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*Ménage Àmour*



***WINNER***

*Takes* ***ALL***

Sofia Hunt

# **WINNER TAKES ALL**

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**MENAGE AMOUR**



**Siren Publishing, Inc.**  
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# **DEDICATION**

To my editor and proofreader for making this the best book possible.  
Thank you.

A special thanks to Allie K. Adams for the cover. You rock,  
girlfriend!

# **WINNER TAKES ALL**

**SOFIA HUNT**  
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## **Chapter 1**

Taryn Belle stalked him for two weeks.

Now she locked her prey in her sights. Cody “The Brick” Brickman in all his masculine glory stood across the room. He’d managed to separate himself from the two barely dressed babes who’d been pasted to his side all night. Six-foot-six of sheer muscle and brute strength, he was professional football’s poster boy for outstanding performances on the field and outrageous behavior off the field.

On the surface, they were two of a kind—except he practiced what he preached. He deserved every bit of his bad press. She didn’t. She was a fraud. She’d fabricated and cultivated her bad girl image with well-placed publicity stunts.

Cody happened to be her next target.

Taking a deep breath, she sauntered toward him, slow and casual, not too obvious, never taking her eyes off her quarry. She shifted her glance to Jerome, her reluctant front man. He stood only a few feet to Cody’s right. He caught her quick look and nodded briefly. After all, they were in this together. He’d gotten her into this party, mostly because his long-time goal in life was to get into her pants, but she’d never ruin a great friendship over something like sex.

Poor Jerome would have to deal with his unrequited love. Besides, he’d get over it. He’d fallen in and out of love with her a hundred

times since they'd met in college almost ten years ago. She'd done his college homework for him, and he'd been her protector at every wild college party they'd frequented. She loved him. He was one of the few people in this world she truly trusted.

Shaking her head at those memories, Taryn refocused her efforts on Mr. Brickman, as she slipped her tall, lean body in the small space between the two men. Jerome raised one eyebrow at her bold move but said nothing. Cody's head turned when she accidentally brushed against his hip. His gaze rested on hers.

A series of expressions flickered across his handsome face like a video clip—surprise at seeing her, appreciation as he did a leisurely survey of her physical attributes, then recognition as his gaze finally made it to her face. A slow, lazy smile spread across his lips as the lion appraised the lioness that dared venture into his den.

Pictures hadn't done justice to those dark blue, almost violet eyes. She'd never in her life seen eyes that color. Everything about him screamed male, hard rock-bodied male, every woman's fantasy and some lucky women's realities. From what she'd heard, quite a few women's actually. And often at the same time. Cody didn't have many scruples, especially when it came to sex,

Jerome cleared his throat and slipped a possessive arm around her waist. She jabbed him with an elbow, and he grunted. That was not the way they were supposed to play this. Taryn pulled away, edging closer to her target. Cody took it all in and grinned with amusement.

"So, the *elusive* Belle of basketball. We finally meet."

"I'm no more elusive than you. Let's face it, we're both publicity whores."

Cody lifted one shoulder in a half shrug. "It serves a purpose. I can't play football forever. I'm just exploring my options. From that spread in *Playboy*, I'd say you are too. And I do mean *spread*." He turned to Jerome. "You've been holding out on me, bud. I didn't know you and Taryn were an item."

"We're not," Taryn interrupted before Jerome could respond.

On cue, her other partner in crime, LaSonia, snatched Jerome's arm and pulled him to the dance floor. Cody observed it all, missing nothing. Yet if he suspected a trap, he held his tongue.

Cody stepped closer. Those violet eyes drilled into hers. One strong arm encircled her waist. His fingers stroked her hipbone as if playing sensuous chords on a guitar. A tremor of pure lust and animal attraction thrummed through her heated veins. Her body's powerful reaction shocked her. Usually, cocky men like him didn't do much for her.

He lowered his head and his voice to speak into her ear. "I kept the *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue with you on the cover. It's in the drawer in my nightstand. For those few nights I spend alone." He pulled back slightly to gauge her reaction and drive his point home. His deep, sexy voice caressed her like a warm breeze wafting through a tropical lagoon.

"And the *Playboy* centerfold?" Her shaky voice betrayed her.

"It's right here, etched in my dreams." He pointed at his forehead.

"Oh." She swallowed and rubbed the goosebumps on her arms. "Do you feel a draft in here?"

"Are you cold? I could warm you up." He pulled her tighter to him. "Do I make you nervous? The bad girl of basketball? I find that hard to believe. Or are you so aroused in my presence that you can hardly control yourself?"

"The latter." Not exactly a lie, but it wasn't the complete truth. Her reaction to him scared the crap out of her. This was crazy. She couldn't do this. The man had more sex in one week than she'd probably had her entire life. She swigged down half of her wine. She had to do it. She needed him, and the publicity that surrounded him everywhere he went.

"Good to hear that because I feel the same." Cody stared at her chest. Her revealing dress didn't allow for any underwear but the smallest of g-strings. Her breasts spilled out of the low-cut top. Her nipples stood out proudly under the clingy fabric.



She nodded, afraid to speak.

"I've been wanting to meet you for a long time. You're my wet dream." He dragged his gaze back to hers. She saw it all reflected in those blue depths, humor, arousal, hunger, and something indefinable.

"You probably say that to every female."

"Only you."

Her breath caught in her throat. She couldn't find her tongue. It must have slid down to her crotch like every other part of her.

"Taryn, you are the hottest thing to hit women's sports in years."

He didn't need to tell her that. She knew it, but female athletes didn't get a fraction of the press or the money as male athletes. So they had to generate interest in their sports by other means. An association with Cody, no matter how brief, would increase the public's exposure to her sport and her cause like no other publicity stunt she'd tried to date.

She found her tongue and mustered every bit of acting ability she possessed. The inner drive that gave her the courage to pose nude for *Playboy* took control.

"Are you handing me a line?"

"Might be. Are you biting? I've been fantasizing about you for one hell of a long time."

"Do you think reality will be as good as fantasy?"

"I sure as hell intend to find out."

"When?"

"Tonight." The determination in his eyes left no doubt of his intentions. Her stomach pitched, while her pussy beat the drum and begged for some action. He pulled her tighter to him. The hand behind her back slid down further. He pushed up the short skirt and stroked her bare ass. "Honey, I believe in fucking on the first date. Don't you?"

"Are you hinting that we're on a date?" she croaked, glad that she had her back against a wall so everyone else in the room couldn't see her butt. Not that most of the men in this room hadn't seen her bare

ass and even barer breasts in *Playboy*.

“We are if it’ll get me in your pants. I’d love to take you home and fuck you senseless.” The man wasn’t known for his subtly, on or off the field. She’d come here tonight to seduce Cody, phase one of her latest publicity stunt, and so far he played right into her scheme—just like she knew he would. He lifted his gaze from her tits to check out her expression. “So, what do you say?”

She swallowed, cleared her throat, opened her mouth, then closed it. The hand up her skirt toyed with the little string that ran between her legs. He slid it across her slit and pulled it tight, exerting pressure on her most sensitive spot. A small moan escaped her lips. Wetness pooled between her legs as her body readied itself for him. He smiled a knowing smile.

“Like that, honey?”

She nodded, no sense lying about it. The proof was written on her face and between her legs.

“Taryn, you fucking turn me on. How about we do it right here?”

“I, uh, like the first time to be in private.” She swallowed the lump in her throat.

“Hmmm. That’s not what the word is out on the streets, but hey, I’m easy. I aim to please.” He smiled the feral smile of the lion. Moving closer, he pinned her against the wall. She glanced over his shoulder, wanting cameras to catch this moment, yet appalled that they might. Shielding her body with his much larger one, he brought his free hand up to her neck and traced a slow, lazy line down to the swell of her breast.

His index finger touched the tip of one nipple through the thin material then drew a circle around it. His erection pressed into her midsection. The hand on her butt crept lower, between her legs, and under her g-string. He stroked her where she was wet, taking his time with long, lazy strokes. She clung to him.

She should stop him. The alarm blared in her head. *Danger! Danger! Eminent sexual overload. Abandon ship or go down with it!*

Oh, hell, she wanted to go down with him or him on her, or even . . .

Alarms be damned. Not only did she need to follow through with her plan, but she wanted to follow through. Cody Brickman would be one hell of a lover if her body were any judge of sexual character.

"I bet I could make you come right here." No gambler on earth would take that bet.

"I bet you could."

His eyes darkened with lust and need. His big body pressed harder against her. At 6' 1", it wasn't often that she looked up at a man or felt small. She did with him.

He hooked his finger in the crotch of her g-string and pulled it to the side, removing the flimsy barrier. His fingers parted her as he tested her wetness.

"You're primed and ready for action, aren't you, babe?"

She nodded and nuzzled his neck. One long finger slid inside. She gasped and nipped his neck, which encouraged him. He pushed deeper, as he ground his erection into her stomach. Buried to the knuckle, his finger glided in and out. Slowly. Excruciatingly so. She struggled to take a breath. He grinned, ever the bad boy. *The bastard.*

The man had no shame. He was going to make her come right in front of a few hundred people. This wasn't the script she'd planned. It couldn't happen this way. Not with witnesses. She jerked away, panting heavily, while every lust-drenched cell in her body protested.

His intent eyes locked with hers. He took his wet finger and slid it in his mouth, sucking on it, never taking his eyes off her face. Was he assessing her reaction? Did he know? Had he figured it out already that her bad girl reputation and the real Taryn were polar opposites?

A combination of panic and lust ripped through her. Her knees started to buckle, but he caught her. Those eyes pierced right through her defenses down to her soul.

"So do you believe in fucking on the first date?" His voice, hoarse with desire, was also laced with hope.

"Yes."

He groaned and grabbed her hand. “Let’s get the hell out of here.”

\* \* \* \*

Cody Brickman couldn’t believe his luck. Here he’d been contemplating another night with the bimbo twins when Taryn Belle, the best set of legs and tits to grace Sports Illustrated’s swimsuit issue, dropped right into his lap.

She could have made it as a model with those legs, those exotic brown eyes, that gorgeous streaked honey blond hair, and that perfect face. Her flushed high cheekbones accented her luscious full lips, red and glistening, ready for his mouth.

Just one look at her and he became rock hard. Damn, she turned him on. And that said a lot considering his current boredom with his decadent lifestyle and jaded expectations. By all accounts, her bad girl equaled his bad boy. Thoughts of the stuff they could do together threw that cloak of boredom into the trash. It’d been years since he’d anticipated something this much that didn’t involve a pigskin and men in shoulder pads.

Lately, everything bored him, even sex with two or three women ready and willing to do his every bidding. Not that he didn’t get off on the physical act, but some deeper part of him was innately dissatisfied with the endless string of pussies parading in and out of his bedroom. He wanted more—he just didn’t know what “more” was—exactly.

*More* women hadn’t done it for him, nor had more money, more fame, or more on-field triumphs.

Then he saw her, an angel sent from heaven to put a little spice back into his life. The woman he’d lusted after for a long time. After all, every man deserved a fantasy—even a man whose day-to-day life appeared to be every man’s fantasy.

The reality of it was incredibly different. Women came onto him and assumed that he’d be ready, willing, and able. Lately, he just wanted to go home alone and spend some time with himself. That

rarely happened. Sometimes, this dream he lived seemed more like a nightmare. The void inside filled him with an ache that wouldn't heal.

Taryn was different. She'd intrigued him from afar for a very long time. He'd harassed Jerome for months to introduce them. Now she was here and about to be in his bed.

Cody grabbed Taryn's hand as they made their way to the lobby. He motioned for his limo driver. Max pulled up to the curb and opened the door for them. He cast an appreciative glance at Taryn then winked at Cody. Cody winked back. He was getting beyond lucky tonight, and they both knew it.

"Where to, sir?"

"What's your address?" He looked at Taryn. She shot a quick glance at him. "My condo floors are being refinished. We can't go there."

She nodded, gave the driver her address, and plastered her body against the far door, staring out the window. Cody slid next to her as the car pulled away from the hotel.

Taryn glanced nervously from him to Max. "Aren't you going to put up the privacy screen?"

"Hell, no. Max likes to watch." He gave Max a thumbs up and Max grinned in the rearview mirror.

She hesitated, biting her lip.

"Do you have a problem with it?"

"Uh, no. No problem." Taryn looked at him. Her expression puzzled him. This woman who had the reputation of a slut. Why was she looking so scared? Sympathy and tenderness surged through him, foreign emotions in his current world. He held onto them for a moment and savored their novelty. Bringing his hand up to her face, he tucked a stray lock of golden blond hair behind her ear. She had to be the most fucking beautiful woman he'd ever laid eyes on. She turned her head into his palm and kissed him, a sweet gesture that thrilled him more than the actual sex act did with most women.

"Taryn, I would never hurt you. You know that, don't you?" He

wanted her to believe him. It was important to him. Damned if he knew why. She nodded, her brown eyes still worried. Wrapping an arm around her, he pulled her onto his lap.

“Are you okay?”

Her big brown eyes opened wider. Her full lips pursed.

“You sure you want this?” The incongruity of it all intrigued him. There was more to this woman than the tabloid rumors.

She swallowed and put her hands on his chest, keeping space between them. “It’s not that. I...” She stopped and chewed on her lower lip, causing him to groan.

“You what?”

“Nothing.” She seemed to have settled whatever inner turmoil she’d been battling. Determination crossed her face.

Pissed at himself for caring and for letting this degenerate into more than a pleasurable physical experience, Cody made his move. This was about fucking a beautiful woman, a woman he’d fantasized about for way too long. He’d be wise not to make it into any more than that.

He brought his mouth down to hers, ran his tongue across that full lower lip, then drew a lazy circle to the upper one. She opened to him, and his tongue slipped inside her mouth. Everything about her was unexpected and refreshing.

She didn’t pounce on him like other women or plunder his mouth almost to the point of pain. She let him do the plundering, and he liked it. Really liked it. Her inexperienced schoolgirl act worked for him. *If it was an act?* How could it not be? This woman’s reputation rivaled and surpassed any current celebrity.

He shrugged. It didn’t matter. He wasn’t here to psychoanalyze her. That involved caring, an emotion he couldn’t afford and didn’t subscribe to.

If she wanted to play the innocent, he’d oblige. He could do gentle and cajoling. Later, they’d play it rough and raunchy. Heck, maybe he’d even get her to dress in some sexy lingerie the next time. But

before that, there had to be a first time.

Cody cupped the back of her head with his hand and slipped his tongue into her soft, moist mouth. He coaxed her tongue to mate with his, and she responded, tentatively at first. Then she started getting into it. Her hands slipped under his shirt and massaged the muscles in his back. His mouth pressed harder. His tongue demanded more. She met his demands and gave back her own.

He felt himself falling into a pit of lust he never wanted to crawl out of. His cock pulsed with need. His balls tightened. His head spun. He repositioned her so that she straddled him. Her obscenely short dress rode up to her waist. Reaching behind her, he cradled her bare butt in his big hands. She ground her crotch into his erection. Holy shit, she was a hot one. Their mouths and tongues danced a wild mating dance. Sexual tension snapped and crackled between them. His tongue attacked hers. She didn't retreat but held her own.

He had to have more. Abruptly, he swept her from his lap and onto her back on the leather seat.

"Cody?" That tentative tone returned to her voice, but he didn't give it much thought. He was too horny. Besides, he'd given her countless opportunities to beg off.

"I just want a little taste before we get to your house." He knelt on the floor between the seats.

"What about him?" She gestured to the driver who watched them via his rear view mirror.

"He's seen it all. This is tame stuff for him."

"Oh." She frowned and started to sit up. Cody pushed her back down as gently as his raging hormones allowed. "He can see us."

"He's gay."

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely." Hell if he knew, but he wasn't beyond lying to achieve his goals.

She relaxed a little. He slid her panties down her legs. The little scrap of lace didn't cover much, and her juices left a wet spot on the

crotch. His eyes met hers, and she actually blushed. He couldn't recall the last time he'd been with a woman that blushed. College? High school? This was gonna be a helluva f'ing good time.

Placing his big hands inside her knees, he eased them apart. She resisted at first then gave in with a sigh. A neatly shaved patch of hair welcomed him to this most intimate spot. He slid his index finger into her hot wetness. She gasped as he buried his long, thick finger inside her. If she liked that, wait until she got a load of his dick.

He raked a calloused thumb across her clit. She whimpered and dug her fingers into his scalp. He pushed another finger inside, stretching her further. She was tighter than a virgin, not that he'd had one since high school, but he still remembered what it felt like. His cock twitched with anticipation. She whimpered and rocked her hips. He finger-fucked her as she bucked against his hand. One touch in the right place, and she'd explode harder than a blitz-crazy pair of linemen coming off the line. He bent his head to tongue her.

"Sir? Sir! SIR!" A voice penetrated his sex-muddled brain. It must have penetrated Taryn's, as well. She frantically pushed him away and scrambled to rearrange her dress and her decency.

Nonchalantly, he sat up and winked at his driver, now holding the door open for them. The man sported his own hard-on. Cody straightened his clothes and concentrated on Taryn. Her behavior mimicked a prudish school marm, not the wild child he'd expected.

What was with the prude act, anyway? Something didn't add up, but he had all night to figure it out. Cody loved a good mystery, almost as much as he loved soft bare skin, long heavenly legs, and a non-stop night of no-holds-barred sex.



## **Chapter 2**

“What the hell is that?” Cody eyed the disheveled feline that hung over the back of the worn couch and stared him in the face.

“That’s Boris. My cat.”

“I hate cats.” Cody narrowed his eyes at the cat, sending subliminal warning messages to the ratty thing. Boris yawned and contorted his body to clean his private parts and chew on his non-existent balls.

“I make it a point never to trust a man that hates cats.”

“You don’t trust many men then, do you?”

“You’re just jealous because you can’t do that.” Taryn shot back pointing at the cat getting his rocks off by licking himself.

“Yeah, it would have its advantages.”

Taryn laughed. Cody loved the sound of her voice. He liked her sassy retorts to his inane comments. Predictable and agreeable bored him. He doubted she’d be either. In fact, she appeared to be more of a challenge than he’d ever guessed.

He sensed her embarrassment and tried not to stare at this sorry apartment she lived in, but he couldn’t help it. Badly in need of paint, the living room walls sported a few holes, too. Years of cigarette smoke clung to the dingy popcorn ceiling. The place smelled stale, as if the ventilation didn’t work. Her worn couch sagged in the middle. Two mismatched and scratched end tables flanked it.

The highest-paid woman in the WNBA should live better than this. What a dump. Maybe she had a sick mother to support or something. She’d signed with the LA Rockets this season in a huge trade deal, but you wouldn’t know it looking at this place. It was

really none of his business—her sexual pleasure, was.

“Would you like a drink?”

“Uh, yeah.” What the hell was up with that? At the party and in the limo, they’d been like two untamed animals. Now she played the part of the consummate hostess. Fine, he’d go with the flow. Besides, anticipation was half the fun. Any other woman would have ripped his clothes off, fucked his brains out, and he’d be snoring loudly on the couch by now.

Cody flashed his most disarming smile and followed her into the kitchen with a stealth that would have impressed her cat. Just as she turned around, he caught her in his arms and pulled her against his chest.

“Damn, Taryn, you are the sexiest woman I’ve seen in a long time. Maybe ever.” His mouth sought hers, but she avoided him and pushed away. He let her go. For now. A smile played at his lips. The more she resisted, the more aroused he became.

He’d get his way before the night was over. He always did.

\* \* \* \*

Cody stared at her as if she’d just gone mad. Maybe she had. The hottest man on the planet wanted to screw her senseless, and she panicked and pushed him away.

He had to know what a fraud she was. Despite his efforts, Cody Brickman appeared to be anything but stupid. She saw the intelligence reflected in his clear violet blue eyes. He might enjoy playing the dumb jock role, but he didn’t fool her. She sure as hell hoped she fooled him, though.

She led him back into the living room and waited until he took a seat on the couch and sat across from him. He slammed down half the cheap beer she handed him then set it on her glass table. His eyes smoldered with arousal and interest—a lethal combination.

“Why are we sitting here?”

Direct and to the point. Why wasn't she surprised? So far, the man fulfilled her every expectation, good and bad. She smiled and swallowed. Time to get this show on the road. She hadn't chickened out when she'd posed for that centerfold, she wouldn't back down now. She needed him and his celebrity status. Her girls depended on it.

"Did you have something better in mind?" She forced her voice to drip seduction. She had to get a handle on herself and see this scheme through.

"Hell, yeah. Why'd you push me away?" He drawled and sprawled back against the couch, arms crossed over his chest, his eyes blazing with annoyance and frustration.

She shrugged. "Just exercising my womanly prerogative."

"Well, exercise something else, would ya?" He almost smiled. "You're changing your mind as often as my last girlfriend changed her clothes."

"Really? And how long did that one last?"

"Until I got bored." He didn't look bored now. Cody propped his feet on her coffee table. His lazy grin grew broader. He crossed one long leg over the other. Boris, from his perch on the back of the couch, batted at his earlobe. "Fucking thing. Get rid of it."

Taryn giggled. "Boris likes you."

"That fucking cat is messing with my seduction strategy."

"Sorry. Try again. I'll listen." She sat up straight and smiled serenely at him.

"Now you look like a nun or something."

"A nun? Now that's kinky."

He stared at her in disbelief. His eyes narrowed and he set his jaw. Without warning, he shot to his feet, crossed the room in two strides, and yanked her to her feet. He pulled her into his arms, crushing her against him.

"Cody, slow down."

"Forget it. You got enough foreplay at the party and in the limo.

It's my turn."

"I don't like being treated like a possession." She pushed against his solid chest. He held her tighter. Panic roiled inside her. She struggled against him.

Releasing her, he sighed and rolled his eyes. "You're a pain in the ass."

"I can be. You don't seem deterred."

"Not at all. Only intrigued and more determined." He brought his hand up to her hair and wound one long strand around his finger. "I can be a patient man if the reward is great enough."

"And if it's not?"

"It will be." He drew back and looked her up and down, alerting her every nerve ending into action. "I'm going to make you come and come and come. You'll scream till you're hoarse and beg for more, then I'll give you even more. I'll take you higher than any other man ever dared."

"You're quite the big talker." She egged him on. She could do this. Just the aftermath would be hard. He'd hate her for what she planned to do to him. No backing out now, she'd do this for the greater good, even though he'd never see it that way. Not that it mattered. This was just a one-night stand, pure and simple. Despite what the tabloids claimed, she didn't do one-night stands—until now.

"Hmmm. All talk and no action? Don't think so, sweetheart." He moved closer. Their bodies separated by mere inches. "I prefer action over words."

"Humor me. Tell me how you're going to do that." She stalled, prolonging the inevitable. She'd invited him here for one purpose and one only, but she needed a little more time. His eyes flashed annoyance. He didn't like being told what to do. "You want pre-game predictions? Play by play? Fine, you got 'em."

"Go for it. Make me pant." She shot back.

"I'll make you wetter than you were at the party." His slow, sexy smile spread warmth from her toes to the tips of her ears. "Ready?"

She licked her dry lips and nodded.

“First, I’m going to kiss that luscious, ripe mouth of yours. I’ll explore every inch of it with my tongue. Then I’ll grab the front of your dress and rip it from your body.” His big hands loosely held her arms. She gazed up at him.

“No dress ripping. I paid a fortune for this thing.”

“Hey, it’s my fantasy.”

“Fine, go ahead.”

He shuffled closer, his breath on her cheek. “I’m going to touch your tits, play with them, suck them deep into my mouth. Then I’ll lick and nip at them. I’ll leave my mark on them, both of them.”

Her reluctance faded like a ghost in the hallway. She was sopping wet between her legs. A fine sheen of sweat broke out on her body. Her nipples ached for his touch.

“You should be begging me to fuck you senseless by now.”

She pressed her thighs together. Listening to the deep timbre of his sexy voice almost gave her an orgasm, not withstanding the pictures his words painted in her mind. “When your football career is over, you could make a fortune at phone sex.”

“I’d rather be a porn star or a gigolo. I want to touch. Maybe I’ll do both. Now, where was I?”

“You’d just ripped off my dress and fondled my breasts.”

“Oh, yeah.” His eyes sparkled with devilment. “So now I’m taking in those long legs of yours. I’ve never been with a woman whose legs were almost as long as mine. I’m kissing my way down your stomach, kneeling so I can go lower.”

“Can your knees handle that? You are a football player.”

“Honey, when it comes to fucking and football, my body feels no pain.”

“You’re obnoxious, you know that?”

“Absolutely. Do you want to hear the rest of this, or can we dispense with formalities and get to the good stuff?” His wicked mouth sucked on her earlobe. Biting down gently, he tugged on it.

She moaned and shifted her weight and squeezed her legs tighter.

Cody Brickman was an asshole, arrogant, brash, and irreverent. She hadn't expected to like him. She didn't want to. Yet, she did. Almost. Time to play her part before she liked him too much. She didn't need that mucking up her future plans for the hottest man in sports. She'd orchestrated this evening, time to follow through with it.

"Then what?" she prodded.

"I'll stick my tongue down that pussy of yours. Once I've made you come so hard you almost pass out, I'll drape you over this couch and fuck you long and hard. I'll shoot my load inside you until you're dripping my cum for a week."

"You do have a way with words, you romantic devil."

He grinned this endearing, lopsided grin. "Thank you."

"About shooting your load?"

"You want me to wear a condom?" He looked disappointed.

"Don't you usually?"

"Always. But..." He appeared sheepish.

"But what?"

"I don't want to wear one with you. I want to feel you with nothing between us?"

"Do you have any STDs?"

"Of course not. I'm careful. I'm not as dumb as I look. And you?"

"No, and I'm on the pill."

"Enough talking." He growled and ground his hips against hers. Did the guy keep a steel pipe between his legs? It felt like it.

Despite her misgivings, she reacted to his blatant sexuality and amusing, if not crude, banter. "Okay, you can fuck me now."

He raised his eyes to the ceiling. "Thank you, Lord." He lowered his head and met her gaze. His eyes danced with pure joy and something else. Behind the sparkle burned a hot flame waiting to consume her with its heat. Here was a man who lived life on the edge and to the fullest, unlike the bullshit image she'd cultivated.

Tonight, she'd live that image instead of hiding behind it.

\* \* \* \*

Cody loved the feel of her in his arms. He didn't have to bend down and get a crick in his back with this woman. She fit him perfectly. He ran his hands down her sides, along her curves, savoring the feel of skin and slinky fabric. He needed her naked.

Picking her up in his arms, he grinned at the shocked look on her face. "Something wrong, gorgeous?"

"I've never been with a man strong enough to pick me up. I'm not exactly a little thing."

"You are to me. Now, where's your bedroom?"

She pointed the way down the hall of her apartment to the small bedroom at the end. Her bedroom would fit inside his guest bathroom. Still, it was clean and neat and very homey. Cody carried her over the threshold and placed her on her feet. She gazed up at him, expectantly. He brushed away that nagging feeling that things weren't as they appeared, or as she wished them to appear.

He'd unravel her mystery later because the more he saw, the more he liked. This wouldn't be their only night together.

*Well, Code, time to get Night #1 underway.*

Tonight was about fucking, pure and simple. Not about a long-term relationship. He didn't do those. Never had, never would. He became too easily bored, needed his variety. But a few, or several, nights with Taryn? Yup, that sounded good to him.

He flipped on a floor lamp with a dimmer switch and dimmed it. Not too much because he wanted to watch her body and her expressions.

She stood in the center of the room, anchored to the floor.

"So, baby, you ready for your trip to paradise?"

"As long as it's not one-way."

"It'll be a round-trip, over and over again." His hands itched to rip off that little thing she wore and enjoy her slender, yet muscled

athlete's body. She stared up at him. Her uncertain expression perplexed him.

"Let's get you into something more comfortable. Like skin. Then we'll get me into something more comfortable, like you." He placed his hands on her shoulders. The tips of his fingers caressed her. She shivered. His gaze burned into hers, holding her captive. She wasn't escaping her fate tonight.

Cody hooked his thumbs in the thin straps and peeled the tight little number off her hot, quivering body and past a very nice pair of tits, not big but very attractive in an understated way. Her nipples stood erect, hard and aroused, just like he was. And pierced. Damn, they were pierced. They hadn't been pierced in the nude shots she'd done.

He loved pierced nipples and all the things he could do to them. A straight post ran through the piercing in each nipple. A small chain was attached to the post at both ends creating a loop from which hung small rhinestones. Dangling down about an inch, the chains and jewels swayed slightly from the labored rise and fall of her chest. His hands itched to wrap those chains around his fingers, but he resisted. *Not yet. Fucking good things come to those who wait.*

He'd get back to those babies in a minute. First, he had a job to do, the type of job he took very seriously.

He pulled the dress past her waist, down past her hips and thighs, down those long, hell-to-die-for legs. The fabric puddled at her feet, and she stepped out of it, kicking it out of her way.

"You can leave your shoes on, baby," he sang, and she laughed, easing her tension a little. He had a thing for women in CFMs, come-fuck-me stilettos. They turned him on. He loved it when they wrapped their legs around his waist and dug the damn things in his butt. Must be that masochistic part of him.

*Pierced nipples and CFMs.* Did life get any better than this, short of winning the championship?

His eyes did a leisurely appraisal of her fine body, savoring every



curve, every valley, every inch of soft skin, like a man savors good whiskey. He breathed in the scent of her perfume, engraving it on his brain and knowing that he'd think of her whenever he caught a whiff of it on another woman.

"Your turn." With shaking hands, Taryn touched the top button on his shirt. His breath hitched and jammed in his throat. The temperature in the room shot upward several degrees. His dick jumped at her touch, like a heat-seeking missile searching for its target.

Damn, he loved a good seduction. It was almost better than the act itself.

Her innocent act, and it truly had to be an act, scored a touchdown with him. Clearing his throat, he stared at her boobs. The rhinestones dangled ever so suggestively from each nipple. Damn, for a female athlete, she had great tits.

Taryn unbuttoned his Tommy Bahama shirt one agonizing button at a time. She glanced up at him through lowered lashes, and his groin tightened almost painfully. He shrugged out of his shirt and waited for her next move. She ran her hands over his collarbone, his chest, played with his nipples and then brought them to the buckle on his belt. She hesitated and peered at him again through a curtain of hair.

"Take it off."

She undid the buckle and the top button. Her hands grazed his cock as she slid the zipper down. He yanked down his pants and kicked them off. *Enough of this crap.* Much more of this and he'd detonate before they even set the bomb.

Cody growled and took action. He pulled her into his arms, his breath coming hot and heavy. His patience cracked then crumbled.

## Chapter 3

Taryn didn't have time to react. One minute she'd been the seducer, the next she was spread-eagled on the bed with the most gorgeous man in sports on top of her, nipping at her neck, as he pinned her to the mattress.

"I guess the foreplay is over."

"Honey, we're in the red zone. It's time for a scoring drive."

Taryn laughed in spite of herself. "You're a goofball."

He rose up on his elbows, his biceps straining, and stared at her. "Huh? I'm trying to make you hot, and you're calling me a goofball? No one has ever called me a goofball before in the throes of passion."

"Then they don't know you, do they?"

His eyes clouded, and he frowned. She'd hit a nerve, danged if she knew what. He didn't give her time to contemplate it before his mouth devoured hers. He demanded everything, and she gave all she had. His tongue plundered her mouth like a looter in a power outage, except no shortage of power existed in this bed. Cody's ripped body had plenty of power. She felt it as he rubbed it against her, barely contained and dangerous.

She buried her fingers in his short-cropped black hair and pulled his mouth closer to hers. Her tongue danced with his, in a wild tango that would put professional dancers to shame. His big hands ran down her back. His mouth followed. She protested the absence of it, until she felt it on a nipple. His tongue flicked the rhinestone then he took it between his teeth and tugged. He threaded his finger through the chain on the other nipple and twisted once. Electricity shot through her, not quite pain, not quite pleasure, but something on the edge of

both. Whatever the hell it was, she wanted more, wanted to explore the conflicting sensations.

“Cody. Oh, Cody. You’re making me crazy.” She gasped and grasped his butt. His erection dug into her thighs.

The man in question rolled her nipple in his mouth and suckled, hard, while he tongued the post piercing her other nipple. She panted and arched her back, closing her eyes and whimpering.

“Sweetheart, I’d love to tease you all night, but this has been going on too long. My dick needs some attention.”

If he wanted attention, she could do that. Taryn reached down and took his big, hard cock in her hand and wrapped her fingers around the base. She squeezed and rubbed up and down. Cody’s breath caught. “Oh, fuck. That’s nice, but I won’t last ten seconds if you keep doing that.”

He ran his hands down her thighs and parted them. “Spread wide, darlin’. I’m coming in.”

She guided his cock to her opening. His sweaty chest sparsely sprinkled with hair tickled her nipples. She tensed and waited, concerned he’d be too big and that it would hurt. In the pitiful handful of real lovers she’d had, none came close to matching his size. Cody pushed inside then paused. He froze, puzzled. His violet eyes searched hers. “You’re really tight.” He sounded incredulous. “I mean you felt that way to my fingers, but I—”

“You expected something different?” she challenged him.

He was a smart man and knew better than to answer that question. Instead, with sweat beading on his face, he pushed deeper. Despite how wet she was, she felt some discomfort. He gritted his teeth and pushed even deeper. He took his time, letting her body adjust, even though it must have taken a great toll on him. Little by little, he worked his way inside her, unusually gentle and considerate. Maybe too considerate. She wanted him to take her. *Screw being careful*. She wanted all of him inside all of her.

Taryn wrapped her legs around his back and tilted her hips. Time

to play hardball, which wasn't hard to do with this man.

He groaned, flexed his hips, then plunged, burying himself up to his balls. Taryn screamed and dug her fingernails into his back. She felt him in places she'd never felt a man before. His cock filled her, stretched her. His muscles flexed under her fingers. His body trembled from the tension of holding himself back, as he gave her time to adjust to his size.

"You feel so damn fucking good."

"So do you." Taryn flexed her hips and rubbed against him. He groaned and sank his teeth into her neck, then kissed a trail of hot kisses along her jaw line to her mouth. He assaulted her mouth with the hunger he'd been holding back.

She dragged her mouth from his. "Give. It. To. Me," she demanded, and he responded. Panting, he gathered himself. Then all hell broke loose. His control snapped. He slammed in and out of her, gaining speed and power with each thrust until his pumping became a frenzy of out-of-control lust. His balls slapped against her thighs as he rammed into her over and over. She matched his frantic rhythm, driving him even deeper. His sweat mingled with hers while his groans and her whimpers combined together in an erotic symphony of sounds and sensations.

Taryn reeled from the sensual assault. His hands roamed everywhere, squeezing and teasing, stroking and patting. He had it all down. Every move a man could make existed in this guy's arsenal. She couldn't make sense of up or down, or separate reality from fantasy. She'd never felt like this. They melded into one body, one mind, one soul. It wasn't supposed to be like this. It wasn't supposed to be about anything but sex. Resisting the pull of something deeper, she fought to keep her feelings on a physical plane. She failed.

She smelled the heat of his body, felt the intensity of his need, and sensed the depths of his soul until she didn't know where one of them began and the other ended.

Bouncing on the end of the high dive board, she poised on the

end, ready to dive into warm, welcoming water. The bouncing increased, harder and harder, faster and faster. Cody's face screwed up in concentration. Sweat drenched his black hair.

One last slap of that big strong body, one last penetration of that big cock. Cody arched his back and yelled out her name. She leapt off the board. Down, down, down she floated as if she had wings until the warm water covered her and wrapped around her.

Cody collapsed on top of her. The weight should have been smothering, but it wasn't. She could still feel him inside her. His cum seeped out of her and dribbled down her thighs onto the sheets. The room smelled of sex and sweat, yet it wasn't unpleasant, in fact, just the opposite. Her pussy throbbed, reminding her of how much it'd stretched to accommodate him and how desperate she'd been to do just that.

Cody rolled to one side and flopped onto his back.

"That was fucking fantastic. You're one hot babe." He sounded dazed, shocked, and overwhelmed. Pretty much how she felt.

Somehow, those words from his mouth weren't insulting. She tried to find her tongue, but speech deserted her. Her bones turned to gelatin, and her brain to mush.

Cody didn't seem much for talking after sex, but then what man was? Within five seconds, she heard soft snoring.

She stared at the ceiling for a long time and wrestled with her conscience. What she was going to do would be dishonest and dishonorable. He'd most likely never forgive her, but he'd survive, and she'd have the means to help more female athletes climb out of poverty. *Face it, infamy paid dividends, usually in the form of money, directly and indirectly.* As an added bonus, she'd garner free publicity for women's basketball. Of course, the league would chastise her, probably in the form of a fine for inappropriate behavior. Not a big deal, she was their main drawing card. They wouldn't screw that up.

She did it for her girls and her sport. The ends justified the means.

So, why didn't she feel better about it?

\* \* \* \*

Cody woke, momentarily disoriented. Something heavy lay on his chest. For a moment, he assumed he'd been sacked and was buried under a pile of bodies, but the thing on his chest didn't feel like that. He reached for it. His hand closed over a bundle of fur.

It all came flooding back to him. Mind-blowing sex with the woman of his wet dreams, the fantasy to rival all fantasies with the promise of many more.

And the thing sitting on top of him and spearing him with sharp little needles?

*What the f—?*

*That damn cat.*

It purred its fucking head off as it dug its sharp little claws into his bare chest. He yelped when the cat dug too deep. The little shit probably drew blood. Cody pushed the cat to the foot of the bed. It huffed in its cat way and cast a dirty look over its shoulder. Then it curled into a ball between Taryn's feet.

Glaring at the thing, he rolled over and squinted at the sleeping woman beside him. What time was it, anyway? He glanced at the clock on the bedside table—3:30.

*Time to get moving.* He didn't do sleep overs, and he never did breakfast with a woman he'd casually slept with, which was pretty much every woman. It gave them too many ideas. Years ago he'd let a woman into his life like that, back when he'd been young and dumb. Even now, the humiliation and vulnerability of his single foray into love hurt worse than ten damn cats clawing at his chest.

It even hurt worse than all those beatings from his father when he was a little boy. No one would ever get close enough to him to hurt him like those two had. Never. Ever. Again.

He had no intention of letting Taryn in, no matter how intriguing he found her or how hot in bed.

And fuck, she *was* hot in bed. He intended to repeat last night's performance in the near future. He'd be a fool not to, and he was no fool.

He stood beside the bed for a long moment, gazing at her. The moonlight shone on her naked body, giving her an other-world quality. Her blond hair spread across the pillow, reminding him of how it'd felt in his hands. His gaze roamed down further over those gorgeous tits, slim waist, and long, long, long legs. His dick hardened in response, begging for a rematch. He considered crawling back in bed but resisted the temptation. There'd be time for that later.

He'd unravel the mystery beneath Taryn Belle's public persona. She wasn't the woman she pretended to be. Too many things didn't add up, but he'd figure it out eventually. He relished the challenge.

"Cody?"

*Oh, shit.* He froze. Maybe she'd fall back asleep. The cat smirked at him from its new location on his pillow.

She sat up and blinked at him. "Are you leaving?"

"Uh, yeah, I sleep better in my own bed."

"We don't need to sleep."

Cody almost panicked. He liked getting the hell out of Dodge after the deed was done. He hated sticking around for conversation and all that crap that women found crucial. Stupidly, he'd dropped his guard and fallen asleep after sex—another no-no in his book.

He yanked on his boxers, hopping around on one leg, then fumbled for his jeans, pulling them on.

"You aren't staying for breakfast?"

"Sorry, babe, gotta run."

"So that's it? You just screw me and leave."

"That's pretty much the story." Relationships gave him claustrophobia. The sooner she understood that, the better. Cody excelled at two things and two things only—football and fucking. He'd honed both to an art. In every other aspect of his life, he considered himself a miserable failure, just ask his father. Nothing

was good enough for him. Hell, when he won the World Championship, the old man chewed his ass for getting sacked on one play.

“Really?”

Damn. Her lower lip quivered, and she looked wounded. He hated that crap because it made him feel bad and dredged up a long-buried sense of decency. “Hey, look, we had fun, but it’s over, and I need to go.”

“That’s it?”

“Yup. With me, that’s all you get.” He cringed at his own callous words. They just kept coming from his mouth like all this garbage he couldn’t stop.

“We’ll hook up again.”

“Really? Do I get a vote in that?”

He was going about this all wrong. His normal charm had deserted him. “Come on, Ter, you know you want it. I’ll call you.”

“Maybe I don’t want you to call me.” She sounded hurt, all huffy and pissed.

“Of course you do. What woman wouldn’t?” He used his best cajoling, apologetic tone. His ego needed her to admit that she’d experienced what he had. For some unexplainable reason, it was important to him.

“Of all the arrogant, conceited, obnoxious, self-centered...”

*Well, hell. So much for cajoling and apologetic.* She’d seen right through him. He’d done it now. When women started talking in nothing but unflattering adjectives shot like well-placed arrows, a man knew he was in deep shit. “I don’t know what you’re so upset about. We both wanted to fuck, and we did. End of story.”

“Yeah, that’s right. End of story. Now get out.” She got up, giving him a great view of her naked body. He grinned as his eyes leisurely enjoyed a little vacation traveling over those lush curves, hills, and valleys.

“You have great tits.”



“Get out.”

“And an even better ass. How about an exclusive nude photo shoot just for me? I pick the poses.”

“Get. Out.”

“You don’t mean that.”

A spiked heel whizzed past his head and impaled itself in the wall.  
*Maybe she did mean it.*

“I guess this means you don’t want me to call?”

A second shoe joined the first shoe embedded in the wall. He darted out the door before she chose a different weapon, like a dull knife.

\* \* \* \*

Taryn yawned. She’d dreamed this incredibly sexy, x-rated dream starring a naked Cody Brickman. She closed her eyes, not ready to wake up yet and sighed as he toyed with her hair. Rolling over, she reached for him and found nothing but fur. Boris lay on his vacated pillow, batting playfully at a lock of her hair.

Then she remembered. She’d kicked the arrogant bastard out of her house. Okay, he’d actually been the in the process of leaving, but she would have kicked him out if he hadn’t beaten her to the punch.

*Good riddance.*

Besides, this made what she had to do that much easier.

She walked into the living room. A note with barely legible handwriting was propped against a candle on her coffee table.

She picked it up.

*Hey, babe, Don’t get your panties in a bunch. We’ll hook up again. Dinner? I’ll buy. ☺ Later, Code*

*Babe?* No one called her babe. She hated being called babe. Besides, she doubted he’d take her to dinner after she did her dirty deed. Even though it was for a good cause, he wouldn’t know that. And if he did, he’d never forgive her, and she didn’t blame him. He’d

hate her because she'd hit him below the belt, right where his big ego existed.

*That's life, big boy. Time you learn that the world doesn't revolve around your dick.*

\* \* \* \*

"Are you sure you want to do this? That man is going to be madder than a horn toad in a dried-up bog." LaSonia Barnes ran a hand through her shoulder-length, dyed orange hair and leaned back in the chair, propping her lethal stilettos on the cluttered desk. LaSonia often introduced herself as a woman of exceptional color and exceptional attitude. That about summed it up.

Taryn plopped down on the folding chair opposite the desk. "Absolutely."

"You've done some crazy stunts over the past several years, but this one could get you killed. That man has an ego bigger than the entire professional football league."

Taryn shrugged. "All's fair when it comes to making money."

"And we sure as hell need the cash."

Taryn frowned. That lack of money weighed her down. "I'm certain you can feed this tidbit to the gossip rags and get paid handsomely for it."

"They'll be calling you for a comment."

"And I'll comment. Damn, will I comment."

"Then what?"

"My name's back in the spotlight again. I'm getting promotional offers. Maybe I'll even host a reality show." Taryn smiled at that thought. "Party with Taryn."

"If only they knew the truth."

"They'd never believe it, even if they were told."

LaSonia nodded her agreement.

Three years ago, LaSonia perched on the edge of stardom in the

WNBA. A near-fatal car accident almost claimed her life. Her career was ruined because of damage to her knees and her back. She still walked with a slight limp. Destitute—she had no insurance—Taryn hired her to handle her publicity and her non-profit charity, which anonymously assisted young female athletes in achieving their dreams, through monetary contributions to their training and college scholarships. She couldn't pay her much, but LaSonia made due with her small disability payment and even smaller salary. She never complained.

In keeping with Taryn's bad girl rep, no one knew she did this kind of selfless work. It just wouldn't be in keeping with her public persona. Yet it drove everything she did with that public persona. That, and her continual campaign to increase exposure to women's sports.

She'd increased exposure, all right, with her continual stunts, including that nude spread in *Playboy*. The league appreciated what an asset she was, though they'd slap her hands whenever her outrageous stunts went a little beyond normal propriety. Mostly, they looked the other way and recognized her efforts for what they were. The publicity boosted the Women's Basketball League's exposure.

"Ter, that man is going to be out for blood once you do this."

"Do you think I shouldn't?"

"Fuck, no. The more he bellyaches, the more the press will milk it."

"He's going to kill me."

"It's been nice knowing you, girlfriend."

## Chapter 4

Cody slammed the magazine down on the table in front of his long-time best friend, former college frat brother, and current teammate.

Levi Kelly was his confidant, his comrade-in-arms, and his brother in every way that counted. He was probably the only man alive who knew the real Cody. Opposites in many ways, they'd made an odd couple in college and became instant friends during rush their freshman year. Driven together by their love for football and their disinterested yet wealthy families, they'd formed their own family. It'd been that way ever since.

Levi grew up on a huge Texas ranch owned by his cattle baron father. Cody grew up in a mansion where his attorney father ruled with an iron fist. Levi graduated with honors. Cody didn't graduate. He'd been there for a football degree.

Where Cody was hot-tempered and fiery, ice ran through Levi's veins. The man never lost his cool. On the field, Levi ranked as the best linebacker in the league. His teammates dubbed him "The Terminator" because he crushed more touchdown attempts than any other defensive player currently playing the game. Cody just called him Tex. Women fell at his feet, wild for his rugged cowboy looks.

"Look at this fucking bullshit!"

Levi tilted back his ever-present Stetson and picked up the magazine, while Cody paced back and forth. A stream of obscenities flew from his mouth.

Sitting his hat on the coffee table, Levi ran a hand through his close-cropped blond hair and studied the magazine, as if he were

memorizing every word. Cody stopped in the middle of his living room, clenching and unclenching his fists. He glared at his buddy, directing his anger toward his always-in-control friend. That pissed him off. The ass should be as furious as he was.

He couldn't take it anymore. He ripped the magazine out of his hands.

"What the fuck is taking you so long. Did you read that bullshit?"

Levi looked up at him and raised an eyebrow. His ice gray eyes sparkled with a hint of mischief. "Damn, buddy, I had no idea you had that problem. You know there are legal drugs for that." Levi's mouth twitched as he pointed at the headline. "Cody Brickman doesn't ring her bell, or any woman's."

Cody's anger bubbled and boiled. "I don't have a *problem*. She's a lying witch."

"Brick, it's okay. It happens to the best of us. Not that it's ever happened to me, but I can still sympathize."

"Fuck you. It's all a fucking lie. You hear me?"

"You're in denial. I understand."

"I am not in denial. There's nothing to deny. We had hot sex, and now she's fabricated this bullshit for attention."

Levi's sympathetic expression infuriated him.

"You don't believe me."

His buddy shrugged and slapped his hat back on his head.

"You know me, Tex. I'm a stud. Women worship this dick of mine. I can keep it up for hours."

His buddy raised one blond eyebrow. "Code, sounds like you're trying to convince yourself."

"Fuck you. Like hell I am. This lying, conniving, manipulative female used me."

"Hmmm. Imagine that. She turned the tables on the great Cody Brickman, the man with the golden dick."

"Go to hell."

"Yeah, yeah. I've heard it all from you. Though, this is a new

one.” Levi tapped the magazine cover with his index finger.

“She lied to get publicity.”

“Code, what if she didn’t lie? What if you, well, didn’t perform up to her expectations?”

“Me? No way? She came like a racehorse out of the starting gate.”

“Maybe she’s a damn good actress.”

Cody frowned. Doubt seeped into every part of his being. He’d never had a problem pleasing a woman. Never. What if what those weird vibes he’d picked up from her were actually indifference?

She’d come across as uncertain, inexperienced, which was in direct opposition to her wild reputation. Maybe he’d read her completely wrong. Maybe she’d found him uninspiring and, heaven forbid, boring. He shuddered at the thought. In his entire life, he’d only done two things well, thrown a football and pleased women. He’d never had a complaint.

“Code?”

“Huh?” He looked up and met Levi’s concerned gray eyes. He hated it when Levi copped that big brother attitude. It didn’t sit well with him.

“What’s going through your head?”

“She has to be lying. I didn’t waste a lot of time on foreplay once we got to her house. I didn’t think I needed to. Hell, I had my finger up her pussy at the party and just about fucked her in the limo. She jumped right on it.”

“Of course, she did. You had something she wanted.”

“My dick?”

Levi snorted. “Doesn’t sound like it. I’d say your name and the publicity it carries. You’ve been screwed. Everyone knows that Taryn Belle is a publicity slut, the badder, the better. Hell, in that area, she makes you look like a fucking virgin.”

Cody snorted at that. He picked up the gossip rag again and read the article one more time. Words jumped out at him. *Pathetic. Couldn’t get it up. Worst lay she’d ever had. Couldn’t wait for it to be*

*over. Needs to learn to please a woman, not just himself.*

*Crap.*

He'd be the first to admit that he promoted his image as a selfish, egotistical jerk, just not in bed. He'd always considered it a challenge to get a woman hot and bothered and begging for him to fuck her brains out. He was an incredible lover, damn it.

Wasn't he?

What if he had been the worst fuck she'd ever had? What if he'd been that uninspiring? What if?

Levi shook his head at him. "I can see the wheels turning. What are you up to?"

"I'm going to prove her wrong."

"How?"

"She's going to get another chance with the Codeman."

"Maybe she doesn't want one."

"She's getting one. I'll have her begging."

"Code, drop it. Leave her alone. She's bad news."

Cody set his jaw. "No way. She's gonna take back what she said. I'm not going to leave her any choice. I'm the best fuck she's ever had, and I'll get her to admit it."

"And give her one more chance to destroy your libido."

"That won't happen."

Levi shrugged. "It's your sorry ass, not mine."

\* \* \* \*

No one knew the hell that had gone on behind the double-teak doors of the McMansion, Cody's childhood home and prison, except Levi.

On the surface, the Brickman's were the perfect family—a successful attorney father, a dutiful stay-at-home mother, and three beautiful perfect children. Cody excelled in sports, while his two sisters excelled in school and became successful businesswomen as

cold and calculating as their father.

The physical abuse scarred his body, but the verbal and emotional abuse scarred his heart. Those scars, though invisible, wounded deeper. Cody mastered the art of being a screw-up to focus his father's rage on him and away from the females in the family. He bore the brunt of the abuse, so they wouldn't be subjected to it.

When he grew too big to beat, his father continued his emotional abuse with a tirade of humiliation and disgust. When it came down to the details, he withheld the only thing Cody ever wanted from him, his love.

Cody loved his sisters, and they loved him. They were the only people on earth except for Levi that he actually cared for. He resented his mother for not having the guts to leave an abusive situation and for subjecting her children to it. He hated her spineless bowing down to the tyrant. No one would ever control him like that, or make him hurt like that man had.

After winning the World Championship, Cody nose-dived, wondering if that was all there was. He'd worked for this all his life. Now that he'd gotten it, he realized it didn't fill the void. Instead, the void spiraled into a black hole as he struggled with where to go when you're on top.

Sometimes Cody felt so empty and frozen inside, it scared the crap out of him.

Taryn distracted him, made him forget the emptiness. She challenged him, even while pissing him off.

She'd retract her statement come hell or high water.

\* \* \* \*

"Looks like your little scheme worked, girlfriend."

Taryn nodded, wishing she felt better about it.

"Your picture is on the cover of every major gossip rag. Not to mention we've been inundated with calls for interviews, TV



appearances, you name it.”

“Do you tell them the usual?”

“Of course, I do—that you’ll be more inclined to cooperate if they donate to your favorite non-profit. We’ve already raised enough money for several more full-ride scholarships and to fund a few special programs for a year.”

“Wonderful. Has Cody called?”

“At least once an hour. He’s not brimming with compliments.”

“I can imagine. You don’t have to take his shit.”

“He didn’t give me any. He’s been very respectful, though insistent and stubborn.”

“His attorney?”

“Not a word from him.”

“Agent?”

“Nope, but IronMan Corp wants you to do a condom commercial, and HBO wants you to do a guest spot on one of their series.”

“Really? What’s the part?”

“That’s the problem. You’d play the part of a stripper and screw the star of the show. Someone gets pictures and blackmails him.”

“Oh. What does it pay?”

“We didn’t get that far. You’d have to get naked.”

Taryn shrugged. “I’ve done that before.”

“How far are you going to take this? I mean this isn’t you. When are you going to be yourself and stop this act?”

“Nice girls don’t sell basketball tickets or get their pictures in gossip rags. Bad girls do.”

“But honey, you aren’t a bad girl.”

\* \* \* \*

In two weeks, the fans in the arena had doubled from previous games. Her stunt had gotten them there, and her talent would keep them coming back. She hoped. She’d done several interviews that

week for handsome stipends, which went straight to her charity. In addition, the contributions to the Pink Hoops Society had quadrupled.

After the initial flurry of calls, she'd not heard a word from Cody in a week. Maybe she was home clear, and he didn't consider her worth bothering.

She wasn't so lucky. She should have known his ego wouldn't tolerate such a bruising without some kind of retribution.

That night he walked into her game with his posse and a herd of paparazzi and took a seat a few rows up from the bench. She hated knowing that he sat behind her. She felt those violet eyes of his boring into her back. The press ate it up, as Cody appeared to be joking with them. The jerk probably told them his side of the story.

She'd never been so happy to see the game start, so she could lose herself in it. Nothing mattered but the game and her kids, but Cody wouldn't know that because he didn't know anything about her except for her carefully crafted image. No one did and no one would, except for Jerome and LaSonia.

She waited in the locker room for a long time after the game then walked out with LaSonia, who found the entire incident with 'The Brick' annoyingly funny.

Tonight, her disloyal friend deserted her at the first sign of trouble. Trouble in the form of Cody leaning up against the building in a nonchalant pose, gone were the posse and paparazzi. He held his cell phone to his ear, probably making a late night date with some little bimbo. He snapped the phone shut and tucked it in his pocket when he saw her.

"Now, Brick, I don't wanna be visiting my friend in the ground and you in prison. Keep that in mind."

"Don't worry. I'm not planning on killing her. That would be too easy." His hard gaze never left Taryn. LaSonia blew him a kiss and escaped to the safety of her car. Taryn turned and headed for her junk heap. Cody matched her stride for stride.

Taryn pressed the button on her car fob to unlock it. He cut her off

and stepped in front of her. "Move your butt, please. I need to get in my car."

"You owe me an explanation." His violet eyes simmered, like the eye of a nasty storm.

"I don't owe you anything, *babe*."

"Yes, you do. We had great sex. Why the hell did you lie?"

"Who says I lied?"

"You know you did."

"Really? You're that intuitive? You with a dick for a brain? And that's not saying much."

"You owed me an apology. Now you owe me two for that comment."

"Fine, I apologize for bruising your massive ego and insulting your dick by comparing it to your brain. Now let me in my car."

"Nope." He crossed his arms over his chest and parked his butt on her passenger door.

Taryn pursed her lips. "I could call the police and tell them I'm in danger."

"Go for it. You've got everyone thinking I'm such a wimp, no one would take you seriously." Hurt flickered briefly in his eyes. Guilt clenched her stomach in a knot.

"Look, I'm sorry. I had to do what I did. You wouldn't understand if I explained it."

"I understand that you lied about our night together." He looked her up and down. "Know what I think?"

"What?"

"That you're a fraud. You're not who you pretend to be."

"And who, Dr. Headgames, do I pretend to be?"

"A slut. A woman with no boundaries, no scruples, with a wild streak longer than the Mississippi River. Someone who'll do anything for attention."

"That about sums it up."

"But that's not who you are."

“Fine, hotshot, who am I?” Taryn held her breath. Oh, damn, he had seen through her. The very reason why she never really slept with all those men she claimed she slept with. They would’ve figured her out just like he had.

His violet eyes bored right past every defense and chipped away at the door to her soul. “I’m not sure yet, but I’m figuring it out. One thing I do know, you and I are a lot alike. It’s all about the game with us. Nothing else matters but that ball, that playing field, and that scoreboard being in our favor at the end of the night.”

“Insightful. I’m impressed.” She tapped his chest with her fingernail. “Look, what will it take for you to let me leave?”

“Give me another chance to prove that I’m the best lay you’ve ever had and even out the score.”

*Never.* He’d figured out too much already. She couldn’t take the chance of blowing her cover. This predicament called for some fast thinking. “The problem is, Brick, while you might be moderately appealing as a lone man, I prefer multiple men to satisfy my varied needs and voracious appetite.”

“Oh, really?” A predatory smile spread across his too handsome face.

“Yes, really.” Why did she get the feeling he was about to call her bluff? Cody had a rep for preferring multiple partners in bed, but females. Surely, he’d never agree to multiple men? And she wouldn’t agree to multiple women. That’d keep her infamous reputation safe and them at a stalemate.

He rubbed his chin in thought, as he crossed one long leg over the other. “Tell you what? There’s a party next week. One of my buddies is putting it on. You check your inhibitions at the door—the perfect venue for your *needs* and *appetite*. Go with me. Prove you’re what you say you are, and I’ll prove that I’m more man than you’ll ever need.”

“I’d love to, but I have commitments.”

“All the big gossip mags will be there, including the international

ones, and a lot of big shots from the film industry. Mega publicity.”

She hedged. The higher her profile, the more attention she got, the more fans came to the games, and the more exposure women’s sports garnered. Cody Brickman presented a walking, talking PR dream, and best of all he was free, at least monetarily. She’d weasel her way out of any real physical activity. She’d managed in the past.

“I’ll think about it.”

He moved away from the car door and opened it with flourish and a gentlemanly bow. He did a double-take as he noticed her car for the first time. “What the fuck are you driving this piece of crap for? This can’t be your car.”

Taryn bristled. “I happen to like this car. It has more character than you do.”

“It’s probably older than I am, too.”

“Look, Mr. Pro Football, we don’t get paid the big bucks like you and your dumb jock friends. We work for every little bit we get.”

“There’s no way you’re that poorly paid.” He pointed at her car.

“I choose to spend my money elsewhere.”

He didn’t pursue the topic. Instead, he shrugged. “I’ll pick you up at nine sharp, Saturday night.”

Not waiting for an answer, he turned on his heel and walked off.

She’d walked straight into a big pile of cow manure. There was no way out without getting the crap all over her.

\* \* \* \*

“You did what?” Jerome’s voice boomed across the empty restaurant. The few people sitting at tables paused to stare at him. The wait staff peeked around the corner of the kitchen door.

“Shhhh.” Taryn held her index finger to her mouth. Jerome had the subtlety of her redneck cousins at a black tie event.

“You agreed to go to a party with him?”

“Yes, for the exposure.”

“Yours or his?”

She glared at him. “The press.”

“Oh, fuck. The press? It’s always about the press with you.”

Jerome bit a large hunk out of his hamburger.

“Jerome, I need you. It’s for the kids.”

“For the kids? What the fuck? Are you crazy? Brick’s gonna get you in a dark alley and play truth or die.”

“He won’t hurt me. He’s a big teddy bear.”

“Tell that to the last defensive back he put in the hospital.”

“There’s one other problem.”

“And that is?”

“He wants another chance to prove he’s hot in bed.”

“Yeah? So? Just say no.”

“I did. Sorta. I told him one man bored me. I had to have multiples. I assumed his ego would never allow sharing the woman or women in his bed.”

“You assumed wrong, didn’t you?”

“Yes.”

“So you want to go two-on-one with the cream team?” He looked hopeful.

“Cream team?”

“My man Cody and me.”

She rolled her eyes. “I’m not going through with it, and I need your help.”

Jerome’s face fell. “Yeah, I figured as much. Honey, if this lil’ hot dog of mine ever got inside your bun, it’d be one happy puppy, but we both know you’re just a wiener tease.”

“Where do you come up with this stuff?”

“I’m naturally gifted with words.”

“You’re gifted, all right. Will you do it? Will you help me?”

“How?”

“I haven’t thought it through yet. Play the jealous boyfriend? Become deathly ill, and I’ll have to escort you home? Steal his comb,

and he'll hide in the bathroom the rest of the night?"

"It'll never work. The Codeman's onto you. It's pay or play time."

"I'm doing neither, and you're helping me. Please."

"The things I do for love." He sighed his long-suffering, how-do-you-get-me-into-these-messes sigh.

She leaned over the table and kissed his cheek. "But I'm worth it."

"Sometimes, I wonder. One of these days, your schemes are going to bite your pretty little ass.

Taryn smiled and threw her arms around his neck, across the table. "You're my best buddy, Jerome."

He grumbled something unintelligible. Taryn dug into her food as her mind whirled with plans for her latest scheme.

\* \* \* \*

Taryn watched her girls with pride as they warmed up on the court. They weren't really *her girls*, but she thought of them that way. They were the future of women's basketball, and she worked with them every chance she got.

Some of the best young female athletes in the county comprised this team. A former teammate of Taryn's coached them.

At least once or twice a week, she met her girls at the gym and gave pointers, encouragement, and sometimes a kick in the ass for motivation.

Every penny she earned, except minimal living expenses, went to these girls and many like them, through her charity or through her personal contributions.

It gave her great pride when one of them graduated from college or made a professional team. For decades, sports had been a ticket out of poverty for male athletes. Taryn waged a one-woman battle to make that opportunity a reality for female athletes.

Of course, women's sports salaries were a fraction of what men earned. In order for teams to pay more, they needed to bring in

more—more fans, more television contracts, and more press.

That's where Cody came in. Paparazzi hounded that man like fleas hounding a dog.

She'd gotten some major mileage from the last time they hooked up. She didn't intend to let a second opportunity slide by. She'd hang on Cody's arm this weekend and give the little vermin plenty of photo opportunities.



## Chapter 5

*Best buddy.* Jerome didn't want to be her best buddy. He wanted to be more. For ten years, he'd followed her around, did her bidding like the lovesick puppy he was. Once in a while, she threw him a bone. Most of the time, she dragged him deeper into one of her hair-brained schemes. This current one had to be one of her stupidest moments.

If Cody Brickman was surprised to see his teammate joining them for the party, he didn't show it. In fact, he bought Jerome a drink. *Damn hospitable of the man.*

For the first part of the evening, Taryn and Cody bantered back and forth. Jerome's head hurt, as he watched them juggle that verbal volleyball. They turned even the smallest thing into a competition. Something else was going on here, too. That familiar twinge of jealousy nagged at him. Taryn often flirted with men, but it never came to anything. Cody was different. Jerome could tell. Chemistry in the form of mutual attraction flowed between the two of them. He'd give anything if she felt that way about him for even an hour.

Sighing, he yanked his hungry gaze away from Taryn in her revealing little dress. Did the woman own anything that wasn't skimpy and revealing? Not as far as he could remember. Her appearance complimented her reputation, but it'd been nothing but bullshit. Then she'd hooked up with Cody. He sensed the change, even if she didn't. She took more dangerous chances with the Codeman. Some of it had to do with Cody doubting her reputation, some of it went beyond that.

Jerome scanned the room. *Definitely a decadent bunch.* These

folks were doing the jiggy mama everywhere he looked—his kind of people, the kinkier, the better. But then, that was his secret. He preferred a more exclusive venue in which to exercise his liberal tastes in alternative forms of sexual stimulation. Even Taryn didn't have a clue that his sexual interests weren't exactly mainstream. He'd love to educate her on the finer points, but cold chance in hell of that ever happening. Fuck, he couldn't even get a kiss, let alone get her naked.

The popular bar had been rented for the night by their host. A private party, which meant almost anything went, and that appeared to be the case. If he hadn't been with Taryn, who knows?

A small crowd gathered to watch a bleached blond take it from both ends. Another couple made out on a couch. The guy, an aspiring rap musician unbuttoned the woman's silk blouse and exposed her large silicon breasts. He sucked on them like a famished baby, while he pushed her skirt up to her waist and slipped his hand between her legs. Another set of Barbie blonds danced a strip tease on the stage with the band.

And the party was only a few hours old.

After visually doing a circuit of the room and all the various sexual encounters, his gaze slid back to Taryn, like metal to a magnet. Lord, he worshipped that woman. Oh, the joys of unrequited love.

"Know what I think, Ter?" Cody's voice challenged her.

"Don't call me that." She hissed the words at him.

"Sure, babe, whatever." He studied her, a lion with his prey cornered. "I think you're a fraud. Full of bullshit. You're a tease and a prude."

"I am not."

"Really? Prove it."

"I'm here, aren't I?" A photographer crammed his camera in her face. Taryn looked straight into the camera and posed. Cody, not appreciating the interruption, scowled and sent the guy scurrying for cover. Jerome sank back into the plush overstuffed leather booth,

wishing he could hide 270 pounds of muscle.

“You being here doesn’t prove anything, but I know what will.” He lowered his voice to a deep seductive tone. Jerome felt like a voyeur, which would have been fine with him as long as he could watch some real action, not this shit.

“You want another time at bat?” Taryn laughed and tossed back her hair. She wasn’t drunk, but she behaved like it. Damned if Jerome could figure out why she got such perverse pleasure from goading The Brick.

“I’m ready to step up to the plate. Just tell me when.”

“What if you strike out?”

“I won’t, and I didn’t the first time, either.”

Another photographer lurked nearby. Jerome watched him out of the corner of his eye. Taryn spotted him, too.

“We can talk about it, big boy.” Taryn slithered across the booth and pressed her body against Cody’s, like a lioness in heat. She glanced back at the cameraman. Cody narrowed his eyes, not appreciating being used. She stuck her tongue in his ear and was rewarded with his groan. A flashbulb flashed. Cody ignored it.

Another photographer joined the first one.

Cody ran a large hand up and down Taryn’s bared thigh. His fingers slipped between her legs. He stroked her under the table out of sight of the photographers, but completely in Jerome’s line of sight. Cody winked at him. Jerome’s lungs forgot how to inhale and exhale. If only that was his hand, his fingers.

Cupping her chin, the Codeman sucked her lower lip into his mouth. She whimpered and rubbed her crotch against his hand. Jerome licked his lips and sipped his beer. He was shocked that Taryn allowed Cody to do what he did, yet more than a little turned on by it. This was a daring side of her he’d never seen.

He wanted to see more.

\* \* \* \*

“I want to dance.” If she didn’t do something soon, they’d be having sex in the booth.

Cody stood up and held out his hand. “Fine, let’s dance.”

And dance they did. Cody pulled her into a dark corner. He wrapped her in his arms to a slow, sexy dance. He started kissing her, soft and tender, but in seconds the kisses turned urgent and wild.

He slipped his hands under her short skirt and cupped her bare butt, as he rubbed his hips back and forth against hers. Flashbulbs flashed. Taryn stiffened. Cody nuzzled her neck and tugged on her earlobe with his teeth. One of his big hands slid under the material of her dress and fingered her nipples.

“What are you wearing tonight?”

“Is something wrong with your eyes?”

“I meant on your nipples.” The way he said it, low and husky, deep and sexy, fired her engines.

“Wouldn’t you like to know?” She teased him.

“I will know. You like me to touch you, don’t you?”

“I’m taking pity on you. You need all the practice you can get.” She nipped his earlobe. He groaned and ground his erection against her crotch even harder. Pushing one muscled thigh between her legs, he rubbed up and down. She dug her fingernails into his back.

He was doing it to her again. She felt the wetness seeping between her legs as she breathed in the subtle scent of his expensive cologne. The strength of her arousal emboldened her. She lifted her head and pulled his lips to hers. Kissing him, she explored with her tongue while he explored with his hands.

“I’m feeling déjà vu. Haven’t we done this before?”

“Yes.”

“Except I had my fingers inside you. Like this.” One long finger slid the crotch of her g-string to the side and probed her pussy, easily slipping into the lust-slicked depths.

“Cody.” She glanced around for the photographers. They’d moved

on to other prey.

“Admit you lied about the sex.”

“I didn’t.”

“I’ll make you come right here on the dance floor.”

“Is that a threat or a fantasy?”

“Consider it both.” He pushed another finger inside and fingered her clit with his thumb. She pressed her body against his. Bending his head, he caught a nipple in his mouth, sucking it through the thin material. She gasped. Twice, now in less than a week, he’d made her so horny, she didn’t care who was watching.

“No. I can’t.” Her words might be saying no, but her body screamed yes.

“Why not?”

“It’s Jerome.” A partial lie, yet the combination of hurt and lust in Jerome’s eyes as he watched her dance with Cody bothered her.

She pulled away from him and headed back to the table, Cody hot on her heels. Damn, somehow she had to release this hold Cody Brickman had over her body.

\* \* \* \*

Cody and Taryn made their way back to the table. Jerome wiped the drool from his face. Those two had heated up the dance floor like a summer sun heated the dessert. Damn, he’d give his left nut for a little piece of that action.

“Let’s go somewhere or stay here if you’re interested in a little exhibitionism.” Cody nuzzled her neck.

“The party just started.”

“We can have our own party.”

He’d give Brick credit for persistence. The man didn’t take ‘no,’ ‘fuck no,’ or ‘go to fucking hell’ for an answer. In fact, no matter how she said it, he interpreted every negative response as ‘I’ll give in if you try harder.’

“Sorry, Code, I told you that I find one man boring.”

He grinned. Drawing back, he hitched a thumb toward Jerome. “Do us both. Together. From what I’ve heard, that’d be a slow night for you.”

Jerome raised one eyebrow and waited for her reaction. His heart pounded in his chest, as he willed her to say ‘yes’ and answer his prayers.

Taryn swallowed, tossed her hair over her shoulders, and tucked it behind an ear. Cody had called her bluff. She looked to Jerome to be rescued, and Lord help him, he didn’t want to rescue her. Not this time. He looked away, whistling, and said nothing. She’d made her reputation. She could get herself out.

Cody’s eagle eyes narrowed, like they did when he scoped out the opposing defense before deciding to call an audible.

“Look, I don’t want to embarrass Jerome, but he needs Viagra to...uh...” Taryn patted Jerome on the arm.

“Get it up?” Cody snorted.

Jerome’s head snapped back. He hurled death threats at her with his eyes. *What? What the hell was she talking about?*

Taryn nodded.

A menacing smile slid across Cody’s chick-killer-handsome face as he regarded Jerome, sizing him up. “Jerome, old buddy. I had no idea.”

“I do n—” *What crap. Bullshit.* He’d never hold his head up in the locker room after this.

Taryn’s hand clamped down on his arm. “He does. Poor guy. I just won’t subject him to that humiliation. Unless you have a few you could spare.”

Cody’s mouth dropped open. “Me? Hell, no! I don’t need that crap, and you know it.”

“Well, too bad. We’ll need a rain check.”

Suspicious, Cody looked from one to the other. His gaze settled on Jerome. “That so, buddy? Wait until the locker room hears about

this.”

“You asshole.” Jerome considered crushing the jerk’s head between his large hands. Taryn was going to be sorry. He’d covered for her bad girl reputation one too many times. *Time to pay up or confess, baby.*

“Cody, please, don’t tell. Keep this a secret between the three of us.”

“Are you kidding? This is too good not to use as locker room fodder.”

Jerome banged his glass on the table. “Fuck you. I’ll survive without the Viagra, Brick. There’s more than one way to get off if a person is creative.”

Cody stroked his chin in thought. “So, Jerome, is she up to the task of taking on both of us or does her bad girl side only exist on paper.”

Jerome grinned and ignored Taryn’s panicked expression. “Oh, no, she’s a bad one, that girl.”

“I’ll be the judge of that.” Cody didn’t look convinced. “Regardless, I’m always up for a beautiful woman.” He rose to his feet, all six-foot-six of him.

“Lead the way, Code. You can put me in the game anytime.” Jerome offered his hand to help her to her feet. She ignored it.

Taryn stared at Jerome, not believing he’d sell her out like this. “I need another glass of wine.”

“I’ll get it, but drink fast.” Cody jumped to his feet and made his way through the crowd to the bar.

“What the hell are you doing?” Taryn hissed at Jerome. Her best friend had just scored for the other team.

“You started it.”

“Do you really think I’m going to have sex with both of you?”

“You are if you don’t want the truth to come out. Brick’s onto you, cupcake.”

“You’re just doing this for revenge because of my Viagra

comment and because you've always wanted to get in my pants."

"I've waited ten long years for this moment. If I have to share, I'll share. I'll promise you one thing, you're going to have a fucking good night."

"That's what I'm afraid of."

"If you want out, Ter, get out now." Jerome leaned his elbows on the table and studied her.

"I can't back out. He's on to me. My rep indicates I do this all the time."

"Are you sure? You've never shown any interest in me." Jerome's eyes softened. He touched her face. For a moment, her expression changed to one of longing, giving him hope.

"It's not that I haven't wanted you, Jerome. Or even that you don't interest me in a sexual way."

"Then what is it? You've resisted my advances all these years."

"It's hard to explain, but I truly love you. I didn't want sex ruining that. Sex partners are a dime a dozen. A friend like you is priceless."

Jerome choked up and rubbed his eyes. "Fuck. I had no idea." But he sure as hell was willing to take the chance for one night with her.

She nodded, chewing on her lower lip in the cute way she had. He almost creamed his jeans.

"What should we do?"

Taryn set her jaw in that determined expression he'd known to love and fear. "We go through with it."

"Are you certain?"

"Yes, this'll be easier than being alone with him."

"Why?"

"It seems less intimate. More like three good friends having fun."

"Are you sure?" Her logic seemed skewed to him, but who was he to argue if it worked for her. And him.

"How many times do I have to say this? Of course I'm sure." She refused to look him in the eye and threw back the rest of her beer and his.



“Getting drunk won’t make it any easier.”

“I’m looking forward to this. Really.” Her eyes slid to Cody across the room and back to Jerome. “It scares the crap out of me, but it excites me. I’ve spent the past ten years creating an image that I didn’t live. Now I want a chance to experience what my reputation indicates I experience on a regular basis. I want to do this.”

“So do I. Even if I can’t get it up.”

## Chapter 6

Taryn squirmed as Cody talked to their host. Damn, she was scared shitless, yet hot and horny. She'd almost been crazed enough to screw him right there on the dance floor. Now she was even hotter thinking about doing something so forbidden as Jerome and him together. She'd always harbored this secret attraction to Jerome, imagined what it'd be like to make love to him, to feel his weight on her body, his cock moving inside her. Now she'd have the attention of two men, catering to her sexual needs and desires.

"I think I'll stay here." Jerome shifted his weight from one foot to another and wrung his hands.

"Are you getting cold feet on me, big guy?"

"Me? Uh, no."

"Quit cracking your knuckles. What are you so nervous about? I'm the one that should be nervous. I insulted his manhood and now he has something to prove. Besides, he's seen you naked before in the locker room."

"I haven't seen you naked, except in pictures."

"Oh." She hadn't thought of it in those terms. After all these years, she'd never so much as kissed Jerome. "But you want to?"

"Hell, yeah. Brick's seen the goods, but your good buddy hasn't."

She waved a hand at him. "Oh, that. It was nothing. Boring, like I said."

"Bullshit. You don't fool me for a second. Cody might be a self-centered ass, but his ego wouldn't allow him to give a substandard sexual performance."

"You might be wrong. Maybe he's the one who really needs

Viagra.”

“Don’t lie, Ter. I don’t buy it. Do you want me to sit this one out?”

“You’d almost prefer that, wouldn’t you?”

“I’m a little concerned that I won’t be able to please you.”

“I’m easy to please. After all, I slept with him.” She pointed at Cody making his way back to them. “I told you, I don’t want to be alone with him.”

“I still don’t get it.”

She wasn’t sure she got it either, other than she wanted to keep this casual, and both men got to her, too much. Surely, doing two guys proved this didn’t mean anything. No pressure, just plain sex, pure fun. Not a big deal.

Except it was a big deal to her.

Even so, in a depraved sort of way, she looked forward to it. She’d never been the woman she pretended to be. Now she had a chance. She’d throw caution to the wind and play the part she’d fabricated. The thought excited and liberated her.

Cody sauntered back, brimming with male confidence and smug in the assumption that he’d get his way.

Wouldn’t he be surprised when she took them both on?

\* \* \* \*

Cody grabbed a bottle of wine in one hand and snagged three wine glasses by their stems in the other.

He walked toward Taryn and Jerome, waiting for him. He tried to read her expression, but he couldn’t tell if she was scared shitless or aroused.

What if she didn’t really want to do this? Like an enemy ambush, guilt crept up on him. It’d been so long since he’d felt that nagging deep in his gut, he almost didn’t recognize it. In his life, considering others had become as elusive as an endangered species.

Except for....

But nobody knew about that, except Levi. And nobody would. He had a reputation to uphold, just like Taryn. He suspected he'd earned his more than she had. Even so, the private Cody Brickman bore little resemblance to the public version.

"Ready?"

Taryn smiled a little unsteadily.

Cody turned to her. "Are you sure you want to do this?" He offered her an out. If she wasn't a hundred-percent willing participant, he wasn't interested.

"What is it with you two? Of course, I do." Taryn moved to him and linked her arm in his.

"Okay. If that's what you want."

"Jerome, are you coming?"

He raised one black eyebrow. "I just got a refill on my drink. I'll be along shortly. Get started without me."

Cody tossed him an extra key. "Don't wait too long. I might wear her out."

Jerome snagged the key in midair, grinned, and waved them off.

Taking Taryn's hand, he led her from the noisy room. She glanced over her shoulder at Jerome, shooting him with her glare. He gave her a thumbs up, the insufferable ass. He'd just thrown her to the dog, knowing she didn't want to be alone with him.

Cody didn't notice. On a mission, he towed her up the stairs and down a dimly lit hallway, until he opened a door at the end. The VIP room consisted of a couple of couches, a coffee table, a square table with chairs, a wet bar, and a few barstools. The muted lighting engulfed the room in shadows.

Cody led Taryn inside and sealed their fate.

\* \* \* \*

Cody turned to her as he kicked the door shut with his heel. "Do

you think he'll join us?"

"I haven't a clue."

"Do you two do this often?"

"Of course."

He rubbed his chin and looked her up and down. "You're not a good bullshitter."

"Actually, I'm quite good."

He moved to her and tilted her chin up to his. "I'm good, too, and I'll prove it." He kissed her plump kissable lips. Light little feather kisses designed to drive a woman wild.

Taryn moaned and swayed. He caught her in his arms.

"Am I boring you yet?"

"To death."

"Then it'll be a sweet death."

"What a way to die."

"That's my line." He winked at her, ready to get down to business, literally. "Get naked for me, sweetheart."

Taryn looked at him through lowered lashes. He waited, resting his butt on the edge of the wet bar counter. She reached behind her back. He heard the zipper and the dress fell loose, baring her breasts. Tonight, she wore simple little gold hoops in each nipple. Cody licked his lips. The slinky fabric slithered down her body and pooled at her feet.

He cupped those great tits of hers in his hands, kneading them, rolling the nipples between his thumb and forefinger. Her piercings excited him as much now as they did that first night. He kissed his way down her silky skin. Pausing to lick her nipples, his tongue toyed with the gold rings. As much as he loved them, he didn't spend much time there. He had a different goal tonight.

Picking her up by the waist, he sat her on the edge of a small round bar table, pushing the chair out of the way. He knelt down between her legs, spreading them wide. The scent of an aroused woman, mingled with her perfume, just about sent him over the edge.

He moved aside the crotch of her panties and spread her apart. Burying his face between her legs, he drove his tongue deep. She grabbed handfuls of his hair and pushed her pussy into his face. Cody greedily ate at her, lapping the juices, sucking her clit, fucking her with his fingers. Seconds later, she came, screaming his name as a shudder vibrated from deep in her core to all parts of her body.

Satisfied, he rose to his feet. "I bet that sucked, too."

"It did. Hell, yes, it did." Her head lolled back on the table.

Not giving her any recovery time, he lifted her up and laid her on her back on the table.

The door opened. They both glanced toward it. Jerome slipped in the door and shut it behind him.

"Don't stop on my account." He dropped into a chair after positioning it for the best view.

"Don't you want to get in on the action?" Cody's hand stroked her pussy.

"I will when the time's right. For now, I'll watch."

"You will?" Taryn lifted her head from the table and sounded a little disconcerted.

"I like to watch."

"Suit yourself." Cody turned back to Taryn. His hands roamed her body, exploring the soft, smooth skin and the hard athlete's muscles. Taryn's head hung off the table. She lifted it and turned to watch him.

"Bored yet?"

"Not yet." Her eyes dilated as proof of her desire.

"Would you like me to get you a magazine to read, so you won't be bored?"

"No."

"How about a drink or something?" His index finger slid inside her wet cunt while his other hand fondled a breast. She arched her hips toward him.

"No." Her strangled voice amused him.

"Don't start yawning on me. I know I'm an uninspired lover." He

thumbed her clit. The little nub was erect and ready for more action.

“Just shut up and fuck me.”

“Isn’t that a song?”

She groaned.

“Do you need something?”

“Your cock. Now. Inside my pussy.”

“You sure?”

“Absolutely.” She gasped. Lifting those long legs, she hooked them on the sides of the table and opened herself even wider to him. He drove two fingers inside her, finger fucking her. His fingers made a sucking sound as they moved in and out of her sopping pussy.

Jerome stood and moved closer. Out of the corner of his eye, Cody saw him strip off his clothes. His teammate moved to her side and fingered the nipple ring on her breast. Taryn cried out from the overwhelming pleasure of two men’s hands on her.

With Jerome’s help, she came apart again, drenching Cody’s fingers with her juices. “Oh, God. Please, I can’t take anymore. Stop. That’s enough.”

“Sorry, babe, we haven’t even gotten to the main event. Third time’s a charm.”

Jerome moved to her head. He continued to finger her nipples. Taking her hand, he wrapped her fingers around his cock. She took the not-so-subtle hint and stroked it. Jerome moaned. His body quivered with yearning and from the sheer strength it took for him to hold back.

“Don’t you fucking come yet, buddy. Not until we have two holes filled.”

“I won’t.” Jerome gritted his teeth as Taryn worked his cock with her hand.

Cody slid Taryn’s hips to the edge of the table, positioned his cock at her hot opening, so hot it should have been steaming. His dick twitched at the erotic sight of her pussy, pink and swollen with need, drenched with desire. And ready. Oh, so fucking ready for his cock.

And his cock was ready, too. Ready to be buried inside that one-of-a-kind heaven on earth.

With a tortured groan, he inhaled, bunched his muscles, and slammed into her all the way home. Taryn's primal scream echoed through the small room. Her hips jerked from the jolt. Pleasure rippled through both of them.

Damn, she was so fucking tight. She felt so damn good, wrapped around him, wet and warm and wanting.

\* \* \* \*

Taryn closed her eyes and enjoyed the sensations of Cody's cock inside her, Jerome's hands on her nipples, and her hand stroking his cock. She'd lost all ability to be concerned about fucking two men. In fact, she wanted it. Needed it. Desired it. Even better, she'd soon have both of them.

Cody slammed into her a few more times then stopped. His chest heaving, he looked at Jerome. "You ready, buddy, to drive it home?"

"Fuck, yeah."

"How about you, Ter?"

"Yes! Oh, hell, yes!" Lust overtook all reason as she begged for more from the two of them.

Cody flipped her over onto her stomach and rammed into her doggy style. Her slick snatch allowed him to slide right in with no resistance.

She hung her head over the side of the table and squeezed her eyes shut, enjoying a riot of sensations caused by this large cock buried inside her, slamming into her, filling her. He reached his hands underneath and toyed with her nipples, squeezing and pulling.

A hand grabbed her hair and tilted her head back. She opened her eyes. A cock, large and hard, rubbed her lips. Glancing upward, she locked eyes with Jerome.

"Do you want something?" She tried to sound coy, hard to do with



a monster cock ramming into her from behind.

“What do you think? I’m harder than a prison inmate looking at porn.” He pushed her lips down to his waiting cock. She licked a bead of pre-cum from the tip and Jerome shuddered.

Cody thrust harder. Her muscles convulsed around him. He moved in and out with hard and strong but excruciatingly slow strokes, pausing on each in and out stroke.

She couldn’t believe she was doing this and enjoying it. Maybe she craved the heady feeling of power that came from two virile men begging for release. Who the hell knew? She decided it didn’t matter. She’d live for the moment. Fuck for the moment. Enjoy for the moment.

“Need some Viagra, buddy?” Cody panted. His breath whooshed out of him as he adjusted Taryn’s hips and drove deeper.

“Her mouth is all the Viagra I need.” Jerome groaned. He rubbed a generous amount of some kind of lube on his erect cock.

“I can see that.”

Taryn shot a deadly glare over her shoulder at Cody. “Quit talking and do your job.”

“Sorry. Now don’t fall asleep. You’ll devastate my fragile male ego.”

Taryn opened her mouth for another barb, but Jerome stuffed it full of cock. “Come on, baby, worship at my altar.”

He gently pushed her mouth down further. Taryn tried to take more of Jerome’s average-sized cock, grateful it wasn’t Cody’s, whose cock rivaled his ego. And that said a lot.

Jerome fed her a little at a time. Gagging, she pulled back. He urged her to try it again. Greedy to take more, she opened her mouth wider and went down on him, bobbing her head on his meat.

Seeing Jerome getting head, Cody stroked deeper. Pretty soon, both men synchronized their thrusts, as if they’d done this before. Each plunge into her tight pussy was met with equal force by Jerome. Pinned between them, their pistoning drove Cody deeper into her

pussy, and Jerome deeper in her mouth. She took him, feeling dirty, sexy, and turned on.

Jerome wrapped her long hair around his hand and used it to hold her head on his cock as he drove to the back of her throat.

“Take me deep, lambkins. Deep throat me!”

She tried. She really did, but it wasn’t easy. Her mouth ached from being forced open so wide. Sensations she never thought possible tore through her body.

“Fuck. Oh, fuck. I’m gonna come. Sorry, baby, I gotta get it deep first. Hang on.” Jerome apologized. He didn’t need to, she wanted to do this for him.

She gripped the table legs and both men slammed into her. Crazed, she rocked and bucked against them, working all three of them into a frenzy. Jerome started to stiffen. With one final monumental effort, he pushed his cock down her throat. His balls slapped against her chin. His pubic hair tickled her nose. He held her head there for a moment then backed out just beyond her throat. Throwing back his head, he roared in triumph. The tip of his cock jerked in her mouth. Taryn moaned and gagged as she felt him pulsate on her tongue as the warm cum spurted into her mouth.

Cody drove deeper and harder building to his own climax. Taryn’s body thrashed about on the table. Her tight walls spasmed and clenched around Cody’s cock. That undid him, which undid her. She would have screamed her way to her own climax, but she couldn’t with her mouth stuffed full of Jerome.

The room quaked and spun around her. For a moment, an earthquake wobbled and pitched her body. But, no, California hadn’t been hit by the big one. Instead, she’d been hit by the big O of all big Os, an internal earthquake of massive proportions.

Jerome pulled out and pumped his cum all over her face, while Cody shot his wad deep inside her. Shaking and spent, Taryn collapsed.

Leaning his hands on the table, Jerome gasped for air and stroked

her hair with one big hand. Cum seeped from her mouth and dribbled down her chin. Jizz ran in her eyes, stuck to her face and lips. She licked it off as best she could.

“Lordy, what a beautiful sight. Swallow my love juices, sex goddess.” Taryn swallowed what was in her mouth, finding the salty taste not as unpleasant as she’d imagined.

“I’m a blessed man today.”

“Me too.” Breathing heavily, sweat dripping from his naked body, Cody stared at Jerome. “Hey, man, don’t take this wrong. I don’t usually stare at a guy’s dick, but you didn’t seem to be having any issues to me.”

Jerome grinned. “Amazing what a little competition will do for a guy’s ego and his joystick.”

Taryn wanted to groan, but she couldn’t. She felt too damn good. She’d just taken it from both ends by two men she cared about and enjoyed the hell out of it.

## Chapter 7

Afterward, they rejoined the party, drank a few drinks, then all went home to separate beds, not that Cody and Jerome didn't attempt to invite themselves home with her.

No way would that happen. She needed some time for her body to recover and her mind to absorb what she'd done. She couldn't see the three of them crammed into her little bed. Besides, Cody's ego didn't need any more of a boost if he wanted to stay on this planet. Both of them seemed awfully smug with their performances. But then she'd come how many times? She'd lost count. She'd enjoyed their wild little threesome. That in itself had been amazing. In fact, she looked forward to a repeat.

Brushing her teeth, she crawled into bed and pulled the old quilt up to her shoulders, cuddling down deep. A September rainstorm raged outside, but she refused to turn on her heat until later in the fall. Heat cost money she didn't have. Boris cuddled next to her side and purred.

Closing her eyes, Taryn enjoyed the warmth of the heavy old quilt. She played the night's events in her mind and smiled to herself as she remembered hot male bodies. That was all she needed to keep her warm on a chilly night.

\* \* \* \*

"You did what?" Levi stared at him.

"I fucked Taryn's tight snatch while Jerome fucked her mouth. Shit, I came so hard, I thought I'd pass out. You should have seen her

with my cum dripping from her pussy and down her thighs and Jerome's on her face. Shit, I'm gonna come again thinking of it."

"You're a sick bastard." Levi lay back on the bed in the hotel room they shared and flicked through the channels with the remote. They'd been roommates on every football road trip Cody could recall since college.

"Really? You should try it before you pass judgment." Cody turned on his side to stare at his buddy on the opposite bed.

"Sorry, not my cup of tea. I like one woman at a time and one cock—mine."

Cody shrugged. "Have it your way. You have no idea what you're missing, man."

"I'll keep missing it. I think I'd be pissed if I had to share my woman with another man."

"Don't knock it till you try it."

Levi shook his head. "Not interested."

"If you change your mind, let me know."

"Never happen."

"Cody grinned at his friend. "Loosen up, bud, and you'll find your life so much more fun."

"This is making your life more fun? The guys are all over your ass because of your alleged sexual problems. Your game's been off and don't tell me it doesn't have anything to do with her. She said you sucked in bed. That bugs you. Now you're on a mission to prove you don't. You're letting her yank you around by your dick like a pull toy."

"I am not." Cody grabbed his pillow and rolled away from Levi. "No one really believes what the press said."

"Some of the guys do, and you need them behind you one-hundred percent."

"Only the ones that don't matter believe it."

"We're a team, Code. Everyone matters. Even that little asshole second-stringer that wants your job."

“He’s crap. Just a rookie. I’m not worried about him.”

“It’s your hide. Just watch your back.” Levi flicked off the light and the TV.

“That snot-nosed bastard isn’t a threat to me.”

“Fine, then shut up and go to sleep.”

“Yeah, fuck you, too.” On that note, they both settled in for the night. Only Cody couldn’t sleep. Taryn’s hot little body and endless legs invaded his brain, refusing to let him sleep. Lusting after her body was one thing, but craving her smile, the way those brown eyes sparkled when she gave him shit, and the challenge of trading barbs with her went beyond mere sex. That wasn’t a good sign. Cody only did sex. He did not do emotional entanglements. He did not grow fond of his sexual partners beyond a distant and detached affection.

Yet, here he was, thinking about her day and night. Hell, she’d even invaded his thoughts in the huddle at practice yesterday. That never, ever fucking happened. Women and football did not mix. He should be worrying about that little bastard breathing down his neck, wanting his job, and willing to undermine him to get it, but his mind kept detouring to Taryn.

Oh, man, he had it bad. Worse than he’d had it since high school, maybe ever.

\* \* \* \*

“You fucked Jerome?”

Taryn nodded. “And Cody.”

“Not at the same time.” LaSonia shook her head in disbelief.

“I did.”

“You’re bullshitting. This is another of your weird-assed publicity stunts.”

“No, it’s not. I did, and I’ll do it again given the chance. It was the most decadent, erotic experience I’ve ever had and more than I could ever imagine.”

"I'm stunned." LaSonia chewed on the tip of a pen and leaned back in the office chair.

"I guess I would be, too, if someone had predicted I was going to do what I did. But I did it."

"What exactly did you do with the two of them?"

"A lady doesn't screw and tell."

"A lady doesn't do it with two men. So spill it."

"Okay, fine. One in my pussy and one in my mouth."

"Really. You? Did you swallow?" LaSonia's slow smile grew into a full-blown grin.

"Uh huh. And I loved the hell out of it."

"Wonders never cease."

"Have you ever done anything like this?"

LaSonia's smile faded. "Honey, I've done it all. A girl does what she needs to do to survive. You, on the other hand, have not. Have you thought this through? Do you really understand what you're getting into? Neither of those men have tame tastes."

"I know that."

"I doubt you do."

"How would you know anything about their sexual tastes? Have you been with Cody?"

"Can't say I've had the pleasure, but women talk."

"And Jerome?"

"Jerome and I have hooked up on occasion when I'm feeling the mood for some hardcore kink."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"You need to ask Jerome about that."

\* \* \* \*

Cody grinned as the gangly, blond kid shot the basket. It swished through the basket, all net. "Great shot, Ben!"

"Yeah!" The kid pumped his fist in the air then high-fived Cody.

Grabbing a towel from the bench against the ratty gym wall, he wiped his face. “Good job, guys. I’ll see you here next Tuesday after school.” Cody watched as the kids filed out of the gym. It might not be much, but he loved this place.

Shortly after Cody signed with the Champs and moved to town, he’d been coerced by his agent to do some charity work at a community center near a homeless shelter for single mothers and their children. His brief visit to the gym lasted several hours and morphed into more visits, until he became a regular and the center’s best kept secret.

He spent every Tuesday there during the season, and more often during the off-season. A three-sport standout in high school, he didn’t care which sport they played. Hell, he could play them all better than most. What mattered was the camaraderie, the true friendships these boys made. Funny, it didn’t even matter if they won. They played the game for the sheer joy of it. Cody had once loved the sport for the sport itself. They refreshed his memory back to a time when life was much simpler.

No one knew about his regular visits, and no one would know. He’d made that clear to the people who ran the shelter. He didn’t do it for the publicity. He did it for the kids and for himself. Sometimes, he swore he gained more from them than they did from him. These kids were the one real thing in his life and one of the few things he cared about.

Cody had never been financially destitute, but he’d grown up in an emotionally destitute family where love was given with conditions and losing wasn’t an option. Physical and verbal abuse accompanied any sign of weakness. Originally, he’d kept his charity work quiet because his father would be pissed that he squandered his money on a bunch of homeless kids. The more he worked with them and celebrated their little triumphs, the less he wanted his work to be known. It was too personal, too private, and publicizing it would cheapen it.



Unlike Taryn, the publicity whore, Cody refused to turn everything he did into a publicity stunt. The recipients of his generosity understood the stipulations, 'Keep quiet and the money would keep coming, don't and he'd cut it off.'

Speaking of coming, shit, he hadn't come so hard since he'd been a randy frat rat during his college days. Amanda Morris and he did it on the couch in front of the entire fraternity during a party. That damn video his frat brother took still surfaced on the Internet every once in a while. He didn't care. In fact, he loved the negative publicity. Anything that pissed his father off made him happy. Well, except for Taryn claiming he sucked in bed. Dear old Dad called last week and ranted about Cody's impotence and how the guys at the club were giving him shit. Like he cared what the guys at his father's club thought. Then the asshole accused him of being gay. Cody chuckled. He had Taryn to thank for serving up a bit of humiliation to his dad.

Ah, Taryn. He should be pissed at her, but he couldn't seem to stay mad. He'd never imagined he'd get so turned on by one woman, even when he had to share her. Hell, sharing her turned him on all the more. This team fucking had become a competition to make her come fast and hard.

He'd always preferred multiple women but this aberration from his normal sex patterns introduced variations he'd not explored.

But he would.

\* \* \* \*

"I want a retraction."

Taryn sighed and cradled the phone under her chin. "You had to have help to turn me on."

"Bullshit. You were hot as an oven on broil before he walked in."

"What do you know about cooking?"

"You'd be surprised. I can cook a mean pot roast."

Taryn laughed. "The great Cody Brickman cooks? You expect me

to believe that?”

“Sweetheart, you can believe anything you want as long as you believe I’m hot in bed.”

“Well, I might have to sample the goods a few more times before I make a final determination. How much was you and how much was Jerome?” Taryn couldn’t believe her boldness, but Cody awakened something in her she hadn’t known existed, something wild and wanton. She wanted to explore it a little more with Jerome and Cody, maybe even that cute best friend of Cody’s. In fact, she fantasized about the different ways in which she’d live up to her reputation.

She’d live the wild life for a month then she’d go back to her quiet existence where all her wild fantasies were only fantasies. In the meantime, she’d play up the press and make sure she was seen on Cody’s arm every chance she got.

The donations to her scholarship program for female athletes had increased significantly in the two weeks her name had been linked with Cody’s.

“You need more proof?” Cody sounded excited at the prospect. “Name a date and time. I’m in. All the way. Literally.”

Taryn didn’t even hesitate. “Friday night. Your place?”

“I’ll be waiting.”

“I’ll tell Jerome.”

\* \* \* \*

And sample the goods, she did. For the next several weeks, she spent her free evenings with Cody and Jerome, fucking, sucking, and bucking as Cody crudely called it.

Unfortunately, she had a lot of free evenings as her team lost their bid for the playoffs in double overtime by one point.

Taryn’s agent negotiated some off-season advertising deals for her, including a relatively suggestive one for a condom company.

She received a few movie offers, too. One was a bit part as a

stripper on a large budget thriller, certain to be a blockbuster. She'd posed nude before, but doing it on a large movie screen was a different matter.

She'd never felt so alive or so horny. She'd learned more about sex in a few weeks than she'd learned in her entire life. Cody and Jerome pushed her limits, and she accepted every challenge.

Taryn loved Jerome like a best friend and now a lover. Jerome revealed a kinky side to his nature she'd never predicted. Sweet and devoted, he'd do anything for her. He worshipped her body, her personality, everything about her. Sometimes, his intensity unnerved her. She wasn't certain their personal limits were in sync.

Cody was another story. She loved having sex with Cody, loved his ripped body, his arrogance, his wicked sense of humor, his intelligence. He surprised her by not being a shallow, dumb jock. She'd only begun to uncover the depth he hid from the rest of the world. And he *was* hot in bed. Scalding, burn your socks off hot. Not to mention tireless, enthusiastic, and inventive. And the most shocking discovery of all, he was surprisingly sweet and kind.

Almost as good as the sex—almost—was the aftermath. They'd lay around, joke and talk. They'd reveal their dreams and needs and wants. Then they'd do it all over again.

No pressure. No commitment. Just good sex and good friends.

And lots of denial.

\* \* \* \*

Cody rolled onto his side and propped his head up with his hand. With the other hand, he pinched Taryn's nipple between his fingers. Fuck, he loved the feel of her nipples with their piercings, the cold metal of the jewelry, and her plump tits. They'd just finished another round of hot fucking. He should be exhausted but fondling her always revived his cock.

Jerome lay on the opposite side and ran his fingers up her thighs.

“So, Ter, tell me your sexual fantasies. At least the ones you’ve never enacted?” He grinned at her, baiting her.

“You two first.” Taryn absently stroked Jerome’s half-hard cock.

“I’m living it.” Jerome moaned with satisfaction. Cody bet the man spoke the absolute truth.

“Ter?”

“You next.”

“Hmmm. Fine.” He thought for a moment. No way would they ever know his real fantasy. It was so normal and average and to him, unattainable. They’d laugh if he told them he wanted to find a good woman who made him hotter than hell, would always be faithful, and kept him on his toes. A woman who wasn’t afraid to experiment and do daring things. A woman who’d have his children, while they lived a quiet family life away from all this craziness. He may have found the woman of his fantasies. That thought scared the fuck out of him.

“Cody?”

Her voice brought him back to the present. “Uh, yeah, I’d like to have a half-dozen Penthouse centerfolds catering to my every whim for one night.” For some reason, that actually sounded boring, but they believed him. Which disappointed him. Hadn’t they gotten to know him better than that?

“Your turn.” Jerome watched her.

She didn’t answer. In fact, she appeared to have no intention of answering.

“Come on, Ter, fess up.”

“I’m living them now. Just like Jerome said.”

“That’s a copout.”

“You didn’t say that about Jerome.”

“That’s because he’s telling the truth, but you—”

“I’m not telling.”

“How about you write them down, seal them in an envelope, and give them to one of us.”

“Why?”

“Because you want to live your fantasies. You know you do.”

“Like I’m not already?” She reached between her legs, slid her middle finger inside and then pulled it out. She held it up for them to see how wet they’d made her.

Jerome cleared his throat. Cody swallowed, his dick painfully erect again. He pulled her into his arms, and the night started all over again.

\* \* \* \*

Taryn put a pillow behind her head and propped herself in a sitting position on the bed. She began to scribble on the notepad, pausing to think and chew on the pen cap.

*My Fantasies*, she wrote on top of the pad. Then she wrote the most decadent things she could imagine doing:

*Make a private porn movie.*

*Have public sex at a party.*

*Have sex with three men in all three holes.*

*Have sex in a movie theater.*

She seemed to have a penchant for exhibitionism. Hopefully, it was just something she needed to get out of her system. The phone rang, she shoved the list in the drawer under her coffee table, feeling guilty for putting the words on paper. She’d throw away it later.

Those fantasies would never see the light of day.

## Chapter 8

Taryn wondered what they had in store for her tonight.

She dressed in a little mini skirt, no underwear or bra per Cody's instructions, come-fuck-me heels, and a tight halter-top. The outline of her new nipple jewelry was clearly visible through the thin material. Cody'd salivate like a rabid dog. Hell, she was already so wet she kept looking down to make sure her juices weren't dribbling down her legs.

She let herself in with a key and followed the sounds of the TV into Cody's ultra modern living room. Hands on hips, she surveyed the situation. Cody and Jerome lounged on the leather couch, drinking beer and eating chips and dip. A football game blared on the big flat screen TV, the only light on in the room. The last rays of the evening sunset faded into the distance.

Jerome being Jerome looked dressed for a night out in black slacks and an expensive shirt. Cody, in his typical casual manner, wore faded jeans and a worn t-shirt.

She pranced over to the couch and sandwiched her butt between them. Neither of them took their eyes from the screen, nor did they move to make more room.

Their lack of attention pissed her off. Her hands snaked to their laps. Jerome drew in a sharp breath. Cody blinked. She stroked each one through his pants. Despite their feigned disinterest, their cocks strained at their zippers, proof of their arousal. She slid her fingers under Jerome's fly, unbuttoned the top button, and slid down his zipper.

"Oh, fuck." Jerome squirmed under her hand. His erection begged

for her touch. She administered to it and slid her fingers under the elastic of his underwear. She ran them over his penis, playing his finely tuned sexual instrument. She tortured him with her fingers. The big guy leaned his head against the couch and closed his eyes. His entire body tensed as he fought for control.

Cody didn't give her the slightest notice, mesmerized by the football game. She knew differently. A tight jaw and glazed eyes gave him away, not to mention his rock-hard erection. He'd pay for his feigned lack of interest. She'd make him wait.

She milked Jerome's cock, knowing they both expected her to suck one or both of them next. She'd become a bit of an expert at giving great head thanks to their patient instruction. Tonight, she'd surprise them because she hated being predictable.

After stroking Jerome for a few minutes, she stood up, looking from one to the other. Cody still perpetuated the myth that he wasn't paying any attention to her. Jerome stared at her with raw hunger in his big brown eyes.

With one swipe of her arm, she swept everything off the coffee table. Cody didn't blink. Instead, he nudged Jerome and commented on a particular play. Jerome mumbled something unintelligible.

She'd show the arrogant jock. She knew how to get his attention. Taryn rustled through the bag she'd brought with her and removed a rather large hot pink dildo.

Cody's gaze flicked to the dildo and back to the screen. "It'll never fit." He murmured.

Jerome choked and his eyes popped out of his head. "No way in hell."

"Wanna bet?" Taryn reached her hands behind her neck and undid the halter-top, freeing her breasts. She'd added a small gold chain tonight connecting the nipple rings. Small charms dangled from each ring.

"Oh, crap." Cody zeroed in on her boobs. She knew his weaknesses. He dragged his gaze back to the TV and continued his

farce of watching the game. He'd pay for his inattention.

She started slow, undulating her hips from side to side, a sensual movement that'd make a belly dancer proud. She shimmied the tight little dress over her hips and down her legs. Hooking it on a heel, she snagged it with a finger and ran the silky material over first Jerome's cock, then Cody's crotch. Jerome whimpered. Cody coughed.

Encouraged, Taryn reached for the dildo. Making sure she had their full attention, she squeezed it between her breasts, sliding it up and down. A slight sheen of sweat glistened on her skin. Her pussy wept, it was so wet. She wouldn't be needing lube for that monster dildo, if it ever found a home inside her.

Cody clenched his jaw. Jerome choked on a moan.

Taryn sat on the edge of the coffee table facing them. She felt so dirty, so bad, so flipping wonderful. A bad girl to rival all bad girls, she'd give them a show then take them for a hard, wild ride to nirvana and back.

She spread her legs wide, giving them the best view. Teasing her nipples, she tugged on the chain, stretching her nipples taut then releasing them.

"Fuck." Jerome choked.

"Ah, shit." Cody abandoned all pretense of watching the game and focused his full attention on her.

Smiling, she held the dildo in both hands and brought it to her mouth. She made a show of doing to it what Cody and Jerome would want done to them. Cody unzipped his jeans and stroked himself as he watched. Jerome followed suit.

"Don't wear those out. I have plans for them later," Taryn warned them both. She slid the saliva-wet dildo out of her mouth and plunged it into Cody's beer glass. She swirled it around, her movements sensual and suggestive. Removing it, she drew a line down her body, between her breasts, over her belly button, and stomach, then lower. The dripping instrument marked her path with a thin line of beer. She lay down on the large square table and anchored her heels on either



side of her body, spreading her legs even wider. She teased herself, running the dildo over her swollen pussy lips, deep between her butt cheeks, then back to her neatly shaved cunt. She started large, drawing a circle around her opening, spiraling in with each pass until it touched the target. She hesitated, the huge fake penis poised in her opening.

Taryn's head fell back against the table. She took deep breaths in an effort to calm herself. Her erotic performance for these two men brought her to the edge of coming. All it'd take would be a little nudge of the plastic pleasure stick in the right place. It'd be so simple, yet she held back.

"No fucking way is that going to fit. You're too tight." Cody's skeptical voice wrenched her from the brink. She lifted up her head to regard him. She'd show him.

"Maybe you gentlemen stretched me out a bit in the past few weeks. Watch me." Taryn rubbed her wet opening with the tip of the massive toy. With the fingers on one hand, she spread her pussy lips and pushed the head of the pink penis inside. Damn. It *was* too big. What the heck did she think she was doing?

She paused to rally her courage and gave herself time to adjust and regain control of her body. It wanted to come, but she didn't want it to, not yet. Taking a deep breath, she relaxed her muscles and allowed them to expand. She pushed again and stopped when the discomfort bordered on pain and waited. Only a third of the thing was inside her. It'd never work. Never.

Cody leaned forward. His hand caressed her inner thigh. "Take it out then work it back in. Keep doing that and each time, it'll go a little further."

"No comments from the peanut gallery." She panted. Regardless, she pulled the dildo out and pushed it back in. It went in a little further, not much but a little. Closing her eyes, she lay there, wondering what the hell she thought she was doing. This thing would never fit, but no way would she admit defeat.

“Oh, fuck,” Cody growled and sunk to his knees next to her. He snatched the dildo from her hands. “Never let an amateur do a professional’s job.”

“Give that back to me.” She grappled for the dildo, but Cody kept it out of her reach.

“Hold her hands, Romeo.”

Jerome complied, obviously glad to be doing something.

“No, let me do it,” Taryn begged, suddenly feeling panicked. Jerome pulled her hands over her head and held them, immobilizing her. She struggled to free herself.

Smiling, Cody stood, his expression so tender, her anxieties faded away. “Honey, I promise to stop when you tell me. Trust me not to hurt you any more than you can take. Okay?”

She swallowed. He disappeared from sight and returned a few seconds later with a large wooden box. “I’ve been saving this, but I think you’re ready now.” Cody pulled out two lengths of rope and handed them to Jerome, who immediately tied her hands to the legs of the coffee table. Taryn gasped.

“Trust me?” His whispered voice caressed her bare skin.

“Yes.” She shuddered, scared, excited, and turned on beyond belief.

“Spread your legs.”

She did. Cody knelt and moved between them.

“Wider.”

She tried.

“Tie her legs wide, buddy.” Jerome pulled her legs to the side and bound them to the coffee table.

“You okay with this?” Cody traced her cheek with a finger. His gaze drilled into hers.

She nodded, thrilled by the helplessness of her situation. Scared shitless, but surprised that she really did trust him to know her limits.

Cody picked up the dildo, slathered it with goo from his toy box and slid it inside her until she flinched. She lifted up her head to

watch. Jerome put a pillow under it.

“Relax, baby. I won’t do anything you don’t want.”

She nodded. He pulled it almost completely out then sank it back inside, a little deeper this time. It stretched the tight little canal to the point of tearing. A thousand needles of fear pricked her insides bringing heightened awareness. The raw ache of the monster dildo invading her melded with pure erotic pleasure. She pushed against the thing and tested her pain threshold, her ability to adjust, and flinched.

“You okay?”

“I’m fine.” She gritted her teeth. Jerome fingered her nipples, then bent down to kiss her. She kissed him back, embracing the distraction of his mouth and tongue. Cody slid the dildo out only a portion of the way. Feeling empty after such fullness, she moaned in protest.

“You missing something?”

“Put it back.” Jerome muffled her reply with his mouth.

“I aim to please.” Cody slid it inside, forcing it past his previous stopping point. The damn thing pressed against her pussy walls, forcing them to stretch and filling her in places she’d never been filled. Her juices ran, a sticky testament to her arousal.

“Deeper.” She strained against her bindings, writhing on the coffee table. Cody turned the dildo, rotating it, spiraling it deeper in such a subtle manner she didn’t realize he was doing it. Like turning a screw, he carved out a place for the monster.

Jerome stood, stripped off his clothes, and straddled her head, blocking her view of what Cody was doing.

“Worship at my altar and answer my prayers, baby. Only you can save me.”

She had the presence of mind to roll her eyes. Opening her mouth to accept what he offered, she had no hands to stop him or regulate his thrusts. She was at his complete mercy, just as she was at Cody’s. Her vulnerability to their demands electrified her in strange, forbidden ways.

Jerome fed his cock into her mouth, and she took it, staring up at

his huge balls dangling between his legs. His penis hit the back of her throat, but Jerome continued on. She'd taken him deep before but never lying on her back and never in a position in which she couldn't withdraw to take a breath.

*Trust.* She needed to trust them both.

"You okay, hon?"

She couldn't answer Cody with Jerome's cock buried in her mouth, so she pushed her hips upward in answer, inching the pink monster deeper. Jerome's cock buried itself down her throat. She gagged, and he withdrew. She barely had time to catch a breath before he buried his cock down her throat again. The first time was always the worst. Once she established a place for her tongue and an angle for his cock, it was easier, even enjoyable.

Working together, Jerome fucked her mouth while Cody fucked her with the dildo. With each thrust and twist, he drove it deeper, taking her to the edge of pain before he removed it. The entire thing made her hotter than a nympho at a Chippendale's review.

A few months ago, she wouldn't have believed the things she'd done with one of these men, let alone two. She'd become a greedy slut, begging for cock, giving head, craving orgasms like a crack head craves the next hit. Hardcore sexual acts, once forbidden fantasies, became reality, and pulled her down deeper into this orgasmic black hole. As each layer of inhibition peeled away, her sexual appetite increased and a new layer of illicit hunger revealed itself.

She'd released her bad girl from that stifling prison, and the little slut now ran wild, violated probation, and eluded all attempts to be captured.

She wanted to taste every flavor of wicked fucking there was to experience, even if just once.

\* \* \* \*

Jerome, close to having a sperm attack after watching Taryn fuck

the jelly pink giant, didn't last long in her hot little mouth. He buried himself up to his balls with each thrust. Her face burned red from the exertion. Sweat plastered her hair to her cheeks. Strings of her saliva hung off his cock and dripped down her chin. Her eyes glazed over with lust. She didn't just lay there and let him do the work. Bobbing her head, she worked his cock in her mouth and shoved it deep down her throat.

He didn't have a clue what The Brick was doing behind him, but she seemed to like it. Deep guttural moans of pleasure escaped from her throat whenever he withdrew. Jerome humped her mouth harder and faster as he crawled his way to a climax. His cock twitched and pulsed ready to send out the troops when he dropped the payload. With a triumphant bellow, he pumped cum down her throat. He backed off slightly, leaving his cock in her mouth, touching her tongue, as he continued to come.

"Gooble my goo, sweetbuns. Gobble it right down."

Panting, she swallowed his lust load, the sexiest sight on earth for a man. Some of it dribbled down her chin along with her saliva. Stroking his cock, Jerome pulled from her mouth, and pointed his lovestick at her gorgeous tits. Small spurts of his dick butter coated her nipples and slid down the sides of her gorgeous globes.

He sank to his knees next to the coffee table, spent, exhausted, and satisfied—for now. There'd be more to come, no pun intended. They never stopped until both men had a chance to pump their cocks deep into Taryn's tight pussy.

Damn, she looked good with his jizz dribbling from her mouth and running down her nipples. Unable to resist, no matter how spent he was, Jerome fingered her nipples, flicking the little charms with his thumbs. She moaned and pitched her body on the coffee table. The ropes pulled tight as she fought the restriction. Watching her bound body made him hard again. He itched to wrap his fingers around the butt of a whip, to flog every inch of her beautiful body. He'd start with a tickle, followed by sharp stings of the whip and hard lashings.

He'd pay special attention to her breasts already sensitive from tight nipple clamps, her fine ass, and her swollen vulva, especially her clit. He'd drive her beyond pain into pleasure until she came and came and came.

Her primal screams ripped him out of his dark fantasy.

The gut instinct that such aberrant behavior exceeded her limits saddened him. But a man had his dreams.

Leave it to Code. He'd done the impossible. Over three-quarters of that mega sex toy were imbedded in Taryn's tight cunt. Her pussy stretched impossibly around it. It glistened with her cunt juices each time Cody withdrew it.

Sitting back on his haunches and holding it inside her with one hand, Cody swiped at the sweat on his face. Taryn continued to pump her hips, working the dildo. After that momentary breather, Cody went back to work.

Jerome fingered the chain connecting her two nipple rings. His little Taryn was sure full of surprises. That chain begged to be tugged and used in kinky ways she may not have imagined. Wrapping it around his index finger, he twisted the chain. Her nipples stretched until the rings touched. Taryn cried out. Cody took that opportunity to plunge the pink monster deeper. Her writhing body was almost completely impaled on the hard gel toy.

Jerome released the chain and freed her nipples. Cody stared at her splayed legs and her wet pussy with the massive thing crammed in it.

"Fuck. That's enough." Panting, his eyes glazed and his cock begging for satisfaction, Cody yanked the dildo out. He dropped his pants and underwear in one swift movement.

Taryn humped the air, begging for the dildo, a cock, anything to fill her hole. "Fuck me! Damn it, somebody fuck me! Make me come!" She begged, screamed, cried, sobbed for release. It was an incredible thing to witness.

Spreading her lips, Cody rammed into Taryn. He lunged again and

again with violent impact, as she howled for more. Her hips slammed into the table. Her body absorbed his assault and mounted one of its own as she banged her hips into his with amazing force for a woman. Cody's face contorted with crazed desire and lust in the ultimate high.

As Jerome watched, his two friends exploded in an astounding orgasm that no words could describe. His cock ached and begged for a chance to sink into that warm paradise. As soon as The Brick withdrew, Jerome, incredibly hard again, replaced Cody and took the drivers seat and rammed his stick shift into overdrive.

Taryn screamed and carried on like a crazy woman. "Fuck me! Fuck me, you wild bastard. Harder, damn it! Harder! Harder!"

Her wild shrieks urged him on. His hard fucking smacked her body against the coffee table. Her boobs bounced in rhythm to his pumping hips. The charms jerked up and down on her nipples. Those long legs clamped around him and insanity prevailed.

When he paused to gather his breath, Cody untied her hands and legs. "Sit on the couch, buddy. I'll bring her to you."

Jerome loved how that man thought. He shifted positions to sit on the couch, his cock standing up tall and proud and huge.

"Hang on, baby." Grinning, Cody pulled Taryn to a sitting position. Standing behind her, he wrapped his big hands around her thighs from behind and picked her up. Jerome licked his lips as Cody carried her to him, her legs spread, her pussy exposed and glistening from desire. Cum dripped from it and ran down her thighs. Steadying the base of his cock, Jerome held his breath as Cody lowered Taryn's hot body onto his waiting womb cannon.

Taryn whimpered as he filled her. Her nipples grazed his chest. She angled her hips to take him deeper. He put his hands on her hips and busted his balls on her hot pussy. She threw her head back and screamed in wild abandon. His own cries mixed with hers.

Cody reached around from behind, grabbed the chain between her breasts and put it in Jerome's mouth. He clenched his jaw and watched as her nipples stretched with each down thrust. She

continued to scream, driving him over the edge and into mindless oblivion as he emptied himself into her and climbed that mountain.

Lord, he loved this woman.



## Chapter 9

Jayde Stimson shot twenty straight free throws without missing. The girl was good, really good. In the short time she'd been on the city league team, she'd become a personal project of Taryn's. From a broken home, raised by her over-worked and under-interested grandmother, Jayde's hoop talent rivaled Taryn's at that age. Her background mirrored Taryn's own dysfunctional family or lack of.

Her grades presented a huge problem, though, especially when it came to getting one of those coveted full-ride athletic scholarships.

Taryn worked with her as much as she could, gave her money for tutoring, but she feared it was too little too late. Jayde's worthless boyfriend, TJ, dragged her down, convincing her to party rather than study.

Taryn shook her head. She wasn't sure she'd be able to save her, a personal failure she couldn't accept. Yet, she couldn't help someone who didn't want to help themselves. What a waste of talent that would be if she didn't make the grades for college.

Jayde jogged to the sidelines, grabbed a towel, and wiped her face. "Wadaya think?"

"Not bad. Square up to the basket and watch your follow-through. You're turning away too soon."

Jayde frowned and shrugged. "I didn't miss."

"No, you didn't, but you can be better." They walked to the locker room together.

"So you hooking up with The Brick tonight?"

"What do you know about that?" Taryn glanced at her out of the corner of her eye as she opened her locker in the dingy locker room.

Jayde laughed. "You'd have to be an idiot not to know all about you and Cody Brickman. That shit is everywhere. Does he really suck in the sack?"

Taryn sighed. Oh, crap, so now she could either admit she lied to this kid who idolized her or perpetuate the lie. "I think I'll keep that to myself."

"Why? You blabbed to the press. Why not tell me? Your pictures are plastered all over the gossip mags. You've obviously been seeing him a lot. Any man looking as fine as that man can't be a total bomb."

"We've become friends. He's not what I first thought." There, the truth that said nothing but said something.

"So he is hot in bed."

"Jayde, I don't think it's appropriate for us to discuss this."

"What the fuck did you say? I'm eighteen, not a kid. Besides, it's not like I'm a virgin. In fact, I don't even recall ever being one, it's been so long."

"I really don't want to hear this."

"Come on, Ter, you're the bad girl of women's sports. Why go acting all coy on me. Doesn't work. I read everything I can get my hands on about you. I've seen your Playboy spread. What did ya get for something like that?"

"I really need to be going." Taryn grabbed her bag and slammed the locker door shut. "Do you need a ride home?"

"Nope, my ride should be here."

"See you next week. Same time?"

"Yeah, sure. Ter?"

"Yeah?"

"I want to be just like you."

"You can be better than me. But first you need to study."

"I don't need to study to party, pose nude, or fuck a hunky football player."

Taryn cringed. "You do if you want to play basketball."

"Nope, I'll play right out of high school. I won't need to go to

college. Besides, I fucking hate studying.”

“You’d have a better chance after a few years of college.”

“Whatever. Later.” Jayde waved a hand in the air and made a beeline for the door.

Taryn followed her. She reached the door in time to see Jayde hop into a worse rattletrap than the one she drove. Her asshole boyfriend tore out of the parking lot with squealing tires.

Taryn shook her head. Why she cared so much about that girl, God only knew. Maybe she saw herself in Jayde. A scared little girl hid under that bold exterior, just wanting someone to love her. Nothing was ever as it seemed.

Shoot, Taryn almost didn’t recognize herself. She’d become her bad girl image. Not that she was sleeping around, she wasn’t. Those two guys were about all she could handle, and she enjoyed every minute of it, wrapped in a sexual haze.

Jerome and Cody challenged her to stretch her limits. She accepted the challenge, excited to see what they’d come up with next. She wanted to experience it all. She’d lived this fabricated life for so long, spent lonely nights with her imagination for company and fantasized about certain situations. Now she found herself acting them out with two men she trusted, and maybe even loved.

She intended to make every one of her wild fantasies a wild reality. In the meantime, her association with Cody brought in more and more lucrative offers, money that could expand her program and benefit more kids.

The press salivated in a feeding frenzy over her very public dating of Cody Brickman after her very public slamming of his sexual prowess. She slyly refused to comment and left them to speculate. Speculate they did, on the Internet and in print. Just a few days ago, LaSonia stumbled upon a website dedicated to speculation.

Her most intriguing and lucrative offer came from *SportsTime Magazine* to do a sexy cover with Cody. She doubted he’d be interested.

She attended Cody's home games. Immediately, the press jumped on that, too, because Cody played like crap in the three games where she sat in the stands. The headlines blared: "Brick's head isn't in the game, it's somewhere else." "Stay home, Taryn." "Brickman needs a wakeup call and not after a sleepover at the bad girl of basketball's house."

Taryn blew it off. Cody's last few performances sucked, but it had nothing to do with her. Ever the consummate professional, he'd never let anything like a woman interfere with his game anymore than she'd let a man—or men—interfere with her game.

Would he? Would she?

\* \* \* \*

Cody waited impatiently for Taryn to get ready for the party. He'd escorted her to several parties in the past few weeks, because he found he simply couldn't tell her no.

Being with her was deadly, to his career and his emotions, but he couldn't resist those brown eyes, that teasing smile, or those damn nipple rings. She led him around by his dick, and even worse, lately by his heart. That part of him never entered into relationships with women, but somehow she'd wormed her way past all his defenses.

So here he was, doing her bidding again, and waiting for her. She'd been doing whatever the hell women did in the bathroom for about forty-five minutes. Irritated, he plopped down on the couch. He hated being bored.

Boris eyed him from his perch on the back of the chair, as if he thought he might steal the good china. Cody glared back at the annoying feline. The cat merely blinked, unfazed by the glower he'd perfected to put opposing linebackers in their places.

Stretching and yawning, the ratty thing hopped off the chair and into his lap in one effortless movement. Cody avoided animals like he did little kids. He'd had a dog once back as a kid, a mongrel that'd

followed him home from school. In a rare benevolent mood, his father let him keep the hound until it peed on his mother's white carpet. Dear old Dad made Cody watch while he tied the dog in the backyard and blew its head off with a shotgun. Cody never wanted another animal after that.

The cat purred like a rusty tractor and rubbed against him. Absently, Cody ran his hand down the cat's back, which resulted in a furious round of purring. Boris curled up on his lap, perfectly content. He picked the cat up and sat it next to him, brushing off cat hair. It cuddled next to him, head on his thigh.

Opening up the drawer in the coffee table, he dug for a magazine or a remote or something. A sheet of paper caught his attention. He picked it up and read '*My Fantasies*' written on the top. A slow smile spread across his face. Boris stuck his head behind the paper as if reading it. Cody pulled the paper away from him. "I don't think you should be reading this, cat."

Shit, now he was talking to cats, of all things. He heard Taryn coming down the hall and stuffed the list in his jacket pocket.

He'd check it out later with his buddy Jerome.

Ms. Taryn Belle was about to find her most decadent wishes granted by her fantasy godfathers.

\* \* \* \*

Taryn bent her naked body over the arm of Cody's leather couch at Jerome's urging.

"Don't move, sweetheart." Jerome stroked her ass and slid two fingers into her pussy, still sore from the hard ride Cody had given it earlier. Thinking about that hot man's huge cock slamming in and out of her almost made her come again.

Cody stood next to Jerome. His face weary but satisfied. He watched Jerome and stroked her hair. "You okay?"

"I'm wonderful." She looked back to offer a reassuring smile.

Cody had this soft spot he kept hidden. It came out at times like this, and her heart filled with fondness for him.

“You ready for this, baby.” Jerome spread her butt cheeks with his hands. He knelt down and ran his tongue along her butt crack then around the outer edge of her anus. She tensed. He circled her tight, little hole with his tongue and one finger.

“I’m not sure.”

“You can do it. Once you get used to it, you’ll love it.” The tip of Jerome’s lubed finger pushed against her opening. She tensed, her muscles bunched. She tried to move, but Cody held her steady with a hand on her back. Jerome’s finger pushed against the tight ring of muscle. She gasped and squirmed. It burned. Bad. She didn’t like it. Not at all.

“Oh, shit. No! Stop.”

“It’s okay, babe. Hang in there. You’ll like this, I promise. If you want to be double, or triple, fucked, we gotta do this. Don’t you want that?”

Okay, she fantasized about having all three holes fucked at once by three guys, hard, wild, and rough. But that was late at night alone in her bed. They had no way of knowing that. Besides, there were only two of them. Were they going to introduce another guy to their little group? Oddly enough, the idea didn’t really bother her. It made her wetter than she already was and willing to press on to take something up her ass and even like it.

Jerome paused, and she realized they were waiting for some kind of response from her. “Go ahead. Do it. I want this.”

“I want to be the first passenger in your rumble seat, promise me I’ll get that honor.”

“It’s yours.” She dug her fingers into the couch. Cody reached under her and fingered her clit to distract her. It worked. Somewhat. She moaned and bucked against him. He worked her while Jerome probed at her anal opening and shoved a well-lubed finger inside. Her ass burned and hurt like hell. Tears slid down her face and Cody bent

down and kissed her, as if to make it better.

“You want him to stop?” His concern almost undid her.

She shook her head no and gasped as the foreign invasion of a finger up her ass set fire to her asshole somewhere between pain and pleasure. Slow and steady, Jerome didn’t stop until he’d buried his large finger to the knuckle in her ass.

“See, now that wasn’t so bad.” He worked his finger out, back in, then out again. Her body began to accommodate the size of his finger. When he finally removed it, Cody moved his hand from her clit. She whimpered and protested.

Jerome chuckled. “That’s my horny little slut. You want this thing buried in your ass?” Jerome picked up a small butt plug. He plunged it in the jar of lube on the coffee table. Pulling it out, he held it up for her to see.

She nodded. Ready for anything at this point as long as she could come again. Cody stretched her butt cheeks as Jerome worked the plug past her entrance. She shuddered and tried to withdraw from the pressure. Cody held her still.

“It’s okay, babe. Try to relax. You’ll be okay. It’s just a small one.”

Gritting her teeth, she buried her face in the couch and prayed for it to be over soon. Odd sensations seared through her body bringing with it a now-familiar and heady combination of pain and pleasure. With a final shove, the plug popped past her anal ring and seated itself in her ass.

Taryn panted. Sweat poured off her brow. She closed her eyes and let herself experience the fullness of the plug buried in her ass, stretching her, not exactly painful but still uncomfortable. She felt a surge of triumph that she’d battled her fears and won.

Cody seated himself on the couch near her head. He put his hand on the back of her neck and pushed her mouth down to his limp cock.

“Suck me, Ter. Make me hard again.”

She ran her tongue down his shaft and cupped his balls in her

hand. Sliding her mouth up the other side of his now semi-hard penis, Taryn licked the tip then sucked. Behind her, a cock nudged the opening to her pussy. *What the hell?* Cody pushed her head down further, stifling her cries of surprise, as Jerome drove into her with one stroke. The incredible feeling of being stuffed with both a butt plug and a cock in her pussy threatened to stretch her beyond her limits. She opened her mouth in reflex to cry out in protest, but Cody was waiting and pushed her deeper on his suddenly hard cock.

Stuffed full on both ends, her pussy throbbed with wanton desire. The warmth radiated out through her entire body. It consumed her fears and replaced them with a sexual fever, demanding fulfillment.

They took her from both ends. Jerome's balls slapped against her thighs on each stroke and Cody's slapped against her chin. The butt plug moved on each stroke, stinging with sharp thrills of pain. The conflicting sensations inflamed her. She spiraled out of control. Emotional fireworks exploded inside her core. Her orgasm lit up the skies with its intensity, causing a chain reaction.

Cody came next, not completely recovered from their earlier romp on the wild side. She swallowed all she could, then lifted her head as Jerome continued to slam into her from behind until he, too, came. He doubled over and collapsed against her back. His sweat-drenched body pressed against hers. His lungs heaved from the intense exertion.

She felt f-ing incredible, tired, and addicted to orgasms. And she wanted her limits stretched even further. She was on a decadent rollercoaster ride and didn't know when it would end.

\* \* \* \*

Cody watched Jerome screwing Taryn and grew hard again. Absolutely incredible. He should be passed out by now from a sex overdose.

Instead, he wanted her again, anyway he could have her. She made his pulse race and his heart lift. They'd become a bit of an item



in the press. She played to the camera. Her outrageous behavior encouraged the paparazzi, and the paparazzi encouraged her outrageous behavior.

Oftentimes, they were photographed with Jerome, but usually he hung back out of the camera range if the three went out together.

As he watched them, he felt a twinge of something foreign. Jerome didn't really fuck her or have sex with her. He made love to her. Even Cody with his jaded opinion of relationships, could see the difference. It pissed him off. He wanted to be Taryn's number one, and he wasn't sure she felt that way. Seeing Ter with his friend and teammate turned him on, yet disturbed him. What was wrong with this picture? What was it about this weird threesome that set his teeth on edge, even while his cock got harder and harder?

Jealousy? He pushed the feelings out of his mind. He'd grown fond of Taryn, even protective, definitely obsessed, but this wasn't anything serious or long-term for any of them.

He couldn't let it be.

## Chapter 10

Basketball saved her. It could save Jayde, too. If she'd let it.

Taryn wiped her face with a towel then tossed it into the laundry bin in the corner of the locker. Jayde sat on the nearby bench putting on her shoes.

"Can I give you a lift somewhere?"

"Thanks, but my boyfriend is picking me up anytime."

"Okay." Jayde continued to stare at her. "Is something wrong?"

"I'm going to be just like you."

"I know. You've said that. I think you can aspire to be better than me."

"No, I want to be just like you. I want to go out on that court and kick butt every game then I want to party all night."

"Is that what you think I do?"

"That's what the magazines say."

"It's not quite that simple."

\* \* \* \*

When Jayde's grandmother kicked her out, she moved in with TJ. She was an adult. Hell, she turned eighteen months ago. They never had any money even though he'd often bring home expensive jewelry for her to wear. She never asked where the stuff came from. She didn't want to know.

She needed someone to love her. TJ did. He adored her. She was certain of that because of the gifts he showered upon her and how jealous he became of other men.

So when things got especially tight, and he asked her to do some bikini modeling for money, she agreed. These photographers were willing to pay obscene amounts just for pictures of her scantily clad body.

Together, TJ and she, he was such a protective man, went to a sleazy motel room and met an equally sleazy photographer. TJ seemed to know him, which reassured Jayde he was okay.

She dressed in the bikini the sleezo gave her. The top consisted of a couple of postage-stamp sized squares that covered each nipple, now pierced at TJ's urging, and thin straps holding it all together. The g-string barely covered the one strategic part. Good thing she'd shaved herself bare.

After what seemed like hours of posing and contorting her body in impossible positions, the sleazy photographer called for a break. Jayde stood up from the couch she'd been bent over and stretched. Her feet hurt like hell in the 5-inch cruel shoes.

TJ had his head close to the sleezo. They both kept glancing her way. Finally, TJ nodded and walked over to her. "Babe, he'll double your fee if you lose the top."

"You want me topless?"

"That's up to you, and your level of commitment to me. We really need the money. It's a small thing to ask."

Jayde studied his face, saw the sincerity there, the sacrifice he asked her to make for their future. It was a minor request. After all, Taryn, her mentor, had done worse than this.

Jayde nodded. "I'll do it. It's nothing."

"He'll triple it if you take off the g-string. You're practically showing the goods as it is."

Jayde swallowed. Warning bells rang in her head. She turned them off and forged on. Taryn posed nude. Taryn used her body to get what she wanted. Jayde would do the same. "Okay, make sure the pictures stress I'm an aspiring WNBA player."

"Oh, I will, girl. I will. The WNBA will be banging down the door

to sign you when they see your Internet presence, your web hits.”

Jayde crawled onto the ratty couch and smiled her best seductive smile at the camera. Reaching behind her, she unfastened her bikini top. TJ nodded with approval when she darted a quick glance at him. She saw the love and lust reflected in his warm brown eyes.

Watching her undress for a stranger and the camera really turned him on. He’d fuck her senseless tonight. Exposing her body would be worth it.

Whatever made the love of her life happy, made her happy. She whipped off the top, soon followed by the bottom and posed on the couch as instructed.

## **Chapter 11**

“What are you doing?” Taryn took several steps backward.

“Don’t you trust us, honey?” A blindfold dangled from one of Jerome’s hands and handcuffs from Cody’s.

She bit her lower lip, considering that question. “Yes, I do.”

“We won’t do anything you don’t want us to do. Just tell us to stop, and we will. It’s as simple as that, so there’s nothing to be worried about.”

She nodded, still wary, as Jerome approached her again. “You’re gonna like this, I promise. Ready?”

“I guess.” She flinched as he tied the blindfold snugly over her eyes.

“Can you see?”

“No.”

“Good.” He stroked her hair in reassurance. “On your tummy, hon.”

Taryn rolled to her stomach. A handcuff clicked around one wrist. He pulled her hands above her head and fastened the other wrist. When she tried to move her hands, she discovered he’d run the handcuffs through a slat on the headboard.

Jerome and Cody worked quietly, keeping her guessing as to what they were up to. She didn’t have to wait too long.

“On your knees, Ter.” Jerome gave her ass a friendly pat.

Taryn rose to her knees, butt in the air, chest pressed to the mattress. Thrills of pleasure vibrated through her body, accentuated by the fear of the unknown and her inability to see. Her pussy throbbed with expectation, instantly soaked.

Someone fingered her slit and chuckled. *Jerome*. “She’s wet for us already, Code. We haven’t even done anything yet.”

Another finger joined the first. “Damn. She’s fucking hot.”

Taryn squirmed. She craved the feeling of a hard, big cock inside her. They had other ideas. The hands went away. Some more rustling.

They parted her pussy lips. Something slid inside, not overly large. A click then it vibrated as one of the guys worked it in deeper. Taryn rocked her ass back to take it.

“Oh, man, that feels so fucking good.”

“Does it now?” Cody pushed it in deeper. “Better than me?”

“Close.” Nothing could feel better than him. Nothing and no one, but she wasn’t telling him that. He moved it to her clit, letting it vibrate as he rubbed it up and down. It was that simple. She came like a thunderstorm, violent and noisy.

Not allowing her time to recover, she felt her ass being spread. A tongue slid from her pussy up to her ass. She strained against her restraints. The tongue circled her butt hole and pushed into it. She groaned, feeling dirty and sexy at the same time. Jerome had to be the one. He had a fetish for anal and other kinky stuff. Cody preferred straight fucking with a few variations.

Next came Jerome’s finger. Taryn didn’t like this part. She was determined to see it through, hoping that she’d discover why people found it such a turn on.

She tried to move away, but he held her. He worked his finger in and out several times. She gritted her teeth in an effort not to cry out as Jerome worked a larger butt plug into her tight ass. Finally, it popped into place. Her ass felt uncomfortably full and burned like a son of a bitch.

“Get used to it, honey, because tonight I’m going to fuck that little ass of yours. I’ve been dreaming of nothing but that for weeks. But first, we have a few more surprises for you.”

*Smack!* Taryn jumped. *What the hell?* Someone swatted her ass. *Smack! Smack! Smack!* Harder each time. Taryn yelped.

“Stop that, you bastard!”

“Are you sure you want me to.” Jerome’s voice reached her ears, all gravelly and turned on.

*Smack! Smack! Smack!* Each one was harder than the previous. Her ass stung from the blows.

“She likes that.”

“I do not.”

“Then how come your pussy is practically squirting, you’re so turned on?” Cody dipped a finger into her pussy. He removed it several seconds later. Cody’s finger touched her lips. “Taste yourself, babe, in case you don’t believe me.”

She opened her mouth, and he slid his finger inside. She tasted her juices on his finger. The spanking, though painful, had made her hot. Really, really hot. She didn’t need to taste it. She could feel it. If someone would just touch her, she’d come again.

“Okay, maybe I liked it a little.”

Her butt ached from the plug inside it and the spanking. Her pussy ached because it wanted a cock inside it.

“Your turn, Codeman. I get her ass after you’re done.”

“Hmmm. What’s your pleasure, Taryn?”

“Just fucking fuck me,” she ground out. This pleasure/pain thing was driving her over the edge.

“Help the poor man out. How would you like Cody to fuck you?” Jerome fiddled with her nipples, tweaking them, rolling them between his fingers, making her nipples as hard as she suspected his cock was. She’d give anything to wrap her fingers around Cody’s huge cock right now or deep throat Jerome and listen to his moans and groans.

“Damn it, Cody. Ram that cock into my pussy. Now.”

Something hard clamped over one nipple. She gasped as a wave of pain shot through her.

“What? What the hell?”

“Sorry, babe. A little too tight?” Jerome fiddled some more.

“Hell, yes, you asshole.”

Jerome chuckled. The pressure on her nipple loosened from a sharp pain to a persistent pressure. He snapped a clamp on the other nipple as she drew in a breath. He fiddled some more with the clamps and attached some type of weight that swayed as she moved and stretched her nipples.

“Damn. That’s beautiful, Romeo. I had no idea you were into this shit. You okay, Ter?”

“Jerome, your ass is mine once you let me loose.”

“Until then, your ass *is* mine.”

“Somebody just screw me. Please.” The combination of things they’d done to her made her hornier than a three-peckered billygoat as old Uncle Seth used to say. Right now, she’d be happy to even take it up the ass if someone would just give her some relief from the sexual pressure.

Cody took mercy. She felt his weight on the bed behind her. She lifted her ass to him, waving it like a red flag in front of a bull. Hands on her hips, his cock touched her entrance.

“How do you want it? Do you want it like a lady or like a slut would want it?”

“Fuck me like a slut! Fuck me hard!”

A scream escaped her throat as he banged into her. *Oh, shit*. Pain reverberated through her body at the fullness of him inside her along with the butt plug. He did as she asked. He fucked her *hard*. And she loved it.

The weights on the nipple clamps swayed back and forth, stretching her nipples, putting more pressure on them with a shooting pain. Pain built to this incredible pleasure and rivaled anything that had come before. When she came, she blew apart with the force of a powerful bomb, then the pieces fluttered to earth and became whole again. Cody came shortly after with his own powerful orgasm.

Jerome removed the clips. The blood rushed back to her tortured nipples and brought tears to her eyes. They could leave those damn things home next time. She didn’t care what kind of orgasm they gave



her.

Preparing herself for their next move, she suspected she knew what it would be. She was right. Jerome worked the butt plug out of her sore ass.

She gasped and moaned in relief as the thing was backed out of her butt. Tense and worried, she waited. Cody's magic hands massaged her aching nipples. It felt so good, she arched her back, then stiffened as she felt Jerome's cock push at her ass. Still somewhat open from the butt plug, he managed to feed a little of it inside before he met resistance.

"I'm gonna saddle up, little filly. By the end of the night, I'll be ridin' you bareback, and we'll be bucking and fucking. You'll be broke to ride after tonight."

"As long as you don't get bucked off." She snorted.

Cody had moved one of his hands from her nipple to her pussy. He ran a finger up and down her wet slit, pausing to toy with her clit before making a circuit back down and up again. Cody's ministrations distracted her somewhat as arousal claimed her again. Her pussy oozed juices and cum.

"Relax, hon." She drew in a sharp breath when Jerome forced in deeper. He hesitated. "Let me get in the chute, then hang on."

Her chest heaved, and she managed to spit out a few words. "Don't stop. I want to do this." She did. After all of the things Jerome had done for her over the years, he deserved this sacrifice from her. It was a small price to pay for his loyal friendship and unwavering faith in her.

"Ride 'em, cowboy," Cody murmured as he continued to stroke her slit and tease that nub of pleasure while Jerome ventured into no-man's land.

"Get ready for the ride of your sex life." He grunted from exertion and the strain of holding back as he worked his way inside. Even though the larger plug had stretched her somewhat, she wasn't prepared for the size of his cock. She grasped the rungs of the bed and

buried her head in the pillow.

“Oh, God. It burns. It burns, damn it.”

Jerome chuckled. “They all say that, but they beg for more.”

“Do you do this with a lot of women?” She panted, each word a chore to get out of her mouth. Despite the pain, there was this dark, forbidden pleasure building inside her.

“I don’t fuck and tell. And I’m going to ride this virgin ass of yours so deep and thorough that you’ll come and come and come.”

“Oh. Oh. Ahhhhh!” Cody must have crawled underneath her. She felt his chest hairs rubbing her breasts and belly. His tongue lapped up her juices and toyed with her clit. He parted her pussy lips with his hands and drove his tongue inside her, sucking and fucking her with his mouth.

Her anus burned like it was on fire. Sensations ripped through her as the mindless pleasure and pain stole her sanity with the insanity of it all. Pain be damned, she wanted it all, and she wanted it now, as the agony blurred with the ecstasy, erasing the lines between.

She began to move her ass, pushing Jerome deeper. Her cries mingled with their grunts and groans and the sounds of Cody greedily eating her pussy. Jerome pulled out partially.

“Don’t you dare back out now, you bastard.” She seethed. Every nerve ending snapped with sexual electricity.

“Did you want something?” Jerome’s cock teased her, poised just inside his opening.

“Fuck my ass.”

“Please?”

“Oh, yes, fuck, yes. Please! Please! Please!”

Jerome penetrated her again, deeper than before, and began to stroke in and out. The burning pain built inside her, melding with the incredible pleasure until she couldn’t differentiate between the two. Not that it mattered with one man fucking her pussy with his mouth and the other fucking her ass; the sensations stole her sanity and fractured her sexual limitations.

“Ready, gorgeous?” Jerome paused. His hands tightened on her hips, holding her in place. His cock filled her to where she didn’t think she could tolerate one fraction of an inch more inside her.

“Yes! Fuck me!”

He plunged his cock the rest of the way inside her. She screamed like a rabid fan in a championship game. Jerome fucked her with the enthusiasm of a man living his dreams. Somewhat careful at first, he carved a place inside her for his hard cock. He stroked in and out, building momentum. Cody followed suit, fucking her pussy with three fingers and tormenting her clit with his tongue and mouth, sucking and nipping and licking.

The fierce intensity of it overtook her as an earth-shattering orgasm claimed her. Violent wave after wave of depraved pleasure surged through her. Jerome shuddered repeatedly as he came inside her.

## Chapter 12

“You want me to what?” Levi studied his best friend with incredulity.

Cody rushed to explain before straight-laced Levi refused his request. “Tex, you’re the only guy we can trust. I don’t want this to end up on the Internet somewhere.”

“You’re asking a lot.”

“I know. I know, but you have film experience.”

Levi snorted, pulled his jeans out of his locker and slipped them on. “My uncle’s a movie producer. That doesn’t give me film experience. I got along with him as well as I did my dad. And you know how well the old man and I got along.”

Cody knew quite well. Their rocky relationships with their fathers were one of the things they had in common. Levi’s father refused to help him out during college, so Levi played ball, worked his ass off, and went to school.

“Are you sure this is what she wants?”

“Positive. I found it on a piece of paper in her apartment.”

“Fuck. You went through her stuff?”

“Not exactly. I was looking for a magazine.”

“You know how to read?”

“Nah. I just look at the pictures.”

“I’m worried about you. You’re really hung up on her.”

“No, I’m not. I’m finally excited about something other than football for the first time in a long time. It’s sex, that’s all, and getting kinkier by the minute. Hell, look how good I’ve been playing.”

Levi rummaged in his locker. “Find someone else. I’m not your

man.”

“Didn’t you major in some flaky thing like theater or something in college?”

“Liberal arts with an emphasis in film-making.” Levi yanked his t-shirt over his head then sat down to lace up his running shoes.

“Aha. See.”

“Cody, this isn’t a good idea.”

“It’s perfect. I’m not asking for a professional job.”

“You have no idea what you’re asking.”

“Ah, come on. You’re not that squeaky clean. You can hump with the best of them.”

“That’s not the problem.” A secret smile played on Levi’s lips.

“Cody, trust me when I say you’d be smart to find someone else.”

“Nope. I want you.”

Levi’s expression conveyed that he was about to cave. His buddy sighed. “I don’t know why the fuck I let you talk me into this shit.”

“Let’s go. I’ll buy you a beer.”

\* \* \* \*

Cody warily circled Taryn, the big cat circling his prey. Jerome stood back, content to let Cody be the alpha to his beta. Taryn glanced from one to the other. Something big was up.

“What are we doing here?” She stared at the room in an industrial area. They’d entered a warehouse, gone to the back and into a small room. Inside, a large bed dominated the room, mirrors and studio lighting on three sides, and a digital camcorder on a tripod.

Cody raked his eyes up and down her body. They rested on her face. “Nothing you haven’t already done.”

She broke out in a sweat from the heat of his gaze. Taking a deep breath, she eyed him with suspicion. “What?”

“A private photo shoot.”

“I’m not following you.”

“We want to make a porn film with you.”

“With me?” Her voice literally squeaked. Her eyes narrowed. “What’s going on? What makes you think I’d want to do such a thing?” *The list*. Somehow they knew about the list. This was getting way too coincidental.

Cody shrugged.

“You found my list.”

“What list?” Cody’s violet eyes grew innocent.

She groaned in exasperation. “My fantasy list.”

“Holy fuck, you have a fantasy list? Hell, yeah, we found it.” He grinned, and she couldn’t tell if he were kidding.

“Who’s going to see this film?”

“No one but the four of us. It’s not for public consumption. On that, I promise.” Cody looked to Jerome for confirmation.

“Four of us?”

“Someone has to film it, and someone has to do lighting.”

“Who is this someone?”

“The only other guy we can trust.”

“Who?”

“Levi.”

“Levi? Mr. Conservative Cowboy?”

“The one and only.”

“What kind of porn? Soft porn? Hardcore porn?” Despite her misgivings, wetness trickled from her pussy. Her nerve endings stood at alert. The decadent part of her mind started flipping through possible scenarios. She wanted to do this. Hell, yes, she wanted to do this.

“I vote for hardcore porn. I, for one, am already hard as a steel pipe. Rated Triple F. Fucking Football Fantasy. Get it?” Jerome showed his big white teeth. They both rolled their eyes.

“I don’t know where you come up with this stuff.” She shook her head, then turned back to Cody. “Levi agrees to do this?”

“Yup. He’s actually an amateur moviemaker, though not this kind.

You know Levi.”

“How’d you ever convince Mr. Purity to do such a vulgar, nasty thing?”

“Bribery.”

“Bribery? What did you bribe him with?”

“I have to spend the day with his four nephews.”

“Oh.” Word got around, even she knew what hellions those kids were.

“He’ll be here any second.”

“I’m not sure about this.” Actually, bold, wild desire tore through her, encouraging her to rip off her clothes and theirs and get down to business. Yet, that innate good girl held her back.

“Haven’t you always wanted to make a porn film?” Cody looked disappointed, like a little boy who was told the last cookie in the cookie jar was eaten.

Okay, it ranked as one of her wildest fantasies, only a fantasy, unless she gave in to that bad girl inside. Right now, the little slut was stuffing ‘good girl’ into a trunk and throwing away the key.

“You can hold the only copies, babe,” Jerome confirmed.

“What do I have to do?”

“Whatever you feel comfortable with.” Cody smiled his predatory smile and toyed with a lock of her hair. Jerome moved behind her, sandwiching her between them. He fingered her nipples while Cody’s hand slipped between her legs.

“I see.”

“You’ve already posed in the nude. We’ll take it from there. But it’s your fantasy, honey. If you don’t want to do it, we’ll call it off.” He fingered her crotch. “You’re wet, Ter. You know you want it. You’re thinking about how dirty and hot it would be to do it for a camera then to watch it with us.”

Her hips rubbed against Cody’s hand giving him her answer.

\* \* \* \*

Cody rubbed his hands in anticipation. He looked forward to this more than he'd have expected. He'd never made a porn film before, either. If he got anymore excited, he'd cream his pants. So what if no one outside this room would ever see it. Hell, he'd watch it every night before he went to bed. It'd be his best friend on lonely nights.

Judging by how Jerome's cock strained against his sweats, he felt the same way. Even Levi sported a huge erection visible in those tight jeans of his. Perhaps Levi would join them and Taryn would get two of her fantasies fulfilled. She'd be in a porn film and fucked in all three holes if that's what she wanted. It was all up to her.

Damn, his control stretched tighter than a rubber band, and they hadn't done a damn thing yet. He'd be tested tonight. It'd be a cockfest to remember, and his cock better perform up to expectations, and not get knocked out in the first round.

Shit, he'd better quit thinking about it, or it'd be over before it started. He glanced at Taryn. She seemed a little nervous but not bad.

Fully clothed, they stared at each other, wondering how to start. Taryn getting naked worked for him.

\* \* \* \*

"Ready, Ter?" Levi asked in that calm, easy voice of his, so cool he wouldn't melt ice. Taryn fidgeted, stared at the bed and stared back at Levi. He nodded. His confidence reassured her.

She turned her attention to Cody and Jerome. They smirked, getting way too much enjoyment from her discomfort, which infuriated her and lit a fire to her courage. She'd show the smug asses.

"I'm ready. What should I do?"

"Strip down to your underwear and kneel on the bed." Levi, matter of fact, and strictly business, flicked the camcorder on and zoomed in on her.

"Are you sure you haven't done this before?" Taryn studied him.



He didn't react or even bat an eye.

"Why would you ever think that?" Levi turned to a small stereo in the corner. "How about some sexy music to get you in the mood?" He didn't wait for an answer, instead pressed Play. Sultry Latin music drifted through the room.

Setting her jaw and determined to see this through, Taryn swayed her hips back and forth. She grasped the bottom of her tight little t-shirt and slid it inch by inch up her body, over her head, then flung it at Cody. It dropped at his feet, unnoticed.

Cody licked his lips and stared at her lace-covered tits. Jerome cleared this throat and clenched his fists.

Their reactions spurred her on. Reaching behind her, she unzipped her little skirt and wiggled out of it. It slid to the floor. She kicked it out of the way. Hands on her hips, she surveyed the room.

"What about them?"

Levi studied his two teammates. "Both of you, strip." Their smirks fell from their faces. Sweat beaded on Cody's forehead. He clenched and unclenched his fists. Jerome gnawed on a fingernail and shuffled his feet.

Neither man made a move to comply. Taryn stifled a laugh. What? Shy? Her big, brash, bad boys didn't want to get naked for the camera.

"Strip," Levi ordered.

"Nobody mentioned us getting naked." Cody protectively crossed his arms over his chest.

"How the fuck do you expect to make a porn film with your clothes on?" Levi rolled his eyes. Cody's jaw tensed. Taryn suppressed a smile. This might be fun. She rubbed her nipples and gauged their reactions.

"I was just gonna whip it out when it came time to do the deed." Jerome stared at an interesting spot on the floor.

"Strip. Now. What a fucking bunch of amateurs."

"Oh, and you're a professional?" Cody shot back.

Levi raised one eyebrow and said nothing.

Reluctantly, Cody and Jerome removed their clothes.

“Everything.”

“She didn’t have to.” Cody pouted.

“She will. Her stripping is part of the movie. You stripping is not.”

“Fine,” Cody grumbled. Both men got naked. Taryn looked them up and down, playing the part of the seducer and having a hell of a good time with their discomfort.

“Taryn. On the bed.”

She crawled onto the bed.

“Sit on your haunches, hands on your thighs. Great. Lean forward. Let me see some cleavage. Yeah. That’s the ticket. You have the tits dreams are made of. We need to see more skin.”

Taryn marveled at Levi’s ability to direct the action. No way had this guy not done this before. He’d had them all fooled with his ice man act, just like she had with her bad girl act. She lowered the straps on her bra but kept her nipples covered.

“Cody, help her out.”

Cody didn’t move. His feet froze to the floor.

“Come on, big guy. This is my fantasy and not the time for you to get stage fright.” Taryn laughed. She was starting to have fun.

Frowning, Cody got onto the bed, his movements stiff and jerky.

“Get behind her.”

Cody moved behind her, stumbling and catching himself with his hands. Taryn snickered.

“Hey, buddy, I hope you aren’t considering a film career because you suck. I hope you fuck better than you act.”

Cody glared at his buddy while Jerome broke out into laughter.

“Jerome, on the bed. Lay down on her other side.” Jerome’s laughter stopped dead. He lay down about two feet from her.

“Closer, this is supposed to be a porn film.”

Jerome scooted closer.

“Okay, gentlemen. This’ll be a tough one, but you’re supposed to seduce her.”

No one moved.

Taryn sighed. “Oh, hell, do I have to do everything?” She wrapped her fingers around Jerome’s fat cock and began to stroke. Cody cleared his throat behind her. Leaning back against his bare chest, she turned her head and pulled his mouth down to hers, kissing him while she continued to stroke Jerome. Turning, she began to work on both cocks at once, using her hand and mouth and trading off every couple minutes. Her guys’ inhibitions began to dissipate the hornier they got.

“Come on, guys, reciprocate. Taryn’s doing all the work. Jerome, pull her onto your lap. Take off her bra. Cody, you can watch.”

Jerome positioned her on his lap. His cock pressed against the crack of her butt. His big hand traced a hot trail to her shoulder. He nuzzled her neck with his mouth then he snagged a finger on the thin strap of her bra. He pulled it down her arm and repeated the process on her other strap. It snagged on her erect nipples and prevented their exposure.

“Help him out, Brick.”

Reaching behind her, Cody unfastened it and slid it off. Instinctively, Taryn covered her breasts.

"Move your hands off your breasts and cup them, push them up."

She moved her hands, baring her breasts. Damn, this turned her on.

“Pierced? They weren’t pierced in the nude photo shoot.”

“Like them?” She stuck her tits out and gyrated her body. The two-inch dangles attached to the posts through her nipples swung back and forth.

“Oh, fuck. That’s beautiful.” Levi’s camera zoomed in closer. He absently rubbed his crotch.

Taryn stared at Levi. What the hell happened to the quiet, supposedly straight-laced man? “You have too done this before.”

He shrugged.

“Yeah, man. Fess up. You’ve been keeping secrets.”

Levi heaved a sigh. “Ever hear of *Cowboy Long Dong*?”

Jerome snorted. “Who hasn’t? The Cowboy’s hard core porn is the stuff of legends.”

“No way?” Cody sat back on his butt as the realization dawned on him. “You? You’re Long Dong?”

Levi suppressed a smile. “I supplemented my college football scholarship with money I earned in the adult film industry, but that’s my secret. If it goes beyond this room, you’ll find this film on the Internet.”

“No shit?” Cody’s mouth dropped open.

“I thought I recognized that big cock from somewhere.” Taryn leered at him.

“There’s not another like it.” Levi ignored their shocked stares. “Let’s get down to business.”

Taryn thought they had been getting down to business.

“Ter, on your back. Pussy toward the camera. Spread your legs. Wider. Come on. I don’t have all night. Do you want to do this or not? Wider.”

“Whatever you say, Long Dong.” The guy was getting a little too bossy for her taste, but hell, he was The Cowboy. Even she’d seen his films. Taryn spread her legs wide.

“Jerome, part her lips. Let’s see down that pussy of hers.”

With shaking hands, he pushed the crotch of her g-string off to one side. He spread her wider. Levi moved in for a close-up of her now dripping pussy. His cock twitched under his tight jeans.

“Dip your finger in there. Further. Fuck, she’s not a China doll, bury it to your knuckles. Bury it and move it around. Not like some idiot. Pump it in and out. No! No! Not like that. Shit.”

Jerome froze. His big finger rested in her opening and went no further. Taryn squirmed, wanting some satisfaction.

Levi leaned in closer for a point-blank range shot, his free hand

rested on her inner thigh. Taryn obliged by flexing her hips upward to give him a better view.

“Great, Ter. Fucking fantastic. You’re a natural.”

She wasn’t sure if she appreciated the compliment or not.

“Okay, assholes, you really need to notch up the foreplay. You’re both pathetic. Look at her. She wants you to.” He winked at her. “You’re hot for them, aren’t you, babe?”

Taryn nodded, fingering her sodden pussy. Not only did her boys make her hot, but Levi looked damned good, too. Sheesh. She’d turned into a greedy slut. *The more men, the better.*

“Hey, darlin, taste yourself. That’s a girl. Now give them a taste.” She held her wet finger up to Cody’s lips. He locked his jaw. Jerome did the same. Pitiful. She held it out to Levi. He opened his mouth and sucked on her finger right up to the knuckles.

“What the fuck am I gonna do with you two morons?”

“Why don’t you show them how it’s done, Levi?” Taryn challenged, half expecting him to back off.

“It appears I don’t have a choice.” He met her gaze then looked at his friends for permission.

Jerome nodded. Cody frowned then shrugged. “I’m okay if Taryn is.”

“How do you feel about being fucked in all three holes, gorgeous?”

Nervous, scared, and aroused, she leaned forward and kissed his mouth. “If we can get these other two to perform.”

“We will.” Levi handed Jerome the camera, unzipped his tight jeans and peeled them off his body. Then came his boxers. Taryn gasped. No wonder he’d been in adult films. Cody and Jerome were large, but this man was huge, long and thick and big, built like a love machine. Hell, he defined ‘hung like a horse.’ Just the thought of that monster inside her amplified her sexual appetite. Shivers raced down her spine. Her pussy pulsed.

“Oh, my God. No wonder you did porn. That thing is lethal.”

Levi grinned. "That's what all the women said. But they died happy."

He climbed onto the bed beside her. She heard the clicking of a camera. Cody had come out of his stupor and picked up a camera. Jerome moved closer with the camcorder.

Taryn spread her legs wider as Levi's hand moved down her thigh. He leaned into her. His mouth teased hers. He nibbled her lower lip. His mouth traced a trail of light seductive kisses over her cheekbone and along her jawbone. His hot breath tickled her ear. "I want to plunge this big cock deep inside that tight pussy of yours. Think you can handle that?"

"Oh, please, yes." Her mouth dry, she nodded.

Holding her chin in one hand, he frenched her while his other hand roamed between her legs and tantalized her but never quite hit the target. The man was going to make her beg. "Not just me, but all three of us."

"All of you. Yes, promise me, you'll all do me." God, she meant it.

"By the time we're done, you'll be so sore, you can't walk, but you'll love every damn minute of it and beg for more." He signaled for Jerome to move in closer with the camcorder.

"Now, gentlemen, I'm going to work on her nipples a little. I wanna see them swollen. She has gorgeous tits." Levi palmed her breasts, kissing and nipping one. He caught the nipple in his mouth and sucked until the pleasure was close to pain. She let out a little whimper. He sucked harder, closed his teeth on the stiff peak, and pulled, sliding his mouth along the dangle. Her hips moved, thrusting upward, seeking relief from this incredible needing.

His other hand pinched her opposite nipple. Hard. It hurt so good, she pleaded for more.

"Suck on the other nipple, Code."

Cody nodded, his eyes dilated, his breath in short gasps. He abandoned the camera, along with his stage fright, and got with the

program. Jerome moved in for a close-up of both men working on her breasts. Taryn writhed beneath them, demanding and wanton. Her shameless body craved it all. Tonight, she'd get it. Anticipation rocketed through her.

"Let's make it wet." Levi reached for an uncorked bottle of wine sitting on the nightstand. He dribbled the wine down her breast then licked it off. He took the swollen nipple deep into his mouth and sucked. She shuddered, rocked to her core with spasms of untamed need.

"Oh, yeah," Levi crooned. "Like that?"

She nodded. He bent down and continued the task, sucking harder, he swirled his talented tongue around her nipple. Cody took the bottle and followed suit. Taryn bucked on the bed, close to coming. Never in her wildest dreams could she have imagined such decadent ecstasy, and they hadn't even touched below the belt.

Cody pushed past the shock that his best friend had revealed a secret life he never knew about. He got into their little scene and his ministrations to her breast became more enthusiastic.

Jerome, ever the voyeur, moved in close with the camera and taped all the angles. He'd always loved to watch sex of all kinds. This had to be heaven for him. Her body convulsed with pleasure from the combination of the camera lens a mere foot from her breasts and the industrious men with their worshipping mouths.

Levi slid up the length of her body. His hairy, muscled chest rubbed against her tender nipples. He nudged her legs apart with one knee. His mouth found hers again. She responded with eagerness and opened to his marauding tongue. The man could kiss, not as mind-blowing as Cody or as wild as Jerome, but with perfect technique. She suspected everything about Levi would be perfect and controlled. She closed her eyes and tried to lose herself in his kisses but couldn't. It was Cody's undisciplined mouth she wanted on hers.

Even so, Levi's practiced skill aroused her with a slow burn that smoldered and threatened to break into a full-blown fire. Bit by bit, he

drove Cody to the back of her mind.

Levi's hand crept between their bodies. It combed her small patch of pubic hair. She arched her hips toward his touch, and he probed her sweet wetness with one long finger. His middle finger inched inside her. She ground her crotch into his hand, trying to find a release for this incredible need building inside her.

"You like that?"

"Yes. More."

He added another finger, plunging them deep. Taryn arched her back and moaned.

"Shit. Honey, now I see what has those two clowns creaming their pants every time they think of you. You're as tight as a virgin. My cock is gonna think it's died and gone to cock-heaven once it's buried inside your hot, little cunt. You okay with that?"

Taryn nodded. Okay? Was a homeless person okay if someone gave him a million bucks? She didn't give a shit if they granted permission or not, she needed a cock, and she needed it now.

"Take her for a ride on that sausage pony. Give her your beef stick." Jerome clutched the camcorder, not wanting to miss a thing. All eyes turned to Cody. Taryn held her breath.

Cody nodded, his face unreadable. "That's what she wants."

"Oh, please, yes." She twisted on the bed and wrapped her legs around Levi's back. "I want all of you to fuck me." Her voice wavered as she admitted the naughty truth. Just once. Just this once, she wanted to experience it all.

"Shit." Cody absently rubbed his cock.

"You'll be one sticky cum-covered mess when we're done." Jerome wiped his mouth. He actually drooled.

"Are you ready, darlin'?" Levi looked into her eyes, his own burning with need and hunger.

She was ready, all right.

"You need to photograph the exact moment of penetration," Levi warned Jerome. "Don't miss it. I'm going to ram my cock so deep,



it'll come out her throat on the first thrust." Again, he regarded Taryn. "You in, babe?"

"I'm in, and I sure as hell want you in." She'd never been so ready for anything in her life. Even the sight of his monster cock didn't deter her. She wasn't the same woman she'd been a few weeks ago. After all, tonight she'd be a porn star, the hottest, nastiest, wildest porn star on film. She'd take that thing inside her even if it ripped her in half. She was that ready.

Levi grinned.

"You're wet, but I'm gonna use some lube just in case we need a little extra since you're so tight, and I'm so big."

Taryn watched with a dry throat as he slid a ribbed rubber on his hard cock then generously rubbed lube on it. She wet her lips and cleared her throat. He caught the action. "Don't worry, babe, we'll take care of that dry throat of yours, too."

Kneeling, he positioned himself between her legs. Taking one ankle in each hand, he spread her long legs over her head. He pulled her butt into his lap and held her there. A bead of sweat dripped off his nose.

"Put the camera on the tripod. Make sure it's on. Hold her legs up then each of you take a nipple in your mouth and hold on. It's gonna be a helluva ride."

They pinned her like a butterfly on a piece of Styrofoam. Cody's mouth dived on a nipple. Sucking hard, he took the nipple dangle in his teeth, tugging, twisting, then sucking some more.

"Oh, shit. Oh, shit! Don't. You. Fucking. Stop."

Her other nipple received the same treatment from Jerome. Heaven. Hell. Somewhere in between. She didn't give a shit. She bucked and writhed. Urging them to go further. Suck harder. Stretch further.

Levi guided his well-lubed cock toward her tight little opening and positioned it. She tensed. "You ready for an oil change and lube, baby?"

She tossed her head on the pillow. “You sound like Jerome.” Her tortured laugh rang through the small room. “Fuck me.”

“Gentlemen, let’s start our engines.”

Closing her eyes, Taryn willed her body to relax. She’d taken that huge dildo inside her, she could take Levi, who wasn’t much smaller. She was so fucking horny, she couldn’t wait. Taking matters into her own hands, literally, she grabbed his big cock and guided it to her hot pussy. Pressing the tip against her opening, one hard thrust only buried his huge cock halfway inside her. Taryn gasped and cried out with pleasure and a little pain. Her body fought to adjust to the huge cock.

“Damn. You’re fucking tight. I’m gonna need a few tries to nail you deep.”

“Just keep fucking me like the high performance machine you are.”

Pulling out, Levi thrust inside her again. A little further this time. He pulled out until the tip of his cock rested in her opening, now beginning to glisten with moisture. He thrust in again with more force this time. He thrust harder and deeper, withdrawing almost completely each time. After a half dozen attempts, he was buried to the hilt.

Taryn’s eyes rolled back in her head. She gasped. The pain of such a large cock invading her gave way to immense pleasure. She moaned as he began to pump in and out of her. His movements were slow and easy at first then built like the crescendo to a piece of classical music until he hammered into her with the expertise of a professional.

He shifted into high gear. His hips pistoned. Harder. Faster. Her head banged the headboard as each strong stroke pushed her up the bed. Cody and Jerome wrapped their hands around her breasts and fastened their mouths to her nipples. Each time Levi pounded home and moved her body, her nipples stretched further than she’d ever thought possible.

She been thrown into an ecstasy pit with three lions, and this little lamb demanded more.

Levi panted from the exertion. Sweat poured off his brow. The man's stamina was incredible. Her entire body screamed for release from this battering of the senses, this sensual prison. Finally, he set her free, punched her ticket, and sent her down the runway without a plane. She took off and soared into the sky. Her body spasmed again and again and again.

This once quiet hunk overwhelmed her with his presence. His hot seed filled the condom. His cock jerked several times inside her. Spent, he collapsed on top of her then rolled to the side and off her.

She heard clapping and opened her eyes to see the two cameras zoomed in on the spot between her legs.

"The Cowboy rides again." Levi got off the bed, turned back to her, and saluted. "I've been with a lot of professional porn actresses, Ter, but you're one of the best."

She smiled at him. He'd been wonderful, too, in a controlled sort of way. Levi performed like a technician when it came to sex. Cody was not only a technician but an artist who jumped into sex with unbridled enthusiasm. Jerome was a pure artist. Not one to make points for style, he relied on his emotions.

"That, gentlemen, is how you make a porn movie. Your turn. Think you can teach these two idiots a thing or two, honey?"

Taryn nodded. Ready for round two.

## Chapter 13

“What next, Ter? It’s your fantasy.” Cody watched her, hopeful that she’d pick the one thing they all wanted.

She’d done anal sex once with Jerome, him being the smallest and easiest on her, plus he had a preference for anal sex. Cody preferred a hot, tight pussy himself. The tighter, the better. A cock in that fine ass of hers would make her pussy so tight he’d be in fucking paradise.

And that was where he wanted to be. Inside Taryn. Just Taryn. And lately, the only pussy that interested him. It made him wonder what the hell happened to him. Probably the novelty of sharing, a brief jaunt into something different from his normal mode of multiple women servicing him. Instead, he found himself doing the servicing, thinking of her needs and pleasure before his own. Whoever said it was better to give than receive might actually have something there.

Hesitating, Taryn looked to each of them. Her gaze flicked to Levi’s cock, already half-hard again.

“I don’t know.”

“I know what I want.” Jerome had reattached the camera to the tripod. A red light blinked indicating record was on.

“What?” Cody asked, even though he knew exactly what Jerome wanted. After all, they’d planned it this way, if Taryn cooperated. He’d bet his throwing arm she would.

“I want to hear it from Taryn.”

All eyes turned to her. She stared back. Still wet with sweat and breathing hard, Cody knew she wasn’t finished yet. As a professional athlete, she’d dig deep and find the stamina to go again.

“I want all three of you. At once.”

Cody suppressed a grin and held out his arms to her. “Let’s get started.”

“Impatient, aren’t you?” She went into his arms, and he fell onto the bed on his back, taking her with him. Her mouth attacked his before he had a chance to take the initiative. He quickly took over, his tongue and hands demanded the control he craved. She wrapped her hands around the back of his neck. Her fingers dug into his hair and held his mouth to hers.

Cody loved the way she touched him, drove him beyond his limits; he loved her ability to want it both sweet and tender and rough and demanding. Sometimes, he needed both and so did she.

Tonight, he needed her to be out of her mind with depraved lust. After all, tonight promised to be all about her and her fantasies. Making her happy, seeing her lose all control and come and come and come fulfilled his fantasy.

“Ride me, gorgeous.” He croaked, already worked up from watching her fuck Levi.

She smiled down at him. Her long blond hair feathered his chest, like having strands of silk brushing his body. God, he loved that.

Taryn rose to a kneeling position and scooted backward. Holding his cock in one hand, she lowered her hot little cunt onto his erection until she impaled her body on it. A tight heavenly pressure surrounded him. Damn, she felt good, so tight and inviting. She belonged to him. He knew it. Levi knew it. Jerome knew it. Even though none of them gave voice to his claim, he intended for their days with her to be numbered.

It depended on how much longer he was willing to share.

\* \* \* \*

Jerome watched as Levi knelt beside Taryn’s head and shoved his partially erect, but still impressive, cock in her face. She stared at his penis popsicle and seemed close to drooling. Her eyes glowed with a

greedy hunger and probably a little relief. She'd never be able to swallow Levi's sword while it was fully erect.

"Set your table and get ready to feast on his meat, darlin." Jerome grinned. Damn, he loved watching almost as much as he loved doing it.

Levi rolled his eyes. "Where the hell do you come up with that crap?"

"I wax poetic."

"You wax bullshit." Levi guided her head to his cock. Their little pleasure lady practically salivated. She opened her mouth wide; even then it was going to be tight. Good thing she'd gotten some quality practice with her good buddy Jerome.

"Come on, honey, swallow my cock. You can do it." Levi encouraged her. Jerome watched her eyes get big as Levi fed more of his cock into her mouth. He paused at the back of her throat. She gagged as she tried to take it down her throat and attempted to force it back out. Levi practiced persistence and patience. He moved in deeper a fraction at a time, withdrawing when she started to panic.

Jerome didn't have that kind of patience, so he figured he'd help out. Reaching around, he grasped her nipple and pinched hard. When she yelped, Levi torpedoed his love sausage all the way up to his balls.

She almost panicked, unable to breath, but he pulled back enough to let her take a breath then went back at her again. Underneath her, Cody thrust harder forcing her head forward, and Levi's cock deeper.

"Saddle up. Cody and I are doing all the work." Levi reminded him. Not so calm and cool right now, sweat dripped down his face and dampened his once perfect hairstyle.

Jerome's cock twitched and further reminded him that he had his own tight hole to service, and in his opinion, the best one of all. After all, he was a back-door man.

Cody spread her butt cheeks apart while Jerome lubed his finger. He pushed into her workman's entrance, spreading the lube inside.

She tightened, trying to force his finger back out and squirmed.

“Relax, honey, we’ve done this before. Let this little ol’ handyman lube your back door.”

She couldn’t answer with a cock stuffed in her mouth. Levi moved in and out with a slow, relaxing motion.

Jerome forced his finger beyond the protesting muscle, worked it around, and stretched her for his crotch cobra, which was poised and ready to strike.

Once she seemed comfortable, he added a second finger. She whimpered a little at first, a strangled gurgling around the candy cane in her mouth. Her body soon accepted the second finger. With his free hand, he generously coated his cock in the gel, slipped his fingers out at the same time as he shoved his cock up her ass. She gasped and squirmed, but she couldn’t go anywhere.

“Here comes my love torpedo, baby. Set to detonate and blow us to pieces.”

Taryn’s laughter gurgled around Levi’s big cock. He took the opportunity to face fuck her deeper, forcing more of it down her throat with each thrust.

As relentless as Levi had been patient, Jerome continued his steady advancement then retreat. Each time he retreated less and advanced more. Her butt hole had already been made tighter by the cock in her pussy.

“Hang on, baby, we’re taking that highway to heaven.” Jerome pulled back, almost completely out of her tight ass, then plunged into her, buried as deep as he could be buried. Taryn opened her mouth to scream, but Levi rammed his cock home, burying his bone in her backyard.

“That feels fucking good,” Cody murmured and began to move his hips to enjoy the extra tightness.

They began to work in unison, even though they’d never done this before. They established a rhythm, which gave all four of them the maximum pleasure. If Taryn had been uncomfortable at first, she

wasn't anymore. Jerome could tell by her moans and the squirming of her body sandwiched between Cody and him.

She rocked in opposition to their thrusts in an attempt to take them deeper, ride them harder. They picked up the pace as one, well-oiled pistons driving into her.

Their breathing was labored. Bodies slid across sweat-slickened bodies.

Like a set of dominoes, when one falls, the others follow. Taryn came first. Her body convulsed and shuddered. Every muscle twitched as her body bucked and shook with the intensity of an orgasm that rode through her wave after wave, like a powerful surf crashing against the rocks again and again.

Levi climaxed next, still in control, and buried himself up to the balls and emptied part of his cum down her throat then withdrew and held her head as the remainder spurted into her mouth.

"Swallow, darlin.'" Levi held his cock in her mouth until she did.

Cody gave a final violent thrust and came inside her with a triumphant yell. His threw his head back against the pillows as his hips ground his cock into her pussy. Jerome felt his cock jerking through the thin membrane separating them.

Jerome popped his cork shortly after that, shouting her name and every obscenity known to man because it was so fucking incredible. Holding her ass, he rocked his hips and emptied his love champagne into that gorgeous ass of hers.

They collapsed in a heap of sweaty bodies as the camcorder continued to record.

\* \* \* \*

Something bothered Jerome, a nagging doubt at the back of his brain, as he mulled over the reality of his situation.

He'd wanted Taryn for so long, carried a torch for her brighter than the Olympic torch. He'd fantasized about having her in so many



different ways. In his fantasy, she'd wanted all the things he'd wanted.

Sometimes having was not nearly as good as wanting.

Jerome preferred the darker side of sex. It wasn't uncommon for women to be reluctant at first, especially when he first introduced the power of pain turned to pleasure. While Taryn tolerated, even enjoyed, a certain measure of pain, she didn't seem to get off on the things he considered essential in a sexual relationship.

He loved anal sex. She tolerated it more than preferred it. Were they sexually compatible? Could Taryn ever truly be the woman he needed? Could he be the man she needed. He shook his head. Maybe fantasy was better than reality. Maybe his eyes were opening to her for the first time. Maybe they'd be better off friends than lovers.

He wished he knew the answers to those questions.

Right now, all he knew was confusion. He also knew that he loved her. As a life-long romantic, he believed love would find a way.

There had to be a compromise.

\* \* \* \*

Taryn eased her sore body down onto her couch. She'd lost count of how many times and how many different ways they'd done it. They'd gone all night, each having countless orgasms. It'd been a night of pure debauchery never to be equaled. She didn't think her body could take a repeat performance, wasn't sure she wanted to do so.

Cody's team won game after game. His place in the public eye had risen and hers along with it. The press hounded her repeatedly about a comment on his sexual prowess. She maintained her air of mystery and no comment. It drove them crazy.

Her charity received record contributions last month. Three of the girls she'd personally coached earned full-ride college scholarships. Others were on the cusp. Then came Jayde, the one dark cloud in all

this. Jayde's boyfriend dominated more of her time, even escorting her to practice and waiting for her to finish. Jayde, herself, became withdrawn and uncommunicative. Taryn worried about her.

Then there was Cody. Something was up with him. He should be happy, as his team appeared poised for a playoff bid. Yet he grouched around like some old man with hemorrhoids. She enjoyed his company, but his increasing possessiveness bothered her. Anger flashed in his eyes when Jerome or any other man looked at her. Things were changing and moving beyond her ability to control them.

Which reminded her of that damn list.

Taryn dug through the drawer under the coffee table. She couldn't find it. *Her list*. Someone had found her list. But who? It had to be Cody. He had the motive and the opportunity.

*The slick bastard.*

Now he systematically went through each one of her fantasies. She racked her brain trying to remember what she'd put on that list. *Sex in all three holes?* Check, done. *Make a porn movie.* Done.

What was next?

*Oh, my God.* Her heart thudded in her chest. They wouldn't go that far? Yes, they would. But would she?

*Sex in a movie theater and sex at a party.*

Even though it scared the crap out of her, the possibilities excited her. She knew she'd go along with whatever they dreamed up.

## Chapter 14

Taryn ripped open the envelope that'd been slipped under her apartment door. She pulled out the small card and opened it. Written in Cody's barely legible handwriting, it read:

*Meet us at Erotic Pleasures on Friday night for the midnight showing. Sit in the middle row, second one from the back. Wear a trench coat and nothing else.*

Her hands shook as she re-read the note. She should've seen this coming, had seen it coming, but was powerless to stop it. Frankly, she didn't want to stop it.

Her crotch grew wet as her aroused pussy cast its vote. They wanted to meet at a XXX movie theater late at night. In the dark. How far would they go? How far would she let them go? What would they do to her? Would they get caught? Even arrested?

Those thoughts swirled through her head and aroused her all the more. She unzipped her jeans and slid them down over her hips until they pooled on the floor around her ankles. Sliding aside the soaked crotch of her panties, she stroked herself. She'd do the same thing in the theater. She get there early and finger herself, just like she was doing now. She slid a finger inside her sore pussy. At least, they'd given her almost a week to recover from their fuckathon.

She imagined hands roaming over her naked body, fingers invading her most private parts, their hot breath on her neck. She gave herself pleasure until she came in a heated rush.

\* \* \* \*

Taryn sat down in the second to the last row of the adult movie theater in the darkest corner. She'd followed their instructions exactly as they'd laid them out. She gathered the trench coat around her, feeling vulnerable and turned on at the same time. A cool draft feathered its way up her bare thighs, teasing her like the erotic fingers of a ghost.

A couple dozen people were seated in the small theatre. The movie, already in progress, showed a busty, bleached blond being pounded by a man with an elephant-sized dick in a park-like setting. Another man stepped into the picture and offered his cock to the greedy porn star.

Several rows in front of her, a couple made out. A scattering of men in a range of ages slumped in their seats, eyes glued to the screen.

Taryn slumped down in her own seat, not wanting to draw attention to herself and her tall frame. Her cell phone chirped. She glanced at it. *Cody*.

"Where are you?" Cody's voice, gravelly with need, crackled over the cell phone lines.

"Where I'm supposed to be."

"What are you wearing?"

"You sound like a dirty caller."

"Oh, I am, baby. I am. What are you wearing?"

"A trench coat."

"Is that all?"

"And heels."

"Are you missing me?"

"I don't know about your conceited self, but I do miss your big dick."

"You won't be missing it for long." He laughed a hearty laugh that warmed her heart. "Are you horny?"

"Hell, yes. Where are you?" She kept her voice low.

"I'll be there when I'm ready. Until then, do something for me."

Here it came. "Okay."

"Slide your hand up your thighs."

"What do you get out of this? How about you show up, and we'll both benefit."

"Stick with the script, babe."

"There is no script. In fact, there wasn't one for the porn movie. Why would there be one for this?"

"It's all in my head, Ms. Belle. Now, don't distract me. Are you stroking your thigh?"

"Yes."

"Move it up higher."

She did. Her hands shook as her fingers slid up to finger her wet slit.

"Now put a finger down your pussy. How wet are you?"

"Very. I'd rather have *your* finger down my pussy," she whispered in the darkness.

"Honey, patience is a virtue."

"I'm not feeling virtuous." She fingered herself, shoving two fingers deep then moving them in and out. In and out. In and out. She fingered her clit. Whimpering, she opened her thighs wider and drove her fingers deeper. The self-induced pleasure shot desire through her body. Her nipples ached to be touched.

"Ter? You still there?"

"I'm hanging up now. It's a two-hand job. If you don't get here soon, it'll be all over."

More laughter. She hit *end* on the phone and slipped it in her purse then worked her hand more vigorously. With the other hand, she pinched her aroused nipples.

Two big hands snaked out from behind her and slipped down her coat, startling her.

*Jerome.*

Thank God, she didn't scream. She sucked in a breath as he pulled open her coat and exposed her nipples in the relative darkness. The

light from the movie played off her breasts. The cool draft caused by the air-conditioning teased her nipples. His long fingers pinched and plucked them into tight peaks. He leaned over the seat and bit and sucked her neck. She arched her back and groaned, giving him better access.

Cody slid down the row of seats and sat down beside her. "Having fun?"

She nodded, unable to speak. Her hand continued to work between her legs. Cody pulled her coat open further. "Good girl. You're naked under the coat."

"That's what you wanted." Her breath caught as Jerome pulled on a nipple and twisted, sending pleasure/pain coursing straight to her pussy.

"Oh, yeah." He watched her fingers pumping in and out of her snatch. Getting on his knees, he knelt in front of her.

"Put your legs over the arm rests."

Glancing furtively around the room, she confirmed no one was aware of the little scene playing out in the back of the seedy theater. Or if they were, they didn't give a damn. She draped her long legs over the armrests as ordered.

"My turn. Let's see if you've been following directions."

Cody tugged on her hand and pulled it away from her crotch. He dipped a finger between her legs, raking it upward past her hot opening.

"You're soaking wet. Been thinking about this for a while?"

Only all day long.

Jerome abandoned his location behind her and moved to the seat next to her. She shut her eyes and enjoyed the sensation of four hands and two mouths roaming over her exposed body, tweaking her nipples, sucking and licking her neck and mouth, and caressing her thighs.

Multiple fingers groped at her pussy and clit then sank into her. The three long fingers, which had to be Cody's, worked her pussy and

clit. Jerome toyed with her nipples, sucking one and pinching the other.

“Spread your legs wider.” Jerome knelt down and flipped one of her legs over his outside shoulder so that Cody and he were both between her spread legs.

She slid down further in the seat. Cody pulled his fingers out, letting Jerome slide his index finger inside her. Once he’d drenched it in her juices, he’d pulled out. She tensed slightly, knowing what was coming next.

Cody reinserted his three fingers, working them in and out in a slow agonizing movement. Jerome’s fat finger probed her anus. Little by little, he pushed inside as her body accepted him. Once past that ring of muscle, he slipped inside easily.

*Oh, shit.*

They filled both her holes and began to finger fuck her. The excitement of being in a theater, the threat of being discovered, and the ecstasy caused by their fingers made her come fast and furious. She buried her head in Cody’s shoulder as the waves hit her and bit into his shoulder to keep from crying out.

\* \* \* \*

Cody sat back on his heels. The most beautiful sight in the world was watching this woman come, whether it was a loud, noisy orgasm or a pussy-wrenching silent one like this.

He wanted her, but so did Jerome. He swallowed back the jealousy that consumed him with more and more frequency. Jerome was a great guy and good teammate. He’d loved Taryn for years. What right did Cody have to claim her for his own? Besides, why mess up a good thing?

Because he wanted her to himself.

The realization flowed through him unbidden and uncontrollable. *Shit. Shit. Shit.* This didn’t happen to him. He didn’t have those

feelings for any woman. Not one. Nada. Not him. All he cared about was football and fucking. He didn't care about the women who graced his bed as people. He didn't allow himself to care. He couldn't.

Cody damped down all those dangerous feelings and forced himself to concentrate on tits and ass.

Jerome slid into the seat next to her and unzipped his pants. A big grin spread across his face. "Time to mount this sex stallion for a wild ride."

Taryn glanced at Cody, almost as if asking permission. He wanted to say no but bit his tongue. She took his silence as a yes. Sliding out of her seat and staying low, she climbed into Jerome's lap, facing him. Her trench coat wrapped around her and concealed the dirty deed.

Cody slipped into the seat next to Jerome. He moved the trench coat aside, feeling like a voyeur, and not exactly liking the feeling. What a great time to develop morals. This wasn't like him. He liked wild sex, unconventional sex, forbidden sex. Yet, something had changed inside him, and *that* he didn't like it.

Taryn lowered her body onto Jerome's thick cock. Cody's stomach lurched as he watched her rise up and down, head thrown back, her plump lips slightly parted. Jerome's groans caused a few people to turn around and glare at them. Other than that, no one paid them any attention or gave a shit.

Cody looked away and stared at the anonymous fucking on the big screen as his insides twisted in tight knots. He futilely attempted to block out the sounds of sex next to him, the muffled groans and the slapping of naked body parts. The smell of sex assaulted his nostrils.

Taryn buried her face in Jerome's shoulder. Her body shuddered with the after effects of the orgasm that ripped through it.

Cody stood and walked from the theater without a backward glance.



## **Chapter 15**

“Where’ve you been, Jayde? Ms. Franklin said you’ve been skipping school.” Taryn confronted her protégé after practice that night. She studied her with a combination of disappointment and worry.

“I’ve been modeling.” Jayde flipped her braided hair over her shoulders and turned to open her locker.

“Modeling?”

“Uh, huh. Just like you.”

“What kind of modeling?”

“They said swimsuit, but it was my birthday suit.”

“You shouldn’t do that.” Taryn fought back an unexpected wave of nausea.

“Why not? You did.”

She frowned at Jayde. How did a person answer a question like that? She tried the truth. “They offered me a lot of money. The shots were tasteful.”

Jayde threw back her head and laughed out loud. “Don’t bullshit me. Porn is porn. Tasteful or not.”

Taryn pulled out her fake persona and answered, “I consider them an expression of artistic freedom.”

“Screw freedom. You did it for the money. It all comes down to cold, hard cash.”

“Jayde, I didn’t keep the money for me.”

“Oh, so that made it okay? If I do porn and give my money to orphans, I’ll be fucking Sisters Faith, Hope, and Charity.” Jayde waved her hand.

"I knew what I was doing. You're too young."

"I'm eighteen and legal."

"This was a well-known magazine. Do you know anything about this guy? He could be a murderer at worst, a sleezeball at the least."

"He's a friend of TJ's."

Taryn bit back a smart remark about what an ass her boyfriend was. "TJ's okay with this?"

"He encouraged me. To express my artistic freedom, you know?"

Taryn cringed at the sarcasm in Jayde's voice.

"But you need to finish school, get a scholarship."

"Fat chance that'll happen with my grades."

"It will if you'll work a little harder."

"You're not my fucking conscience. I can do what I please."

She could. That was the problem. She lived on her own with her worthless boyfriend who couldn't hold down a job.

Taryn watched her walk away. A feeling of helplessness overwhelmed her. Not only regarding Jayde but in most facets of her life. Cody avoided her, and even Jerome kept his distance. Now this. What was next?

Things crumbled around her like an avalanche gaining strength as it rushed down the mountainside.

\* \* \* \*

Using the key she'd given him, Cody walked into Taryn's apartment without knocking. She'd be pissed, but they needed to talk.

"You should try knocking."

"Why, when a key works just as well?"

Taryn wiped the counter in her small kitchen, clearing off the crumbs from a piece of bread she'd buttered. He swung his tall body onto the cheap barstool at the end of the counter. Swallowing the fear that threatened to choke him, he blurted out what was bothering him. "I can't do this anymore."

“Do what?” She avoided his eyes as she scrubbed the sink.

“Fucking you with another guy or two guys. It’s driving me fucking crazy.”

“And how is that my problem?”

“I know you have feelings for me.”

“I do for both of you. Heck, I’m fond of Levi, too.”

“Yeah, but can you deny I’m your favorite?”

“I don’t have favorites, and I don’t want a relationship with one man.”

“You don’t want one, or you’re a coward?”

“A coward? It takes a lot of courage to sleep with multiple men.”

“Bullshit, for you it’s the easy way out. Sleeping with multiple men is a way to avoid real intimacy with a single guy.”

“Whoa. Impressive. Well, Dr. Brickman, if you haven’t noticed, I’m intimate with both of you.”

“Physically, but not emotionally.” He cleared his throat in an attempt to dislodge the lump in it. “Taryn, I want something deeper, more meaningful.”

“What? You? Mr. Shallow? Did you get hit on the head too hard during last week’s game or what?”

“This isn’t a joke. Not for me.” Cody looked away from her, forcing his face into a tight mask of control. She couldn’t see how much she hurt him. He hated the sarcastic tone in her voice, yet knew she hurt inside as much as he did.

“Cody, I don’t know what you’re trying to say?”

“I’m falling for you. Can’t you see that?” He studied her face, those deep brown eyes, but he couldn’t decipher her guarded expression. He’d just laid his guts out on the table, and she didn’t bat an eye.

“You are not. You’re challenged by me. Once that fades, you’ll be bored and move on.”

“Not this time. I want more. Don’t you understand? I never wanted more, but now I do.” He was beside her in a second and put

his hands on her shoulders, forcing her to face him.

“You’ve picked the wrong girl. Since when is exclusivity part of the deal?” She shrugged his hands off and backed away.

“Things have changed. It’s become part of mine.”

“It’s not part of mine.” She walked to the door and jerked it open.

“That’s it? We’re through?”

“We’re through.”

God, he hurt, like she’d ripped him apart. He’d never felt such pain, not even at his father’s hands. Nothing had prepared him for how much it hurt when his heart broke.

He strode out the door, head up, shoulders back, as if he didn’t give a shit. She’d never see the devastation in his eyes.

Or the tears.

\* \* \* \*

The next night, Taryn met Jerome for dinner. A tentative smile graced his lips when he saw her.

“Hey, baby.” He stood and planted a kiss on her cheek, then pulled her chair out for her.

“Thanks for inviting me to dinner.” Her voice sounded too stiff, too formal. She tried to fake a smile, but she couldn’t fool him. She’d never been able to hide her emotions from him.

“Are you okay?” He reached across the table and took her hand. She squeezed it. Unshed tears welled in her eyes.

“Cody’s done.”

“Done? With what?”

“Me.”

“You?”

“Yeah.” She swallowed a sob. “He wants me to himself. If he can’t have that, he doesn’t want anything.”

“And you told him?”

“No deal.” She wiped a tear from her cheek.

"I guess we need to figure out where to go from here."

"It's not quite that simple."

Jerome nodded. "I know."

*Simple? Bullshit.* This was more complicated than any situation she'd ever found herself in.

"I've been meaning to talk to you about something."

"Not you too?"

"No. No. No! I love you, Taryn. I always have and always will. You know that."

She should have felt better about his admission, yet she didn't. Instead, she felt incredible guilt weighing her down because as hard as she tried, she couldn't love him in the way he needed her to love him.

He'd always been her bird in the hand. Had she used him? Had she been unfair to him? Did she deserve either of these men when she didn't seem to be able to love them back?

\* \* \* \*

"She booted me out on my ass." Cody paced back and forth in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows in Levi's waterfront condo. He threw several magazines on the table. "Now she's spreading this shit around again."

Levi flipped through the magazines and read the headlines out loud:

*"The Belle dumps The Brick because of sexual performance.*

*The Brick given the boot because he can't get it up.*

*Taryn Belle sends the Brick packing. 'He's inadequate in bed,' she says."*

Scratching his chest and stifling a yawn, Levi shook his head. "Holy shit. You really pissed her off."

Cody's eyes narrowed. "Sorry to be boring you."

"Sorry. So what'd you do to piss her off so much?"

"I didn't do anything. Honest to God. I didn't. I can't believe she's fucking me over like this."

"She's done it before. Why is it so hard to believe now?"

"Because..." Because what? Because he thought she really did care about him? Because he was a fucking idiot?

"What are you going to do about it?"

"I don't know. I don't like what's going on in my head. The jealousy is consuming me. It's even affecting my game."

*Shit.* Was it ever. His teammates blamed his shitty performance on the continued stuff in the press about his inability to get it up. That was part of it, but losing her sent him into a tailspin he couldn't control. The loneliness, the wanting, the raw need coupled with those carefully protected emotions laid bare—it all played a part. And the part it played went beyond him playing like crap. It went so far that he almost didn't give a damn about football, the playoffs, or that Championship ring.

Because without her, he wasn't sure much else mattered.

\* \* \* \*

Taryn stared at Cody as he strode across the gym. She stood in the doorway, her finger frozen on the light switch. She forced her expression to remain nonchalant, as if it wasn't a surprise that he'd found her in her private place.

"Just closing down for the night?" His tone was casual.

"Uh, yeah, everyone else went home. I said I'd lock up." She turned to him. "You must hate me."

"I don't hate you, but I won't let you off easy. What you did to me, it hurts."

"I didn't say anything to the press. They drew their own conclusions and made it up. I haven't commented on our breakup."

He frowned as if he wanted to believe her.

"Cody, I wouldn't hurt you like that, especially when you're the

hottest man I've ever been with."

He almost smiled. "Am I?"

"Yes, you are, but it doesn't change anything between us. We want two different things."

"Do we really? It appears that you and I have one more thing in common."

"And that is?"

"We're more comfortable with our party persona. We're fine with people thinking we're shallow and selfish rather than to let them see what's really inside."

"I have no idea what you're talking about."

"I've been watching you."

"Why? Why bother?"

"Because I can't get you out of my mind, Taryn Belle. You're a mystery I want to unravel."

"There's nothing mysterious about me."

"Up until you met me, and I corrupted you, your image was a farce."

She shrugged. "Just embellished a little."

"Try a lot."

"So what else is mysterious about me?"

"You drive a piece of crap car, live in a cheap apartment, and never have any cash. Originally, I figured you were like most women and spent all your cash on clothes. That's not the case."

"Why not?"

"I know where you shop."

"Oh." *Shit*. "I'm thrifty, and I'd rather save my money."

"You have no savings account and no investments."

"Who does have investments anymore? They've all gone down the tubes. Besides, I make less in an entire season than you get paid to walk on the field." How the hell was he finding all this out and why?

"Still, you're the highest paid WNBA player. So I did some more digging. The majority of your salary and endorsement money goes

elsewhere.”

“And where is that?”

“I’m still figuring that one out, but I know it’s not self-serving. Just like the reason you come here at least once a week.”

“You followed me?”

Cody moved to her as swiftly as a striking snake and pinned her against the wall. He placed his hands on either side of her and blocked her exit. His gaze drilled into hers.

“Not exactly. I was here late the other night and saw your car outside.”

“You were here? Why?”

“I suspect for the same reason you come here?”

“You? You’re the anonymous donor that paid for a lot of the improvements here?”

Cody shrugged. “I work with the kids. I try to give them what I didn’t have as a kid.”

“I thought you were an attorney’s son. What could you have been missing?”

“Love.” He said it so quietly, she strained to hear him. His dark eyes flashed with pain, giving her a glimpse of how deep his childhood scars were.

“So you work with the teenage boys here?”

“Yeah, I do.”

“I work with the teenage girls.”

He nodded. “I figured that out. I snuck into the gym earlier and watched you.”

“I didn’t see anyone.”

He pointed up to the small booth at the top of the stands. “In there.” He turned back to her, moving closer, as he picked up a lock of her hair. “Who are you, Taryn?”

“I’m the person I’ve made myself into.”

“Who’s the real woman underneath? That’s who I want to get to know.”



“It doesn’t matter. It’s none of your concern.”

“It matters. To me.”

“Cody. Please.”

“Listen, Taryn. I went along with the ménage. In fact, at first I loved it. It turned me on. But I started realizing that I didn’t want to share you anymore, and it wasn’t working for me.”

“We already had this discussion.”

“No, I tried to have it, and you wouldn’t have any part of it.”

“Jerome loves me.”

“So?”

“If I told him we were through, it would break his heart.”

“You don’t love him like you love me. Keeping up this deception is what’ll really hurt him.”

“I don’t love you.”

“You’re full of shit, and we both know it. You’re also being unfair to Jerome. You need to cut him loose, so he can find a nice woman who deserves him and will treat him like the only man in the world. All he gets right now are your leftovers, granted they’re pretty damn tasty, but still leftovers.”

“That’s not true.”

“It isn’t? Tell him that.”

“You need to leave, now. We have nothing more to say to each other.”

“You’re right. We don’t.” His face formed a hard mask. “You’re a cold-hearted bitch. You know that?” He turned on his heel and stalked out.

Taryn watched him go. It took every bit of willpower she possessed to keep her from running after him, throwing her arms around him, and telling him she was sorry, and she loved him.

She loved him? She’d never felt that way about anyone. Never. The admission scared the crap out of her.

Now what to do about it?

\* \* \* \*

“You love him?” LaSonia studied her perfect fingernails for any signs of imperfection.

“I do. Can you believe that? I send him on his way because he wants me to himself, tells me he loves me, and yet I want the same things he wants.”

“You’re screwed up, girlfriend.” LaSonia picked up a handful of magazines. “Plus, the press is crucifying him after your breakup.”

“I’ve told them over and over that it had nothing to do with his sexual performance and everything to do with me.”

“They don’t want to hear that. They want dirt.”

“I know.” Taryn held her stomach, but nothing helped the empty hole left by Cody’s absence.

“Oh, what a tangled web....”

“Don’t quote the classics to me. I can’t take that.”

LaSonia shrugged. “You started this and created this mess.”

“Now I have to find a way out of it and a way for Cody to save face.”

\* \* \* \*

They were going to the world championship, yet Cody had played like crap, couldn’t complete a pass. He’d let the team down. The defense won the game for them. The offense didn’t score one touchdown.

All week at practice, Cody felt their anger at him. He couldn’t get it together. His passes were off. His handoffs were either obvious or bobbled. Not the way to go into the big game of all big games. He was glad it was Friday, and they had the weekend off. On Sunday, they’d fly out to Miami for a week of preparation and hype.

He walked into the locker room after Friday’s practice. Despite their win, the chill in the room hit him like a winter blizzard. A

handful of players glared at him, gave him the cold shoulder. The remainder ignored him and donned their street clothes.

Cody yanked open his locker and stared. Someone had wallpapered the inside of it with articles about how he couldn't get it up, Viagra advertisements, and stuffed it full of sex toys. He heard the guys snicker behind his back and whirled around, ready to kill the first guy who said a word. No one dared look at him.

He ripped the crap out of his locker and stuffed it into his bag.

"Brick?"

"Yeah?" Cody turned to find the coach standing behind him, hands on his hips. The old bastard's accusing glare hurt worse than any of his teammates' chastisements.

Vince Bordelli nodded at the locker. "The boys did a bit of decorating, did they?"

Cody's jaw stiffened. He raised his head. "Just having a bit of fun."

"A bit of fun? You've lost their respect. If your teammates don't respect you, won't go the extra mile for you, then you'll be a piss-poor quarterback no matter how much natural ability you have."

Cody said nothing because the coach spoke the truth.

"Next time, keep your personal issues, especially when it comes to erectile dysfunction, out of the press. Pick a woman who'll keep her mouth shut or get a rubber doll. They don't talk much."

Cody's face flamed red from embarrassment and humiliation. "Yes, sir."

"I mean it, Brickman. If this shit ruins our chance of winning it all, you can kiss this team goodbye. If you don't have the team behind you, you don't have shit."

The coach turned on his heel and stalked out. Cody crammed the rest of his stuff into his bag and beat a quick retreat.

"Fucking pussy." A big defensive lineman snarled at him. "You can't get it up for a woman then you don't have the balls to make it on the football field."

Cody paused in the doorway. "One has nothing to do with the other. I sucked at the game last week. Plain and simple."

"Hey, limp dick, maybe if you'd sucked your girlfriend more, she'd be happy, and you would've had your fucking head on straight. Asshole."

"Fuck you, bastard!" Cody lunged at him but two burly linemen held him back from his heckler.

"Fuck you. I'm retiring after this season. You better not blow my last chance for a ring."

One of the lineman shoved him toward the door. "Fucking pussy, get your sorry, weeny ass out of here."

"Yeah, and don't bother showing up at the party tonight. We don't want you there."

They'd just issued a challenge that left him no choice, or he'd lose what little respect they had for him.

Tonight, he had a party to go to.

## Chapter 16

Taryn sat across the room, as far away from Cody as she could get, which probably suited him just fine. The man had spilled his guts to her, and she'd scooped them up, dumped them in a blender, and pureed them. From his point of view, she'd betrayed him again with the press.

To make matters worse, the team was disintegrating when they should have been rallying around their quarterback, getting ready for the biggest game of their careers. According to Jerome, they'd lost faith in Cody, citing his poor performance in bed as a reflection of his poor performance on the field.

Throughout the evening, she'd watched the guys flip Cody a ration of shit about their recent breakup. He tried a combination of ignoring them, blowing them off, and telling them to go to hell. All of which encouraged them even more, like wolves on the scent of wounded prey. Only she knew his fragile ego neared its breaking point. None of these insensitive oafs had a clue or would give a shit if they knew the truth. Football was a game of survival of the fittest, no sensitivity allowed.

Cody frowned and made a study of ignoring her. She doubted he could. She'd dressed to seduce, though at the time she hadn't come to terms with it being him she'd wanted to seduce. Heck, to be honest, she wasn't even sure why she dressed like this. Her barely-there outfit screamed, "Fuck me." The thing was comprised of a form-fitting halter-top that plunged to her belly button, revealing cleavage, while the clingy material showed her nipples as they stood out. The back of the dress dipped obscenely low to give a slight view of her butt crack.

Her short skirt exposed her butt cheeks if she didn't stand perfectly straight. All in all, she represented a fantasy come true for every guy there. It hit her like a kick to the gut that she really lusted after only one man in this room.

Her heart went out to him, as the guys continued to razz him about his manhood and how Taryn had dumped him because he wasn't able to please a woman. That's what all the gossip rags were saying, but she hadn't fed them that story. In fact, she'd refuted it, but no one was interested in hearing anything good. They only wanted dirt.

They'd play in the championship in one week, and his teammates showed no mercy. Cody took it like a man, offering no excuses, and shouldering the blame for his lousy performance all by himself. Tall and proud, he held his head high and betrayed no emotions.

Jerome squeezed her hand. "They're ripping him apart. One smell of blood, and he's a dead man."

Taryn nodded, feeling like shit. She couldn't bear the pain reflected in Cody's eyes. A lesser man would have crawled home and licked his wounds. Cody stayed and took their shit. If he didn't, he'd never have their respect, and his career would be as good as over. She'd help him regain that respect because she'd helped him lose it with her selfish lies. It was the least she could do for him.

"Ter, you love him, don't you?"

Swallowing, she nodded, surprised at how easily the words came. "Yes, I do."

"I won't stand in your way."

"I know you won't. It wasn't that."

"What was it?"

"Being alone with him seemed too intimate, made me too vulnerable."

"Oh."

The aptly-named Brindin Wolfe, the defensive captain, stood to make a speech. Taryn didn't listen until the guy walked toward Cody and handed him a small paper bag. Cody hesitated then took it.

“Brick, maybe this’ll help you recover your manhood, so you won’t be such a pussy on the field for the big game.”

Cody’s jaw tensed as he pulled a brown medicine bottle out of the bag. *Viagra*. The men cheered and hooted and hollered. Cody tried to smile and go along with the gag. Their eyes met. His weren’t accusing or angry, just very sad and hurt. For a brief moment, she felt his pain. It sliced through her like her father’s hunting knife had ripped through an injured animal’s gut, leaving her emotions laid bare, the wounds open and bleeding.

She couldn’t let them do this to him. She’d started it. Now she’d finish it. She’d give him the one thing they couldn’t dispute, no matter what anyone else said. Adrenaline fueled by fear and anticipation pumped courage into her veins.

Taryn strode across the room. She propped one hip on the arm of Cody’s chair and crossed her long legs, draping one arm around his broad shoulders. Surveying the men in the room, she read the animal lust on their faces as they gazed at her body. Cody stared up at her. He opened his mouth to say something but snapped it shut. Annoyance flashed in his eyes, along with a raw need.

“He doesn’t need this crap.” She grabbed the bottle from his hand and tossed it in the fireplace.

“That’s not what you told *Celebrity Extra*.”

“Yeah, or *US Examiner*.”

“I lied. Okay.”

The guys roared while the women in the room laughed.

“It’s true. I lied. If I’d said he was the hottest thing I’d ever had, it wouldn’t have gotten nearly the publicity it did. So I lied.”

Grumbling and disbelief rumbled through the room. No one bought her story. Cody glared at her, not happy she’d made a scene and come to his defense. He didn’t like a woman fighting his battles. *Typical macho attitude*. His smoldering expression made her want him all the more. She pressed her thighs together in an effort to subtly appease herself. It didn’t work. Nothing could replace that hard, sexy

body of his.

“I can prove it.” She rubbed the back of his neck. The thrill caused by her forbidden intentions shot little daggers of pleasure through her. She’d give Cody the one thing he wanted from her. And she’d do it with these men whose respect he sorely needed as their witnesses.

Tayrn slid down onto his lap. He kept his hands to his sides and made no move to touch her. His violet eyes turned almost black. With anger or lust? Heck, it was hard to tell with this man, probably a dangerous combination of both. She ran her hand over his biceps, enjoying his strength, wanting to make it a part of her. He tensed and looked away, his jaw hard and uncompromising.

Okay, fine, he wasn’t going to make this easy for her. She knew how to thaw him. By the time she finished, no one would question Cody’s sexual prowess or his manhood. She owed it to him. Committed to how far she’d take it to prove her point, she started with a kiss.

Cupping his chin, she lifted his face to hers and brought her mouth down on his. At first, he resisted, but her persuasive mouth battered down his resistance. Pretty soon, his tongue was in her mouth, kissing her deeply with a fever she returned. He wrapped his arms around her, stroking her bare back with one hand. Burying his fingers in her hair, he devoured and conquered, as she let him plunder and pillage his way to her heart. A wildness spread through her into him, caution be damned, she’d do this for him. She wanted to do this for him. Her crotch was drenched thinking about it. Besides, it’d do more than satisfy this penchant they both had for exhibitionism.

He dragged his mouth away from hers and whispered in her ear. “What are you doing?”

“Proving what a stud you are.”

“You don’t have to do this.”

“Believe me, baby, I do.”

“Ter, please.”

“I want to do this, Cody, for you and for me. It excites me.” She



looked into his eyes and conveyed the truth of her words.

“Holy shit. You do?”

“You saw my list. You wouldn’t deny a girl her fantasy, now would you?”

“I...,” he stuttered, as she straddled him and rubbed her crotch against his.

“I want them to see how hot you make me. Only you can do what you do to me. Only for you would I do this and enjoy it.”

He nodded, driven mute by her body rubbing on his. Someone flipped on the floor lamp next to Cody’s chair, illuminating their corner of the dark room. Their audience faded into the background as the world dissolved to only the two of them.

The dull roar in her ears might have been his teammates cheering them on, or it might have been the roar of the fans in the stadium. It didn’t matter because they were too hot for each other to give a shit.

Taryn sat back on his lap and reached behind her neck for the tie on her halter-top and unfastened it. Pausing short of exposing her breasts, she held it against her and watched his eyes glaze over with lust as he stared at her chest. She slid the straps down further, baring her breasts. The roar in the background grew louder. She dismissed the noise as insignificant. Yet, in some distant place where rational thought existed, she recognized the forbidden nature of her actions. Regardless, the naughtiness of having an audience made her even hotter. She ignored sanity and unleashed the bad girl inside.

Taryn cupped her breasts and squeezed them together, pushing her erect nipples into Cody’s face. His tongue laved across one nipple to the other as she squirmed on his lap. His hard cock pressed against her crotch. He licked a wet line from one nipple to the other. Taryn groaned, a guttural animal sound.

She wanted him, hard and rough and wild—audience or not.

\* \* \* \*

Cody sucked one tight nipple into his mouth. He gently raked his teeth across it. His tongue toyed with her nipple ring as he sucked. Who says a man can't multi-task.

The cheers and jeers of his horn dog teammates registered somewhere in his thick skull, but they were inconsequential. All he cared about was this hot woman, giving him back a piece of himself and sacrificing for him, yet enjoying every minute of that sacrifice. He understood the gift she gave him and the meaning, and his heart soared between the goalposts.

*She loved him.*

He rolled the other nipple between his fingers, pinching her until she squealed. He sucked harder, holding both nipples together and sucking them both. She pressed those gorgeous tits against his mouth, rubbing up and down like a bitch in heat.

*God, he loved her.*

"Let's go somewhere," he whispered in her ear.

"No. Stay here."

He hesitated, wondering if she really was ready for this. He didn't wonder long. With confident fingers, she unbuttoned his shirt and opened it, smiling in appreciation at the sight of his ripped abs and pecs. She licked her lips in appreciation. Sliding her half-naked body up his, Taryn stood. Leaning forward, she rested her hands on his shoulders.

"Take off my clothes." Her husky voice barely reached his ears over the pounding in his head and the din of his teammates.

"Are you sure?" He had to ask one more time before his sex-crazed little brain wrestled control from the rest of his body.

"I want this."

Cody leaned forward and grabbed a handful of the silky material of her tight little dress. He wrestled it past her hips and down her thighs. It fell around her ankles, and she kicked it off, leaving on the heels. He slipped his fingers through either side of her g-string and yanked. The material ripped on one side. He pulled harder. The thin

lace on the other side gave way. He tossed the g-string aside and feasted his eyes on her glistening pussy, newly shaved, except for a small patch of blond hair.

Oh, hell, he was going to cream his jeans right there.

She pushed her crotch into his face. He spread her pussy lips apart and lowered his head, slipping his tongue inside the wet opening. She moaned and dug her fingers into his hair. He speared his tongue deep. Holding her ass, he drove it in and out, imitating what he wanted to do with his cock. He relished the salty taste of her and the sounds of her moans and whimpers as they grew increasingly frenzied. He inhaled her musky scent, the smell of sexual promise heavy in the air. He added his index finger to reach places his tongue couldn't.

As her body climbed to the pinnacle, he touched her hot little clit with his thumb. Just a light pressure, a little circle, that was all it took. She bucked and screamed out, coming harder and faster than a porn queen in the raunchiest of all raunchy movies. She fell apart with a wild scream of abandon and collapsed against him. Panting, he held her to him until her spasms stopped.

His teammates cheered, but he didn't give a shit. Taryn mattered to him, not those bozos. He drew back and gazed deep into her eyes. She stared back, her own eyes brightened with determination and lust.

"Fuck me." She stated clearly for all to hear.

"Ter." He hesitated, giving her an out. She had to be one hundred percent on board, or he'd stop before they went any further.

"Please, Code. Fuck me. I want this ultimate, decadent moment, and I want it with you. Fuck me every way you can. Hard. Fast. Slow. Deep. Fuck me. Now."

*Damn. Shit. Fuck.*

He'd never felt so hot, primed, and ready. She'd just given him her pussy on a silver platter. He couldn't say no. If he did, he'd surely die. Besides, she didn't want him to stop.

She unzipped his jeans, pushed down his boxers, and pulled out his cock, huge and hard as a steel rod. She fisted it in one hand.

Holding it tight, she slid that hand up and down, pumping faster and faster. She bent her head to take him in her mouth. His head rolled back. He closed his eyes. This wasn't the way he wanted this to go. With a monumental effort, he pushed her hand away from him.

"Slow down, baby, or we're going to prove them all right."

The roar in the room grew deafening, momentarily invading the private cocoon they'd spun. His teammates cheered him on, begging him to fuck her.

He pushed their lewd remarks out of his mind and focused on her. His eyes asked her for final confirmation. She nodded and circled her lips with her hot, little pink tongue. The simple eroticism of it almost drove him over the edge.

Standing, he gathered her up in his arms and carried her to the pool table. He laid her on her back. Her legs dangled over the side. Some of his teammates followed, others hung back, hazy shadows in a dark background. The light over the pool table bathed them in a dim light and faded the rest of the room into darkness.

Taryn writhed on the table, a satisfied smile on her lips, and stroked herself. If he'd had any doubts about following through with this, they vanished when he saw her face. Cody lowered his head to take a nipple in his mouth. He sucked hard, stretched it then released it. She moaned and arched her back, sliding her finger inside as she gave herself pleasure.

"Fuck me, Cody. Fuck me."

"All in good time, sweetheart. All in good time."

Cody stepped between her spread legs. The guys behind him grew uncharacteristically quiet at the sight of her weeping pussy, as she worked her finger in and out. Cody slid his own large finger in her tight little snatch along with hers.

Something flashed, but he was too involved to register its meaning. She pulled her finger out, letting him do the work. Lifting her hand, she offered her wet finger to him. Holding it to his nose, he inhaled the scent of the musky scent of sex. He took it in his mouth

and sucked her juices from it, enjoying another taste of the woman he loved.

Cody pulled his finger out and added a second. Taryn moaned and arched her hips up to force his fingers deeper. He thumbed her clit. Another flash, almost blinded him. The meaning of it finally registered. White, hot fury raced through him. Looking up, he scanned the room.

“Put the fucking cameras away. If any of these pictures end up anywhere, I’ll have every one of your fucking balls stuffed up your asses. Got it?”

The men nodded, looking momentarily like schoolboys scolded by the principal. The cameras disappeared.

Cody shook his head, expecting the mood to be spoiled. One look at Taryn, wanton and willing and spread on the pool table, ignited the fire all over again. He went back to work with those two fingers, working them in and out, driving her to the edge over and over again, but never quite letting her come.

She tossed her head back and forth and chanted. “Oh, fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me! Now, please, oh please, fuck me, Cody!”

Her pleas and his lust convinced him to dispense with the pre-game-warm up and let the game begin. His fingers made a sucking sound when he removed them. She was so wet. He offered them to her, as she’d done for him. She greedily sucked her essence from his fingers.

“Shit, she’s ready,” Jerome murmured nearby, almost in reverence. “She’s dripping. She’s so hot.”

Cody’s teammates begged for him to fuck Taryn. Like the crowd noise at a game, he blocked it out at a certain level, but at another subconscious level, it drove him forward.

“Give it to me, Brick!” Taryn begged.

Jerome crowded to the side of the pool table, making no move to touch her. Instead, he stroked himself. His buddy, Levi, Mr. Conservative, stood no more than a foot away, his tongue hanging

out. He looked every bit like a man who'd found paradise a second time but didn't dare go there.

Taryn fingered her nipples and smiled up at Cody. "Cody! Fuck me! NOW! Ram that big cock of yours inside me."

Cody kicked off his shoes and yanked down his unzipped jeans along with his underwear. He stepped out of them. With more control than he felt, he repositioned himself between her spread legs. Grasping her thighs, he raised her long legs over her head. Staring into her eyes, he penetrated her in one hard, violent thrust, which forced her hips off the table. Withdrawing, he slammed into her again with a force that betrayed the depths of his feelings.

\* \* \* \*

She'd become a wild woman, a woman consumed by her sexual desires, a woman freed of all the restrictions society placed on women. In this moment, she was a creature of lust, who celebrated her body and the pleasure it brought the man she loved.

She wanted more. She wanted everything he had to give and everything she had to give. When it was done, they would be nothing more than puddles of lust on the floor.

"Harder! Fuck me harder!" she demanded, as he rammed into her again and again. Cody threaded his index fingers through her nipple rings. The momentum of his thrusts stretched her nipples impossibly tight in a sensation of pleasure and pain. She screamed for more, matched his thrusts, and turned up the power of them notch by notch until she swore they'd both be ripped into tiny pieces from the sheer physical strength of the sex.

Panting from the exertion, Cody paused and withdrew from her. He released her tingling breasts. Whimpering, she touched them. They were sore, but not sore enough. She pinched them and twisted them, wanting to feel the pleasure brought on by the pain. Cody grabbed her hands and held them in one of his big hands.

“Let go of me.” She struggled to get free.

He laughed now, teasing her, taking away her ability to pleasure herself.

“You can’t stop now.” She begged, pleaded.

“Honey, I’m just getting started.” He rolled her onto her side and took her with one leg over his shoulders, then he sat her on the edge of the pool table and kept going. He was driven, insatiable, wild with lust.

The forbidden thrill of their public display never completely faded from her mind. It sat in the dark recesses, taunting her with the sheer naughtiness of her actions and urging her even further. It mocked her when she considered backing off, goaded until all reason deserted her. The shameless slut buried inside each woman emerged and demanded gratification. Who gave a fuck if she had an audience? In fact, all the better for it.

She didn’t have a clue how long they’d been at it, only that he wouldn’t let her come. She dug her fingernails into his back and tried to force him to take her to paradise, but he was still enjoying the trip too much to let her arrive at their destination.

“Cody? Damn it, I need you. Make me come like I’ll never stop coming.”

“Then roll over,” he growled.

She didn’t wait for a second invitation and flipped onto her stomach. He parted her legs and slipped easily into her sopping pussy. Reaching under her, he wrapped his fingers around her tits and held on. He rode her for all he was worth with a violence and passion she’d only experienced with him. She bucked beneath him, leaping, rearing, twisting, and turning like a rodeo bronco being given the ride of her life by a sexy cowboy.

His strokes gathered speed and power. He rocked and rolled inside her, driving his hard cock in and out of her. She heard the slapping of his balls, the grunts of his breath. Their sweat mingled together in heat and need that soaked them both with its intensity. She smelled

his exertion, his manly scent, her own arousal. She heard the roar in the background, cheering them on, driving them harder, faster, higher.

She started to climax, and it set off a chain reaction. Cody tightened inside her, his last few thrusts lifted her entire lower body off the pool table. Cody came violently, and she followed, screaming her love for him for the entire room to hear. His cock pulsed as he emptied his seed into her body.

Taryn closed her eyes and floated somewhere between earth and heaven. Cody lay heavy upon her. She welcomed the weight. The room grew incredibly silent, as if even these bozos realized that they'd been witness to something deeper than mere sex.

After what seemed like a long time, Cody straightened. He pulled up his pants and wiped the sweat from his brow with a towel someone handed him. Taryn sat up and gazed around the room at all the amazed expressions.

Jerome handed her a towel. She wiped the sweat from her body, while Cody gently wiped the come that ran down her legs. He put on his clothes, then gathered up Taryn's and handed them to her. Taryn quickly dressed, suddenly feeling modest.

"Holy shit, Brick, you *be* the man," Wolfe spoke in reverence.

"I've never seen anything like that." A big lineman shook his head. Cody scanned the room in a silent challenge, but no one else spoke. Instead, the crowd broke up, shuffling off to dark corners of the room, as if awed and humbled by something that transcended the mere act of sex.

Cody took Taryn's hand in his and led her from the room. She'd just earned that bad girl title in spades. And it was a damned liberating experience in ways she'd never imagined.

Their performance repaired the damage her first lie had done and given Cody back his teammates' respect. Even more, she'd shown her love to Cody in a way that only he truly understood.

And they'd made real love for the first time.



## Chapter 17

Cody and Taryn didn't talk during the limo ride. There wasn't anything to say. Cody put his arm around her, and she snuggled against his side, both lost in their private thoughts.

Dumbstruck by the power of the emotions she'd experienced, Taryn ordered the driver to take her home. Cody walked her to her door but made no attempt to follow her inside. Instead, he gave her a chaste kiss on the cheek, stared into her eyes for a moment, then left.

Despite her disappointment, relief flowed through her. She needed time to think and so did he. Time to absorb what they'd done, not just the public display, but beyond that. Something profound had happened, even Cody's teammates had witnessed it with a measure of awe.

Her muddled feelings left her confused and uncertain. She didn't regret what she'd done. Maybe her method had been a little extreme, but she achieved her goal. Cody would go to the championship with his team behind him. From one athlete to another, she'd given him that gift, and they both understood the significance.

He'd fly out tomorrow and spend the next week immersed in the hype and chaos that led up to the big game. She'd stay home and watch it on TV while chewing her fingernails to the bone and yelling herself hoarse.

They'd both agreed that they'd deal with their personal relationship later, much later. Taryn wasn't sure what that meant, but she was willing to do whatever she needed to do to have Cody in her life.

But first, he had to earn that championship ring.

One week later, he did earn it in grand style and as game MVP.

\* \* \* \*

The evening after Cody's team won it all, Taryn walked into the gym. Her girls were gathered around Jayde, watching something on her iPhone, most likely scenes of Cody's record-breaking championship performance, or his championship speech on the podium in which he'd declared to the world she was his inspiration.

She approached the girls. When they noticed her, they backed away, guilty expressions on their faces. Only Jayde didn't seem fazed by her presence and broke into a broad, knowing smile.

"What're you watching?" Taryn eyed each of them with suspicion. Every pair of eyes flicked to the ground, refusing to meet her steady gaze. One by one, they made excuses to leave practice until only Jayde was left standing there.

"What's going on?"

"We're watching how you helped Cody prepare for the big game. How you inspired him." Jayde winked at her and smirked.

A shiver crept down Taryn's spine, as she prayed her worst fears weren't realized. "Wha...What do you mean?"

Before Jayde could respond, the director strode into the gym and shoed Jayde from the room. The woman's lips puckered like she'd just swallowed some nasty cough syrup.

"Taryn, we appreciate everything you've done for us and your generosity, but it might be best if you leave and not return. We can't have you working directly with the girls."

"Why?" Taryn's stomach twisted like a Kansas tornado.

The director motioned for her to follow. They walked down the narrow hall badly in need of paint into the cramped office overflowing with crap. She closed her eyes for a brief moment, praying her bad girl reputation hadn't come back to haunt her.

"Play this." The woman gestured to the PC.

Taryn moved behind the desk and clicked the Play button. She went white. A short, grainy clip taken from a cell phone showed her and Cody at the party. Surrounded by a crowd, she lay splayed on the pool table, topless, her legs wrapped around Cody's waist. The person behind the cell phone must have stood well back in the crowd. There were only glimpses of skin, blond hair, Cody's dark hair and broad back. Even considering the poor quality and bad angle, obviously they were fucking in public and having a hell of a good time according to her screams and his grunts.

"That is you, isn't it?"

Taryn cringed at her accusatory tone and nodded.

"My teenage son tells me it's currently the most-watched video on MyTube. You can understand why we can't have you here anymore, can't you?"

"This has nothing to do with my work with the girls."

"It has everything to do with it. Parents don't want their underage children under the guidance of a woman who does pornography. I knew your reputation when you started working with our girls, but I chose to close my eyes to your indiscretions and poor judgment. I can't ignore this."

"I've always upheld high standards around the girls."

The woman snorted. "I doubt that's possible given your predilections for debauchery."

"Debauchery?" Taryn's hackles rose.

"Yes, I can't condone your antics."

"I see." Anger and humiliation heated her cheeks and fueled her indignation.

"We do appreciate your support of our organization." The director stood back and motioned toward the door, dismissing her. Unable to think of a reasonable response, Taryn nodded at the woman and left the room, holding her head high.

All the work she'd done over the years to perpetuate her bad girl rep, now that she'd really earned it, she didn't want it. She'd never

considered the consequences of her actions because, in the past, they hadn't really been her actions, only rumors no one could substantiate. Now, Cody and she were all over the Internet. Well, at least that short clip disproved that he didn't turn her on. She managed a wry smile.

Jayde waited by her car, smoking a cigarette. "Did she chew your ass?"

"She isn't very happy with me, but I do understand where she's coming from."

"She's an uptight bitch." Jayde took another puff and blew smoke through her nose.

"She's just doing her job, Jayde. I'm really sorry you were exposed to that video." She wasn't sorry she'd done it, just that it'd been made more public than it should have been. Somehow, she had to regain the respect of these kids, especially Jayde. They meant everything to her.

"Sorry? Don't apologize to me. I think it's cool. You're incredible. I want to have the guts to do stuff like that. You always do whatever you please and to hell with everyone else."

"Well, not really." At least, she hadn't until the last few months.

"That's you with Cody Brickman." Jayde pointed at her iPhone.

"Well, yeah."

"What'd it feel like fucking him in front of all those guys? I bet it turned you on. I want to do that."

Taryn's mouth dropped open. Okay, it did turn her on, big-time, in fact, the biggest, but not because of the exhibitionism. She'd given Cody back a piece of himself and found herself in the process. She didn't know how she'd ever be able to explain. There just weren't words available to express the emotions that'd driven her that night.

"I want to be just like you."

"I don't think that's such a good idea." Taryn hedged. Not sure she'd taught Jayde the lesson she wanted her to learn. Maybe the director was right. She had no business working with these kids. She didn't deserve to be a role model.

\* \* \* \*

“You’re leaving?” Taryn perched on the edge of Jerome’s bed and watched him fold a t-shirt.

“Yup. Going to spend some time back home. I fly out in a few hours.” Jerome avoided her eyes, afraid if he looked in their warm, brown depths, he might change his mind.

“Why didn’t you tell me sooner?”

“Because you might have talked me out of it. I have to do this. For me and for you.”

“No, you don’t.”

“I’m a free agent this year. I’m not going to re-sign with the Champs. I need a change of scenery.” Jerome touched Taryn’s cheek. His heart was breaking. His dream had died. His life had irrevocably changed. Yet out of the ashes came a freedom he’d not felt in years.

“What will I do without you?” She sniffed and blew her nose into the napkin.

“You’ll do fine.” He patted her back and rubbed her shoulder.

“But you’ve always been there when I needed you.”

“I know, but now it’s time to find your own way, and I need to find a woman who wants what I want in a relationship.”

“How do you know I don’t want what you want?”

“I know.”

“But I love you, Jerome.”

“Not like you love Cody.” The words didn’t hurt quite as much as he’d thought they would.

“But—”

“Nope, no buts. I’m tired of being your faithful dog, there when you need me and never thinking of what I want.”

“Jerome, I did that to you?”

He shrugged. “Doesn’t matter. Not anymore. You want Cody, not me. For another, you were never truly comfortable with our

arrangement. The harder I pressed you to stretch your limits, the more I realized that my fantasy girl was purely that, just a fantasy. I'd put you on a pedestal and made you into someone you weren't and couldn't be."

Taryn started crying. Jerome sat next to her and pulled her into his arms, holding her tight one last time.

"I'm sorry, girl. I really am."

## **Chapter 18**

Taryn paced the floor and stared at her silent phone. Cody had been back for a few days and hadn't called. She tried to convince herself it didn't mean anything. Nothing. He simply needed time to come down for the high of winning it all. He'd called her after the game, a brief phone call in the din of the locker room. That's the last she heard from him.

The phone rang, and she leaped for it.

"Ter, I'm sorry to be calling you."

"It's okay." Taryn masked her disappointment and attempted to place the hesitant voice on the other end of the line. Young, probably a teenager. Had to be one of her girls.

"It's Crandene. You gave us your number and said to call in emergencies."

"What's wrong? Are you okay?" Her heart thudded in her chest. She clutched the phone to her ear.

"It's Jayde. That fuckhead boyfriend of hers has convinced her to prostitute herself."

"What? Where is she? Do you know?"

"She's going to be working that area down by the adult movie theaters and strip joints."

"I know the place." Did she ever.

"Will you find her?"

"Yes, I will."

"Taryn?"

"Yes?"

"Don't go alone. TJ's not going to be happy if you show up. He's

dangerous.”

“I won’t.”

“Good luck.”

Taryn ended the call and immediately dialed LaSonia’s cell. No answer. *Shit*. Jerome would be halfway across the country by now. That left Cody. She swore she wouldn’t call him first, but this situation called for a change in strategy. She punched in the numbers to his private cell and held her breath. On the fourth ring, he picked up.

“Cody, I need your help. Jayde is working the streets. I have to find her before she makes the biggest mistake of her life.”

\* \* \* \*

Cody jammed his car in gear and tore out of his driveway and down the street. The car skidded on the wet pavement and splashed through puddles left by the earlier downpour. A gray haze of mist cast gloom over the night.

Taking a deep breath, he throttled the car down to a safer speed. One snap of Taryn’s fingers, and he came running. He shook his head. The day of reckoning crashed down upon them. He could avoid the inevitable no longer. Once they settled this matter with Jayde, they’d talk. He wasn’t sharing her anymore. She was his—plain and simple. He guessed that made him hers, too, which didn’t scare the shit out of him like he thought it would. Instead it warmed him from the inside out.

Taryn stood on the street corner by her apartment wrapped in a big, warm coat, like a fallen angel shining through the mist. He pulled up next to her, leaned over, and opened the passenger door. She slipped inside and fastened her seatbelt.

“Hey.” He smiled, feeling strangely choked up.

“Cody, I’m sorry to bother you. I didn’t know who else to call.”

“It’s no bother. Besides, I’m touched you called me.”



She leaned her head on his shoulder. “Do you think we’ll find her?”

“We’ll sure as hell give it a good try.”

“Will she be walking the streets?”

“In this weather? I hope not. She might be hanging at a couple of motels near the airport. I’ve got some of the guys out looking for her, too.”

“Thank you.”

“Ter, I know you’re wondering why I hadn’t called yet.”

“Cody, we can talk about that later.”

“No, I want to talk now. What you and I have—it scares the living hell out of me. I mean, the last time we had sex was the best I’ve ever had. EVER. Anywhere with anyone.”

Taryn opened her mouth to say something, but Cody cut her off. “I know what you’re going to say. It wasn’t the public sex. It had nothing to do with that. Fuck, I forgot we even had an audience. It would have felt the same way to me if we’d been alone in my bedroom. Those guys watching, I really didn’t even think of them until we were done, and I came back down from the clouds. All I can think about, night and day, is my cock surrounded by your tight cunt, driving in and out, and oh, shit. The thought almost makes me come right now.”

Taryn didn’t say anything. He glanced at her then focused his attention on the wet, windy roadway. She reached for his hand and squeezed it. Raw emotion surged through him. He swallowed hard and blinked several times. He held her hand, twining his fingers through hers.

He wasn’t letting her go this time.

They drove up and down the long four-lane highway known for its hookers, slowing down to peer at the different girls lounging under awnings or in doorways.

“Wait!” Taryn leaned forward and pointed. “That’s TJ’s piece of crap car.”

“That thing? Hell, it looks worse than yours.” Cody turned into the parking lot of the strip club and circled behind TJ’s car.

She glared at him. “It is worse than mine.”

“Let me handle this. I don’t trust that punk.”

“Do you see her?”

“She’s not in his car.”

“Then keep driving. She has to be nearby.” That suited Cody fine. The guy was probably waiting for some drug drop. He didn’t want to be mixed up in that mess. Plus, he might kill him, and the fuck head wasn’t worth doing time for.

Taryn started pointing. “There! Down the block! See? Is that her?”

Cody pulled back on the street. “Yeah, I think so.” He drove to the end of the block and maneuvered into an empty parking spot next to the curb.

“Let me have a minute alone with her. Please.”

“Okay.” Cody frowned and positioned himself to keep an eye on TJ’s car down the block and Taryn on the sidewalk.

\* \* \* \*

If Taryn was expecting a warm reception, she didn’t get it.

“What the fuck are you doing here?” Hands on hips, Jayde scowled and tapped one spiked heel.

“I was about to ask you the same thing.” Taryn stood face to face with the surly teenager, knowing her surliness masked a scared, confused little girl.

“Go find your own street corner. This one’s mine.”

“Very funny.”

“I’m just a comedian. A fucking laugh a minute.”

“Why are you doing this?”

“Why not? It’s good money, and the tips aren’t bad, either.”

“Get in the car. Let’s talk. You don’t need to do this. There are

other ways.”

“Not for me, sister. Not this kind of money.”

“Jayde, what about your basketball career?”

“What about it? I can make more money humping fat old men than you make playing women’s basketball.”

“You’re better than this.”

“Really? Who are you to judge me? What makes you so high and mighty? You’re pimping yourself, too, with the press, with the team, with *him*.” Jayde jabbed an angry finger in Cody’s direction. “At least TJ and I have love.”

“Love? That’s what you call it? A man that loves you wouldn’t ask you to sell your body.”

“Like you haven’t sold yours.”

“You better damn well believe I never have. Not like this.” This was going all wrong, but Taryn didn’t know how to make it right. Jayde had shut her out. She didn’t want to listen. “Please, let us take you home. You don’t need to do this.”

“Yes, I do. You’re not my mother. Even if you were, I’m eighteen. I know what I want. I don’t need you telling me.”

“You need to finish school.”

“I’m done with school. I flunked out. My grades and attendance were so bad, they threw me out.”

“Oh, no, Jayde. Let me help you. Get you a tutor.” Taryn’s heart ached for this poor kid, even though she wasn’t making it easy.

“NO! I’m going to make tons of money, get a condo on the water. Cater to rich men. Have designer clothes. Everything.” Jayde paused and cocked her shapely hip as a man in a business suit approached them. He hesitated, then reconsidered and walked the other way. Jayde scowled at Taryn. “You need to leave. You’re bad for business.”

“But...”

“Just leave. Thanks for what you’ve done for me, but I need to take care of myself now.”

The determined look in Jayde's eyes stopped further argument. She wasn't going to listen to reason. Cody got out of the car and walked to her side. He put his arm around her waist and started pulling her away.

"I think it's time to go, baby."

"Jayde, please go with us."

"My woman isn't goin' anywhere with you fuckers." TJ hurried up the sidewalk and halted behind Jayde. Cody took a step forward, shielding Taryn with his big, muscular body.

"Did you just call my lady a fucker?" Cody towered over TJ and used his height to intimidate. TJ retreated a few steps. Cody took another step forward, his expression menacing.

"Hey, man, don't get so uptight. We don't want no trouble. Just trying to earn a living."

Cody advanced on him and grabbed him by the collar, yanking him close. "Prostituting your woman isn't earning a living, you asshole. You aren't earning a fucking thing. You don't deserve her." He gave the guy a shove and flattened him against the nearby building. Releasing him, Cody turned to Jayde. "Come with us. I'll get you a job, and we'll work on those grades."

"I don't need your charity, or hers. TJ and I are fine. Your interference isn't welcome."

Taryn grabbed Cody's arm. She felt him tense, knew he was pissed. "Let's go."

"Yeah."

Together, they got in his car and drove away. Taryn dabbed at her eyes and pressed her face against the cool glass on the passenger window. She'd failed Jayde. She'd failed all of her girls. The one thing she'd worked for all these years, and she'd screwed it up big time.

"You can't save them all, hon."

"I know, but she was special. She had so much promise."

"There'll be other kids who need us. You and I will do what we

can for them. Even if we save one, it'll be worth the effort."

"You know, you're a softie. You're no more of a bad boy than I am a bad girl."

"We're both fakers." One corner of Cody's mouth turned up in a lopsided grin.

"No shit. We're good people trying to do the right thing and not get our hearts ripped out in the process."

"No pain, no gain."

"Truer words have never been spoken. It does hurt."

"Will it stop you from helping the next girl?"

"No."

"Good."

\* \* \* \*

"So where do we go from here?" Cody breeched the subject he'd been dreading all night.

"I think I'm done sowing my wild oats. How about you?" Taryn studied him over the rim of her wine glass. They sat on the sheepskin rug in front of his fireplace. Together, they stared out his big windows at the lights of the city reflecting off the water.

Cody nodded, as he sipped his beer and wondered where this was headed.

"My days of proving I'm a wild girl are over. I'm going to confine my illicit behavior to the bedroom."

Cody grinned his lopsided sexy grin he knew she couldn't resist. "And the kitchen counter, and the couch, and the living room floor, and the deck, and the occasional elevator, public bathroom, and dark bar."

"Okay, Brick, I get the point."

"What about that one man thing?"

"You're enough man for me. I don't need more than you." Taryn looked down, studying him through lowered lashes. "You were right,

you know.”

“I was?” His trademark cocky smile made her laugh.

“By sleeping with both of you and then Levi, I didn’t have to commit to one man. In my mind, I could avoid real intimacy with one man by being with multiple men.”

“What about Jerome?”

“He’s okay with it. He wants to go in a direction I’m not completely comfortable with, so I wish him well. We’ll stay friends. He’s a free agent this year, and he’s hoping to sign elsewhere rather than follow me around.”

“That’ll be better for him.” Cody lay back on the rug, shoving a pillow under his head. He stretched lazily. His bare chest rose and fell in rhythm to the slow music playing on the stereo. He reached for her. “I want to fuck you, right now.”

“I don’t want you to fuck me tonight.” Taryn pushed his hands away.

He tried to mask his disappointment. “Okay.”

She laughed and brushed fingers across his lips. “Don’t look so stricken. No fucking. Not tonight. Tonight I want you to *make love* to me.”

A slow grin spread across his face. Okay, he happened to be a male. His gender was famous for being a little slow on the uptake. Now he got it.

Cody pulled her down on top of him and did something he’d never done with another woman. He made slow, passionate love to her.

Afterward, he held her and listened to her breathe while he imagined growing old with her.

## THE END

## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

Sofia has lived all over but prefers the sunny, warm sands of Southern California. When she's not writing, she's shopping or socializing. She loves to write hot romances with even hotter heroes.

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