

Siren Publishing

Ménage Amour



MIDNIGHT MIRAGE

Willa Edwards

Midnight Mirage

Lincoln and Gabe, best friends and the hottest new alt-rock duo Mirage, only want one thing. Mallory. They've been waiting a year for Mallory to open her heart to both of them and accept the alternative relationship they wish for.

Mallory's flattered by their attentions but can't believe they're any more than sweet words. They're rock stars, surrounded by beautiful woman. They can't possibly want a plain-Jane reporter like her.

When a crazed fan forces their hand, their protective instincts take over. Gabe and Lincoln aren't willing to wait for their woman any longer. They initiate her with intense pleasure, ringing in the New Year in the naughtiest way possible. But when they whisper words of love and forever in her ear, she runs away.

Will Mallory be able to open her heart and return their affection, or will insecurity keep her from the men who love her?

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Length: 30,348 words

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DEDICATION

To all the strong, powerful women that have encouraged me to follow my dreams.

Especially the real *PFM*, my grandmother. Who encouraged me to write from the first day I started to bang on her typewriter. I wish you could be here to see me finally achieve my dream.

MIDNIGHT MIRAGE

WILLA EDWARDS

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Chapter One

“Is tonight the night?”

His best friend’s voice invaded his thoughts, distracting Lincoln from the round hips and long black hair of the woman bouncing in front of them. Her body swayed as she made her way through the crowd toward the backstage area where they stood.

“I’m not sure how much longer I can hold on, mate,” Gabe continued, unbidden, as always. “My bollocks are turning blue waiting for you.”

Lincoln cast his eyes to the side, catching a glimpse of his best friend in the semidarkness. From Gabe’s firm stance, his focused eyes, and the bulge in his pants, he was just as interested and desperate as Lincoln was.

Lincoln turned away from his friend, staring back to where the woman bounced to the music. It would be much better if she were dancing to their music, instead of the Mötley Crüe wannabes onstage, but her passion and interest were intoxicating regardless of the drivel ringing through the air.

“God, she’s gorgeous,” Gabe smirked as his eyes scanned her temptress form. “How can you stand waiting?”

Gorgeous didn’t even start to describe her. She was beautiful, sexy, vulnerable. She wore tight dark jeans that molded to her ass, a

golden corset spread across her chest, pressing her breasts high, ready to greet him like the New Year. In the past year they'd known Mallory, they'd learned a lot about her. They both knew her looks were only the beginning of her beauty.

And Lincoln wasn't doing any better at waiting than his friend was. He bit the inside of his cheek to keep from telling her exactly what he wanted to do to her. And he'd gotten in the habit of fisting his hands at his sides any time Mallory was near, just to stop himself from reaching for her, or accidentally touching her, which he knew he wouldn't be able to stop once he started.

From the first moment she'd walked into their lives as the new, ambitious reporter for *Alternative Beats* magazine, they'd both wanted her. She'd radiated a complexity that was intriguing and intoxicating in the same breath.

She wore her hardness on the outside, like armor. Her fierce exterior erected in an attempt to keep the world at bay with a surly disposition, quick words, and well-placed, cutting looks. But there was a sweetness to her as well, a vulnerability she hid beneath all that steely strength.

The bright stage lights streamed through the curtains into the backstage area, casting half her face in shadow. Yet through the din, her soft smile glowed stronger than the spots feet away.

Lincoln, and Gabe too, liked a woman with just a touch of sweetness. They both longed for a woman who cared for her friends and family enough to keep in touch with them regardless of the chaos on the road. A woman who would want them both enough to be content to spend hours simply kissing and caressing all night instead of attending yet another party or award show. They needed a lover who felt passion to her profession, and could understand their own devotion and dedication their careers.

But she couldn't be too sweet. She had to be daring enough to consider their arrangement, permanently, not just as wild story she could tell her friends at the PTA after she drank too much. She had to

be strong enough to enjoy the mind-blowing sex they had in store for her, resilient enough to reveal in the numerous orgasms they'd exhaust her with each night. And then again the next morning. And the night after that.

He could already imagine Mallory coming beneath him. Her soft lips parted in a screaming moan, her strong white teeth gripping his flesh. Her face pressed into Gabe's neck, holding tight, as Lincoln slammed into her from behind. Mallory would love it. He knew it. He could sense it, and his cock was already hard, ready to show her exactly how much she'd enjoy being sandwiched between Lincoln and his best friend.

The pound of the band's drum filled the stage area in perfect time with the sway of her hips. Mallory's hair swayed in the wind as she walked closer toward them. The tips traced across her cheek, neck, and collarbone, making Lincoln groan with need.

Gabe and he had been sharing women for a couple of years now. It had started as a novelty to break up the boredom and monotony of months on the road, but had slowly grown into an obsession that neither of them could escape.

Lincoln wasn't gay. He had no sexual interest in Gabe beyond the women they shared. But there was something about having a woman together, enjoying her moans and screams together, making her come over and over again until she begged them to stop. It was intoxicating, and over the lonely stretches of the tour, they'd become addicted.

They tried other experiments, but they continued to return to their shared experiences, their communal pleasure. Now all they wanted was Mallory. And they didn't want her for only a night. This time they were determined to make the arrangement permanent.

It was only that possibility that had convinced Gabe to wait for her. The promise of never having to wake up to the woman they wanted having fled in the middle of the night. The prospect of never having to be denied again because the woman they chose wasn't

interested in being shared, or didn't understand how they could care for her together.

But to create such a relationship, Lincoln knew they needed time for Mallory to become comfortable with them, uninhibited enough to accept their offer and submit to her feelings, as well as their desires.

"Please tell me I'm starting out this year right. I've been dreaming about those tits for a year. I can't believe I'll finally get to touch them," Gabe whispered as she turned, the stage lights silhouetting her ample curves.

Lincoln's cock rose higher in his pants, until the bite of zipper rubbed the sensitive head to painful proportions. Her tits would feel fantastic in his hands, warm and heavy, her hard nipples rubbing against his palms.

But he rather preferred her ass. Round, generous, filling out her jeans with its sweet swells, it made Lincoln's mouth water. He'd be more than satisfied loving that ass all night long, pounding between her thighs, the tight muscles bouncing against his stomach. Gabe could have her breasts.

Lincoln stole his eyes away from the goddess form before him only long enough to nod at his best friend. Tonight was the night. He couldn't wait any longer.

"But are you sure she won't reject us?" Gabe asked with concern, even as his eyes darkened with arousal.

Lincoln paused. It was hard to ever be sure how any woman would accept them, especially one as defiant as Mallory. Just another of the qualities they loved about her. She'd never give in to them. She'd never submit to everything they wanted because they asked, or were famous rock stars. She'd fight them. She'd push them to their limits. She wouldn't give in unless she wanted whatever they asked for as much as they did.

"She wants us," Lincoln responded, deciding to accentuate the positive instead of the uncertain.

At the edge of the boundary between them, a thin blond bouncer stared at her press pass, refusing her entrance. After several moments of staring at the laminated card hanging from her neck along a thick, braided string, he unhooked the red velvet rope, making a hole in the barrier for her to walk through.

Mallory pulled back to look at him indignantly, making Lincoln swallow back a laugh. What had the bouncer said to their Venus? From the shameful look on his face, he was regretting it now.

Mallory moved past him in a huff, her steps exaggerated by the high heels of her boots. Lincoln's resolution increased with her haughty display. Tonight was the night they'd finally have her. Tonight was the night they'd make her theirs.

Only feet from where she stamped toward them, the band screamed, "Time to rock in the New Year!"

* * * *

"Ready for your interview?" Mallory asked, her voice rumbling with unease as she took the final steps to meet Lincoln and Gabe, the duo who made up Mirage, the band she'd been sent to this New Year's extravaganza to interview. The ground vibrated beneath her feet from the bass of the band still onstage. She looked up to meet their eyes, the focused heat of Lincoln and Gabe's gaze burning her like a laser. Mallory tried to ignore the warm fluttering in her stomach at their stare, and the heat climbing up her face.

There was something different about the way they looked at her today. The way they'd watched her approach. Her reporter sense tingled.

She knew these men better than probably anyone else did, beside their mothers. In the year since she'd met them, they'd become the constant in her new, relentlessly-moving life spent searching for new stories and bands. Since she'd started her career last January she could only recall a few instances when she'd gone more than three

weeks without running into Gabe and Lincoln. She'd interviewed every one of their opening acts, reported on the same award ceremonies and benefits they attended, and even ended up at the same hotel as they were during their vacation, which she'd arrived at to interview a different musician entirely.

At first it had seemed odd to her, too coincidental, but after a few months on the road she'd started to look forward to these chance meetings. Enjoying each moment with these men, basking in the attention they showed her, the flirting words and accidental touches of Gabe, and Lincoln's deep eyes focused on her as he quizzed her about rock history.

"Of course." Gabe's British accent made him sound overly polite as he spoke. Though she knew he was anything but. He took a step closer to her, so she could smell the aftershave and warm sweat from his performance dabbled on his skin.

"Let's start with what you two are planning." Mallory looked back and forth between them, trying to determine the direction of their thoughts.

"We were trying to determine how to get you into bed with us," Gabe stated matter-of-factly. He glided closer to her, fitting into one side like a key in a lock, while Lincoln circled around to the other, making her feel like she was being surrounded by hungry sharks.

She smiled, the twirl in her stomach increasing, as if she'd swallowed three of the helicopters she could hear circling the musical extravagance in the sky. They'd been flirting with her since the moment they'd meet her. Every time she bumped into Lincoln and Gabe, they'd whisper wickedly seductive nothings in her ear that made her pussy gush with need. But there was a purr to Gabe's voice today that held more promise than they usually did. As if this time he planned to make good on his flirts.

It wasn't professional. She knew that. But it wasn't uncommon for rock-and-roll journalists to get involved with their subjects. She probably should put a stop to it, but she'd be lying if she said she

didn't enjoy the attention of two gorgeous rock stars who could have any woman they wanted.

It wasn't like they really meant any of it. Like all the other musicians she'd met, they were all talk and no follow-through.

"Right," Mallory huffed. "That's not enough to shut me up."

"We don't want to shut you up." Gabe's hand traced her left side, the touch combined with his lyrical accent made her shiver, regardless of the almost-January, cool air. His bleach-blond surfer boy looks contradicted his British heritage. "We want to make you scream in the New Year with us."

Lincoln nodded. His dark eyes watched her, gauging her reaction. She wished she knew what he saw. Her legs shook beneath his intensity. Her panties dampened as his eyes darkened almost to black.

She'd been having dreams of these two men for months, what it would feel like curled between them, screaming out their names, filled to the brim with their cocks. The way Lincoln looked at her, it was almost as if he could see those fantasies, the erotic images that flicked across her eyelids even now. Their combined male scent tantalized her senses.

But they were only dreams. Things like that didn't really happen. Definitely not to girls like her. She could rarely get one man to hang around long enough to end up in her bed, let alone two.

"Spend the night with us," Lincoln whispered into Mallory's ear, making her quiver at the warm gust. The heat of his body radiated through the mere inches between them to bathe her skin.

It would be so easy to give in to her desire. All her friends thought she lived this crazy rock star life filled with drugs, wild sex, and raging parties. Mallory wished she had half the fun and excitement everyone assumed. In truth she was more a visitor to this music mania world than a citizen. She spent more time in her hotel room at the computer than at any party. It made for a very lonely life.

She hadn't even had sex in six months. He'd been a member of the stage crew, not a rocker, or a drummer, just an average run-of-the-

mill roadie. She'd thought maybe he'd want to see her more, but he'd never called her again. In the end, it didn't matter. She was fine on her own.

"Stop kidding around." Mallory shifted her weight on her too-high stiletto heels, trying to separate herself from Gabe and Lincoln. If she got far enough from their body heat she might be able to think clearly again.

"We're not joking, love," Gabe whispered directly into her ear, his lips so close they were almost on her earlobe.

"I'm here for the interview," Mallory conditioned. "Nothing else."

"You want more than that." Lincoln's words were resolute, indisputable. His dark looks and brooding air were a perfect contrast to Gabe's brighter complexion and personality. "We know the truth, even if you won't admit it."

Lincoln's navy eyes watched her, his gaze so intent she worried he might be able to see deep inside her to read truths about herself even she didn't know. True, she'd started feeling listless lately. The constant movement was wearing on her. Life on the road in crummy motel rooms and living out of a suitcase had grated away the enthusiasm she'd once felt for her job.

For the first time since she'd quit over a year ago, she missed her old life as a high school music teacher. At least her former coworkers got to be home with their families, friends, and lovers during the holiday. Mallory had to spend her New Year's Eve working.

Usually Mallory invited a friend, but this year she'd canceled on her at the last minute. Callie said something about having to spend the day in bed, and if she was sick, Mallory wasn't interested in catching it. The worst thing about being a freelance writer--the health insurance plan sucked.

All her other friends had already made plans. Mallory was jealous of them all.

“Everyone ready to party till midnight?” The band onstage screamed into the microphone behind them, not nearly as talented as the duo before her.

The passion and excitement radiated from the crowd. It’s what had prompted her to quit her career as a music teacher and change her life entirely. That, and the fact she’d never wanted to be a teacher in the first place.

“It’ll be a night to remember.” Gabe stepped closer to her, pressing his body against hers. His hot, hard chest brushed her back, the thick bulge between his legs grazing her hip and making her thoughts scatter like uncoordinated jazz notes.

“Give us a chance to show you how much we want you.” Lincoln’s lips grazed her hair, in what could have been a kiss or simply a slip. It was impossible to tell. But he did nothing more, simply holding there. Wetness gathered across her skin, along her neck, dripping between her breasts, and legs, at his proximity.

Maybe that’s exactly what she needed to spice up an otherwise drab night, a good roll between the sheets. With anyone besides the men saddled up to her, touching her in soft, subtle brushes that made her entire body prickle. It couldn’t be them. Not Lincoln and Gabe. She wasn’t sure where the thought had come from, or the intensity of it, but she was compelled to listen.

There were millions of men milling about, drinking, getting hornier by the second. Mallory would be able to find someone interested in taking her to bed, or at least his car. Why did the idea of having a wild, torrid affair, like everyone already believed she did on a regular basis, hold so little appeal?

“Fine, if you don’t want to answer, I’ll ask a different question. What inspired your latest Mirage album?”

Gabe’s hand slipped behind her body, landing on her ass. His hot palm burned where it touched. He waved at the crowd with his other hand, receiving return waves and screams of devotion. A silent thrill

ran through her as his hidden hand squeezed lightly, her muscles convulsing beneath the pinch no one was able to see.

“The fans,” Lincoln whispered, his words shuddering down her nerves, though they had no romantic or seductive meaning. His lips posed an inch from hers. If she turned, she could be touching them, kissing them, licking them. Her stomach twisted at the thought.

Catcalls filled the air as their fans returned the attention. One shrill voice screamed out above the crowd, shrieking out, “*Mirage!*” A potbellied, shaved-headed man dressed from head to toe in black stood out from the sea of other fans. His hands cupped around his mouth to amplify his scream towards the men bracketing her with their heat. “I love you guys.”

Lincoln waved from beside her, his arm grazing her side as he extended his hand to salute the fan. “Thanks.”

“That’s why we do it,” Gabe whispered in her ear. “To make people smile. Like you are right now.”

Mallory bit her lip, realizing she was smiling, among other reactions.

She looked over at him, meeting the honey-brown eyes and tawny eyebrows of her favorite rock star, the lead singer of the band she’d idolized before quitting her teaching job to take advantage of her music degree some other way than instructing ornery children to play the violin. She had all their albums, attended all of their tours. She’d followed their career since their first hit.

“And other emotions as well.”

“Can I play with you guys?” The voice rose again from the crowd, feet closer than before, interrupting their conversation. The bright stage lights shone off his head. His eyes were glassy, most likely because he was drunk or stoned.

Gabe dropped his hand from Mallory’s flesh, looking up from her to the portly man stepping ever closer to them.

“We’ve already finished our set tonight. We’ll have to catch you next time.”

The fanatic stepped closer, eyeing her up and down. He winked his left eye in invitation. One Mallory had no inclination of accepting. But as his gaze slide back to Gabe and Lincoln, she realized he wasn't interested in her, not in any way beyond that she was with them.

"I've been telling everyone I would fit right in with you guys. I could jam with you. Pick up chicks together. It'd be awesome, man."

Lincoln took a step forward, angling himself slightly in front of her. Normally she'd protest the gesture, but the look in the man's eyes as he stared back and forth between his idols unnerved her to silence.

"I'm sure it would. But we're in the middle of an interview right now for *Alternative Beats* magazine." His chin dipped to motion toward Mallory. She felt her blood go cold as the fan's eyes fixed on her, peering at her as if she were the opposition to everything he wanted in life.

"I'd kill to jam with you guys." He continued on as if Lincoln had never tried to dismiss him.

Stepping forward with a menacing gleam in his eyes, now only a giant step away from her, he focused on her like the New Year's ball at midnight. Fear filled her, and she wished for Lincoln and Gabe's warm bodies against hers again. Their absence overwhelmed her body until she froze as cool as an icicle.

She'd heard stories of fans loving their idols so much they wanted to kill them. It had never made sense to her, but she'd never tried too hard to understand. Now she wished she had. The terror pounding in her chest told her this could certainly be one of those instances.

From the corner of her eye, she saw a flash of firework light gleam off metal in his hand and she stepped back automatically, not exactly sure if she were trying to flee or throw herself on the bomb for these men.

Her heel caught in a divot in the asphalt and twisted beneath her. Mallory fumbled forward, her hands flung out, searching for any solid place to land. Her foot tangled beneath her with two other much larger feet, torquing her ankle in the wrong direction as it exploded in a

burst of white-hot pain. Electric shocks of agony raced up her limb to the rest of her body, every nerve shaking in surprised pain.

Her knee slammed into hard rock, slicing along the frozen, rough surface. Her palm ripped, her skin forced to break by friction, as she gripped for a place to land. Her wrist jerked, a sudden sharp pain quickly dissipating into a warm wave of hurt.

The fumbling of other feet around her was a vague, fuzzy noise in her ears, barely cutting through the hum of agony as security grabbed the portly fanatic. Two male voices bellowed above her. Two hands smoothed down her back, rubbing in a comforting circular pattern. But she heard and felt none of it, her body overloaded.

She breathed deeply, hoping to calm the raging beat of her heart and the blur covering her eyes. She refused to cry in front of a crowd, no matter how bad the pain was, and it wasn't that bad. If she just kept breathing, she'd be all right. Her long, dark hair fell around her face, curtaining her flushed features, hiding her humiliation and suffering.

"Get him out of here," she heard a stern voice scream from above her.

"It's okay, love," another soothing voice whispered as the chaotic noises and screams of the fan being dragged away dissipated. "You'll be all right."

When her breathing had returned to the normal rate of a marathon runner, Mallory looked up, her head resting upon a hard male chest, lightly covered in a worn, warm T-shirt. Gabe's sympathetic golden eyes, fringed in thick black lashes, stared down at her. His soft, sandy hair spiked in random peaks around his head.

Her face heated with embarrassment as she realized her breasts were smashed into his chest. Her groin pressed into his upper thigh, rippling with heat at the mere contact. A defined, hard bulge pressed against her stomach, inches from her diaphragm. A fever rolled through her at the intimate contact, heating her hotter than a sparkler.

She shouldn't be so turned on by just being close to a man. She was an adult, not a horny teenager. She ought to be able to control herself. But as her panties grew damp, she knew she was losing the fight.

Mallory pulled back to give him a weak smile. She sucked in a surprised breath at how his features darkened. "I'm fine," she said, trying to reassure Gabe even as she grimaced at the pain rolling through her, easing back from his muscled chest.

"No, you're not."

He placed a hand on her upper arm to steady her, stopping Mallory dead in her tracks with the single touch. Fire vibrated from where his skin made contact with hers, sizzling along her veins and gathering in her stomach into a tight ball, similar to the lit ball shining bright above the Times Square gathering. "You're hurt."

She slammed her eyes shut, forcing herself to control the wild, rampant urge to lean into him for support and more bubbling up within her. Gabe threw a few commands over his shoulder as images of her recently formed New Year's resolution with these rocks stars danced along her eyelids. His hands remained firm on her upper arms, lending her his strength as easy as counting down from ten.

"Come here." Gabe pulled her into his embrace, wrapping her arms around his neck as he hoisted her into the air. "I'll take you back to our bus and get you cleaned up."

Chapter Two

Mallory tightened her arms around his neck as Gabe hoisted her into the air. Not that he'd given her much choice, scooping her into his arms faster than the tick of the clock. His chest glowed with pride as he heard the slight snarl from Lincoln behind him, irritated he'd gotten the first touch, especially since Lincoln had seen Mallory first.

He could still remember the night they'd first met Mallory. It had been almost a year ago, a night very similar to tonight, minus the crazed fan and her lack of grace. She'd been new to the magazine, only a few weeks on the job, but she'd still walked up to Lincoln, approaching him with a straight back and determined stride. They both knew most reporters had nicked named Lincoln "The Lion" due to his aggressive expressions and pension for growling at questions instead of answering them. But none of that had scared Mallory. She'd refused to leave until Lincoln answered all her questions. Gabe had seen the instant respect in his best friend's eyes.

Yet it was the soft smile she'd given him when Gabe complimented the streaks of blue in her hair that had drawn him in, so different then the warrior who had approached Lincoln. His mind instantly conjuring an image of that raven and cobalt hair sprayed across his pillow or chest. There hadn't been a night since that Gabe hadn't dreamed of her, jerking off in the shower night after night with her name on his lips.

Just like the Strat he'd bought for twenty dollars at a garage sale while his mother's back was turned, which had started his musical career and had been worth more than his college education, he'd known from that first smile Mallory was something special.

If he'd had his way, their approach would've been more direct and forthcoming. They wouldn't still be wanting. But over the last several months, Gabe had seen the merit of Lincoln's plan to wait. He'd seen the slight glances Mallory gave them, the open smiles she bestowed upon them. Tonight, when they'd only mentioned spending the night with her, lust had flamed so hot in her eyes it could have burned down a small building. As much as he hated it, once again, Lincoln was right.

"You don't have to do this." She clutched him tighter, as if preparing for him to realize she wasn't worth the effort.

He smiled triumphantly. She wouldn't have to worry for much longer. They'd show her threefold how deserving she was.

Gabe had already planned to make Mallory theirs tonight, but when he'd seen the flash of light on metal in the fanatic's hand, and her fall to his feet as she tried to flee, his heart had seized in panic. It was no longer a plan. Now it was a certainty.

It didn't matter that it was only light reflecting off the man's watch, or that she'd only skinned a knee and twisted an ankle. The fear had been real. It still felt real as it pounded through his blood. And he wasn't going to let her live one more day without their protection and devotion, without knowing how much they cared.

"Yes, I do, Mallory Macgregor." He smiled down at her and extended his palms to cover more of her smooth skin. "I plan to take very good care of you."

Casting a glance over his shoulder, Gabe watched Lincoln trail a foot behind, moving closer with each step. He looked pissed, feral, and protective. Though Gabe felt his friend's anger on the back of his neck like a brand, Lincoln's gaze was trained entirely on Mallory, clearly as concerned and intent as Gabe was.

In his arms, Gabe felt Mallory's body still. He turned toward her, sweeping away the pool of her ebony satin hair, to see her stare cast over his shoulder. Her eyes, large as disco balls, watched Lincoln with frightened intensity.

"I'm sorry," she whispered, her breath forming a soft cloud in the frosty air. "I overreacted."

"It's not your fault," Lincoln growled from behind them, his words clear, concise, and undeniable. "We all did."

"The man had no right to scare us like that." Anger vibrated through Gabe's chest. If he hadn't been concerned with Mallory, he'd have pounded him into pâté.

Mallory shivered in his arms. Gabe pulled her tighter to his chest, holding her close, savoring the contact. He prayed it was the cold that produced her trembles, an effect his warm body could cure.

He hated to think of her scared of them, or scared at all. He never wanted her to feel that kind of fright again. And as long as he or Lincoln were around, she never would.

"Almost there," Gabe whispered in her ear, his face so close, he could almost brush his lips against hers. Her warm, soft body pressed into his made the idea seem better and better with each second. The orange and cinnamon scent of her skin floated to him through the air, an intoxicating respite from the sweat, stale beer, and cigarette smoke that filled the venue.

Gabe took the stairs two at a time. His boots banged against the metal and carpet as he moved quickly into the bus interior. He raced three long strides into the living area, before reluctantly depositing her on the lumpy living room couch.

He stood before her for a moment, merely looking at her. He'd wanted so long just to be able to look at her, to show her he cared, how much he wanted her, how truly she was valued. He shifted his hands anxiously at his sides. His breath gusted from his chest in great waves.

Around them the bus was quiet. The only sounds ringing through the air were the thuds of Lincoln's feet as he ascended the stairs behind them, and Mallory's deep breaths. Lincoln's brunet head poked up the covered stairwell to meet her confused stare. Above Mallory, their eyes made contact, sharing a silent moment of

communication. Beyond them the city raged its own party, celebrating the New Year as only New Yorkers could.

None of that mattered to them, to either of them. They finally had Mallory in their bus, in their arms, and would very soon have her in their bed. Nothing else in the world mattered.

“We better make sure she’s okay,” Lincoln commanded, spouting the words as if they were law.

“Of course.” The only way Gabe could think to respond was a roll of his eyes.

* * * *

Mallory clenched her jaw. She wanted to scream at them for talking about her as if she wasn’t there, making decisions for her as if she didn’t have a mind of her own, for caring so much about her safety when she couldn’t see any reason they should. Sure, her blood still pounded with panic, and her brain was foggy from being held in Gabe’s arms for so long, but that didn’t mean she was incapable of making her own choices.

But just as she was about yell, Gabe dropped to the ground in front of her. Mallory almost swallowed her tongue as she watched the lead singer of the chart-topping band kneel before her, concerned with her ankle. Lincoln settled into the couch beside her, tilting her head back with a finger to inspect for bumps or cuts. The slight whiff of his spicy aftershave teased her senses.

Mallory looked up at him, watching his dark eyes narrow. She took a moment to study him, realizing she’d never seen either of them this close before, and would probably never get the opportunity again. His dark brows bent in contemplation, wrinkled lines of worry streaking across his forehead, his square jaw clenched tight, his eyes as dark as a midnight sky.

“How could you not twist your ankle in these boots?” Gabe’s tone sounded more reprimanding than she could understand, his finger

tracing her five-inch heel as if he held some responsibility for her protection. "You don't have to wear anything like this for us."

Mallory opened her mouth to say she hadn't worn them for anyone, but before she could speak, Gabe's hand smoothed up her leg, stopping her words cold.

"If your ankle's sprained, it will swell up like a balloon if we don't do anything about it," Gabe continued at her feet.

But there wasn't a chance of that. With how tight her boots were, her ankle didn't have anywhere to grow.

"I'm fine, really," Mallory protested, the rock stars around her still refusing to listen.

"Where else are you hurt?" Lincoln asked, his voice a deep, husky sound, smooth and rough at the same time, like twenty-five-year-old whiskey. His fingers combed through her hair, exploring her forehead for bumps or bruises.

Yet even as the logical part of her brain knew his touch was for clinical purposes only, her scalp tingled beneath his contact, zipping with electricity with each minute movement. She loved when people played with her hair, from soft strokes and combing fingers to orgasm-eliciting tugs.

She tried to slow her heartbeat, the panic still fresh and hot in her blood. The heightened thump pounded in her chest like her own personal aphrodisiac. No matter what they'd said before the incident, they couldn't seriously want her.

At her feet, Gabe unzipped her boot in one quick pull, the rip of the zipper screaming in the otherwise quiet air. He delicately pulled her jeans from her boot, careful not to knock or shift her ankle, afraid of causing her any more pain. Wouldn't their fans be amazed to see how these bona fide rock stars transitioned into such careful nursemaids? It was enough to warm any heart, even in the January chill.

Gabe's thumbs flicked up her pant leg, his warm hands smoothing up her calf, pushing the denim away from her injury. All thoughts of

the cold outside vanished with his touch. Unexpected heat simmered within her as his gentle fingers massaged away any ache in her tense muscles, more due to wearing stiletto-heeled boots for over an hour on concrete than her fall.

Mallory looked down to see Gabe's intense eyes focused upon her. The bright golden color glowed with fire, with a heat and desire that shocked her. She couldn't be seeing that right. Maybe she had hit her head too hard? His chest had certainly felt hard enough to cause injury. The concerned expression alone had been insane to consider, but interest from a smoking-hot rock star who could get any woman he wanted? Why would he be interested in a klutz like her?

His lips pinched firmly together in concentration as his fingers worked their way up her leg, no longer focused on her ankle or other possible injuries. Instead his gaze settled on her, pinning her to the lumpy dark gray couch tighter than the talk show host's French twist outside in the windswept New York night.

She bit her lip to keep from moaning at the pleasure of it all. The drugging look in his eye overwhelmed her mind. The smooth confident touch of his fingers along her body spiked her temperature another ten degrees. It was probably just concern shining in his eyes, but with the combination of his touch, their previous declaration, and his intimate position before her, her body didn't recognize it as such. Against her will, her pussy clenched, slick and wanting.

She'd resolved to have a fling tonight, to get laid before the New Year started. Maybe they were the ones to coax to her bed. Maybe she should consider taking them up on their offer. Two yummy rock stars were more than she'd anticipated, but she was not about to look a gift concrete divot in the mouth.

Lincoln's fingers skimmed down her cheeks, turning her head from side to side, testing her neck for trauma. His forefinger traced the outline of her collarbone. A shudder cascaded down her spine at the light touch as he continued his search for further injuries.

She probably should have told him the only place that hurt was her right knee. From the three dots of rust color collected along her jeans, she must have skinned it in her fall. But their combined touch was so intoxicating, she couldn't bring herself to say anything to prematurely end their search.

They probably wouldn't listen even if she tried to tell them to stop. They'd ignored all her other protests. What was the harm in enjoying the moment of being the center of these two talented men's attention?

Gabe's hands shifted, unzipping her other boot and pulling it off her foot with just as much tenderness as the one before. Again, his fingers moved up her foot, circling her ankle, massaging her calf. The urge to protest bubbled back up her throat, more insistent than before.

She had no injury on the left side of her body. Her right foot had caught, twisted, sprained. There was no reason to even touch her beyond her right side, where they'd already examined.

"I don't think that's necessary." Mallory dropped her eyes to Gabe again, but this time he smiled up at her, as if enjoying her awkwardness.

"You might be injured and you don't know. It could be the shock." His words might have sounded clinical, especially in his smooth accent, but the heat in Gabe's eyes held a playful glimmer. The same mischievous nature flamed in his gaze that motivated droves of fans to pay seventy-five dollars a ticket just to see what he'd do next.

Lincoln's fingers skimmed over her shoulder, her every nerve standing on high alert, desperate for his touch even through her thick leather jacket. Every tiny vibration of his movement against her arm amplified along her entire body. He released a muffled curse when he finally reached her hand, inspecting the red heel and the tiny, sliver-size cuts across its base.

The irritation in his curse roused her from the haze, like being thrown out into the cold after napping before a fire. She must have

scraped it on Gabe's necklace as she fell. Her wrist throbbed slightly, though she hadn't noticed before Lincoln mentioned it. It didn't ache that bad.

For a moment she considered asking Lincoln what he was so angry about. No one had ever sued over a few scrapes. But before she could say a word, Lincoln rose from his seat beside her, stomping on angry feet toward the back of the bus.

"What's...wrong? Did...I...do...something?" Mallory stuttered as Gabe laced his thumbs into her party-hat-covered socks, in honor of the holiday, and stripped them off her feet in seconds. Leaving the sock balls beside her boots, he pulled both her feet into his hands, gently massaging her heels, pushing between her toes. The sensation was so amazing, Mallory almost melted into the couch.

"No. He's just like that. Moody artist." Gabe's words floated to her from the region of her ankles, but they sounded much further away as the pleasure of his touch absorbed all her other senses.

"Something more to add to your article, I guess." That playful tone was back in his voice, surrounded by pleasure, and Mallory laughed along. She wasn't prone to fits of laughter, but somehow with Gabe, in the otherwise quiet bus, it felt right.

"What's so funny?" Lincoln grumbled as his hard feet pounded his return.

Mallory rolled her head to reply, only to find him standing before her, head ducked like a child trying to give a gift as he held a shiny silver bucket tight to his chest. He plopped the bowl down on the nearby table, the ice tinkling against the sides as she glimpsed the contents of the container. Clear, perfectly formed ice cubes surrounded a very expensive-looking bottle of champagne, a slight cool fog covering the green glass bottle.

Her heart lurched at the elegant image. They must have had some plans for night, some celebration or party filled with glamorous people and beautiful women. She was pretty sure men didn't drink champagne on their own, and very few actually brought out silver

buckets filled with ice. Most of her ex-boyfriends had been hard-pressed to drink from anything but the carton or liquor bottle.

Now, because of her stupid stunt, they'd miss the event they'd planned, the gathering with friends or family she longed for as well. Maybe they had made a resolution to get laid tonight too, though she couldn't imagine they had to work hard at finding women willing to help them with that goal. They could have their pick from the sizable number of women who'd thrown themselves at the duo while they were onstage tonight. Even though she had no idea which women they'd invited into their tour bus, or beds, she was instantly jealous of them.

Lincoln fished out a handful of ice cubes, piled them in the center of a dark bandana, and tied the black ends of the fabric together. His fingers, cold and damp from playing with the ice, reached out for her. Yet where he gripped her, she felt only heat. Her body reacted to his touch, warming her blood with overpowering lust.

He placed the bandana on the heel of her hand. She flinched at the cold against her tenderized skin. Her fingers curled toward her palm in some instinctual urge to protect herself.

"I know it's cold." Lincoln attempted to soothe her with his thick whiskey voice, instead setting her heart pounding faster. His rough tone stoked a tingle between her legs, threatening to overcome her common sense. "This will make it feel better."

Mallory nodded. Oh, she was feeling better, all right. She was feeling so good he could have placed that ice pack anywhere and she wouldn't have cared. The soft, smooth stroke of Lincoln's hot breath caressed her skin, curling around her cheekbones and tickling along her neck. Around her feet, Gabe snaked both his hands up her legs to massage her calves at the same time.

A small, contented sigh slipped from her lips. Shocked and embarrassed by the sound, Mallory picked her head up only to see Lincoln's eyes burning, hot and desperate, fixed on her. His nostrils flared like a beast in heat. The expression made her heart pound.

At her feet she heard Gabe groan, placing his lips on the arch of her right foot to sprinkle the curve with three short kisses. There was no misconstruing that. She never had a nurse kiss her feet before.

Lincoln leaned forward, his midnight eyes focused on her like a trained missile. Mallory gulped a deep breath, her throat as dry as the night outside. Her body froze as his lips traced over hers, brushing soft and sweet. Her eyes widened, glued open in shock, watching his angular features as they brushed her own. His warm mouth pressed against hers, the kiss arousing and seductive.

Gabe's hands moved up her legs, his fingers tracing unintelligible patterns on the sensitive flesh behind her knees. The small touch sent all her nerves into high alert. The dual sensation of the kiss and Gabe's touch to her calves caused her stomach to flip-flop and a warm shiver to rocket down her spine.

After only a moment, Lincoln pulled back, leaving a space smaller than an inch between them as his eyes leapt to hers, gauging her reaction. Her fingers fisted in his shirt, though she couldn't remember placing them there, let alone clutching at him so tight. She forced her grip to relax, releasing the warm, soft cotton of his T-shirt. She'd never been a clingy girl, emotionally or physically, and she was just setting herself up for disaster if she thought she could cling to either of these men, even for a second.

Her eyes shifted up to Lincoln's, his gaze dark and hot as a July midnight. His lips were full, enticing, and Mallory had to bite her own lips together to keep from leaning in for his kiss again. The manly taste of him, of whiskey and fire and demand, still clung to her tongue.

He licked his lips, his eyes never leaving hers, never waning in their dominating inspection. Her stomach somersaulted at the intensity of him focused upon her, waiting for his next touch, his next taste, his next assault.

"Have you ever had sex with two men at once?"

Chapter Three

“No.” Mallory’s large gray eyes looked up at him as if he’d blown a handful of confetti in her face. Lincoln couldn’t believe his question surprised her. After all, that’s what they’d asked her for before. Before a pushy fan wandered into their life, activating their protective instinct, and demanded they claim her now. The need to verify she was still vibrant and alive in their arms overpowered their every other thought.

They’d intended to seduce her slowly into the idea of being with both of them. Teasing and tempting her until she begged for everything they offered, and more. But seeing her so small and frail, curled up in Gabe’s arms, hurt, activated a protective instinct in him he didn’t even know he had. The last year of waiting for their woman had been hard enough. Now Lincoln needed to claim her. They both did.

That kiss had been the right way to start. Her kisses were amazing, like three glasses of Dom Pérignon on an empty stomach. Her touch popped and fizzled along his body. Her taste fizzed along his tongue, clouding his mind while at the same time shooting down to sizzle along the length of his cock.

Her pink tongue escaped her mouth to lick her full, pouty lips that had been a deep scarlet red minutes ago, but had been smudged to a faint tint. He assumed his own lips were just as berry, and he didn’t care.

Maybe she’d ask to fix her lipstick and they could find more places to smear with color. His dick hardened further with the image of those bright scarlet lips encircling his cock, fastened and pouted as

she sucked him in and out of her mouth, the red smudge along his moist, softened length after she'd sucked him dry.

"Would you like to?" Gabe eyes were bright with interest.

Lincoln wanted to punch him square in the jaw, like he had the first time he'd suggested this ridiculous arrangement. It had taken them over a year after that incident to actually make it into a bed with the same woman. He was doing it again. Pushing too fast, too hard. He was going to push her away. Lincoln had seen it all happen before. If it ended up costing them this woman, he'd punch him in the jaw again.

After seeing Mallory for the first time, Lincoln and Gabe had learned everything they could about her. They'd dug up old copies of her magazine, read every article she'd written, studying her fast, funny writing style and keen observations.

They'd introduced her to other industry contacts, other musicians and celebrities, helping to grow her career and support her ambition. Because that's what she'd wanted. They watched and waited. Flirted and smiled. All in the hopes that one day they'd have her in their arms.

That's before an idiotic fan and a stupid dip in the pavement had almost ruined everything. If Gabe hadn't been closer, Lincoln would have gladly jumped in front of her to save her from that fall.

Now she was finally with them, theirs to seduce, to protect, and maybe even love. But if Gabe continued to push, she'd reject them, just like she almost had outside, before the possible terror of their fan or the reality of her fall. Lincoln wasn't willing to give her up, not that easily.

This time was different. They didn't want just a night with this woman, they wanted hundreds of them. If they got Mallory into their bed and it didn't work out, Lincoln wasn't sure what he and Gabe would do. They couldn't bumble around this seduction as they had all the others. There was no room for error this time.

Lincoln watched the woman beside him closely, waiting for a reaction, but she just stared at them. Her wide eyes flicked back and forth between the two of them. Her deep breaths pushed her ample breasts above the low neckline of her golden corset, as if fighting for freedom from the confining wire inlays accentuating her gorgeous hourglass figure. The gold color emphasized the glimmer in her pale skin and dark hair.

Mallory didn't reject them. She made no announcements of the impossibility of being with two men. She didn't stand up and slap them both in disgust, as some women had. As Lincoln held her in his arms, her citrus spice scent filling his nostrils, he knew she was theirs, as true as he'd known their single would be a hit on his first listen, or that Gabe would be his best friend from the moment he'd spied him holding a guitar that was almost taller than him. He just knew.

"I think we need champagne," Lincoln announced, staring down at Gabe.

"Agreed." Gabe scooted back from Mallory's legs, easing his hands from her boot-cut pant legs and heading toward the back of the bus.

"I'm not really a champagne girl," Mallory called after him, her tone shaky.

Her hair twirled around them as she turned to speak to Gabe. The silken streamers brushed along Lincoln's cheek, jaw, and neck. He could even feel the bristle along his right shoulder and bicep through the thin white linen shirt he wore.

His muscles convulsed at the touch. He could imagine how good her hair would feel against him, trailing back and forth along his chest as she rode him, pooling across his lap as she sucked him, tickling his stomach as he pounded into her from behind.

He'd enjoy having his fingers buried in those long black tresses, massaging her scalp, the green and purple streaks bouncing along his forearms as he directed her where exactly to touch, taste, play.

"It's festive." Lincoln shifted along the lumpy bus couch, stretching out his legs to make contact with the full right side of her body.

Gabe returned with three glass flutes, setting them on the table beside the silver bucket as he picked up the green bottle. He yanked the top, removing the gold foil with a twist. "Don't ruin our fun." He spoke over his shoulder, tossing Mallory a teasing smile.

Gabe grabbed the thick cork, pressing the bottom of the glass bottle into his body. He winked at Mallory as he turned the neck until the cork released with a pop.

Beside Lincoln, she flinched at the noise, her shoulders stiff and high. He suppressed the urge to massage those shoulders down to a comfortable level. *Not too fast*, he coached himself. *Don't push*. But that didn't mean he had to do nothing. He could have a look, just a glance, to see how much slower they had to move, how far they'd already progressed.

He turned from Gabe's pouring the light, frothy liquid into the three glasses to meet Mallory's steel eyes, the same color as the city outside, as the armor she wore to protect herself from the world. His heart pounded and his cock twitched at what he saw in those eyes. A sprinkling of fear dotted her gaze, like the confetti on the Times Square streets, not fear of them, or what might happen, but a fear of what she wanted. Not enough to be scared into leaving, but enough to rouse the dominant in him and set his blood on fire.

Gabe handed each of them a glass, the bubbles dancing up the clear sides and fizzing along the liquid's surface. As soon as the glass was in Mallory's hand, she put the flute to her lips and downed the entire contents in one gulp.

"Hold on there, love." Gabe walked back to the table, grasping the green bottle neck, holding it aloft to fill her glass again. "We don't want you getting faced too early."

Lincoln watched as she pulled the glass to her lips again, as if to down it once more. Her eyes scanned back and forth between the two

men, Lincoln beside her and Gabe before her, as she sipped her drink. She sucked down a swallow of the fizzy liquid before pulling the glass away from her lips, responding to their stare.

Lincoln smiled. He rather liked a girl with some fight, who was just as interested in pushing the limits as he was, but also knew when to stop. If she'd gulped down that whole glass again, he would have been tempted to pull the drink from her hands, make her get on her knees and show her forgiveness for disobeying. Just the thought made his cock buzz. But that would have forced them to progress far too fast, faster than Mallory could handle.

"I think a toast is in order," Lincoln declared, his eyes never leaving Mallory. Her gaze dropped to the floor, as if afraid he'd bestow the honor upon her.

Gabe's head nodded in Lincoln's peripheral vision. He held his glass high in the air. "To an amazing New Year's Eve."

"And many more to come," Lincoln gruffed above the rim of his flute, not sure Mallory had heard him, until her eyes flashed back up to his from where she'd been studying the carpet. Her doe-eyed expression knocked the wind from his lungs like a surprise punch to the gut. God, he wished there would be many nights to come, as many nights as it took to get that unbelieving look out of her eye, and then a lifetime more.

Lincoln sipped the frothy, sour drink and had to agree with Mallory. He definitely wasn't interested in champagne. He looked up to find her eyes on him, almost inspecting him, as if trying to decide whether to trust them or not. He wanted to reach out to her, to hold her hand, give her a gentle squeeze of reassurance, but he feared she might think the touch was too much, too demanding, too forceful. He didn't want to push her. He needed her to make this decision on her own. They both did.

"Yes." She spoke in a soft sigh, her words only a hair above a whisper.

Lincoln thought for a moment his heart might have stopped beating. His tongue froze in his mouth, hope clouding his vision until he couldn't do anything but think of what he'd do if that yes was to the question Gabe had asked. The answer they were both so desperate for.

Lincoln glanced past Mallory's shoulder to watch Gabe filling his glass with more champagne, but only managing to pour more frothy head into the flute. His shoulders were stiff, and Lincoln knew he was paying more attention to Mallory than the drink in his hand, even if he didn't want to show it.

"Yes what, babe?" Lincoln asked, hesitant to hear her answer.

"I've thought about it before." Her eyes met Lincoln's over her glass, swirling up to Gabe's where he stood beside her, champagne bottle poised in his white-knuckled grip. "Being with two men. I'd be interested." She looked down, her cheeks pink. The most adorable show of innocent embarrassment Lincoln had ever seen graced her features. A thrill shot through him that they'd be the first to show her how amazing it could be.

Gabe dropped unceremoniously to the couch on her other side, faster than the celebratory drinks of the many revelers in the streets. Dumping the bottle to the floor beside the couch, he snuggled closer into her warm, soft body.

Lincoln looked directly into her eyes, the deep color molten as iron before it's poured to the form the subway rails below the New York City streets. "Are you sure?"

Mallory nodded, inching closer to him. She slipped her hand to his thigh, tightening around the muscle, her thumb rubbing across in smooth stripes. His nerves lit ablaze at the stroke, the burn of her touch reminiscent of the friction created by rubbing two sticks together.

Lincoln's entire body tightened, his legs stiff, his cock hard and uncomfortable against his fly. He reached out for her instantly. Behind her shoulder, Gabe did the same, burying his face in her neck,

his breath whispering across her nape. They'd waited so long for this, and now they finally had the woman of both their dreams.

* * * *

Mallory couldn't believe she'd said yes to their proposal. Out in the near midnight air, it had seemed ridiculous. But in the warmth of their arms, the idea didn't seem so improbable anymore.

She wasn't usually a bold person. Her tongue was brash, but rarely did she follow upon its words with any action, especially with something she really wanted. Just like when her mother had told her she had to get a teaching degree, because what else could she do with an interest in music besides teach and work at a record store? She usually caved to convention. Yet sandwiched between these two men, she felt self-assured, more daring than she usually was, more willing to take the risk.

She'd fantasized about being with two men, these two men, often, probably more than other women. After all, she walked in on almost every sexual activity known to man in the course of her job. Many of the fantasies normal people had she'd seen in the flesh, but she never thought she'd be one of those to experience so much.

Since she'd quit her teaching position and joined this life, she'd always been an outsider looking in, watching what the musicians did, but never participating. But cradled between Lincoln and Gabe's heat, Lincoln's fingers smoothing over her skin, Gabe's chest pressed into her back, she didn't regret the change. It felt right, as if she'd found exactly where she was supposed to be.

Lincoln's knuckles skimmed the side of her face, curving along her cheeks and down her jaw until they rested below her chin. He lifted her face with his index finger, directing her gaze up to his, her lips only an inch from his warm mouth. Behind her, Gabe's hot breath tickled her nape and sent shivers along her spine.

Lincoln's soft lips brushed her own, his warm, wet touch circling her lips, taking the time to explore her mouth. Gabe's hand traced along her shoulders, the heat of his body so close to hers it burned her across the limited space between them.

Lincoln's kiss intensified, his tongue slipping inside her mouth, twirling with her own, scraping across teeth. Gabe's fingers explored lower. His touch skimmed her ribs, massaged the muscles of her back. Perfectly coordinated, they overwhelmed her with sensation, with touch and taste, heat and smell, until her brain was useless for anything more than giving or receiving.

After a minute, Lincoln eased back, his hand tracing her neck as Gabe gripped her chin and shoulder, turning her toward him. Unlike Lincoln, he took no time for anticipation, no slow buildup or longing touches. Instead, his lips were instantly on hers. Fast. Hard. Intoxicating. His tongue plundered her mouth quickly, as if he'd been longing to do so for far too long and finally had his opportunity.

Gabe's taste was different than Lincoln's, lighter, more natural, like a cool Irish ale. While Lincoln had the control and refinement that took years to cultivate, Gabe was rash, explosive, raw.

Gabe's fingers combed through her hair, keeping it back from her face while his thumbs positioned her best to receive each swipe of his tongue.

Lincoln dipped his head to brush his lips along her throat, sprinkling kisses and sizzling nips to her neck. His hands smoothed over her body, along the edge of her leather jacket. The back of his hand grazed her breast, making her nipples pucker and ache for more.

His fingers slipped under her lapels, peeling the jacket off her shoulders and down her arms as Gabe continued to assault her senses with his talented tongue. Lincoln's fingers were soft and smooth, teasing as he removed her coat and deposited it on the floor at her feet. He scattered kisses along her shoulders, his tongue swirling across her overheated skin, desperate for more.

His fingers traced the thin shoulder straps keeping up her corset, outlining the edge between. Beneath his touch her skin rippled, heating and tingling with excitement. Goose bumps rose along her arms and upper back. She moaned when his fingers followed the line of braided ties down her back fastening her shirt together. His mouth returned to her, kissing her neck and nibbling on her ear as his magical fingers worked loose the looped ribbon, starting at the very bottom.

Her breasts tightened in her shirt, as if aware that only a few more flicks of Lincoln's fingers could have them free and open to the cool air or the warm, groping hands of these men. The rough, glittery fabric grated on her nipples, sending sharp sparkles of heat through the rest of her body.

Lincoln untied the bow at the base of her corset, his fingers brushing against her lower back, the satin ribbon dangling and tickling the raised bumps of her spine. He slid the slippery fabric through one hole, then another. The cool air wafted over her naked back, clearing her mind slightly, chilling the ardor racing through her blood. A sliver of panic seized hold of her as Gabe released her mouth to explore her throat, his teeth scoring the column as he walked his way down her body, increasingly closer to the shadowy valley of her cleavage.

"What about the interview?" she asked, reality attempting to return to her. Her breath shook as Lincoln released one more eyelet of her corset. The sparkly fabric loosened around her waist enough for his hands to fit inside and stroke her stomach.

"What do you want to know?" Lincoln's rough voice and hot breath tickled her ear, his teeth and tongue nibbling on the edge.

"How long have you been doing this?" It may not have been the best interview question, but it was the most pressing query in her mind.

"Doing which?" Gabe sucked on her collarbone, which would have made her jump if one of Lincoln's strong arms wasn't wrapped

around her waist, holding her tight as he explored her stomach and ribs. His other hand pulled the satin ribbon holding her corset on free of one more hole.

“How long have we been playing music together? Or how long have we been fucking women together?”

Mallory sucked in her bottom lip, the heat and wetness between her legs increasing. Luckily she wasn’t expected to answer, her mind too muddled to even be sure herself which question she was asking.

“We’ve been friends since sixth grade.” Lincoln’s fingers trailed up her body, tracing the bottom swells of her breasts.

“He was my first mate in the States,” Gabe continued as his mouth worked down toward where Lincoln’s fingers caressed, placing small kisses along her upper chest and sternum. “We bonded during band class and have been playing music together ever since.”

Mallory’s lips curled up in a smile, imagining these two strong, handsome men as teenage band geeks. She’d have liked to have seen that. But that wasn’t what she was really curious about.

“As far as women”—Lincoln spoke the words directly into her ear, his hot breath swirling and raising the downy soft strands at her hairline—“that started much later.” Having released three more eyelets, Lincoln’s hand palmed her breast, rubbing in a circular motion that had her mewling.

“What else do you want to know, love?” Gabe pulled back to look her directly in the eye. “How much we both love tattoos?” His warm fingers traced the tattoo on her upper left arm, the cranberry outline of a heart standing out against her pale skin. The letters *PFM* written in elaborate script, resided within the mauve outline.

Lincoln’s fingers brushed her lower back. “I found one, too.” His fingers traced the black ink imbedded in her skin, mapping out the abstract musical scale swirling just below the base of her spine. Lincoln hummed the notes written across her back into her ear. The sounds melded with the rapid beat of her heart to form the most erotic song she’d ever heard.

“How about our favorite sexual positions?” Lincoln’s whiskey voice whispered into her ear, increasing the ache in her cunt and the hot, thick trickle of desire between her legs. “I love to take a woman from behind. Push into her as fast and deep as I can.”

Mallory’s breath hitched at the thought, the image of Lincoln bending her over and thrusting into her over and over almost making her whimper.

“But Gabe,” Lincoln continued as he plucked at her nipples, “he likes to feel a woman on top of him. Watching her breasts, belly, and thighs buck upon him, riding to her own climax, pulling him along with her.”

Gabe’s fantasy joined her mental picture, moving with Lincoln’s plunges, his fingers exploring her thighs as she rode him like a prize bronco. This time she couldn’t stop herself from moaning at the fantasy.

“Would you like that?” Gabe asked as his questing palms smoothed down her stomach to press into the junction of her legs. His skillful fingers found her clit through the layers of denim and lingerie, placing pressure on the nub, not to soothe the fire, but instead inflaming the empty ache in her pussy. She nodded mindlessly, hardly conscious she was agreeing, only aware she needed relief. Now.

Lincoln increased the pressure on her nipples, her chest quivering with the touch. He turned his gaze to Gabe. His mouth brushed just behind her ear, his warm breath ruffling her hair. “I think our beauty’s wearing far too many clothes for either of those dreams.”

Chapter Four

Gabe nodded, a wicked smile covering his lips as he slipped off the couch to the floor in front of Mallory. His hands gripped her ankles, slowly pushing them apart to make room for him between her legs. Lincoln admired his skill as Gabe deliberately brushed his body along her calves and inner thighs, listening to the hushed murmur of impatience and the increasingly exaggerated breaths detailing her desperation.

Her hands clawed at Lincoln's thighs as Gabe's fingers applied a slight pressure to the seam of her jeans between her legs. Lincoln's mouth watered, imagining how warm and wet her pussy was beneath the denim.

Lincoln curled his fingers around her chin, her eyes lifting to his, flaring brighter than the fireworks celebrating the New Year. Her ragged breath filled the room, her pouted lips parted and gasping. Her tongue grazed the edge of her teeth, poised, waiting.

She probably expected him to do something to her, but instead he only directed her gaze away from him, focusing her sight on Gabe kneeling between her legs. This was Gabe's moment with her, his moment to explore and devour on his own. Lincoln was content to watch the blush envelop her body, lust invading her eyes, as Gabe pushed her to new heights.

Heat crept up Lincoln's hand from her flushed face as they both watched Gabe slowly push the metallic button of her jeans through its hole, the fleshy sides of his hands poised on the smooth skin of Mallory's stomach.

Lincoln kissed the line of her jaw, pinching her nipples in time with the release of her pants zipper, slow and steady, deliberate. Lincoln wrapped his arms around her, pressing on the small of her back, encouraging her to lift her hips so the tight pants would slide down her body.

Her head rolled against the edge of couch as Lincoln reached her throat, sucking on the tender skin where her neck met her shoulder. He slipped the thin straps of her corset down her arms until the fabric fell away from her curves. Her breasts and nipples tightened and puckered in the cool air. Lincoln dropped the golden garment to the floor with all the concern of a plastic party cup, leaving acres of exposed flesh for him to explore.

Between her spread knees, Gabe grabbed the twin edges of her pant legs, tugging them from her ankles to leave her completely naked except for a skimpy black lace thong settled between her legs.

Of course she was wearing black lace. There was nothing sexier on a woman than black lace, besides maybe a woman in nothing at all. Lincoln shifted his gaze to Gabe for a moment, sharing a look of gratification. They'd contemplated what type of underwear she might wear on several occasions, both dreaming Mallory would wear exactly what they'd just found between her thighs. They loved thongs.

Lincoln's balls tightened to his groin, heavy with the newfound knowledge. He'd never met a woman more perfect for them, meeting both his and Gabe's needs in perfect symmetry, and he wasn't going to let her go. Whether they had to pleasure her into mindless abandon, or steal all her clothes and force her to stay naked for the rest of their lives to keep her, they'd do it. Mallory wasn't going anywhere.

Curled up next to him, her warm, soft body pressed into his, Mallory moaned. At her feet Gabe massaged her ankles, his thumbs pressed into her neglected flesh. He pressed kisses to her knobbed bone, her sensitive instep. Lincoln kneaded her warm ample breasts, his arms crossing her body, holding her captive beneath his touch. His pulse pounded with each of her shuddered breaths and groans. He

kissed her temple, using his lips to brush the long black strands of hair from her face.

Mallory moaned again, clutching his shirt as Gabe massaged farther up her legs and Lincoln's pinching fingers gripped her nipples hard.

Lincoln bit her earlobe, tugging down lightly, loving every gasp and whimper from her excited lips. He'd imagined for some time what she would be like in the throes of passion, raw and emotional. The exact pitch she would scream as she came, responsive to his every touch. Her steel eyes glazed with passion, foggy and distracted. He and Gabe the only solid landmark in the sea of sensation they showered her with.

That's why Lincoln loved this arrangement. Sharing a woman with his best friend gave them the rare opportunity to push their lover beyond her comfort, demanding she devote all she had, and more to them. Lincoln thrived on being able to make his partners open and vulnerable in a way a woman could only be as one man pleased her and another pumped inside her, shattering all her preconceived notions of control with wave upon wave of bliss.

And with Mallory, he was even more determined to help her find that submission. Her tight, buttoned control, the heavy, protective walls around her heart, her desperate need for release, all called to him. He didn't wish to give her just a sexual release, though she'd certainly need that as well, but also a release from the sadness he could always see in the depth of her stormy eyes, the weight of her isolation displayed in the crinkles around her mouth, the pain following her like one year after the next.

He brushed his lips along Mallory's neck, pulling back to find a playful smile covering her lips. A soft tug drew his attention downward to find her fingers wrapped around the buttons of his shirt, leaving an open trail of flesh for her touch.

Lincoln was amazed by his own ignorance of her movements, thinking her soft fingers had pulled at the cloth in passion. Instead

she'd removed the smooth white linen from his pants, unbuttoning the small, shiny buttons from the bottom up. He'd never been so distracted with a woman before. But he was even more surprised by how his lack of control didn't bother him as he enjoyed her bold explorations.

Her fingers stroked his chest, exploring his skin with the very tips. She scraped downward with her nails until his skin prickled and his breath was harsh in his ears.

Her touch trailed up and down his torso, streamers of heat following each brush. Lincoln fisted the couch cushions next to him. He wanted to grab her wrists and pull her close, force her beneath him, discover her entire body with his fingers and lips. Taking two deep breaths, Lincoln rallied his control, remaining still beneath her explorations, enjoying the sensation of her skin against his.

Her fingertips crested the edge of his pants, circling the button of his jeans. Her eyes rose to his, hot as a packed stadium. The pewter color molten enough he might melt beneath her stare, and was more than happy to do so.

"Off," she whispered just above a breath. Her eyes were dark, heated with lust. The demanded *off* subtle but undeniable.

And unnecessary. If he wasn't compelling himself to stay rigid, he'd already have ripped the fabric from his body. He wanted to take his shirt off. He wanted to take everything off and feel her naked flesh against his.

She turned her head to the side a fraction, to meet Gabe's stare at her feet. He picked his head up at her attention, his eyes wide like a puppy in the cold, as if he'd feared she'd forgotten him.

"You, too."

* * * *

Mallory extended her toes, pushing them into Gabe's chest and shoving him backwards. She licked her lips as she watched his eyes

go wide with shocked surprise, increasing the irregularity of the pound in her head and the throbbing ache between her legs.

Mallory rather liked keeping these men off-kilter, and it was so easy to do. They never expected her to push them or toy with them. Maybe all the other women they'd shared had been too overwhelmed by the pleasure to make much of an effort. Mallory could certainly understand that, even if it made her stomach fumble in an unsettling flip-flop. But Mallory had never really mastered being complacent, and she didn't intend to start now.

Gabe leaned back on his heels, gripping the edge of his black jersey T-shirt, and pulled it over his head in one quick movement, throwing it aside like a noisemaker on January first.

Beside her she heard Lincoln groan and shift. He extended his arms to wrap around her, to pull her back in to his hot body. The warm, spicy male scent of him filled her nose, his breath fanning her face.

Though Mallory had no problem with the location, she wanted more. Much more.

Escaping his enticing embrace, Mallory scooted down the couch to the very end. She coiled her legs up to her chest, pressing her chin to a knee as she used her toes to grip the rough fabric of Lincoln's jeans.

"I said off." She tried to use her most stern and demanding voice, but she couldn't stop the catch in her throat on the last word, destroying her attempt.

Lincoln unfastened the remaining buttons of his linen shirt and allowed it to drop from his shoulders like a streamer in the wind. "Yes, mistress," he responded, fire burning in his eyes. The devilish curve of his full lips detailing as much as he might play, he was in control. They both knew the truth.

Lincoln rose from the couch. Mallory suddenly felt cold as he stepped up to stand beside his best friend. She instantly missed his heat, the sharp smell of his skin, the confining circle of his arms.

Yet any regret she felt at his absence was quickly erased by the sight of these two men standing before her. Two bare, rippling chests, two warm, flat stomachs displayed for her pleasure. Two sets of bronze arms that would feel like heaven wrapped around her, after she teased a few more begging pleas from them to touch her again.

Mallory smiled, watching as the two men fumbled with the zippers of their pants, fingers clumsy and uncoordinated as seventeen-year-olds in their first encounter. It had been a long time since she'd had such an effect on any man. She stared up at the dark lust of Lincoln's midnight eyes, the desperate ripping of Gabe's fingers. Her breathe rasped between her lips. The wetness between her thighs amplified, responding to the heady mixture of desire and desperation these men gave off in a thick cologne.

It was intoxicating to be so desired, to cause two grown, experienced men to shake like schoolboys. Mallory's body flamed and her mind clouded with a bold confidence she'd never experienced before, inciting her on.

* * * *

"Here, let me help." Mallory slipped off the couch to kneel on the floor before Lincoln. Her round ass protruded before Gabe, at the perfect height it would take to reach out and grab it, massage it, slap it. He could push her over onto her hands and knees and be inside her in the amount of time it took for him to unzip his fly, if it weren't for Lincoln standing before her.

Her dark, purple-covered nails gripped the tab and pulled down. Every nerve in his body screamed with the tick of the zipper's release. His cock pressed harder, the pinch of his own metallic zipper into the tender underside of his dick like a cool burn against his skin. The pain heightened his senses, only making him more desperate, more frantic to be inside her.

He surveyed Mallory's profile, her soft, parted lips, her deep, uneven breaths. Her mouth wouldn't be open for long. He'd be putting it to better use as soon as she turned his way.

It was a good thing she was dealing with Lincoln's clothing first. He could go slowly. He had more control than Gabe could muster on his best day. If her hands were on him, he wouldn't be letting her turn away to touch or strip Lincoln. Not that he wanted to deprive his friend, but he wouldn't be able to help himself. He wanted her too much. He'd dreamed of her too long.

Gabe watched with growing eagerness as her fingers peeled down Lincoln's dark jeans, freeing his cock to stand at full attention. Her pouty cranberry lips pursed, placing a kiss on the very tip as Lincoln groaned above her.

"Mallory," he croaked, his throat husky, and Gabe's anticipation spiked.

She kissed his thighs, her head bobbing before Lincoln, her long, dark hair floating around her in a wave. If Gabe couldn't see from above, he might even think she was performing an entirely different act upon his friend. A show Gabe would've enjoyed watching. Blood shot down his veins, pooling in his groin at the thought.

Lincoln's fingers tangled in her hair, gently massaging her scalp while using the slight pressure to direct her gentle caresses. Lincoln groaned as his cock rubbed against her cheeks while she kissed his pubic bone and stomach.

Pulling tight on her hair, the streamers of color encasing his hand, he pulled Mallory's lips off his body. Her head snapped up, angled to meet his glare. His chest pounded as he stared down at their woman. Even from his angle, Gabe could see there was no fear in Mallory's eyes, only the gleam of passion, or lust unfulfilled.

Lincoln leaned down as if to kiss her, but instead he sucked her bottom lip into his mouth, tugging on the flesh. She mewed, surprised and thrilled in the same sound. Gabe's nerves vibrated with the noise.

Lincoln smiled as he released her, turning her head toward Gabe. Her lips shone with moisture in the limited light, swollen, full, and pink from her previous kisses. Her eyes gleamed, thick arousal covering her gaze.

“Now him,” Lincoln commanded, nodding his head toward Gabe, his heartbeat skyrocketing and his cock hardening to an iron rod beneath his jeans. Finally, it was his turn.

* * * *

As Mallory looked up into Gabe’s focused stare, she had no doubt what he wanted. Luckily it was exactly what she wanted, too. After a little play and tease, of course.

Mallory turned, kneeling toward Gabe, her mouth inches from his crotch. She huffed a breath, warm and moist, against his jeans. Gabe stifled a groan above her, coiling the heat in her stomach tighter. She smiled, shifting forward to bump her lips against his crotch, torturing him with the brief touch.

A spot burnt hot on her back, the effect of Lincoln’s stare. His distant gruff breaths echoed through the room as he watched. Spurred on by her spectator, the joy of hearing not one set of lungs but two rise in anticipation and pleasure, she eased forward, mouthing the hard lump of Gabe’s cock through the denim. “You’re killing me, love,” Gabe groaned, the signal Mallory was waiting for.

Her heart fluttered, excited to progress to the next step. It wasn’t enough for her either. She wanted the taste of him along her tongue, the velvety sensation of his dick rubbing against her throat. But not before Mallory had her fun.

“What can I do to help?” Mallory asked in a fake dumb voice. She bit the inside of her cheek to keep from smiling at her game. These men had been in control all evening. Now it was her turn.

Behind her Lincoln chuckled. Gabe was the perfect victim for her assault. She’d never be able to play with Lincoln this way. He was far

too in control to fall for her pranks, but Gabe burned hot, making him an easy mark.

A cluster of irritated wrinkles popped out along Gabe's forehead at her faked innocence. His eyes darkened to the color of whiskey. "I think you know."

"Do I?"

"Yes," Gabe growled, letting out a long, labored breath. "I want you to take off my pants."

"I can do that," Mallory responded smugly, inching closer, tracing the edge of his pants, unsnapping and unzipping his jeans.

"Yes," Gabe moaned as her palms skimmed over his flat stomach, curled around his hips as she pushed his jeans down.

She palmed his butt as she shoved at the denim, squeezing the hard muscles, amazed the responding groan came from her instead of Gabe. She shouldn't be surprised these men didn't wear any underwear, allowing them to be ready and accessible at all times.

Gabe combed his fingers through her hair, pushing the strands back from her face as he let out a long groan. His grip was possessive, sending a thrill through her.

She slipped the denim down his body, revealing his pubic bone and the deep V of muscle pointing down to the part of him most desperate for her. Her mouth watered at the defined contours, inches from her face, desperate to map the sharp angles along his stomach and chest with her tongue.

She looked up, meeting his ferocious stare, like that of a tiger that had been caged for far too long. The possessive thread in his eyes made her shiver, gripping his jeans in her hands convulsively. Gabe's fingers trailed along her jaw, down the column of her throat, soft and seductive.

Without looking down, Mallory shoved his clothing to his knees, freeing his cock. The thick length pointed out from his body, level with her mouth.

His length was slightly longer than Lincoln's, though he didn't have the girth of Lincoln's dick. The soft skin and masculine smell wafting from him made her heart race and her head dizzy with lust.

She was only vaguely aware of Lincoln behind them, his deep gusts adding to the melody of their own battered breathing. He stayed back, not touching her, as if allowing Gabe his own explorations of what Lincoln had already discovered, but she missed him. She mourned the absence of another sets of hands on her, another warm body pressed up against her, another set of lips kissing her.

Mallory extended her hand to cup Gabe's balls, sporadically covered with hay-colored hairs, not as dark or large as Lincoln's testicles. She massaged them, discovering every inch of skin and sensitive nerve.

The pink helmet head of his cock dangled before her, her warm breath puffing against it in her close proximity. On instinct she moved forward, placing a kiss on the very tip, the soft skin burning along her lips. Gabe groaned, a tremor rumbling down his massive frame. He pumped his hips against her face, encouraging her to take more of him into her mouth.

"Please," Gabe begged, his grip on her hair tightening, wetness dripping between her legs.

Behind her she heard a groan from Lincoln and imagined he could see her desire, the gleam of her arousal along her sex, the quiver of her thighs as the ache in her pussy increased.

Feeling heady, admired, and adored as she hadn't been in she couldn't even remember how long, she slipped out her tongue, swiping it across the scarlet head. The salty, raw taste of him coated her tongue as he growled. She savored every nuance of his cock, circling the crown with her tongue, skimming down the shaft in long, slippery licks. The heat of his penis burned along her tongue, his flavor overwhelming her senses.

Guided by her sudden, overwhelming need to please him, as she'd never felt before, Mallory enveloped Gabe's entire length in her

mouth, enjoying the musical growl that dropped from his lips. An ensuing fever filled her almost to brimming. She wanted to tease and torture him, to show him he wasn't the only one in control, but she could feel her influence waning, her desire for him, and enjoyment, overpowering her intentions.

He grabbed her head, his large fingers pressing against her scalp. The possession in his touch and breath aroused her beyond what she'd ever imagined. He pulled her closer, forcing the rest of his shaft down her throat until her jaw ached. She'd never been with a man before who was so willing to take. A man who didn't ask politely or beg for what he wanted, but demanded. Every one of her former lovers suddenly appeared severely lacking.

He loosened his arms, allowing her to move back, but not enough to release him entirely. She slid back to the very end, sucking deeper on the soft skin. She traced the slit with her tongue for only a moment, before he pulled her forward again to swallow him whole.

Mallory knew she shouldn't enjoy Gabe's treatment, but his control over her was undeniably erotic, increasing her every sensation until they overwhelmed her concern of right and wrong. Mallory gave herself over to the pleasure, allowing Gabe to direct her body, to use her as he wanted.

"God, that looks amazing, baby," Lincoln whispered in her ear, moving over her, having been almost forgotten in the haze of pleasure between her and Gabe. "I can't wait till it's my turn."

He smoothed a hand down her back as he spoke, her belly somersaulting at the combination of male taste in her mouth, warm hands on her body, and naughty words in her ear. Mallory had never anticipated she could experience so much at once. Damn, it was amazing.

"How does it feel?" Lincoln asked over her head.

Mallory lifted her eyes to see Gabe's dazed expression. His hooded eyes glazed in pleasure. Her internal temperature spiked at the obvious enjoyment in his eyes.

“Even better than it looks,” Gabe responded with a smile wider and brighter than the fully lit year mounted proudly in Times Square.

Lincoln groaned. Mallory wished she could turn around, to see the heat and desire in Lincoln’s eyes, but she wasn’t willing to release Gabe to do so.

Gabe’s fingers tangled through her hair, no longer possessive or demanding. There was no need now. She was possessed. Her brain so fogged she’d do almost anything he asked. Behind her, Lincoln’s warm body curved around her own. His hands captured her breasts, pulling on her nipples until she had to pause in her attention to Gabe to gather her breath.

“She seems ready for the next step to me.”

Lincoln spoke once again to Gabe as if she weren’t there, but Mallory didn’t mind. She couldn’t have answered if she’d wanted to. Her mouth stuffed full of cock. Her breath ragged with arousal. The only sounds she’d be capable of making were moans of compliance.

“What do you think, love? Are you ready for some pleasure?” Gabe’s fingers traced her cheekbones, brushing along the hollows created by the suction of her mouth. She nodded, swirling her tongue around the tip of his cock in agreement.

Lincoln’s fingers slipped under her thong, caressing her back as he pulled the elastic waistband down her ass in a fast, eager motion. Gabe fisted his hands in her hair, keeping her face pressed tight to his groin. Her mouth eagerly sucked as Lincoln pulled the black lace down her thighs and calves, tossing the frilly wad to the floor with the rest of her clothing. His palms gripped her thighs, pulling them apart, widening her stance on the rough carpet floor.

Lincoln groaned as his fingers probed her pussy. “I love a woman with a bare pussy.” He pushed in and out of her in three quick pulses. “It’s more sensitive, responsive.” His thumb caressed her naked pussy lips, finding her clit and rubbing it until her legs shook.

Mallory heard the faint sound of foil being ripped, and then the smooth head of Lincoln’s cock brushed along her slick flesh, teasing

her entrance for a moment before retreating. She moaned, thrusting her hips back.

She whimpered as Lincoln entered her in one long, slow thrust. Gabe combed his fingers through her hair, stroked the line of her jaw as he whispered words of encouragement. Her brain fizzled, overloaded with sensation.

“You feel so good,” Lincoln moaned. His fingers gripped her hips, holding her steady for his attentions. “So tight, wet.”

She moaned as he pulled out of her just as gradually as he’d pushed in, driving her crazy with his leisurely yet thorough attempts. When he reared back again, increasing the speed of his thrusts, she whimpered and quivered beneath him. Every nerve in her body sizzled as she desperately sucked at Gabe, the taste and feel of his cock in her mouth grounding her to the moment.

Lincoln’s hands traveled up her back, sending shivers along her skin as his rough hands, calloused from years of plucking unyielding strings, worked over her skin. His finger raked through her hair, tugging the strands into a messy clump at the back of her head, away from her face as her mouth, tongue, and teeth kept Gabe panting in pleasure. Each tug upon her hair sent small quakes down her nerves to settle in her pussy, only to be inflamed hotter by Lincoln’s thrusts. Her entire body trembled, her arm shaking beneath her weight. “That’s it, baby,” Lincoln encouraged, his words rough and demanding in her ear.

“Oh God,” Gabe groaned, his hands on her cheeks holding her steady as cum spurted down her throat.

The salty taste of him coated her tongue, a moan vibrating up across her chest. She looked up at him. His soft, moist cock dropped from her lips as ecstasy overtook his features.

The bliss on Gabe’s face made Mallory feel sexy, more confident than she’d felt in years. She smiled, licking her lips, removing the last lingering traces of his cum from her mouth. His expression softened, returning to an easy, relaxed normal.

“Now it’s your turn,” Gabe whispered, his thumb tracing her throat and down her chest to pluck at her hard, swollen nipples, hanging down like ripe red grapes.

As if on cue, behind her, Lincoln increased his rhythm. His hands gripped her hips, steadying her for his thrusts. His fingers dug into her flesh, hard and dominating, yet exciting.

“Come for us, baby,” Lincoln growled behind her, holding her up as he pounded into her, faster and harder.

She pressed her face into Gabe’s chest as he combed his fingers through her hair. “We want to watch you come,” Gabe whispered into her ear, “to hear you scream. To feel your body shaking and spasming against ours.” He kissed the crown of her head.

“Don’t deny us, baby,” Lincoln grunted, gripping her legs tight and pulling them further apart, forcing her to lean deeper into Gabe.

Her orgasm overwhelmed her, exploding over her like a cork being popped from a bottle. Her entire body turned boneless, liquid and languid. White brilliant lights danced before her eyes as her mind blurred.

A roar echoed behind her. Lincoln’s movements stopped, his cock pulsing inside her for a moment before he groaned her name. His grip eased from her hips.

She was vaguely aware of two sets of rough hands as they soothed over her body, calming her and easing her to the floor. Two hard male bodies lay next to her, warm arms wrapping around her. Lincoln kissed her, his lips smooth and firm, his kiss sweet and possessing.

Gabe’s fingers reached up to grip her head, turning her toward his lips, his kiss faster, harder, more demanding. Lincoln’s hands massaged her back and shoulders, twisting in her hair. Mallory moaned as Gabe’s warm mouth sucking lightly upon her neck.

“We’re not done with you yet,” Gabe whispered into her ear as he rolled her over, using his body weight to flatten her to the floor. “We have a lot more celebrating to do.”

Chapter Five

Mallory's breath held in her chest as she stared up into Gabe's warm honey eyes, glowing with desire and mischief. He had something wicked planned for her, for sure. Gabe was an imaginative stage performer, always embracing the unexpected, and so far he'd shown the same personality in the bedroom. Or at least the living room.

His lips traced her neck. Her skin prickled where his exhale cooled her sweat-moistened chest. He kissed her sternum, between her breasts, and down her stomach as she sensed Lincoln repositioning himself behind her. Gabe swirled his tongue around her navel, her back arching into the touch. Lincoln extended a leg on either side of her, gripping her around the waist to hike her into his lap.

Lincoln brushed small kisses into her hair as he smoothed her head to his chest, pressing her back up against him so she could feel his already-hardening penis pressed in between her shoulder blades. His chest hair scraped against her spine, each rub creating a tingle of pleasure along every nerve in her body.

Both her men were already hard only minutes after their last release. If they continued to be this insatiable all night, she wasn't going to get any sleep. She tried to find the will to be upset about the loss, but came up empty.

Lincoln's burning palms smoothed down her body, along the flat plane of her stomach, to grip her sensitive inner thighs. In a heartbeat, he shoved her legs apart, forcing a gasp of surprise from her lips. Cool

air flowed across her dripping pussy, heightening her vulnerability and arousal.

Noticing her shocked discomfort, Gabe smiled, dipping down to press a kiss to her thigh an inch above Lincoln's hand. "I like a woman's legs open while I devour her," Gabe responded to the undeclared question in her eyes, sending tremors down her legs. "And that's exactly what I plan to do to you."

She flicked a gaze up to see appreciation written across Lincoln's face, like a child watching fireworks, happy for the show even if he wished he were the one setting them off. His hands were firm on her upper thighs, holding her open and waiting for Gabe, the strong hold and inevitability of his grip heating her blood and increasing the flow of moisture between her legs.

Gabe leaned in, his nose grazing her pubic bone as his tongue extended to lick her from clit to anus in one long swipe. His long, drawn-out lick gathered the thick moisture along her swollen pussy lips, while creating more with each swipe. He murmured a sound of encouragement, his eyes partially closed in ecstasy.

"Did you know a woman tastes better after she's come?" Gabe extended his tongue to lick her again, this time in longer, leisurely strokes. "Sweeter. Cleaner."

Her hips bucked up to meet his ministrations. Her breath escaped on a gust, closer to a moan.

Gabe swirled his tongue inside her, pulled out and thrust back in, each movement more desperate and demanding than the one before it. Noises fell from Mallory's mouth beyond her control, small signals of dismay, pleading grunts, and desperate whimpers. Her pulse throbbed in her nipples, beat behind her knees and along the inside of her thighs, ached in her hard clit.

She nearly came off the floor when Gabe finally wrapped his lips around her clit and sucked. Lincoln gripped her harder as Gabe maintained his rhythm, strumming her clit with his tongue with the same precision and talent he did his guitar.

Increasing her torture, Lincoln leaned over, lashing first her right nipple with his tongue, and then the left, blowing on each until they puckered into hard points. Mallory's back arched, thrusting toward him, pushing her breast farther into his mouth. Lincoln chuckled, pulling back to place soft, torturing kisses along her cheeks, nose, and forehead. Everywhere but where she needed his mouth.

They continued this dance along her body, moving forward, sucking her, hard and demanding, giving her all the pleasure they could muster, and then backing off. They worked in tandem, pushing her higher, extending the length of suction upon her skin, until she couldn't think beyond the sensation of their lips on her flesh. Her nerves sizzled like a mass of unconnected electrical circuits, her muscles shaking with restrained lust.

"More," she moaned, hardly aware she was speaking, so delirious with pleasure all she could think about was what she wanted. What she needed.

"What do you want, sweet?" Lincoln's deep, husky voice forced a ripple down her spine. He looked down at her, the fantasies he had in store for her etched into the midnight fire. "Do you want my cock?"

Mallory nodded mindlessly, her tongue desperate to taste him, to feel the connection between them through the touch and pleasure. Lincoln's lips tilted in a wicked smile as he pushed back from her.

His tongue still inside her, Gabe's hands extended to her thighs just below Lincoln's, pinning her legs to the floor, as Lincoln eased back.

Lincoln kneeled to her left. Cradling her head in his large palms, he held his cock aloft with his other hand. He rubbed the slippery, hot head along her lips. The skin satin smooth against her tongue as he slowly plunged into her mouth. He pushed the helmet-shaped tip past her lips, giving her a moment to lap at the head, exploring the tip and crown. His salty, musky taste exploded inside her mouth. She sucked him hard, massaging him with her tongue until he grunted and thrust deeper.

His hands threaded through her hair, using a slight pressure to direct her movement upon him, showing her the rhythm he enjoyed. She wrapped her hands around him, clutching his hard ass, using her grip to move up and down along his length until he groaned.

“Baby, that’s amazing.”

“I told you.” Gabe winked from between her legs before returning to her pussy to eat her up with such determination she erupted into a full-body shiver.

Lincoln chuckled as she paused midway down his cock, concentrating on breathing as Gabe hit a particularly sensitive spot.

“She’s so responsive,” Lincoln groaned as he tweaked a nipple, gasping when she stabbed her nails into the muscle of his ass in retaliation.

Outside the crowd started to scream, calling out the number ten as the countdown to the New Year started. Above her Lincoln smirked, his devious thoughts outlined in his eyes.

“Think you can make her come before the New Year, Gabe?” Lincoln’s rough voice was shaky and strained. She could almost hear the threads of his control breaking in his tone. Mallory chest swelled in triumph at the sound, her pussy clenching. Gabe shifted back, his warm breath gusting along her slick cunt. His gaze met Lincoln’s with a smile. Mallory’s temperature flared as his eyes dropped back to her warm, naked body. “Definitely.”

His fingers slid along her sweat-covered thighs, holding her open and helpless to his assault. “How about you, love? Can you make my mate come before midnight?”

Lincoln stroked her cheeks, staring down at her with fiery midnight eyes. His hips thrust forward plunging into her mouth, helping her take him deeper. “Up for the challenge, baby?”

Mallory’s gaze skated back and forth between her two men. She wanted to make them both come. To drive them both as mindless with pleasure as they had her. But she’d start with one.

She nodded around the rock-hard cock in her mouth as she sucked harder in challenge.

“Six,” the crowd chanted outside the bus as Mallory swirled her tongue around the tip of Lincoln’s dick. Gabe’s tongue plunged inside her, deep and forceful, pounding out a dizzying rhythm.

“Five.”

Mallory increased her rhythm, moving faster up and down Lincoln’s shaft, circling her lips tighter to increase the friction against his cock. She scraped her teeth along the sensitive underside as his fingers tightened in her hair. Sweat gathered along Lincoln’s upper lip and chest. If her tongue hadn’t already been on him, she’d be lapping up that salty perspiration, along with his unique masculine taste.

“Four.”

Gabe’s tongue circled her pussy in quick, tight movements before withdrawing entirely as Mallory groaned in dismay. He blew a long, hot breeze along her slick, moist flesh, watching as her muscles contracted beneath the teasing brush. Mallory buck her hips beneath his grip, desperate for more contact. Had he given up on his goal? Was he intending to let her win? Yet before Mallory could complete the thought, his mouth latched onto her clit, sucking so deep and hard she would have screamed if not for the cock jammed down her throat.

“Three.”

Mallory circled her fingers around Lincoln’s balls, fondling his sac lightly. He grunted. His eyes slammed shut. His jaw clenched as he fought giving into the sensation. She tugged lightly on the globes, and he was lost. He fisted his fingers in her hair, slamming his cock deep into her throat, and then released. His thick cum washed down her throat. She swallowed deeply, desperate to drink him in as much as air.

The chants continued outside as Lincoln pulled his cock free of her mouth. He slumped to the ground beside her, like a balloon on January third, and buried his face in her hair. His warm breath tickled her nape as his rough breathing slowed to a normal beat.

“One.”

Mallory screamed as Gabe’s teeth scored her clit. Her legs shook beneath his tight grip. If it hadn’t been for his palms pressing her thighs to the ground, they would have been wrapped around his neck, pulling him down and keeping Gabe right where she wanted him. Instead he smiled up at her, holding all the control, and reveling in it.

Bright starbursts covered her vision. Her back bowed as the explosion inside her raged, fiery and consuming. She felt everything around her and nothing at the same time. Every sensation rolled together into one blissful movement.

She was only vaguely aware of Gabe releasing her legs and easing up from her thighs. The cheers for the New Year howled outside in one incoherent noise, masking the rip of the foil wrapper and the slip of the condom down Gabe’s cock.

Her pussy opened easily for him, slick and swollen. The muscles in her stomach and cunt continued to spasm as Gabe slowly pushed inside her body, increasing the intensity and duration of her orgasm with his furious rhythm. Her body felt boneless, her muscles a mass of heavenly quivers and ecstasy-inducing spasms. Her ass and shoulders burned from rubbing back and forth across the rough carpet, but she felt none of the friction, her body overwhelmed with sensation. She cried out, wrapping her legs around him without thought, losing herself to pleasure.

As the last crest and convulsion of her orgasm receded, Gabe screamed above her, blocking out the sax’s deep rendition of “Auld Lang Syne.” His body stiffened against hers. His cock jerked inside of her as he came, until he tumbled down to her chest. Mallory wrapped her arms around him, holding him to her limp, depleted form.

If she’d had the energy, she would have caressed him all over again, as she cemented every sensation to memory, but the complete exhaustion that swept over her made such movement impossible. Her muscles burned sweetly, her shoulders absent of weight, as her problems drifting away on a sea of pleasure.

She'd never felt like this after sex, or during it, for that matter. She wanted to remember the complete contentment of the moment, to save it forever for when these men were gone, traveling the road and picking up more girls to bestow this pleasure on. And she was once again alone.

Mallory took three deep breaths, a sudden giant weight the size of the Times Square ball sitting on her chest. The realities of tomorrow flooded her mind and overpowered her emotions. She had no right to be upset, to demand more, no matter how much she wanted it.

As Mallory's breath slowly calmed, Lincoln rolled closer, picking up his head from her neck to place a chaste kiss on her lips. "Happy New Year, baby," he whispered on a sigh as he fell back to the rough carpeted floor.

A second later Gabe rose up, placing a kiss on her lips, sharing with her the musky taste of her arousal and his own salty, sweet sweat. "Happy New Year, love," he whispered before ducking back down to her chest.

"Happy New Year," she responded to the room in total disbelief.

In the now-quiet room, Mallory couldn't remember exactly how she'd ended up here, surrounded by two hard male bodies, with two midnight kisses, wishing she could stay this way forever. The stiff carpet prickled beneath her back. A chill bit at her nipples, nose, and toes as their bodies cooled. Yet it was all insignificant to the warm, comforting affection she felt in these men's arms.

She had to agree with her gorgeous rock stars. The screams of pleasure still chiming in her ears were by far the best way to ring in the New Year.

Chapter Six

Gabe smiled down at the woman sandwiched between him and his best friend. Her lips were soft and open in deep, sleeping breaths, her breasts rising and falling beneath the rich emerald sheets. Her warm body molded into his, soft curves pressing into all the right places. The idea of getting out of this bed, even for a minute, to get the feast of stuffed mushrooms, chocolate truffles, and goat cheese pizza they'd ordered for her was as fleeting and ridiculous as the novelty glasses and hats the crowd wore in the streets outside.

Sometime after all their sexual escapades, they'd managed to wander to the back of the bus, and onto the smooth, king-sized bed residing in the bedroom, unable to stop touching or tasting as they walked the few feet. But it hadn't been long before Mallory had fallen asleep, completely exhausted, in their arms, where she still lay.

"So what do think of our girl?" Lincoln whispered to him across the bed.

Gabe looked up at him surprised, unaware his friend was awake. "Well worth the wait." He smiled, curving his hand around her breast, surprised even in sleep her nipple responded.

"I'm glad you agree." Lincoln smirked. He was always impossible when he was right, and he'd certainly played this like a dream. "Now there's just the issue of telling her our plan."

Gabe nodded, smoothing his hand down her soft stomach. They still hadn't told her their plan for the future. If they didn't perform this explanation with the same finesse they had used to seduce, they might lose her. Amazingly, after one night of having her in their bed, Gabe

wasn't willing to go without her. Failure was not an option. They had to make this beauty theirs, for good.

* * * *

"Why are they chanting?" Mallory's voice croaked, coated in sleep. She could feel the eyes of both her men upon her, slowly awaking to their whispered words above.

Beside her Lincoln chuckled, skimming the wisps of hair back from her face and curling the long strands behind her ear. "It's New Year's," he whispered. His warm breath wafted across the sensitive skin of her throat, every nerve in her body shivering with the touch.

Her lips curled in a wicked smile. Mallory squinted her eyes closed, feigning sleep as two sets of hands explored her body beneath the sheets. "If it's New Year's, what was that other countdown for?"

Behind her Gabe laughed. His hand skimmed across her backside and pinched her ass. "It's New Year's in L.A., you little minx."

Mallory squealed at the pinch, not hard enough to hurt. She wiggled away from Gabe's grip, enjoying the intimate, playful squeeze almost as much as rubbing against these two men.

Lincoln wrapped his arms around her, calming her movements. He leaned over her, whispering with a sensual roughness that created a shudder up and down her body. "Want to play the same game?"

Her skin heated hotter than a sparkler. Her body remembered how both Lincoln and Gabe had worked so hard to bring her to orgasm, for a second time, to the chanting voices outside ushering in the New Year.

"Not enough time," she whispered, half hopeful they'd ignore her denial.

"I don't know about you, Linc, but that sounds like a challenge to me."

She could hear the smile in Gabe's voice, but when she opened her eyes a slit, all she saw was Lincoln's intense stare, his dark head dropping in an agreeing nod.

"I'm sleeping." Mallory slammed her eyes shut again, pretending to fall back asleep, though sleep was the last thing on her mind.

"Then we'll just have to wake you up." Lincoln's voice was husky with desire. His fingers smoothed along her neck, traced her collarbone, and explored farther. Her entire body sizzled liked she'd been covered from head to toe in champagne.

Mallory's eyes fluttered open on a moan, the sensation of her nipples being fondled, and pinched rousing her awake faster than a cheer in the dead of night. This was definitely the way to wake up. Her body shifted, pushing into their caresses, demanding more.

Mallory didn't allow herself to think that this might be the last time she woke up this way. There was no point in focusing on the future when the present looked so good.

"Your nipples seem to have woken up."

Gabe's elegant accent dotted each word, the sound alone enough to make her wet all over again. She looked up to meet his warm honey eyes. A cocky, crooked grin, exemplifying his leading rock star persona, covered his face. His hand stroked her breast, twisting the very tip between his talented fingers.

Gabe's warm body circled her left side. The hard muscles of his stomach and chest pressed up against her own flush form. His knee pushed between hers, opening her to the cool air, the soft breeze brushing across her tender, damp cunt. She rolled her head on the fluffy down pillow toward the heat and touch of Lincoln, on her other side. His hand gripped her closest inner thigh, massaging with deep, penetrating fingers, his hold moving in tandem with Gabe's touch.

She'd imagined being with two men occasionally, never with any real intention of fulfilling the fantasy. She was sure many other women did the same. Now that she had, Mallory knew all those other women were dead wrong. She'd been wrong. There was no way

anyone could imagine the intoxicating sensation of having two men at once. Even the differing movements of these two men's hands running over her body was so erotic and overwhelming, she thought it might be possible for her to come by the sensation alone.

But it was more than just sensations. More than hands and tongues and cocks. The most addictive part was the look in Lincoln and Gabe's eyes. Her heart skipped a beat at the emotion that radiated from their gaze, as if she were the center of their world, the most beautiful woman in the world. She'd give anything to make it last, to keep this feeling, but she knew it would come to an end. All good things do.

Gabe leaned over, pinching her nipple hard as he whispered into her ear, "Ready for more?"

She moaned, both from the sensation and words whispered into her ear, thrusting her chest forward for more. Gabe groaned with her, gripping her tighter, while Lincoln's fingers smoothed along her thigh, racing up to graze her pussy. Only the tease of a caress. Gabe lifted his head to meet his friend's gaze over her naked, flushed body. Her breath desperate and panting as the two men smiled in unison. Their appreciation vibrated through the air, as if her cries were a new hit song they'd never heard before.

"I think that's a yes, Linc." Gabe's hand brushed down her stomach, zipping electricity along every nerve.

Lincoln nodded, sweeping soft, teasing strokes along her clit and lower lips, pushing his fingers inside her. Her body tightened against his seductive assault, heat blooming beneath their touch.

Her thighs closed together, hoping to find the friction she needed, desperation controlling her body as well as her mind. Both of the men surrounding her instantly responded to her reaction. Lincoln jammed his finger deep into her sensitive pussy, forcing her back to arch as she pushed against him. Gabe's hand yanked her legs apart, his fingers almost bruising where they encircled her thighs.

Her eyes flew open, meeting Gabe's stare as he shook his head. She hadn't meant to close her legs against them, but her body had behaved on its own, searching the pleasure she needed.

"Roll over," Lincoln commanded, easing his fingers out of her, the demand and slight disappointment burning in his dark eyes.

Mallory rolled over, straddling her legs around Gabe's waist. The silky sheet slid down her back, leaving her completely nude and exposing her entire body to the winter cool. Gabe's fully-erect cock brushed along her lower belly, tickling her pussy lips spread wide by her position. She almost moaned at the vulnerability and eroticism of the position, propped up on her knees, her ass protruding into the air, open to both of them.

Lincoln's hands rubbed her shoulders, smoothed down her back, sending shivers across her chest and scaling her spine. His heat enveloped her, the slippery tip of his cock tracing along her ass where it curved into her thighs.

Mallory had never been very submissive, in bed or outside of it, but enveloped between these two hard male bodies and demanding wills, she found herself giving in to their commands. Her body was so ripe and needy she couldn't stop herself, and she didn't want to. It felt too damn good.

She'd always thought submissive women were wimps, without a mind of their own. But if this was how it felt to be dominated, Mallory took it all back. They were the smartest women in the world.

Lincoln's fingers tickled the sensitive dimples above her ass as Gabe rocked his hips. The soft thrusts rubbed the length of his cock along her engorged pussy, occasionally brushing her clit, her sex convulsing and quivering with desperation. Lincoln's palms kneading the rounded muscle of her ass, soothing and separating, massaged heat and need into her body.

Beneath her, Gabe smiled, pinching her nipples until she moaned. "I love that sound," Gabe whispered. He licked her right nipple before sucking the left into his mouth and nipping the tip.

“I agree.” Lincoln’s breath ruffled her hair as he kissed her nape. “How about some more?” His words were husky, directed past her to the man pinned beneath her, happily toying with her breasts. She floated on sensation as her two men determined a plan to make her scream. Her body convulsed with anticipation.

Lincoln decorated each of her vertebra with a kiss as he traveled down her back. The bed bounced as he shifted his weight off the mattress. Absent of his heat, goose bumps prickled across Mallory’s shoulders and upper arms.

“Finally, I have you all to myself.” That devilish smile that meant trouble, in the best way, covered Gabe’s lips. He wrapped his arms around her, tangling his fingers through her hair and directing her down to his waiting mouth. His lips wrapped around hers, warm and soft. His tongue plundered her mouth, dancing with hers. The kisses were sweeter than they’d shared before, surprising given the erotic positions they now held, and all they’d already done to each other.

“Not so fast,” Lincoln growled behind her. The bed sagged as Lincoln climbed back onto the mattress to rejoin them, lurching Mallory forward and smashing her breasts into Gabe’s chest. Her face snuggled into the crook in his neck as Gabe’s arms tightened around her. He pressed a kiss to the side of her neck as Lincoln’s hard, warm frame returned to cover her, replacing all her chills with hot quivers.

“Over too soon,” Gabe whispered in her ear, too low for Lincoln to hear. Her body flushed at the words, heat different than the bright burst of lust or molten shivers their touch created. It was a warm heat, like a warm fire surrounded by friends, or a mug of spiced rum. The sensation made her chest tighten and breathe hard to grasp.

She looked up to meet Gabe’s eyes as a slick finger tickled her anus, causing her to squeal and buck between her men. Gabe’s arms fastened around her, holding her still for the slow intrusion. She cast a glance over her shoulder to see Lincoln’s dark eyes staring back at her, flaming, tempting her to give in to anything these men asked for,

the very little she hadn't already conceded in their previous blissful abandon.

"Have you ever been fucked in the ass before?" Gabe asked, the naughty words and image even more seductive in his accent.

Mallory nodded, biting down on her lip as Lincoln's thick finger probed her nether hole.

Lincoln growled behind her, pressing his finger deeper, the heat and slight pain forcing her to moan. It didn't hurt, not that bad, but the idea that she'd failed them with her experience made her heart throb. It was a sensation she'd never felt before.

She'd never cared what men thought of her past. She'd never been ashamed of being a sexually active modern woman in control of her own choices. Yet staring down at Gabe's honest, caring eyes, for the first time in her life she felt she'd been deprived of something, of having these two men initiate her in such a way.

"I was curious," she justified, not entirely sure why she felt the need to explain.

Gabe's hands smoothed over her arms, around her hips, and along the back of her thighs and calves, soothing her with his warm touch.

"Did you enjoy it?" Lincoln's thick voice rumbled in her ear.

She shook her head, her long hair rubbing along her back in exaggerated, tickling brushes. The strands tangled along Lincoln's chest hair and his strong arms. His body pressed so close to hers there was no room between them for her hair to move without sweeping his skin.

"No?" Gabe's warm palms skimmed her body, using a slight pressure to stimulate every inch he touched.

"It was okay," she qualified, "but he wasn't gentle." Mallory winced at the memory, her entire body tightening at the remembered pain. Sensing her discomfort, Lincoln massaged the round muscles of her ass, soothing her with his gentle touches and comforting pressures.

It wouldn't be the same with these men. Mallory knew it wasn't possible. Nothing was the same with them.

"He didn't know what he was doing," Mallory continued, not even sure if Gabe was asking for an explanation, but compelled to give him one.

She didn't want them to think she wasn't interested in being with both of them at the same time. She wanted it so bad she shook with desperation. She knew it was ridiculous, but she worried if they didn't both fuck her together, her body might stop functioning altogether. It was definitely getting harder to breathe.

Gabe's hands wandered up her spine, then stroked up her neck to cup her face. He turned her chin toward him as Lincoln continued his slow penetration from behind. His fingers smoothed the lube around her anus, rimming her with a fierce caring that echoed down to her bones.

"I can't promise it won't hurt, love." Gabe's words wafted across her moist lips. Her mouth watered to taste them again. "But it will only hurt a little. Just enough to make it feel so damn good."

She nodded, unable to stop herself any longer, her new submissive nature faltering already. She dropped her head to capture his lips in a fierce kiss. He allowed her a minute to enjoy her control before he took command, making her gasp in response. His tongue pushed commandingly through her teeth. The vague taste of herself still clung to his lips, though it had been hours since his tongue had played between her legs. As Gabe consumed her mouth, Lincoln shoved another thick finger into her anus, scissoring them inside her to open her farther. Heat flared deep in her stomach, across her chest, and between her legs.

She moaned into Gabe's mouth, the pain doing exactly what he'd described, intensifying the pleasure until it felt so damn good she thought she might black out. Without thought, she pushed back against Lincoln's intruding fingers, slowly fucking herself against his hand. Lincoln snarled, pulling her hair until her neck arched back

toward him. He placed his lips on her neck, gliding down the column in a soft, warm swipe. His teeth gripped her throat in a sizzling bite. His hand tightened in her tresses, each tug on her scalp increasing her desperation.

"I think she's ready." Lincoln's sex-graveled voice echoed from behind her. His lips traced across her shoulder, nipping the farthest curve.

"Are you open to us, love?" Gabe asked, his fingers cradling her head, directing her gaze to his as Lincoln's fingers scaled her spine, quivers echoing down her limbs.

She nodded, but neither man moved. Their strong bodies, posed and waiting, curved around her. They wanted more. They wanted her complete acceptance, and she was all too happy to give it to them. "Yes."

Gabe grabbed her hips, holding steady. Lincoln's warm, hot palms spread her cheeks, opening her to the extreme as he slowly directed his cock toward her oiled ass.

He pushed his bulbous cock head into her, forcing a scream from deep in her throat, the pain rippling through her, shivering down every nerve, followed quickly after by a wave of pleasure. Lincoln's hands smoothed her skin as he whispered sweet words of affection and encouragement in her ear. She thought she heard love, commitment, and tomorrow in his whispers, but she couldn't hold on to it. She couldn't focus on anything beyond the twisted pain and pleasure rocking through her.

Gabe's hands held her hips secure as Lincoln pushed forward slowly, not giving her too much of his length at once. It burned, the stretching deep in her ass enough to overwhelm her senses, yet thrilling all the same. The naughty feeling of being filled entirely skittered her mind. She pushed back against him, encouraging Lincoln to thrust forward, to fill her the rest of the way.

Lincoln groaned, long and deep, as he plunged into her to the hilt. The sound settled inside her like a warm glow. She'd never made a

man groan that deep, as if she'd fulfilled him on a level he'd never known he had. Even the man she'd allowed to violate her this way before hadn't appeared to enjoy it as much as Lincoln did. Her empty pussy dripped, hot enough to melt glass, demanding more.

Lincoln's fingers shook as he gripped her waist, holding her stable as Gabe's hands dropped from her. She felt the light, teasing tickle of his cock along her soaked pussy, separating her lips, brushing along her clit, coating the tip with her arousal.

She cried at the soft brush. Her nerves were so extended and alert, even the lightest touch overpowered her system.

"Are you ready, love?" Gabe growled into her ear.

Biting down on her lip to keep the panting moans and desperate whimpers to herself, Mallory nodded. This time it was enough.

Gabe settled his cock into her entrance, then pushed forward with deliberate determination, the space much tighter with Lincoln thrust up her back and her body still recovering from their previous performance. As he worked his length into her, Mallory fought for breath between moans and desperate pleas for more. The sounds rolled off her tongue in an incoherent jumble.

Gabe let out a long groan, fully seated inside her. Her jaw rattled, making any speech beyond a moan impossible. Her body shook between her men, shivering as if she'd been left outside, naked in the cold, for hours. Though her skin flared so hot she could set the sheets aflame.

Inside her, Lincoln and Gabe remained still, giving her a minute to acclimate to the sensation. But Mallory wasn't interested in adjusting, in having space or time. She needed two cocks fucking, driving her past sanity with their dual sensations, and she needed it now. The feeling was instinctual, beyond thought or control.

Mallory gripped the sheets on either side of Gabe's torso, using her grip to prop herself up to move against them, to take what she wanted and her body craved. But she couldn't move. Her arms shook beneath her weight, her leverage not enough to thrust between their

hard male bodies. She screamed out, frustrated, needing more but unable to satisfy her craving.

“Please. I can’t,” she pleaded, pinned beneath Lincoln’s muscled body and Gabe’s equally rippling frame.

“Don’t worry, love.” Gabe’s hands smoothed over her chest, molding around her breasts and kneading gently.

She threw her head back, prisoner to the sensation. The additional touch zipped along her nerves in a white-hot burn, adding fuel to the already-raging fire in her cunt.

“We’ll take care of everything.” Lincoln’s breath gusted along her neck as his hand snaked around her body to find her clit, buried in her slick folds. She moaned, her head drooping to Gabe’s chest as Lincoln’s fingers plucked at her clit with a demanding rhythm.

“Let us do all the work.” Gabe kissed the top of her head, loving and sweet.

Her heart clenched. Foreign words filled her mind, concepts of permanence that could never be. Whispers of commitment, which had never mattered to Mallory before, bloomed to life in her imagination.

Lincoln rammed into her, making her cry out, scattering her thoughts as Gabe retreated. Lincoln slowly pulled out as Gabe plunged balls deep inside her. Her body rolled between the two men as they each thrust, pushing her closer to the edge. The dual sensations as these two men plunged into her over and over sizzled along her every nerve, their practiced rhythm too much to handle.

“I’m coming,” she moaned, her back arched, and her legs trembled around Gabe’s hips. Starbursts of color flashed across her eyes, bright and dazzling as the New Year’s fireworks igniting some other midnight.

“Me, too,” Lincoln growled behind her, his movements speeding up, his thrusts deeper, more demanding, almost too much to survive, but if she could pick a way to die, this would be it. The intensity and pleasure was too amazing to deny.

“God, Mal,” he whispered into her hair, her head thrown back against his shoulder. “I love you.” Lincoln’s words were rough, distant as she cascaded over the brink, swirling down into her orgasm.

Lincoln screamed her name again as he came, his cock jerking inside her. His body shook. His arms wrapped around her, his fingers maintaining their dizzying circular movement as Gabe continued to thrust into her, shoving through each convulsion and contraction.

Exhausted by her release, she slumped forward, burying her face in Gabe’s neck as Lincoln eased back from her. She tried to focus on the sensation around her, to ground herself in the continued fullness of Gabe inside her, the smell of both men along her skin. But it all appeared distant and blurred, like looking through crystal.

Mallory took long, deep breaths, filling her lungs with the spicy male scent of her lovers and the musk of sex filling the room. The bed sank and rebounded as Lincoln slipped off to deposit his condom. Gabe’s hand combed through her hair, helping to calm her as she battled for control.

He pressed a kiss to her cheek and another below her ear before he whispered, low and seductive, “You don’t think you’re done, do you?”

Shaky, she picked her head up from his chest, looking down into Gabe’s eyes. His overly confident lead man bravado shone through, the smile on his lips wicked, curling her insides. “I’m not done yet.”

He swirled his pelvis, his still-hard cock circling inside her. His palms stroked her hips, glided along her stomach until they reached her pussy. He brushed her clit, her cunt clenching around him, rekindling her need. But after only a brief touch, he retreated, leaving her wanting.

“I think it’s time you do some of the work.” He gripped her thighs, hoisting her farther over his torso.

Mallory giggled, the sound morphing into a moan as she pushed up and dropped back down on Gabe’s lap. His hands smoothed up her stomach, captured her breasts, and tugged on her nipples as she rode

him. She gasped at the pinch, his thick shaft pulsing inside her, buried in her to the very limit.

“That’s it, love,” he encouraged through gritted teeth. He gripped her ass, propelling her movements. His nails scored her flesh, inciting her. She bit her lip, her hands clutching Gabe’s shoulders as she increased her speed, riding him fast and hard.

Mallory would have thought, with each progressive orgasm, climax would become harder to achieve. Yet her body reacted the opposite way. Pleasure already threatened to overwhelm her again, only minutes after her previous orgasm.

Beneath her Gabe groaned. His eyes slid closed in pleasure, his hands gripping her thighs. His fingers clenched her tight, his touch forceful enough to make her pussy ripple.

“Yes,” he moaned, holding her steady as he pushed his hips off the mattress, slamming into her.

Her body spasmed, overwhelming her with pleasure until she fell to the bed, exhausted.

Her rock-and-roll fantasy had to come to an end on a sizzling high note.

Her chest tightened at thought as she slid away from Gabe, suddenly in need of space, a moment to regain her control. She hadn’t allowed herself to consider before what would happen after New Year’s was over, but now she couldn’t stop thinking about the lonely future before her. Her time between these men was over. There wouldn’t be a second night or a long extended weekend. There was no relationship beyond this road stop.

Mallory took a deep breath, memorizing and mourning the loss. Her experience, pinned between these men, was already starting to fade. Like a dream, or a vision, which had never been real at all.

She’d never thought she’d be here, sandwiched between two men who knew how to please her, who cared for her. She’d never prepared herself for what she’d feel, for how she’d want to stay.

She'd made a resolution to get laid, to have some fun, but she'd never anticipated the sadness and distance that now overwhelmed her. Her mind tangled in thoughts and emotions she shouldn't have, she had no right to feel, that would only hurt her more the longer she allowed them to continue.

Gabe rolled her onto his side, wrapping around her body like a mitten around a chilly hand, not allowing her to escape from her throbbing heart. Lincoln returned to the bed, enfolding her from the other side. Her two men held her as her restless mind drifted off to an exhausted slumber.

Chapter Seven

“Three-fifty, ma’am,” the glum tollbooth operator stated from her glassed-in stall. Mallory couldn’t blame her for her terse words. Running a tollbooth at 5:00 a.m. on New Year’s Day must be on the list of world’s worst jobs.

Mallory riffled through her bag, pushing aside receipts, her cell phone, and ticket stubs, searching for her wallet. She tried to remember if she’d shoved the leather contraption into her purse during her predawn cleanup, but the entire episode was a haze of uncertainty and panic. Lincoln and Gabe would wake up before she’d escaped. If she’d somehow left it behind, she might have to stay here and work this booth until she paid her toll. She wasn’t going back there for anything.

The vehemence of her thoughts surprised Mallory. She’d never been one of those girls to get all sentimental and upset that a man only wanted one night with her. That’s just how some men were. After years of one-night stands, she’d become used to moving on. She’d never had a problem before returning to the scene of a one-night stand, especially for something as vital as her wallet.

But this time was different. She wouldn’t do it. She couldn’t do it. If she had to, she’d replace every credit card and identification in her wallet. But she wasn’t going back to that bus.

Her fingers crested a mangled piece of paper she didn’t recognize, smoother and softer than the cheap paper Mallory usually used for notes. Pulling the sheet out from the dark confines of her purse, she looked down at the soft green paper covered with shiny ornaments and sparkling snowflakes.

Though it had only been a few weeks ago, she'd almost forgotten about the gathering of her friends just before Christmas. It had been a long time since she'd been so comfortable and unguarded. Seeing all her friends from back in her teaching days, combined with great food and a good wine, had made her feel like herself again. Not the prickly, lonely woman she was forced to be on the road.

Plus, the gathering had given her a chance to pull at her uptight friend Giselle's tautly tuned strings a few times. It was always so easy to irk Giselle. The fun of seeing her face go red and her ears stick out in anger hadn't worn off in their many years of friendship.

Though she'd mocked Giselle's for her belief that writing down what she wanted in a man on the elaborate holiday paper would bring that same man to her, she'd still written a list along with her friends. After all, it was worth a try, and it had been kind of fun to fantasize.

She must have thrown the list in her purse after that. She hadn't thought of it since. What was the point?

"Ma'am." The tollbooth operator's irritated voice grated on her already fragile nerves. "It's three fifty to go through the toll."

"Of course." Mallory continued to scrounge through her purse, her fingers cresting over leather behind the crumbled holiday list. Mallory bit her lip to keep back her scream of triumph at the find. She slipped four crisp bills from her wallet and handed them over to the woman in the tollbooth.

Her fingers still gripped the pricy card stock between her fingers, though she couldn't explain why. The stupid paper shouldn't mean anything. It was just a silly game played between girlfriends. She should just toss away the list with the same concern as novelty party hats from last night.

The rounded barricade in front of her car shook as it rose. Mallory tossed the frilly Christmas paper into the passenger seat beside her, using her other hand to wind up her window. She drove slowly through the stop, forcing herself to focus on the road. The suddenly itchy sheet covering her eyes distorted the road before her.

She made it less than a mile before she pulled over to the shoulder. The car jerked as she quickly shifted into park. She plucked the flamboyant holiday paper from the cloth bucket seat beside her, reading over the traits listed, detailing her dream man. Each item on the list echoed through her mind, evaluated against Lincoln and Gabe. She couldn't have written a more perfect list to describe the two of them, not one or the other, but the two of them together.

Mallory's chest suddenly felt tight, her breath difficult to hold. She bit her lip and swallowed, hoping to dislodge the thick film covering her throat, fighting back against the emotions trying to climb out. She was stronger than those feelings. She had to be.

She blinked, trying to clear the moisture evading her sight as she pulled her cell phone from her purse, flipped it open, and dialed the numbers automatically.

Pressing it to her ear, she heard the click of the other end picking up, but before they could speak, Mallory whispered into the phone, "Will you meet me?"

* * * *

Lincoln swallowed, rubbing his face into his pillow. The light fragrance of Mallory dappled the fabric, the aroma of oranges and cinnamon combined with a heady dose of sex lingered across the silk. His body responded instantly, the scent alone enough to make him hard again.

Lincoln reached his hand out for Mallory's soft body. But only smooth sheet caressed his fingertips. All signs of the woman he and his best friend had spent all night pleasuring absent from the bed.

She couldn't be gone. Lincoln spread his arms farther into the silk. She must be here. She couldn't have skipped out on them after the most amazing night of sex in their lives. She wouldn't have left them, not after everything they'd shared, everything they wanted to give to her.

“Linc, you can stop feeling up the bed. She left.”

Lincoln opened his eyes to see Gabe leaning against the doorway between the bedroom and living area of the bus. He held his guitar in his hands, as if he’d just finished playing, though Lincoln couldn’t recall hearing any music. His hair was disheveled from sleep, his chest bare. “What do you mean she left?” Lincoln rubbed his eyes, as if the morning blur would change the truth he’d awoken to.

She wasn’t the first woman to slip out on them in the middle of the night, but Mallory was different. Being together, the three of them, had been incredible beyond words. Better than any roaring crowd or Top Forty hit. She gave herself to them so freely, demanding and wanting with the same intensity and abandon they felt for her.

They could make more hits, play more engagements, earn more money. A woman like her was once in a lifetime.

“She was gone when I got up.”

Lincoln could hear the pain in his friend’s voice, and detested it. Almost as much as he hated the ache in the center of his own chest. How could she give away everything they’d found together, all the passion, and even love, they offered? It was the only explanation for why he suddenly felt so empty. His heartbeat reverberated in his chest, like a sad, mournful echo in a vacant stadium.

“I was waiting for you to wake up before we went after her.” Gabe’s voice interrupted, rough and raw, like old, rusty metal.

Lincoln sat up in bed, pushing back against the headboard. He pulled the sheets up to his torso. His gaze focused down. He couldn’t stand to look up at Gabe’s warm, hopeful eyes. The pain in his chest was like a deep aching hole he didn’t wish to burden his friend with. She’d left them. The woman he was sure they both wanted to spend their lives with. The one woman who had ever made them think this arrangement could be permanent.

“We are going after her, right, Linc?” Gabe’s voice was stern. The sound of the strings reverberating and the clunk of the body hitting

the floor alerted Lincoln that he'd placed his guitar against the back wall, as if preparing to fight.

Lincoln released an exasperated breath. He wanted to go after her. More than anything in their bizarre rock-and-roll world, being with Mallory made sense. But he couldn't be sure she wanted them, too. She'd walked away from them. She'd stolen out on them in the middle of the night. She'd left them without a note or good-bye, as if they didn't matter to her at all.

Could she be interested in pursuing a relationship with the two of them? Their situation would never be normal or average. That didn't bother him or Gabe. They'd passed normal two platinum records ago.

But if she had left because she wanted something normal, like what everyone else had, how could they deny her that? She may lead a different lifestyle, living on the road, interviewing bands, spending more time in tour buses and hotel rooms than her own home, but maybe they were wrong to believe she'd be open to a relationship like theirs would be.

Lincoln had always known it would be hard when he and Gabe finally found their match. Until now he hadn't realized it would be hardest on Mallory. She might have to give up the people she loved, the future she dreamed of. They couldn't force her to do that.

The pain in his chest was tender now, but would only get worse if they followed after her to be rejected again. He'd seen firsthand how painful it could be to hear the truth from the person you loved. His own father had been destroyed by his mother's truths. Could he and Gabe bear to listen to all the reasons they couldn't be together from her soft lips? Would it ruin everything between them to know the truth?

If she didn't want to be with them, he and Gabe weren't about to coerce her, even if it would kill them to let her go. Lincoln might have a controlling and demanding side in the bedroom, but he wasn't the same outside of it. He needed her to want them, to come to them, to love them, of her own free will.

Lincoln flashed back to last night, reassessing Mallory's every look and moan. She'd loved every minute with them. He'd stake his next record advance on it. What he didn't understand was why she'd left, why she'd turn her back on so much pleasure, walking away from two men who loved her.

They'd waited for her. One long year of waiting, and maybe it hadn't been enough. Maybe she never would have been ready to be with them. But either way, they'd lost her. Lincoln refused to become a broken shell of a man by searching for something that was never his to begin with, and he would never allow that to happen to himself or Gabe.

"She left us, Gabe, not the other way around. If she wanted to be with us, she would be. What's the point in chasing after her?"

"You wanker," Gabe screamed, slamming his hand into the felt-covered walls in frustration. Lincoln looked up at his friend's harsh tone, meeting the fire in Gabe's eyes. Gabe was usually so even-tempered that the anger staring back at him startled Lincoln. "I waited a year for her because of you. For you. Because you were my best mate.

"Do you have any idea how many times I was close to just taking her?" Gabe's accusing glare followed him, pinning Lincoln to the bed. "When she touched my hand while we ordered drinks at the Alternative Beats award party, I could have kissed her. She looked up at me with those sparkling eyes and pouty lips and I knew she'd let me, but I didn't, because you said she wasn't ready. When we danced at the Stamp Out Hunger Fundraiser, I could have taken her home that night. She would have come. I know it. But I waited, because you said it wasn't the right time.

"Don't you understand, Lincoln, this whole time I've been waiting for you, not her. Mallory would have come with us any time, and yes it may have taken more work to keep her or convince her we loved her. But that's not what we've been waiting for. You're the one who wasn't ready, mate."

Gabe picked up his prize Strat from the floor, the strings vibrating slightly with his rough treatment. The soft tingle of notes was the only sound in an otherwise silent room. Holding the guitar to his chest, reminiscent of a child holding a security blanket, Gabe turned back to his friend. His chest rose in large angry breaths.

"I've put up with a lot from you over the years, Linc, and you've done the same with me. I've accepted your slow, methodical need to be perfect and right all the time, and you've gotten me out of more scrapes than I can think of because I acted before I thought.

"But this is different. I'm not sure I can forgive this. Not after a year of waiting. Not after last night."

Gabe turned the corner, fleeing from the small intimate bedroom that still smelled of Mallory. Lincoln opened his mouth to respond, but before he could say anything Gabe spit four last hateful words towards him. "You don't deserve her."

His footsteps echoed through the bus from the other end as Gabe pounded to the door. The hinges squeaked as he yanked it open, quickly slamming it behind him. In the silence of the bus, Lincoln's heart thudded in his ears. Breath was almost impossible to gasp, as if a thousand-pound weight sat on his chest. What was he supposed to do now?

* * * *

"You look like hell."

Mallory picked up her head from the cool diner table, glaring at the speaker. "Nice to see you, too, Krista."

"I didn't say I wasn't happy to see you, Mal." Krista slid into the booth opposite Mallory. Her sunset brunette hair was twirled on top of her head and secured into place with a heart-studded butterfly clip, her smile understanding. "Hard night?"

"You have no idea." Even Mallory was having trouble processing how she'd ushered in the New Year filled by two men. Krista had

always been a great friend to her, the understanding and supportive sounding board she needed, but she still had no idea how to describe everything she'd done last night. All the dirty, tangled bus floor sex and screaming orgasms Gabe and Lincoln had given her. The emotional highs, and ensuing panic, that had forced her to leave in the middle of the night, before either of her lovers had woken up. Mallory had definitely earned her rock star rep last night.

"How was your New Year?" Mallory took a sip of her coffee, hoping either the caffeine or the heat would defog her cluttered mind.

"Good," Krista responded with a wicked smile. It was the kind of smile that smelled of trouble. The sweaty, hot, sexy variety. It was always fun to see that wicked streak in Krista come out. With her baby pinks and innocent eyes, you never saw her coming. "So good James is home recovering. He'll probably sleep all day."

Mallory smiled before swallowing another gulp, the bitter taste burning down her throat. She wondered if her men were tuckered out as well. Lord knows they'd exhausted her, but there had been two of them and only one of her. Maybe they'd managed to preserve their strength.

Krista's eyes flared as the waiter arrived with her cup. She didn't touch the coffee, pushing the mug slightly away, her gaze never leaving Mallory's heated face. Krista pressed her hands to the table as if to hold herself back from launching at Mallory, desperate for information. "Is that what happened to you? Did you meet a guy?"

Mallory paused for a moment, unsure how much she wanted to say. How much could Krista accept of her New Year's Eve activities? It was hard for Mallory to even remember how she'd ended up in such a position, but from the first touch, it had been so damn good, she'd never considered fighting it.

"Yeah, kinda," Mallory responded, concluding evasive truth the best way to go. If she lied, Krista would know and drag the details out of her. She wasn't sure she was ready to admit the truth to herself, let alone her best friend.

“He’s a musician, isn’t he?” Krista grabbed the pillar jar of sugar and poured a liberal amount into her coffee, stirring vigorously to dissolve the thick grains.

Mallory nodded. Even if her men had never been on a stage, they were musicians. They’d definitely played her like a sax.

“He has to be talented, or you wouldn’t give him the time of day. And gorgeous, I’m sure of that. Definitely sweet and loyal. Probably foreign, with dark eyes and light hair.”

Mallory listened as Krista listed all the qualities of her dream man, the same ones written on her holiday wish list, and let out a sigh. What did it matter if Lincoln and Gabe had all the qualities on her stupid list? There wasn’t any future between them. There couldn’t be.

“When are you going to see him again?”

Mallory picked her head up. She’d almost blocked out Krista’s ramblings, but her question jolted her back into reality faster than her steaming black coffee. Across the table Krista sipped from her mug, her hazel eyes alight with curious interest. Like most women in a long-term relationship, she relished hearing her single girlfriend’s adventures finding the love she already had.

“I don’t know. I don’t—”

Krista slammed her mug to the tabletop with a clatter, halting Mallory’s words. The coffee splashed over the sides, onto the vinyl, dripping onto her laminated menu, but Krista paid no attention to the mess. “You’re not going to see him again?”

Mallory dropped her eyes, sure her friend could read the sign in her gaze as much as the gesture. “I didn’t say that,” Mallory defended, though she’d thought it.

It had been the most gratifying night she’d ever had. Maybe they could have made a weekend of hot, steamy sex, but regardless of how great they were together, it could never last. Why not just cut it off now and save them all the trouble?

“Mal, aren’t you through with this yet?”

Through with what? Falling for unattainable men? Having affairs with rock-and-roll gods? Ringing in the New Year with multiple orgasms?

"I know it's been hard for you since your mom died, but she wouldn't want you to live your life alone. Never opening up to anyone."

Mallory took a deep breath, Krista's words hitting her like a punch to the stomach. She couldn't breathe—her chest felt too tight. "My mother has nothing to do with this, Kris."

Krista reached across the table, pushing aside her coffee to clasp Mallory's hand with a reassuring grasp.

"It's not that I don't understand, Mal. I do. Your mother's loss was devastating, but you can't keep pulling away from anyone who gets close to you. You have to let someone in."

Mallory pulled back her hand, wrenching it from Krista's iron sympathy. "This wasn't the time, believe me."

"How do you know, Mal? Did he ask you to leave? Did he tell you he never wanted to see you again?"

Lincoln and Gabe had never said anything like that, but they hadn't said anything about her staying past sunrise, either. They must have assumed she knew it was only for one night. That's the only way it could be. They couldn't share her indefinitely. That's not how relationships worked. And she wouldn't choose between them.

"You didn't even give him a chance," Krista responded, taking Mallory's expression as confirmation.

"At least I don't give too many chances," Mallory sneered under her breath. Looking up, she met the pain and anger in Krista's eyes and realized she hadn't said it low enough.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Krista spit out through her tightly clenched jaw.

"That's great advice, Kris. Are you planning on taking it yourself?" Mallory's snide tone echoed through the almost-empty diner. It was five thirty in the morning on New Year's Day. Everyone

else was asleep, exactly where she should be so she wasn't spouting hurtful words she couldn't take back because of her own throbbing wounds. But she couldn't stop herself either, her misery loving the possibility of company.

"Ever planning on telling James you want more, or how unhappy you've been?"

Krista turned in her seat, planting her feet on the ground and grabbing her bubblegum leather purse. "You're right. Maybe I should go do that right now."

Krista shifted on her bench, sliding down the remaining distance to the edge, her bright pink sneakers flashing beyond the table ledge. Mallory reached out, grabbing her arm and pinning it to the laminate countertop.

"I'm sorry," Mallory whispered, her voice shaky with emotion. Her heart thudded in her chest, capable of cracking into a thousand pieces like a dropped champagne flute with just the right push. "I didn't mean it. It's just that you—"

"Mentioned your mom," Krista finished, sympathy returning to her voice. She swung back into the bench, gripping Mallory's arm within her own, somehow understanding she needed the continued supportive contact.

Mallory nodded. Her mind slipped back to that November over a year ago when she'd buried her mother. The smell of that fall day surrounded her in the January diner. Her scratchy, raw throat a diminished version of what she'd felt that night, from crying for far too long.

Hardly aware of it, Mallory gripped her upper arm through the leather of her jacket, covering the sentimental tattoo she'd gotten to remember her mother after the funeral. The following month she'd quit her job, setting out on a new career.

"Maybe you're right, Mal. Maybe this guy isn't the one. Maybe he's not the guy to let into your heart."

Mallory took a deep breath. Why did Krista's words, the ones she'd thought herself, feel so devastating? Her stomach lurched at the idea of being with someone other than Lincoln and Gabe. A cold sweat trickled down her neck as she considered being with someone else, even if they could offer her more than amazing sex, more than a threesome that was guaranteed to end and crush her heart in the process.

"But you need to find someone you want to let in. Someone you can open up to, someone you're willing to let love you. You deserve that much."

"You're starting to sound like Giselle." Mallory chuckled, a smile playing upon her friend's pink painted lips.

"Maybe Giselle's right every once in a while." Krista laughed with her.

Mallory might mock her uptight friend, she might cringe at some of the conservative notions Giselle spouted, but she was certainly right about a few things. Starting with those stupid lists.

Chapter Eight

Mallory pulled into the parking area, dialing up the volume on the radio. She danced in her seat, slamming her decade-old Golf into park as the engine groaned in return. She hadn't heard the song on the stereo before, but it was good. She'd have to figure out who sang it. Maybe she could convince her editor to do a feature on them for the next issue.

Beneath the pound of the bass, Mallory heard a vibration rattling against her tape recorder and keys. Digging through her purse, she pulled out her cell, where it was singing out the newest Mirage single. She peered at the LCD screen on the front before flipping open the phone and pressing it to her ear.

"I told you I'd get here just fine, Kris. There's no reason to be worried."

"Who's Kris?" A rough, dark voice rumbled in her ear. Mallory turned, staring out the rolled-down window, making contact with Lincoln's dark gaze. Even the cool January air keeping her awake through her trek couldn't damper the missile of his gaze.

"I just got here. I'll give you a call when I know what's going on," Mallory mumbled into the phone before slamming the lid shut. That wouldn't be enough for Krista, not for long, especially if she'd heard Lincoln's voice in the phone, but it would buy Mallory a little time.

Mallory opened the door and eased out of the car to the paved ground, never taking her eyes off Lincoln. She slammed the car door behind her, the entire vehicle shaking from the force.

Behind Lincoln the bus door opened, and Gabe stepped down the stairs. His guitar slung over his shoulder. His golden eyes, which had

turned dull and stormy since she'd last seen him, glowed brighter as he looked over to her. A smile turned up the corners of his mouth. At least there was some hope.

"Who's Kris?" Lincoln repeated. "Is he who you left us for?"

"*Krista* is my best friend. And I did go and have coffee with her, if that's all right with you?" Mallory made no effort to disguise the bite in her words. Regardless of how vulnerable she felt, how painful it would be if they sent her away forever, never to feel the heat and comfort of two warm male bodies surrounding her again, she wouldn't let them treat her like property. They didn't own her. She could go anywhere and see anyone she wanted to.

"Calm down, Linc," Gabe, the voice of reason, called from behind him. He advanced toward where Lincoln and Mallory stood on the concrete, staring each other down. For a moment the two men shared a terse stare, the tension emanating from their interaction and a newfound worry coiled in Mallory stomach. Had her leaving had some kind of effect on their relationship? Was she the new Yoko?

Gabe came to stand before her, placing himself an inch closer to her than Lincoln. "He gets like this when people run out on us without even a good-bye."

Her shoulders slumped, guilt flooding her system as the two sets of eyes, one dark and challenging, one warm and sweet, stared her down.

Mallory opened her mouth, unsure what to say. She wanted to tell them the truth, to open her heart to them as Kris had suggested, but the words clumped into a hard ball in her throat.

"Can I come in?" She motioned toward the bus as their twin stares pinned her to the asphalt.

"Can she, Lincoln?" There was no mistaking the hostility in Gabe's voice and Mallory stomach twisted tighter.

"Of course," Lincoln responded, his words croaked, filled with strain.

Gabe marched the remaining foot between them, wrapping his arm around her shoulders and ushering her toward the scene of their life-changing night together.

Just like the last time she'd entered this bus, Lincoln trailed behind her, his sight a brand upon her body. As they approached the entrance, a warm hand trailed down her back, cupped her ass, and hoisted her into the bus on suddenly wobbly feet.

Her two men pounded up the stairs behind her. At least she hoped they'd be her men.

Her heart pounded, filling her ears with its irregular beat at the sensation of Lincoln and Gabe's fingers on her body. Their slight caress was conquering, revived images of last night strong and hot in her mind.

Neither Lincoln nor Gabe had made any amorous suggestions, their voices filled with more anger and hurt than desire. But her body didn't seem to understand the difference. Heat coiled her blood, wetness dripping between her legs.

Once inside the bus, the hand dropped from her body, the sudden lack of sensation chilling her. A shiver raced down her spine as she turned to them. Anger flamed in both their eyes, their jaws set. Her chest dropped, regardless of the lust this location and these men created within her. This wouldn't be easy. There was too much pain between them. But that wouldn't deter her. This time she wasn't going anywhere until they asked her to.

"Why did you leave?" Gabe asked, jumping to the point before Lincoln had even made it all the way up the stairs behind them. He slid the guitar off his back, leaning it against the opposite wall as his gaze pinned her down.

Mallory's stomach twisted as she looked up at the two sets of eyes staring her down, undressing her emotionally and physically.

"I..." She stammered. How was she supposed to tell them she'd wanted to stay but had been too scared to? That she'd feared they

weren't interested in any more of her than one night of scorching-hot sex?

Lincoln stepped forward until his body was almost pressed up against hers. He tilted his head and pushed close enough his nose brushed her hair, his breath a warm breeze on her ear that made her shudder. "We weren't through with you yet."

Mallory took a deep breath, her head swimming. She wanted to explain, but was unsure what to say. They hadn't made any mention of wanting any more of her, anything beyond one night, but even in her mind, the notion hit a false note.

She hadn't run because she thought they were through with her. She'd left because they weren't. It had been a long time since she'd been with anyone who was interested in more than a night with her.

She tried to step away, but Lincoln's hard body stopped her process, trapping her effectively beneath his iron gaze. Across the bus Gabe's eyes met Lincoln's, and he dipped his head slightly to the side, giving Lincoln some signal Mallory didn't understand. He crossed his arms over his chest like a bouncer at a nightclub, blocking her path. Not allowing her entrance without the cover. The price of the truth was steep, but fair.

"New Year's was over." Mallory shook her head, her long ebony, emerald, and violet hair slapping against her. She stuffed her hands in the pockets of her dark jeans, looking down. "I thought we were, too."

"Did we say anything to make you think that?" Concern filled Gabe's words, the resigned withdrawal evaporating his expression.

"You didn't say anything otherwise," Mallory lashed out, feeling their concern cut too close.

Neither Lincoln nor Gabe said a word, instead sitting down on the lumpy charcoal bus couch before her, patiently waiting for her to continue. They were the picture of contradiction, one dark with piercing midnight eyes, one light and blond, one rough and dominant, one caring and funny, yet exactly what she needed. They were exactly

what she'd always wanted. What she'd asked for on her dream list, without realizing she could ever receive her heart's desire.

Yet unlike all the others, if she opened herself to these men and they left, the damage would be more severe, leaving an injury so deep it might never heal.

Mallory took a deep breath, forcing herself to a calm she didn't really feel. She needed to know their intentions before she opened herself completely to them, before she gave them the power to wound her so deeply. "Even if you had asked me to stay, how long do you think we could continue this?"

Mallory sniffled, her throat suddenly clogging with emotion, fighting as best she could the futile battle against her oncoming tears. If this was what opening herself up to someone meant, she understood why she'd avoided it for so long. "This would have to end eventually. And then what? I'm sick of being left. I'm sick of people leaving."

Mallory pushed the words out through her emotion-raw throat. The sentiment stabbed at her heart like a deep, penetrating wound to her very core. Yet she couldn't hold back anymore. That was her real New Year's resolution, and this year she was determined to complete it.

"We don't want you to leave," Lincoln's whiskey voice whispered from the couch. Beside him Gabe nodded. "We don't want to leave you, either."

"I can't choose." With each new truth, the words flowed easier.

She couldn't imagine which of these men to pick, which one she couldn't live without, which one she could accept never to be so close to again. How could she give up Lincoln's dominance or Gabe's compassion? How could she go without Lincoln's rough, pleasant touch or Gabe's humor at the most inappropriate time? Which man would she see every day, talk to, joke with, and at the end of the day, let him go off to find other women?

"I won't," she declared, realizing the truth. She could never pick just one. She needed them both.

“We wouldn’t ask you to do that, love.” Gabe’s warm eyes looked up at her, understanding.

“What are you asking, then?” Mallory fisted her hands at her hips, curling her fingers around the edge of her pockets to keep from reaching for them. All she wanted was to pull her men off the couch and wrap her body around them. To feel their arms around her again, their lips kissing her, tongues licking her.

“We want to be with you. Both of us.”

Mallory tossed her hair out of her eyes, using the small movement to calm her rising heart rate, the hope brimming in her chest. They didn’t want to leave her. They wanted her. Both of them.

“We want you to stay with us. Indefinitely.” Lincoln’s words were firm and resolved.

“Whatever that involves,” Gabe reassured from his other side.

“You can’t possibly mean that? You can’t want to keep doing this?” Mallory’s eyes focused down to the floor, where they’d stripped her naked last night. Her body vibrated with memories of Lincoln bending her over and pounded into her from behind, of Gabe licking her to nirvana. Her mouth dried up as she remembered sucking them both last night until her cheeks ached, drinking down their cum, and demanding more.

She wanted to be with both of them. It was the reason she’d come back, but it was still hard for her to believe they could want her forever.

“Why not?” Lincoln stated matter-of-factly, as if there were happy, committed threesomes on every corner, and last night was an average Tuesday for most people.

“What if someone found out?” Mallory continued, jumping ahead of the personal arguments streaming through her head to the insurmountable obstacle. “What would your fans think...if they found out...about us?” She looked up at them, Lincoln’s eyes intense, his full lips parted on a deep breath.

“We’re rock stars,” Gabe’s honeyed tone answered, as if their profession answered everything, surprising her with the joy in his words. “People would be amazed if we weren’t indulging in some kind of unorthodox sex practices.”

“But this? Sharing a woman? I think they’d expect it the other way, but I don’t know if anyone can accept this.”

“We’re not embarrassed of what we feel,” Logan interjected, the rough rumble of his voice returning, the anger flashing in his midnight eyes.

Gabe turned to stare at Lincoln, sharing some communication through their gaze she didn’t understand, before returning to her. “But we understand if you are.” Gabe’s voice was sympathetic. “It may be understandable for us to have an unusual social life, but you’re a normal woman, with normal friends. We understand if you don’t want to risk all that for us.”

Mallory had spent a majority of her life kowtowing to convention, fighting it in words while every Monday morning she got up to do as others wanted. She’d buried all that with her mother a mournful November ago.

She needed to make sure she entered into this relationship for the right reasons. She wanted to be with Lincoln and Gabe. She cared about them, maybe even loved them, though it was too early for her to consider such an emotion. But she needed to treat them right, as she hadn’t been by any men in a very long time, except for them.

She had to ease her fears before she entered into this relationship. For them. She refused to be another person to leave.

“What am I supposed to do for a living? I can’t follow you around like a groupie. I need to do something with my time.”

Mallory’s blue-collar background had instilled in her a strong work ethic, the same drive that pushed her to take an interview on New Year’s Eve, when all she’d really wanted to do was stay home and celebrate the New Year with her friends.

But she couldn't regret that now. How could she, with these two delicious men sitting before her, watching her with more interest than the entire world had on the clock last night.

"When we told your editor we wanted to do an interview with you for the February edition—"

"Wait, you told her what?"

Lincoln looked down at the floor sheepishly. It was the only time she'd seen him look apologetic or concerned. The control he usually so easily inhabited vanished.

"We didn't want to spend the holiday without you. Even if you didn't return our affection, we wanted be with you."

Mallory's heart glowed. They'd orchestrated the whole night to spend time with her. She should have been upset by how far they'd gone to bring her into their lives, into this complicated connection that made no sense to the outside world, to keep her from her friends and family.

Instead it just felt right. Like all they'd been through, all the time and distance, loneliness and self doubt, was how it was supposed to be to bring them together. It was a bizarre feeling to Mallory, who never believed in such sentimentality, but she decided, just the once, to give in to it. Maybe it was time to take a chance on something, just like Krista had told her.

"What did my editor say?"

Lincoln's head picked up, his eyes brighter than she'd ever seen them before. Gabe stared at her with the same wonder, as if they'd both expected her to race out of the bus at that very moment.

"She was looking for someone to do a monthly column about life on the road." Gabe's voice sang with glee.

"We couldn't think of anyone better qualified than you."

Mallory wanted to be angry, for going over her head to her editor, for not including her in the next possible step in their life together, but all she felt was love. There were few people in her life who made any effort to cherish the unique parts of her. These men had already done

so much for her, propelling her career, supporting her dreams. She wasn't sure what she'd done to deserve them.

"Unless that's not what you want." Gabe's voice shook with uncertainty. "Whatever you want, we'll make it work."

Mallory smiled. "Promotion, live on a rock-and-roll tour, every night filled with steaming hot sex. How can someone turn down an offer like that?"

"It's not completely free," Lincoln growled, wrapping his arms around her waist and pulling her into his lap, pushing her up against his hard, firm chest. Gabe gathered her legs together and pulled them over his knees, beside his best friend.

Before she even had a minute to catch her breath, Lincoln pressed his lips to hers, tangling his hands in her hair and holding her head to his. He licked her lips, seeking entrance, which she willingly gave. His tongue stroked hers, rolling together until her mind whirled with lack of oxygen.

Lincoln's lips pulled back as different hands stroked her cheekbones, redirecting her head to another set of strong lips. Mallory didn't even have time to open her eyes before his tongue thrust into her mouth, fast and without precursor, unapologetic. She twisted her torso, her hands landing on wide, strong shoulders. Her forearms brushed the soft T-shirt covering his muscles as he discovered her mouth. Her fingers grasped the fine hairs at the back of his neck. Even without her sight, she knew the spiky tresses beneath her fingers were blond, and the cheek rubbing against hers was a warm, sun-kissed tan.

After a few moments, Gabe pulled back. Their three ragged breathing rhythms were the only sounds in the quiet room. Against her ass she could feel Lincoln's sizable cock hard and ready, pressing erotically into her skin.

Mallory smiled. "Was that my payment?"

"Not even close." Gabe's hands caressed her legs, finding the juncture and applying a slight pressure in just the right spot. Her whole body trembled at the touch, her clit throbbing.

“And what about last night?”

“What about it, love?” Gabe’s stare remained focused on her, his words strained, as if afraid to spook a timid rabbit.

Lincoln’s head swirled toward her. His gaze filled with concerned surprise. They both waited, bodies tight around her, preparing for some disastrous description of last night, some complaint she’d yet to reveal.

Mallory had to bite her lip to keep from laughing. She stuck her chest out slightly and pushed her ass deeper into Lincoln’s lap. It was her turn to play. After all, they’d played with her plenty last night. “We did leave it a little unfinished.”

Both men relaxed beneath her. Lincoln dipped his head to pepper the left side of her throat with kisses as Gabe did the same to her right collarbone. Both their eyes looked up at her, hungry as wolves.

“What did we not do for you, babe?” Lincoln asked, his words husky, his breath ragged. Beside him Gabe panted in unison.

Mallory laughed, flipping her hair nonchalantly from her shoulders to fall down her back in a long stream. “Get your mind out of the gutter. We didn’t finish your interview.” She wrapped her arms around Lincoln and Gabe together. Her men. “I learned a lot about you both last night, but I’m not sure how much of it I want to share.”

She intended her retort to tantalize them, to remind them of their sweaty bodies rolling together, but was surprised by its truth. Last night had been sacred, special, life-changing. She didn’t intend to share it with anyone, not even her girlfriends.

But maybe she’d tell them about future nights.

“Ask us anything you want, love.”

“How many women have you had together?” Mallory glared at her two men, demanding the truth from them.

“Not enough.” Gabe laughed. Mallory kneed him lightly in the stomach. His breath huffed out between his lips, but he was otherwise unharmed.

“Not many,” Lincoln continued, soothing her with small kisses along her hairline. “And none of them were as wonderful as you”—he kissed her below the ear—“as responsive as you.” He sucked on her earlobe, scoring it with the edge of his teeth. “As beautiful as you.”

“Better.” Mallory glared at Gabe. The same unapologetic look he had when he pumped deep into her pussy, thrust his tongue into her mouth, or pushed her lips farther down on his hard cock covered his face.

“How long have you been planning this?” She waved her hand in the air, motioning to the floor before the couch, where they’d initiated her to more passion than any man had before. “The sex, the job, the relationship.”

Gabe dropped his gaze, his hands stilling on her legs.

“About a year,” Lincoln’s husky voice whispered along her neck.

“A year?” She turned in surprise, making fuller contact with Lincoln’s body, her knees rubbing against Gabe’s stomach, her toes curling along Gabe’s outer thigh. They’d only known her for a year. They’d started planning this since their first interview. Every time they’d flirted and offered to pleasure her all night, to take her to their bed and never let her go, they’d been serious. She could have had all this that whole time.

“Why’d you wait so long?”

Gabe and Lincoln both broke out into laughter, their arms wrapping tighter around her, holding her as their bodies rolled against hers with glee. “Only you, Mal.” Lincoln chuckled in her ear. The praise in his voice heated her body, warmed her heart, and drew a smile to her lips.

“We didn’t want to overwhelm you.”

“Last night was pretty overwhelming.” Mallory chuckled with them. Lincoln opened his mouth to interrupt her, that same concerned look returning to his face, but she spoke up before he could. “But I’ve shown I’m more than up for the challenge.”

“That you are, sweets,” Gabe whispered. His hands smoothed up her sides to cup her breasts.

“Do you have any more questions?” Lincoln whispered against her lips, his eyes challenging.

“Nope. No more questions.”

“What about us? We have some questions for you.” Lincoln wrapped his arm tighter around her waist, rubbing the rock-hard erection tenting his pants against her lower back until she almost begged for him to remove the denim between them.

“Shoot,” Mallory responded in a breathy sigh. “I’ll answer anything you ask.”

“Are you going to stay with us?” Gabe whispered, pinching her nipples, moving over her so that his mouth was only inches from her chest, ripples of heat echoing across her skin.

Mallory’s breath shuddered, frozen with surprised panic. She was amazed they’d asked, astounded by how much she wanted them.

She remembered the fear that had pounded in her chest as she awoke enfolded between them, wrapped in their warm male arms. It had scared her to death. She’d wanted to stay with them so much, feeling a sense of permanence and commitment in their hold she never had before.

Escaping from them in the dead of night was the hardest thing she had ever done. Harder than leaving teaching and defying her dead mother, or giving up her dreams to comply with her. It had been the biggest mistake she’d ever made, and she wasn’t going to do it again.

She looked into Gabe’s warm eyes, his golden gaze reminding her of an innocent puppy desperate for love. She swiveled to look at Lincoln, his jaw held tight, desperate for her answer but wrestling the anxiety down with his iron will. Her chest felt tight as she tried to take a deep breath, at the depth of their devotion pushing against her ribs.

“Yes.”

Lincoln moaned against her neck, reveling in her agreement. His lips nuzzled her throat as Gabe’s head dropped down to suck at her

nipples through her top. She whimpered, her fingers twisting in Lincoln's shirt. Her body shimmered with pleasure, overwhelmed with sensation, as only these men could do.

"Anything else?" she asked, hoping the answer was no. She didn't have a problem answering their questions. Later. But right now she wanted them beneath her, inside her, filling her in unison.

"Yes," Lincoln's deep whiskey voice whispered as he bit her neck where it met her shoulder, making her scream in delight. "Ready to ring in the New Year again?"

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Willa Edwards has dreamed about being a writer since she was four years old. When she picked up her first romance novel at fifteen she knew she'd found her place, and she's never looked back.

She now lives in New York, where she works with numbers at her Evil Day Job and spends her nights writing red-hot tales of erotic romance. When she's not at her computer, you can usually find her curled up in bed with her two furry babies, her nose pressed to her e-reader.

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