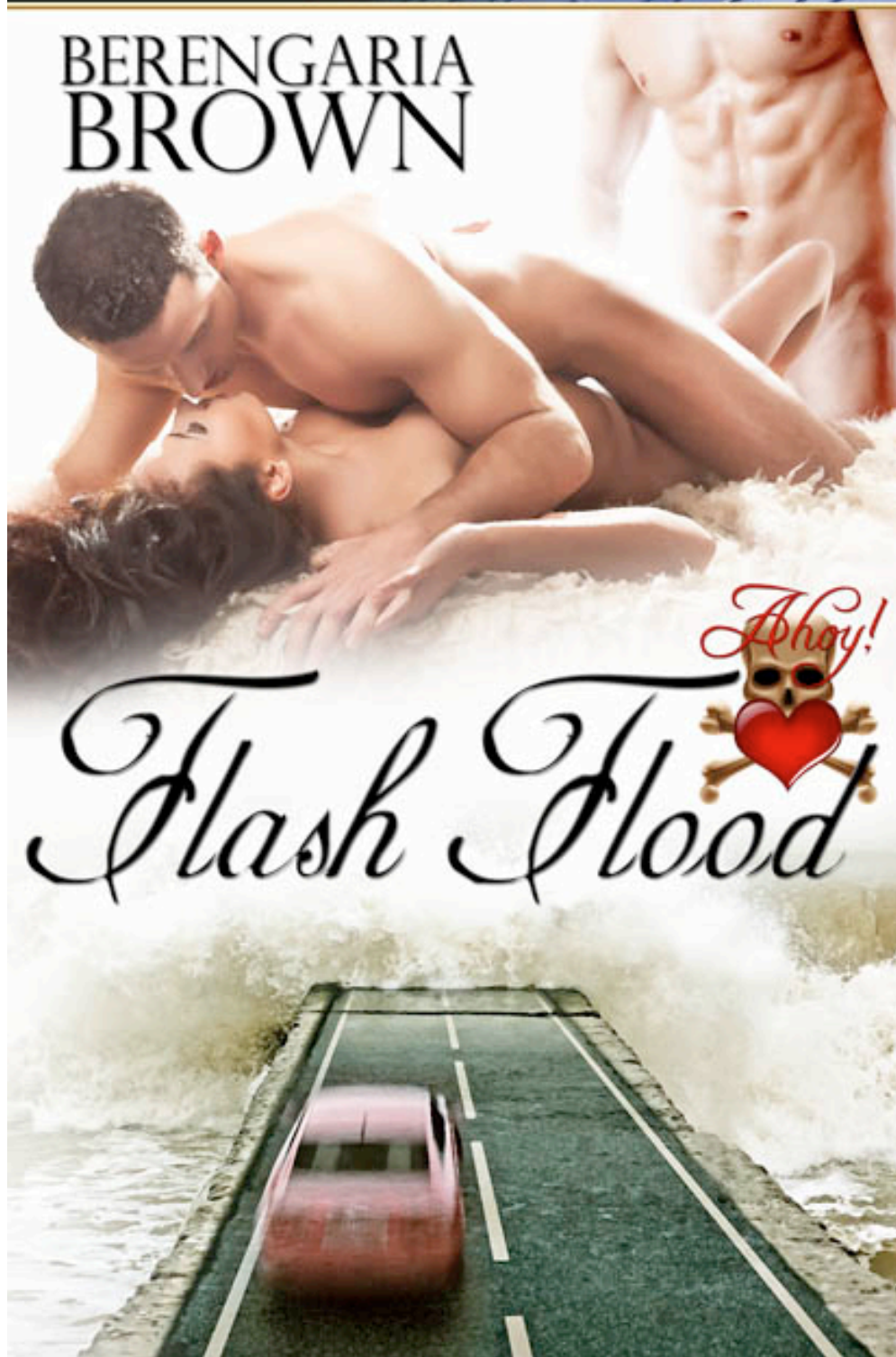


ELLORA'S CAVE *Moderne*

BERENGARIA
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Flash Flood

Berengaria Brown

Phoebe is on her way to a business meeting when a landslide causes a wall of water to flood the road, sweeping her car into a river. She's pulled to safety by Connor and Patrick...and a night of extremely satisfying, "thank God I'm alive" sex seems a fitting end to the day.

With a week off work to recover, Phoebe is invited to accompany the men on a business-and-pleasure trip. They have a great time and the sex is awesome, but Fi is unsettled by emotional undercurrents that she can't quite grasp. Oddest of all, she finds herself humming "For I am a Pirate King", possibly because of Connor and Patrick's tendency to tell pirate jokes. Or maybe not...

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Flash Flood

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FLASH FLOOD

Berengaria Brown

Dedication

To Robin Hood and all who've followed him, especially the awesome modern-day pirates who refuse to accept the rulings of totalitarian regimes and evil dictators, and who reacquire and return the possessions of the poor, voiceless and downtrodden.

Acknowledgement

"For I am a Pirate King" is from the comic opera *The Pirates of Penzance* by Gilbert and Sullivan.

Chapter One

"Holy shit!" Fi took her foot off the accelerator and looked at the water across the road ahead of her. The water didn't look deep but what did she know. She was a city girl and while this wasn't precisely the back of beyond, it was definitely not the city.

She eased the car onto the shoulder and snatched her instructions from the passenger seat beside her. "Route 94 through Brownsville. Check. Right onto Merravalley. Check. Five miles past Merravalley, right... Ah no. Not been through Merravalley yet and no mention of water."

A big, black SUV roared past her, straight through the water without slowing down. Fi watched. The water appeared to be only five or six inches deep. "Okay that seems doable. Just keep driving, though likely not quite that fast."

Fi watched as a minivan came toward her from the other direction. It slowed a bit then drove straight through the water. Fi stared at its wheels, but it seemed her previous guess about the depth of the water was accurate.

Fi gripped the steering wheel in a ten-to-two position, placed her four-inch platform sole on the accelerator and pulled back onto the road. She stared at the water, entering it slowly and carefully, relieved everything seemed fine. Something white appeared in her peripheral vision and she looked to the left to see a wall of water roaring toward her.

"*Holy shit!*" Fi screamed, and planted her foot flat on the accelerator. "Come on you piece of shit. Move! This is not the time to be worrying about a low carbon footprint. Let's get out of here!"

But the compact car was not designed for a fast take-off, and it was not even halfway through the water when the tidal wave hit like a battering ram, forcing it sideways and along what had suddenly become a river.

"Steer into the skid," Fi told herself, but her brain was screaming that there was a huge difference between a skid and a tsunami. "Come on car, you can do it!" The engine coughed and died.

Fi peered through her windshield. She was moving sort-of sideways in what appeared to be a river, where no river had been five minutes ago. Also her feet were wet. *What the hell?* Fi looked at the floor of the car. Yep, water. She banged her hand on the steering wheel. "Can't you do anything right, car? If this was a James Bond movie, you'd float!"

The water rose inexorably over her ankles. "Okay, time for the rat to leave the sinking ship. But I'll have you know, car, these shoes cost me two hundred dollars and I'm not happy about this." Then Fi giggled. The car would have cost the company a lot more than two hundred dollars and her boss wasn't going to be happy either. Well, if Windle and Partners had bought SUVs instead of environmentally friendly small cars, likely she'd be at Merravalley already.

The water was over her calves now and there was no time to waste. Fi thrust her papers into her laptop bag and zipped it shut, slung the handle over her shoulder, pushed her head through the short strap of her purse and pressed the button to lower the window so she could crawl out of the car.

"Electric window. Of course it doesn't work," she chided herself and tried to open the door. It wouldn't open. The pressure of the water was preventing it, no matter how hard she pushed. The water was almost up to her knees now.

Fi swung her legs to the side and braced her heels against the door, leaning forward to hold the catch open with her right hand. "Legs are much stronger than arms. Come on, legs!" she puffed.

The water was now level with the seat and desperation added extra strength to Fi's efforts. She slammed her feet against the door and finally it opened. Water rushed in as she pushed her way out.

The laptop caught around the steering wheel and Fi screamed and swore as she hauled it loose and forced her body out against the press of the water.

The river was deeper than it appeared and Fi's four-inch platform soles scrabbled unsuccessfully for purchase on the bottom. Her long, dark brown hair came loose from its braid and tangled around her face. Fi gulped for air and got a mouth full of water instead.

She forced herself to relax. *Go with the flow, Fi, go with the flow.* As her body stilled its frantic movements, she bobbed to the surface again, and was able to turn around in the direction of the torrent and look for the shore.

A man was standing on the edge of the water yelling at her and waving his arms to attract her attention. Next to him a cowboy was swinging a rope over his head. *What's a cowboy doing here?* Her laptop was dragging her down but no way was Fi leaving it behind. All her work files were on it. Determinedly, she swam at an angle across the current, making for the two men. It really wasn't far but it seemed to take forever to move even one stroke closer to the shore. *Why am I so damn tired?*

A rope splashed down on the water in front of her. One more solid kick with her legs, one long stretch with her right arm and she reached it. Fi grabbed it with both hands and remained upright in the water as the cowboy and his friend pulled her toward them. She ended up flat on her belly on the grass at their feet, rather like a beached whale. The waving man hauled her to her feet as gallons of water poured out of her clothes. And out of her purse and laptop bag, damn it.

"Your computer's gonna be cactus, love. But someone'll get your car and the mechanic should be able to get it running again."

"That piece of shit belongs to the company and if they hadn't been so worried about global warming and had given me an SUV, this never would have happened."

"Didn't you hear? There was a landslide over at Merravalley and the river burst through to carve a new channel."

"I noticed." Fi couldn't help laughing. Here she was with two men she didn't know, soaked to the skin and with twigs and grass in her hair, and instead of phoning the paramedics they were chatting to her. "Thank you for rescuing me. I'd really like to get clean and dry." She looked down at her shoes. "Although I'm guessing these shoes will never recover from this."

"You were driving in those things?" The cowboy looked astonished.

"Of course. I'm on my way to a business meeting."

"Reckon you're gonna be late. Better cancel it," was his laconic reply.

The other man cleared his throat. "I'm Connor Wilkie and this is my partner Patrick Bourne. We'd be happy to drive you to the hotel where we're staying so you can get cleaned up. You can use my cell phone to make arrangements about your car—your company's car—and your meeting, too, if you like."

Suddenly Fi realized how wet, cold and bedraggled she was. And how unlikely it was her cell phone or her laptop would work. And what Torquil Windle, CEO of Windle and Partners, would say to her. A wave of exhaustion rolled through her body. "Thank you for the offer. I'm Phoebe Edwards. Most people call me Fi. A shower would be great although I suspect my clothes will never look the same again. Is there a laundry at your hotel?"

The cowboy, Patrick, suddenly wrapped his arms around her waist. "You've gone real pale. You're not going to faint or something are you?"

"Of course not. I'm just tired. And I'm thinking my boss is not going to jump with joy when I call him."

"He'll be fine. I bet the car's insured."

Patrick took the laptop and purse from around her neck, shaking more water from them. "Here, let me take these for you. Pretty sure they won't be salvageable though."

"All my files. It's a paperless office. For the good of the environment. The only copies are on my laptop..." Fi took a deep breath. "Yeah, well if I lose my job I won't

need those files will I? Okay, take me to your shower. I've had enough water to last me for a week but likely I'll feel better with the hot water to warm me up and my hair washed free of grass and sticks."

* * * * *

An hour later, scrubbed clean and dressed in boxers and a t-shirt the men had provided, Fi emerged from the bathroom of their suite, a towel wrapped around her head.

A pile of fresh towels sat on the end of the bed, and on top of them rested her laptop bag and her purse.

"With a bit of luck you should be able to rescue some of your stuff, love," said Connor.

"The Merravalley wrecker has gone looking for your car. He said likely it'll be fixable. The new path of the river is over grasslands so the car shouldn't get smashed up on rocks or anything," added Patrick.

"Thanks, both of you. Now I guess I should bite the bullet and tell my boss, huh?"

"You don't think the people you were supposed to have met with will have told him?"

"Nah, all I said was the road was cut and I couldn't get through."

Fi grabbed her purse and emptied it out over the sink in the bathroom. The water had even gotten inside her lipstick. She dropped it in the trash. "I never liked that color anyway," she muttered.

"Say what?" said Patrick from the doorway.

"Water in my lipstick," she said as she riffled through her purse, throwing a notepad and a handful of emery boards into the trash as well.

As predicted, her cell phone was dead, so reluctantly she returned with them to the sitting room, borrowed Connor's phone, pulled her soggy business directory from her laptop bag, and dialed Torquil Windle's direct line.

Connor was standing near her and flicked the phone to speaker. She guessed he had the right to hear what was going on, since he'd rescued her.

The last thing she needed was to try to fight her way past Torquil's feral personal assistant, Trina, right now, which was why she'd phoned the CEO himself.

"What's going on, Phoebe? Trina said Merravalley rang to reschedule the meeting because you couldn't get there. Water on the road or something."

"That's correct, sir. There was a landslide out of Merravalley and the road is cut. I got caught—"

"Why didn't you just go around another way? There must be other roads to take."

"Yes, sir. I'll do that tomorrow. Or maybe the next day," she added remembering her overnight bag was still in the trunk of the car and the clothes in it were likely unfit to wear, as they'd be water damaged too.

"And why haven't you been answering your phone? Trina's been ringing you for the last hour."

"Well, sir, I got caught in the water. When the landslide occurred—"

"What do you mean you got caught in the water? Couldn't you see it on the road?"

"There were only a few inches of water on the road, sir. I watched an SUV and a—"

"Now wait a minute right there, Phoebe. You aren't going to try to tell me that we should have bought SUVs instead of compact cars. Global warming is a real threat to society as we know it. Windle and Partners pride themselves on leaving the smallest possible carbon footprint. Here at Windle and Partners we never—"

Connor snatched his cell phone out of her hand and his voice cut through the room like a knife. Each word was clear, crisp and hard, as sharp as any blade. He exuded power and authority. "Listen to me, you useless worm. A wall of water came down across the road from the landslide. Phoebe was very lucky not to have been killed when it hit your company's car. An SUV would have provided her with a lot more protection and have been significantly higher off the ground so it didn't fill with water nearly as

fast as the car you gave her did. However, none of that is at issue here. She is alive, something you ought to be extremely grateful for. The Merravalley mechanic is out looking for the car."

Patrick smoothly handed Connor a business card and Connor rattled off the number. "Right now Ms. Edwards is in urgent need of new clothing and at least a week of paid leave to recover from the shock of almost being killed."

Torquil sputtered into the phone for a few moments then said, "Who are you to speak to me like that? I'm the CEO of Windle and Partners."

"My name is Connor Wilkie and I'm the CEO of Wilkie and Bourne. I'm also more than capable of having you blackballed throughout the industry if you don't treat your staff appropriately."

Torquil sputtered a little longer, then said ungraciously, "Of course Phoebe's health is my primary concern. She may have a week of paid leave starting immediately. I'll expect her back in the office tomorrow week." Torquil hung up on those words.

Fi had sagged into the nearest chair when Connor began speaking. Her heart pounded, her breath came in short pants, and her legs were rubbery. In the silence after the call ended she just looked at them both and whispered, "I really could have died. If I hadn't gotten the door open. If you two hadn't been there to pull me out. It was very hard to swim across the water. I was getting awfully tired already and it'd only been a few minutes. I might have died right then."

"But you didn't," said Patrick, coming to stand beside the chair.

"You are here, now, with us," added Connor.

Suddenly Fi really looked at these men for the first time. Up until now they'd just been a cowboy and his friend who'd pulled her out of the water. Now she noticed that they were both extremely good looking. Patrick had taken off his boots and hat, and without them and the rope, any relationship to a cowboy had disappeared. After all, she hadn't seen any cows or horses around here. Patrick was dark and delicious, with black hair, brown eyes and a deep tan. His chin was looking a little bristly as though he

hadn't shaved today and on him it looked incredibly sexy, rather than scruffy. He had broad, muscled shoulders and even if she hadn't seen him swing a rope and haul her out of a flood, she still would have known he was strong and toned. *Shit, I wouldn't mind seeing him without a shirt. I bet his abs and pecs look mighty fine.*

Connor was very tall. Even in her four-inch platform soles he'd towered over her so he had to be well over six foot. He had dark blond hair and eyes that changed color. When he'd stood beside the window they were blue, but when he'd been angry with her boss they were a slate gray. Now they were a lighter silvery color.

For the first time since she'd left the bathroom, Fi was conscious that all she was wearing was a baggy t-shirt and an equally baggy pair of men's boxers. With cute little skulls and crossbones on them. Just looking at these two delicious men made her pussy cream and her nipples tighten to diamond-hard points. They looked so good. So very good. She was alive. She was in a hotel room with two of the yummiest hunks she'd ever met. She needed...

Patrick picked up her purse, which was still sitting on the end of the bed on a towel, riffled through it, and pulled out the Purple Penis, her favorite dildo. "I saw this when you were emptying things out of your purse in the bathroom and I noticed you didn't leave it out to dry. He waved at the contents of her wallet and some other things sitting on another towel. Connor and I would like it fine if you wanted to play with the real thing. We have one each, ya know."

Her breath hitched and more cream dripped from her pussy. *Oh yeah, I'd like that fine too.* "But you two... You're together?" Uncertainty filled her voice. Hadn't one of them said they were partners?

"We like it both ways," said Connor. "And we definitely like you."

"Oh shit. I..." *I want you both but I don't know you. I'm exhausted and confused but so aroused. My life has fallen apart in a few short minutes. Ah what the hell, it's only a one-night thing and when will I ever get the offer from two men again, let alone two men who look as good as these two do.* "Yes. I want you too. Both of you."

She glanced from their faces to their jeans and they certainly seemed to have the required equipment. Both of them were showing the rounded bulges of what sure looked like satisfactorily large cocks. Besides, any cock at all would be a treat. It was over a year since she and Jon had parted, and the sex had been infrequent and mediocre for months before they'd split. And two men had to be twice as good. Right?

Oh woman, what are you doing jumping into bed with two men you don't know. You must be insane.

If they'd wanted to kill me they could have left me at the river. Two men at once. How can I possibly say no? I may never get an offer like this again.

Then the time for thinking was over. Patrick cleared her possessions off the bed and pulled the quilt back to the floor. Connor stepped into the bathroom and came back with a string of condoms, which he placed on the nightstand.

Together they moved over to the chair where she was sitting. Connor held out his hands. "Come to bed with us. It'll be good for you, I swear it."

She placed her hands in his and let him tug her to her feet.

"You poor little thing, it's been a rough day for you. Leave everything to us. We'll help you to relax, loosen all those tense muscles, give you perfect release." Patrick whispered the last few words, his hands sliding up under her t-shirt, rubbing across her back, tracing down her spine.

Fi shivered.

Patrick continued to soothe her back, massaging her shoulders and down to her butt. It felt good. Very good.

Meanwhile Connor leaned in for a gentle, chaste kiss. It was the merest touch of his lips against hers, so soft she might almost have imagined it, until he did it again, a little more firmly, and again, tracing his tongue along the seam of her mouth. Willingly she opened to let him in and he teased and tasted her, all around the insides of her cheeks, across the roof and behind her teeth. Hungrily she pressed closer to him, tangling her tongue with his, tasting him in return, exploring his mouth.

By the time they broke apart they were both gasping for breath, and she was very aware of Patrick's hands doing wicked things to her ass, flicking under her cheeks to tease her pussy with one hand while with the other, he was running a finger down her crack.

Unconsciously she widened her stance to give him more space to play and tilted her head up again for another one of Connor's drugging kisses.

Her mouth locked to his, she trailed her hands across his chest, loving the feel of the hard wall of muscles. She tugged his t-shirt out of his waistband so she could touch that wonderful flesh. Oh yeah, he did feel good. Toned, taut and terrific. Mmm, how lucky could she get? An excellent kisser with a good body. And Patrick's wicked fingers doing wonderful things to her pussy lips.

Once again her legs were growing weak, her strength draining out of her. Patrick's hands slid down her thighs, then up to her waist. "Bedtime, I think," he said sweeping her up into his arms and carrying her over to the bed.

He placed her very gently right in the center of the bed, then dragged the loose boxers down her legs. Simultaneously Connor peeled the long t-shirt from her top half.

"Now you two," she whispered huskily.

Her body was burning with lust as she watched them undress. Both had removed their muddy boots as soon as they'd reached the room, now they quickly shucked socks, jeans and t-shirts, Connor pulling his underwear down with his jeans. Patrick wasn't wearing any. "I do love a man who goes commando," she said, smiling.

"Saves on the laundry," said Patrick.

Then both men crawled onto the bed, swapping places this time, Patrick claiming her mouth and breasts and Connor playing with her legs.

She'd never thought much about how men tasted before, but Patrick tasted totally different from Connor. Where Connor was sort of earthy and spicy, Patrick was salty and tart, like an exotic Asian meal, where you bit into a noodle and were overwhelmed by the incredible, unexpected flavors of it.

She licked around his mouth, eager for more of his taste, her hands biting into his shoulders to hold him steady.

Connor was stroking his hands up and down her legs, around her knees, gradually working his way up and up, closer and closer to where she wanted him, her cunt. Her pussy was aching empty. It had been a long time. She couldn't even remember the last time she'd been this wet, this eager to be fucked. These two delicious men turned her on, pressing every one of her buttons with a single hot glance. And oh yeah, their glances were hot.

Patrick's dark brown gaze was burning into her face, and the few glances he'd flashed down to her breasts had made the nipples even harder—something she could hardly believe was possible.

Her nails dug into his shoulders as she stared deeply into his eyes before accepting another of his delicious kisses. His two hands rested on her breasts, rolling her nipples between his fingers, cupping the globes in his palms, making her honey drip from her pussy.

"So good," she murmured, then screamed as Connor thrust three fingers inside her pussy and unerringly hit her sweet spot.

"She liked that," Connor said.

"Yeah, I reckon the people in the next room worked that out too," answered Patrick, covering her mouth with his.

Connor twirled his fingers inside her pussy as she desperately tried to clutch them tighter with her internal muscles. Then his fingernail pressed her clit and she came, hard, over his hand while Patrick sucked on her tongue to prevent her from screaming again.

Fi sagged back onto the mattress, gasping, as her heart pounded and her toes uncurled, only vaguely noticing Connor reaching to the nightstand, then rolling a condom on his thick cock.

Patrick kneeled beside her head and placed his engorged cock at her mouth. It was red, the head flared over the stalk, and looked as yummy as the man himself. Eagerly she reached up to clasp it and guide it inside. She licked across the head, wondering if his pre-cum would taste like his mouth. Yes, the same salty-tart flavor, but stronger. Wonderful. With her eyes this close to his body, she couldn't help but notice his tan was definitely an all-over one. No tan line above the nest of black hair circling his cock.

She held his cock near the base with one hand, and wrapped her other arm around his hips to hold him steady. Then she sucked him deep inside, as far as he could go. Oh that felt so good. The way he filled her mouth and the burst of flavor from his pre-cum was better than any meal. She let him slide almost all the way out, running her tongue the length of his shaft.

Connor spread her legs wide apart, then rested them on his shoulders as he placed his cock at the entrance to her pussy. "Ready?" he asked.

"Mmm," she answered sucking on Patrick's cock.

As Connor pressed into her cunt, she sucked Patrick into her mouth. The farther Connor's cock slid into her hot, grasping channel, the deeper she sucked Patrick into her mouth. When Connor was fully seated and waited for her to get used to his girth and the awesome feeling of fullness inside her, she held Patrick in her mouth, her lips firmly gripping him. Then as Connor started to slide out, she gradually released Patrick.

For long minutes she matched every stroke and thrust, but need and desire were coiling deep in her belly and it was getting harder and harder for her to concentrate and synchronize her movements. Fi clenched her internal muscles, holding Connor deep and tight inside her, then she hollowed her cheeks and sucked, doing the same for Patrick.

She cupped his sac, rolling his balls inside it, noticing how hard they already were.

She couldn't wait, the need to come again was frying her brain, driving her every thought. Fi swirled her hips in a figure eight movement while clenching her inner muscles and sucking Patrick so deep his head rested on the back of her throat.

Two hands pinched her nipples. A third hand pinched her clit. Fi opened her mouth wide and screamed as an orgasm raced through her body, shaking her from head to toe, making her arms and legs thrash, her head fall back on the pillow and stars burst behind her eyelids.

As her cunt milked Connor's cock, she felt the heat of his release inside her. At the same moment a burst of cum hit the back of her throat and she hastened to let Patrick slide out an inch so she could swallow it down. Aftershocks rolled through her as she squeezed Connor and swallowed and sucked Patrick.

The men petted and stroked her and she hung onto them as the last of the spasms rippled through her body. Finally she let Patrick pop out of her mouth. "Best. Orgasm. Ever," she said, a bit hoarse from the power of her scream.

"Agreed." "Hell, yes," the men replied together.

"That scream may have shocked the neighbors but it sure as hell felt good on my cock," added Patrick.

Connor leaned forward and kissed them both, then went into the bathroom to dispose of the condom.

"Now we'd better order some food. I'm starving and I guess you are too," said Patrick climbing off the bed and looking for the room service menu.

"What time is it? I'm used to treating my cell phone as a clock," asked Fi, still half-dazed from the force of her orgasm.

"Seven fifteen."

"Wow. The day sure vanished fast. I never did have lunch."

Connor took the menu from Patrick. "We ate early. We were on our way to reconnoiter another...business venture when we saw you. So yes, definitely time for food."

He handed the menu to Fi. "What would you like?"

At least her credit card had survived its swim just fine and she was getting a week's paid leave, so money wasn't going to be an issue. She looked at the menu, suddenly realizing just how hungry she was. "Burger, fries, salad, chocolate cheesecake and cranberry juice."

"I do like a woman who actually eats a meal, instead of ordering one lettuce leaf and frowning every time I take a bite," said Patrick.

"Well, you take a lot of bites," responded Connor.

"I'm a big man, I need to."

The laughter and joking continued through the meal. As Fi licked her spoon after her last bite of cheesecake, her mouth cracked wide in a huge yawn.

"Sorry. I'm so —"

She yawned again and a wave of tiredness rolled through her, dulling her brain, slowing her movements.

"Sleeptime, love," said Connor, picking her up and carrying her to the bed. He rolled her onto her side, pulled the covers up to her chin and kissed her cheek.

"G'night," she mumbled and was instantly, deeply asleep.

Chapter Two

Patrick and Connor sat at the table speaking softly, but it was very evident Fi was dead to the world. Every now and then the slightest, most ladylike snore emerged from the mound of bedding, making Patrick's face burst into a grin and his heart beat faster.

"She's a feisty little thing. I'm glad we fished her out of the water, but how the hell are we gonna steal that load of your dad's stuff tonight? We haven't even reconnoitered the warehouse where that idiot Dixon has stashed it and the night's half over," he said.

"It'd be easy enough for one of us to sneak out to Merravalley now. The back road's likely open. It's well out of the way of the landslide and the water. But you've talked to the mechanic and we've both been pretty visible here at the hotel. And our little fish is a screamer. So it's too likely we'd be remembered if Dixon worked out when his load went missing. We can read the microchips anytime so we'll just grab it later."

"Oh yeah, those scanners from China are wonderful. That was real breakthrough when we realized he'd microchipped all the crates and we could read the microchips and track them to where the crates were hidden. Betcha he thought he was so smart doing that to help himself, and never realized anyone else could do it too," said Patrick.

"That, plus Dixon's a stick-in-the-mud. He works out his system and just keeps following it. He must know some of his crates have gone missing. We've repossessed half a million dollars' worth in the past three months. He can't not have noticed that."

"Yeah I can't understand where he's coming from. I mean, it was dead easy to undermine your dad when he realized the old man was suffering from dementia and trying to hide the symptoms instead of getting medical help. And lots of people don't mind ripping off the company they work for here and there in small ways, so the urge to cream off more and more is understandable. But what the hell was he thinking to run the company into bankruptcy and still keep stealing stuff. He had to know that sooner

or later someone would point the finger at him.” Patrick no longer practiced law, but he’d kept up on his professional development and was familiar with the legal world, its mindset and its rulings.

Connor looked thoughtful. “I’ve thought about this a lot since the doctors ordered Dad into that nursing home after he crashed his car trying to drive with the metal steering lock still attached to his steering wheel.”

“I still can’t believe he did that. What was he thinking?”

Connor shook his head. “Who knows? But the doctor did say he’d heard someone else, a woman with Alzheimer’s Disease, had done it too. However, getting back to Dixon, I’m betting he let his greed overrule his head. He was so sure of himself, so confident he’d get away with it, he decided to keep going and squeeze every last cent out of the company. And so far he *has* gotten away with it. Dad left everything in such a mess, and Dixon has done such a good job of covering up his tracks, that although the cops are sure it’s him and we *know* it’s him, it could be years before the case is assembled and gets into court. Meanwhile he’s free to keep moving all the stock around, selling and reselling it.”

“That reselling trick is damn clever. He steals it and sells it to one company, waits ‘til they on-sell it and it’s safe in a warehouse somewhere, then steals it again and sells it again. Talk about multiplying your money. It’s not a bad trick, that one. That’s one way he’s a better pirate than we are. Talk about buried treasure and plundering the warehouse.”

“Makes it easier for us though. The fact that we didn’t get the stock back the first time he stole it is fine, because we know we can just wait until he steals it again and have at it then. I’d say that makes us equal in the pirate stakes with him.”

Patrick grinned again, his heart warming with love for Connor. They’d had a wild ride this past six months, moving from being staid and proper businessmen to pirates stealing back stolen treasure. They’d met in college when he’d been focused on getting good grades and getting into law school. Connor’s dad even then was an anal,

controlling, dominating man and Connor wasn't sure he could do and be exactly what his father wanted. They'd stayed friends, begun their careers and ended as business and sexual partners. They even played "Pirate Plunder" online as a kind of private joke, and were constantly quipping one-liners at each other.

Patrick remembered when Connor's dad had started taping all their phone calls. Connor had been hurt and offended, assuming it was just another way for his father to maintain total control. Of course now they realized it was one of the techniques he'd used to hide his dementia. He didn't have to remember what people said to him, he had a permanent record of it. When he and Connor had gone into the office to clean out the old man's desk when he was hospitalized, they'd found shelves of notebooks with the minutest details written down—who sat next to whom in board meetings, what color shirt and necktie he'd worn each day and more.

The jury was still out over whether or not Connor had made the right decision not to join his father's company. Working for the controlling old man would have frustrated him immensely, but maybe the business—his inheritance—would have been saved. Wilkie Senior had gone ape-shit when Connor had checked the financials and discovered how a bad a mess the company was in. But Connor had no choice. His father's medical bills were skyrocketing and something had to be done.

Maybe if Connor had worked for Wilkie Equipment Company he'd have been able to prevent Larry Dixon doing so much damage that the business was bankrupted. But then Wilkie and Bourne would never have been formed and their little company was doing better than okay even without the crates of stock they were stealing back from Dixon. So yeah, it wasn't all bad.

Besides, this pirate gig was fun. Planning and executing the moves to steal Connor's inheritance back from Dixon was challenging him in new ways, making him think outside the square, and was very rewarding, as crate by crate they were reclaiming Wilkie equipment that could then be sold legitimately and make inroads on the debt. And hopefully soon the Wilkie Equipment Company office building and warehouse

could be sold, the creditors paid off and the money would be used to pay for Connor's father's medical care, which was horrendously expensive. And right now Connor was paying for everything.

The old man was not a congenial patient. Every cup of coffee was either too hot, too cold, too strong or too weak. No meal was cooked as he liked it. He refused to shower or have his fingernails or hair cut without long arguments, and many of the nurses and personal care attendants objected to the way he treated them. Connor usually smoothed everything over with large tips, but no amount of talking to the old man could make him understand the need to be polite.

In fact, the more Patrick thought about it, the more he appreciated the joy of a successful pirating venture. Until they'd rescued Phoebe the previous night, it was about the only fun in their lives lately.

Ahh Phoebe. An armful of delicious curves, and not averse to some red-hot loving it seemed. Damn but plundering her treasure chest had been fun. And more jolly rogering would be even better.

"How do you feel about keeping Fi with us for a while longer? She has a week of paid leave thanks to you, and we've just had some mighty fine sex."

"Oh yes. Her cunt. So hot, so wet, so tight. And her breasts. Yum. I'm getting hard just thinking about them. Not to mention she was a damn good sport about half-drowning. Plenty of women would have been screeching their heads off demanding the paramedics, new clothes and god-knows-what-else, whereas she was pretty calm about the whole thing. She's a deep woman, that one."

"Well she did screech her head off, but in a very good way. It sent my cock right over the edge," said Patrick, smiling at the memory. "And yeah, she's a feisty little thing. I like her."

"Right. So how about after we see the mechanic tomorrow, we head back to the city with her, let her pick up some clothes and whatever she needs. We can drop her laptop off with Jo-Jo and see if she can resurrect these precious files Fi keeps talking about,

then go up north and check out that other blip that's showing up on the microchip scanner."

"Sounds like a plan. We can do some tourist-type activities with Fi. Help her relax from the scare she's had, as well as move our own business on a little. A nice little bit of multi-tasking. Then come back here in a month or so when the fuss has died down."

"Excellent. We'll—"

A spine-chilling scream shattered the peace of the room.

* * * * *

The car was filling with water. No matter how hard she pushed and kicked at the door it wouldn't open. The water was creeping higher and higher. Over her waist, her breasts, up to her neck. She was moving slowly, sluggishly, she couldn't even kick the door now. She was going to drown. Down in this piece-of-shit compact, environmentally friendly car. Drown in a carful of fucking global warming.

Fi tipped her head up to the roof of the car and screamed her rage at the universe for this rotten trick it was playing on her.

Voices were hushing her, soothing her. Hands were stroking and petting her hair, holding her arms, pulling her up and into a warm clasp.

Fi forced her eyes open. No water. Just a hotel room and the cowboy—Patrick—holding her arms, looking down into her face. Shit, that dark stubble looked sexy on him even if it would give her a beard-burn if he rubbed it on her skin. Kissing him'd be worth it though, she knew.

She leaned into Patrick's hard chest, gasping for breath, and realized Connor was plastered to her back, warming her, soothing her, stroking her hair. Her hair that had not been brushed and braided after her shower. Oh shit! It'd likely dried into a tangled rat's nest. And she'd just screamed their room down with a nightmare like a two-year-old. Not to mention she had no clean clothes to wear if she did the polite and socially acceptable thing after a one-night stand and left discreetly. How embarrassing! How

incredibly, unbelievably embarrassing was this! Her entire body flushed red with shame and mortification. Oh God! Maybe it would have been better to have drowned. *I'll never be able to look myself in the eye again after this. They must be wishing they'd never dragged me out of the water.*

"I'm sorry. I—"

"There's nothing to be sorry about, love. You had a nasty scare today and it's only to be expected you had a nightmare after it," Connor's deep, sexy voice soothed her as his hand kept massaging her scalp, stroking her hair.

Patrick pressed soft, gentle, featherlight kisses to her cheeks, eyelids, nose and jawline. "Relax. We'll look after you. You're safe with us."

The heat in her face and body died down somewhat but she was still in an embarrassing position. At least it didn't sound like they expected her to leave just yet. "What on earth will I wear to leave here in the morning?"

"Hopefully your own clothes. The housekeeper said they wouldn't look like new but she guaranteed they'd be clean and wearable. Even your shoes."

"The housekeeper?" Fi was starting to feel like the stupid kid in the grade. The only one who didn't understand something really simple. But she felt as if she'd walked into the middle of a movie, only she was a character in the movie and didn't know her lines.

"Everyone here knows your car got caught in the flood from the landslide. They all feel the honor of Merravalley is at stake and they all wanted to help you. The mechanic and his men are working on your car, the housekeeper and a team of laundry staff have rescued your duffle and are cleaning your clothes, and the chef has promised the best breakfast he's ever cooked will be ready at your convenience in the morning," said Connor.

Patrick took up the explanation. "I suggested seven thirty for breakfast as we have to collect the paperwork for your car and get back to the city. We want to take your laptop to Jo-Jo, who's an absolute technical whizz kid, and see if she can resurrect any of your data."

“Saving the data would be awesome. Who’s Jo-Jo?”

“Johanna Johanssen. She works for us and speaks fluent computer,” Connor joked.

“Thank you. That all sounds wonderful. I’m sorry I—”

“There’s no need to be sorry. How about I get out that purple dildo of yours and you let Connor and me relax you with it?”

Fi blushed again. The Purple Penis was a secret she’d shared with no one. But two half-naked men and more sex did sound awfully tempting. They were so delicious to look at and instead of laughing at her childish nightmare had been incredibly sweet and gentle. “Okay,” she said.

Connor quickly pulled Patrick’s oversized t-shirt off her and nuzzled her neck. “You smell so nice.”

“Um. Yeah. About that. I used all the shampoo and shower gel getting the river out of my hair.”

“Love, the hotel staff are so eager to please you, they’d be happy to give you a box of shampoo. It’s not a problem.”

Fi relaxed a little, resting her spine against Connor’s hard chest. It seemed these men were not fazed by her screaming or her messy hair. Or even by her using all the toiletry supplies instead of sharing with them. How awesome was that! They really were a wonderful pair, understanding, kind and caring. Oh yeah, she was one lucky woman and about to get even luckier, she decided as Patrick climbed on the bed carrying a tube of lube and the Purple Penis. He was naked, his cock leading the way, already standing straight up and bobbing as he moved.

There was a rustling sound beside her then a whoosh as Connor’s clothes sailed across the room to land on the chair.

“Oh, good shot,” she said.

“Used to play cricket.”

“Cricket? Not baseball?”

"Nah, cricket. The sport of kings."

"Uh-huh. I thought horse racing was the sport of kings."

"Whatever."

Connor's fingers were still running through her hair, massaging her scalp and sending tingles up and down her spine. For a moment she worried that maybe her hair wasn't properly clean after her unwilling swim, despite all the shampoo she'd used, but then the wonderful feelings Connor's hands were giving her made her focus on them instead of potentially embarrassing faults in her personal hygiene.

Patrick buried his head between her breasts, nuzzling the soft skin there exactly the same way Connor had done with her neck.

Then Patrick licked down the line between her breasts and puffed warm air along the wet strip. Oh yes, that felt good. He followed it up with a long swipe across the underside of one breast and that was so arousing she couldn't help a little involuntary shiver.

Connor had lifted her hair off her neck and was kissing the tender skin along her hairline, running his lips from there up behind her ear to that erotic little spot that always made her panties dampen. Well, when she was wearing panties. Right now it meant that her cream was dripping onto her inner thighs.

Taking the initiative, she grabbed hold of both Patrick's shoulders and pulled him closer so she could kiss his forehead. At the same time she slid her leg backward so she could entwine it with Connor's muscular limbs.

His leg felt stronger, harder, rougher than hers, and she reveled at the contrast, just as she loved the contrast between her paler hand against Patrick's tanned, muscular shoulders.

All these taut muscles were doing incredible things to her libido, which was almost off the charts already. The two men were plastered against her skin front and back. Patrick was definitely the sexiest kisser she'd ever met, although Connor was a sure second.

She trailed her hand across Patrick's back. Oh, he felt good, firm and delicious, with toned hills and valleys for her hands to navigate. Yum! Then she bent her arm backward to see what she could reach there. Ah, that sexy little dip above a man's hipbone. So nice to slide her fingers through.

Connor pressed his cock against her butt, sliding it between the cheeks. Hmm. Something else long and hard and delicious. *Oh yeah, that feels so good.*

She pushed back against him, welcoming his actions, encouraging him. At the same time she gripped Patrick's shoulder, digging her nails in, pulling him even tighter against her body.

"Time to move this up to the next level," said Patrick, unpeeling himself from her skin.

His cock was huge and red, a drop of pearly pre-cum already in the eye. It looked so good and she really wanted a taste. "Let me help you with that," Fi said, reaching toward his cock.

"Oh no. I'd go off like a geyser the minute you touched me. I want to play for a lot longer yet," Patrick replied.

Fi swiveled and looked at Connor. Oh yeah, his cock looked more than ready for action. "How about—"

"Nup. Same goes, love. This is where we get to play."

The two men flipped her flat on her back, opening her legs wide, then Patrick settled himself between her legs and laid the Purple Penis on her belly. Connor slid behind her, resting her head on his knee, holding her hands in his so she couldn't touch anything.

"Unfair," she complained.

Connor silenced her by covering her mouth with his. At first it was a gentle, sweet kiss, but it soon became much more carnal as his tongue delved into her mouth, teasing and tasting every inch, sliding across the roof, behind her teeth, along her cheeks, before

tangling with her tongue, then sucking it deep. By the time they broke apart, Fi was gasping for breath, her heart pounding as hard as if she'd run a race.

Patrick used the opportunity to draw the Purple Penis in a line up from her bellybutton to her breasts, then around each globe, sliding under them, over them, around the nipples and across her ribs.

Fi's breath hitched and her heart started to pound again.

Connor licked behind her ear, then gently bit her earlobe, as he raised her arms to hold both her wrists in one hand while his fingers from the other dropped to pull and tug on her nipples, rolling them, elongating them, tweaking them.

"So good. Better than good," she murmured.

Patrick was teasing around her pussy now, rolling the dildo across her clit, sliding it just the slightest bit inside her cunt, opening the labia and playing with them with his other hand.

The need to come was coiling deep in her belly, lighting a fire there that only these men could quench. She pressed her breasts up into Connor's hand, widened her legs even more and pushed her mons up into Patrick's touch.

He dropped the purple toy and used one hand to tease her pussy, his fingers in her channel, his thumb flicking over her clit, and the other hand to stroke around the rim of her anus.

Fi'd had anal sex once. It hadn't been earth-shattering but it hadn't been bad either. These two men were such considerate lovers she was more than willing to try it again. But right now she needed to *come*! Desperately she thrust up into their hands and for a moment everything stopped.

What?

Then she saw Patrick rolling on a condom and breathed again. In seconds he was sliding into her pussy and she welcomed him in, the needy tissues stretching to accommodate him, her hot walls bathing him in her juices.

He gripped her hips and pulled out, then slammed into her, filling her, stretching her, touching her in all the right places.

Connor finally let her wrists go, giving them a brisk rub in case the circulation had been restricted, and placed both his hands on her breasts, palming them, rubbing them. Teasing the nipples, pulling and tugging and pinching until her breasts were on fire with need.

Fi was frantic with wanting to come. Her hands moved from clasping Patrick's hips, to holding Connor's hands, to grabbing their hair. Her brain was fried and her body on fire. Her hips slammed up to meet every one of Patrick's thrusts and sweat was dripping from all three of them.

Fingers—she didn't even know whose—pinched her clit and she screamed as she came and came, cream pouring from her pussy, her muscles convulsing as she shook, the heat of Patrick's orgasm obvious even through the condom as he spasmed along with her, his final few strokes ragged and his mouth gasping for air.

Her body was still convulsing as he leaned forward and kissed her as he pulled out and rolled off her.

Before her sex-scrambled brain could feel his loss, Connor was deep inside her, thrusting hard, tilting her hips higher to take every inch of him.

Her pussy was still rippling from her first orgasm and the aftershocks strengthened instead of dying as Connor twisted his hips, scraping his cock along her walls, filling her, nudging her sweet spot with every stroke.

"Ohhhh," she wailed.

Patrick's mouth was over hers, his hands stroking her neck and breasts, his lips and tongue teasing her, tormenting her, as a new orgasm rose inside her, building up and up, higher and higher.

Connor slammed hard into her, his cock nudging her cervix, and once again Fi's body exploded into rolling spasms as wave after wave of her second orgasm broke.

Connor was holding her hips, pounding in, even as she felt his seed spurting into the condom deep inside her. Once more, twice more, a final stroke.

The three of them clung together for long moments, shaking and shivering, until finally Connor withdrew and the two men wrapped her between them, their arms around each other with her tucked tightly in the middle. First Connor, then Patrick kissed her, then they kissed each other, before all three kissed in a messy, sloppy but erotic three-way kiss.

“Oh wow. Just—wow!” Fi gasped.

“Wow indeed,” said Patrick.

“Absolutely. We need to do that again, soon,” added Patrick.

“Hell yes.”

Chapter Three

The next morning Fi found the housekeeping team had done their best with her clothes from her duffle bag and although her neat business suits would never look quite the same, she certainly wasn't ashamed to wear them. The leather of one pair of shoes was totally ruined, but the other pair had handled their impromptu swim well and still fitted her fine. Her underwear was clean and sweet-smelling and even her duffle looked undamaged.

As she thanked the housekeeper for all her work, she was presented with a package of toothbrush and paste, shampoos, soaps, shower gel and other toiletries to replace the ones she'd had to throw out.

Impulsively she hugged the woman. "Thank you so much. You've been so kind to me, a stranger."

"We all wanted to help. Wait until you see the breakfast the chef has prepared for you. I hope you have a good appetite."

Fi grinned. With all the exercise she'd gotten last night she was very hungry. "I am looking forward to it." She smiled in reply.

As well as the eggs, bacon and fried potatoes to be expected at a hotel breakfast, there were intricately crafted, individual quiches with a melt-in-the-mouth delicious flavor, and so beautiful to look at Fi almost wanted to take a photograph of hers before she ate it. And the most incredible fruit juice drink she'd ever tasted—pineapple, coconut, watermelon, orange and strawberries all blended into one exquisite, to-die-for drink.

When she tried to thank the chef, he brushed her words aside with, "My pleasure, my privilege."

The manager was hovering at the check-out desk, refusing to accept payment for any of their expenses. “No, no, no. She almost drowns. You two rescue her. Only a thief would try to charge you for any expenses you incurred. Merravalley is a quiet, friendly community. We were horror-struck that such a thing happened here. Questions will be asked of the City Planning Authority about that landslide too. How could such a thing have happened?”

Connor’s SUV had been refueled, the oil checked, the car washed and detailed, and once again payment was refused. The Windle and Partners car had been cleaned and dried, but was looking sad. “Well, you can drive her, miss, if you need to, but it’d be much better to give her engine a thorough service. She’s going, but I’d like to strip the engine right down before she’s taken away. And there’s a few panels need beating and some painting needing touching up too,” said the Merravalley mechanic.

Patrick said, “Did you prepare a quotation of costs like I suggested? We’ll leave the car here and drive Ms. Edwards back to town so she can give her boss the paperwork and your card. Then he can decide what he wants to do.”

“Likely depend on what the insurers say,” added Connor.

Fi was relieved. She knew all about getting back on the horse after you fell off, but she didn’t really ever want to get in that car again. And she was positive if she saw as much as a puddle on the road she’d freak out.

Fortunately the road was dry as they headed back toward town, but she was enjoying chatting with the men so much she didn’t really notice after the first few nervous miles.

It was truly weird. In some ways it felt as though she’d known these two men forever. They’d saved her from drowning, looked after her, had stupendous sex with some mind-blowing orgasms and shared some laughs, all in about twenty-four hours.

“It feels longer,” she muttered.

“Huh?”

“Do you realize we only met about twenty-four hours ago? It feels longer.”

"Of course it feels longer, love. You damn near died and that sure focuses the mind on living," said Connor.

"Yes, but we've done such intimate things and we scarcely know each other."

"Well, you have to start somewhere at getting to know a person," said Patrick sensibly.

"How long did it take to grow your hair?" asked Connor.

"Where did that question come from?"

"Well, you talked about getting to know each other and it's something I want to know about you," he replied.

Okay. That makes sense. I think. "When I was a baby I had curls and my mother grew up watching those old Shirley Temple movies and loved my curls. Her 'hair goddess' told my mom that as long as my hair was kept short and cut a particular way my curls would stay."

"So why do you keep it braided and hide the curls? And when did you stop listening to the beautician and start growing it?"

"I'm getting there. By the time I was eight or nine it wasn't curly, just wavy and I hated sitting in the chair at the beauty parlor while my mom and the woman raved on and on about my hair. Plus even Mom had to admit there was no real curl left, just what the hair goddess could fake up. So she finally let me grow it. I've had it long enough to sit on, and as short as to my shoulders, but never higher than my shoulders and mostly this length."

"Long enough to sit on. Oh, would you grow it that long again? I think I'd like that."

"It'd take a couple of years, maybe three, and washing and drying it in winter is a nuisance when it's that long."

The conversation rambled on for some miles as they discussed the pros and cons associated with long and short hair, but it wasn't until Patrick suggested using a blowtorch to dry her hair that Fi gave up trying to be sensible and broke into laughter.

"Oh, what a suggestion. I can just see everyone at the office looking at me as I take out my blowtorch after being caught in the rain! Trina would go right off the planet."

"Trina?" asked Patrick.

"Torquil Windle's feral personal assistant. You've heard the saying, 'the female of the species is more deadly than the male'? That's Trina."

The men chattered about other people they'd known who were hell on wheels and the miles flew past. Fi spent a lot more time looking at the two hunky men beside her than at the countryside. Connor's eyes had changed color again. They were now quite blue, whereas back at the hotel during breakfast they were silver, and last night in bed they'd been dark gray. It was so sexy the way they did that.

Patrick had shaved before breakfast and already she could see the faintest sign of stubble on his cheeks. His hair was so very dark that even with his tanned skin the hair color showed through. It seemed to grow very quickly too. She bet he shaved twice a day at work.

With the same sudden conversational change as when Connor had asked about her hair, she said to Patrick, "Why don't you grow a beard? You have strong cheekbones and your beard seems to grow very fast. I think it'd be a good look on you."

"Very piratical," snorted Connor.

Patrick gave him a quelling look. "I had one years ago when I was at college, but shaved it off when I got a job."

"You two are business partners, aren't you? What do you think, Connor? Being serious."

Connor grinned. "I like the idea. Besides, even if I hate it, there'll be no big dramas about shaving it off again. It's not like it'll take three years to grow, like your hair."

"Since we'll be out of the office most of this week, it's actually a really good time to grow a beard," added Patrick.

"Out of the office? I thought we were going there to see Ms. Johanssen." Suddenly panic hit Fi. Here she was in a car with two men she really didn't know and a dead cell phone. They could be rapists or pirates or — *Get a grip, woman. Rapists don't give you the best sex of your life! With a beard Patrick would make one hell of a sexy pirate but I don't think they qualify on looks alone. Aren't they supposed to rape and pillage? And I just ruled out rape. Besides, they can pillage me any time.*

"Yeah, we'll do that first, love, leave your laptop with Jo-Jo. Then we'll take you to your office to drop off all the paperwork, then to your house and our house to pack a bag and take a short vacation if —"

"What Connor means," interrupted Patrick smoothly, "is we'd like you to spend your vacation with us this week. We're on a bit of vacation-cum-business trip. We'll collect a few more papers from our office when we leave your laptop, then we were planning to head north, maybe up around Targo. Do you like to go hiking? There are some excellent trails up there, three-hour walks, nice gentle hill-climbs."

He looked down at her shoes. Business-like, navy blue to match her suit, but still with four-inch heels. Just to tease him, she replied, "Yeah my hiking boots have six-inch heels. They're red leather."

Connor looked away from the road and stared into her eyes until she gestured to the road.

"Red leather sounds fine. Six-inch heels. Really? How do you walk in them, love?"

"One step at a time," she replied airily, although she had almost broken her ankle the first time she'd danced in six-inch heels. And her hiking boots, which were red leather, had a normal boot heel not a high heel.

"So you'll come with us? For five or six days?" asked Patrick getting them back onto the topic.

“Yes, thank you. I’d like that. But I need to get a new cell phone first. There must be a hundred messages waiting for me, some of which I’ll really need to answer. And I should talk to my brother. And—oh shit, the emails. I’ll have to stop home long enough to check my emails and answer the urgent ones.” She sighed and her body sagged with tiredness.

“That’ll take me hours. Likely we won’t be able to leave until tomorrow. Will that upset your plans?” Fi tensed. She really wanted this unexpected mini-vacation with them. But would her to-do list put them off and make them decide it was all too hard?

Connor and Patrick exchanged glances and nods. Now she saw it happening right beside her she realized they did that a lot. They really were in tune with each other, seemed to communicate without words.

“No, that’ll work fine. We’ll do some work tonight as well, then we can stay away from the office for a week and make the most of the time you have on leave. It’ll be good for all of us like that,” replied Patrick.

“It must be nice to be the head of the company and have the freedom to make such decisions,” sighed Fi.

“Where have you hiked?” asked Connor changing the subject, and they all talked about various walks they’d done until they arrived back in the city.

* * * * *

Jo-Jo looked about sixteen, had long, blonde hair in a messy ponytail, piercings in both ears, her eyebrow, lip and nose, and rings on every finger. Those fingers flew across her keyboard so fast Fi almost felt dizzy.

She popped her bubble gum, nodded, said “Couple days,” and that was the end of the conversation.

Trina, on the other hand, looked at Fi with loathing and said, “Have you any idea how expensive it’ll be to get that car fixed? You should be paying the insurance excess and the premiums for it.”

Patrick and Connor moved up on either side of Fi protectively. In a deceptively quiet and reasonable voice Patrick said, "Of course Phoebe could do that. She'd make all the payments out of the amount she'd receive for the damages to her physical and mental health and loss of personal possessions caused by almost drowning in the course of her employment. A near-drowning that would not have occurred had she been driving a more appropriate vehicle for the conditions. One higher off the ground and with sufficient horsepower to let her escape in a timely manner."

For a moment Trina looked like she'd swallowed a wasp, then she said, "We only have her word for it that she was in any danger at all."

This time it was Connor who spoke, "Apart from the two men who pulled her out of the river, the mechanic who found and rescued the car, and the occupants of an SUV and a minivan that were both able to escape the waters. The entire community of Merravalley knows all the details. Ask anyone there."

His slate-gray gaze was fixed on Trina's face. Fi saw no reason to mention that he and Patrick were the two men who'd pulled her out and that the other cars had gone through ahead of her before the wall of water hit.

Just then Torquil Windle came out of his office. His appearance was so timely Fi wondered if he'd been listening to the conversation on an intercom or something. "Ah Phoebe, good to see you. How are you managing? Is there anything you need? Here at Windle and Partners, our employees' good health is our primary concern."

"Actually," said Connor, "both her laptop and her cell phone were ruined in the flood as well as the clothes she was wearing and carrying for the meeting."

Torquil looked at Fi's suit. "It looks okay to me but I know what women are like about clothes. Trina, phone Instatech and tell them Phoebe will be around today for a replacement laptop and cell phone, the same as her existing ones. Then write her a check for five hundred dollars to replace the suit. Phoebe, I'll expect you back in the office eight a.m. today week." Torquil nodded to the men then retreated into his office shutting the door behind him.

Trina's lips were pulled into a tight line and her nose was pinched, a frown furrowing her brow. Nonetheless she made the call, wrote the check, handed it to Fi, then sat down behind her desk.

"Thank you, Trina," said Fi as politely as she could manage without laughing, and then she headed to the door. Patrick opened it for her and they all left the building. Only then did Fi assimilate the fact that she hadn't introduced Patrick or Connor, and neither Trina nor Torquil had asked for their names.

"First stop the bank, to cash that check before she cancels it," said Patrick.

"Hell yes. Then to Instatech before she can do too much damage there as well," added Connor.

"Sounds like a plan," said Fi, sliding into the SUV and giving them directions to her bank.

* * * * *

The kid at Instatech, who reminded her a lot of Jo-Jo, insisted on upgrading the laptop he gave her, saying, "The one you got was standard a year ago, but that's the dark ages now. This little baby is standard now."

He took one look at her cell phone and shook his head pityingly. "How old is that thing? We don't even sell those anymore." So she came away with not only a new laptop but also a smartphone.

"Trina's gonna have a fit," she giggled.

"Too bad. But I don't think you'll get a new car out of it though."

"No, but I'll demand to hire an SUV for the trip back out to Merravalley even though I know it's not going to happen again."

"Good plan," said Patrick, rubbing her shoulders, which she hadn't realized until then were tense and knotted.

Patrick and Connor left her at her house, saying they'd be back to collect her at eight the next morning. She was faintly sad they didn't ask to come in for sex, but also

wanted to get her things sorted and attack her phone messages and emails. *I've got five or six days for sex, she thought. Must pack sexy lingerie.*

* * * * *

A lot of her emails she couldn't answer without her files. She thought she knew what to reply and could check some things from her old emails, but decided it was really better to wait to reply until she got her files back. If she got her files back. She would be in serious trouble if Jo-Jo couldn't resurrect her hard drive. Fi had some files backed up on thumb drives but finding what she wanted from them would be a nightmare. *Although if I loaded all the flash drives onto my new laptop then did some kind of sort... Oh I really, really hope Jo-Jo can save it for me instead.*

So in the end she sent out an email to all her clients saying her laptop had been damaged and a tech was retrieving the data and she'd get back to them in a week or so.

Which left her free to worry about what to pack for her mini-vacation instead. Sexy lingerie of course, hiking boots and jeans...

Fi dropped into bed at ten that night and was surprised that she fell deeply asleep and did not wake until six the next morning. After a shower and breakfast she meticulously checked her luggage. "I will not embarrass myself this time," she mumbled, ensuring the Purple Penis was back in her drawer, not in her purse. Not the navy purse that had been in the river and was now in the trash, but a bottle green one she'd only recently bought, and liked much better than the navy.

* * * * *

For the first hour of the drive north they talked about their plans for the next few days. When the conversation flagged Fi asked something she'd meant to ask the day before, then forgotten.

"I know you're both business partners and that the company is called Wilkie and Bourne. I also know you need to fit a little business in this trip as well. But what do you do? What kind of company is it?"

"We import and sell sporting goods, mainly to schools. And no, before you ask, our soccer balls are not made by six-year-old slave laborers in some third world country. Our equipment is a little more expensive than some from those countries, but we have pretty good economies of scale because we buy so many of them. So schools are happy that they're doing the ethical thing and it's not costing them a lot more than if they purchased from a traditional store."

"That sounds really good, Patrick. What an excellent idea."

"We actually thought of the concept when we were in college, but Connor was still thinking he might join his father's business, and I wanted to go to law school. We moved into an apartment together and completed our studies, then it all just came together and we set up the business."

Fi was about to ask about Connor's father when they saw the turn off to the hiking trail, and they started talking about the hike instead.

It was an excellent first hike for them to do together. A full three hours at a reasonable pace, but not very demanding, so they were able to talk as they walked, enjoy the scenery and learn to match their strides and walking styles.

Fi was particularly pleased that although they were both quite tall, Patrick an even six foot and Connor two inches taller than him, the men did not stride ahead at a rate uncomfortable to her. She was fit and enjoyed walking, but the simple fact was that at five-seven her legs were a lot shorter than theirs so her stride was shorter too. Yet somehow their steps matched and she had no trouble keeping up with them. They seemed to unconsciously agree on a pace and all enjoyed it.

I'm really going to love this vacation, she decided on the way back to the parking lot.

* * * * *

They drove on their hotel, showered, then ate. Back in the room there was sudden silence before lust exploded. This was what Fi had been waiting for all day, and what she wanted, what she planned to ask for, was both of them inside her together. Double

penetration. She'd heard it was the most extreme orgasm possible and that was something she wanted to find out for herself. She just wasn't quite sure how to ask for it. Maybe they didn't do that? Didn't like fucking a woman together? Didn't do anal? Although Patrick had certainly played with her ass. But...

And it was hard to believe they'd only known each other a few days. Was that because she'd almost drowned? Was it the whole near-death experience pushing her into extreme sex just to demonstrate to herself she was alive? Or was it that they were meant to be together? It sure felt as though she'd known them for months, not days. Or was she the only one who felt like this?

Ah what the hell. I've got nothing to lose. I may as well ask. If you don't ask, you don't get.

There was a breathless hush as all three of them stared at each other with hungry eyes. Fi could almost smell the testosterone in the air. It surrounded them almost like a blanket.

Patrick and Connor wrapped her between them as they had once before, their arms around each other and her pressed tightly against both their bodies, Connor in front of her and Patrick behind. Two hard cocks, one against her belly, the other sliding between her ass cheeks.

"Have you ever thought about having us both at once, love?" asked Connor.

Fi nodded.

"At the same time. One in your pussy, the other in your ass," clarified Patrick.

"It's what I want. I was going to ask you to do it tonight."

"You were?"

Fi nodded, then wiggled her hips making the men's cocks slide across her body.

"Well then, it's time to get naked," said Patrick, swinging her up into his arms and turning to the bed.

"Supplies," said Connor urgently, turning to his luggage and throwing handfuls of clothing onto the floor in his search.

Patrick laid her gently in the middle of the big bed and Fi reached up to pull at his shirt. She wanted to run her hands over that hard-muscled chest, lick and suck his flat little nipples. But his sexy, scruffy, beginning beard was distracting her. She couldn't help but touch the bristles, stroking them this way and that, watch them lay flat then pop up again. "It looks like it should be all rough like bristles, but actually it's quite a lot softer than that, almost like head hair," she said as she smoothed and stroked his facial hair.

"The longer it grows, the softer it will get."

"Really?"

"Yes. The ends have to be tough to push up through the skin, but they soften as the hair grows."

"Wow, I never knew that. Fascinating trivia." But his body was much too enticing for conversation. She'd rather be licking and sucking his skin, savoring the slight saltiness of his flavor. Restlessly she trailed her hands this way and that, before swiping her tongue along his flesh and tasting him. *Very nice*. Eagerly she sucked a nipple into her mouth and played with the hard little nub. *Oh yes. Delicious*.

Hands were removing her shoes and socks, unzipping her jeans, pulling them down over her hips, off her legs. Hands were unbuttoning her shirt, taking it off, dragging the sleeves down her arms until she had to let go of Patrick to shake them free. Her bra was next to go.

She felt a naked cock rub across her thigh and realized Connor must have gotten undressed before he joined them on the bed, then her panties disappeared and cool gel was being squirted into her ass and a hot finger was stroking, massaging, teasing all around the entry and just inside. More gel and the finger rubbing it into her hot walls, softening and stretching her tissues.

Again more gel and now two fingers were in there, stroking, prodding teasing. *Shit, that's hot!*

Now she was being lifted, rearranged, her legs spread wider, as Patrick stood up. Regretfully she lifted her mouth off his chest, and looked around, wanting to see Connor naked and Patrick undressing, yet not wanting to lose the skin-on-skin contact she'd been enjoying so much.

But Connor did look very yummy, sitting cross-legged on the bed, his cock standing up as straight as a soldier between his legs, and his hands hidden from view by her ass. But she could feel his fingers working away inside her and they felt mighty fine. Teasing all her nerve endings and pressing deep inside her dark channel. Two, no three fingers inside her now.

Then Patrick returned, naked, sliding in behind her, leaning against her spine, rubbing his bristly face against her back and shoulder, his hands reaching around to cup her breasts, his fingers tweaking her nipples. *Oh yes. So hot.*

Connor's fingers were doing wicked things in her ass. The tissues there were stretched and soft now, but there were so many nerve endings that everywhere he touched aroused her more, cranking the sexual tension inside her higher and higher.

Patrick still had one hand playing with her breasts, first one then the other. His other was in among her pussy curls, not touching her clit, though it was engorged and poking out of its protective hood.

She wanted to thrust her hips up into his hand, wanted him to touch her clit, but if she did that she might lose that delicious contact with Connor's hand. Her brain was frying with the need to do something, to do more, to come.

Her own hands were resting on Connor's wonderful strong thighs, the muscles so defined, every one outlined by his cross-legged position. She could develop quite a taste for thighs like Patrick's and Connor's. They were so incredibly – male.

But right now, all she could think about was the need to come. She tugged on Connor's thigh and on Patrick's hand on her breast. "Please, guys. I need to come. Let's get this party moving."

"I was just thinking the same thing. I've got the hard-on from hell here," agreed Patrick.

Connor handed Patrick a condom and rolled one on himself. In moments Fi was being pulled on top of Patrick, who was flat on his back. With a sigh of fulfillment she sank down on his cock, loving the way it stretched and filled her aching, hot, needy cunt.

"Mmm, that's better," she said, wiggling happily.

"Feels mighty fine from here too," agreed Patrick, holding her hips to stop her moving too much.

Connor placed his hand firmly on Fi's lower back, forcing her chest down and her butt up. Then he spread her cheeks and murmured, "Push out," as he placed his cock at the ring of muscles.

The men had done such a good job of preparing her, that even though it was a very long time since her last experience of anal sex, his fat cock popped through the rim with no trouble, sliding smoothly into her hot, dark channel.

She was so full, so stretched, so—possessed. Oh yeah, that was the word. With Patrick inside her pussy, she was full and content. But adding Connor into her ass had stretched all her walls until every inch of her was possessed by hard male cock and it felt beyond awesome, beyond wonderful.

Four hands on her hips held her in place and Patrick and Connor shifted slightly until they were ready, then together they pulled out until just the heads of their cocks remained inside her.

For a moment Fi felt lost, alone, empty, then they started to slide back in, filling her again. Stroke by stroke, in perfect union, they withdrew, then returned, very gradually moving a little faster, thrusting a little harder, pushing a little deeper.

Sweat was rolling off the men and sheening her own skin, making their coming together slippery, the sound somehow erotic, accompanied only by harsh breathing and the men's occasional grunts.

Frantically her hands grabbed at their arms, their shoulders, Patrick's head, but her movements were ragged with need, her brain dead, her body tense with the demand to come, her nerve endings on fire with lust. Finally she put her hands over theirs on her hips, loving that little extra connection of all three of them, although well aware they could feel each other inside her, as their cocks were separated only by a thin wall of tissue. But somehow entwining her fingers with theirs was calming.

The moment of calm was all her body needed. The orgasm coiled like a spring in her belly unleashed, exploding from her core up her spine, out her arms and legs and through her breasts to her head. The power of it made her throw back her head onto Connor's shoulder and scream.

As if her orgasm had freed them, Patrick and Connor powered inside her, their cocks being clenched by her spasming muscles, their hands gripping her firmly to try to maintain control. But after just a few strokes, they both groaned and came, spurting jet after jet of hot seed into their condoms, as her inner muscles still rippled around their cocks, milking them of every last drop.

At last the aftershocks stopped and Fi wiggled in their grasp. "Lives up to its advertising," she gasped, her voice hoarse from the screaming.

"Huh?"

"What?"

"Double penetration. Best orgasm ever."

"Good to know. Does this mean we can do it again sometime, love?" asked Connor, laughter in his voice.

"Absolutely. I'm free tomorrow night. How about both of you?" she joked back.

"It's a date. We'll run the Jolly Roger up the flagpole and plunder that delicious treasure chest of yours all over again," Patrick replied.

"But right now we really need a shower."

"I don't think I can stand."

"I live but to serve you, wench," said Patrick, throwing her over his shoulder.

Fi screeched, then grabbed hold of his thigh as he marched to the bathroom, with her upside down. Connor followed, laughing.

Chapter Four

The last three days had been some of the best in his life, Connor decided as he walked back to the SUV with Fi and Patrick. They'd hiked nature trails, climbed rocks, sat on top of hills, all the time laughing, playing and talking. It seemed as though Fi had been a part of him and Patrick for years instead of days. They really needed to ensure she stayed with them after this little trip ended. He couldn't imagine their lives without her. She'd wiggled her way right under his skin and he knew Patrick felt the same. He'd seen Patrick's lust-filled eyes resting on her time and time again, and the fucking had been spectacular.

Damn! Just thinking about it made him harder than a rock. They'd fucked lying on the grass and leaning against trees and over rocks. They'd fucked in the shower in hotel rooms and on the luggage rack too. That one had been Patrick's idea and he hadn't been sure it was even possible, but hell yes it was!

They'd even managed to check out one of the storage depots where Dixon had stashed crates of equipment he'd stolen from Connor's dad, sold, then stolen again. Connor and Patrick were sure they could get it back easily. The security there was so minimal as to be virtually non-existent. All they'd need was a truck and pair of bolt cutters and they'd be good to go.

Tonight he wanted to sneak out to check another scanner reading he had for his dad's stolen goods. They'd walked and driven around the area and there was no easy way to get close enough to find out exactly where it was stored except by exploring on foot in an area they couldn't explain away as a walk to Fi.

As it was, he worried they'd given away too much to her. The three of them fit together so well, were so relaxed together, he and Patrick found themselves cracking a few too many pirate jokes, making a few too many sideways references to their pirate

activities. That time they'd been dancing on the plank bridge over a tiny river and pretending to drink rum and find doubloons had been a dead giveaway. But they been laughing so hard he'd forgotten to be circumspect. He hated keeping this part of their life from her, but it wasn't fair to lay such a burden on her shoulders. Hell, she was a feisty, tough little thing. She'd faced up to almost dying with amazing calm and good sense. But what they were doing was highly illegal even if the law was an ass, as the old saying went.

An ass. Oh God. Her ass was mighty fine. Rounded, lush. He loved to grip hold of it. And the time he'd been inside had been so very hot. God, he'd almost come the moment he'd entered her, it'd been so good.

Damn! His cock was about to burst his zipper. He needed to get his mind off her ass. Or Patrick's ass. His was very different. Not so round, a lot more muscular. Trim, taut and terrific. Being inside there was damn fine too.

Connor realized he was walking funny to ease the pressure on his dick and consciously returned his thoughts to reclaiming his dad's stolen property. *Yeah, I'll go check it out tonight. I need to tell Patrick in case Fi wakes up. Hopefully she won't. If we fuck her brains out first...* Connor's cock was still hard and he was still walking stiff-legged when they arrived back at the car.

"Need some help with that? It looks painful." Fi's hand was on his aching cock as she slid onto the seat beside him.

"Yes. No. Um—"

"Here, let me." Connor could feel his eyes bugging out as she pulled his zipper down slowly and carefully, finally releasing his aching cock and lifting it out from his skull and crossbones boxers. Another pirate joke. Damn, he should have left them at home and brought his briefs instead.

"How about you, Patrick? Since you don't wear underwear, I'd hate anything important to be damaged by the zipper."

"I'd rather suck you." Patrick slid onto the seat beside Connor and the men lifted Fi across their laps so her head was at Connor's waist and her pussy was close to Patrick's mouth.

It meant twisting her body at the hips and slinging one of her legs over Patrick's shoulder. Connor hoped she wasn't too uncomfortable in that position, but her mouth was already on his aching dick and his brains had headed south with his blood supply, so thinking was too hard right now.

Damn she was good. Her mouth was so hot and wet and she sucked just exactly how he needed it, not too hard but firmly enough to keep his dick growing and ready.

When she ran her tongue under the ridge, between the cap and the stalk, he couldn't help but groan. "So good."

"Mmm," she agreed, her mouth bobbing and sucking, her tongue flicking into the eye of his cock, teasing more pre-cum from it.

Connor's brain was mush and his eyes were crossing. His fingers were running through her hair, playing with the strands and pulling them free of the clip she was wearing. He loved her hair, it was so sexy. Soft and silky but somehow erotic. Touching it always made him hot.

Taking a deep breath, he looked at Patrick. Patrick's mouth was buried in Fi's cunt, his hands holding her thighs apart. *Now that's sexy.* Patrick looked so good in a beard. Very piratical but also darkly handsome. His skin was so tanned and his coloring so dark he really made an awesome pirate. His brain was pretty sharp and clever at pirate things too, likely from being an attorney. Er, former attorney.

"Aghhh". She'd swallowed him. He was going to come. "Oh yeah. Can't wait."

As he spoke his seed exploded from his cock, his spine tingling and his hips pumping as he jetted into her mouth, over and over again.

She swallowed him down, then licked along his length. He was still half hard. If she kept that up, the game would be on again.

Connor looked over at Patrick. As soon as Fi released Connor's cock from her mouth, Patrick's tongue licked energetically and his hands were both busy. In seconds Fi was shaking and screaming.

Connor quickly grabbed her head and covered her mouth with his, absorbing her yells and his own seed on her tongue. Damn, that was hot too! Normally he loved the fact that she was a screamer, but it was dangerous enough having sex in a public parking lot, without her screaming to make people look at them as well.

When she stopped shaking, he let her go and looked around. Thank God no one was watching them. He swung his body sideways, unzipped Patrick and pulled his cock out. Oh yeah, Patrick was ready to blow too.

Fi slid off their legs and crouched on the floor between them. She wrapped her lips over Patrick's cock and sucked him down. Then she sat back and grinned at them both.

Connor bent right over, held Patrick's dick in his hand, and licked down the side, pressing his tongue into the vein. Then he swiped his tongue into the eye and licked up a pearly drop of pre-cum. God, Patrick tasted delicious, salty and tart with a hint of earthiness.

"My turn," said Fi, grasping Patrick's cock and sucking it deep into her mouth.

Connor watched them both and could not believe how turned-on he was. Absolutely nothing on Earth was hotter than the two of them taking turns to suck Patrick. His cock was already awake and standing up. If they kept this up they'd still be sucking each other off at midnight.

When Fi came up for air, he rolled Patrick's balls in one hand while he sucked his partner as deep as he could, then bit gently around the cock head.

"You get his balls," he gasped to Fi, then sucked the cock deep again.

It was very cramped with his head, two pairs of hands and Fi's head as well all focused on Patrick's groin, but Patrick did his best to help by thrusting his hips up frantically, which let Connor slide a hand under Patrick's ass to tease from below.

Once again Connor nipped along the stalk before sucking the head in hard and deep.

“Yes,” groaned Patrick as he came.

He sucked in all of Patrick’s seed, then licked him clean before kissing both Fi and Patrick, sharing their flavors all around.

Patrick and Connor zipped up where they were sitting but it was harder for Fi, whose jeans had gotten very tangled in all her wriggling as she’d kicked one foot out of them somehow. She was just back sitting on the seat tidying her hair as a carload of teenagers pulled into the parking lot.

“Thank God they didn’t arrive five minutes earlier. That little interlude definitely wasn’t PG,” said Fi.

“Agreed,” said Patrick.

“Let’s go grab a meal and plan what we’ll do tomorrow,” suggested Connor.

* * * * *

Fi was incredibly happy with the men. Their relationship was well past the one-night stand stage, and even past the sex romp stage, but she wasn’t sure whether or not it was something that would last. At times it almost seemed if they were saying and doing one thing in front of her, but there was a subtext she was missing. They were so open and friendly and loving with her, but sometimes there were undercurrents she could feel, but not pinpoint.

Maybe I’m imagining it. After all, they’ve been together for a long time. Of course they’d have more of a connection with each other than with me.

But she still felt something about the whole situation was not quite right. And that funny song from an old show was running through her head, “For I am a pirate king”. She found herself humming it at odd moments, likely because they both made pirate jokes. But there was an itch just beneath her skin. Loose ends she wanted neatly tied up and clarified.

As they were waiting for their meals to be served, she turned to Patrick. "When I first saw you standing on the edge of the water, swinging that rope, I thought you were a cowboy. Have you ever been a cowboy? Where did the rope come from?"

"I learned to ride horses and lasso things as a kid, as so many young boys do. As soon as I saw the water take your car I raced back to the SUV to get the rope. It was just sitting in the trunk with a box of odds and ends. Just plain dumb luck we were close enough to help."

She nodded and turned to Connor. "What's the story with your father? Why did you decide to start your own business instead of working with him? And why did his business fail? The global economic crisis?"

"You do go straight for the jugular, love. I always knew my dad loved me, but he was very controlling. In his work he insisted on reading and signing off on every letter, every decision. His departmental managers never had any real power. Oh sure, they managed the day-to-day tasks, but my dad was the only person who ever made a decision about anything to do with his business. It was his company and he held all the control. I guess ultimately I didn't think he'd trust me with any real power either. I figured I'd always be just another lower-ranked manager. Patrick and I had ideas for a business that would fill a market niche and the skills we needed to establish it, so it was a much better road to take."

"Patrick, why did you quit law?"

The men flashed each other a glance. Once again Fi knew she was missing something here. It was as if they were talking to each other without words.

"I needed the knowledge that came from studying the law, but I don't need to be able to practice it. It's so much easier to sit in an office wearing jeans, and shuffle paper, than to stand around a courtroom in a suit, bowing and scraping and saying, 'Yes your Honor' all the time," he said.

"That's not the answer though, is it?" Fi replied, but her comment was lost as their meals were served, and forgotten with the discussion of the food and their plans for tomorrow.

* * * * *

Fi woke after a particularly satisfying session of sex, with Connor pounding into Patrick's ass, and Patrick jackhammering into her cunt. She was stunned and thrilled to learn she could feel every thrust of both men, and the orgasm was incredibly intense. But perhaps the pleasure was also related to their emotional attachment. More and more she was coming to feel a part of these men, reveling in the times they talked and shared and laughed and played, as well as in the sex. *Hmm I must think about that.*

The room was dark and the men were standing by the door speaking very quietly. By inching her ear off the pillow and concentrating hard Fi could just hear the conversation.

"I'll be a couple of hours. I'll have to leave the car a few blocks away and walk into the neighborhood. The scanner will lead me to the correct building and I should be able to see how easy it'll be to break in. The moon is quite full and I can use the large flashlight in the car if I need more light."

"Remember to look for security cameras and security light beams. I won't be there to watch your back and it'll be a disaster if you're caught."

"Yeah, but I'm a faster runner than you so I'll get away. Besides I'm not going to break in tonight even if it looks like a cakewalk. This trip is strictly reconnaissance."

Silently Fi sat up in the bed and stared at the men. Connor was dressed in skin-tight navy-blue jeans and a figure-hugging navy t-shirt. He had black sports shoes on his feet.

For a moment she went weak-kneed at how yummy he looked. Cream trickled onto her inner thighs and a drop of drool gathered in the corner of her mouth. Then her brain kicked in and she wiped her mouth before saying, "You're a fucking cat burglar!"

Both men startled, Patrick smothering a yell, and Connor jumping around to look at her.

“Oh damn. Why did you have to wake up, love?”

Fi scrambled out of the bed and snatched the lamp off the nightstand. “Don’t you come near me!” Her heart was pounding as she watched them. Realistically if they wanted to kill her she had no hope of defending herself against two of them. Especially since she was naked. Why oh why hadn’t she listened to her mama when she’d said, “Never kiss on the first date.” She’d done a whole lot more than kissing, and if you got technical about it, they’d never actually even been on a date.

“We’d never, ever hurt you. We love you!” Patrick certainly sounded sincere.

They both came back to the bed and sat on it.

“And I’m definitely no cat burglar.”

“Well, robber then. Or pirate. That’s why you two are always making pirate jokes isn’t it? And that’s why you aren’t an attorney anymore, Patrick. Were you disbarred or whatever it’s called?”

“Hell no. But it’s why I quit.”

“If you want to be legalistic, love, then yes, we’re pirates. But I prefer to consider us as modern-day Robin Hoods. Sit back down and let me explain.”

Fi set the lamp back on the nightstand and perched on the bed. She wanted to believe them but her mind was urging her to be wary. Sarcastically she said, “This’ll be good. A fairy story no doubt.” But inside, her heart was begging for it to be true, for them to truly care for her. They certainly seemed to want her to be happy, and Connor always called her “love”. But likely he called all their casual sex partners that.

Fi got a grip on her emotions and said, “Well?”

Connor began, “I’ve told you about how my father ran his company as the sole decision-maker, and how he developed dementia and managed to hide it from everyone for a long time.”

Fi nodded.

“Although it was his fault he didn’t delegate, train people as successors, or sell the company when he knew his mind was failing, what has been done to him is a wrong we’re trying to right. Dad’s Chief Financial Officer, Larry Dixon, noticed he was losing his grip, forgetting things, and gradually began stealing the stock. He stole a crate here and there, and stockpiled so months later he could sell it himself. Sometimes after he sold it, he’d get criminals to steal it back so he could resell it again and again at a very good second-hand price.”

“How could he do that?”

“He provided microchipped container crates. This is big stuff, and the easiest way to ship it anywhere is in the crates he gave the criminals to use and used himself to transport his stolen property. It’s a never-ending source of income.”

Patrick took up the story. “Except that Dixon got greedier and instead of stealing the occasional crate he started stealing the bulk of the stock, which is how we worked out what had happened.”

“So why not just tell the police?”

“Oh we have. But following the paper trail will take years. Finance is Dixon’s forte. He’s hidden everything in complicated ways. Also, he’ll fight it every step of the way in court, which will take more years. We’ll win the case in the end but by then the equipment will likely be worthless and the court expenses will be enormous.”

“So we’re re-acquiring as much of it as we can, removing the microchips, selling the equipment and using the money to pay off Dad’s debts and help pay his nursing home fees. They’re huge too. Although hopefully once the company offices and warehouse are sold, that’ll be enough to keep Dad as long as he needs care.”

“Prove it to me.”

“What?”

"Show me. Take me with you on your raid tonight and show me this is truly your father's property."

"But we can't."

"Why not? If you're telling the truth why can't I see for myself?"

"But we weren't going to enter the warehouse tonight." Patrick was trying to help Connor out with answering her questions but she wasn't taking no from him either.

"So what. Get the truck and we'll steal it back tonight. Then you show me it's your father's."

"Love, I don't even know which building the crates are in. I won't know until I walk closer with the scanner. Then we need to check for security we have to bypass, and see how many crates there are. We've hired a truck but it'll only fit three or four crates. If there's more we need to hire a second truck before we can move them."

"Doesn't the scanner show you how many blips there are? There's a thought. Let me see this scanner."

Patrick and Connor exchanged raised eyebrows and Connor muttered, "Bossy much" as he pulled a thing rather like a largish TV remote control from his pocket.

"See, you can set it here," he pressed a button, "and this is a one-hundred-mile radius."

Fi looked curiously and there were three scattered blue blips.

"Now here's fifty miles."

The blips were clearer and more defined, but there were only two. The one at the bottom of the screen had dropped off, likely because it was more than fifty miles away.

"Five miles."

There was only one blip now and it was a deeper blue, but it pulsed in several places. *Ahh, that indicated more than one crate.* Fi screwed up her eyes and counted. I reckon there's three crates," she said.

"Yeah that's what we thought, but it's hard to tell and we've been wrong before," agreed Patrick.

"Okay give me ten minutes to shower and get dressed then I'll be ready to go. I guess no four-inch heels tonight, huh?"

Patrick gripped her shoulders and looked into her eyes. "Sweetheart, this is not just a joke. It might be dangerous."

"I understand that. But you aren't planning to shoot people or anything, are you? You're planning to sneak in and sneak out again, right?"

"God yes. We're into waiting for the correct time, then stealing stuff, not blasting away and getting caught. The microchips will show us where everything is. If we can't steal it now, we'll move on and do one of the other sites instead!"

She ran her hand through Patrick's beard. It was so sexy! Then dragged her mind back to the task at hand. "Right. So as long as I'm quiet and careful it's all good. Back in ten." She headed into the bathroom, snagging her underwear from a chair as she went.

She half wondered if Connor would go without her, but showered and dressed quickly, careful not to use anything highly scented. "This is one time when it doesn't pay to advertise," she giggled to herself, humming "For I am a pirate king" as she brushed and braided her hair. Connor liked it loose so he could run his fingers through it, but tonight wasn't the right time for that, either.

With a quick glance at the men—Patrick was now wearing tight black jeans, sports shoes and a long-sleeved black top—she dressed quickly in form-fitting dark jeans, a long-sleeved navy top, black socks and her running shoes.

"I still don't think this is a good idea," grouched Patrick, slapping her ass lightly as they left the room.

Fi was very tense as they drove to the neighborhood where the crates were stored. She recognized it as one of the places they'd traveled through a few times on their way to and from hiking a nature trail. So the men had been planning this all along. Interesting to know.

They'd talked a bit about Connor's father and his health issues, and about Wilkie and Bourne over the past days, just as she'd talked about her job at Windle and Partners. So she knew—or at least was reasonably certain—that they did run a legitimate business as well as this little sideline in piracy. And she was definitely with them on the fact that Mr. Dixon would be able to tie everything up in the courts until Connor's father was long dead. Besides, the whole Robin Hood thing entranced her. *Although I never pictured myself as Maid Marian and this sure as hell ain't Sherwood Forest. But maybe Lady Killigrew? Wasn't she the pirate who got a ship's captain drunk, ransacked his ship, then bribed the jury to be declared innocent?*

And when did they hire this truck?

"When did you get this truck? We've been together all the time these past three or four days."

"Ordered it online and paid by credit card. It only took five minutes to go in and sign for it and collect the keys when Patrick drove me over to pick it up while you were in the shower yesterday."

"Sneaky little bastards aren't you." But she knew they could tell by her tone of voice she wasn't really annoyed.

They parked the hired truck several blocks away from the blip on the scanner. They'd decided Connor would go ahead and check the exact location and watch for any security guards and they'd follow five minutes later. Five minutes seemed a very long time to sit and wait. Neither she nor Patrick felt like talking.

Finally the time was up and they climbed out of the truck, Patrick beeping it locked. Holding hands, they walked through the streets to where Connor had estimated the building would be. When Patrick stopped suddenly, she stared at him, but he pulled his phone out of his pocket and looked at it. *It must have vibrated with a message from Connor.*

"Let's go get the truck. It's just a storage locker place, so no security at all."

"The scanner is finely detailed enough to show you which locker?" She spoke softly.

"Oh yes. It can pick one crate out of a room full of crates. But Connor will have to check each locker separately to find out the correct one. Hopefully it's not a huge place and there aren't too many of them."

"And how will you get the keys to the correct locker?"

"That's where the bolt cutters come in."

"But then Mr. Dixon will know you've been there."

"Well, yes, sooner or later, but we'll put a new padlock and chains on before we go and hopefully anyone who notices will just assume the owner did it. We've done this before quite successfully," added Patrick as he helped her back into the truck.

"You both take this pirating gig seriously, don't you?"

"Connor hasn't said exactly, but my guess is that his father has lost quite a few million dollars' worth of stock. Some of it is gone forever and other crate loads we are getting back used, so it's not worth as much. We'll get half price if we're lucky. Dixon bled the company dry so there are a hell of a lot of debts to repay."

"Plus his father is a cantankerous old man with expensive medical care, and palm greasing is needed to keep the staff happy on top of all that," added Fi, nodding.

"Yup." Patrick drove the truck into the storage facility and slowly down the access road. Connor stood halfway down pointing to a cross street.

Patrick drove very slowly into the cross street and Connor jogged past them to the last locker on the left. Patrick turned the truck and backed it up to the roller door.

Connor opened the back door of the truck and climbed in, picking up a tool box. *And that's why they had a rope to pull me out of the river. It was in their box of pirate supplies.*

Fi leaned against the side of the building and watched as Connor took a chisel, slid it between the door and wall and pushed. Patrick tried the door and it rolled up smoothly.

Wow! So easy!

Before entering, both men shone a flashlight all around the edges of the door and up into the ceiling inside the locker.

Ahh. Maybe not so easy.

Patrick jumped back into the truck and emerged with a broom and a can of something white.

He poked the broom at something on the ceiling, sprayed the stuff in the can at it, then closed it again with the broom.

Huh?

While Patrick had been doing that, Connor had been running the scanner over various crates inside the locker. Patrick backed the truck right up to the first crate Connor indicated and lowered the rear platform. The men manhandled the crate onto it, rode up into the truck with it, then maneuvered it onto a roller and rolled it to the far end of the truck.

They repeated this system for the second crate but the third one was in a corner and the truck couldn't get close enough to it, so they carried the roller into the locker and used that to get the crate up to the truck.

While they were doing the final crate Fi took the scanner and checked all the other crates, but they were all a different size from the stolen Wilkie Equipment Company crates, so it was logical they'd not be the correct ones. As she walked round Fi noticed five of the remaining crates were identical to each other and had a company name printed on the side in red ink. Quickly she looked again at all the stored crates. Three more were identical to each other and had a sort of diagram on the side of the crate. Fi memorized the size and shape of it and was about to keep searching when Connor called quietly, "Time to go."

Fi ran back to the truck and climbed in then Patrick drove it out of the locker. Connor locked up behind them, jimmying the roller door shut and tugging on it to ensure it was properly closed, before joining them in the truck cab.

When they were heading back to the hotel Fi asked, "What were you doing with the broom and the can of white stuff? And what is that white stuff?"

Connor laughed. "Talcum powder. Occasionally people have closed circuit TV cameras hidden in smoke alarms so we spray it with powder so it'll jam up and not work."

"All right. So what happens next?"

"We drive out of town a little way and get rid of the microchips for a start. Then tomorrow we drop the crates off in our own warehouse and resell them legally," replied Connor.

"What were you going to do about me?"

"Like we said before, tonight was just supposed to be reconnaissance. We'd have come back in a day or two and stolen them then. As it happened, there was no security so there was no problem." This time it was Patrick who answered.

"Has it ever been dangerous to get the crates back?" Suddenly Fi wondered if her men did risk their lives on this crazy escapade.

"No. Where there's high-tech security we just keep a watch on those blips and wait until they're moved on. Mostly Dixon doesn't sell to companies with good security because his plan is to steal them himself again later. Besides, we only steal from him, not from legitimate companies who've paid money for the goods. We have another easy load to reacquire, which we'll do soon, but I expect we'll reach a stage where we can't reacquire any more of Dad's stock because it's all with real owners or protected. It surprises me that Dixon hasn't put it all together yet that we've pinched crates back. Maybe he just hasn't wanted to resell those ones or maybe without the chips in them he can't be bothered following them. Or maybe he thinks everything's fine and the microchips have just stopped transmitting."

Patrick pulled over into a truck stop and they all piled out and into the back of the truck. Moving swiftly, Connor lifted a corner of a crate with the jimmy and Patrick gripped with pliers and pulled out a little black circle. He placed the microchip in a

small container he took from the tool box as Connor hammered the corner of the crate back down.

After all three were done Connor took the container with the microchips in it and dropped it into a giant industrial waste bin.

"What if the container doesn't get crushed?"

"It'll be left in a landfill somewhere and Dixon won't be able to track us. That's all that really matters," said Patrick, shrugging his shoulders.

"I'm starving. Let's get some pizza to take back to the room," suggested Connor.

"What about if someone finds the storage locker broken into? Won't Mr. Dixon go looking for who did it and you're an obvious suspect? He'll recognize your name as hiring the truck and know where to look for you. Shouldn't we get this load back to your own warehouse and re-crated? I'm not tired. Why don't we check out now and go?"

"That's what we usually do, love. We've usually checked out before we grab the goods. It's a complication that you found out."

"There's another complication as well. Mr. Dixon isn't just stealing your father's equipment. He's likely got stolen goods from two other companies in that storage locker as well."

"What?"

"How do you know?"

Fi's explanations and the ensuing discussion lasted them through two giant pizzas.

"I think an anonymous message to the police is needed. The same group who's investigating my father's case. But not for several days until we're clear of the area."

Then they packed their luggage, checked out and loaded their things into the SUV.

"Do you want me to follow you in the SUV so you can talk things through?" Fi asked, suddenly wondering if they'd appreciate the time alone, away from her.

"No, I think it'll look less suspicious if there's a woman in the cab of the truck. I'll follow you about a mile behind. Text me if there's any trouble," suggested Connor.

* * * * *

It was the nearing dawn by the time the crates were in Wilkie and Bourne's warehouse. A place, Fi noticed, trying not to laugh out loud, more than adequately protected with guard dogs outside and electronic gizmos inside.

She was too tired to pay attention to their house, crashing into bed and sound asleep in a nanosecond.

But seven hours later she was awake and very interested in the long hard bodies either side of her in the big bed. Patrick's tanned leg was resting over her paler one, and Connor had his arm stretched over her shoulder with his hand lying on Patrick.

Happily she wiggled backward, scraping her butt along one hot, hard cock, then she wiggled forward to press against the other one.

Then her body flamed in an all-over blush. Their vacation was over. She was due back at work tomorrow and would likely never see them again. How embarrassing of her to assume the party would continue. She should just quietly and politely disappear. *No dammit, I won't disappear. I like these men through and through. We've talked and laughed and built a relationship on more than just the sex. And shit! So what if they're pirates. I want to stay with them. I love them I – What? Yes I do. I love them!*

Fi kneeled up and leaned over Connor, kissing him deeply. She turned and kissed Patrick just as passionately. "I love you. I love you both. I'm sorry if I shouldn't say that, if it embarrasses you, but –"

"About time." Connor's voice was a deep, sexy rumble. "Why do you think I call you 'love' all the time? I loved you from the moment I first saw you in that ridiculous little car."

"I love you too. I told you that yesterday. I can't imagine my life without both you and Connor in it. Besides, now you know our deepest, darkest secret, we'd have to kidnap you if you didn't want to be with us."

Fi leaned down to rub her breasts across first one, then the other hard chest. "Oooh, will the big, bad pirates want to pillage my treasure chest?"

"Hell, yes."

"Damn straight."

"And there'll be rum drinking and jolly rogering and I get to play with your doubloons?" She stroked Patrick's cock and Connor's balls.

Four arms grabbed her and pulled her between two muscular bodies. Fingers delved into her ass and her cunt. Mouths kissed her breasts and her own mouth.

Yum. Being pillaged by two hunky pirates is a mighty fine way to start the day.

About the Author

Variety is the spice of life. Berengaria Brown loves reading erotic romance, all different kinds of erotic romance. One man/one woman, two men, two women, two men and a woman, three men...

But since her favorite authors could not write as fast as she could read, one day Berengaria decided to try writing a book herself. While she was waiting to hear back from the publisher she wrote another one, and another one. Now Berengaria is a multi-published author with books right across the spectrum of erotic romance. Whatever your taste, Berengaria has a book for you. And she is thrilled to be here at Ellora's Cave.

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

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