

ELLORA'S CAVE *Moderne*



Blowing it Off

Lexxie Couper

Stimulated, Book One

A fire has destroyed the studio of glassblower Phoebe Masters. And she knows what that means—a visit from the arson investigators. The two men who reduced her heart to cinders. Men she'd hoped never to see again.

One wild weekend with Phoebe overwhelmed Will Bradley and Damon Hunt. Like wankers, they blew it off, burning any chance for a future with the talented beauty. The investigation gets them back in her life, but now they have to prove the three of them were meant to be together. Their strategy?

A body-blazing inferno none of them will ever be able to extinguish.

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BLOWING IT OFF

Lexxie Couper

Dedication

To Heather Boyd. Who wrote me a little note halfway through my battle with this book (and the subsequent self-doubt that came with that battle) and hid it in my handbag for me to find, knowing it would make me smile. Which it did.

And to my dad, the best Vice Captain my hometown's fire brigade ever had.

Author Note

Morpeth is a real village, forty minutes' drive north of my home. The places and beauty of the town mentioned in this tale are true. The people I mention, not so much.

Trademarks Acknowledgements

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Chapter One

Morpeth, Australia

“You know they’re going to call the big guys in for this, don’t you?”

Sliding her fingers over the smooth, solid length gripped firmly in her left hand, Phoebe Masters flicked a sideward glance at the tall streak of stunning bloneness beside her and bit back a sigh. “I don’t want the big guys.”

The blonde—a.k.a. Sami Charlton, a.k.a. BFE (Best Friend Extraordinaire), a.k.a. Australia’s most successful female motocross rider—let out a chuckle. “I don’t think you’ll have a choice, Pheebster. Your studio’s been gutted. With a fire this bad you know they’re going to call in the investigation team. If Dad was alive he’d tell you the same thing.”

Phoebe’s stomach lurched and she ground her teeth. Damn it, when she’d up and moved from Newcastle to the utterly parochial, completely charming historical village of Morpeth six months ago, she’d planned to never see the *investigation team* again.

“And I don’t believe for a second that you don’t want to see them.”

Sami’s calm statement made Phoebe’s pulse pound just a little harder in her neck. She bit back another sigh. Here she was, standing in the smoking, charred remains of what was once her studio, the place she spent every day blowing molten glass into artworks of stunning beauty, with the acrid, wholly jarring stench of scorched wood and wet timber stinging her sinuses with every breath. Reminding her with no uncertainty that everything she held dear and valuable was destroyed—and she was thinking about Damon Hunt and William Bradley.

“I don’t want to see them,” she grumbled, glaring at the object she gripped in her hand, the only thing salvageable in the heartbreaking mess. A long, thick shard of glass that, thanks to the fire, now looked like a massive, slightly demented glass dildo.

"See who?"

The gruff male voice behind Phoebe made her jump, the glass length almost slipping from her fingers as she did so. She pulled a face, wrapping her fingers tighter around the accidental dildo like it was her one and only life preserver. "No one."

"The investigation team from Newcastle," Sami said to the elderly man now standing on Phoebe's left. "This has to be arson. There's no other explanation for such an accelerated burn of materials designed to withstand high temperatures, don't you think?"

The old bloke's wiry salt-and-pepper eyebrows rose up his creased forehead and he tugged at his somewhat scruffy firefighter's uniform with calloused hands. "And what would you be knowin' about arson and accelerated burn, missy?"

Phoebe let out the sigh she'd been holding back for the last five minutes or so. "Captain Kilgour," she placed her fingers lightly on the prickly old firefighter's arm, "this is my best friend, Sami. Sami's dad was the commander of the Newcastle District Fire Investigation Unit." She turned and gave Sami a pointed look. "Sami, this is Keith Kilgour, the captain of Morpeth's fire brigade."

Kilgour squinted at Sami. "Was?"

Sami nodded. "Was."

Phoebe knew her best friend wasn't going to expand on her answer. The death of her father in a house fire still hurt Sami deeply.

Kilgour's eyes narrowed even farther before he returned his attention to Phoebe. "Well, much as I hate the idea of those upstart buggers from the city coming here and tellin' me my business, the young missy is right. There's somethin' about the feel of the place I don't like." He sucked in his cheeks and smacked his lips. "It tastes wrong."

Sami nodded. "Too bloody right."

Phoebe frowned, ignoring the fluttering little knot in her belly at the "upstart buggers from the city" coming anywhere near her. "So what you're telling me," she

grumbled, crossing her arms over her breasts, “is I can’t start cleaning up until the investigation team—”

“William and Damon,” Sami interjected.

Phoebe gave her a scowl. Damn, she was one for providing details today. “Until the Newcastle team comes up and—”

“Work their magic,” Sami finished for her, a grin playing with the corners of her lip-glossed mouth.

Phoebe scowled harder. Were it not for Captain Kilgour standing beside them, Sami would be finding herself the recipient of a bloody good punch to the arm. Work their magic? Under no circumstances were Will Bradley and Damon Hunt working any kind of *magic* on her again. Ever.

“That’s right, Ms. Masters,” Captain Kilgour agreed, giving Phoebe what she suspected was supposed to be a reassuring smile. “The Newcastle boys will need to take a look at this before you can touch it.”

Phoebe let out a shaky sigh. Damn it.

“I could take a look around, Dad.”

A younger version of Keith Kilgour, dressed in a pristine firefighter’s uniform that almost—*almost*—hid a paunch and narrow shoulders, sidled his way over the charred mess, giving Phoebe a wide smile as he plucked the glass shaft from her hands. Blue eyes tried hard to hold hers, the effort lost when Captain Kilgour barked out a laugh.

“Don’t be ridiculous, Harvey. You barely passed the last fire science and behavior training course.”

Harvey Kilgour’s fleshy cheeks glowed red and Phoebe suppressed a need to shuffle her feet. Since moving to Morpeth, she’d more than once had to decline Harvey’s eager invitations to coffee, lunch, dinner, breakfast, a trip to the local drive-in. Six months of being “courted” by Harvey. And that was the word he used whenever he asked her out, *courted*, as if their relationship was anything more than determined suitor

and non-interested recipient. Several rejections later and he still hadn't taken the hint. Still, seeing him get shot down by his father *was* a touch uncomfortable.

It wasn't that Harvey was grotesque or repulsive; he wasn't. In fact, he seemed quite personable in a slightly desperate, puppy-dog kind of way. He was polite, charming, had an old-fashioned sense of propriety and an almost boyish innocence about him. He'd turned up with handpicked flowers a few times, had offered to fix anything in her home or studio if needed. When she'd come down with that very nasty dose of the flu, he'd arrived at her door with a steaming boiler of vegetable soup so bloody delicious, it was all she could do not to run her fingers around the inside of the pot when it was all gone. Soup he'd *made*. How could she say no to a guy like that?

How indeed? But she had. Often.

For reasons she couldn't put her finger on, something in her belly told her to stay away from Harvey—or at least keep him at arms' length. Something that made her feel...unsettled.

What? More unsettled than the way Damon Hunt and William Bradley make you feel? Is that even possible?

Yeah, but *that* unsettled had nothing to do with an inexplicable discomfort and *everything* to do with two tall, dark, sarcastic and alpha-to-the-extreme men awakening sexual longings she couldn't deny no matter how hard she tried.

A shiver rippled up her spine and before she could shut it out, a flash of memory blinded her...

William's towering form, buck naked and completely aroused, his dark blond hair a tousled mess, his eyes glinting with hunger as Damon impaled her on his equally impressive cock. Damon's full lips traveling over her throat, his strong hands squeezing her backside, her moans of rapture a familiar soundtrack to a weekend spent—

"Better go write the report—"

"Can I walk you to the—"

"Time I hit the road—"

Phoebe blinked, the cacophony of voices jerking her from the wholly unsettling memory. Her heart pounding too hard for her liking, she looked at Sami, for the moment needing to focus on one thing, one speaker—and her best friend was the least...vexing. "You're going?"

Sami pulled a face. "Yeah, I know. I suck. But I have a photo shoot with *Inside Motor-Sport* magazine this afternoon and a meeting with my agent in less than three hours."

Phoebe shot her watch a quick glance. With the way her best friend rode the classic Ducati she loved like a...well, a *lover*, Sami would make it back to Sydney with time to spare, as long as she wasn't arrested for speeding.

"Okay," Phoebe grumbled, turning completely to the Amazonian blonde to give her a hug. "Next time come up for longer than just a night."

Sami squeezed her back. "Hey, if some prick hadn't burned your studio down I'd be mooching off you for brekkie and you'd be wishing I'd hurry the hell up and go home."

Phoebe chuckled. "Yeah, you're probably right."

Sami flashed the kind of grin that made her the darling of the motocross world—cheeky, sexy and very, very devilish. "Of course I am. Say g'day to Damon and Will for me."

Phoebe's belly flip-flopped. "Bugger off with you, Charlton."

With another squeeze, this one a tad gentler, Sami turned on her heel and strode from the blackened mess of Phoebe's studio, hips swaying. "Better still," she tossed over her shoulder, swinging her helmet beside her leg like a schoolgirl swings her school bag, "give them both a kiss."

"A kiss?" Captain Kilgour's voice sounded mortified.

Phoebe bit back a sigh and, turning from the sight of her friend's departing leather-clad form, gave the firefighter a placating smile. "She's kidding."

Harvey laughed, slapping his dad on the back. "Of course she is, Dad. Why would Phoebe want to kiss the arson investigators?"

Warmth crept up Phoebe's neck and over her cheeks and, unable to stop herself, she pressed her thighs together, the sudden flush of tension tickling her labia, making her want to groan. Why *would* she want to kiss the arson investigators? She wouldn't. Especially when those two men were Damon Hunt and William Bradley.

Yeah, right.

* * * * *

"Head's up, Tiny, we've got a job."

William Bradley spun on his desk stool to glare at the tall man crossing the room toward him. "How many times do I have to tell you not to call me Tiny?"

Damon laughed, dropping into the low, beat-up couch sitting in the middle of their cramped office. "Well, seeing as it's been eight years now since I first met you, I'm guessin'..." he affected a pensive expression, crossing his ankles on the cluttered coffee table and lacing his fingers behind his head, "a lot. Besides, you're a short-arse. What else am I going to call you?"

Will shook his head and rolled his eyes, giving his partner an exasperated look. "I'm two inches shorter than you."

Damon held out a hand. "There you go. Short-arse."

"You're six foot three!"

Damon grinned. "My point exactly."

Will threw a tennis ball at him. "Yeah, yeah, *Stretch*. Tell me about the job."

"You're going to love this. It's in Morpeth."

Every muscle in Will's body tensed. He drew in a slow breath, leaning forward on his stool. "Morpeth?"

Damon gave him a single nod, his brown gaze steady.

Will pulled in another breath. Morpeth. The village pretending to be a town north of Newcastle was populated by entrenched, born-in-the-blood locals and artisans inspired by the timeless beauty of the place. *Not* the kind of place an arson investigator usually found himself. But then, he'd felt an almost palpable urge to jump in his car and drive north more than once since a particular artisan took up residence.

Damn, his heart shouldn't be thumping as hard as it was.

He narrowed his eyes, refusing to acknowledge how dry his mouth had become. "What's the job?"

If possible, his partner's eyes grew mischievous *and* intense. "Investigating a suspicious fire that destroyed an art studio."

Will's heart thumped harder. "What kind of art studio?"

Damon's lips curled. "A glassblower's art studio."

"I take it by the smile on your face the artist wasn't in the studio when it went up?"

Damon shook his head. "Not according to the report from one Captain Keith Kilgour of the Morpeth Bush Fire Brigade. The owner of the studio was, to quote Captain Kilgour, 'extremely agitated and reluctant to notify the Newcastle Arson Investigation team', end quote. Reading between the lines, I suspect Kilgour wonders if the artist is pulling an insurance job."

The wind left Will's lungs in a gush. He slumped back on his stool, dragging his hands through his hair. Fuck. He'd spent the last six months doing everything to convince himself what he and Damon had shared with a certain glass artist now living in Morpeth was nothing more than a weekend fling. He'd tried his hardest but now, here he was—palms sweaty just thinking about the possibility of seeing her again, of *more* than seeing her, when he should be thinking of nothing else but a fire scene.

Easier said than done when Phoebe Masters was involved. Bloody frustrating pain-in-the-arse woman. Knowing her, the moment they walked into her studio she'd walk out the other door.

But what if she's happy to see you? It's been six months since she left. Six months to forget how monumentally you and Damon fucked-up the last time all of you were together. What if she's calmed down? Changed her mind?

Damon cocked an eyebrow at him. "You're thinking one of two things, Tiny, and both are going to send you crazy."

Will's own eyebrows rose up his forehead, his gut churning. "What are they exactly, Stretch?"

Damon returned his feet to the floor and leaned forward on the couch, resting his elbows on his knees. "One, the second we cross the threshold of Phoebe's studio, she's going to throw herself at us and beg us to pick up where we last left off—in bed together, fucking each other senseless."

It wasn't just Will's stomach that reacted to Damon's first scenario—his balls and dick tightened, the image his friend painted affecting him with the subtle blow of a sledgehammer.

"Or two," Damon went on, his stare locked hard on Will's face. "She's going to tell us to fuck off."

The sledgehammer slammed into Will's gut again. Damn Damon and his keen insight into the human mind. Made for a bloody brilliant arson investigator, a great boss; made for a bloody annoying best mate.

The man studying him hadn't started out his best friend but somewhere over the last eight years of working together, that's exactly what he'd become. Which meant Damon knew just about everything going on in Will's life, and was *involved* in just about everything going on in his life as well. Sometimes Will had to wonder if that was a good thing. He bit back a curse. "And how did you arrive at those options, boss?"

Damon gave him a wry grin. "'Cause I thought the same fucking things the second I read Phoebe's name on the report."

The confession jerked a humored snort from Will. "So much for being the detached wankers Phoebe accused us of being the day she left."

Damon laughed. "No, she accused *you* of being a detached wanker. She called *me* a flippant, indifferent arsehole."

Will scrubbed at his face with his hands. "She's not going to be happy to see us, is she?"

Damon laughed again. "After the way we behaved? Not at all."

"So what do we do?"

Damon flashed him a broad grin. "Hope to fucking God we can change her mind."

"Tricky."

"You better believe it."

"She told us what we did together was never going to happen again."

"True."

"That after the pair of us blew it off as a simple been-there-done-that fuck-fest instead of acknowledging what it *really* was, the pair of us could kiss her arse goodbye."

"You're right."

"Plan?"

Damon laughed a third time, the sound far more deprecating than any Will had heard from his friend before. "Be our charming, lovable selves?"

Will rolled his eyes. "Yeah, that's going to work."

"It worked the last time."

"Until she accused us of being indifferent arseholes and detached wankers the night before she moved to a whole other town."

Taking my heart with her.

A heavy pressure squeezed Will's chest at the thought. That's exactly what had happened. None of them—neither he, nor Damon nor Phoebe—had anticipated a night out for drinks to celebrate Phoebe's new, dedicated studio in Morpeth would turn into a weekend in bed together. But it had. Three years of knowing each other, of relaxed flirting, friendly banter and good-humored mocking over other boyfriends or

girlfriends had unexpectedly and surprisingly led them to a situation so unbe-fucking-lievable, the shock had sent them all for a spin.

A bloody big spin. Because Will *knew* after two mind-blowing days and two equally mind-blowing nights of watching his mate fuck Phoebe, of fucking her while his mate watched, of all three of them fucking each other at the same time, that two days and two nights wasn't enough. He'd had no idea what Phoebe expected after the weekend ended, but he knew what *he* wanted – more. And he knew Damon wanted more as well. Not just sex, but...more.

It had scared the shit out of Will, big time. The knowledge that he was prepared to commit to a relationship society deemed unacceptable with his two best friends left him reeling. And even though Damon hadn't admitted it at first, it had scared the shit out of him as well. So they'd acted like it was nothing, like it was just a bonk to say *adios*. By the time he'd seen the truth in Phoebe's eyes, the proof that she wanted more than just a goodbye fuck, that her silence was wounded embarrassment, it was too late. They'd brushed off something incredible and swept Phoebe's heart away with it. Dickheads.

"We were chicken-shit cowards the last time."

For a second time, Damon's unexpected confession made Will snort. "Ain't that the truth."

"So this time, we're not. We don't pretend otherwise. We don't pretend the whole thing is just a same-old, same-old."

"And how are we going to do that? Considering she doesn't want jack-shit to do with us?"

Damon flashed a grin—the same grin Will had seen him use more than once when on the scent of an arson, the grin that said *I have you in my sights, buddy, and you are going down*. "We hit her with both barrels and let her know without doubt what we want..."

"Her. Forever."

Chapter Two

Phoebe heard the solid thud of a car door slamming outside her gutted studio, a second before she heard another one. Her heart, obviously into the whole “slamming” notion, decided to join in and slam into her throat.

She let out a ragged, strangled breath, every nerve-ending in her body thrumming with charged tension. They were here. Shit, they were here.

She jolted to her feet, dragging her fingers through her hair.

And then plonked down onto the charred work stool again, gnawing on her thumbnail. She had no idea how to proceed with the next...the next.... Hell, how long were they going to be here? How long did it take to decide whether a fire was an act of arson? An hour? A day?

A day. Jesus, how would she survive a day in Damon and Will’s collective presence?

The pit of her belly fluttered, or was it the junction of her thighs? She couldn’t tell. She was so freaking flustered she didn’t know what part of her body was reacting to the men’s arrival.

Yes, you do, Pheebs. You’re just trying to pretend you don’t. You’re turned-on. Already. Just the thought of being in the same room as Will and Damon, of seeing their towering, hard bodies, of hearing their deep voices, smelling their subtle aftershaves, is making your sex throb and pulse like a –

She ground her teeth. Damn it. She wasn’t turned-on. Nothing was throbbing and pulsing, thank you very much. She wasn’t that stupid. Yes, they’d all shared something she couldn’t hope to describe, but as it had turned out, she was the only one who’d been emotionally *moved* by it. Getting excited about Damon and Will turning up at her door now was just plain idiocy. She wouldn’t have it.

Rising to her feet again, Phoebe ran her hands over her clothes—her favorite pair of faded jeans and a T-shirt depicting Leonardo Da Vinci's face covered by the slimy facehugger from the film *Alien*. She wasn't going to let the two arson investigators know how unsettled she was. They would see the woman they first met all those years ago at a Newcastle school carnival, where she'd been demonstrating glassblowing techniques and they were answering questions on home fire safety and letting little kids sound the fire engine's siren. A woman in control of herself, relaxed, a touch left-of-center and far too busy being a successful artist to waste time being distracted by two gorgeous, sexy-arsed—

Someone knocked on her studio's blackened, buckled door.

Her mouth went dry. "Oh boy."

She stared at the door. Took a deep breath—and coughed it out again as the acrid taste of burnt wood, metal and plastic poured down her throat, past her slamming heart and into her lungs.

Tears leaked from her eyes and she sucked in another breath—and coughed more.

Oh lovely, now they're going to think I was crying. Brilliant. Bloody brill—

The knock came again, louder this time. Like a fist pounding the smoke-painted door. "Phoebe?" a deep voice called from the other side. Damon. "Phoebe, are you okay?"

She spluttered out a "yes". It sounded like a hiccupping cat meowing.

Oh, freaking great. She stumbled forward a step, trying not to tumble over the black corpses of what only yesterday were her favorite work chair and drafting board. Tears leaked from her squinted eyes.

"Phoebe?" A different voice this time. Will's. Deep and loud and worried. "What's going on?"

"C-c-coming!" she choked. She sounded like a *strangled* cat this time.

She took another step and kicked a pile of damp, gray mush she guessed had once been her polishing rags. "Shit!"

Of course, *that* word left her constricting, burning throat quite clearly, didn't it?

"What the fuck is going on in there?" Damon shouted, followed by another fist-pound on the door. She glanced at it through stinging, tear-blurred eyes, wondering how it was withstanding such a beating. She remembered all too well the massive strength in Damon's arms. And Will's as well. The heavy door rattled in its frame, buckled to the point she'd barely been able to lock it.

Damn, why had she come through the back door? If she'd already muscled open the front door, none of this would be —

"Open the fucking door, Pheebs."

"Coming!" she snapped. Just as she slammed her shin (*Jesus, is slamming the action de jour or what?*) into what was probably her tool chest, pre-fire. "Damn it!" she yelped, struggling to stop her fall forward even as smoke-tainted air rushed back down her throat.

And she burst out coughing again, wheezing, gasping coughs that covered her cheeks in tears.

Oh this is just freaking awesome.

"Fuck this." Will's growl barely reached her ears through the door and over her hitching coughing fit. What *did* reach her ears, however, was the loud bang as her door slammed open (*great, more slamming*), revealing Damon Hunt and William Bradley in a shower of splintered wood.

They both stood gaping at her for a split second, both tall, both dominating the doorway, both too damn sexy for words...

And then she was coughing again, stumbling backward, her pulse thumping at the force of just how goddamn perfect they were, how much she'd missed them.

They were beside her before she knew it, two sets of warm, strong hands curling around her arms and pressing to her back. "How long have you been sitting here breathing this shit, Masters?" Damon demanded.

"Way to go with the gentle approach, Stretch," Will snarled.

She coughed again, eyes squeezed shut. She wasn't ready to open them. Jesus, her heart was still competing with all the other slamming of the day—this time doing its best to slam its way out of her chest. Damon Hunt and Will Bradley were touching her. Again.

She was a goner.

"Hey, if the woman's been sitting here all morning waiting for us to show up, she's got a lungful of smoke and charcoal dust and carcinogenic shit," Damon pointed out. "She should know better."

"I—" she began, trying to straighten.

"Cool it, Damon," Will growled. "You're scaring the artist." His hand smoothed up Phoebe's back to rest beneath the heavy mass of hair at her nape. She should have tied it up in a ponytail; both men loved her hair down and free. What had she been thinking, leaving it out?

"I'm not—"

"Scaring the artist? This is the same woman who took on that Hells Angel in the pub only a year ago, remember? I don't think—"

"Can I—"

"And she's been living in Morpeth," Damon raged. "Who knows how soft and arty-fartsy she's got since—"

"Arty-fartsy?" Phoebe yanked herself free of their hold, stomping back a few steps to glare at them both, hot anger replacing the confused terror in her chest. "Who the hell do you think you're calling..."

She faded off, unable to miss their wide grins. Their wide, cheeky, oh-god-how-she'd-missed-them grins. They'd been baiting her.

"Good to see village life hasn't softened you up, Masters," Damon said with a smirk, the sinful curl of his lips making Phoebe's pussy constrict.

"Still, it looks like you've forgotten how to breathe properly," Will noted, his milk-chocolate-brown eyes seeming to glint with mirth. "I'd say too much fresh air getting into your lungs, but then, you're standing amongst a charcoal pit, so that can't be it."

Both went silent, waiting for her to say something.

She couldn't think of a word. Not one.

How 'bout, "kiss me, now"?

"Hello Damon, William." She nodded at them, keeping her voice as calm and formal as she could. Not easy, given that her pussy was tingling from all the vivid memories her brain was feeding her body about the two men before her. Damn brain. What the hell did it know?

Damon cocked a straight, dark eyebrow at her, crossing his sublimely muscled arms over a chest she knew for a fact was equally as sublime. "Hello, Phoebe," he mocked, his voice just as calm and formal as hers.

Beside him, Will rolled his eyes. "Pheebs." He gave her a steady look and she had to bite the inside of her lip to stop herself from stepping toward him. Toward them both. They'd made themselves pretty clear six months ago. She wasn't going to be foolish enough to let them play with her heartstrings again.

They could play with your body, though? Surely just one more time? Or twice? Three times? For old times' sake? Maybe four –

Damon cast a slow inspection around her studio before turning his gaze back on her. "So, someone been playing with matches, I see? Tsk tsk, didn't you know little girls who play with fire get burned?"

“Bloody hell, Damon.” William rolled his eyes again, stepping away from Damon with a shake of his head. “Do you think you could be any more lame?”

Damon laughed. “Probably. If I tried hard enough.”

Phoebe stood frozen, watching them both. Goddamn it, she’d thought she’d braced herself for this, for their unique brand of disarming charm and humor. But no, it seemed she’d been a complete failure. Listening to them bounce insults off each other was the closest thing to foreplay she could think of without involving any physical activity. It had always been this way—they goofed around, she laughed at their sarcastic wit and when they parted, she’d go back to her home with a stupid grin on her face and gooey warmth in her soul.

It wasn’t until their weekend together that she realized it was the two men making her so goddamn euphoric, of course. When that realization hit her, it was too late.

She ground her teeth. No. She wasn’t going to be foolish. Not again. It had hurt too much getting over them the first time.

She tilted her chin and straightened her shoulders, swallowing the lump in her throat before licking her lips. “Is there anything I can tell you about the fire?” she asked, shoving her hands in her hip pockets. “Any questions you need me to answer?”

William and Damon passed a quick glance between them. A tension settled over Damon’s body, his jaw bunching a second before William shook his head. “Not at the moment, Pheebs,” Will answered, turning back to her. “We’ll have to go over this place with a fine-tooth comb, however. Is your mobile number still the same? We can call you when we’re finished.”

Prickling disappointment crept through her. They were asking her to go away.

Of course they are, Masters. Isn’t this what you wanted? To not have anything to do with them again? What did you think they were going to do? Ask you to strip naked and become the filling in a manwich?

“Yes,” she blurted out.

Her cheeks filled with heat and she blinked. Jesus, what was she *doing*?

Both William's and Damon's eyebrows pulled into slight frowns. "Phoebe?" Damon took a step toward her, his size-fourteen foot somehow silent on the charred and littered floor. "We—"

"Will call you when we're done," William finished, cutting him off.

For a brief moment—the time it took Phoebe's heart to thump twice in her chest—it looked as if Damon was going to ignore his partner. Damon was the senior investigator after all, and three years older than Will, but then the man nodded, his expression becoming set. "Don't leave town," he uttered, the grumbled command nothing like his normal humor-laced voice.

She laughed, a nervous little hiccup of sound. "What would you do? Track me down and drag me back?"

Fresh heat flooded Phoebe's face. Her eyes widened. Had she really said that?

Damon's nostrils flared, his dark eyes locking on hers.

"Yes, Pheebs," William's steady voice played over her wrought senses, "we would."

She jerked her stare to his, her pulse pounding.

Then why hadn't you before?

The question sliced into her soul.

With a nod, she turned and left. Eager to be gone from the depressing remains of her burnt-out studio.

Aching for the two men inside it who she'd sworn she never wanted to see again.

* * * * *

Damon stared at his best friend. "What. The fuck. Was that?"

"That was a train wreck," Will answered, walking across the blackened debris to crouch before a particularly charred pile of rubble.

Damon shook his head, watching his partner inspect the rubble with a keen, practiced eye. “Why didn’t we just corner her like we’d discussed on the drive up and show her exactly what we had in mind?” He drew his own well-studied inspection over Phoebe’s gutted studio, the sight depressing him on a level he couldn’t indulge. When he turned his attention to a fire scene, it had to be as an indifferent investigator, not a worried...whatever the hell he was to Phoebe at the moment. “You saw the look in her eyes when she saw us,” he said instead, turning back to Will. “Well, after she stopped coughing, that was. She wants us as much as we want her.”

Will poked at the pile of charred debris with a finger before standing and giving Damon a nod. “I did, and you’re right. But think, Damon. Her studio has been destroyed. She’s pretty bloody highly strung right now. The last thing she needs is two horny blokes coming on hard and fast.” He narrowed his eyes, his hands coming to rest on his hips. “Besides, take a breath for me, a deep breath, and tell me what you smell.”

Damon narrowed his own eyes, staring at his partner as he did just that. The acrid, almost sour stench of burnt materials flowed over his olfactory system, a distinctive odor of destruction his brain, after thirteen years as a firefighter and arson investigator, catalogued without conscious thought. With the next breath, however, he tuned out everything in his mind—his concern for Phoebe, his desire for a past once had, his longing for a future few dared hope for—and focused solely on the smell and taste of the air in the studio.

Burnt wood and glass, melted plastics, sodden charcoal, smoke-painted metal, all smells he expected to detect in the fire of a glassblower’s studio. And something else. Something...wrong.

He’d been in the Newcastle studio Phoebe had shared with another artist many times before she’d moved, knew quite well her working practices. She was an “archaic” artist, which meant she worked with the traditional glassblowing materials and techniques the ancient Romans used—three furnaces used to melt and heat the glass, naturally derived pigments to color it, metal blow pipes and marble and steel benches.

He drew another breath, through his nose and mouth, tasting the air as well as smelling it...

And his gut dropped. "Ethyl Alcohol."

Will's jaw bunched. "An accelerant. Easily mistaken for the smell of alcoholic beverages. But we both know Phoebe's stance on alcohol so it's not the smell of wine or spirits she may have kept in the studio."

Damon ground his teeth at Will's words. He remembered all too well Phoebe's revelation a year ago about her abusive drunkard of a father who had no qualms beating his wife and only child. Phoebe, as a result, almost never drank.

He ran his stare over the blackened chaos around him, his hands balling into fists. "So the fire was deliberately set."

Will nodded, his expression unreadable, his body tense.

Damon's chest squeezed. Hard. "You're not thinking Phoebe did it?" He couldn't believe that. He wouldn't. Despite what the Morpeth fire captain had put in his report, Damon wouldn't believe Phoebe had torched her own studio.

Will dragged his fingers through his hair. "No. For three reasons. One, she loves her art more than she loves life, we both know that. Two, Sami's father. After years of her best friend's dad being the closest thing to a real father Pheebs had, she would know a structural fire like this meant an investigation." He stopped.

Damon studied him, not liking the pause at all. "And three?"

Will let out a ragged sigh. "She would know *we* would be the ones sent to investigate. And as much desire as I saw in her eyes, I also saw hurt. A lot of it. Hurt and mistrust. She wasn't happy to see us, didn't want to see us, and it had *nothing* to do with the fire."

Damon drove his nails into his palms. "You're right. Jesus, she even told Captain Kilgour she didn't want us up here. Fuck it."

Will didn't need to nod, his eyes said it all. Phoebe hadn't set her studio alight, which could only mean someone else had intentionally and maliciously started the fire and destroyed her studio.

Why? Who would do that? And to what end? A knot formed in Damon's gut, a bloody tight and convoluted knot he recognized well. Fear. It had been a long time since he'd experienced the emotion, and the last time had involved Phoebe Masters as well. *That* time, however, had nothing to do with a possible threat against her life and everything to do with an entirely different emotion overwhelming him.

You can't think about that now, Damo. For the moment, you've got to be nothing else but an arson investigator. Not a man too dumb-shit stupid to admit when he was falling in love.

He huffed out a breath, casting the burnt-out shell of Phoebe's studio another slow inspection. "We won't tell her. Not until we know who started it and why."

One of Will's eyebrows cocked. "You think that's wise?"

Damon snorted. "No. But that's the call I'm making. As Senior Investigator."

"As Senior Investigator?" Will narrowed his eyes. "Not as the guy who came up here with the goal of seducing Phoebe back into his bed?"

The question made Damon growl. "As both. And I'm not the only one who wants her back in his bed, am I?" He withdrew his keys from the hip pocket of his jeans and tossed them to Will. "Now shut the fuck up, Tiny, and go get our kits from the car."

Will snatched the keys from midair. "Yes, boss."

Despite the wholly disturbing discovery they'd just made, Damon laughed. "Yeah, remember that later when I'm telling you where to put that dick of yours."

Will grinned. "As long as it's not inside you."

Damon laughed again. "Oh no. It'll be inside a certain glass artist we both know."

Will's grin turned wry. "That's if she'll have us."

The knot in Damon's gut rolled. "She will," he said. But he wasn't sure.

And *that* scared the shit out of him more than anything.

Chapter Three

It was no use. She was officially screwed.

Phoebe stopped pacing the converted mechanic's garage that was her home and dropped herself into the old, worn armchair she'd only five minutes ago flung herself from. She should be worried about her destroyed studio. She should be worried about her materials and supplies and all the works she'd lost in the fire, all the tools and equipment now damaged beyond repair by the flames. She should be freaking out about how the fire started.

Instead, she was obsessing over the naked want she couldn't miss seeing in Damon's and William's eyes.

She scrunched up her face and gnawed on her thumbnail, staring at the large abstract sculpture sitting on the floor in front of the window opposite her. She'd only finished the artwork the day before yesterday, a commissioned job for the Prime Minister that would soon be collected by courier. Thank God she'd brought it home with her to photograph, otherwise it would've been destroyed along with the rest of her studio.

She let out a sigh around her thumb. She was exceedingly proud of the evocative piece. Tall and elegant, the twin glass columns stood pressed together, two blown forms of black glass manipulated to the brink of shattering and yet still dominating the space they held with irrefutable power. When she'd created it she'd done so purely from the heart, with no pre-planned conception of how it was going to finish. Looking at it now, she couldn't help but wonder if somewhere along the line it had become prophetic.

The two forms, one darker in its blackness and slightly taller than the other, could be Damon and Will.

"You jinxed yourself, Masters." She glared at the artwork. "You bloody well blew them into existence and now they're out there in your studio picking over the remains of what was once your life."

Jesus, how melodramatic can you be, woman?

She curled her lip, glaring some more at the sculpture. "Very. Example, only two hours ago you were holding a scorched piece of glass in your hand and referring to it as an accidental dildo. How's that for melodramatic?"

Actually, if you take into account you created an artwork that was meant to represent the mystery of forever that instead embodies the two men who forever changed your most secret fantasies, I'd say the accidental dildo was Freudian.

With a groan, she flung herself from the armchair. Again. And paced the area of the converted garage designated as her living room. Again.

Ten paces to the left. Spin. Ten paces to the right.

She chewed on her thumbnail some more. She shot the glass sculpture—until about a minute ago titled *Untitled Time*, now more likely due the title *Oh Fuck, Why Can't I Get Them Out of My Fucking Head?*—a glance over her shoulder. Her sex twinged with unsubtle insistence over the twin shapes.

"Damn it."

She came to a halt, nowhere near the armchair this time, and closed her eyes, pulling a deep breath. Of course, her brain told her she could smell Damon and William on the air. They had, after all, held her, their fingers wrapping around her arms as she was coughing, their thighs so close to her hips she wanted to whimper—*would* have whimpered if she hadn't been so asphyxiated by burnt studio air. In the six months since she'd left Newcastle, she'd imagined their smell on every item of clothing she owned, no matter how many times said item had been drowned in a washing machine. It was only natural her deluded, pathetic, lovelorn brain would tell her their smell lingered on her flesh now. Clean, distinctive, evoking memories of days and nights in

their arms, their bodies moving over hers, *inside* hers, their mouths on her throat, her lips, her breasts, her —

“Sex.”

The word fell from her lips on a whisper.

That was the answer. Sex.

The two men in her studio, less than a mile away from where she stood now, had awakened in her a sexual appetite she hadn't been prepared for. Her stupid heart—to match her stupid brain, it seemed—had insisted what she'd been feeling for them was love, but it wasn't. It was just sexual fantasy stuff to the extreme. What women didn't want to be made love to—no, no, wrong word—*fucked* by two hot, sexy guys at once? They'd awoken in her that fantasy and she'd buggered off before she got that fantasy out of her system. That was all.

One more night in Damon's and William's arms, in bed with them, and she would have been able to move on. One more night of fucking and it wouldn't have mattered they didn't want what she'd *thought* she'd wanted—a happy-ever-after, bucking-society's-convention threesome.

All she needed to do was sleep with them one more time and they would be out of her system. For good. And she could get back to the important things in life—blowing artworks that didn't make her think of Damon Hunt and William Bradley, and freaking out about how her studio had become a showpiece symbolizing the dangerous force of fire.

One more night of being fucked by them both. That's all she needed.

One more. Just one more and she was over them.

Bullshit.

Before she could tell the scoffing little voice in her head to shut the hell up, someone knocked on her door.

Her belly flipped-flopped. Twice, in fact.

Hurrying across the room, she curled her fingers around the handle of the massive sliding panel door, swallowed once, and pulled it to the right. Opening her home to Damon and William.

Except it wasn't.

Harvey Kilgour smiled at her, a nervous, sheepish smile, his firefighter's uniform replaced with crisp, unfaded blue jeans and a T-shirt that said "Han Shot First". He dipped his head a little, looking for all the world like an oversized, slightly balding eight-year-old. "I've been worried about you, Phoebe."

She blinked, her heart still thumping with excited nerves over who she'd anticipating seeing on her threshold. "Err..."

"I wanted to ask if you'd like me to take you to lunch," he hurried on, cheeks pink, his gaze once again fighting to stay on her face. "I know you must be upset about the fire, but you have to keep your energy levels up when in times of stress and the Cressida's Riverview Café gives me free garlic bread for being a firefighter."

Phoebe blinked again, her fingers still gripping the door handle. "I—"

"And after lunch, I can come back to your studio and look around," Harvey continued, the words almost falling over each other, "to see if I can find what caused the fire. Maybe help you with the cleanup. Two hands are better than one, they always say, and if I stay through to dinner we could order in Chinese and then finish cleaning after we've—"

"It's okay, Harvey," she blurted, a prickling heat climbing up the back of her neck. "Thank you, but I'm fine. Besides, we probably shouldn't do anything to my studio until Will and Damon...until the arson officers are finished investigating."

A scowl flickered over Harvey's face, there and gone in less than a heartbeat. He fidgeted, his knuckles white as he shoved his fists into his jeans pockets. Phoebe bit back a sigh. She felt bad always saying no to him, she really did. He was sweet and genuinely nervous. It mustn't have been easy, plucking up the courage to put himself

out there considering all the times she'd refused him, but she couldn't say yes. It would be unfair. Especially when she'd just decided to sleep with—

Damon appeared behind Harvey, Will joining him, both men dwarfing the Morpeth firefighter, both regarding her with unreadable, ambiguous expressions.

Phoebe's pulse tried to thump its way out of her neck. Her heart tried to beat it by smashing up into her throat. She parted her lips, and then caught her bottom one with her teeth.

Harvey frowned. "Phoebe?" He took a step toward her, his fingers brushing her wrist. "Are you okay? Do you want to lie down? Where's your bed? Let me walk you to it and—"

"I think Phoebe needs some comfort from an old friend," Damon stated. His voice was low and laced with mirth. Or anger. She couldn't tell. Either way, it made Harvey jump, his whole body flinching as he jerked around to stare up at them.

"Or two," Will finished, giving the shorter man a steady gaze.

It was Harvey's turn to "err". The sound left him like a rattling buzz saw, his cheeks growing redder by the second.

"Harvey." Phoebe placed her hand on his arm, feeling his nervous pain. The way her own nerves were running amuck at the sight of the two men, she understood completely how Harvey felt. Of course, Harvey's nerves most likely had little to do with the constant, impatient longing twitching between his thighs. At least, she assumed it didn't. "This is Damon Hunt and William Bradley, the arson investigators from Newcastle."

For a split second, Phoebe thought Harvey was going to launch himself at Damon and Will and tear them limb from limb. His nostrils flared, his jaw bunched and she could have sworn she heard a low growl rumble deep in his chest.

And then he was ducking his head and shuffling backward, eyes jumping around their sockets like agitated insects, looking everywhere but at her and Damon and Will.

"Sorry," he mumbled, face now almost a brilliant shade of vermillion. "I have..." His gaze flicked to hers for a beat. "I have stuff...work to do."

Without another word, shoulders hunched, face glowing, he fled. There was no other word to describe the way he moved away from Phoebe's door and the two men standing in it.

"Who's Harvey?"

Phoebe scowled at Damon. "The guy you just scared the crap out of."

Damon's eyebrows shot up. "What did we do?"

She opened her mouth. And closed it again. What *did* they do to make Harvey bolt? "You didn't have to...to..." She pulled a face. "Be so tall."

Will burst out laughing. "True. How dare you be taller than Harvey, boss."

Damon grinned. "It's what I get for eating all my Wheaties as a kid, Tiny."

Phoebe's heart thumped hard, just to remind her how much she enjoyed their banter, and how much she missed it. "Oh shut up, you two."

Both men turned their grins on her, Damon stepping closer to lean his elbow on the metal doorway. "It's not our fault, Phoebe. After not seeing you for six months, do you really think we're going to stand by and let another man attempt to take you out?"

Phoebe's pulse skyrocketed into rabid flight at Damon's question. Or maybe it was at the blazing, unquestionable hunger in his eyes. Or the way he leaned closer to her, his warmth licking at her body, his stare holding her prisoner. Her pussy constricted.

"When what *we* really want to do is take you," he continued.

She licked her lips. "Where?"

Moving with fluid grace, Will slid around her body, his hands smoothing over her belly and down to cup her hips. "Right here," he murmured, his lips brushing her temple.

As if that was the signal, Damon destroyed the minute distance between them. “Right now,” he finished. His hands reached up to frame her face, his mouth claiming hers with all the forceful dominance she remembered oh so well.

He drove her back into Will’s hard body, his hands still holding her face as his tongue plunged into her mouth. Will’s hands dragged up her body to capture her breasts, pinching her nipples—rock-hard and straining against her bra and shirt—with gentle pressure.

She moaned into Damon’s mouth, sliding her palms between their bodies, pushing him.

There was something she needed to say. Something she needed to tell them both. Wasn’t there?

Damon didn’t budge, his mouth slanting over hers, his tongue swiping at her lips, her teeth. Taking possession of her tongue with hungry demand. He pressed his body closer to hers, the rigid length of his erection trapped in his jeans impossible to miss against her belly. As was Will’s equally commanding arousal grinding against the cheeks of her butt.

“Jesus, I’ve never forgotten how good this feels,” Will murmured in her ear, his lips like hot velvet on her flesh. “How good *you* feel, Pheebs.”

Her head swam. The pulsing in her pussy grew faster, a constricting throb that stole her breath. She moaned into Damon’s kiss again, snaking her arms up around his neck. The move lifted her breasts to his chest, her nipples scraping at its hard plane, and shards of intoxicating pleasure shot through her. *She’d* never forgotten how good this felt either. Both men pleasuring her—kissing her, holding her, treating her like she was their sole reason for existing as they brought her to climax after climax after climax...

“Remember how good this felt?” Will whispered, his palms smoothing up her rib cage, between her and Damon’s torsos to capture her breasts. His fingers splayed over them, framing her nipples through the material of her shirt in a teasing caress.

She did. She'd relived it over and over again, every time she lay on her bed. Every time she withdrew her vibrator from its case, she fed her tormented arousal with the memory of Will and Damon making love to her.

God help her, she'd never forget.

Will pinched her nipples between his fingers, squeezing her breasts with gentle force, his mouth traveling over the column of her neck as Damon continued to kiss her senseless. A two-fold attack she was defenseless against.

She whimpered, wriggling her arse harder against Will's denim-trapped cock as she wrapped one leg around Damon's thigh.

"Fuck me, Masters," Damon groaned against her mouth, his hands burying in her hair. "I want to be inside you. We *both* want to be inside you."

I want you both inside me too. Now.

The words never left her lips. How could they, when Damon was kissing her again with such savage need?

Will massaged her breasts, his cock—so long and hard despite the constriction of his jeans—stroking the crevice of her backside. He caught her earlobe with his teeth, giving the plump little pad of flesh a nip. "Did I ever tell you how fucking hot I get watching Damon fuck your mouth with his tongue?"

His question sent a shudder of tension through Phoebe. She moaned, clinging to Damon as Will dragged one hand down her belly to the waistline of her jeans. His fingers played with the button there, and she couldn't stop her jolting buck when he popped it undone.

Her convulsive move tore Damon's lips from hers and she sucked in a breath, and another as his mouth moved to her throat, sucking with painful force just below her jawline.

Concentrated pleasure speared through her. Sinking into the junction of her thighs. "Oh..."

Whatever else she was going to say — *yes, yes, please* — was lost to her as Will pressed a hand to the side of her face, turned her head to his and took her mouth in a greedy kiss.

His tongue delved past her lips, its action echoed by his fingers dipping beneath her now open fly — *God, when did that happen?* — to delve between her pussy's folds.

Damon's hands worked their way to her arse, cupping and squeezing each cheek through her jeans for a punishing moment before snaring the back of her raised leg and yanking it higher. Her sex spread wider and Will's fingers plunged deeper, wriggling inside her with a mastery that made her whimper into his mouth.

"Tell me how wet she is, Will."

Phoebe's heart thumped faster at Damon's groaned order. And faster still when Will broke their kiss and raised his face to his friends.

"Wet and tight and hot, Stretch. So wet a man would drown in her pleasure."

"I want to be that man." Damon's lips roamed her throat. "I want to sink to my knees and bury my face in her cunt and let her cream flow down my throat."

"Do it." The command left Phoebe on a ragged breath. She arched her body, driving her pussy harder against Will's wriggling fingers, toward Damon's insistent erection. "Do it now. I can't wait."

Damon's low chuckle vibrated against the side of her neck. "Perhaps we should close the door first?"

The question made Phoebe start and, for the first time since Damon's lips crushed hers, she remembered where they were — standing in the open doorway of her converted garage for anyone who walked past to see.

And in a village the size of Morpeth, "anyone" *could* quite literally walk past at any second. Walk past and see her leg wrapped around one man's hips with another man's hand buried between her thighs. Walk past and see her lips wet from their kisses. Walk past and hear her moans of desperate need.

"Perhaps," Will answered, his fingers slipping from her sodden slit just enough to stroke the swollen nub of her clit before plunging back inside her. "Unless Pheebs wants to leave it open?"

An exquisite thrill shot through Phoebe at the very notion. Her sex pulsed, her nipples pinching tight.

"Jesus, Stretch," Will groaned, "the way her cunt just squeezed my fingers, I think she does."

"N-no..." She shook her head, her lips parting. She did. A part of her did. So much. A wanton part of her wanted just that. The idea of being caught as Damon and William pleased her was so freaking arousing she felt giddy and weak from it. But this was Morpeth, population eight hundred and ninety-one. Her home and place of employment. When Damon and Will went back to Newcastle—as they would—she would still be here.

When they go back? But you don't want them to go back.

The thought squirmed in her chest, cold and unsettling.

"No," she said again, more firm this time. "Not in the doorway." She pushed at Damon's chest, really pushed at it, detangling herself from their arms. Will's fingers slipped from her pussy, dragging over her clit as she pulled away from them. The contact sent a shudder through her and she bit back a cry—of dismay and pleasure.

"Listen," she began, taking a step backward from the door, away from them both. "There's something we need to get clear."

Damon threw Will a quick look, both men standing motionless in the gaping entry. "What's that, Masters?"

She swallowed at the tone of his voice. She'd heard it before. If a tiger about to go for the kill could form human speech, that's what Damon would sound like. Menacing arrogance and confident determination.

Phoebe licked her lips, staring first at him and then Will. Goddamn it, why did they have to look at her with such smoldering intensity? Why did they have to be so bloody gorgeous? So freaking...sexy?

Will cocked an eyebrow, crossing his arms, the fingers oh so recently deep within her pussy glistening with her juices. "Pheebs?"

She straightened her shoulders. Licked her lips again. "Just sex. Just once. And after that, you're both out of my life. Understood?"

Damon's eyes narrowed. "Those your conditions, are they?"

She nodded. "I've only just healed my heart from...from before. But I'd be lying if I said I didn't want to fuck you both again. And I don't lie, so that's my offer. Just sex. Just once. And then I never want to see either of you again."

Liar.

She tilted her chin, ignoring the wholly disturbing word.

Damon crossed his arms. "What if we tell you we don't agree?"

"Then you have to leave now. Give your report to Captain Kilgour on your way out of town."

A low chuckle rumbled in Damon's chest. "No."

Phoebe sucked in a swift breath. "No?"

"I think," Will said, his stare holding her still, "what Stretch is trying to say, is the negotiations can take place after."

"After what?"

For an answer, Will reached behind him and slide the door closed, the solid thud of metal coming to rest against metal like a clap of thunder.

Phoebe's heart decided it was time to do some slamming again. Straight against her breastbone.

Chapter Four

Will watched Phoebe's eyes dilate. Jesus, he'd missed her. Not just on a sexual level—although he'd be spinning bullshit if he said "sexual level" wasn't the primary motivator for his current behavior—but on *every* level. So much that no matter how desperate he was to take their seduction slow, he couldn't. He wanted her back in their lives more than he wanted to draw breath and, like Damon, he wasn't going to wait.

So much for not scaring her off.

"I...we..." She gazed at them, lips parted, breasts heaving. His mouth filled with saliva and his cock, engorged with blood and lust, jerked in his jeans.

"Just sex," she insisted again.

He heard Damon chuckle. "Take off your clothes, Masters."

Will's breath caught in his throat.

He should be using this time to tell Phoebe what they'd discovered in her studio—the accelerant, the residue of a melted candle beside the ash of an incinerated pile of papers, all minute indicators of arson—instead of lusting after her with primitive ferocity. That's what he'd determined to do. But when he'd seen her talking to the guy with the thinning hair, a deep, far more primordial response kicked in—territorial jealousy. Phoebe was *his* woman. His and Damon's, and he'd be damned if he was going to let someone else try to stake a claim.

Jesus, William. When did you become such a caveman?

Didn't matter. Damon was right. Phoebe was meant to be with them. Fuck what society thought. He was arse-over-tit in love with her, Damon was arse-over-tit in love with her, and that's all the fuck that mattered.

He stared at her, the subtle musk of her juices on his fingers permeating every breath he took, making his cock tight and his pulse pound. Was she going to do what Damon told her to do? Or were they going to have to strip her themselves?

His balls throbbed, swollen with heavy anticipation. They'd stripped her more than once that weekend, the weekend everything changed. Had chased her down in Damon's house, thrown her on the floor and stripped her. Christ, he'd almost come doing so, and thinking about it now pushed him closer to that edge again.

Damon took a step toward her. "Take. Your. Clothes. Off."

Phoebe looked at them both. And then, with a tilt of her chin, she pulled that T-shirt she loved so much up over her head, revealing smooth, creamy skin, a skimpy black lace bra and breasts so sublimely perfect, Will couldn't stop a groan tearing from his chest.

Jesus Christ.

"Just sex," she stated. But her voice cracked this time. Very slowly she reached behind her back to unhook her bra, letting the material slide soundlessly down her arms, revealing her breasts to their hungry gazes.

Damon moved before he did. His best mate closed the distance between him and Phoebe with three strides, his hands tangling in the wild mane of her hair as his mouth crushed hers. Will stood motionless, watching. His dick fought for freedom, its turgid length aching in his jeans. "Damn, the sight of Damon kissing you drives me wild, Pheeb."

He shifted on his feet, ignoring the urge to adjust his cock. If he touched himself now he would be about five tugs away from coming. And he didn't want to come by his own hand. He'd done enough of that since Phoebe had moved to Morpeth.

He wanted Phoebe to make him come. Whether with her mouth, her hand or her sweet, tight cunt, he didn't care. Didn't give a rat's arse. Just as long as it was Phoebe.

Only Phoebe. From now until forever.

With a growl, he crossed to them, stepping behind her to press his body to hers. She moaned into Damon's kiss, smoothing her hand up behind Will's neck to fist her fingers in his hair. He buried his face in her neck, breathing in her scent—jasmine soap and cherry blossom shampoo. His mouth watered. He knew the trim nest of curls between her thighs would smell the same—along with the delicate musk of her pleasure.

He couldn't wait to breathe her in.

Slipping his fingers around her waist, he released the zipper of her fly and, with a gentle tug, lowered her jeans over her hips. Revealing the firm curves of her arse to the room. He kneeled and stroked his tongue up the bare right cheek her skimpy black g-string left exposed, the salty sweetness of her flesh making his head spin.

Her cheek muscles coiled, a soft whimper telling him she liked his tongue's attention.

He licked the other cheek, sliding one hand between her legs to cup her groin, stroking her clit through the lace of her knickers.

"Oh Will..."

Phoebe's groan curled the corners of his mouth. He hooked his finger under the thin strip of lace in the crevice of her butt cheeks and pulled it aside, spreading her cheeks apart enough to stroke the tip of his tongue over her puckered hole.

"Fuck, yes."

She didn't just groan this time. She cried out, bucking her hips backward.

"Fuck a duck, Tiny," Damon ground out, and Will's balls rose at the sound of the raw lust in his friend's voice. "Way to get to the point."

Will chuckled. He knew Damon was on the edge.

"I thought you wanted to drown in my juices?"

At Phoebe's husky question, Damon laughed. "Do you see me wearing any floaties?"

Phoebe laughed, a breathy gasp that turned to a moan when Will rolled his tongue over her anus again.

“Get rid of your jeans, hon,” Damon instructed, and Will pulled away from her backside to let her do just that, still rubbing her clit through her g-string. It was so hard and swollen beneath his finger. Damon would be sucking on it soon, would be drawing it past his lips and nipping it with his teeth.

The thought made Will’s cock jerk, an agonizing spasm of hungry need he couldn’t deny for much longer.

But first, he wanted to bring Phoebe to climax. As, he suspected, did Damon.

Without a word to his friend, Will rose to his feet, dragging his mouth up the exquisite line of her spine as he did so. The shift in his position triggered Damon’s move. His partner dropped slowly to his knees before Phoebe.

“You have no fucking idea how starved for you I’ve been, Masters,” Damon murmured, a heartbeat before parting her folds with his fingers and plunging his tongue into her pussy.

Phoebe hissed, pushing her shoulders back into Will’s chest. He wrapped one arm around her waist, supporting her even as he spread her labia wide, granting Damon’s tongue greater access to her clit.

“Oh, oh, y-yes.” She bucked, driving her hips forward, clinging to both Will and Damon with fierce strength. She threw back her head, mouth open, eyes closed.

Will gazed down at her face, loving the sheer rapture etching her beauty. Her breath left her in shallow gasps, sometimes words—*yes, yes, that’s it, that’s it*—sometimes nonsensical sounds that spoke just as eloquently of her pleasure.

The scent of sex filled his breath. His cock pushed harder at the inside of his jeans. His blood roared in his ears. Six months ago he’d lived this very fantasy. This time, he was going to make sure it stayed their reality.

Phoebe bucked again, a wild convulsion that almost knocked him off his feet. He braced his legs, capturing her left breast as he did so with a cupping hand.

"That...oh Will, yes...squeeze..."

Her hitching request made his blood race. He massaged her breast, its full, heavy weight spilling over his hand, her pebbled nipple stabbing at his palm. "I'm going to suck this soon, Pheebs," he promised against her ear, squeezing her breast harder to ensure she knew exactly what he was going to suck. "I'm going to suck on your nipples until you come."

She whimpered, writhing in his arms. Between her legs, Damon moaned, either from Will's words or Phoebe's taste or both.

"Oh God..." she panted. "Please...please..."

"Fuck, she's growing wetter, Will," Damon murmured. "Squeeze her tits again, I love the way she gushes when you do that."

A strangled cry tore from her at Damon's command. Will massaged her breast again, with more force this time, his knuckles pinching her nipple as he did so.

She bucked, another cry ripping from her. "Oh, oh...yes!"

"Christ, your cunt is dripping, Masters." Damon gazed up at her, his lips and chin glistening with her juices. The sight made Will's balls throb. "I truly could drown in your cream."

"Does she taste good?" The question didn't need asking. Will knew she did. But fuck if he didn't want to hear his best friend say it aloud.

"Like honeyed heaven," Damon answered, stroking his thumb over her parted folds.

"Oh God," Phoebe rasped, her nails digging into Will's scalp. "I can't...soon...please..."

With a chuckle, Damon returned his mouth to her pussy, his cheek pressing against Will's fingers as he suckled on her clit.

"You like what he's doing to you, don't you, Pheeb," Will whispered, touching the tip of his tongue to the shallow depths of her ear. "It feels so good, having him eat you out. Having his tongue fuck you."

She moaned, her eyes shut, her forehead creased in pleased torment.

"Imagine what it will be like when my tongue is fucking your arse at the same time," he continued, kneading her breast. "Imagine how good it will feel when I'm fucking your arse with my tongue as Damon's dick slides in and out of your cunt."

A keening cry sounded in her throat and she bit at her bottom lip, pushing her shoulders harder to his chest. Her skin was slick with a faint sheen of perspiration, making her shimmer in the room's light.

"Imagine what it will feel like when we're both fucking you with our dicks." He pinched her nipple and nipped her earlobe. "When we're both pumping you full of our cocks. In and out of your tight, hot cunt and your tight, hot arse."

"Fuck, yes! Yes!" Phoebe's hips bucked forward, her pussy smashing into Damon's face, a shudder rocking through her with convulsive release. Will held her as her climax rendered her wild, his fingers wet with the cream Damon's tongue and lips missed. His gut knotted, his balls ached. Jesus, did they ache.

He tightened his arm around her, wanting to feel her body's heat on his shaft even through the denim of his jeans. He couldn't wait much longer. He *couldn't*. But he would.

For Phoebe's pleasure—and Damon's—he would.

"Damn," Phoebe breathed, shudders turning to trembles. "Oh damn, that was..." She licked her lips, the sight of her pink tongue making Will's already aching balls hurt more. "That was a-amazing."

"Of course it was," Damon said, rising slowly to his feet. He gave Will a crooked grin. "Your turn, Tiny."

Will tossed her over his shoulder before she could make a sound, the classic fireman's hold executed with graceful perfection. The fading pulses of her orgasm reacted, her body instantly aware more was to come, and eager for it. Six months of nothing but her vibrator to get her off and with just his tongue, Damon had rendered her weak. And now Will was striding across the floor with her draped over his broad shoulder, heading for the wide bed positioned in the far back corner, no doubt about to commence doing to her everything he'd promised. And then some.

God, did she even have the strength to survive it?

Yes. Oh yes, she did. She'd been wanting it for too, too long.

"Fair dinkum, your arse looks fucking awesome stuck up in the air like that, Masters."

Damon's growled statement sent a flurry of butterflies through her belly. She could only image how she looked – flung over Will's shoulder, naked save for her fuck-all g-string, her juices still dribbling from her sodden pussy, her hair tumbling over her face. She sucked in a hissing breath. God, she was on the verge of coming again already.

"Care to lend a hand with this, Stretch?" Will asked, a second before he dropped her onto the hand-dyed silk duvet.

"Gladly," Damon answered, and pressed her flat onto her back with a gentle shove.

"Suck her tits for me," Will ordered, his voice hoarse.

She stared at him, her heart thumping into her throat as she noticed his hands working on his belt buckle. *Thank God, he's getting un –*

Damon's lips closed around her right nipple.

Thick pleasure fogged her mind, preventing the thought from finishing, and she arched her spine, tangling her fingers in Damon's hair as she pushed her breast to his mouth with desperate need.

This was the way it had been before. Desperate want, desperate need. An extreme craving for everything they did to her. Until that weekend, she'd never fully

understood or appreciated the rapturous sex scenes in the few erotic novels she'd read. Until that weekend, those scenes had all seemed a bit over-the-top, unrealistic.

But then Will and Damon had made love to her at the same time and it had become clear. Desperately clear.

"I'm going to fuck your sweet pussy with my mouth now, Pheebs," Will told her from the end of the bed. "And when you're about to come, I'm going to flip you onto your stomach and fuck your arse with it."

"Will..." She stared up at him through her eyelashes. "Please..."

His eyes narrowed, nostrils flared. "And you won't come until I tell you to."

She swallowed. Her sex constricted at his dominating arrogance.

"Fuck *me*, Will," Damon murmured, raising his head from her breast. "I'm going to fucking erupt soon myself if you keep talking like that."

Will didn't respond. Instead, he lowered himself to his knees at the foot of the bed, snared her hips with his hands and yanked her closer to him, tearing her g-string off with ease.

She yelped, her pussy throbbing with dire need at his aggression. Both men were so different during sex—Damon playful and devilish, Will serious and almost savage. It made her so freaking wet.

"Spread your legs, Phoebe."

She did as Will commanded, a part of her mind aware Damon had returned his mouth to her breast and was suckling her nipple with delicious intensity, another part too engrossed with Will's control of her body.

"Show me your clit."

Her pulse pounded faster in her throat. She parted her labia with two trembling fingers, gazing up at Will. Needed to see his reaction to the pink flesh she'd revealed.

His nostrils flared again. His jaw bunched. "Touch it."

Her breath now ragged little pants in her chest, she did so, rolling the tip of her index finger over the sensitive nub in her folds. A jolt of liquid heat sheared through her, sinking into her core.

She gasped, her hips lifting with involuntary force. God, one more touch of her clit and she would explode. How could she be so ready to come again so soon?

"Touch it again, Phoebe."

She shook her head, eyes squeezed shut. "Will, I can't...I'll come..."

"You won't come until I tell you to." His voice was deep and throaty. "Now touch it again. Stroke it."

She did as commanded, a choked cry of tormented pleasure slipping from her. Her climax rushed toward her, a mounting wall of exquisite tension she fought to control.

"Tell me you want me to suck it while Damon sucks your breast."

Damon's mouth on her nipple grew greedier. He groaned, covering her other breast with one hand to knead the heavy swell.

"Tell me, Phoebe."

Eyes still closed, she fisted her hand in Damon's hair. "Please suck my clit, Will."

For a frozen moment, nothing but cool air played over her sodden sex. She pushed her hips higher, biting back a whimpered groan. At her breast, Damon flicked his tongue back and forth over her nipple. She licked her lips, every nerve-ending thrumming. "Please, Will?"

His tongue touched her clit.

Oh, fuck yes.

She let out a sob, the tension in her center overwhelming even as tortured relief rolled through her.

Will sucked on her clit, tiny pulses of suction followed by a gentle nip with his teeth. She bucked, the action driving her pussy to his face. Her toes curled and she tossed her head from side to side, willing her climax away.

Not until Will says.

The thought filled her with wanton need.

“Would you like me to finger-fuck you as well, Pheeb?”

His question pushed her closer to the edge. She nodded, unable to find the power to speak. Damon’s teeth rolled her nipple. Driving her closer still.

A long finger slipped into Phoebe’s sex, wriggling deep within her constricting walls. Will stroked his tongue over her clit and sucked it again.

“Please,” she moaned. “Will...please...”

He didn’t respond. Not with words. He sucked at her clit, lapped at it, laved it with his tongue and then sucked some more, all the while plunging his finger in and out of her pussy.

“Will,” she moaned again. “I’m going to...I’m going...”

“Fuckin’ hell, mate, so am I.”

Damon’s ground-out declaration vibrated through her—his lips still on her right breast, his hand still squeezing her left. She opened her eyes, staring at Will, imploring him for release.

“You have no idea how much I’ve missed you,” he stated, his gaze locked with hers, his voice barely a raw whisper. His finger moved inside her.

Phoebe’s heart thumped hard, fast. Her mouth went dry. She got it now. This was punishment. Will’s utter domination of her sexual response, his control of it, was punishment for her leaving them. Telling them it wouldn’t happen again.

He was punishing her with sex.

And she didn’t want him to stop.

“Fuck me, Will,” she whispered, the plea a husky breath. “Please. I want you inside me.” She tugged on Damon’s hair, moving her stare to his face. “I want you *both* inside me.”

“Ah, fuckin’ hell, Tiny.” Damon’s eyes blazed, his hand squeezing her breast harder. “How can you say no?”

Will didn’t answer. His stare grew heavier. Hotter. He didn’t move.

Phoebe’s heart slammed into her throat. Her pussy pulsed around a cock denied her. She glared at him. “Fuck *you*, Will!”

Without another word, she twisted on the bed, shoved her hands against Damon’s chest and pushed him away from her.

“Hey!” he yelped, eyes wide. “Don’t—”

His protest died on his lips as she scurried forward and snared his fly with her fingers. Her heart beat harder. She could feel Will’s gaze on her bare butt. Watching her yank down Damon’s fly. She curled her lips. This was *her* idea—one last fling—and she was going to do it *her* way.

Chapter Five

“Oh, fuck me,” Damon ground out as his cock—long and thick and ramrod stiff—sprang free of his newly opened fly. Small beads of pre-come oozed from the slit in its swollen purple head, telling him loud and clear just how ready he was to erupt. Shooting Will a quick look, he grinned. “Tiny, if this is what happens when Masters is pissed at you, then by all means, keep annoying the shit out of her.”

Will laughed. At least, Damon assumed the low, rumbling sound was his best mate chuckling. It could have been a bomb detonating for all Damon knew. Because nothing much registered in his brain at all except delicious pleasure the second Phoebe’s lips circled the tip of his cock. And even less when said lips slid slowly down his entire length until he was completely embedded in her mouth.

The base of his spine tingled, his blood roared in his ears—what blood wasn’t surging through his dick. Christ, he’d never been so hard. Six months ago this woman had turned their lives upside-down and then blown town. Now she was blowing *him* and he was about to come undone from the mounting pleasure. How could he have forgotten how fucking amazing her mouth was?

“Fuck, Will...make her angrier.”

He heard Will chuckle again. “By the look on your face, Stretch, if I made her any angrier, you’d have a coronary.”

Phoebe hummed a giggle around Damon’s dick and he almost *did* have a coronary.

Her tongue laved at the root of his cock, her fingers massaged his balls. She moaned around his length, sending vibrations into his core so exquisite he could barely draw breath. He let out his own groan, his knees trembling.

He threaded his fingers in her hair, the memory of her silken tresses having haunted his dreams. She’d cut her hair since moving to Morpeth. When he’d last seen

her it had been long and wild. Now it tumbled about her shoulders in a mass of curls and waves. It was fuckable hair. To go with her fuckable mouth. Christ, did she have a fuckable mouth.

Without thought, Damon shoved his hips forward, driving his cock deeper into her throat. He knew she could take him—she'd done so before—but something about today made the blowjob all the more amazing. Perhaps it was because he'd sincerely believed he would never get this chance again.

"Jesus, Damon, that's fucking hot to watch."

Will's growl jerked Damon's eyes open and he looked at his best mate. Will's jeans were gone, as were his boxer briefs, his dick a thick pole pointing straight up. Long fingers wrapped around his wide girth, Will pumped his erection as he stared at Damon's cock disappearing into Phoebe's mouth.

"It's fucking hot to experience, mate," Damon rasped. His voice was hoarse, as if he'd spent the night shouting.

"Are you close?"

Will's question made him snort. "So fucking close I'm surprised Phoebe's not already swallowing my come."

"Can you hold on much longer?"

He snorted again. "Are you kidding?"

Phoebe sucked a little harder on his dick, as if to mock his control. He let out a sound—part groan, part growl. Damn the woman knew how to give head. Shit, he could almost taste his own come, he was so full of lust.

"I'm going to fuck you now, Pheeb's."

Damon's pulse smashed into his throat at Will's raw statement. He opened his eyes and looked at his friend again. Will's eyes blazed with an aching desire he understood all too well. The younger man's body was ripped and coiled to breaking point, every

muscle a sinewy rope of steel. The control Will was exerting over his body was phenomenal and, Damon had to admit, downright fucking arousing.

Around his shaft, Phoebe moaned again. Her fingers squeezed his balls, her tongue stroked at the underside of his dick. She wriggled her backside, offering herself to Will's domination. Damon's gut knotted. Shit, he didn't think he'd last much longer. The very notion of Will plunging his massive erection into Phoebe—her cunt, her arse, wherever—was too much to consider.

"I'm going to sink my dick into your pussy." Will moved in behind her, dancing his hand over her smooth backside. "I'm going to fuck your tight, sweet cunt until Damon pumps your throat full of his seed."

"Fuck, Will." Damon swallowed, his friend's statement driving him closer to the edge. "Are you trying to kill me here?"

Will laughed, a deep, entirely confident sound.

Phoebe's mouth slid off Damon's dick. "Just shut up and fuck me, Will. *Now*."

"Condom first."

"I don't fucking want you to wear a condom," she snarled back. "I want to feel you. *You*. Your skin on mine."

Damon's heart thumped harder in his chest, surging fresh blood through his veins. Making his cock stiffer, bigger still. He shot Phoebe a glance, knowing the implication of her words. She was protected from pregnancy, both he and Will knew that, a procedure that lasted five years, which she'd had done only a few months before leaving for Morpeth. That she wanted to be filled with Will's come told Damon—and Will, by the tension in his jaw—that this was more than just a quick fuck to say goodbye, even if she told them otherwise.

Will's eyes grew greedy. "In that case." His hands smoothed over her arse cheeks again, his gaze watching the path of his palms. "You have the sexiest backside I've ever seen, Pheeb."

His whispered words made both Damon and Phoebe suck in a ragged breath.

As did the swift slap he gave her right arse cheek.

“Oh God!” Phoebe burst out.

Will chuckled. “Forget about Him, Pheebies. It’s Damon’s dick you should be thinking about.”

Damon opened his mouth to agree – but choked on the words as Phoebe’s lips slid over the head of his cock. “Fuck, that feels...” She licked at the sensitive knot of flesh under the edge of the head and Damon got lost in a rush of concentrated pleasure. He stared down at her face, needing to see his dick sliding in and out of her mouth. He couldn’t believe the mind-blowing feelings his brain told him he was experiencing. It was impossible. She had to be doing more than just sucking his cock.

Her lips moved up and down his length, painting his erection in moisture.

Nothing else. No magical sexual trick. Just Phoebe’s mouth on his dick.

Another slapping sound rent the air – Will smacking her arse again – and she jerked on Damon’s cock, her mouth and throat convulsing.

Damon ground his teeth. He couldn’t take much more. He couldn’t. He truly *was* on the verge of death by pleasure. “Hurry the fuck up, Tiny!” He sent a harried glare at his partner. “I’m not Superman.”

Will gave him a small grin and then slid his hand between Phoebe’s spread arse cheeks. She moaned around Damon’s cock, whatever Will was doing back there obviously pushing her buttons.

“She’s so wet, Damon.” Will’s nostrils flared, his gaze locked on Phoebe’s backside. “Her juices are dripping from her cunt.”

Phoebe bucked and Damon hissed in a wild breath of rapture as her teeth grazed his thrusting cock.

"She's so fucking wet," Will repeated, the words softer this time, as if Phoebe's arousal left him awestruck. He flicked Damon a quick look, naked need etched on his face, and with a slight position shift and one fluid thrust, sank himself in her pussy.

Damon moaned, the knowledge his friend was now just as intimately buried inside Phoebe pushing him even closer to the edge. He stared at Will while pumping Phoebe's mouth with his cock, working his rhythm with Will's own increasing strokes.

Phoebe sucked at his length, her moans sending wicked vibrations through his groin. She cupped and fondled and squeezed his balls with one hand, each firm caress echoing his and Will's harmonious penetrations into her willing body.

And she *was* willing. With every thrust into her mouth, she moaned, with every stroke into her sex, she whimpered. The air hung heavy with the perfume of her pleasure. Every breath Damon took—and he took a few deep, shaking breaths that did little to assuage the building pressure in his balls—filled him with the scent of Phoebe's arousal. It was potent. Musky and heady. Intoxicating.

Addictive.

"Ah fuck, you're so...so..." Will's groan spiked into Damon's wavering control. He watched as a bead of sweat trickled down his friend's temple, over his bunched jaw. "Babe, I can't...I can't hold on much longer."

Whether it was the raw confession that pushed Phoebe over the edge or the increasing wildness of Will's thrusts into her pussy, Damon couldn't tell. Didn't care. The moment Phoebe came, her mouth and tongue turned equally wild on his cock. She sucked him hard, in the same greedy pulses he knew consumed her sex. Her fingers tugged at his balls, her teeth scraped his length and then, he too fell over the edge, roaring and swearing the entire way, his balls rising up, full of his pleasure, his seed spurting from his dick in never-ending streams.

And amongst it all, in perfect sync with their dual orgasms, Will too cried out his release, his voice hoarse, nothing but wordless sounds that said so much more. *So much more.*

And as the last of Damon's come pumped into Phoebe's throat, he heard Will slap her arse one more time, and heard his friend utter a groan that sounded a lot like "love you love you love you."

Will slumped forward, resting his chest on Phoebe's perfectly bowed back for a short second. His heart raced, a sledgehammer of insane pressure. He closed his eyes, revelling in the velvet kiss of Phoebe's soft skin on his. He'd missed it too much. Not just the feel of her skin on his after sex, although fuck knows how he ever could live without *that* amazing sensation again. But also the absolute rightness of Phoebe's skin against his as all three of them sat together watching a movie, Phoebe sandwiched between him and Damon on Damon's leather sofa. Or as she sat tandem on his bike as they cruised the coastline on a lazy Sunday afternoon. Or as all three mucked about in the surf at the local beach, her wet body clad only in a brief bikini, his and Damon's covered only by loose board shorts that didn't stay loose for long around the crotch...

He missed it, damn it. He missed her. He missed *them*. And he wasn't going to let her get away from them again.

"I think I just had my dick sucked off," Damon croaked. "Holy shit, that felt good."

Will chuckled, lifting himself from Phoebe's back to grin at his friend. "More for me then, old man, seeing as you're dickless and all."

Damon smirked. "Fuck you, mate. I'm young, hung and ready for fun."

Will felt Phoebe shift, her sex—still throbbing from her orgasm—giving his spent cock a little squeeze. "Do I get a say in this?"

Damon laughed, his eyes glinting, his teeth flashing. "No."

Will's gazed at Phoebe, wondering how she'd respond to such an answer.

Doesn't matter. Stretch is right. She doesn't.

The arrogance of the thought sent a shard of something disquieting into Will's chest, but he couldn't ignore the truth. He and Damon had set out to do two things

when they'd driven to Morpeth from Newcastle—find the reason for Phoebe's studio fire, and get Phoebe back in their lives.

Will's gaze travelled over Phoebe's back as he stroked her skin, a distant part of his mind reminding him he was still embedded in her tight heat. His head spun. What if she told them both to bugger off now? How would he deal with that while still enveloped by her sweet pussy?

How would he control himself?

"Not even," Phoebe said slowly, twisting a little to shoot Damon a sideward glance, "if I say, fuck me again please? *Pretty* please?"

Damon laughed. "Oh baby, in that case, 'pretty please' away."

Will whooshed out a breath, closing his eyes as he let his head fall backward. *Oh thank you, God. Thank you.*

"But first I think some answers about my studio are in order, yes?" Phoebe went on, and once again Will felt her shift around his dick, this time enough for his semi-hard shaft to slip from her damp pussy.

He straightened, opening his eyes to study Damon. His body thrummed with an elemental ache he recognized as need. Already the base, primitive caveman side of his brain was thinking of their next coupling—Damon buried in her cunt, Will fucking her arse, Damon sucking her tits as Will held them, Phoebe's whimpers and pleas for more turning the air to—

"Perhaps something to eat first," Damon said, jerking Will back from the wholly erotic scenario. "And for once, I actually mean food."

Phoebe laughed, climbing off the bed with graceful ease. "Fair enough."

Will watched her go, his cock stirring. She was beautiful and elegant and sensual, a creature of evocative creativity and sexuality completely at ease with her body. He remembered the day she'd told them about posing naked for a life-drawing class while at art school. At the time, a year or so before their weekend fling, they'd all been just

friends, but even then he'd experienced an unsettling knot of jealousy that someone else had been granted the sight of her undressed form. He should have suspected *then* his feelings for her were more than platonic.

She crossed to a whitewashed closet standing at a right angle to her bed, her glorious backside—still branded with the faint pink outline of his palm—bunching and flexing with each step. “How 'bout I treat you both to an early dinner at the café down the road,” she tossed at them over her shoulder as she opened the closet and withdrew a black bra from the top drawer. “And you can tell me what you found out about my fire.”

Will swallowed, turning his attention back to his partner. Neither of them were prepared yet to tell Phoebe the situation with her burnt-out studio, on a professional or personal level. How did one tell a friend, a lover, that someone had deliberately set fire to her belongings? Both he and Damon had informed more than one property owner they'd been the victim of arson. Both had seen the devastating impact of that information. Grief. Disbelief. Fear. He wanted to protect Phoebe from that as long as he could, and judging by the sudden tension in Damon's body, so did his friend, but still...it was her studio. She had a right to know. Just not...yet.

Are you being selfish, Will? Because you know the second you tell her any thoughts of fucking go right out the window?

He bit back a sigh. Was he?

Damon gave him a guarded look. “Or we could buy *you* dinner,” Damon countered, “and tell you all about what we plan to do to you when we get you back here after we eat. And *those* details have nothing to do with food.”

Phoebe laughed, the sound muffled as she pulled a teal-green T-shirt over her head. “Anyone would think you have a one-track mind, Damon Hunt.”

Will let out another tight breath. He didn't think they'd dodged the fire bullet yet, but it would do for the moment.

Damon chuckled, sidling up to Phoebe in a few steps to capture her breasts with his hands before she could fully cover her torso with her shirt. "I do, babe. All I think about is you."

It was meant to make her laugh. But the truth behind Damon's words was louder than a scream. And Phoebe tensed.

She turned in Damon's embrace, placing her hand on his chest and giving him a slight push, enough to separate their upper bodies. "This is just a fuck-fest, Damon. This isn't a happy-ever-after. Remember that."

"Why can't it be, Pheebs?"

The question left Will before he'd even realized it had formed in his mind. She tensed further, her blue eyes steady as she looked at him. "In what universe do you know of a happy-ever-after involving three people, William?"

"In ours," Damon answered, his jaw clenched. "I don't give a fuck about what the rest of the world thinks. Neither does Will."

Phoebe's jaw bunched. "Well I do."

"Bullshit," Damon ground out. Will's gut rolled at the simmering anger in his friend's response. "You're an artist, Masters. You don't care what the real world is about. You exist for the senses, and your senses tell you all you want to do is fuck us both until our dicks drop off."

Phoebe's eyes glinted with dark contempt. "Oh, such the wordsmith, Damon Hunt."

He flashed her a hard grin. "I'm a man of truth."

"And the truth is the last time we even *hinted* at having this discussion you were the one who balked at a happy-ménage-ever-after."

"Yeah, well, I've had some time to think about it. Six months in fact."

"So have I," she shot back. "And I've realized you were right. Now let me go."

Phoebe pushed harder at Damon's chest and Will's stomach rolled again, but this time it had nothing to do with Damon's emotional state and everything to do with Phoebe's. They were losing her again.

Damon shook his head. "No."

Phoebe's eyes widened. "What do you mean, no?"

"I mean *no*. I won't let you go."

She glared at him, then at Will. "What are you going to do? Fuck me into saying yes?"

Damon's lips curled into a slow smile. "Sounds good to me. Will?"

Will stared at them both. At the half-dressed woman he loved with all his heart, at the man he'd walk into a fire to save. What should he say here? What the fuck should he say?

He drew in a steady breath. "Sounds like the perfect plan, Stretch."

Chapter Six

Phoebe stared at them, dumbstruck. Her heart choked her, thumping like an insane rabbit in her throat. Her pussy contracted, the sheer hunger in Will's eyes almost making her come there and then. Oh God, what should she do?

Run.

The thoroughly gutless thought made her snort out a hollow laugh. Run. Yeah, right. They'd bring her down like a fleeing antelope. Bam, two crash-tackles and she'd be on the floor, pinned helpless beneath them.

Her pussy constricted again.

Oh God, yes. Run. Run. Knee Damon in the nuts and run. Now.

She bit her bottom lip. No matter how she looked at it, Damon and Will were going to make love to her again—and she wanted them to. Despite the furious contempt for her lack of self-control, she wanted them to throw her to the bed and make love to her again. Not just make love to her—mark her as theirs totally and completely. Fuck her so totally their scent would linger forever on her skin.

She wanted them in her cunt, her arse, her mouth. She wanted their come on her face, her breasts. She wanted it in her anus. She wanted it leaking from her pussy.

She wanted them. Dominating her. Possessing her.

She wanted them. Making her whole. Making her moan.

Making her laugh. Making her mad.

Making her feel complete.

Alive.

She wanted it all. As she had six months ago. And it seemed they wanted that as well.

So what are you waiting for? Why are you scared? Why are you resisting?

Because Damon was right—she was an artist. She could exist in a loopy version of what society demanded was acceptable, but Will and Damon were arson investigators. Serious jobs held by serious grown-ups who didn't buck society's rules. They sort out the wrong, not live it.

And being utterly, blissfully happy is wrong?

It was if it lost them their jobs. Could she live with that? Could they?

She knew about the close-knit firefighting community. Sami's dad had spoken of it often. She'd bet her last dollar if it became known Damon and Will—two of the *State's* best investigators, let alone Newcastle's—were living in an unorthodox relationship with one woman, their rapid ascent through the NSW firefighting organization would screech to a halt. She didn't want to be responsible for that.

Which brought her back to here. Desperately turned-on. Wanting both their bodies, wanting both of them. Wanting the impossible fantasy.

One last fuck-fest, Masters. Just one. And then it's over.

Her throat grew tight as she stared at them both. No. She was fooling herself. If she let them touch her again, she was a goner, lost to that impossible, unobtainable fantasy and the devastation of its reality.

She shook her head, squirming her way out of Damon's firm embrace. Taking a step back, she shook her head again. More emphatically this time. "No. We're not doing this. I was wrong. Just tell me about the fire and then leave. Please."

Neither answered her. Damon's gaze pinned her to the spot, his hands slowly working at the button of his fly. She swallowed, the sight both terrifying and exciting. She had no trouble remembering what Damon Hunt looked like under the jeans and polo shirts he favored. No trouble at all. Gorgeous, sexy and way too virile.

She jerked her attention to Will and bit back a whimper. Will was already naked, his tall, lean body making her mouth water. He was corded steel and latent strength. Before she could stop herself she was looking at his cock, the organ a thick rod of sexual

perfection. Beads of pre-come anointed its tip and she ran her tongue over her bottom lip. Damn it, she wanted to...

Her pussy tingled. Her nipples grew hard. She hitched in a breath and pressed her thighs together.

Damon hissed in a breath. "I saw that, Masters. You want *us* as much as we want you."

She closed her eyes and drove her nails into her palms, fighting for the strength to tell him to bugger off.

And felt a warm, hard body press up against hers. A gentle contact that sent her pulse racing. "You *will* say yes, Masters," Damon whispered in her ear, his lips soft on her skin.

"You'll say *forever*," Will murmured in her other ear, before strong arms slid under her legs and around her back and lifted her from the floor.

A trembling cry escaped her parted lips. She opened her eyes to find Will cradling her close to his naked chest. "Forever," he repeated.

She began to shake her head, a feeble attempt to be sure, but stopped when he threw her on the bed. Just like that.

He swiftly covered her body with his, sliding up her length until his cock nudged at her folds. His mouth took hers, hard and fast, as if he were worried she was going to protest again. His tongue plunged past her lips, mating with hers with fierce hunger. His right hand raked up her rib cage, fondling her breast. She arched beneath him, wrapping a leg around his thigh and pushing her pussy against his insistent cock.

"I want some of that, Tiny."

Phoebe's head swam at the hoarse urgency in Damon's voice. She felt the mattress shift and then he was stretched out beside her, his long body, now devoid of clothes, a warm pressure on her side. Will lifted his head and Damon turned her face to his, claiming her lips in a kiss just as savage as Will's.

She whimpered into his mouth, her sex throbbing, her clit a prickling nub of impatient heat.

As Damon worshipped her mouth, Will worked his way down her body, his lips searing a path over her throat, her collarbones, her breasts. He lingered at each, sucking licking, biting, until she squirmed and writhed and drove her nails into the knotted muscles of his shoulders. She wanted to cry out, to beg him to stop, to go lower, *lower damn it*, but Damon's lips owned hers and all she could do was moan and scratch at Will's shoulders.

"Gonna eat you out now, Pheebs," Will said against her belly, his hands slipping between her legs to spread them wider. "That's what you want, isn't it? I remember how much you love being fucked by our mouths."

She moaned again, the swirl of tension building in the pit of her belly growing denser at his word. Was that what she wanted?

Yes, that's what she wanted.

Damon sucked her tongue, his hand squeezing her breast. He pinched her nipple and she bucked, the action pushing her mons to Will's lowering head.

"Jesus, you smell like sin," Will's voice was breathless, "and you're so wet."

He touched a finger to her clit and she bucked again. Then he swiped at her folds with his tongue.

A shudder racked her. Instant and powerful.

"Smell like sin, taste like heaven," Will said, the words muffled by her pussy. He stabbed his tongue inside her, dragging its tip from her perineum to her clit.

Oh God oh God.

She drove her heels into the bed, shoving her hips upward.

Finally Damon broke his searing possession of her lips. He dragged his mouth down her throat to capture one nipple, biting its puckered point with ungentle force.

Pain speared into her core, so sweet and exquisite she cried out. "Again," she begged. "Again."

He did as she begged, his teeth closing on her nipple at the exact moment Will's teeth caught her clit.

Another shudder rocked her, far more powerful than the first. Far deeper and more carnal.

She was close. So close.

The two men continued to worship her body. Will lapped and sucked at her folds, tormented her clit, teased it with his tongue. Damon did the same to her breasts, first one then the other. She gasped and grabbed at the duvet, eyes rolling back, head tossing from side to side. Just when she thought she could take no more, that with one more swipe of Will's tongue or one more nip of Damon's teeth she'd shatter, both men rose from her.

"No," she protested, straining for them, reaching for them. "No, please, I want—"

"Shush, Masters."

Damon's chuckled rebuke had barely registered in her pleasure-fogged brain before Will rolled onto his back, taking her with him until she lay atop his length.

Her heart beat faster. And faster still when Damon moved behind her, his hands stroking over her arse cheeks. "Fuck me, you really *are* wet, aren't you?"

He slid one finger into her slit, wriggled it deeper.

"Oh Lord," she choked out, pushing her backside into Damon's hands.

Will nuzzled at the base of her throat, his cock pressing at her clit. "Do you have lube, Pheeb?"

Her heart didn't beat faster—it jumped into hyper-drive. They were going to...both of them... She nodded, incapable of finding her voice. It was somewhere, lost in the constricting tension welling through her.

With a mindless wave of her arm, she indicated the squat chest of drawers beside the bed.

The bed dipped and bounced as Damon climbed off it, only to dip again when he returned seconds later. She heard him chuckle. "Ice Lube. Not a fucking hope in hell it's going to cool *this* fire."

Will laughed, his smiling eyes holding Phoebe's gaze. "Funny bugger, isn't he."

She couldn't answer, her voice still MIA.

A slight frown pulled at his forehead. "Are you...do you..."

He didn't finish, and it was the sudden worry on his face that gave Phoebe back the ability to form words. She tangled her fingers in his hair. "I want you both inside me, William. Now."

The words fell from her in a raspy pant. But it was enough.

Will's nostrils flared, the frown replaced by a smoldering desire so undeniable her pussy squeezed tight. "Okay."

He slipped one hand between their bellies, his fingers parting her sodden folds, and then drove his cock inside her.

She arched her spine into the penetration, head thrown back. Damon's hand gripped her hips and he pushed her farther down onto Will's dick, impaling her completely.

"So tight, so tight," Will groaned, gazing up at her. He pumped up once, twice, three times.

She hissed in a breath, grinding down into his thrusts. He stretched her wide, so wide. Filled her so totally.

"I could watch your dick in her cunt all day, Will," Damon said behind her, "if I didn't want to do *this* more." Fingers played at her arse and, with a not-so-gentle tug, he pulled her cheeks apart and laved his tongue over her anus.

"Oh oh oh yessss!" She squeezed her eyes shut, clenched her jaw. Ribbons of concentrated pleasure unfurled through her core, threading together until the pit of her belly was a knotted ball of exquisite tension.

Will cupped one breast, kneading it with growing force as he pumped up into her. Damon lashed her puckered hole with his tongue, pushing at the ring of muscle, tormenting her. She couldn't breathe. Couldn't—

Damon's tongue left her arse. Cool, thick moisture on her entry replaced it, painted there with impatient fingers, and then Phoebe felt something else. Something solid and warm and hard.

Oh yes, yes.

"Take a breath for me, hon," Will murmured, the hand on her breast stilling for a moment.

She stared down into his face and did as he asked.

Without a word, Damon penetrated her. One long, slow, driving thrust that stretched her arse, set it on fire with stinging pain and excruciating pleasure.

She groaned into it, letting the heat roll over her, through her. Her pulse thumped in her throat, her blood roared in her ears. They were both inside her.

And then they both started moving. Will thrust up as Damon withdrew, Damon plunged deep as Will pulled back. "Fuck, I can feel your cock inside her, Will." Damon's fingers dug into her hips. "Fuck, oh fuck..." His exclamation turned to a drawn-out groan.

"So right," Will ground out through clenched teeth, gazing up at her. "So right—so right, Pheebs."

Phoebe closed her eyes. He was correct. This *was* right. If it wasn't, nothing made sense in her world anymore.

She rode them both, her nerve-endings singed, her breaths shallow. Her breasts swung with their motion, heavy and swollen with need. Will captured one with his

hand just as Damon leaned forward and claimed the other. They fucked her in perfect, beautiful unison, drove her higher, higher, higher.

Damon's lips scored her back with desperate kisses, Will's lips uttered wordless supplications.

She took them both deeper, deeper, their moans and gasps echoing hers.

"I'm gonna..." Damon's fingers drilled into her hips. "Ah Christ, Phoebe, I'm gonna come."

His cock swelled in her arse. She fisted her hands in the duvet, her own climax rushing toward her with such intensity she was petrified.

"Fuck, I'm—"

She came. The very moment Damon roared out his release, pumping his seed into her arse, Phoebe crashed over into hers. And as she fell, she felt Will plunge with her, his cock buried deep within her sex.

Until all three lay spent on the bed together.

"We love you, Masters," Damon mumbled against her back. "Move in with us. Please?"

The proposal—for that's what it was, he had no doubt—popped out of Damon's subconscious and straight past his lips. He felt the words on his tongue and, even as those words were forming, knew he'd never wanted something as much.

Him and Phoebe and Will, living together.

Beneath him, a calm stillness claimed Phoebe.

Under her, Will stared up at him, stunned disbelief—and undeniable hope—shimmering in his eyes.

"Damon..." Phoebe whispered.

Fuck a duck, she's going to say—

Someone bashed on the massive door. Repeatedly.

"Phoebe?" came a shout from the other side. A male shout. "Are you in there?"

"Damn it," Phoebe groaned, squirming until she'd worked her way out from between Damon and Will. "It's Harvey."

She scrambled off the bed, snatching her clothes from the floor. Stumbling toward the door, she didn't look back at them, throwing a whispered "put your clothes on!" over her shoulder instead. Damon took his own step away from the bed, dragging his fingers through his hair, slightly disoriented by the interruption.

"Please put some clothes on?" Phoebe mouthed, a second before she pulled her T-shirt over her head.

Damon shot his discarded shirt a quick look. He didn't want to put it on. He wanted to discuss his entirely unexpected but completely truthful proposition. He wanted to talk about their future together and then make love to her again. Thanks to Harvey banging away on the door, however, he couldn't.

Just who the hell *was* Harvey? This was the second time in one afternoon the bloke had been at Phoebe's door.

A rustling of material beside Damon jerked his attention from the puzzling question and he shot Will a look. His partner was dressing, a very disgruntled expression on his face.

"Who the fuck *is* this Harvey guy?" Damon muttered.

Will's jaw bunched. "No idea. But I'm planning on finding out."

Damon nodded. "Me too."

"Phoebe!" Harvey banged on the door again, his voice high and excited. "Phoebe, I have to tell you something!"

Damon narrowed his eyes. "Persistent bloody bugger, isn't he?"

Will didn't say a word. He didn't have to. Damon could see the tension twisting through every muscle in his friend's body.

With a low growl, and an uncomfortable sensation very close to jealousy wrapping around his chest, Damon crossed the room, collecting his discarded clothes from the floor. He donned his shirt and shoved his legs in his jeans just before Phoebe reached the door.

"Phoebe!" Harvey called again, with another impatient bang on the metal. "I think I know what —"

Whatever he was going to say next was drowned out by the heavy rumble of the sliding door opening. "Harvey," Phoebe's voice was friendly if somewhat exasperated, "calm down. You sound like you're about to blow a gasket. What's the problem?"

Damon stood just out of Harvey's line of sight, ear pricked, muscles tense. "Can I come in?" Harvey asked, the question fast and excited. "I think I know what caused your fire."

The equally fast and excited statement snapped Damon's spine straight. He flicked Will a look, raising his eyebrows.

Will's nostrils flared. Jaws set, shoulders squared, in quick order he destroyed the distance between him and Phoebe, towering over her as he focused his attention on the mysterious Harvey.

With a silent step, Damon moved until he could just glimpse around the door. He wanted to see how Harvey reacted to Will's presence. Something about the situation itched at Damon's gut.

The reaction was instant and unmistakable. Harvey flinched, a deep red spreading up his throat to his cheeks.

"G'day, Harvey." Will leaned over Phoebe's shoulder, extending his hand to the furiously blushing man even as he let his other hand come to rest on the curve of her hip in a very unsubtle message. "I'm Officer Will Bradley. Tell me what you know about the fire in Ms. Masters' studio."

Damon watched Harvey. The man licked his lips. His stare flicking from Will's face to Phoebe's, down to Will's proprietary placement of his hand and back up to Will's

face again. His cheeks burned redder. "I..." He licked his lips again. "I didn't see a car out front...I didn't realize Phoebe had...had company." He cleared his throat. "You weren't at...at her studio so I thought you guys had gone back to Newcastle."

Will shook his head and slid his palm up Phoebe's rib cage. "Nope."

Phoebe, Damon was unsettled to see, tried to nudge Will's hand away. "Will, Harvey is a firefighter with the Morpeth brigade," she said, twisting enough to give Will a steady glare. "He's also Captain Kilgour's son." She turned back to Harvey. "Come in and tell us what you know."

For the third time Harvey licked his lips, a nervous swipe Damon didn't like at all. Something about the man put him on edge.

"Captain Kilgour?" Will said, his hand staying resolutely on Phoebe's body. "Very astute man. We interviewed him a few hours ago. Knows a lot. Was quite suspicious of the fire." He paused for a short second. "What about you, Harvey? Do you think it was deliberately lit?"

"I think," Harvey said, shuffling his feet, "the fire was caused by a candle left unextinguished. Phoebe burns vanilla candles often when she's working in her studio. Not when she's working with glass, but when she's sketching at her drawing table."

Phoebe's shoulders straightened. "How do you know all this?"

Harvey stared at her. "Just things I've noticed when I'm there. Fire things, y'know. And sometimes you forget to blow the candles out."

"That's some impressive noticing skills you've got there," Will said, and Damon noticed his friend's jaw flex.

Harvey, it seemed, *didn't* notice. He nodded, flicking Will a nervous smile before turning his attention back to Phoebe. "And sometimes you leave the back window open. Which means a cat or a possum could've jumped into your studio looking for something to eat—like the apples you keep in the bowl near your drawing table—and knocked the candle over. If the candle fell close to the newspapers you use to mould the glass, the fire would have plenty of material to burn."

Damon narrowed his eyes. Harvey seemed to know a lot about Phoebe. That in itself was disquieting, but added to it was the fact that close to everything Harvey had mentioned was conclusive with Damon and Will's findings of the fire scene.

They *had* found wax residue near a huge stack of partially burned newspapers, just as Harvey had hypothesized. They'd found an open window at the back of the studio, which meant the flames had all the oxygen they needed to burn, and burn quickly. They'd found the charred remains of fruit scattered through the debris.

Everything rang true. Except for one thing...

Ethyl alcohol.

The Morpeth firefighter hadn't mentioned the accelerant.

Because he didn't know about it? Or because he did?

The question punched into Damon's chest—heavy and cold. And by the tension stealing over Will's body, Damon suspected the very same question had occurred to his partner.

Most people didn't realize that fire left a story—a minute-by-minute account of the burn. And most people assumed things like candles and paper would be incinerated in the blaze. No matter how hot the inferno, there was always residue, always tell signs. Candles would melt to liquid, and that liquid would boil, leaving an almost imperceptible film of wax behind, concentrated on the original location. Paper often burned to ash that was dispersed by a firefighter's hose. But in Phoebe's studio, the thick pile of papers contained an unburned center, turned to a pulpy mass by the thousands of gallons of water pumped into the space. Little hints all adding together to tell a story he and Will knew how to read. As, it seemed, did Harvey. And if Harvey knew how to *read* the story, then he also knew how to tell it. And how to begin it.

Once upon a time there was an accelerant called ethyl alcohol that found itself splashed all around a glassblowers studio...

Damon stared hard at the man gazing at Phoebe from the other side of the threshold, his mind racing. Harvey was a firefighter, which meant he would know all

about the “fire triangle”, the three factors needed to create and sustain a fire of destructive force—oxygen, a fuel source and heat. It’s very likely he would know one of the most overlooked accelerants in arson cases was ethyl alcohol, due to its deceptive alcohol smell. And any firefighter worth wielding a hose would know an open window meant a rapid burn rate.

So, fuel source—initially paper, followed by wooden furniture. Oxygen from a window supposedly left window by accident, something Phoebe had never been guilty of when living in Newcastle. In fact, she’d been pedantic about keeping her windows closed and locked. And heat from the flames themselves. But in Phoebe’s fire, those flames were helped along by ethyl alcohol, and helped very effectively. The char pattern on the concrete floor indicated enough of the flammable liquid had been splashed about to ensure the fire would take hold quickly and devastatingly, but only on or beneath horizontal surfaces. Appearing for all the world like the result of spilled alcoholic beverages.

But why would Harvey want to set fire to Phoebe’s studio? To what end?

Damon narrowed his eyes again. Gut instincts suggested one reason. A reason that had everything to do with the thing hanging between Harvey’s legs.

Then step forward. See what he does.

He pulled his t-shirt up over his head, threw it aside, scruffed up his hair with his fingers and then stepped from his unseen position, rubbing one hand over his bare stomach in languid, contented strokes.

“I didn’t know you two were already awake,” he murmured, making his voice sound sleepy as he ambled into view. From the corner of his eye, he saw Harvey jerk. He also heard Phoebe hiss in a breath, but kept his half-lidded gaze on Will. “Did you both shower without me?”

He stopped at Phoebe’s side, ignoring her stunned expression. With a lazy grin, he lowered his head and nuzzled the side of her neck, running his hand up her belly to almost—*almost*—cup her breast. “Hmm, you taste good, Masters.”

"Damon?" Phoebe's throat vibrated under his lips, and for a split second the intoxicating scent of her almost made him lose his concentration. "What are —"

"What the *fuck*?"

Harvey's croaked exclamation surprised all of them.

"You can't touch her like —!"

Damon straightened, giving the man a steady look. Harvey snapped his mouth shut, eyes bulging, face redder than ever. He glared at Damon, hate burning in his gaze, hotter than any fire Damon had ever seen. Glared at him with baleful rage before sliding his stare to Will. He curled his lip, his chest puffing up. "I didn't realize you city boys did such a thorough job of...*questioning* the property owner. We Morpeth guys just investigate the fire at the actual scene."

"Harvey!" Phoebe stiffened, but Damon didn't take his attention off the man. Venom glowed in Harvey's eyes. Venom and something far, far more primitive.

Jealousy. Raw, unequivocal jealousy.

Damon scratched at his stomach again, giving Harvey a bemused grin. "Sorry, who are you again?"

"I'm the one doing the real work, being the *real* hero while you fucking big-shot city wankers take advantage of a poor distraught woman in her moment of crisis," Harvey snarled. And there was no other word for it—it *was* a snarl, full of malevolent hate. He leaned forward and sneered at Damon again. "I'm the man who discovered what caused Phoebe's fire, dickhead."

"Don't you mean the one who *started* it?" Will asked, his voice low and calm and as cold as ice.

Harvey's face turned white. His mouth fell open, his stare locked on Will's.

And then he turned and ran.

Damon let out a shocked laugh.

"Ah fuck," Will growled. "Now we're going to have to chase him down."

Chapter Seven

Phoebe held the accidental dildo in her hand, staring at the glass sculpture opposite her. Will and Damon had been gone for two hours.

Two hours since they'd made love to her, asked her to move in with them, exposed Harvey Kilgour for the arsonist he was, crash-tackled him to the ground in front of her home and pinned him there, bucking and screaming and professing his love for her. Two hours since Damon and Will took turns holding the thrashing, writhing, love-professing Harvey so they could finish dressing.

Two hours since Phoebe's neighbors witnessed the whole God-awful, surreal thing, casting her curious glances as they whispered amongst themselves.

Two hours since her whole life had changed.

And the entire time, Phoebe sat in silence on her old, overstuffed sofa, alternating between gazing at the bed and its rumpled, messed-up duvet and staring at the dark glass sculpture once called *Untitled Time*, then briefly called *Oh Fuck, Why Can't I Get Them Out of My Fucking Head?* and now called *Damn It, How Can I Live Without Them?*

The last thing Damon had said to her as they'd stood side-by-side, watching Will and the Morpeth police sergeant bundle Harvey into the back of the squad car, rang in her ears even now. "Don't say no, Masters."

He and Will had walked back to their own car then—still parked outside her burnt-out studio—and followed the sergeant to the Morpeth police station where, presumably, Harvey would be charged with arson.

Two hours ago. Did it take that long to ensure a man be charged with a crime?

The pit of her belly rolled and she let out a sigh. Once again, when she should have been freaking out about one thing, she was worried about another. When she should be beside herself because sweet, friendly, puppy-dog desperate Harvey had set her studio

alight in some messed-up, deranged attempt to impress her – and his father, if his wild rantings about getting respect were anything to go on – she was fixated on the two men responsible for uncovering Harvey's lunacy.

Fixated on them *and* the question left unanswered between them.

Another sigh slipped past her lips. Long and shaky. They wanted her to live with them. All three together. They wanted a happy-ménage-ever-after.

It wasn't her belly that reacted this time, it was her sex. Her breath caught at the notion of a life spent living with Will and Damon, of waking up between them every morning. Of coming home from her studio to their grins and boyish fun every day. Of grocery shopping with them, watching movies, visiting the beach and eating out and riding bikes and planning holidays with them.

All three of them together. One big, happy, society-bucking family.

She thought of making love to them, *both* of them. Whenever she wanted. Whenever they wanted. Of being impaled on one of them as the other worshipped her body. Of being impaled on *both* of them at the same time as she had been only a few hours ago.

She closed her eyes and gripped the glass shard in her hands tighter, her pussy not just tingling but damn near convulsing. "Damn it, Masters. This was just meant to be sex. Goodbye sex. Ending-it sex. Not look-what-you-could-have-forever sex."

Have forever.

The two words made her throat thick. Her and Will and Damon. Forever. She let out a shaky sigh. She'd never really given a toss about what society expected or demanded of her. She'd often joked with Sami it was one of the perks of being a professional artist – the rest of the population expected her to be unconventional. She could walk a busy street wearing nothing but oversized dungarees and a singlet, her hair brilliant purple dreadlocks, her nose pierced and her toenails painted ten different colors and no one would think anything of it except "weirdo artist". In fact she had done that very thing back in her art school days.

How she existed in the “real world” bared little impact on her. As long as she could create, she was happy. And then Will and Damon had come along, and how she existed with *them* in the real world became a pressing question.

Their weekend of wild, uninhibited sex six months ago had planted a longing in her she’d tried to ignore. When the topic of what happened next came up, she hadn’t balked at the idea of continuing their threesome outside the bedroom.

Will and Damon had. Damon had laughed the whole weekend off as “one of the things I can mark off my Bucket List”, and Will had, well... Will, ever the serious one, had calmly shaken his head and remarked that the weekend had been “interesting” and left it at that.

Thirty minutes later she’d walked out of Damon’s house wishing to hell she’d been an accountant, or a pre-school teacher or a...a...dental nurse. Anything but an artist who didn’t give a rat’s bum what society thought. If she *gave* a rat’s bum, she would never have dared believe for one wonderful, stupid moment that she and Will and Damon could have a happy-ménage-ever-after together.

And the next morning she’d moved to Morpeth and set about forgetting that society-bucking HEA. That fantasy. That future.

Six months later, after she’d finally achieved it, her world went up in smoke.

Stomach churning, she opened her eyes and looked at the glass sculpture commissioned by the Prime Minister’s office—two forms of towering strength and impossible beauty. Will and Damon. She remembered blowing it, remembered the utter joy and perfect contentment that had thrummed through her while she’d created the stunning piece. She’d thought those emotions had to do with the artwork itself, but now she realized it was the subconscious subject matter.

Damon Hunt and William Bradley.

Once friends, then lovers, then figures from her past and now...what?

Her future? The future she’d wanted six months ago that they had rejected?

Her heart thumped harder.

No, they had been right all those months ago. They were her fantasy and the fantasy was over. Even if they'd had a change of heart, that's what they had to be. She could live with the backlash of such a fantasy fulfilled, but they couldn't. Wild threesome sex. That's all they had and all they could ever have. And that wild threesome sex was done and done.

Even though her heart was telling her in no uncertain terms what Will and Damon were proposing was right and wonderful on every level—physical, emotional and psychological—she had to listen to her brain. For once in her life, she had to listen to her brain and her brain said it was wrong. The fantasy was just that—fantasy. When they walked back into her home she would tell them emphatically, before they could touch her and completely destroy her resolve, that it was over.

She had to. It was the only sane thing to do.

Since when have you been sane?

She dropped her gaze to the glass shard in her hands—the accidental dildo—and bit back a frustrated snort. The only thing left from her studio fire. Damn it, if Harvey was here right now she'd throttle him. Not for destroying her studio, but for bringing Will and Damon back into her life.

And once again, we see how messed up you truly are, Phoebe Masters. No wonder you don't care about what the real world thinks, you don't seem to function in it!

A loud knock on her door made her jump. "Idiot," she grumbled under her breath. Tossing the glass shard onto the cushion beside her, she pushed herself to her feet, ignoring the heavy pressure on her chest.

Just say no, Pheeb. Open the door, say thanks for your offer but no thanks, and then close the door straight away. Before either of them can try to change your mind.

She crossed the room, mouth dry, pulse too damn fast. Wrapping her fingers around the metal handle, she took a deep breath and slid the door open.

Damon grinned at her from the other side. "Hey honey, we're home. Did you miss us?"

The door slid farther open, revealing a towering Will studying her with serious eyes.

She opened her mouth.

"Don't even think about saying no, Pheebs," he said.

She closed her mouth again.

A small grin curled the corners of his lips and Damon burst out laughing. "You called it, Tiny."

She stood still, staring at them, her pulse not just fast now, but pounding. Her nipples pinched tight, straining against the cotton of her T-shirt with insistent need. The friction sent a hot shard of awareness down into the pit of her stomach and she pressed her thighs together.

Thanks, but no thanks. Thanks, but no thanks.

"Thank you for catching Harvey," she croaked finally, determined to follow her plan. "I appreciate your efforts."

"Of course you do." Will's smile curled deeper. "But Harvey's not the arsonist we're after anymore."

She swallowed. "He's not?" If they were going back to Newcastle on a new case, why was she so bloody disappointed? That's what she wanted, after all.

Will shook his head, his stare holding hers. "*You* set a fire alight in us both, Ms. Masters. We're planning to take our time investigating it."

"*And* you owe us an answer," Damon murmured, "and, as Tiny already said, don't even think about saying no."

She sucked in a short breath and gave them both an unwavering gaze. "It has to be no."

Damon straightening from the doorjamb. "I'm so glad you said that, Masters."

Phoebe blinked. "Why?"

"So we could do this," Will answered, and crossed her threshold with one step and crushed her mouth with his.

His tongue took command of hers, mating with it in hungry, fierce strokes. His hands snared the back of her shirt and balled into fists, holding her trapped against his hard body. And it *was* hard, in all the right places. His thighs pressed to hers, long and lean, his erection jabbing at her belly through their clothes.

She couldn't help herself. She threaded her arms up around his shoulders and buried her fingers in his hair at his nape, rolling her hips to grind her mons against his rigid cock as she did so. He groaned into her mouth and she moaned back, low and willing. Willing for Will to take more from her.

He answered the wordless plea. As did Damon.

Without prompting, Damon slammed the door shut, stepped behind her and wriggled his hands between their bodies, finding the button of her fly with deft fingers. He popped it open and before she could respond—and really, how could she when Will claimed her lips with such brutal mastery?—he slid down her body, tugged her jeans over her hips and down her legs as he did so.

"Fuck, I love your backside, Masters." Damon licked the tip of his tongue up the curve of her right cheek, from the back of her thigh to the base of her spine. "It's so tight and smooth and perfect." A shiver of carnal delight rippled through her, turning her nipples to twin points of aching want.

Will pulled from the kiss, nostrils flaring, and slid his hands up under her shirt. His palms grazed her breasts, cupped each pleasure-swollen form with a kneading pressure until she whimpered. "Your breasts are equally perfect." He dragged his thumbs across the tips of her puckered nipples, watching her response just as Damon ran his fingers down the seam of her butt.

She bucked, her breath catching, her pussy constricting with urgent need.

Will took advantage of her cry, capturing her throat with his lips and teeth in a searing assault that made her head swim and her knees turn to jelly. She writhed in Will's arms, Damon's lips and tongue working their magic on her as the man explored every inch of her butt. Every inch. When he slid the tip of his tongue over the clenching hole of her anus, her knees shook again, enough to make her fall against Will's chest.

"Will..." She moaned, gazing up at him through heavy eyelids. "This can't...this is..."

Damon's tongue wriggled against her anus, an insistent pressure so deliriously pleasurable her words were lost to her. His fingers spread her arse cheeks wider, exposing her to his ravishing mouth. He stabbed at her hole with quick, wet thrusts, driving her higher and higher into a hot frenzy. Will held her, one hand on her breast, teasing her nipple, the other anchored to the base of her spine, fingers splayed wide.

"This is right, Pheebz," Will murmured, staring down at her face. His gaze held her as surely as his arms, the brilliant brown eyes ablaze with lust. "And you know it. You want it as much as we do." He lowered his head and pressed his lips to the base of her throat. "And we want it so much we're not taking no for an answer."

She moaned a sound of sheer supplication that vibrated all the way through her body. Damon laved her anus with his tongue again, intense excitement unfurling through her, wrapping around her very soul.

She moaned again, pushing her arse back into his face, her thighs spreading. He understood her wordless request, sliding the fingers of one hand over her butt to her sodden slit.

"Oh yes." Her words left her in a gasping cry.

"I want to fuck this arse, babe," he groaned against her backside. "I want to sink into your tightness and pump you until you scream."

"Yes," she whimpered.

"I want to fuck your gorgeous pussy," Will murmured, the low statement making her breasts grow heavy and full with need. "I want fill you with my come as Damon fucks your arse."

"Oh yes!" She writhed between them. "Yes, I want that. Now. Please, now!"

As one, Damon and Will moved. Damon rose to his feet and hauled her off the floor. She wrapped her legs around Will's waist, her back resting against Damon, and the two men carried her to the bed, neither saying a word. They didn't need to—she could feel their desire in their straining bodies, their urgent erections. Will's pressed to the spread junction of her thighs, barely contained by his jeans, and Damon's nudging the small of her back. She closed her eyes and laughed at their awkward journey across the room, even as waves of constricting heat rolled through her.

Aren't you meant to be saying goodbye right about now?

"Oh, no fucking way."

The words left her on a ragged breath, barely audible to her own ears. When Will and Damon deposited her across her bed, their hands removing her clothes without delay, she wondered why she'd ever considered saying goodbye in the first place.

When Will slid his body—as naked as her own—up her stretched-out length, his rigid cock nestling against her swollen, sodden pussy lips, she wondered why she'd ever left them in the first place.

When Damon's mouth slanted over hers, his tongue teasing until she whimpered, Will suckling one breast and then the other, she wondered how she even had the capacity to think. It all felt so good. So damn good.

"We love you, Masters," Damon murmured against her lips. "You know that, right?"

"Love you and never plan on letting you go again," Will continued, his fingers stroking over the nipple his mouth had been worshipping only seconds ago.

She parted her lips, her throat thick. "I..."

Damon raised his head, enough to grin down at her. "Shhh. Don't say anything yet. We still have our final argument to make."

"And trust us," Will tweaked her nipple, "it's a very persuasive one."

Chapter Eight

Without a word, Will flipped onto his back, taking Phoebe with him. Damon stepped back long enough to retrieve the tube of lube he'd used earlier, watching Phoebe reposition herself atop Will's body as he did so.

His dick ached, a rod of agonizing steel. They'd both made their intentions clear – Damon wanted to sink his cock into Phoebe's arse and Will wanted her pussy. But first, Damon had to taste her cream.

"Stick your backside up in the air, Mastestr," he ordered, tossing the lube on the bed beside her.

She did as he commanded, giving him a sideward glance as she did so, her lids heavy, her lips parted.

"Good. Now stay that way while I fuck your cunt with my tongue."

He moved back to the bed, running his hands up and down her thighs as he climbed onto the mattress. Two sets of eyes watched him.

A slow smile pulled at his lips. It didn't take a genius to see Will was on the edge, and Damon was right there beside him. Just the sight of Phoebe doing as she was told, offering her naked, exposed sex to him, was enough to drive Damon mad with need.

Enough to push him to the edge of oblivion without a single caress of her fingers or lips on his flesh.

"Phoebe," he said, his voice raspy, "don't move. I want you to stay still as I eat your pussy and Will sucks on your tits."

Her eyes dilated, her breath becoming choppy. She nodded. Just a simple, single nod. And then she let out a moan, her eyes drifting completely closed as Will raised his head to her breasts and stroked his tongue over one puckered nipple.

For a long moment she stayed just like so – a sculpture of sublime pleasure poised for life above Will’s sweat-glistening body, her eyes closed, her neck bowed, her breasts captured by his mouth and hand, her spine arched in a line of aching need. To Damon, she’d never looked so beautiful. So perfect.

And she was theirs. And they, hers.

He sucked in a sharp breath, the scent of sex flowing through his nose and over his tongue. Her folds glistened, juices trickling from her as pleasure took hold. He touched one finger to her pussy, then another. Her clit seemed to swell before his eyes and he drew in another breath, this one shaky and unstable. Christ, he wanted to do this every night. Every morning. Every fucking afternoon.

A low whimper vibrated through Phoebe and he shot her a quick look. Will had moved his attention to her other breast, his fingers pinching and pulling the nipple no longer in his mouth. His friend’s eyes were closed, his cheeks sunken as he sucked on her flesh.

A thing of beauty. Their woman being pleased by them. Only them. *Both* of them.

With a low, eager growl, Damon repositioned himself on the mattress, planting his knees on either side of Will’s extended legs before lowering his head to Phoebe’s sex. He flicked his tongue up the length of her slick seam and back down again, teasing her clit. She bucked a little, but otherwise did as he’d ordered – remained still.

“Oh God...” she moaned.

He dipped the tip of his tongue a little deeper into her pussy.

She moaned again, her thighs quivering.

The sounds of Will feasting on her breasts played over Damon’s senses and he plunged his tongue fast and hard into her sex. She let out a cry, pushing her backside with demanding force to his face.

He snared her hips with his hands and held her still, feeding on the warm musk of her pleasure as much as he was the appreciative groans of his best friend.

"Damon..." Phoebe panted. "I want...please, Will..."

Her juices flowed from her, wetting Damon's lips and chin. He wriggled his tongue in her cleft, over her clit, reveling in the way her body trembled under his hands and against his face.

Something briefly brushed his knee and he pulled away from Phoebe's sex long enough to see Will wrap his fingers around his cock and pump away.

Damon's own cock jerked at the sight. Throbbled with an insistence he couldn't ignore any longer. With one last stroke of his tongue over Phoebe's clit, he straightened, aligning his cock with her pussy.

He thrust into her. One long, slow, steady penetration into her tight, hot wetness.

"Oh fuck, Damon!"

Phoebe's cry reverberated around the room.

As did Damon's groan.

He withdrew, as slowly as he'd entered her, all the way out until the edge of his cockhead stretched her lips, and then thrust back into her again.

Withdrew. Penetrated. Withdrew. Penetrated. His length growing thicker and longer with each stroke. Growing slicker and more coated in her cream.

"Now, Will," he finally ground out, his head spinning as he completely withdrew his dick from her sex.

Will sat up, his hands gently pushing Phoebe as he went, until she was upright on her knees between them.

"Sit on me, Pheeb." Will's order was hoarse. He stared up into her face, his nostrils flaring, his Adams apple jerking up and down in his throat. "Sink onto my dick."

She did exactly as asked, lowering herself onto Will's rigid length.

"Fuck yes." Will's eyes squeezed shut, his head thrown back, his jaw clenched. "You're so tight, Pheeb. So tight..." His words dissolved into moans, moans that grew louder when Phoebe rolled her hips and brushed her breasts to his face.

Damon let out his own moan. His cock pulsed. "Need to be inside you now, babe."

The proclamation tore from his throat, raspy and breathless. He was losing control. The sounds of Phoebe sliding up and down Will's cock was too much. Too much.

He loved fucking her pussy, he truly did, but her arse...her arse was his. In their unexpected weekend of discovery, Will had only ventured there once and his preference for Phoebe's cunt concerned Damon not one little bit. He loved her arse. Loved its tightness, loved the way it gripped his cock. Loved the way she moaned and writhed and begged for more when he pumped into it.

He pressed his lips to the back of her neck, pushing his erection against the base of her spine. "Slide up for me, Pheeb. Before I come all over your back."

She slid up Will's cock, held herself at its tip. "Hurry, Damon," she begged.

"Fuck yeah, hurry up," Will ground out. "Otherwise you're just gonna to be a bystander, mate."

Damon chuckled, the laugh close to a groan. "I'm coming, I'm coming."

Will laughed back. "Not yet, dickhead."

"Idiot," Damon choked out with a grin. He snatched up the tube of lube and squeezed the cool liquid onto his fingers, painting it over Phoebe's hole without delay. She bucked, a whimper sounding from her, Will's groan echoing her response, and then slowly, so very slowly, began to lower herself down Will's length, arching her back, her arse thrusting backward...

And Damon speared his cock into her hole.

He stretched her to her limits. A burning sting radiated from Phoebe's sensitive flesh, painful and exquisitely pleasurable all at once. Phoebe gasped, her instinctual buck plunging Will's erection deeper still into her sex. His fingers raked at her hips, his moan an aural aphrodisiac that made her already pounding heart thump harder.

“Ah fuck, you are so tight, Masters,” Damon ground out, slowly sinking farther into her backside. “So tight...”

Will’s cock twitched in her pussy, an urgent spasm she recognized as approaching release. He had always been the one to last the longest, but something told Phoebe the caress of Damon’s cock on his through her thin inner wall was pushing him faster than ever toward detonation. She rode their cocks, throwing back her head as Will claimed one breast with a firm hand and the other with his sucking mouth. As Damon found her clit with his fingers and pinched and teased and pulled.

As they pumped into her—again, again, again. Stretching her, filling her with each thrust and stroke.

Oh God, she wouldn’t last much longer. This was too...too...

Intense.

Perfect.

Right.

It was all so right. Perfectly, intensely right.

“Jesus, Will,” Damon’s voice was strained, “I’m so close to blowing my load.”

The confession—honest and unashamed—sent jolts of erotic tension into Phoebe’s core. Almost as powerful as the bliss of their duel lengths inside her.

“Fuck, Masters...I can’t hold on.” Damon’s groans raked her senses, a heartbeat before she felt his cock spasm deep inside her rectum. His rhythm turned wild, as wild as Will’s pumping thrusts.

Their savage loss of control was all it took. Pleasure engulfed her. Total and absolute. Detonating in her core and surging through her limbs. Consuming her. Possessing her. Her sex constricted, pulses of release pumping her cream over Will’s masterful shaft. Her anus squeezed Damon’s cock, gripped it tight as she writhed against them both.

Unable to stop herself, she arched back, the force of her climax taking her by surprise. Will groaned, the sound vibrating through her as her cunt constricted and pulsed around his pumping length.

"Fuck, Phoebe," Damon panted...seconds before he came in her arse, fingers digging into her hips as lost himself to his climax. And still she rode them both, milking them of their seed until Damon's thrusts into her arse faded and Will's penetrations grew still.

Until it was just her orgasm that remained, a throbbing pulse between her thighs. An orgasm that told her exactly what her answer to Damon's earlier proposal had to be.

"Holy shit," Damon mumbled against her back.

"You can say that again," came Will's response, his lips grazing the side of her neck.

With a laugh, Damon withdrew from Phoebe's backside, the action sending electric fingers of pleasurable friction into her center. She let out a low whimper, loving the sensation.

"Think you better get used to hearing me say it, mate. I get the feeling I'm going to be repeating myself quite often in the future," Damon said.

Before Phoebe could respond, Will lifted his head from the crook of her neck and gazed up at her, his stare so intent she felt it caress her very soul. "Something tells me you're correct, Stretch."

Phoebe's heart raced faster. She stared at him, her throat thick.

Damon plonked down beside her, pinning her with an unwavering gaze. "We're not taking no for an answer, Phoebe Masters, so don't even think about it."

"I—"

He shook his head, putting his fingers on her lips. "Before you go on, let me say something." He shot Will a look, his eyes conveying words to his friend she couldn't hear. "Yes, both Tiny and I are pretty bloody hotshot, flying-up-the-ranks investigators. Yes, we've both been tapped more than once for promotion to the Sydney offices."

Phoebe gasped. They had? “When? Before I moved here?” she asked. “Why didn’t you tell me?” She swallowed a sudden lump in her throat. “Why didn’t either of you go?”

Damon gave Will another of those meaningful looks. “Neither of us wanted to live in Sydney. Why would we? It’s too far away from *you*.”

She swallowed again, searching his face for any hint of mirth.

Nothing.

Damon, the man who seemed capable of finding humor in every aspect of his life, was serious. A prickling heat began to creep over her body.

“Eight years we’ve been working together,” Will said, and she jerked her gaze to him. A grin curled at his lips. Will was gorgeous when serious, but that small smile... “Eight years since I was promoted and transferred to the Newcastle offices from the Outback. Eight years since Stretch here became my boss...and my mate. In all that time, do you think there haven’t been rumors about what we do together when we’re off duty?”

She blinked. She *knew* how gossipy the firefighting organization was. What she hadn’t known was that Will and Damon were the subject of such gossip. “Why?”

It was Damon’s turn to grin—the patented Damon Hunt grin, sardonically cheeky and flippant. “We’re two hot, bloody sexy men who spend most of our time together, turning down one woman after another. Hell, most of the blokes in the Newcastle unit are convinced we’re fucking each other.”

It was the last part of his sentence she should have focused on, but as it seemed wont to do of late, her mind latched onto something far less significant. “Why did you turn down one woman after another?”

Damon burst out laughing, loud and completely free of shame. “Fuck a duck, Masters,” he shook his head at her, “I thought you were smart.”

"We turned down one woman after another," Will stated, his grin growing wider, "because we only wanted you, Pheebs. Even if we didn't know it at the time."

She gave him a steady look, her pulse thumping in her neck, that prickly tension sweeping over her. "So, who were the dumb ones then?"

"And then when we realized, we ran like gutless chickens," Damon continued, pulling an expression of such boyish exasperation she had to bite back a laugh. "Well, you did the running, although it wasn't a *run* as such but a planned move. But we let you. And we didn't come after you. As much as we wanted to."

"Again," Phoebe asked, her voice teasing, "who are the dumb ones?"

"We were, Pheebs." Will took her hand, his fingers warm, his grip loose and yet so very, very firm. "Bloody dumb. We should have followed you to Morpeth and apologized for being dickheads and begged you to come back to us. We both know that, but the point Stretch is *trying* so badly to make here—honestly, I sometimes wonder how he manages to fill out all the paperwork involved in our job—is that we're already shrouded in rumor and conjecture and it hasn't killed our careers one bit."

"But rumor and fact are two very different things," Phoebe said quickly. The prickling heat had become a tingling sensation, like all the blood in her veins was charged. Like she was a glass rod ready to be blown into something beautiful, beyond comprehension—or shattered beyond repair.

"Pheebs," Will leaned toward her, his grin making her heart thump and her sex constrict, "we're not going to get kicked off our jobs because we're both in love with the same woman."

"Might if we bring said woman to a possible arson scene and fuck her senseless on all the evidence, but I think we can control ourselves a little, don't you, Masters?" Damon cocked an eyebrow at her. "Besides, I'm pretty certain you're going to be too busy overseeing the rebuilding of your studio here in Morpeth to come make love to us at crime scenes."

Phoebe's lips tingled. Her nipples pinched tight. "Morpeth? Not Newcastle?"

Damon gave Will a conspiratorial smile. "I actually enjoyed the drive up here today. Reckon I could do it every day, how 'bout you, Tiny?"

Will rolled his eyes. "As long as I'm driving. And by the way, how many times do I have to tell you not to call me Tiny?"

"I'll make you a deal. Masters here says 'yes', I'll stop calling you Tiny. Deal?"

Both men turned to look at her. Her men.

An image of them pleasuring her flashed through her head, their bodies so close they were almost one, their lengths buried in her body...three forms of living substance, wrought by desire so hot, so absolute, one would never be able to exist without the others again.

They were one. They would always be one. It was as it was meant to be.

Born from a fire intended to destroy.

New creation from old.

Future from past.

They loved her. They wanted her. And she loved them. Society be fucked, she loved them both.

Always would.

"I'm thinking the nickname 'Bilbo' would suit more. I mean, Will *is* shorter," she said with a grin.

A second before both men threw themselves at her. Their eyes ablaze with elated desire...their bodies instruments of wicked, wild heat once more.

The End

About the Author

Lexxie's not a deviant. She just has a deviant's imagination and a desire to entertain readers with her words. Add the two together and you get darkly erotic romances with a twist of horror, sci-fi and the paranormal.

When she's not submerged in the worlds she creates, Lexxie's life revolves around her family: a husband who thinks she's insane and her daughters, who both utterly captured her heart and changed her life forever.

Living in Australia makes it a bit tricky for Lexxie to pop by for coffee, but she still loves to chat! Contact her by email or find her at her website or her blog (<http://lexxiecouper.wordpress.com/>).

Lex welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at www.ellorascave.com.

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