will she choose to stay with the man who commands her mind, body, and soul.

### ***Heart of Ice* by Brynn Paulin**

Kai is perfectly unhappy with his life. Cast into a role as shop boy and forced into marriage to save his family, he sees nothing good in his future. In fact, his betrothed, Gerda, seems to hate everything he enjoys. Especially winter and his attraction to dominating his partners. His prospects look grim...until the Snow Queen arrives.

Wyn has spent her life alone, living vicariously through those who love winter. When she learns of Kai's predicament, she knows she must save him. If only she could save herself. She craves his dominance, but there's one tiny thing standing in their way. No human can touch her without experiencing chilly agony. And that might bring any relationship to an icy death.

### ***Overlord's Chosen* by Bronwyn Green**

Elizabeth Louden has been chosen to provide Micah Bleddyn, the Overlord of Maelgwn, with an heir. However, she's not interested in the honor. In a land where only men are allowed to use magic, women found to possess supernatural abilities are punished—often by death. She knows it's only a matter of time before her secret is revealed.

Micah has no desire to rule his father's empire, but after his older brother vanishes, he has no choice. Faced with invading forces, treachery among his own people, and now, a mate hell-bent on escape, he's had enough. Realizing they have no allies but each other, Micah and Elizabeth reach a reluctant truce in their bid to stay alive and keep Maelgwn safe.

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