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LOCKED IN

WICKED MISSIONS 1

ELIZABETH RAINES

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Leesa Bouchard hires pilots and fellow wranglers Cain Hammel and Geoff Adams to share her lucrative mission—to bring the Dreaming Death virus from the barren planet of Charos in the war torn Rhotan System to Virus Initiative Corporation on Earth.

On their return flight, they're arrested for smuggling an "illegal" virus, despite their insistence they were hired for the job. The sentence? Quarantine—thirty days for Leesa to spend with the two men she's fantasized about for the entire mission. As they explore their mutual attraction and nurture their growing affection, she finds herself the target of a government investigation into who contracted her to collect the deadly virus. Evidence points to terrorists from the Rhotan System who might be targeting Earth.

Can Cain and Geoff help Leesa clear her name and protect her when a government agent wants to use her as bait to capture the terrorists?

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DEDICATION

To Cheryl Brooks for helping me learn to stretch my literary wings.

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Chapter 1

Hitting one last button, Leesa Bouchard nodded with satisfaction. The Charos dreaming death virus was locked up tight. “Money in the bank,” she said, glancing over her shoulder at Cain Hammel.

“Damn straight. Although I don’t care if I never see one of those ugly bastards again. Hate thanatos lizards. Wrangled a lot of creatures in my day, but I could do without touching one of them again for the rest of my life,” he replied as he tossed the last of his gathering equipment and his environmental suit haphazardly into his locker and slammed the lid. “I’m ready to get back home. Wanna spend some of that money on barbeque and beer. God, I’ve missed beer.”

The ship lurched into motion, forcing Leesa to get her space legs. Geoff Adams was evidently in a hurry to get back to Earth too. The man was a helluva pilot, but he really needed to learn to give his comrades a warning before he threw the ship into light speed. “Looks like we’re heading home, Cain!”

“Fuckin’ A!” It helped her ego that he had to grab hold of the lockers to balance himself on takeoff. “Glad we’re close enough we don’t need to go into stasis.” He shook like a dog with wet fur. “Leaves me feeling like I have a hangover after days of drinking.”

“I know what you mean. Plus, those tiny stasis pods? I’m kinda

claustrophobic. Actually, *very* claustrophobic. Always need a tranquilizer hypospray before I get stuck in one.”

“Don’t sweat it, babe. No small, dark stasis pod for you. Geoff and I got your back. Always.” She loved it when he winked one of those emerald eyes. “I’m turning in for a while. Geoff can fly the first shift. I’ll take the second. We can all be home by tomorrow night without a single claustrophobic episode.”

Well, hell. What was it about Cain and Geoff that made her let her guard down all the time? Handing another wrangler knowledge of her phobia was giving them something they could use as a weapon, a way to beat her to another job. And no one beat her to a job. She had a reputation as the best creature wrangler in the galaxy.

Leesa had been the one to contract this Charos gig, but that wouldn’t have kept other wranglers from horning in on her turf. Now that the revolutions on the planets of the Rhotan System had ended, several of their governments were allowing natural resources to be explored so they could get enough money to rebuild their destroyed cities. Since exotic animals were the source of viruses, bacteria, venoms—hell, *tons* of substances—wranglers would be looking to the Rhotan System as a potential gold mine. Everything from pharmaceutical companies to genetic engineering labs needed specimens from the animals of the Rhotan planets. She intended to make as much money as she could from the windfall, her ultimate aim to sock away enough wealth to retire before she hit forty.

The Charos job had been too big for one person, so when Viral Initiative Corporation hired Leesa, she’d extended an invite to Cain and Geoff. With the money V.I.C. was offering, she could easily afford to pay for their help and still pocket more than enough to let her take some time off from hunting more critters. Since the men always worked as a team and had their own ship, she was getting away cheap. And it wasn’t like a lone woman could handle a creature like thanatos lizards.

Thanatos lizards. “Ugly bastards” was right. Four meters long

with barbed tails that added another two meters. Teeth like razors. Sharp talons. Skin like a rhinoceros hide. Didn't help they were indigenous only to Charos—the planet from hell. The place reminded Leesa of Death Valley back on Earth, minus the oxygen. Few wranglers would want to mess with thanatos lizards in a nitrogen atmosphere, let alone in the sweltering heat. But she took the lucrative job and was pleased to have Cain and Geoff at her side. They worked their asses off and never complained. And not one of them got bitten, so no one had to be buried on that godforsaken planet.

A successful mission.

From what she'd seen on this trip, her guys were more closely bonded than simple co-workers. Yet the three of them had worked so well together, somehow knowing when someone needed an extra pair of hands. Catching the lustful glances the men often gave each other and glimpsing a heated kiss or two, she knew they were holding back because of her. After all, their three bunks were in the same room. Had she not been there, Cain and Geoff would probably be fucking each other's brains out. And why the image of Geoff bending Cain over and pounding into his ass had heat pooling between her legs and moisture soaking her panties was beyond her.

Leesa realized that while they might have worked side by side for almost nine weeks, she didn't know that much about her companions. Sure, they wrangled with the best. And she would know because she *was* the best. *Leesa Bouchard, top wrangler in the whole fucking universe.* They'd kept up with her, though, catching the nasty thanatos lizards, holding them steady while she milked them for the virus, and then getting the hell away before the lizards could retaliate. Since digging their fangs into fluid collection lids to gather their venom would probably be plenty provocation for the bastards, speed and strength were of the essence. Her guys had both, just like she did.

Stretching, she let a small grunt slip out when the muscles in the small of her back cramped. She put her hands on the sore area and tried to stretch the tight muscles. "My back's killing me. Those

fuckers are strong.”

Cain chuckled, the charming sound curling around her like a toasty blanket. “I know what you mean.” His steps were nearly silent as he came up behind Leesa, pressing one palm against her stomach and the other strong hand on her back. With gentle but firm strokes, his fingers worked from her shoulder blades to the top of her ass, finding the small knots that plagued her and rubbing them out one by one.

Less-than-feminine groans kept spilling from her lips along with murmured appreciation as he worked the stiffness out. The heat of his touch seeped into her blood as she imagined what he could do to more sensitive areas of her body with those clever fingers.

Shit. What was wrong with her? Getting hot and bothered over a guy who liked other guys? Not a smart move and one that would lead to nothing but frustration, heartbreak, and unhappiness. Yet her thoughts still wandered as she closed her eyes and pictured Cain’s blond head lowering, dipping as his full lips teased and tormented her breasts. Her fingers would tangle through his shoulder-length hair to tug and bring him back to her. He would kiss her while his hand slipped over her belly to the juncture of her thighs as he slid a long finger deep inside her...

“Leesa? You okay?” Cain asked, the concern in his voice warming her more.

“Yeah. Just tired.”

“And ready to be home, I imagine.” The hand against her back moved to her shoulder, and he pulled her gently back against him.

Cain had an erection—a huge one that pressed between the cheeks of her ass through her tight camo pants.

Maybe he bats from both sides of the plate? That thought made her blood run hot enough that she gasped.

His breath brushed against her ear. “Better?”

Resisting the urge to rub back against him, she nodded. “Mmm. Much better. Thanks, Cain.”

Stepping back, he said, "You're welcome."

The door to the bunkroom slid open with a loud swish, and Cain slipped inside. His head popped back out so he could ask, "Coming to catch some shut-eye?"

She answered with a shake of her head, wondering why she already missed the warmth of his body against hers so much she ached. *Loneliness*—that had to explain it. Damn, it seemed like forever since she'd gotten laid. Now, it was all she could think about. Worse, her thoughts included not one lover, but two. *Cain and Geoff*. "Figure Geoff might like some company. Trip can be mighty boring."

A quick nod and he disappeared, the door sliding back into place behind him.

Following the narrow corridor—the one that was thin enough to give Leesa the willies—she made her way to the cockpit. Pressing her thumb to the entry pad, she waited as the door opened. "Hi, Geoff. Am I bugging you?"

With a glance over his shoulder, Geoff Adams gave her a smile, his chocolate eyes twinkling. His short brown hair was mussed, and he hadn't shaved in a day or two, not at all an unusual occurrence. It was a very handsome look for him. "Nah. Could use some company." He nodded at the empty copilot's seat. "Park that pretty little ass and see if you can raise the V.I.C. docking coordinator for me. She won't answer my hails."

"Sure thing." Leesa slipped into the lambskin-covered seat and started entering their arrival information and requesting docking clearance. "How long do you think it'll be?"

"Tell them twenty-one hours if we don't have any problems with Atmospheric Administration's scanning. I imagine V.I.C. took care of the virus clearance, but I always worry anyway, especially since we're coming from Rhotan. They'll be looking us over pretty closely. Don't imagine they get too much traffic from a hellhole like Charos."

She nodded and sent the information. "I'll let you know when they respond."

“Did Cain get to bed?” Geoff asked as he glanced out over the console.

“Yep.” A yawn slipped out. “I’ll probably be joining him soon.”

“Oh, he’d *love* that.” His chuckle was rich and deep. “Specially if you decide to crawl in the bunk with him.”

The man laughed freely, something most wranglers didn’t do. So many were serious to the point of being brooding. But Geoff—and Cain, for that matter—were different. Geoff’s sense of humor was wicked. Dry. Downright hilarious. He put people immediately at ease with his kindness, too. She’d seen him when he’d watched Cain, desire plain in his dark brown eyes. The two of them were clearly in love, making jealousy simmer inside her.

Love. The thing that had eluded her all thirty-two years of her life. Every relationship she had went sour for one stupid reason or another. Some guys just couldn’t handle a woman like Leesa—physically strong, financially independent, and free with speaking her mind. She’d tried time and time again to “fit” with guys, to be softer or kinder or quieter. To be something she truly wasn’t. But about the time the big three-zero hit, she’d quit the whole finding-a-guy-and-settling-down thing. Her birthday present to herself was to have her fallopian tubes laser-sealed so she never had to worry about having kids. Children were never a part of her plans, and now she didn’t have to fret about accidentally conceiving. Not as if she had much of a sex life, anyway. But now she could simply live the way she wanted, and should the opportunity for a nice romp in the sack ever present itself, she could indulge.

“So...how long have you and Cain been together?” Where she found the courage to finally ask, Leesa wasn’t sure. Curiosity must’ve gotten the better of her, and now that the question was out in the open, she *had* to know.

“What makes you think we’re together?” Geoff’s eyes bored through her as he turned to stare.

“Ah, come on. I’ve been milking thanatos lizards with you guys

for more than two months. I can see there's something...special between you two. I've seen how you look at him."

"And just how do I look at him?"

"Like you want to touch him. Like he means a lot to you. Like you know all his secrets."

A chuckle slipped out. "Okay. You got us. Cain and I have been a couple for six years. I actually married the guy." He stared at her. "Does that bother you?"

"Why should it?"

He shrugged. "Some people just don't get it. A guy loving another guy. Fuckin' bigots. Cost us a job or two when they found out we'd married."

His honesty helped her relax. "I think it's great." Just as Leesa was leaning back in the seat, her console signaled an incoming transmission. Working on the com, she read V.I.C.'s cyber-message. "Hell. Ion storms all over. When we get to Earth, we might have to orbit a few hours before they can let us in. Says she's having trouble finding our paperwork, and she can't authorize clearance until she does."

"Explains why they didn't answer right away. Hope to hell that doesn't mean they'll have trouble getting us past Atmospheric Administration."

"I told her just to signal when there's a break. Then they can get our clearance, and you can slip on in past A.A. to dock us." After tapping out the cyber-message on the keyboard, Leesa sat back and sighed.

Geoff entered a few commands into his own console. "You should probably get some shut-eye."

"Nah. Especially not when I'm finally getting you to open up. So have you always liked men?" God, she was turning into a nosy ass.

"Who said I only liked men?"

His question ripped through her gut like fire. Were her guys open to considering a woman—a woman like *her*? "You...you like women,

too?”

“Sure. What I *like* is sex. That’s all there is to it. But I *love* Cain. There was always something special about him, right from the start. Maybe I’m just a sucker for green eyes.” He watched her closely, his dark gaze sending shivers racing over her skin. “He feels the same about me. We’d both had relationships before. With girls. With guys. The minute we met, we both just...knew.”

Figured. A sweet, touching love story. The type she’d never be a part of. A heavy sigh slipped from her lips.

“You know,” Geoff said, thankfully breaking the tension, “Cain and I are planning a vacation after this. Maybe you need one too.”

She snorted a laugh. “Vacation? Is that real word? ’Cause it’s not in my vocabulary.”

“Have you ever been to Remiza?”

“Remiza? Isn’t that in the Kateran System?”

He nodded. “White sand beaches so pristine human feet have never touched them. Cain and I bought an ocean-front home so we could spend as much time near the water as we could.”

“I’m so jealous. I took a class in deep-sea diving. Had some trouble with the artificial lung system, but once I got the hang of it, I loved diving. I’ve never gone diving on another planet, though.”

“You would love Remiza. The oceans there have sea-raptors—think eagles underwater. Most beautiful things you’ve ever seen. Would you like to...I don’t know...go with us? I mean...if you can find the time. You don’t have to stay the whole month we plan to be there.” He sounded as nervous as a teenager asking a girl on a date to a holoflick.

Leesa didn’t even have to think about it. “God, yes. I’d love to go! Are you sure Cain won’t mind?”

“Nah. He and I have...um...*talked*. About you.”

“Me?”

Geoff nodded.

“What about me?”

This time, he shook his head. "Later. We need to wait for Cain."

"Wait? Why? What exactly were you two talking about?" His words sounded far too mysterious for her peace of mind, like they were plotting something, perhaps wanting to use her connections with V.I.C. Despite how much she liked them, she'd apparently misjudged them. They were nothing more than common, hungry, and unethical wranglers. Jumping up from the copilot seat, Leesa headed toward the door.

Geoff stopped her by grabbing her wrist. "Wait. Please."

"Why?"

"You've obviously got the wrong idea."

"Oh? The idea that the two of you talk about me behind my back? Planning to try to steal V.I.C. from my client list? Doesn't surprise me. But it won't work. V.I.C. has been—"

"We don't want V.I.C., Leesa."

"Bullshit."

"Honest."

She narrowed her eyes and frowned. "Then why exactly are you gossiping about me when I'm not around?"

Geoff hit his auto-guide button and stood up to face her. "Can we wait for Cain? Please?"

"Whatever." How fucking stupid was it to feel as if the two of them had betrayed her somehow? Perhaps her feelings for the guys had reached a lot deeper inside her than she'd originally thought. And that sure as hell wasn't a good thing. A complication. A trap. One that she hadn't even realized she'd stepped into until that moment.

With a gentle tug, he pulled her closer until only a hand's breadth separated them. "It's not a bad thing. Us talking about you isn't bad."

"Then why won't you tell me?" Over the course of her life, curiosity had led her into more trouble than she cared to remember. But right now she couldn't squelch the need to know what Cain and Geoff thought of her.

"We thought...We hoped...Maybe you would spend some time

with us.”

“Well, yeah. I told you I’d go to Remiza with you.”

“More than just a vacation, Leesa. We want you to *be* with us.”

Holy fucking shit. He couldn’t mean...No way. No fucking way. “You mean sex? A threesome? Are you serious?” The question bubbled out, followed quickly by a nervous laugh.

Geoff dropped her wrist, stepped back, and plopped himself back into the pilot seat. His frown was hot enough to set the rainforests of Aquahirion ablaze.

“You weren’t kidding.” She felt lower than dirt. “I’m sorry, Geoff. You just surprised me. I didn’t expect...I thought you and Cain only liked each other.”

“We *love* each other.” At least his frown softened. “We thought you might like to figure out why the three of us are so good together.”

“Then you noticed it too?” From the very first day, the trio had worked together without arguments, often anticipating each other’s actions as if they could read thoughts. If they cooperated that well while they milked thanatos lizards, how much in sync would they be in bed?

He threw a handsome smile at her. “Yeah. So did Cain. It’s like we’re all connected.” A blush rose on his cheeks, a response so quaint and endearing, her heart melted. “Silly, I know.”

“Not silly at all.” A yawn made her whole body shake. “I really should go get some sleep.”

“Is that your way of saying no?” She loved hearing the quaver in his voice, as if he’d be disappointed if she turned them down. Her ego felt as if it had been caressed.

“I’m not saying no,” she replied. “I just need a little time to think about it.” All of about ten seconds, but Leesa didn’t want to look too damned eager. “Hitting the bunks.” She left quickly enough to keep from having to answer any more questions.

Chapter 2

“Still nothing new from V.I.C.?” Geoff asked as he joined Cain and Leesa in the cockpit. His shirt was hanging over his shoulder as he absentmindedly rubbed his hand down his bare chest, scratching the patch of hair in the center. Cain was at the controls, and Geoff figured Leesa was itching to bump him. He understood the love of flying, as did Cain. They probably should have given her more of a chance to pilot, but they were both very protective of the *Summer Wind* and seldom—actually never—let anyone else fly. Leesa had to be chomping at the bit.

“Absolutely jack shit,” Leesa replied, tapping away at the com. “Not like V.I.C. at all. They usually have their noses up my ass on every mission, even if there are ion storms making it hard to get us cyber-messages.” She frowned. “You know, they didn’t contact us on Charos, either.”

“Communication there sucks,” Cain said.

“But it’s not nonexistent.” Her frown deepened. “This whole thing is really making me hinky.”

Bracing his arms on the doorframe, Geoff leaned back to arch his stiff back and stretch. Leesa turned to stare at him, and he could swear he saw hunger in her hazel eyes, which made him glad he hadn’t already donned his shirt. Her brown hair was in its usual braid. He’d longed to undo the plait and spread the shiny tresses over her shoulders to see if the glimmer of red highlights he caught had simply been a trick of his eyes. God knew her temper went with the red.

After his little confession, he’d been afraid his honesty had scared her off. He and Cain had discussed bringing a third person into their

group a few times, but they hadn't seriously thought about anything except heating up their already spicy sex life. Until Leesa Bouchard walked into their lives.

Cain had fallen for her first, hard enough that Geoff had to battle an initial burst of jealousy that the man he considered his soul mate had been so obviously taken with someone else. Then Geoff had worked side by side with Leesa and understood the draw. The woman was in a class all her own. Incredibly smart. Fast on her feet. Sexier than any female he'd known. And she wasn't even trying. Slim yet muscular, she moved with the stealth and sleekness of a cat. For fuck's sake, he got a hard-on just watching her help them catch and milk a thanatos lizard.

He and Cain hadn't found much time to talk without her listening in, but in the short private conversations they'd snatched, both had figured the first step was to see if they were all compatible. Just because they worked well together didn't mean they could live well together—or fuck well together. So spending some time at the isolated beach house seemed like the perfect way to find out for sure if Leesa Bouchard might make their duo a trio.

But first, they had to deliver the dreaming death virus to V.I.C. and collect their substantial bounty.

"Leesa," Cain said, coaxing her out of her trancelike stare. Her cheeks flamed as she cast Geoff one more hungry glance and then looked over to Cain. "Are you gonna answer that?"

"Shit. It's Atmospheric Administration. V.I.C. obviously didn't get us clearance," she whispered before acknowledging the incoming hail. "*Summer Wind* requesting landing permission to V.I.C. headquarters in Sydney."

"Negative *Summer Wind*," a man snapped. "Establish lunar orbit until further notice."

"Lunar orbit?" Leesa asked. "But—"

"Atmospheric Administration out." The connection terminated.

"Fuck you too," she said, flipping off the now dead link. "Lunar

orbit? What's up with that?"

Geoff jerked his shirt on and nodded at Cain, who relinquished the pilot's seat. Cain was a good pilot, but when something was wrong—and right now something was *really* wrong—Geoff took the controls. He slid into the seat and started to figure out what in the hell was going on. "We're being scanned."

"Yeah, I just caught that." Leesa's fingers scrambled over the com. "But by whom? V.I.C. should have sent the clearance declaring the virus to Atmospheric Administration."

"While I was asleep, they never acknowledged that they found the paperwork?" Geoff asked.

Both Cain and Leesa shook their heads.

"If we're being held in lunar orbit—"

The com signaled an incoming hail, cutting him off. Leesa answered, "*Summer Wind*."

"By order of Atmospheric Administration," the stern, masculine voice declared, "you will dock at Lunar Detection Dock number five immediately."

"But—"

"Immediately, *Summer Wind*," the voice barked. "Our scan reveals that you are in possession of contraband."

She looked over at Cain then to Geoff with worried eyes. Her fingers tapped off the link so they could all speak freely. "Contraband? What the fuck is he talking about?"

Cain shrugged as he frowned.

"Beats the shit outta me," Geoff replied. "I can't ignore a direct A.A. command. Not if I ever want to fly again."

"I know," Leesa replied. "But if we're caught with contraband..."

Geoff stared over at Leesa with the same intensity she stared at him. "You think we grabbed something on Charos to bring back."

"I didn't say that."

"It's okay, babe," Cain said. "'Cause right now, we're thinking the same thing about you."

"I didn't...I wouldn't..." Her eyes shifted between them until her shoulders finally relaxed. "You didn't, either."

"We're not smugglers," Geoff said, plotting a course to L.D.D. five. "And you obviously aren't. So what in the hell is on our ship that shouldn't be there?"

* * * *

Cain growled at the A.A. agent who slapped the restraints on his wrists. Dressed in a protective bodysuit, the agent turned his attention to Leesa, roughly pulling her wrists behind her back. Bad enough he and Geoff were being shackled. They sure didn't need to put those things on a woman. "Do you have to use the handcuffs on her?"

She was shoved over between him and Geoff. Each man took a step in front of her, shielding her with their bodies. "Easy, boys," she whispered. "I'm fine." A quiet chuckle. "Not the first time I've been in cuffs, although last time was a helluva lot more fun."

Cain grinned at her pluck, glancing over to see a smirk on Geoff's face as well.

The A.A. officials were searching the *Summer Wind* with a fine-tooth comb. They looked like aliens in their silver bodysuits that protected them from any kind of contaminants. When a crash echoed from inside the ship, Geoff's grin quickly changed to a scowl. "I don't know what you think you're gonna find!" he shouted. "We don't smuggle! We have a contract with Viral Initiative Corporation!"

Leesa leaned against Geoff, rubbing her cheek against his upper arm and whispering softly, "We'll fix it, honey. Whatever they break on your ship, we'll fix it."

Funny, Cain hadn't thought about how small she was, how fragile she appeared as she stood there, trying to comfort an enraged Geoff. And her efforts actually seemed to be working. The scowl eased, and he tipped his body closer to hers. Cain inched closer, and it only took a moment before Leesa looked up at him with those big, hazel eyes

and gave him a lopsided grin. "It's only stuff, baby."

Honey. Baby. Pet names? His heart skipped a beat at the notion of her returning the affection he and his lover held for her. Now wasn't exactly the proper time to ask.

The A.A. officer tilted his head as if listening to the communicator in his ear, and then a slow, wicked smile spread over his face. He stared at the trio through his mask and sneered, "Gotcha. They found your contraband."

"We don't have contraband," Geoff said with another growl.

"Yeah, that's what they all say," the agent replied. "Let's see what my buddies bring out of your ship."

As if on cue, two A.A. agents descended the ramp to the cargo hold. One of them held the container full of the venom they'd milked from the thanatos lizards.

"You brought an unregistered virus with you," the A.A. agent with the container announced.

"It's not unregistered," Leesa insisted. "We were contracted by V.I.C. for the dreaming death virus. V.I.C. was supposed to file the paperwork so we could land on Earth and transfer that container to them for their research."

The agent shook his head. "V.I.C. says they didn't send you to Charos. Hell, not much coming in from the Rhotan System is allowed yet, not even most immigrants. You stupid wranglers think you can sneak illegal shit past us? Guess again."

"I had a contract!" she said, stomping her foot.

"Sorry," the agent replied. "You approached Earth with an unregistered virus. Time to pay the price."

"Oh, God... You know what this means?" Leesa shifted her gaze between the men before she doubled over as if someone had struck her in the gut.

"Lees?" Cain asked. "What's—" He didn't have to ask what was wrong. He knew. "Quarantine."

"Oh, fuck," Geoff said. "I hate quarantine."

Her shoulders started to shake as a sob rose from her. “I...can’t...stay here. Not...in one of...” Her words tapered off to a choked, painful moan.

Cain felt helpless. He leaned down and whispered, “It’ll be okay, Leesa. It’ll be okay.” With his hands bound behind his back, he couldn’t even reach out to rub her back, let alone take her into his arms.

“What’s wrong with her?” Geoff asked.

“She’s claustrophobic,” Cain replied, rubbing his chin on her hair, wishing he could give her some kind of comfort. “*Really* claustrophobic.”

“But if we’re in quarantine...It’s so *small*.” The last word was a whisper.

“I know.”

Leesa rose to her full height, her eyes wide with panic. She took several steps toward the closest A.A. agent. “Stasis!” she screamed. “You have to put me in fucking stasis instead!”

“Can’t,” the agent replied, his voice calm despite her near hysteria. “Gotta see if you got anything nasty from those lizards, and viruses don’t develop in stasis.”

Geoff stepped forward to put himself between Leesa and the silver suit. “We milked those things for a month. We have a contract to get their dreaming death virus. You can’t quarantine us for a virus we had permission to wrangle, especially when we didn’t get infected. Scan us. Do we look fucking paralyzed to you?”

“Paralyzed? Shit, we’d be *dead* if one of those things bit us,” Cain added.

The agent stubbornly shook his head. “Can’t find any evidence of a contract. And med scans won’t pick up exotic viruses. You guys are on lockdown for thirty days. You wrangled a restricted virus. That’s automatic quarantine. You’re lucky we don’t take your fucking ship, too.”

“Thirty days?” A groan slipped out of Leesa, and her legs buckled

until she knelt on the floor. "Put me in stasis...please!"

"Can't," the A.A. drone replied.

"We had a contract," Cain insisted, stepping over to Leesa's side. She leaned against his leg, and he could feel her trembling. "Check with V.I.C.!"

"Already told you, we did. V.I.C. says they've never heard of you."

"Lees," Cain asked, "who contracted you?"

She blinked a few times as if trying to search her memory. "Harris Streeter."

"Hear that?" Cain said to the agent. "Contact Harris Streeter at V.I.C."

The agent punched a few things into his communicator before he turned to walk away.

"I'll die," Leesa whispered. "If they put me in a quarantine pod, I'll die."

"Lees..." He knew why she was afraid. The single pods were more like ancient prison cells. He'd be stir-crazy in a matter of days. What kind of hell would that be for someone with claustrophobia? At least the cohabitation pods were a little bit larger, so he and Geoff would have room to move around.

"Tell them you're our wife, Leesa," Geoff insisted as his brown eyes caught Cain's.

It only took a second to realize what his lover was hoping to accomplish. "Shit. Good idea. Did you hear him, Lees? Tell them you're married to both of us."

"Why?" she said, lifting her wild eyes to gape at them.

"We'll be put in quarantine together in a bigger pod," Geoff replied. "You won't be alone. Tell 'em, Leesa!"

The agent came striding back. "No Harris Streeter at V.I.C. You're outta tricks." He pointed at Leesa. "Get her on her feet. Time to head to your pods."

"I'm their wife!" she shouted as she struggled to get up with her

hands cuffed behind her.

Grabbing her elbow, the asshole agent chuckled as he pulled her to her feet. “Nice try.” He nodded at the men. “They were married in Remiza. A registered wedding. Nothing in your history, darlin’. They can share a bigger pod. You get a single all to your lonesome.”

“She’s our wife,” Cain said, trying to knock the agent away from Leesa with his hip.

“She is,” Geoff added, using his shoulder to shove the agent further away. “We joined on Charos. Common law ceremony.”

“What the hell’s a common law ceremony?” the agent asked.

“Check with your boss,” Cain replied, quickly following his lover’s lead. “We lived as spouses for more than sixty days on an uninhabited planet. That makes her our wife according to the Pilgrim Charter.”

“Oh, come off it,” the agent said with a groan. “You’re all wranglers. Smugglers to boot. You weren’t pilgrims on Charos. No one would *ever* go to Charos to settle it. The thing’s nothing but a fucking rock. She goes alone.”

The partners made a wall with their bodies when the agent reached for Leesa. She pressed herself up against their backs. “Thank you,” she whispered.

“She goes with us,” Cain insisted.

“With us,” Geoff echoed.

The agent punched a few things into his communicator before he sighed. “Fine. You’re assigned to cohabitation pod twenty-four.”

Chapter 3

The door slid shut. The musical sound of the lock being primed seemed like a funeral bell. Leesa wrapped her arms around her waist and hugged herself. Despite what the agent said about letting her share a pod with Geoff and Cain, she was all alone. And she was terrified.

First, a female agent dragged her into a decontamination room. Her clothes were bagged for disposal, and then she had to wait through a ten-minute electro-mag shower. The *Full Silkwood*, the A.A. had called it. Whatever the hell *that* meant. After being given some gray cotton clothes—a baggy short-sleeved shirt and over-sized draw-string pants—Leesa got dressed. She was also handed a canvas bag full of personal hygiene products, none of which were her preferred brands. Not that she complained. She’d made do with worse, and she’d learned to take whatever life dished out. The only things she’d asked for were her vitamins and protein bars, but the A.A. had laughed and said she’d be given fortified food three times a day. Vitamins and protein bars were a “luxury.” Then the bitch told her to relax.

Relax? Fuck that! She wanted a hypospray full of a heavy-duty sedative. Like they’d let her have that after they took away her vitamins.

Where are Geoff and Cain?

The panic was creeping in now that she had nothing to do. It wasn’t that the place was tiny. The room she stood in was probably the size of her living room. From her vantage point, she could also see one bedroom and one bathroom. Not bad for forced lunar

accommodations. But being locked inside with no way to leave? Leesa took a couple of deep breaths. They didn't help worth a diddly damn.

Moving around to try to keep busy, she poked her head in the bathroom. Not much to look at. A shower. A toilet. A sink. Like some cramped hotel room. *Whoopee shit*. She'd lived in worse.

The bedroom wasn't quite as stark. The closet had mirrored doors. She jerked them open to find a stack of more gray shirts and pants next to a pile of white towels. There was a black enamel bureau. Opening a drawer, she found more gray clothes. Couldn't Atmospheric Administration even spring for some fucking dye? Black, even? Nope. Nothing but drab, dull, disgusting gray. The walls were painted the same color. Fucking gray tiles on the floor, too.

One enormous bed stood in the middle of the room. *One*. Like she wasn't already anxious enough. But it wasn't as if she could ask for a fold-away cot. The three of them were supposed to be married. Of course they'd be sharing a bed. At least the sheets were white.

Returning to the living area, she took in the small view screen and the old-fashioned remote control, which meant at least there was *some* entertainment. A long sofa with one chrome table. Two lumpy chairs. No computer station. Would they be in isolation as well as quarantine? Not that she had anyone to notify that she was dropping out of her life for the next thirty days. Most of the free time she had, she spent on her computer, just surfing for someone to talk to or to find the latest news from Earth. But she was itching to dig into her cyber-message center to find out what the hell was going on with V.I.C. and why they hadn't given the *Summer Wind* clearance. When she found out who at V.I.C. had fucked her over, someone was in for a world of hurt.

With nothing left to do, Leesa suddenly felt like she was going to crawl out of her own skin. Her head began to spin, and the walls moved closer and closer until she feared she couldn't breathe.

* * * *

The door slid shut behind Geoff, and he had to resist the urge to throw himself at it and start beating his fists against the metal. He hated being confined, even if it was only for thirty days. Before he gave in to the immature notion of a temper tantrum, he turned back to Cain only to find he wasn't there. "Cain?"

"In here," came the reply from what had to be the bedroom.

Striding into the room, he found Cain sitting on the edge of the bed with his arms wrapped around a trembling Leesa. Evidently, she didn't like being penned up like some animal, either. At least he wasn't battling claustrophobia in addition to the caged feeling. "She okay?"

"Lees," Cain whispered, brushing her loose hair away from her face. "How you doin'?"

"Been better." She wrapped her arms around Cain's waist and twisted her hands in the back of his gray shirt.

Cain kissed her forehead before dropping his chin on top of her head. She pressed her face against his chest.

Geoff sat down on the other side of her, feeling entirely inadequate on what he could do to help her. Cain was the sensitive one in their marriage. Geoff was just a gruff, no-nonsense pilot. "Sorry you've gotta go through this." He awkwardly patted her back, his hands looking huge against her slender body.

She released a shuddering sigh as one of her hands reached back. Geoff grabbed it and gave her a reassuring squeeze. Then a yawn slipped out before he could stop it. "God, I'm tired. This has been the day from hell."

"Sure has," Cain said. "I think we all need to get some sleep."

"In one bed," Leesa said against Cain's chest.

"Well, we *are* married." Cain's teasing reply brought a smile to Geoff's face. "How's it feel to have two husbands, Leesa?"

Her head slowly rose, and she stared at Cain. Red rimmed her

eyes. She'd obviously been crying while she waited for them. A surprise from a woman of her strength. "You guys have no idea how grateful I am that you thought of that. I owe you my life."

"Couldn't let you go into one of those tiny pods," he replied. "I got locked down there once for a week after a run to Mars when they had a pox epidemic. Hated every minute of it. And after you told me about being claustrophobic..."

She closed her eyes and leaned her cheek against his shoulder. "Thank you."

"Thank Geoff. He had the stroke of brilliance. How did you know about the Pilgrim Charter?"

"My brother was a pilgrim on Pagonna," Geoff replied. "Helped create the first hydrofarms there. I always thought he was an idiot for going someplace that was basically incommunicado." Now, he was damn glad the bits of trivia he'd picked up from his brother's situation had helped him come to Leesa's rescue.

This time, Leesa yawned, which sent both men following her lead. The three of them looked like baby birds waiting to be fed.

"I usually sleep on the left," Cain said, giving Leesa a gentle tug.

She blinked several times, her forehead wrinkling in thought. "But...I figured...Don't you guys want to have sex?"

Geoff couldn't help but laugh. "That has to be the silliest question I've ever heard. Of course we want to have sex."

"But you're exhausted," Cain added. "We're exhausted too. And we've got thirty days to get to know one another."

Walking around to his normal side of the bed, Geoff jerked the sheets back and plopped down. At least the mattress was firm. Too soft, and he'd be miserable. He was used to spooning with his lover at night, and now that they'd be sleeping three to a bed, that might have to change. What did Leesa like? Closeness or distance? It had been years since he started a new relationship, and he felt a little awkward.

Cain didn't offer her a choice, nudging Leesa toward the middle. She scooted over and stretched out on her back next to Geoff, looking

as stiff as a piece of steel. Since he couldn't snuggle with Cain, he decided to haul Leesa up against him and get her to loosen up a little. Wrapping an arm around her waist, he dragged her over to him until her firm little backside was pressed against his groin.

Stupid move. His dick quickly rose to attention. Pressing his nose into her loose hair, he breathed in her scent. Clean woman. Something he hadn't been close to in several years, but more arousing than he remembered. He placed his palm on her flat belly and fit his body to hers, hoping his body heat would stop her nervous shivering.

Cain flopped next to Leesa, rolled to his side, and draped a heavy thigh over hers. His arm covered the one Geoff had around her waist. As always, a soft snore rose from him only a few moments later.

"He's asleep?" Leesa whispered, turning her head to look at Geoff. "That quick?"

"It's like he's got an off switch."

"He never fell asleep that quick on Charos."

"Who the hell can sleep on that fucking rock? You comfortable?"

She nodded before turning back and rubbing her cheek against the pillow. "Very. And warm. You two put off an incredible amount of heat."

"Yeah? Well, just wait 'til we do something in this bed besides sleep. Then you'll really feel the heat."

* * * *

She felt like a human pretzel. The moment wakefulness registered, Leesa realized she was lying on her back, part of a tangle of arms and legs. If she moved a single muscle, she'd wake one of the men. It was a glorious feeling.

They smelled nice. Masculine. Clean. Arousing. Judging from the stiff cocks pressing against each of her thighs, her bed partners were also aroused.

Day one of isolation. And day one of figuring out just where she'd

fit in Cain and Geoff's relationship. Right now, she might as well be a guest. Had they been staying at their place on Remiza, it would have been worse. At least in the quarantine pod, she was on equal footing—neutral ground. Should she just lie there until one or both of them stirred? Should she boldly reach out and stroke those hard dicks to wake them up? Should she try to wriggle her way out of their twisted bodies and search for some breakfast? Should she—

"Morning," Cain murmured as he flexed his hips, rubbing his erection against her thigh.

Turning her head, she smiled. "Good morning. Wasn't sure if you got up early."

"Oh, I'm *up*." The heat of his cock branded her through their thin pants.

"So am I," Geoff replied, his warm breath brushing her ear. Pushing his rigid staff against her leg, he pressed his lips to her neck.

"Did you sleep well, Lees?" Cain ran his fingers up and down her arm, raising gooseflesh.

She'd missed a man's touch. "Hmm. Yeah, baby. Better than on the *Summer Wind*. Nice ship, but your bunks are too small. I need to stretch out more."

"That's why we didn't make a move on you sooner," Geoff purred in her ear. "Wanted a nice, big bed."

"Or a warm beach," Cain added. "We actually talked about seducing you after a moonlight picnic by the surf once we got you to our beach house."

Still amazed that two sexy men had been making plans to seduce her, she let the heat sweep through her veins, settling between her thighs. "Sorry V.I.C. ruined your plans."

Geoff rubbed his beard-stubbed chin against the side of her face. "Not *ruined*...just...*postponed*."

"Besides," Cain added, "we've got a nice big bed now."

Since she didn't have a shy bone in her body, Leesa decided to follow their bold lead. Her hands slid down until she could press a

palm against each of their swollen cocks. Shit, but they were both huge. And so incredibly hot. They groaned as she rubbed their lengths before dipping her hands inside the waistbands of their pants. The feel of the soft skin over the steel of their erections made fluid rush to her pussy.

While she'd done a wild thing or two in her day, she'd never enjoyed the pleasure of a threesome before. Feeling a bit virginal and unsure of what exactly they expected of her, she waited for one of them to make the next move. She didn't have to wait long.

Cain grabbed the hem of her shirt and peeled it up her body. A moment later, it fluttered to the floor. "God, you're beautiful." Fingers plucked at one breast until the nipple peaked. "I've been dying to taste you." His tongue licked around and around until his lips closed over her, and he pulled her nipple deep into his warm mouth, sending a jolt straight to her clitoris.

Leesa arched her back and threaded her fingers through his blond hair to hold him in place. Each swirl of his tongue, each gentle suckle made her tingle. "I like that," she purred.

* * * *

Watching Cain feasting on Leesa made Geoff's cock jerk. He'd always loved the visual part of sex. Whenever Cain sucked him, Geoff got off as much on seeing that sweet mouth of his on his dick or his tongue tasting his balls as feeling it. *This* was like live porn, and he wasn't about to be left out.

The drawstring to her pants gave with a tug, and he eased them over her slim hips until he could pull them away, enjoying the feel of her soft skin against his rough palms. The pants joined her shirt on the floor. After he took off his own shirt and pants, he took her closest hand away from the back of Cain's head and placed it right where he wanted it most.

Her slender fingers closed around his cock, and she stroked him

from crown to root before dipping her palm down to cup his scrotum. “Oh, yeah, love,” Geoff said before he decided to try to drive her as crazy as she was making him. Smoothing his hand down her belly, he tangled them through the patch of brown curls on her mound. “Bet you’re as soft as silk.”

And she was. Hot and so very wet. His fingers slipped between her slick folds until he found the nub of her swollen clit. One quick flick made her bow off the bed and suck in air between clenched teeth. Her hand tightened around his erection, her thumb rubbing over the fluid dripping from the tip. “Shit, Geoff, that feels good.”

“Any condoms around here?” he asked, knowing this party would probably move pretty quickly if Leesa’s passionate reaction and his own need for release were any indication. In deference to Leesa’s presence on the *Summer Wind*, he hadn’t fucked Cain since they left on the trip to Charos. If he didn’t have his cock inside one of his partners soon, he’d explode.

“Do we need them?” Leesa asked. “My tubes were lasered. Since you’re monogamous, I assumed you’re both clean.”

“Is she the perfect woman or what?” Cain asked as he shifted from licking one breast to the other. After torturing her for a moment, he lifted his head to look at Geoff. “Care if I taste her before you stick that dick she’s holding inside her? Been a long time since I ate pussy.” Not even waiting for an answer, his lips and tongue moved down her stomach. He didn’t even nudge Geoff’s hand away, letting him finger fuck Leesa while he sucked her clit into his mouth.

“Damn, guys! You’re killing me!” Her fingers tangled through Cain’s hair. “Keep that up much longer and I’m gonna...ahh...shit...”

“Gonna what?” Geoff asked as he and Cain seemed to double their efforts when she planted her feet on the mattress and started pushing her hips against them. “You gonna come, love?” His eyes caught Cain’s. “Well, by all means. Let her have it.”

As Geoff pulled his hand away, Cain buried his face between her thighs, licking and sucking while she held his head in place. The two

of them seemed lost in each other until Cain's hand shot out to grab Geoff's dick and squeeze. Drops of fluid leaked from the tip as he groaned. "Cock tease. Turnabout's fair play." He sat up on his knees, gave his finger a quick lick for moisture, then ran it around Cain's tight ass. Geoff was rewarded when Cain wiggled his pale globes. The guy loved it when Geoff played with his ass, so he plunged his finger deep inside just as Leesa let out a piercing scream she muffled with the back of her hand.

"A screamer?" Cain asked, chuckling as he wiped her glossy fluids from his cheeks. "I *love* having a screamer."

"Don't get too loud, Leesa," Geoff said, returning his attentions to Cain's tight ass. "They'll come charging in, thinking we're wife beaters."

"Shit, Geoff. Quit playing around back there and just fuck me already." Cain rose on hands and knees. "Seems like it's been forever."

"Two months and a couple of weeks," Geoff replied as he crawled behind his lover. "Need some lube."

With a chuckle, Cain said, "Just run your hand up Leesa's pussy. She's soaking wet."

Leesa rolled away and crawled to the nightstand. Jerking the drawer opened, she smiled. "They've supplied us well." She grabbed something from the drawer and gently tossed it to Geoff.

Geoff caught the small bottle of lube and grinned. Then he popped the cap and squeezed a generous amount over his fingers. He tossed it back to Leesa and started working the smooth liquid in and around Cain's hole.

"C'mon, Geoff. Quit playing!"

"Ready?"

"Past ready! Do it!"

As he eased inside Cain's body, he thought about seeing if Leesa had recovered enough to suck Cain's dick while he fucked him. Turned out he never had to ask. Just like back on Charos, she seemed

to sense what they needed her to do. She rolled over and crawled toward Cain, dropping down to run her tongue around his swollen crown. As he slid in and out, Geoff felt Cain shudder when her lips closed around him.

Where had she been all their lives?

Between the feel of Cain's passage squeezing him tight and the visual candy reflected in the mirrored walls of the closet of Leesa treating Cain to what looked like a talented tongue lashing, Geoff knew release was going to come far too quickly. Right before his orgasm washed over him, he realized they had thirty days to see if this was just a one-time perfect fuck or if the three of them truly understood each other as well as they seemed to at that moment.

Cain shouted at his release, and Leesa's lips closed around him. Her hand cupped his balls as she swallowed his semen. A few more licks of the last drops of his fluid, and then she crawled back up the bed and collapsed onto her stomach. Closing her eyes, she hummed as if she'd enjoyed the experience as much as Cain.

Geoff slowly withdrew before flopping down next to her, his head against her breasts as she scooted over enough to press her cheek to the top of his head. The bed bounced a moment later as Cain plopped to her other side, laid his head on her breast, and threw his arm over her waist. Geoff's gaze caught Cain's across her slender body, and he grinned. "So was it good for you?" Geoff chuckled. "For *both* of you?"

"Fuckin' A," Cain replied. "Only wish someone had the chance to fuck Leesa. Sorry, babe. Two plus months is a long time to go without."

"Wish I would have realized you guys wanted me," she replied. "We could've had more fun on the mission. I have a feeling this quarantine is gonna be a helluva lot nicer than any I've ever been in before."

Chapter 4

“At least we have a computer now,” Leesa said as she opened the ancient laptop that had arrived with supper. “Although I’m not sure this was made in this century. Shit, it’s still using Windows Universal. Thought that went out of style ten years ago.”

“Beggars can’t be choosers,” Cain replied, settling down on the sofa next to her and draping an arm across her shoulder.

She wasn’t at all surprised when Geoff leaned over the back of the sofa to watch what she was doing. The men had to feel as out of touch with the rest of the universe as she did. First thing she headed for was her messaging center. *Fucking V.I.C.* Retrieving the file of V.I.C. cyber-messages, she scrolled down to search for the Charos contract. “What the hell?”

Geoff’s hands settled on her shoulders. “What’s wrong?”

“I don’t know...All the stupid cyber-messages from V.I.C. are gone.” Like *that* made any sense. Leesa was obsessive-compulsive about her business documents, especially where Viral Initiative Corporation was concerned because they were one of her highest-paying clients. “I can’t find the fucking contract, either. And no follow-up cyber-messages. What’s going on here?”

Leaning over, Cain’s eyes scanned the screen. “I’ll check my cyber-messages when you’re done. I’ll have what you forwarded to me. I keep copies of everything.”

“So do I!” she insisted.

Cain’s lips brushed her cheek. “I believe you, babe.”

Heat rose in her cheeks. “Sorry I shouted. I’m not used to having someone around to talk about business with. I’ve been alone my

whole life..."

"Well, you're not alone now," he said with a grin that made her heart start to pound. She wasn't sure she would ever become accustomed to having two specimens of perfect male living with her, but she knew she'd never grow tired of looking at them. Handsome faces. Muscular bodies. Every inch of them was a work of art.

"This whole thing just isn't kosher," Geoff said, rubbing her tightening muscles and helping ease her wariness around her quarantine mates. Damn, if she wasn't getting used to having them close at hand. Not only used to them, but craving them. "None of this has been right. V.I.C. not answering our hails. Getting quarantined because they won't clear us. And what's with this Harris Streeter, that V.I.C. hasn't heard of him?"

"He was my contact," Leesa replied. "A new guy, but he checked out. He had all the right codes, and the contract was a standard V.I.C. virus collection contract. Of course, we were sent to the Rhotan System, to Charos. Not many people go there."

"*No one* goes there," Cain said.

"And we wrangled some of the scariest creatures I've ever seen," Geoff added.

"So then why are we stuck in quarantine?" Cain asked. "Assholes."

Guilt weighed heavy as she realized just how much their lives had been disrupted by her hiring them to help harvest the dreaming death virus. "Guys, I'm so sorry. I should've...I don't know...checked things out more...Now you're stuck here, and it's all my fault."

Cain brushed her hair back over her shoulder. "That wasn't directed at you, Lees. That was directed at V.I.C. At A.A. At the situation. Not at *you*." His lips touched her cheek again, giving her little nibbling kisses to her ear before his tongue circled the ridges as his hot breath caressed her skin.

She shivered. Things had been perfectly cordial when they all woke up, just like they were still on the mission. Everyone took turns

showering while they grazed on the surprisingly enormous breakfast tray that was passed through the flap in their front door. Fresh fruit, mostly from Earth. Bagels with Balian dragon cheese. Plenty to eat, even if there wasn't as much protein as Leesa liked. If they were going to get the dragon's milk for cheese, they could've at least grabbed a few of the eggs as well. At least there was meat at the other meals.

None of them had mentioned their romp in bed. Not after breakfast. Or lunch. Or supper. It was like they'd become colleagues again, and that made her nervous. Did her guys suddenly realize they preferred each other to a female? She'd enjoyed herself and had left the bed thoroughly satisfied. But what if they hadn't felt the same?

She was at a definite disadvantage if she wanted to win them over with sex. Men had to make fantastic lovers for other men. After all, they owned the same equipment and had plenty of time to play with it to figure out what felt good and what didn't. How could she ever know if she tugged too hard or gripped too tightly? She'd had a few lovers in her life, but she'd never been in a threesome, nor had she been horribly inventive. Sex had always been like a workout. Fast. Hot. Sweaty.

Had her performance disappointed them? Neither of those fabulous cocks had ended up inside her. Maybe they didn't want a woman...Maybe they didn't want *her*...Maybe their feelings didn't go any deeper than their groins...Not like her feelings for them.

Leesa had felt close to them from day one, that attraction growing from physical to heartfelt throughout their mission. They'd treated her exactly like she wanted to be treated—like any other wrangler, letting her take the lead and never trying to tell her what a woman could or couldn't do. Yet they'd also made her feel special and a bit cherished, taking the time to help stitch her open wounds or rub salve on whatever hurts she gained on each venture to hunt and milk thanatos lizards. The tender feelings that had taken hold grew by leaps and bounds when they'd put themselves on the line to save her from being

stuck in a tiny quarantine pod. And after making love, her need for them deepened with every moment she spent with her two men.

Cain's lips moved to her neck, sending more shivers racing over her skin. His teeth nipped at the tender flesh just as Geoff's hands slipped down from massaging her shoulders to covering her breasts. Her nipples hardened, and she leaned forward into his touch.

Okay, so maybe they *did* want her. At least physically. But could they possibly feel about her the way she felt about them?

"I'm tired of thinking about V.I.C.," Cain whispered as his hand settled on her thigh and squeezed.

"Me too," Geoff said as his hands moved over her breasts, to her stomach, and then to the hem of her drab shirt. Grabbing the bottom, he worked it up her body and tossed it aside, baring her breasts. "We left you hanging this morning, love."

"Sure did," Cain added as he quickly stood up. "Now we need to fix that."

Before Leesa could even catch her breath to ask how they planned to do so, Cain scooped her up in his arms and strode toward their bedroom. She glanced over his shoulder to see Geoff toss her a wink and a smile. "But I enjoyed this morning," she insisted.

"Not as much as we wanted you to," Cain replied as he set her on the bed and started to strip. She scooted to the middle as Geoff walked around the other side and knelt next to her on the mattress.

"Not *nearly* as much as we wanted you to," Geoff added as he yanked his shirt over his head. "Sorry about that. It had just been too long since we had sex. We'll do *much* better this time."

"It was a great orgasm," she said as he tugged the drawstring of her pants and slowly pulled the garment down her body. She flopped to her back and lifted her hips to help him. Just having the two of them talking about what they intended to do was almost as exciting as them doing it. Heat rushed to her pussy, and a gush of fluid soaked her. Squeezing her legs together, she tried to control her overwhelming reaction to knowing that two handsome men wanted to

fuck her. She had a hard time catching her breath as flutters raced through her insides, settling between her thighs.

When neither of her partners spoke, Leesa grew self-conscious. One hand dropped to shield her pussy from their stares as her other inadequately covered her breasts.

“Stop. Please,” Cain said, his voice ragged for the first time since she’d met him. “Let us look. God, you’re beautiful.” His gaze rose to meet Geoff’s. “Been a while, hasn’t it?”

“Sure has,” Geoff replied before he worked on removing his loose pants. “Your dick’s nice, but I missed tits.”

“And pussy,” Cain added.

“She’s a work of art.”

“Definitely.”

“Me?” Her hands fell away. “You’re talking about me? A work of art?” Everything inside her melted at the thought of her guys thinking about her as something special.

Instead of answering her, Cain covered her body with his, pushing his knee between her thighs to open her up. As she spread her legs, he pressed his cock against her core. “Yes, you,” he finally said. “Damn, Lees. You feel so good.” He slid his rigid shaft between her folds. “I wish I had the stamina to do this earlier. All I could think about from the moment I first saw you was how much I wanted you, how good it would feel to make love to you.”

“Really?” she asked, the word ending with a gasp as the head of his cock rubbed her clitoris. She squeezed her thighs against his hips.

“Really,” Geoff replied as he lay down beside her, grabbed her hand, and led it to his erection. Her fingers tightened around him as she rubbed her thumb over the head, smearing the pre-cum leaking from the tip. “He talked about you all the time. Leesa this and Leesa that. Made me major jealous until he assured me he was committed to our marriage and wanted to add you to our mix, not replace me with you.”

“Three’s not a crowd?” Leesa asked, shifting her gaze back to

Cain and groaning when the head of his shaft pressed against her clit again.

“After this morning, how can you ask that?” he asked. “We’ll just have to convince you three’s the perfect number—especially when you’re the one who makes us a ‘three.’”

Wrapping her arms around Cain’s neck, she lifted up to press her lips against his. She found them soft, warm. Delicious. As he deepened the kiss, his tongue sank into her mouth. He tasted like male, and everything inside her flared to life. Her juices started flowing as her cunt clenched, anticipating the feeling of his cock sliding into her, wanting to feel him pound into her while she scraped her fingernails across his broad shoulders.

She needed these men. She needed them in her life and in her bed. She’d been so busy chasing money for so many years, she’d neglected her personal life—more specifically, her love life. Her vibrating sonic showerhead had been her best lover. Now, she had not one, but two incredibly virile men who were ready to fulfill her sexual fantasies, and she was damn well going to enjoy every minute of it. Even if it was only for twenty-nine more days.

Leesa threw herself into the kiss, letting her tongue play across Cain’s, gently coaxing him to rock his hips against her by raising hers to meet him. The slide of his thick cock against her pussy felt like heaven. “Now, Cain.”

He stopped kissing her to brace himself up on his arms. “Oh, no, Leesa. This isn’t gonna be a quick fuck.”

“But—”

His lips covered hers, kissing her long and deep with just the right amount of tongue. When he pulled back, he framed her face with his hands. “Relax. Let us play. We’ve got plenty of time and no place else to go. Let’s make this one special.”

Like she even needed to think about it. “That sounds wonderful.”

Geoff bumped Cain with his shoulder, and with a chuckle, Cain fell to Leesa’s side and stretched out next to her. She turned to smile

at him, but Geoff's hands suddenly touched her cheeks and turned her to face him. He pressed a hard kiss to her lips, sweeping his tongue into her mouth.

Damn, but her boys knew how to kiss. Sinking into the splendor of the feelings their attention sent ripping through her, she quit trying to hide her reactions. Fuck it if she soaked the sheets and screamed like a banshee. She was going to enjoy every minute she spent with them.

Pulling away from the kiss, Geoff buried his lips against her neck, and then traced a wet, warm line across her chest and between her breasts just as Cain leaned over and tugged a nipple into his mouth. Leesa bowed up, offering herself to them. Cain was right. Three was the *perfect* number.

As Geoff continued his trail of sensuous torture down her belly, Cain shifted to her other breast, licking her nipple before blowing across it. He smiled when it puckered and then dropped his mouth to suckle at the same time Geoff's fingers separated her folds. The double dose of attention made her womb spasm.

Before she could tell them how much she enjoyed what they were doing, Geoff drew her clit into his mouth with a gentle suck. "Shit!" She drew up her knees and braced her heels against the sheets. Her hands flew to Cain's head as she splayed her fingers through his long, soft hair.

Geoff's finger pushed deep inside her, quickly joined by a second. As he worked them in and out of her channel and continued his gentle assault on her clitoris, it all suddenly became too much. Arching her back, Leesa gave in to the orgasm, her building scream silenced when Cain's mouth covered hers.

The spasms lasted a long time before her senses finally returned. Geoff then crawled back up to her side, and Cain fell to the other. First, she put her palm on her chest to try to calm her racing heart before she let her hands drop to reach for the part of her guys they'd so far denied her. Not anymore. Geoff and Cain weren't leaving this

bed until she fucked both their brains out. “So who gets to nail me first?”

* * * *

“Me!” Cain didn’t even give Geoff a chance to reply. He’d thought of nothing but being inside Leesa for what seemed like years. Back on Charos, every chance he and Geoff had found to talk about approaching her, all he could do was think about that tight body, that perfect ass, and what she’d feel like when his cock was deep inside her pussy.

As Geoff chuckled, Cain grabbed her hips and rolled her on top of him. “Ride me, Lees.”

“Gladly, baby.” She straddled him, holding his cock in her hand and stroking him—once, twice—before pressing the tip against her channel and guiding him home.

Geoff had been right. She *was* perfect. Hot. Tight. Wet. Hissing in air, he pushed his hips up until his whole shaft was inside her. “Fuck, your body’s a paradise.”

“Geoff?” she called, turning her head. “Feeling left out?”

His hand was pumping his cock. “Not in the least. Once Cain gets you good and stretched out, I’m gonna join the party.”

Knowing what Geoff had in mind, Cain stopped moving and grinned. “You’ll love it, Lees. Two guys at the same time.”

Her eyes were wide enough they had to sting. “How?”

“I’m staying where I am,” Cain announced as he ran his fingertips over the moisture where his cock rested inside her body. Then his hands reached around to cradle her round bottom before he let a wet finger dip between her cheeks to her tight, little hole. “And Geoff’s going here.” He inched his finger inside her.

She moaned and squirmed.

“Shit, I knew she was the perfect woman,” Geoff said as he opened the drawer, grabbed the bottle of lube, and crawled over to

where Cain lay joined with Leesa. He squirted a generous amount of liquid on his hand before smearing it the length of his dick.

Cain withdrew his finger and reached up to cup Leesa's neck. As he pulled her face closer to his own, he whispered, "Relax, Lees. Let us teach you how to *really* enjoy sex."

The trust in her eyes made his heart skip a quick beat. "Kiss me," she ordered. He obeyed without hesitation.

* * * *

Geoff knew he needed to take it easy, to give Leesa time to adjust to what it was like to have two lovers inside her at the same time. He wanted to make it special for her, not only so they could do this again and again, but because she was so giving and so sweet. A woman like Leesa deserved all the pleasure he and Cain could give her.

He moved behind her and smoothed his hands over the muscles of her beautiful ass. "Easy, love. I'll be gentle. Anything doesn't feel right, you just say so, and I'll stop."

Just seeing Cain's cock deep inside her body was enough to make him want to bury himself inside her too. Taking a deep breath, he whirled his wet fingers around her little rosette, dipping inside before slipping back out. First to a knuckle, and then, surprisingly, he was able sink his whole finger.

This woman was made to have two lovers. He and Cain were damn lucky to have found her, and Geoff knew they would never let her go. Her sexy whimper when he withdrew his finger and sank two back into her tight hole made his cock twitch. "Think you're ready, love?"

Wrenching her lips away from Cain's enthusiastic diverting kisses, she groaned. "I'm ready. I want you."

Pressing the swollen head of his cock against her, he pushed until he slipped past the tense ring of muscle. He sucked a hissing breath in through clenched teeth, trying to savor the feel of her squeezing him

as he held back the need to pound into her.

* * * *

Leesa blew out the breath she'd held as she waited for Geoff to breach her virgin ass. The man was huge, and she feared she'd never be able to accept him inside her, especially since Cain was also a large man and was deep in her body already.

A warm hand smoothed over her ass. "You feel great," Geoff said, easing more of himself into her. Cain shifted as if sensing—or perhaps feeling?—Geoff's cock moving against his. Since nothing but a thin wall of her body separated the two men, she wondered if it excited them to have their dicks so close. Judging from the growls coming from Geoff and the groans rising from Cain, they were enjoying themselves. That made her relax, pleased to know she was bringing them pleasure—as much pleasure as they were bringing her.

She felt so full, loving the way her muscles clenched at them as if she wanted to keep them both planted firmly inside her. Yes, it burned when Geoff had first pushed deep, but now the incredible feeling of two men making love to her at the same time brushed aside the sensation.

They began to move. Together. As if Cain and Geoff could read each other's thoughts and anticipate each other's moves. Probably because they'd been a couple for a long time, longer than any relationship she'd ever enjoyed. Between the way her body stretched and the friction of the men's movements, everything inside her came alive. Cain's pelvis pushed hard against her clitoris each time he pulled out and surged back. Geoff's balls slapped against where Cain was joined with her. The sensations threatened to drown her in a mêlée of wonder.

All too soon, Leesa's body demanded release. As if sensing what she needed, the pace of the men increased, each panting as they moved in and out and in and...

Everything inside of her shattered as she cried out with her orgasm. Just as the spasms began to subside, Geoff grabbed her hips in an almost painful grip and sped up as he pounded her ass. Heat flooded her insides, sending a wave of aftershocks that increased as Cain called her name and bathed her womb in his essence.

Nothing in her life had prepared her for this kind of experience. Her body felt sated and a bit sore as first Geoff and then Cain gently withdrew. Easing to Cain's side, she closed her eyes and savored the contentment that weighted her limbs and her eyelids. Geoff headed to the bathroom. She heard him washing up before he came back and flopped down beside her. Cain wrapped an arm around her waist and threw a thigh over her legs. In what seemed like a single heartbeat, a soft snore started coming from him. Geoff snuggled up with her, and he kissed the top of her head before he drifted off as well.

Leesa chuckled softly, not even opening her eyes. Seemed that she was already accustomed to her lovers and their habits. Now that her men were content and comfortable, she allowed herself to sleep.

Chapter 5

“I beg your pardon?” Leesa asked as the quarantine worker slipped the breakfast tray through the pass-through.

“You’re gonna have a visitor,” the woman said. At least it sounded like a woman, hard to tell in the bulky containment uniform and hood. “About an hour.”

“But I don’t know—”

The pass-through slammed shut.

“Gee, thanks a bunch for the detailed information, asshole.” Carrying the tray over to the sofa, Leesa set it on the long table. Grabbing a banana, she peeled the fruit as she waited for the guys to join her for breakfast. She hadn’t even finished chewing her first bite when Cain wandered out of their bedroom, stretching and yawning. “What’s for breakfast, Lees?”

“Same old, same old. At least there’s some protein today.” She nodded at the hardboiled eggs. “Save two for me,” she warned as he reached for one of the six eggs. “Please. I can feel my muscle mass shrinking from lack of protein. Wish I could do more than push-ups and sit-ups to work out.”

“You’ll get your eggs. Promise. And I think Geoff and I are giving you *plenty* of things to do to keep those muscles strong. They’re called bedroom calisthenics.” He winked and grinned.

“My favorite workout,” she replied with a wiggle of her eyebrows.

As Cain peeled an egg, Geoff trudged into the living area like a freshly unearthed zombie. The man simply wasn’t a morning person. Neither was Leesa, but after the fifteen days she’d spent with her

guys, she discovered if all three of them weren't in bed together, she just couldn't sleep. Last night, she had slept like a well-fed infant, curled up against two very warm and slightly furry bodies, so she'd greeted the day with a smile.

But what would happen when quarantine ended? Cain had said something, albeit offhandedly, about going to the beach house, but he hadn't specifically mentioned her joining them since then. Geoff had extended an invitation back when they were traveling from Charos home to Earth, but was it still in effect? After all, she'd already given them what they wanted. She'd shared her body and spiced up their sex lives. Daily. While it would be nice to make love someplace other than an austere quarantine pod, she feared that her growing attachment to Cain and Geoff might lead to nothing but heartache. The sex was mind-blowing, but neither man had mentioned anything about stronger feelings, nothing like the type of affection that was growing in her heart for both of them.

"We're supposed to have a visitor soon," Leesa announced as Geoff poured himself a large cup of coffee. He stopped mid-pour, set the pot down, and just gaped at her. Cain didn't react much better. He'd shoved the peeled egg in his mouth, but once she'd told them about the visitor, he simply sat there with a whole egg holding his jaw partly open.

"Chew that before you choke," she teased.

Since Cain started eating his egg, Geoff was the one who asked the question that had to be bugging them both because it sure as hell was bugging her. "Who in the hell would be coming here?"

She shrugged. "The stupid quarantine fucktard who handed me the tray wouldn't say. No one I know, that's for sure. You guys are the closest thing to fam—" When would she ever learn to engage her brain before running her mouth? Like she needed to let them both know she already considered them family.

Men never liked a woman who came on too emotionally needy. Yet here she sat, tears stinging her eyes as she suddenly thought about

what could happen when their enforced time together ended. Would her guys pat her on the back, thank her for a helluva good time, and walk away? If that happened, she'd curl up in a ball and die.

"Closest thing to what, Lees?" Cain mumbled, his mouth still full of the egg he was chewing.

Like she'd embarrass herself by telling them. No fuckin' way she'd be the first one to mention something as terrifying as feelings. "Who do you think would want to see us?"

The diversion worked. "Beats the shit outta me," Geoff replied. "Didn't cyber-message anyone except a couple of friends back home to ask them to keep an eye on the beach house 'til our thirty days ends. I'm sure they're not coming all the way from Remiza to visit our sorry asses in quarantine, especially if they have to wear one of those God-awful containment uniforms. You have any ideas, love?"

Love. He'd started with that endearment the first time they'd made love as a trio. It wasn't literal, but she had to keep reminding herself of that. "Not a clue," she replied. Grabbing a boiled egg, she peeled it as she watched Geoff finally give Cain his morning kiss. Happened every day, like clockwork. But he only kissed Cain. Never her. And up until that moment, Leesa hadn't realized how much that hurt.

Oh, stop it! They're married, for fuck's sake! I'm just a bed toy!

That hurt most of all.

"When's our auspicious visitor arriving?" Cain asked as he picked up a second egg and cracked it against the table.

"About an hour, according to the idiot who brought up breakfast."

"Well, then...I guess we'll just have to be patient."

The door slid open less than twenty minutes later. A rather tall person in a silver containment uniform strode inside without waiting for any of them to invite him in. Just as the door was sliding shut, another much shorter person came through. The closing door almost caught that person's leg.

Leesa had been sitting on the sofa, but she jumped to her feet when the door opened. "Who the hell are you two?"

“My name’s Matt Newton,” he replied in a deep, rich voice. “That’s my partner, Betinsa Nungio. I’m an investigator with Earth Bureau of Investigation.”

“E.B.I.?” Geoff asked as he came to stand on Leesa’s right. “Why’s an E.B.I. agent coming into a quarantine pod?”

Cain joined them on her left.

“I need to talk to Leesa,” Matt replied. “I’d prefer the conversation to be private, but...” The visor on his helmet scanned the room. “Since you two can’t seem to take a hint, looks like I get all three of you.”

She hated not being able to see much of his face through the shiny visor. His brown eyes were about all that were visible. At least they appeared kind, not hard like she expected from someone whose job it was to hunt terrorists who targeted Earth. Since Betinsa seemed to prefer to remain a few steps behind and remain quiet, Leesa all but dismissed her, although she’d never seen an alien work for E.B.I. before, nor had she seen someone whose skin was such a vivid shade of sky-blue. Was her whole body that color or just her face? “What exactly do you want from me?”

“Information,” Matt replied.

“Such as?” Leesa asked.

“To start with,” he replied, “we can’t find anything from Viral Initiative Corporation to show they hired you to go to Charos.”

“They did! I had a contract!” she insisted.

Geoff and Cain leaned into her, pressing their thighs against hers. A show of support? A move to make her feel protected? She was still so confused as to why the E.B.I. needed her help that she couldn’t ponder their reactions too awfully long.

“What was the name of the man who contacted you?” Matt asked.

“Harris Streeter. The guy’s name was Harris Streeter. I told all this to the A.A. idiots a bazillion times.” Since Matt wasn’t taking notes, she couldn’t help but ask, “You don’t need to write that down?”

“Nah,” he replied, his eyes smiling even if she couldn’t see his mouth. “Eidetic memory.”

Geoff’s gaze kept going back and forth with the conversation, but he finally fixed that gaze on Matt. “You have a photographic memory?”

The shoulders of the silver suit rose and fell. “Comes in handy. Leesa, did you ever meet with Harris Streeter in person?”

“No,” she replied. “He was on Earth. I was still on Mars when he cyber-messed me.”

“No video meetings or conferences?”

“Only one video meeting, and the picture had more snow than Antarctica. Didn’t have the best equipment with me. But I’d worked with V.I.C. before. They’d always just drop me a ‘do you wanna go’ query, I’d have one video meeting, then they’d send the contract.”

“So you just headed to Charos on one garbled video meeting and a cyber-message or two? After all the news that’s coming out about the atrocities of the Rhotan System revolutions?” Matt’s condescending tone grated Leesa’s nerves.

“For what that contract offered to pay me? Fuck, yeah,” she replied as she tried to put her hands on her hips. Her guys were so close, all she did was bump both of them with her elbows. “I had a written contract. Of course *now*, I know we did all that hunting for nothing more than a thirty-day vacation at...” Her eyes wandered the quarantine pod. “...the Lunar Hilton.”

Matt plowed right on with his questions despite her sarcasm. “And you don’t have any of those cyber-messages or the contract now, right?”

“I did. I saved all his cyber-messages and the contract. But they just disappeared.”

His heavy sigh was loud enough to hear through the helmet. “One more thing.”

Leesa flipped her hand impatiently to encourage him to finish. Earth Bureau of Investigation had to have a lot better things to do than

question her over things Atmospheric Administration already knew.

Matt folded his arms over his chest. “How badly do you want to get outta here?”

“I beg your pardon?”

“Just how badly do you want out of quarantine?”

What an odd question. “Bad. Real bad,” she finally replied.

“Even though you’re locked in here with those two to keep you company?” A nod toward Cain and Geoff. “I don’t buy for one damned minute the three of you are married. I honestly can’t believe you’re not worried they’ll take advantage of this situation and then go their merry ways when quarantine ends.”

How could she dare answer honestly in front of her guys? How could she admit to them—especially in front of strangers—just what she would give to be a permanent part of their lives? Hell, she might even consider staying in a place as shitty as this so long as they could be together. All she finally managed was a shrug that totally belied her turmoil of thoughts.

Without another word, Matt turned on his heel and headed out the door. His partner hurried behind him. The door slid shut, the musical bleeps of the lock echoing through the pod.

“What in the hell was that all about?” Geoff asked.

“Beats me.” Leesa headed back over to their ancient computer.

“What do you think he wants from you?” Cain asked, sitting down next to her and watching while she started surfing for news.

“Hell if I know. He didn’t ask me anything A.A. didn’t ask the day they slapped our asses in quarantine.”

Geoff’s hands settled on her shoulders. “Do we make you happy, Leesa?”

Turning her head, she stared at him over her shoulder. “Of course.”

“Then why didn’t you tell him that?”

“Tell him what?”

Cain jumped into the conversation. “That we please you.”

“Um...I don’t know.” *Because I didn’t want to sound like a lovesick teenager with her first crush. On two boys.*

“He was flirting with you,” Geoff insisted.

“He was what?”

“Flirting with you,” Cain said. “Pissed me off.”

She rolled her eyes. “The guy was in a containment suit and his face was hidden by a helmet. How could you know he was flirting with me?”

Pulling his hands back, Geoff crossed his arms over his broad chest. “A guy knows when someone’s moving in on his territory.”

“His territory?” Leesa asked.

“Yeah,” Cain added. “He moved in on our territory.”

That sounded a bit too testosterone-laden for her taste, and it sure didn’t seem to come from a place of affection. More like a place of ownership. A frown fixed on her mouth. “That’s what I am to you two? Your *territory*? That’s all you think of me? When did you two get so damned macho? Wanna hike a leg? Pee on me to mark your *territory*?”

* * * *

Cain recognized the reaction because she’d responded the same way when Geoff had tried to take the lead when they’d gone after their first thanatos lizard back on Charos. Their woman didn’t like to be considered anything less than a strong, capable person. “That’s not what we meant, bab—”

Jumping to her feet, Leesa’s eyes practically shot fire. “You call me, babe, Cain Hammel, and I’ll—”

He grabbed her before she could finish the sentence, figuring the best way to get past their first fight was to take her mind off their macho mistake. Being as the jealousy he’d felt—that Geoff had probably felt as well—when the E.B.I. agent had been giving her the eye still ate at him, he decided to distract them all with something

much more...pleasurable. Taking her face in his hands, Cain pressed his lips to hers.

Stiff as a board, she wouldn't give in to their chemistry. Not until Geoff came up behind her, molded his front to her back, and started to nip at her neck, licking each spot he grazed with his teeth. Cain kept kissing her, teasing the seam of her lips with his tongue until she opened up so he could stroke the inside of her sweet mouth. Then he knew they had her. He smiled against her lips and swallowed her moan when he rubbed his now erect cock against her pelvis.

"We're moving this party to the bed," Geoff announced, grabbing her around the waist and carrying her to the bedroom. The fact she didn't protest was encouraging.

Not that he could explain why, but Cain did feel like she was their...*territory*, for want of a better word. He and Geoff really needed to talk about what they would do after quarantine ended. Problem was that the only time they were alone was when Leesa took a shower. Since the bathroom door was thin as paper, she'd probably hear them.

But he knew what his lover was thinking—Leesa belonged with them. Their marriage would expand from two to three. Thank heavens, Remiza allowed multiple-partner unions. Once they were out of the damned quarantine pod, they could plan a romantic way to propose to her. On the beach. At sunset. After they fucked her brains out to get their little firecracker to sit still long enough to listen to their proposal. Damn, but she'd be a feisty one to try to hold on to, but he looked forward to the passion she'd bring into their lives.

Geoff set Leesa on her feet by the bed, but he didn't lay her down. Instead, his hands eased the drawstring on her pants until it gave, and then he worked the gray material off her legs until it fell to the floor. He whipped her shirt over her head and palmed both her full breasts. Watching her reaction made Cain's cock ache. He stripped as he moved to the other side of the bed, waiting for Geoff to call the shots this time.

Geoff's eyes caught his as he crawled across the bed to kneel in front of Leesa so he could take over the pleasurable chore of stoking her fire while Geoff jerked off his clothes. Cain settled his mouth against her throat and licked and nipped his way across her collarbone and down to her chest where he sucked her nipple into his mouth and savored the way she arched her back as if she wanted more of his touch.

Geoff's hand covered her other breast as he said, "Lie down, Cain. Leesa's gonna suck your dick while I fuck her from behind."

Couldn't get any more blunt than that. Since Leesa's hungry gaze had dropped to Cain's groin as she licked her lips, he figured she was in with the plan. Dropping to his back, Cain raised his hips. "That would be heaven. What d'ya say, Lees?"

She answered him by bending over, grabbing his dick, and running her tongue around the crown. He groaned and closed his eyes.

* * * *

Watching Leesa and Cain in the mirrored closet doors, Geoff rubbed his palm down her back until it settled on her ass. The woman was a delight to see. Every inch of her skin was soft and smooth. He reached between her legs and ran his finger up her moist lips, growling when he realized how wet she was already. "Oh, love, you are perfect."

She wiggled back against him, pressing her ass against his dick. "You two make me hotter than I thought possible," she said before returning her mouth to loving Cain's cock.

Just watching what she was doing to Cain made Geoff feel like he would blow, but he wanted to be inside her, feeling some primitive need to claim her after that E.B.I. asshole had visited. Not that he could see what the guy looked like to even judge if he offered any kind of competition of Leesa's affections, but just the notion of her being with anyone but him and Cain...*Unthinkable!* "I want you,

Leesa. Now.”

“Now,” she said before her tongue ran the length of Cain’s shaft.

Geoff rubbed the head of his dick against her warm folds until he slid neatly into her body. Every time he was inside her, he felt whole, especially when all three of them were connected, as they were now. Setting an easy rhythm, he let her tight walls caress him as he slowly pulled out and then pressed hard into her tight channel. Again and again. Until everything inside him was about to explode. “Leesa...”

“Leesa,” Cain echoed before he groaned, loud and long. Leesa sucked him faster, and when Cain came, she took him deep into her throat, seemingly enjoying the taste of his cum. She swallowed everything he shot into her mouth and then licked away the fluid that still dripped from Cain’s cock.

“Um,” she hummed. “You taste wonderful.”

The last tendrils of Geoff’s self-control snapped, and he pumped into her, hard and fast. Her pussy tightened as if her body was milking him, begging for him to spill himself inside her. He growled and dug his fingers into her hips, wanting to wait for her orgasm.

Then their girl screamed, her muscles squeezing him tight as she came, just as Geoff pushed into her one more time and found his own release.

Chapter 6

After an hour of yet again searching fruitlessly for her lost cyber-messages, Leesa's patience came to an end. Twenty-five days. Twenty-five days in heaven instead of the hell she'd expected. And only five to go before she had to face the horrifying possibility that she'd lose the men she loved. That thought made her want to reach for every moment she had left with Cain and Geoff.

About to ask the guys if they wanted to spend some time in bed, she was interrupted when the sealed door to their quarantine pod slid open with a loud swish. In walked a tall man in an old-fashioned black business suit with a badge hanging from the breast pocket. His auburn hair was cut short enough he looked like military, but she recognized the brown eyes. The fact a short, blue woman with a long, curly, ebony ponytail and dressed in a frumpy black suit followed him inside only confirmed his identity.

"So, you're actually back," Leesa said, not even pretending to be polite to the man. "You're in street clothes. Does this mean our bogus quarantine is over? Did you finally get our clearance from V.I.C., Agent Newton?"

"Nope," Matt Newton replied with a smug grin. "V.I.C. has washed its hands of you. I don't think they liked me having my nose that far up their collective ass. Sorry if that ruined some future work for you with them...But I've got a job to do."

Son of a bitch. "Gee, thanks a heap."

Cain and Geoff came out of the bedroom. Both quickly moved to flank her on either side, a protective move she found very comforting. "Say hello to Agent Newton and his partner, Ms. Nungio, again,

fellas. Notice the lack of protective gear.”

“You’re back,” Cain said, his voice a low growl.

“I’m back,” Matt replied.

“Did I hear you say you fucked up Leesa’s chances with V.I.C.?” Geoff asked.

“Yeah,” Matt replied. “And I’m sorry about that. Just trying to figure out what’s going on here.”

“Figures,” Leesa said as she shook her head. “Nothing in this whole job has gone right.” *Except for being with Cain and Geoff.*

Cain folded his arms over his chest. “What do you want from us, Newton?”

“Not ‘us.’ *Her*,” he replied with a nod to Leesa. “I really need to talk to you in private, Leesa.”

“Yeah, well, looks like you’re out of luck,” Geoff scoffed. “Not like there’s much privacy in a quarantine pod.”

“Then it’s time to move you all,” Matt replied. “Leesa can come with me so we can talk. You gentlemen will be given a nice suite in our lunar complex. She’ll have a place closer to my field office.”

“Not happening,” Cain insisted, wrapping his arm around her shoulders.

“Damn right,” Geoff added, a threatening tone in his voice that made a shiver race across her skin.

Matt shot them a hot frown. “Leesa, I really need to talk to you in private.” Rubbing his hands over his spiky hair, he dropped his hands to sweep his jacket back and place his hands on his hips. “Besides, game’s over, everyone. You know you’re not married. I know you’re not married. Well, at least not to Leesa. You guys don’t have to protect her anymore. I’m gonna be looking out for her best interests now. No reason for you all to stay together any longer.”

“Who says we’re not married?” Geoff asked. “According to the Pilgrim Charter—”

“Oh, come off it already,” Matt said with an unrepentant chuckle. “Who do you think you’re fooling? I’m an E.B.I. agent, remember? I

don't buy that common law bullshit for one fucking minute. It's obvious she didn't want to be in quarantine alone, and you two were protecting her. I watched the surveillance footage from your docking search. She begged to be put in stasis." He fixed his eyes on Leesa. "Claustrophobic?"

So much for keeping her greatest fear a secret. Every wrangler in the quadrant probably knew by now. "Maybe a little," she admitted.

He gave her a smile and a nod, obviously appreciating her honesty.

Hauling her up close to his side, Cain scowled. "Just because you don't believe it, doesn't mean we don't consider her our wife."

"I've been reading everything I can get my hands on about you, Leesa Bouchard," Matt said, clearly trying to dismiss her guys. "I know a helluva lot about you. You're a first-rate wrangler. Been on dozens of missions on your own, even targeted some of the nastiest beasts around. Shit, lady. You just milked Charos thanatos lizards."

"I had help—"

"But you took on the contract alone first. You'll have to forgive me if I have a hard time believing that the strong, beautiful, independent woman I've been learning about gives her life up for connubial bliss after a few weeks with a married, monogamous pair of guys on that barren wasteland of Charos. So can we all please give up the 'we're married' crap?" His dark eyes fixed on her. "Leesa, someone tried to steal your dreaming death virus."

"Steal? How could someone *steal* my virus? A.A. threw it in quarantine, too, when V.I.C. wouldn't acknowledge my contract. Shouldn't they have disposed of it by now? Killed it or something?"

"They didn't. I'm still trying to figure out how the hell that happened. Should have been destroyed within twenty-four hours. But then someone broke into storage last night. What I need is your help to nail the asshole who tried to steal it, 'cause I think the person who hired you is the same person who tried to take it."

"Seriously?" Cain asked, his glance shifting from Geoff to Leesa

and back again. "If someone tried to take it from A.A. storage..."

Geoff finished the thought. "Then it was someone inside A.A."

"Bingo," Matt said, lifting his hand to point at Geoff and shoot an imaginary gun. "That person obviously has some use for this virus, something other than pharmaceutical adaptation."

"Holy shit. You mean like a weapon?" Leesa asked.

He seemed to ignore her question and pressed on. "He had to get it here in quarantine so he could steal it. By pretending to be from V.I.C., he got you to bring it right to him, knowing you'd get hung up in the Atmospheric Administration search for contraband."

"What do you want from me?" Leesa asked, still confused about the whole odd situation.

"I want your help. I want to find out who hired you because we need to flush that someone out. You're our best chance to get to this guy."

"Bait," Cain replied, narrowing his eyes. "This bastard wants to use you as bait, Leesa."

* * * *

Geoff had heard enough. Cain obviously had, as well. "She's not cooperating with you," Geoff announced. "Quarantine's over. We're taking her away from here."

"Then she'll be charged with smuggling an unlawful virus," Matt calmly replied. His partner nodded too. *Fucking yes-bitch.*

With a shake of her head, Leesa said, "We didn't smuggle—"

"Not *we*," Matt replied. "*You*. The men were technically your employees. You hired them to help you get the virus. They get a walk with time served in quarantine."

Wrapping her arms around her waist, Leesa let out a low moan. "No...I didn't smuggle that virus. You can't send me to...No. Please. I didn't do anything wrong."

Geoff pushed Cain's arm away from her shoulders and gathered a

trembling Leesa into his arms, knowing instinctively what had terrified her. “You’re not putting her in a cell on some fucking penal satellite.”

“Not if she cooperates,” Matt said. “We need to find out who’s breaching our security.”

“So you dangle her as bait?” Cain took a step in front of Geoff and Leesa. “We won’t allow it.”

“*You* don’t get a say in this.” Giving a quick check to his watch, Matt sighed. “I have to get moving. We’ll get you two men put in a suite. Leesa, I’ve got a place for you at—”

“She stays with us!” Cain clenched his hands into fists.

Geoff understood, and he knew he’d fight for her too, even battle a cocky E.B.I. agent who could ruin his life for doing so. “She stays with us. End of discussion.”

Standing there with his hands on his hips, Matt finally sighed and nodded. “We’ll put all three of you in the same suite. *For now*. I’ll come by after you get settled. We can talk more then, Leesa.” He paced over to the door and pounded on it with his fist. When it slid open, he said a few low words to his blue partner.

Turning back to them, she strode into the room and announced, “Follow me.”

“Gladly,” Leesa said, easing from Geoff’s embrace.

He took her hand in his and led her out of their quarantine pod as Cain fell in step behind them.

* * * *

“It’s a lot nicer than what I expected,” Cain said as he stepped into their new suite. After twenty-five days in an environment of nothing but gray, the warm beige walls and dark brown carpet that would normally be bland were actually appealing.

The suite had a king-sized bed, two high-backed chairs, and a large viewer on a cherry wood credenza. Two large doors probably

concealed a closet. No window, but most lunar hotel accommodations tended to leave out windows because there was next to nothing to see on the moon's surface except for industrial complexes or office buildings. Very few people who weren't there on business called the moon "home."

"Anything is nicer than that fucking quarantine pod," Leesa said before she turned back to Betinsa. "What about clothes?" She tugged on her gray shirt and frowned.

The blue woman pointed at the closet doors. "There are new clothes hanging in the closet for all of you. Only a few changes. Three, I think. But we don't expect you to be here too long." Her voice held a hint of an accent that Cain couldn't place.

"How long?" Geoff asked, still hovering close to Leesa.

His lover probably didn't want her out of reach any more than Cain did. The protective side of his personality had roared to the front. All he wanted to do was give Betinsa Nungio a shove out of the suite and lock the door. Then he'd grab Leesa, drag her to the bed, and the men would make love to her until her fear was gone.

And she was afraid. No wonder. Acting as bait to help Earth Bureau of Investigation find which of the Atmospheric Administration agents was crooked would be dangerous. He wanted her to tell Matt Newton to go fuck himself. But the thought of Leesa locked up in some cell...

There was no way he'd let that happen. If their woman was going to be bait, then Cain would be standing at her side. He was sure Geoff would do the same. And Matt Newton could keep his damned distance.

Cain had caught the subtle signals the agent had been throwing at Leesa. She didn't seem to pick up on them, or else she'd simply ignored him. Either way, jealousy had washed over Cain until something deep down inside demanded that he claim Leesa, that Geoff do the same. That they brand her some way with their scents and their touches, so that Matt would know who she belonged to.

Leesa was Geoff and Cain's mate now. And damn, but he needed her to acknowledge it.

"I shall depart now. Please do not try to leave." On that order, Betinsa left the suite.

Grabbing Leesa's hand, Cain tugged her into his arms. He dropped his mouth to hers, his kiss one of total possession. Geoff evidently felt the same because he molded his chest against her back and pressed his lips against her throat. Leesa's tongue was just as insistent as she returned each caress, each parry and thrust of Cain's.

Everything about her made him burn. When Cain had met Geoff, he'd experienced the same connection, the same feeling in his heart that he'd found the right one. Never in his life would he have dreamed there would be a right *two*. But now, he loved Leesa Bouchard every bit as much he loved Geoff. And when this nightmare was over, he and his husband would find a way to make her a permanent part of their lives. They'd make her their wife.

Cain ended the kiss so he could sweep her up into his arms. Geoff, a passionate and entirely sexy look on his face, followed right behind. He pulled back the covers so Cain could set Leesa on the bed. Together, they gently undressed her, taking time to kiss each part of her body they bared.

Geoff had evidently had enough teasing foreplay because when he pulled her gray pants off and dropped them on the floor, he buried his face in her pussy. The erotic sight of seeing Geoff separate her folds to lick and suck her clitoris while she bucked beneath him made everything inside of Cain tighten. His balls ached as his cock hardened to steel, and all he could think about was pulling Geoff away so he could bury himself inside her sweet heat.

Crawling across the bed, he knelt at her side, leaning down to give an exaggerated lick to her hardened nipple. Her hand reached out to cup his scrotum, and he growled to let her know just how much he liked her touching him.

Her fingers encircled his erection, and she stroked him before her

fingers ran over the pre-cum emerging from his slit. She smeared it around and around before pulling her fingers back and licking his juice from each fingertip.

Moving closer, he held his cock close to her mouth, rubbing the tip against her lips and hoping she'd take the hint. She did, propping herself up on an elbow, wrapping her fingers around his erection and covering the mushroom cap with her lips. He groaned, tangling his fingers in her long hair while she sucked hard enough he felt it all the way to his balls. "Lees...Stop." She pulled back enough to wiggle her tongue into the small slit on the head of his cock. "I mean it, babe. I want you too much. If you don't stop, I'll come. It's too soon."

Cain reluctantly crawled back so she couldn't reach his penis, but remained close enough he could lean in and kiss her. Which he did, stroking the roof of her mouth with his tongue before nibbling his way down her neck to lick the valley between her breasts. Her scent was so clean, so female. Heaven.

Leesa's hips started lifting from the mattress, and Cain latched onto her nipple, sucking as the sounds of her pleasure grew. An orgasmic scream seemed to build from deep inside her. The sound obviously registered with Geoff, who pushed her thighs further apart as he used his tongue and his lips to drive her into a frenzy. Cain had to take a few breaths to keep from climaxing when he watched the beauty of Leesa's orgasm. Her eyes caught his as the breath froze in her throat before she closed her eyes and shouted her pleasure until his ears rang.

Geoff sat back on his knees, grabbed Cain by the back of the neck, and kissed him, the taste of Leesa's juices still on his lips and tongue. Since Geoff probably knew his flavor mixed with Leesa's would make Cain crazy, he retaliated by grabbing Geoff's cock and stroking hard enough it only took a few moments before Geoff started pumping his hips. With a chuckle against Geoff's lips, Cain let go, cupped Geoff's balls, and gave them a rough squeeze.

"Enough," Geoff said. He grabbed Leesa's hand and pulled her

up. Hauling her off the bed, he plopped down in the big chair, held his cock, and said, "Fuck me, love."

"My pleasure," she replied in a breathless whisper. Straddling his thighs, she let him raise her by her hips until she brushed her pussy over his dick. He plunged deep inside with a satisfied grunt. Lifting and lowering herself over him, Leesa practically purred.

The visuals were killing all Cain's self-control. Not about to be left out, he moved behind her, rubbing the swollen head of his cock between the cheeks of her ass, spreading them wide with his hands. "Can I join this party?"

"Hell, yeah," Geoff replied, easing her forward, giving Cain better access to her tight little hole.

"Now, Cain," Leesa choked out before she captured Geoff's mouth for a long kiss.

Cain rubbed himself against where she was joined with Geoff, gaining her moisture before he eased his shaft into her inch by agonizingly slow inch until he was buried balls deep. Nothing had felt so right in his life.

The three of them moved together, Geoff's cock rubbing Cain's through the thin wall of Leesa's body. When they were together like this, it was as if they were of one mind, one body, straining for fulfillment they could only give each other.

Far too quickly, Leesa came again, arching her body, throwing her head back and shouting her pleasure. Shit, but he hoped Matt Newton had the place wired so he could hear just how much he and Geoff could please their woman.

Geoff surged up into her one more time, his dick rubbing Cain's in all the right places as his climax triggered one inside Cain. His hands covered Geoff's on Leesa's hips as he pushed into her one more time and grunted, his hot semen blasting from his body, hard and fast.

Chapter 7

“You really think he’ll contact me?” Leesa asked.

Matt nodded. “I’ve got the word out there. Actually...” He threw her a wink. “...*you’ve* got the word out there that you figured out who Harris Streeter is, and you want your money or you’ll expose him. Dropped more than enough hints to eventually flush him out. Pretty much let this guy know that if he doesn’t meet you and cough up a payment, you’ll be ratting out his true identity to anyone who’ll pay the right price.”

“Are you trying to get her killed?” Geoff asked, his voice just short of a shout.

“Furthest thing from my mind,” Matt replied. “We’re trying to get the rat to show himself. Once he does, we’ll know who our inside guy is.” He reached out to take her hand in his. “I wouldn’t put you in danger, Leesa. Not for anything.”

She didn’t pull away. Matt had been very kind, letting her guys stay with her when he knew they weren’t really married. He was clearly concerned for her well-being, and he wouldn’t put her in harm’s way just to catch some suspect.

Would he?

The frowns Cain and Geoff were aiming at him said they believed otherwise. The hostility flowing from both of them near to took her breath away. Matt hadn’t given them any reason to feel that way, and she had to wonder at why they clenched their hands into fists every time he talked to her. Surely, they realized she wanted only them.

Leesa also had to remind herself he was an E.B.I. agent, and agents were notorious for doing what they needed to do to get their

man. With a shake of her head, she pushed that worry aside. She had no choice. If she didn't cooperate with Matt, she'd be locked in some tiny cell on some fucking penal colony for smuggling an illegal virus. The injustice of the whole situation didn't endear her to Matt, but the guy was simply doing his job. In his shoes, she might have done the same.

"Look, Leesa...Want to get out of here for a little bit?" Matt asked.

"Out of here?" she said, her eyes scanning the large room. "You mean the suite? Hell, yes. I've felt like a caged animal ever since A.A. slammed me into quarantine. You'd let us leave?"

"Well, not *all* of you." He gave her a hesitant smile. "I thought...maybe...you'd like to get some supper or...or something."

Since when did badass Matt Newton become tongue-tied? And why wouldn't he hold eye contact?

Leesa couldn't stop herself from smiling. Geoff and Cain had been right. Matt was attracted to her. The guy was actually asking her out on a bona fide date in front of two other guys he knew she was involved with. The whole situation kept making her bite her lip to keep from busting out with a case of the giggle fits like some stupid adolescent. She couldn't even force herself to answer him.

His smile quickly dropped to a fierce frown. "If it's not a good idea..."

The hurt in his voice helped get her past the humor. "No. No, I'm sorry, Matt. I'd love to get out of here."

"Leesa!" Cain came marching across the room to stand in front of her. His glare pierced through her like a sharp spear. "What in the hell are you thinking?"

While she liked the possessive tone of his voice, something inside her also bristled. Her whole life, she'd looked after herself. Made her own decisions. Followed her own choices. Put together her own destiny. A few months of spending time with Geoff and Cain couldn't change Leesa into a woman who let a man—or *men*—dictate her

actions. She wasn't attracted to Matt, at least not more than feeling comfortable when she was around him. But she couldn't let her guys believe that they could boss her around or tell her what she could do or who she could see. "I'm thinking that I'm sick of being cooped up. I wanna get outta here."

"Then we'll go too," Geoff offered as he put himself next to Cain, his scowl every bit as hot.

"Why?" she couldn't help but ask. Her instincts told her that Cain and Geoff were jealous of the attention Matt was paying to her, but that hinted of stronger feelings for her, feelings of affection. She'd been afraid to hope that she could be anything more in their lives than an amusement or a friend. Could they want her as desperately as she wanted them?

No. They'd never talked of anything permanent coming from this relationship. Sure, they'd invited her to vacation with them at their home on Remiza after quarantine ended, but she still assumed that was just for a few days or a week. Nothing more.

She stared at Matt Newton for a moment, wondering if she'd be a fool to miss the opportunity to get to know him better. He seemed like a nice guy, even if he wasn't nearly as handsome as Geoff or Cain. Once her guys pushed her aside to go back to their marriage, she'd be brokenhearted. In her typical fashion, she'd probably throw herself head-first into her job—assuming anyone would hire her again after this fiasco. To have an E.B.I. agent as a close friend? A wrangler could get a lot of mileage from that kind of partnership, especially if that agent held some guilt for having burned whatever bridge she'd had to V.I.C.

One side of her personality screamed that she would be using Matt to further her career and to salve her ego when the men left her behind. The other side shouted that if she wanted to reach her lifelong goal of an age-forty retirement, she needed to encourage Matt to want to get to know her better. *Plus, I'll be able to find out for sure if Geoff and Cain are truly jealous.* "Supper sounds great, Matt."

“Really?” A smile lit the agent’s face. “Um...do you like Tanglion food?”

“Never had it before.”

“Lots of exotic spices. You’ll love it,” Matt insisted.

“Leesa....” A low growl rose from Cain’s chest.

“It’s just supper,” she said, smoothing her hand over his muscular arm. “I’ll be back in a few hours.”

She stepped away, but Geoff put a hand on her shoulder. Instead of speaking to her, he directed his attention to Matt. “You’ll keep her safe? If you already spread the word she’s looking for this Streeter guy...”

Matt dismissed Geoff’s concern with a wave of his hand. “Of course. The Tanglion place is less than twenty kilometers from here. And I’ll keep guard.”

* * * *

“This place is wonderful,” Leesa said as Matt put his hand against the small of her back to get her to follow the waiter. “The décor looks a lot like some of the ancient Middle Eastern cultures on Earth.”

“Tanglions are humanoid,” he replied.

“I suppose the four arms come in handy, though.”

The waiter pulled her chair out at the same time he set a menu in front of her and placed silverware rolled in a red linen napkin next to her placemat.

“Thank you.” She gave the white-skinned Tanglion a smile. He—at least she thought it was a *he* from his towering height—had no hair anywhere she could see. No eyebrows. No eyelashes. Head as smooth as a baby’s butt. Were all Tanglions bald albinos? Maybe their food was spicy because their species looked so plain.

“What do you recommend?” Matt asked the waiter.

“The house special is really good tonight. Roasted prolobeast with cacabray cheese and scammoli garnish. You’ll love it.” He spoke with

a slight lisp but very little accent to his English.

Arching an eyebrow, Matt glanced to Leesa. She nodded and handed her menu back to the waiter.

“Make it two house specials. Want some wine, Leesa?”

“Are prisoners allowed to have wine?”

“Only when they’re on parole for the night.” He grinned at her. Turning to the waiter, he said, “Bring us the best wine to go with the prolobeast.”

“Very good.” The Taglion wrote with one of his left hands and then hurried away.

It had been clear there was something Matt wanted to say to her, something he couldn’t seem to say in front of her guys. She didn’t want to pussyfoot around all night waiting for him to spill the beans, so in her typical fashion, she used the direct approach. Leesa folded her hands and placed them on the table “So, do you wanna tell me the real reason you dragged me out here tonight?”

His cheeks flushed pink. “Excuse me?”

“C’mon, Matt. We both know that you wanted me away from Cain and Geoff tonight. What I wanna know is, why?”

“A shame the Earth Bureau of Investigation didn’t recruit you years ago.”

“Why?”

“‘Cause you’ve got great perception.” A heavy sigh fell from his lips. “Look, Leesa. You’re right. I wanted you away from Cain and Geoff tonight.”

“Because?”

“Because I like you.”

“I like you too. I figured we might be able to keep this friendship going after—” Matt’s snorted laugh stopped her cold. “What?”

“Friendship. Figures.” Another deep sigh. “Why is it that every woman I fall for only wants to be my friend?”

Fall for? He’d fallen for her? “Oh...”

“Yeah. Oh...” Folding his arms over his chest, he leaned back in

his chair. "I don't get to meet too many nice women on this job. Other agents, maybe. But the job always gets in the way."

She chuckled. "I'm sure the criminal element is less than desirable to date."

At least he smiled in response. "To say the least. But then I met you. You're different."

"Is that a compliment or an insult?"

"Compliment! Definitely a compliment!"

The waiter returned with a bottle of wine. Two of his hands worked on popping the cork while the other two set wine glasses in front of them. The wine he poured was a deep forest green, and Leesa picked up her glass to sniff it. At least the fruity smell was appetizing even if the color was disgusting.

"Try it," the waiter encouraged. "You'll never drink Earth wine again."

She took a sip, and an explosion of tangy flavor hit her mouth. With a huge smile, she nodded at the waiter. "Wonderful."

The pale man nodded, set the bottle down, and moved to the next table.

Leesa sipped her wine, not exactly sure how to respond to Matt. She was, of course, flattered by his interest. But all she could think of was what Cain and Geoff were doing while she was away.

Were they sharing time together like other couples? Reading their cyber-messages? Surfing for news? *Making love*? Just the thought of them carrying on without her made her heart ache.

Sure, it was great to have Matt's attention. He was cute. He was successful in his career. He clearly liked her for who she was. Yet she felt nothing but friendship for him, especially nothing physical.

Had being with two very sensual men, two fantastic lovers, ruined her for one man? Could she ever simply enjoy fucking just one guy again?

No. What she felt for Geoff and Cain was more than physical. It was *love*. Pure and simple love. And for the last few weeks, she'd

hoped she could convince them to love her too. Their jealous reaction had seemed a good start, but how did they feel now that she was gone? Perhaps their forced isolation had been why they seemed so attracted to her. What if now that she was away for a few hours, they rediscovered how much they liked things just being the two of them? What if they had some toe-curling sex and decided they didn't need a woman?

What if they could never learn to love her as much as they loved each other?

"Leesa?" Matt's voice brought her back to the present. "You okay?"

Taking a gulp of the wine, Leesa let it go straight to her head. "Fine. I just...don't know what to say. I mean...you know I've been acting like I'm married to Geoff and Cain. And yet you still want to get to know me?"

His gaze fixed on her as he drew his lips into a thin line. "I don't *like* the arrangement, but I *understand* it. You were claustrophobic and—"

She couldn't let that misassumption stand. "No, it wasn't only that. I *am* claustrophobic, but I'd decided to get to know them a little better before this A.A. shit even started."

"I see."

What was she supposed to say? That she'd made a mistake? That she was simply stretching her wings a little to see if having a threesome would be fun? Leesa refused to lie to Matt. "Do you? 'Cause this isn't just a fling. Not for me, at least. I..." If she couldn't find the nerve to say it to Matt, how in the hell could she ever work up the courage to tell Geoff and Cain? With a hard swallow, she pushed on. "I love them. Both. I do. And I was hoping maybe this time alone...with me gone...might make them realize they love me too."

"Wow. So it's worse than I thought." Matt ran his hand over his face. "I guess a guy like me can't possibly compete with two guys."

"Oh, Matt. It's not that...It's not about numbers. It's about love."

* * * *

Cain hadn't stopped pacing from the moment Leesa left with Matt Newton unless it was to stop and check the clock yet again. Geoff was getting motion sick from watching the back and forth movements. "For God's sake, will you sit down?"

"They should be back by now."

"They're just having dinner."

"That better be *all* their doing."

Since Geoff had been trying not to think about Leesa possibly encouraging Matt's advances, Cain's words hit him like a blow to the gut. Images assaulted him from every angle. Leesa in Matt's arms, doing things with him she'd done with Geoff and Cain. And fuck, but all he wanted to do was hit something. "Leesa wouldn't do that to us." The words were as much for himself as they were for Cain.

At least he got Cain to stop pacing. "What do you mean, *she wouldn't do that to us*?"

"She wouldn't...be with him. Not when she belongs to us."

"But she doesn't belong to us. Not yet. We have no idea what she thinks about this relationship." Cain's fist hit the back of the sofa. "Damn, but we should've talked to her before now. We should've let her know how we feel about her. I knew we shouldn't have waited. She probably thinks all we want from her is pussy."

Although Cain was probably right, Geoff wasn't ready to admit it. "That would've ruined all our plans for Remiza. We don't even have a ring. How can we ask her to marry us without a stupid ring? I wanted things to be perfect for her. Proposing in quarantine doesn't make a great story for the grandkids."

"I know we wanted to do the romantic thing, but...Things are different now. This E.B.I. guy is ruining everything."

Geoff nodded. "Yeah...well. It's not like we can keep her away from him." Leaning back in his chair, he frowned. "I don't like this at

all.”

“I don’t like her going out with him, either, but—”

With a shake of his head, Geoff continued, “I don’t mean that. I mean using her to lure this guy out. I don’t want Leesa used as bait.”

“Whoever this Harris Streeter is,” Cain said, “he’s good. He’s got connections, knows the system, and figured out how to work it. If Leesa comes up against him—”

“She could get hurt.”

“Well, then, I guess it’ll be our job to protect her.” Cain stopped and turned to the door. “Hear that?”

Geoff answered with a shake of his head.

“Are they back?” In fast strides, Cain went to the door. Just as he threw it open, he saw Matt Newton kiss Leesa’s cheek. “So...date’s over?”

Her cheeks flushed red. “It wasn’t a date.”

He leaned a shoulder against the doorframe as Geoff came to stand at his side, arms folded over his chest. “How was supper? Enjoy yourselves?” Cain asked, not able to keep the sarcasm from his voice.

“You guys have the wrong idea,” Matt replied. “We just had a nice meal and some conversation.”

Two scoffing laughs echoed down the long hallway.

His eyes narrowed, Matt looked ready to lay into both of them when the communicator on his belt signaled an incoming message. He snatched it from his waist and pressed it to his ear. “Newton.”

After listening to one side of the conversation that included mention of Harris Streeter, Cain’s stomach lurched as it became clear that tonight was going to be the night Leesa had to face the man.

“Well,” Matt said, clipping the communicator back on his belt. “Looks like we flushed him out.” He turned to Leesa. “Ready or not, here he comes.”

Chapter 8

“Are you sure she’s safe?” Cain asked, leaning in to look at the closest monitor. “If someone comes after her, we can’t get there immediately.”

“My partner is right behind Leesa.”

“Behind? Shit, Leesa’s in the middle of a launch pad. There’s nothing behind her but the *Summer Wind*. How in the hell can your partner be *behind* her?”

The agent ignored the question. “And we’re only a few seconds away if anything goes down. Right now, we just need to find who the hell this guy is. Then we can grab him up, and you two can be on your way home.”

“The *three* of us,” Cain corrected, “will be going home.” He wondered just how long he could stand to be around Matt without shoving his fist in the guy’s face.

Arms folded over his chest, Geoff stayed glued to the screen that held Leesa’s visage. Cain couldn’t make himself sit still that long, flipping his gaze between that monitor and the other three that showed all the entrances to the launch pad.

Leesa hummed softly to herself, the sound coming through the transmitter Matt had hidden on her. She moved around the *Summer Wind*, working on the pre-launch checklist since she told them she wasn’t about to waste her time standing there waiting for Harris Streeter without at least doing something useful. So like his Leesa.

He loved her. Deeply. Passionately. Irrevocably. As did Geoff. If Matt hadn’t interrupted them, maybe by now they could have gotten her to agree to marry them both once they all got back to Remiza. Not

that he wouldn't still be terrified for her, but they all would have had something wonderful to look forward to after this disastrous and interminable trip finally came to an end.

Matt jumped to his feet and pointed to the screen on the far left. "There."

Cain squinted, trying to find whatever it was that Matt obviously saw that he didn't. "What?"

Geoff still didn't take his eyes off Leesa. "Where in the hell's Betinsa?"

Without answering, Matt turned up the volume.

"Well, well...We finally meet face-to-face," a deep baritone voice called.

A cool and decidedly calm smile on her face, Leesa turned toward the sound. "Harris Streeter."

"In the flesh." A man stepped from the wing's shadow and took a bow.

Leesa's eyes flew wide as she frowned. "You're not Harris Streeter. He was human."

Cain turned to Geoff. "He's the same species as Betinsa. Same blue skin. Same long, curly hair." Anger made every muscle tense. "You knew that, didn't you, Newton? You knew the guy was an alien!"

"Didn't *know*," Matt replied. "Just *suspected*. That's why I recruited Betinsa to help on this case. She's turned out to be the best partner I ever had."

"What are they?" Geoff asked.

"They're Fraiquans. It's one of the planets in the Rhotan System. There are fewer than thirty-thousand of their species left, so I'm not surprised you haven't seen one before. Betinsa was the first Fraiquan I ever met."

"How was he able to make himself look human to Leesa?"

Matt's smile made Cain clench his hands into fists. The agent's cocky reply only made his fury rise higher. "The same way my

partner can be right behind her.”

“Do you want me to beat the shit out of you? Or are you gonna give me a straight answer?”

“They’re shapeshifters. Didn’t you notice the new piece of equipment attached to the wing of your ship?”

He hadn’t, but he’d been focusing on Leesa, not the *Summer Wind*. A large hyperdrive accelerator hung from the underside of the wing, more above than behind Leesa. *That’s Betinsa?*

“Shh.” Geoff’s hush was loud enough to be heard all the way to Earth.

The alien said, “I changed my appearance for our video meeting. I assure you, I’m the man who hired you.”

Crossing her arms over her breasts, Leesa snorted a laugh. “You didn’t hire me. You stiffed me on payment. Remember? Where’s my money?”

His smile seemed reptilian—cold and calculating. “You should have walked away when you had the chance.”

Her hand dropped to the sonic pistol strapped to her hip. “You seem to forget that I *couldn’t* walk away. I got slammed in quarantine. I want my money, or I tell everyone that you’re an alien and that you’ve got someone on the inside of Atmospheric Administration.”

“You honestly believe you could grab that weapon and fire before I kill you?” He crouched just as Leesa drew the pistol.

Things happened so quickly, Cain didn’t even have a chance to make it to the door before it was over. Running across the launch pad, he, Geoff, and Matt all skidded to a stop when they saw the alien laying dead on the tarmac. A naked Betinsa stood over Harris Streeter, a feral snarl on her lips and dark blue blood dripping from her fangs. “What happened?” Cain asked.

Leesa trembled, and her voice quivered. “Betinsa came out of nowhere. He jumped, but she got him by the throat.” She gave a shaky nod toward the corpse. “What was he?”

“A terrorist,” Matt replied. “His planet was nearly wiped out by

the Rhotan civil wars. I think he and his comrades were working on some kind of biological weapon.”

“‘Tis the reason they desired your dreaming death virus,” Betinsa said, using the handkerchief Matt handed her to wipe the dark blood of the alien from her mouth. Then she slipped on the jacket he took off and passed to her.

“Why didn’t you just shoot him?” Cain asked, wrapping an arm around Leesa’s shoulders and giving her a bolstering squeeze.

“And how, exactly, was I to change a weapon into something else? I can shift my own body but nothing else. Did you not notice my lack of clothing just now?” She looked down at the dead Fraiquan and growled. “‘Tis no matter, for my world believes in blood in, blood out. I needed no weapon to bring him to justice. He intended to break the peace. I could not allow it. We need to rebuild, not destroy.”

“We need to find out where this guy was staying,” Matt said, “so we can search his crib. But I imagine A.A. will let me know which of their workers suddenly stops showing up for his shifts. Leesa, I’m going to take you to Earth for a few days until we wrap up this investigation.”

“The hell you are!” Geoff turned to glance over his shoulder at Cain, who nodded his approval. “Leesa has been through enough. She’s leaving with us.”

Matt shook his head and put his hands on his hips. “Not if I don’t give her clearance. We need to put this to bed first.”

* * * *

Leesa knew if she didn’t do something to get her guys to calm down, both Cain and Geoff were probably going to find themselves cooling off in some cell. Taking a swing at Matt seemed to be on both their agendas, judging from their flushed faces and angry words. She loved how passionately they wanted to protect her, but she didn’t truly need their protection. She could take care of herself.

Placing a gentle hand on each man's arm, she smoothed her fingers over their skin. "It'll be okay. Matt won't keep me there long. Right?" She stared at Matt, hoping he'd follow her lead. Although she wasn't entirely sure if she'd be on Earth a day or a week, she needed him to help keep her lovers' tempers at bay.

Matt, at least, was intelligent enough to get her subtle message. "Oh, right. Won't be long at all. Promise."

Leesa turned to Geoff and Cain with a smile. "See? You guys can go open up the house on Remiza, and I'll join you as fast as I can."

* * * *

Geoff let the warmth of the dual suns bathe his face. Remiza was paradise, and he and Cain enjoyed their time back at their home. Only one thing was missing.

Leesa.

While he'd hoped Earth Bureau of Investigation would finish their probe into the terrorist in a few days, a week had passed. Did Leesa miss them half as much as he and Cain missed her?

Before she came into their lives, Geoff and Cain had made love almost every night. They'd continued that practice while they'd been stuck in quarantine with their woman, and she more than matched their passion and their stamina. Now, they'd only fucked twice. And while those experiences had been fulfilling, something was missing. Cain hadn't voiced any complaint, but Geoff sensed his lover felt the same.

Where was she? Why wasn't she back yet? Had Matt turned the investigation into a seduction? His imagination was making him insane with jealousy.

"Hi, boys." Leesa's melodious voice came from behind him.

Geoff whipped his head around. "You're here! Why didn't you let us know you were coming? We could've met your ship."

Her smile was beautiful, and he'd missed it desperately. "I wanted

to surprise you.”

“We could’ve made better plans for supper,” Cain said, hauling himself off his towel and getting to his feet. “All I was gonna do tonight was throw some fish on the grill.”

“Whatever you’ve got is fine,” she replied. She was barefoot, and she dragged her toes through the sand, nervously drawing little lines back and forth. “Did you miss me?”

“Fuck, yeah.” He couldn’t wait another moment. If he didn’t touch her, he’d shout in agony. Striding to Leesa, Geoff gathered her into his arms and covered her mouth with his.

Damn, he’d missed kissing her, missed her taste and the feel of her body pressed tightly against his. His tongue pushed past her lips to reclaim what he’d feared had been lost. Her passionate response was all he could have hoped for as she threaded her arms around his neck and glided her tongue over his.

Cain joined them, molding his front to her back as his lips and tongue worked from her ear to where her neck met shoulder. She tilted her head and let out a contented sigh as Geoff stopped kissing her to take a breath and try to control the pounding of his heart.

“I missed you guys so much,” she said.

“Not half as much as we missed you,” Cain whispered in her ear before his tongue traced the curving lines. “Ever make love on a beach, Lees?”

Her gaze darted around. “Won’t people see?”

“Nope,” Geoff replied as he started to undo the tiny buttons on the front of her shirt. “We own everything for five kilometers in each direction.”

He loved how she shivered whenever his knuckles brushed against her breasts as he undressed her. “Won’t we get sand up our asses?”

“Nope,” he replied again. “Plenty of towels to protect us.”

“Guys, the suns are still up.”

“Fantastic,” Cain said. “We can see every inch of that sexy body. Shit, I missed you, babe.” He turned her to face him and sealed her

mouth with a deep kiss.

Geoff knew they needed to talk about a lot of important things, but his body was screaming for his lovers. Until they all found some release, he doubted any conversation they tried to have would make much sense. Putting his worries aside, he grabbed Leesa's shorts and pushed them down her hips. The sight of her standing there in nothing but red lace panties made him so hard all he could think of was spreading those pretty round cheeks of hers and plunging inside her. A few deep breaths did little to establish his self-control. He dropped his trunks and pressed his cock against her soft ass. "Love, I want you. Now."

Cain wouldn't stop kissing her, not that Geoff could blame him, but he was nearly out of control with the need to claim her again. After he yanked down her panties, Geoff shouted, "Enough!"

He swept her into his arms and carried her to the towels he and Cain had spread out to sunbathe earlier in the afternoon. Setting her on the terrycloth, he knelt in front of her, reaching down to run his fingers over her pussy, spreading her folds and sinking a finger into her channel. When he found her already hot and wet, he closed his eyes and groaned.

Cain moved behind her and hauled her up onto his lap, one hand on his cock as he slid it between her thighs. "I can't wait, Lees."

"Me, either," she replied as she reached out to grab Geoff's shaft. "Make love to me, boys."

Geoff lay back, pulling her on top of him. She straddled his hips and guided him inside her pussy. A moment later, Cain's dick slid past Geoff's, deep inside Leesa's ass. The three were once again one, and nothing had ever seemed so right. The words couldn't be stopped. "I love you, Leesa. I love you, too, Cain."

Cain smiled down at Geoff. "I love you both."

And suddenly, all ability to talk disappeared as the men rocked into her body, gently at first, but their movements grew more forceful until Leesa climaxed first, her scream music to his ears. Cain and

Geoff continued to move and came together, each letting out a lusty groan.

Had the universe ended at that moment, Geoff wouldn't have cared. He'd never been so content and so complete. The two people he loved most in the universe were with him, and his body was sated. He knew Cain loved him. And although Leesa hadn't said the words, her love was there in her every touch, in her every glance, and in her every kiss.

* * * *

Leesa couldn't have stopped her tears even if she tried. Her men loved her. Their declarations, followed by their cries of orgasm, were the most beautiful sounds Leesa had ever heard.

Geoff sat up on his elbows as Cain eased out of her body and crawled around to sit beside the still-joined couple. "Why are you crying?" Geoff asked as Cain gently wiped away her tears.

"You...love me? You both...love me?"

Their smiles were brighter than the Remizan suns. "Yes," they said in unison.

"I love you, too! Both of you!"

She found herself smothered in the embrace of four arms, feeling truly cherished for the first time in her life. Geoff's cock softened and slipped from her sheath as he sat back. "Now," he said, "we have something to ask you."

"Oh?"

Cain grinned. "Since you said you loved us, sure makes the question a helluva lot easier."

"Then ask already!"

Geoff reached for her left hand just as Cain grasped her right. "We want you to marry us," Geoff said. "All three of us can be together. Forever."

"We can live here on Remiza," Cain added.

Her heart pounded against her ribcage as her wildest dream came true. “Married?”

“Married,” Geoff said, leaning in to press a quick kiss to her lips.

“If you’ll have us,” Cain added, leaning in to kiss her as well.

She threw them a saucy smile. “I’ll be a very demanding wife. I’ll expect sex almost every night. With both of you. You might as well understand that going in.” Then she laughed, the sound full of joy.

“Oh, I think we’re *up* to handling that,” Cain replied. “And we can work together. We’ve got the *Summer Wind* to take us to any job wrangling we can get. I know E.B.I. screwed up your work for V.I.C., but we’ll get other jobs.”

They’d practically pounced on her the moment she’d arrived, so she hadn’t had the chance to tell them her news. “About that...”

Geoff framed her face in his palms and gave her another quick kiss. “Don’t worry about V.I.C., love. There are plenty of jobs—”

“We won’t have time to take any jobs. At least not with anyone else.” She tossed them a coy smile.

“What do you mean, Lees?” Cain asked, still holding her hand.

“While Matt had me on Earth, he brought in one of V.I.C.’s leading administrators and told him everything I did to help them keep that dreaming death virus from falling into terrorist hands. The guy was impressed—not only that I’d helped capture the shapeshifter, but that we’d been able to milk thanatos lizards. V.I.C. offered us an exclusive contract. We’re their ‘go to’ wranglers now. We get first right of refusal on *all* their wrangling jobs.”

“Holy shit!” Geoff smiled. “That’s our girl.”

“Did I ever tell you that I wanted to have enough money to retire at forty?” she asked.

Her guys shook their heads.

“Well, now it looks like I’ll get my wish. And now that I’ll have two husbands, I’ll have to make enough money my men can retire with me. Imagine it. We can explore the galaxy. Go wherever we want, do whatever we want.”

“I know what I want to do,” Cain said, rising to his feet and pulling Leesa to hers.

Geoff threw her a heart-stopping grin. “If you’re thinking what I’m thinking—”

“Oh, I’m sure I am,” Cain replied.

“Then it’s time to go.” He glanced down at his naked body. “Guess we better dress first.”

“Go where?” she had to ask.

“To the magistrate’s office,” Geoff said. “You’re marrying us now before you get any chance to slip away.”

Her heart swelled with love. “As much as I love you two? Trust me, you’ll never lose me. Ever.”

THE END

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Elizabeth Raines makes her home in Indiana. A fan of all genres of fiction, she enjoys blending her love of science fiction with romance in the books she writes exclusively for Siren Publishing. Her favorite movies are *Pride and Prejudice* and *Love, Actually*, and she spends far too much time watching shows like *The Tudors* and *Mad Men*. Elizabeth has been happily married for almost thirty years and tries to express that kind of enduring love in all her stories, hoping to help all her heroes and heroines find their own happily ever afters.



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