

JASMINE'S URBAN COWBOYS

Sensual Awakenings 1

Laura Ashton

MENAGE AMOUR



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DEDICATION

I'd like to dedicate Jasmine's Urban Cowboy's, my first Siren Publishing Book, to all my readers, but I especially want to recognize those who are experienced financial hardship during these trying times.

Know that I empathize with you and wish you good fortune in your future endeavors.

Depending on your need, may you find bountiful love, success, financial gain or friendship as my heroine Jasmine Harper found.

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Sensual Awakenings 1

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Chapter One

Halleluiah! She passed through the doors and practically did a jig as she stepped around a giant fluted column and hopped excitedly down the courthouse steps. Jasmine was now a *free* woman. After a bitter, one-year battle with her now ex-husband, the judge had granted her a divorce. She even got her maiden name back. She could kiss him!

What now? Well, obviously, she got her life back, but before that, it was...party time. Party? With whom? She glanced at her watch. It was four-forty-five. Her best friend, Brenda, got off in fifteen minutes. She whipped her mobile phone out, scrolled down to the Bs and pushed the send button. It wasn't cold, but she bounced up and down, impatient for her to answer. C'mon, Brenda.

"Good afternoon, Brenda Evans. May I help you?"

"You sure can."

"Jaz, honey. How'd it go?"

Her chest tightened up so hard, she could barely talk. "I did it. I'm free! Brenda, I need you. I plan on getting shit-faced drunk tonight and I'm going to need a designated driver."

On the other end of the line, she heard Brenda scream, "You got your divorce? You're single again!"

"That's right, sugar. I'm officially on the prowl. My divorce was granted twenty minutes ago and I'm ready to start some serious celebrating. Bren, honey, I've got a year's worth of partying saved up and need you to help me celebrate and keep me out of trouble. I'm on my way right now to—"

"Hold on, Jaz, this is Friday. It's my bowling night."

"Can't you get out of it? You're my best friend since we were seven. I need you with me tonight."

"I can't. It wouldn't be fair to my teammates. Just a minute. I have an idea. Meet me at the bowling alley. The league lasts a little over an hour and then we could hit the cocktail lounge. The place is bursting at the seams on Friday nights. They even have a country band and dancing. What do you think?"

Her mind hadn't yet tackled what form her partying should take, and she did so want her best friend with her. The bowling alley sounded like fun and dancing was right up her alley. "All right, what time does the league start?"

"Seven o'clock. It's at the Family Bowling & Recreation Center on the corner of Sam Houston and Beaumont."

"Perfect. I'll go home and change into something casual. See you at seven."

"Awesome. We'll have so much fun. You'll see. And, Jaz..."

"Yes"

"Make sure it's sexy casual."

* * * *

Being a city block long with forty-eight lanes, Family Bowling & Recreation Center seemed huge. At five minutes to seven, balls began poppin' and pins started floppin'. Initially, she couldn't spot Brenda, but she figured Brenda'd be keeping an eye out for her, too.

After walking past all the lanes and back, someone tugged on her sleeve. "Are you blind?" It was Brenda. "You walked right past me even though I yelled and jumped up and down, waving my arms." She stepped back a couple of steps and looked her over. "Look at you. You look fantastic. You're not wearing a bra, are you?"

She stared down at her breasts and then at Brenda. "No, I hope it's not obvious."

"It isn't. Your outfit is perfect. Modestly seductive. You'll be the hit of the bowling league. Wait until the guys get a look at you."

"Thanks. That would be nice. Sorry, I missed you. There're so many people and all the noise. Why have they started already? It isn't seven yet."

Brenda looked around. "They're warm ups. We each bowl a frame on both lanes." Her brows arched and she bounced up and down. "Oh, that's right. You bowl, don't you?"

She wondered what she was getting at. "I've bowled, but I'm not that good. Why?"

Brenda took hold of Jasmine's arm and edged out of the aisle. "Teresa's little girl cut herself and she had to take her to the ER, so we need a substitute. How bad is 'not that good'?"

Her lips pursed. "I don't know, one-thirty-five to one-forty. My high is one-sixty-three."

Brenda grimaced at her average. "Teresa's average is one-fifty. It doesn't matter. Let's get you some shoes."

Taking her hand, Brenda started to drag her away. She stopped her. "Hold on, wait a minute. Get shoes for what?"

"To bowl with us. What else?"

She shook her head. "I don't know."

"Come on. It'll be a blast. Besides, the team we're bowling against tonight has two of the best looking men in the league, maybe all of Texas. They're some serious drooling material."

Brenda dragged her about twenty yards when she dug her heels in again. "Why are there men here? I thought you were in a woman's league."

"No. Mixed doubles. I was in a woman's league two years ago, but mixed doubles is infinitely more interesting when you have scenery like them." Her gaze followed the direction she pointed and landed upon two of Brenda's average looking fellow workers, Billy and Ralph, whom she'd met when she went with Brenda to her company picnic.

However, on the other side of the cubicle sat a pair of *movie star* good looking studs? It was the first word that came to her mind. That and stallions or breeders. "Who are those guys? Those are the best looking pair of cowboys I've seen since Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid."

Brenda's eyes seemed to sparkle. "I think their names are Greg and Ted. They either run or own a ranch just north of Dallas. They are hot, aren't they? If I wasn't engaged, I'd hook-up with either of them. If they'd have me."

"If they'd have you? Girl, what are you talking about? You're the best looking woman here, I'll bet."

Brenda shook her head and waved a hand as if to say like heck. "Yeah, right. Maybe, until you showed up. Compared to you, I'm like a geranium next to an orchid."

She waved her analogy away. "Aww, you're trying to reassure me because I just got divorced."

Her brows furrowed. "No, Jaz, I'm serious. You have a lovely body and face and you're shapely, not an ounce of fat." She sighed. "Frankly, I don't know how you do it."

"You're forgetting I used to be a model. I just kept up the regimen. But, Brenda, you *are* selling yourself short. The grass always looks greener elsewhere. I love your pretty face and there is absolutely nothing wrong with your shape."

She placed her hands on her hips as if to emphasize what she intended to say. "Yes, but I'm ten pounds overweight and because of my short blond bob, many people think I'm a lesbian."

She dipped an eyebrow and stared intently. "Many people?"

Brenda blushed contritely. "Occasionally, a lesbian will ask if I'm gay."

"Big deal." She grabbed Brenda's hand and pulled her toward the counter. "Let's go. It's almost seven."

Looking past the attendant, she could see shoes stored in rows of cubicles like a grammar school hallway. The bald-headed, middle-aged attendant asked, "Can I help you?"

"I need a pair of lucky sevens." She smiled and winked.

Smiling back, he pulled out a pair of designer red, brown, and blue bowling shoes. "Lucky sevens it is." He slammed the shoes on the counter and grinned. "Guaranteed to add twenty pins to your average." He winked.

She sat on a rickety, plastic chair by lanes fifteen and sixteen and put on her rented bowling shoes. She glanced surreptitiously at Butch and Sundance, but Butch caught her gaze and smiled.

After a hurried search to find a ball that fit her fingers, she placed it on the ball return rack. She looked for a seat, but Brenda had other ideas. Taking hold of her hand and pulling her beside her, she addressed both teams' members, but focused on Billy and Ralph in particular.

"Everybody, this is my good friend Jasmine Harper. She's filling in for our regular girl Teresa. By the way, Jasmine is celebrating her newfound freedom with us. Her final divorce papers came through a few hours ago."

She gritted her teeth and squeezed Brenda's arm with her other hand. Smiling, but speaking through stationary lips like a ventriloquist, she asked her under her breath, "Why'd you go and say that?"

Before Brenda had a chance to respond, Billy and Ralph, who thankfully were married, each shook her hand, conferred congratulations, and gave her a short hug.

As they returned to their seats, Brenda tried her own ventriloquist act. "Don't worry, sweetheart. I'm just looking out for your interests."

Then hunk numero uno appeared. At six foot two, with intense cerulean blue eyes and light brown hair swept to the side, the man was flat gorgeous. Throw in a square angular face with a cleft chin and the whitest, most perfect smile she'd ever beheld and she was practically drooling. Her knees almost buckled when he took not one, but both of her hands. His deep voice seemed a bit raspy. "Hi, I'm Gabe Gregory." He smiled. "The guy with two first names." Then his demeanor changed. "The divorce, was it your idea?"

He looked so serious, as if he were interested in her welfare. It made her feel good and she grinned. "Very much so."

He flashed his pearly whites again. A wonderful smile that made her feel warm and tingly. "Then congratulations are indeed in order." She could smell a musky male scent when he leaned in and kissed her cheek. A kiss that she felt all the way to her toes. Gooseflesh surfaced on her arms from his warm breath as he whispered into her ear, "Tell me you don't have a boyfriend yet."

"No, not yet," she whispered back.

He backed away. "Good. My uncle Ted is anxious to meet you, too."

"Uncle, but he..."

Gabe smiled and wandered back to his seat. Abruptly, she stared face to face with hunk number two. Same face, same wicked smile, yet a little crooked, same hair. He stood maybe a pinch shorter, but still six inches above her five foot seven frame. The main difference was his darker hair and friendly warm brown eyes.

He took her right hand in his and lifted it halfway to meet his lips. "Congratulations. I am Theodore Rawlins, but please call me Ted."

He winked and his open eye twinkled mischievously. "When you get to know me better, you can call me Teddy."

A flash of heat crossed her face.

He too, took both of her hands. "I see my nephew couldn't wait to spring our familial oddity on you. What Gabe always forgets to tell everyone is he's two months older than me."

She laughed, but he must have seen the puzzlement in her eyes. "It's not so complicated, really. My mother, having been the youngest in the family by some twenty years is Gabe's father's aunt."

"I think I understand." She'd have to think about it, but it seemed the thing to say.

"Good. I'll leave you to your teammates for now. Tell me, are you going to continue the celebration in the lounge afterwards?"

"Yes, I hope to."

"Great. I would appreciate it if you would save a dance or five for me."

"I'd like that."

"Good luck. I hope you bowl well, but not too well."

He returned to his seat. One of his female teammates smiled at her, however, the other ignored or, rather, pretended to ignore her between furtive glances her way.

Since she hadn't had any warm ups, the other team agreed to let her throw two practice balls on each alley before they started. Her first ball on lane fifteen hooked into the gutter. She heard Ralph groan. Picking her ball up from the return, she flashed him a dirty look. He laughed and stuck a hand out as if warding off the evil eye of a vampire. "Sorry, Jaz."

This time, she really concentrated and when she got what would have been a strike, except for the gutter ball, she hopped into the air excitedly, stood there a second, and slowly turned. She singled out Ralph, whose grin spread across his face, and stuck her tongue out.

He laughed.

She glanced at her opponents, at least toward the friendly male ones. Gabe gave her a thumbs-up and Ted made an okay sign with his thumb and finger and looked at her through it. She winked at the two of them.

On lane sixteen, she managed to keep the first ball out of the gutter. Unfortunately, she missed the headpin and left a one, two, seven split. She listened for a moan, but none came. Her ball naturally hooked to the left, so her next attempt picked up the three pins like ducks in a row. Everyone clapped at that, including both women on the opposing team, and her three teammates all got up and gave her the typical congratulatory hi-fives.

Ralph said, "Way to go, Jaz. I knew you could do it."

It was a magical night. Her three-game average hit 162, including her highest game ever at 180. They beat Gabe and Ted's team two out of three and won the series. Being good sports, they congratulated her for doing so well.

By eight-thirty, with another league about to begin, she was anxious to party. Ralph said he had time for one round of drinks and he'd buy.

Sweaty bowlers converged in the lounge for a cool one. Brenda grabbed a table two people just vacated. The waitresses seemed overloaded, so Ralph asked what they wanted. Brenda ordered a stinger and Jaz asked for a frozen margarita. Ralph and Billy headed to the bar to order their drinks.

She looked around the lounge for Gabe and Ted and spotted them in a booth behind them, just as Ralph and Billy returned with their drinks.

After a few minutes of rah, rah for beating the first place team, Ralph finished his drink and got up to leave. "Sorry to drink and run, but I have an early day tomorrow." He took her hand. "Jaz, you can sub for Teresa anytime." He kissed Brenda on the cheek. Straightening, he said, "I'll see you next week, Bren." Then he turned to his friend. "Ready, Billy?"

Billy stuck his hands out to the side and shrugged. "I'd like to stay and dance with y'all, but Ralph's my ride. Thanks. It's been fun."

The waitress cleared their glasses. Looking them over, she asked, "Another round?"

She cringed as Miss Big Mouth said, "Heck, yes. It isn't every day my friend here gets divorced. I had a stinger and she had a frozen margarita."

She smiled. "Celebrating, huh?"

They nodded.

"I'll see that the bartender gives you a little extra."

When the drinks arrived, she took a sip through the straw like she usually did and stopped. She waved her hand in front of her mouth as if it burned. "Wow, she wasn't kidding. Taste this."

Brenda took a sip and drew back, whistled, and waved a hand in front of her mouth. "That'll get you going. You better nurse that."

"I know. One more of these and I'll be under the table."

The waitress hadn't been gone five minutes before she returned, setting down duplicates of the drinks she'd just served. Jasmine was about to tell the waitress she'd made a mistake when she preempted her, "Compliments of the gentlemen in the booth over there. You lucky girl." Brenda and she turned their heads in the direction the waitress had nodded, at two friendly, familiar faces. Gabe and Ted, having their attention, smiled and waved.

When they waved back, Gabe said something to Ted, scrambled out of the booth, and headed their way. He sat down between them. "We'd be honored if the two prettiest ladies in this establishment joined us."

Jaz flashed a crooked smile and teased playfully, "So go ask them."

Gabe's narrowed eyes simmered with molten heat as he looked directly at her. "Oh, but I just did."

Brenda stared at her wristwatch. "You know, Jaz, since I'm engaged, I'm tempted to leave you in Gabe and Ted's capable hands."

What is she saying? "You want to leave?"

"Yep, gotta go."

Jasmine stared at Gabe. "Would you excuse us while we visit the ladies' room?"

Gabe grabbed her arm as she rose. "I'll be back in our booth when you come back."

Jaz nodded, grabbed Brenda's hand, and dragged her into the restroom. "What are you saying? You want to leave me with these...these cowboys? I thought you were going to watch my back?"

"I am. Look, you like these guys and it's obvious they like you. I'm not blind. I can smell the fireworks waiting to erupt. And I'd only be in the way. When I'm gone, you can pick one if you want and have a fling. I can't think of a better way to celebrate your new freedom than having a liaison with one of those handsome studs."

Brenda laughed at the incredulous look on her face. "You have the same look my eighth grade art teacher, Miss Roberts, gave me when I suggested she have an affair with Mr. Phillips, the P.E. coach."

She laughed loud, but nervously. "You did that?"

Brenda nodded. "Ah-huh."

"And did she?"

"I think so. She got pregnant and they got married."

She had trouble believing her story. "Bren, you're something else. She should've made you her maid of honor." Then she shook her head. "This is different. I've never seen these men before tonight. You think I should pick one of them and sleep with him?"

"I would."

"Which one?"

"I don't know. They're both hot. You can't go wrong no matter who you choose."

"If you can't pick, how am I supposed to decide on one?"

"Then don't."

"Now you're making sense. If you're leaving, so am I."

"Oh, no you're not. That's not what I meant. If you're having trouble selecting one of them, then take both of them. Think about it. If one would be good, two would be *twice as good*."

"Why not have sex with both of them. Now that would be a celebration to dream about." She grouped the ends of her fingers together, then kissed and flicked them open Italiano style. "A 'Tour de Force' of celebrations!"

Chapter Two

As the image from Brenda's suggestion of two hot, naked men fawning over her congealed in her brain, tantalizing her libido, a pool of warm liquid lust formed in her lower extremities. Wasn't she there looking for one thing, *sex?* A dime to a dollar, both of them they were looking for sex, too.

Yes, but what'll they think of me?

Who cares? She didn't know them and they didn't know her. It would be like three ships passing in the night. Was there anything wrong with satisfying their needs while they satisfied hers?

"I'll think about it," she told her friend, even though she'd already made up her mind to go back and see where things led.

They noticed the music had started when they returned to the table. Their drinks were gone and when they looked toward the booth, Ted and Gabe both waved them over.

Brenda and Jaz sauntered over to their booth, Brenda to say goodbye and Jaz for some discreet, celebratory, hot sex.

"Sorry, guys, I have to run. At least I'm leaving you in the company of this hot divorcee."

Jaz nudged her and said under her breath, without moving her lips, "There you go again."

Ted nodded. "Yeah, you are." Then he shook his head. "No, Brenda don't leave. Hell, we were looking forward to finally getting to know you better. Finish your drink before you leave." He scooted out of the booth. "Dance with me."

Apparently, he said the magic words as Brenda accepted his hand and followed him to the dance floor. When she turned back to Gabe, she nearly bumped into him. "Let's dance."

She nodded.

He put an arm around her back and guided her to the dance floor and they swung to the rest of *Ladies Love Country Boys*. They managed to dance their way to Ted and Brenda, who grinned. "That was fun. One more and then I have to go."

They danced another and when that was finished, they switched partners, with Brenda taking Gabe's hand. "This is it." Then a slow song came on and Brenda relenting edged in close. "Okay, this is really it."

As Ted snuggled up close, his right hand more on Jaz's derriere than her back, she listened to the lyrics of *I Hope You Dance*. She was amazed by how much the words reflected on her situation tonight. How she had to live her life, go out and do the things she wanted and never forgo opportunities.

When the song ended, the band took a break and Jaz knew Brenda would use the rest as her opening to leave. Jasmine also knew she liked Gabe and Ted equally and she *did* want both men. She resolved then to see if she could orchestrate a ménage a trois.

Brenda stood while they sat. Ted, on the left side, patted the leather seat next to him. "Come on, Brenda. You still have most of your drink left."

Brenda slung the strap of her handbag over her shoulder. "I'm sorry, Ted. I have to go."

Gabe slid out and hugged her.

Jasmine followed Gabe out and hugged her, too.

Ted rose and pecked Brenda's cheek.

Brenda said, "In another three months, I'll be an old married woman."

Ted's lips curved upward. "Yeah, sure. More like hot, young married woman."

Brenda's light skin turned red. "What'd you say?"

He arched a single eyebrow. "You heard me. You ought to stick around. It could prove interesting."

Brenda smiled wickedly. "I'm counting on it. After I leave."

Jasmine tried to elbow her again, but Brenda said, "Bye," to all and whispered to her, "Have fun." Then turned on her heel and left.

After Brenda left, Ted slipped back in the booth and flashing a bright-white, foot-wide smile, patted the leather seat beside him.

Gabe, still standing, placed a hand on her back to guide her toward the booth.

That's when she had her first uncertainty. What am I doing? Do I really want this? And if I do go through with this, is it safe?

Gabe gently placed his other hand on her shoulder and whispered reassuringly in her ear, "Don't worry. We won't bite."

She snickered. Once again an image of the three of them entwined, invaded her thoughts. *These guys are gorgeous, and Brenda vouches for them.*

With renewed resolve, she smiled at Ted and slid in next to him. Gabe followed and she was sandwiched between them, just where she wanted to be.

Temporarily, at a loss for words, she sipped on her partially melted margarita.

Ted sidled close. "How long have you been bowling?" he asked. "You killed us tonight."

"When I was a teen, I bowled weekly, but I haven't bowled in years."

Gabe chimed in, "Yeah, well, you knocked us out of first place. You owe us big time."

"I do? Just what do I owe you?"

Ted spoke softly into her ear, "I don't know yet, but we'll think of something."

She just regained her breath when Gabe nuzzled into the crook of her neck and turned her thermostat up another notch. "I'm for

kidnapping you and holding you." His hand roamed across her lap and settled on her thigh, inches from her warm center.

When Ted's wandering hand suddenly found one of her breasts interesting, she decided to, as they say, lay her cards on the table, well, some of them at least. "Kidnapping is a serious offense, but that may not be necessary."

"What do you mean?" they said in unison.

"This is a little embarrassing, but Brenda tried to convince me to celebrate my divorce by...you know, sleeping with one of you."

She had to cover her mouth to keep from giggling as she watched the expressions on her prospective lovers' faces evolve from shock, to glee, to wickedness, and terminating in lust.

Ted's mouth sent amorous instant messages to her center by whispering breathily in her ear, "And did she succeed?" He then grabbed her shoulder tighter and pulled her even closer to him.

"She did, somewhat. I'm considering it, but there's a hitch."

"And what might that be?" sweet-talking Gabe asked as his hand dipped under her and raised up skirt in search of something warm and moist.

Her hand dropped down and stopped his upward path, but didn't move him away. "Don't let this go to your great looking heads, but I find myself so attracted to both of you. I can't pick. Does one of you want to volunteer to step aside?"

Shaking his head with gusto, Ted squeezed her breast so hard, it almost hurt. "Not me. How about you, nephew?"

"I don't think so, Ted. I wouldn't want to deprive Jaz of my extensive knowledge and technique."

Her fingers rose to her mouth to hide her obvious amusement. "That's very considerate of you, Gabe. Hmm. We seem to have reached an impasse."

She snatched a quarter from the server's change tray, flipped it into the air, caught it, and flipped it onto the back of her other hand. "Gabe, call it."

"Tails"

She lifted her hand up. "Tails it is. You win, Gabe."

Ted's nostrils flared. "No, he didn't. I didn't agree to that."

Gabe flashed a haughty stare at his uncle. "You didn't object until I won."

Ted slid out and stood up. "I can kick your ass and you know it."

Gabe did the same, stepping up to Ted, fists clenched. "I know no such thing. If I remember right, the last time you got in a fight, you got your ass kicked."

Ted wagged a finger at his nephew. "He was a tough assed Green Beret, and I still had him until he broke a beer bottle over my head."

Gabe flexed his fists. "Doesn't matter. I can kick your ass. Maybe we should step outside."

Jasmine hurried out of the booth and stepped between them. "C'mon guys. You're practically brothers." She pecked Ted on the lips, then Gabe. "There must be some way to settle this besides fighting over moi." She couldn't believe two bona fide heartthrobs were ready to fight over her. This is the most exciting thing that's ever happened to me.

"There is," blurted Gabe. "I've been thinking, but it's strictly up to you."

Now we're getting someplace. The image of the three of them lying naked in bed flashed before her yet again. A thrill of anticipation coursed through her causing her nipples to pebble and arms to goose flesh.

She glanced around and every eye in the lounge seemed to be staring in their direction. "Please, people are watching. Let's sit down and then Gabe can explain his solution without so many prying eyes and ears."

They sat down exactly as they'd been before and she turned to Gabe. "You have a solution?"

Reticence permeated his features. "Yes, if you are open-minded." *Yes! Here it comes.* "I like to think I'm open-minded. Go on."

He leaned into her. "Don't pick." And after licking her cheek, he whispered breathily in her ear, "Let both of us help you celebrate your emancipation. Imagine how good both of us could make you feel."

Bingo. The one-two punch of his sharp, fragrant after-shave combined with his hot breath in her ear had her reeling. Suspecting what he was about to say, she didn't blush where normally she would. Instead, she pulled away from him. With raised brows and lowered jaw, she feigned a lot of shock and a little indignation. "While I might find your suggestion intriguing, whatever would you think of me if I consented?"

From the other side, Ted joined in. "That's a fabulous idea. I for one would love you for it. Picture what a great celebration you could have with the both of us. Four hands, two mouths, and two...."

"And what about you, Gabe? Would you love me, too?"

Gabe regained his previous form by shunting her panties aside and teasing her ultra-sensitive clit. "Of course I would. This is my idea. It would be a new experience for us, one that we would carry with us forever."

Erotic sensations slammed through her to every outpost of her mind and body. If they didn't leave shortly, she might even have suggested the two of them ravish her right then, right there, upon the table.

Where should they go? A motel? *I could never be comfortable in a motel*. One of their homes? *Hell no!* The only place she could ever feel comfortable enough to do what she was planning would be her place.

While they continued their increasing sensual invasion of the most sensitive regions of her body, she dug in her purse for a pen, she wrote her address and cell number on two cocktail napkins. "All right, we'll try it." She handed a napkin to each. "Here is my address with my phone number in case you get lost. I'll wait there for you both." She laid a hand upon their crotches and grinned as they both tensed.

"Gabe, would you be a sweetheart and let me out?" He slid out and crossed his hands across his groin.

"I suggest you hurry before I chicken out." She winked and sashayed sexily out of the lounge.

* * * *

Jasmine rushed to her north Dallas home. Thank God, she'd decided not to take any roommates as she'd contemplated shortly after her separation a year ago. She had the space in her three bedroom townhouse. She could picture it in her mind. "Uh, hon, would you mind finding another place to sleep tonight? I have two gorgeous hunks coming over to fuck my brains out. You want in, too? No way, sister. My house, my stud bunnies." Talk about hard feelings.

She pulled into the garage and jumped out of her Mustang as the overhead door slowly closed. She walked through the laundry room into the kitchen, then pulled down a barely used bottle from the cabinet and poured a couple of ounces in a brandy snifter.

Am I certain I want to have sex simultaneously with two men? No, that was why she sought courage though the bottle. She sniffed the sweet pungent odor of Amaretto Disaronno. First, she took a sip, then a slug, much more than she was used to drinking. The ensuing warmth of the first sip as it ran down her throat and coated her tummy brought a bit of comfort.

The doorbell rang and her stomach lurched. She downed the remainder of the amaretto and went to the door. She peeked through the peephole. There they stood, wearing cowboy hats.

Her mind and heart might have been panicked, but her pussy juices flowed like liquid fire at the idea of having sex with the two gorgeous men standing on her porch. She steeled her resolve, put on her warmest smile, and pulled the door open. In stepped Gabe, holding what had to be two dozen mixed roses in a beautiful vase,

followed by Ted with two bottles, one red and one white, of Louis Jadot wine.

Pleased, she took the vase from Gabe. "Wherever did you find these at this hour?"

With the flowers between them, Gabe removed his hat and gave her a sample of what was to come by leaning over and planting a passionate kiss on her lips. "It wasn't easy, but Uncle Ted told me of an all night florist he knew about."

"Well, thank you, Gabe." She looked at Ted. "And thanks to you, too, Ted, for the wine."

Gabe had swung to the side and had a hand on her ass, massaging it. Her nervousness dissipated in favor of restless desire. After removing his hat, Ted stepped up to her, careful not to crush the bouquet, and gave her a kiss. Then he raised his hands, a bottle in each. "Where do you want these?"

"Oh, the kitchen. Let's go in there." She turned around and led her prospective lovers to the other room where she set the flowers on the island.

While she dug through a drawer for a corkscrew, Ted set the bottles down beside her. "Lovely home you have here, Jaz."

"Thank you. It was my payback for four lousy years of marriage. Here's the corkscrew." She handed it to him. "Would you...?"

Following a super-sensual smile, he took it and bowed. "Anything for you, milady."

She noticed Gabe pick up the Disaronno. "It appears our lady friend started partying already, Ted."

Ted glanced past her at Gabe and smiled. "Hoping for a little intestinal fortitude?"

She nodded.

Her heart beat faster as he put his arm around her and dragged her closer. "Don't worry, we're all going to have the time of our lives." He pulled his arm away and lifted the bottles of wine. "Red or white?"

"Amber." Ted's apparent confusion led her to elaborate, "I think I'll stay with the amaretto. I don't think wine would be good on top of a liqueur."

Gabe's arm slipped around her. "Here you go, Jaz." He handed her the refilled snifter. Pulling her close, his warm breath in her ear made her toes curl as he whispered, "It's your celebration. What would you like to do?"

She knew where she wanted to end up, but she wasn't sure where to start. "Ahh..."

It was obvious she didn't have a clue, so after Ted handed Gabe a glass of red, standing behind her, he wrapped his arms around her. "I have an idea. We all need to get undressed, so why don't we put on some music and you can perform a strip tease for us and then we'll strip for you."

It sounded like a good way to start, but she didn't think she could strip first. "All right, but we'll start with both of you putting on a show for me." She took her snifter and waltzed into the living room. "Follow me."

She went to the stereo, her men on her heels. "What song would you like to strip to?"

Gabe started going through the CDs in earnest. "These all seem too slow and romantic. Wait a minute. This one will do just fine. You go sit down and enjoy the show."

She sat on the davenport with high expectations. Gabe put the CD in the stereo, hit play, and soon Garbage blasted from the speakers.

Gabe and Ted weren't the most accomplished strippers, but they did a credible job of gyrating to the bluesy slow rock song #1 Crush from Romeo and Juliet, her favorite song by Garbage.

They took off their clothes in different order. Keeping the semblance of a beat with the music, Gabe started with his suede, western cut sports coat and shirt, baring well-formed pecs and slightly rippled stomach muscles. Next, Gabe slipped his cowboy boots and socks off. Wearing nothing but Levis and presumably underpants, he

unbuckled his belt, unzipped his jeans, and dragged them to the floor. Pulling them over his feet, Stud Number One flaunted his mostly naked form for her benefit. The sight of him and his soft six-inch tool gave her a shiver of expectation.

Smiling at her, Ted shrugged his suede sports coat off, pirouetted with the coat draped over his shoulder and deposited it on the love seat. After sitting on the love seat's arm, he slipped his boots and socks off. Standing, he dragged his jeans to the floor and rose. She laughed when he tried to kick the jeans, draped around his feet, to himself and failed miserably. But her pulse rate soared when he pulled his long flaccid penis through the hole of his briefs. Shamelessly, she pictured it growing harder as she worked on it with her mouth and hand.

All Ted had on now were his briefs and shirt. Not to be outdone, Ted ripped his briefs off, exposing his entire cock. Then off came the shirt and Stud Number Two, who was as well built if not more so, boogied naked in front of her.

They each took off their watches seconds before the song ended. While Gabe went to restart the song, Ted connected with her gaze. Brazenly, he pointed to his exposed member and silently mouthed, "You like?" He chuckled when she nodded and ran her tongue suggestively over her upper lip.

With the music restarted, the men continued dancing. Their cocks grew in proportion to their sexy steps. Audaciously, she reached under her skirt and fingered her clit.

Watching the men perform, Jaz's panties were sopping wet. Ted and Gabe both smiled and nodded approvingly when she pulled her skirt up, slipped her hand under the panties, then boldly fondled her clit with fingers from one hand and teased a nipple with fingers from the other.

She'd arrived in heaven. This was like the best wet dream she'd ever had. When the song ended, she wagged them over with a finger.

They both stood before her, their semi-hard, one-eyed snakes staring at her not more than a foot away.

"Your turn to get naked, sweetheart," Gabe said.

"I know, but first I want a taste of what's to come." She reached out and took a cock in each hand and dragged them toward her. "I just need you both a little closer."

When the crowns of their cocks came within range, her tongue darted out and licked one, then the other, up and down from tip to base. Her mouth went around Ted's shaft moving in an up and down motion in tandem with her fist. Simultaneously, her left hand stroked Gabe's growing shaft. They both groaned and soon groping hands were in her hair, on the back of her neck, and on one of her breasts.

Ted's member filled her mouth. After a teasing lick of the precum on his tip, she switched to Gabe's shaft, which also crammed her mouth. Emitting loud moans, he began to pummel her mouth. As he stroked her oral orifice in rhythm, she was afraid he would cum, so she pulled away.

She stroked her studs with her hands. "Mmm. That was a nice sample. We'll do some more of that later, but I still need to perform for you boys. I have a different song I'd like to play." She stood. "Sit down on the couch and enjoy yourselves, but make sure you stay hard for me."

She went to the stereo and inserted the beat heavy, remarkably sexy hit, *Beware of the Dog*, by Jamelia. She remembered how taken she was the first time she heard the song on a Victoria's Secret lingerie special on TV. She turned and waited for the music to start and was delighted to see her naked beauties fondling themselves.

She didn't have much to take off, so when Jamelia whispered, to start the song, she started shaking her hips with the beat and took off her sweater. Turning away from them, she pulled it up and over her head baring her back to their gazes. Then, with the garment across her breasts, in time with the music, she turned toward her soon-to-be lovers.

Ted yelled, "Oooh, don't tease me, baby."

She laughed.

Gabe whistled and urged her on, "Let's see your beautiful breasts."

She smiled coyly and turned back away from her audience, shedding the sweater to their applause and catcalls. To their disappointment, when she turned back, a hand covered each breast. They frowned. Gabe flashed thumbs down and Ted grabbed his swollen cock and offered it to her. She raised an eyebrow and scrunched her nose. She quickly covered both breasts with her arm and hand and threw them a kiss with the other hand. They laughed and clapped.

Keeping in time with the music, she strutted over to the desk and, with her free hand, pulled a chair out. She carried it to where she'd been performing, set it sideways to them, and sat. She flexed a leg and used a free hand to remove one of her red high heels. She kissed the toe and threw it to Gabe. She did the same with the other shoe and threw it to Ted.

She rose and turned the chair back to the audience. With her hands on the chair back, she spread her legs as much as her skirt would allow and bent down. She peeked right and left, giving them a sideways glimpse of her breasts. Then she straightened and unzipped the side of her skirt to *whoopees* and catcalls from the audience. Her fingers took hold of the edge of the skirt, teased it side to side, down over her hips and ass, dragging it down to the floor. When she rose, she was down to her wet panties, and sure enough, she received whistles and heavy applause.

I wonder if the neighbors can hear this. There'll probably be a whole lot more to hear before the night is over.

With her red skirt lying on the floor around her feet, she stepped one foot out, and as Ted had tried and failed, kicked the skirt backward, up and into her waiting hand. She tossed the skirt over her shoulder toward Gabe and Ted, then turned quickly, a hand covering each breast. Disappointment registered in their eyes, so following the music, she danced to the other side of the coffee table and grinding sideways to them, pulled her fingers away from one breast. They clapped and cheered. Ted stood up and reached across the table, snatching a quick feel before she skipped away wagging a naughty finger his way.

Jasmine was one object away from complete nakedness and they let her know it. With her back to them, more *whoopees* and catcalls issued forth from the handsome duo. Her fingers took hold of the elastic band of the panties, edged it side to side, sliding it down over her hips and ass and down to the floor. She rose, panties in hand and once more turned to face them, an arm across her breasts and the panties held in front of her mound. Their expectant smiles deflated from her feigned modesty, so she strutted right up to them, removed the hand, and shimmied her knockers inches from their gaping mouths.

Their gazes seemed glued to her breasts, hence she let the panties fall. Grinning at their newly opened mouths and rounded eyes, she ran her hands around the back of their heads and dragged their sweet lips to her nubs. Her nipples were very sensitive and having them suckled had always given her a great thrill. She always wondered what it would be like to have someone sucking on each of them at the same time.

As she might have expected, a pair of lips on each of her jutting, thimble-sized nipples was double the pleasure. Her breasts became weightless as they each took a breast in their hands and moved their lips over and around her swollen nubs. As they suckled and slurped noisily on her distended nipples, their tongues tickling the tips of her nubs, the dreamy duo sent joyful, sensory pulses repeatedly through her body, inflaming her nether region and launching beads of cream that slowly trickled down the inside of her thighs

Gabe reached between her legs and touched her pussy. Maintaining his sensual connection with Jaz, he edged her over and

eased her down on his giant erection. *Oh, Mary, mother of Jesus, it feels so good!* He felt huge, however, she seemed up to it as she took all of him into her ravenous dripping pussy.

Ted continued sucking on her nipple, but she wanted his lollipop in her mouth. As she rode Gabe's lap, she urged Ted to stand up. She bent down and wrapped her mouth around his prodigious, mauvecrowned cock.

She was in her glory, cocks, hands, and mouths all over her, and then she remembered. *Protection!*

She pulled away from Ted. "We have to stop." She climbed off Gabe. "You're not wearing protection."

Gabe formed a sheepish smile. "I have a couple condoms in my pants."

"Me too," Ted added.

"No, I have some in my nightstand. I think I'd rather continue this in my California King, which hasn't had the pleasure of a single cock in it for over a year." She laughed. "Let alone two."

Chapter Three

Gabe's right arm wrapped around her back and his left arm swept her into his arms. She draped an arm around his neck and thought how romantic it seemed being carried into her bedroom for the main course.

Gabe set her down on the bed and gazed around. Right behind them, Ted said, "Wow, this is nice."

Her spacious bedroom housed a fireplace with a large flat-panel TV mounted above it and a sitting area with built-in bookshelves.

"It is," added Gabe. "I thought the living area was nice but this is *really* nice. It puts me in the mood for *sex*."

Gabe gently eased her back until she lay flat. She watched as he tenderly took one of her legs in his hands.

Ted placed a pillow under her head and reclined beside her. His hand caressed her cheek, then his lips moved close and touched hers. Her breathing became short and shallow in anticipation. His tongue, slippery and wet, gently followed the groove of her closed lips, tantalizing her with promised mysteries.

Caressing her leg at chest level, Gabe's fingers warmly fondled each of her manicured toes. She squirmed with erotic delight when he kissed the top of her foot. He rested her heel across his shoulder and languorously ran his fingers from her ankle to the back of her knee. With care he kissed her calf. "You have gorgeous legs and feet."

With a murmur, her lips parted and Ted's slick tongue swept across her palette, mingling with its likeness, sending warm tingly sensations to her brain and everywhere.

After setting her foot on the edge of the bed, Gabe dropped to his knees and spread her legs wide. A shiver ran through her as he ran his

luscious, wet tongue up the inside of her thighs, occasionally nibbling with his teeth, leaving a path of cooling moisture wherever it passed. The wonder of tongues. They can make you feel good in so many ways.

She panted with desire. She raised her hips and waggled her smooth, steaming, wet pussy in front of his mouth, but he wouldn't bite. Cream flowed freely as she pictured Gabe's wonderful wet intruder sweetly tickling the walls of her hot, aching channel.

Gently breaking their passionate kiss, Ted's mouth left a liquid trail to the nearby nipple. Shuddering, her breathing became almost non-existent as she shoved her nipple into the warm wet suction of his hungry mouth. While Ted suckled on her nipple, he used the knuckles of his hand to stroke from her chin to her neck, over to her shoulder, down to her collar bone and into the deep cleft between her twin mounds. Her breasts rose to meet his feathery touch, and she reached for Ted's warm throbbing cock. As her hand squeezed tightly around him, he moaned, the vibration of which tickled her sensitive nipple.

Gabe griped her other foot and gently kissed the top of it, leaving a cool dampness. Then he leaned forward and inhaled deeply. "God, your pussy smells inviting. I can't wait to lap up your juices."

"Yes, yes, please, Gabe. I can't wait any longer," she begged.

His arms encircled her thighs, his fingers roaming downward over her mound to her folds, splaying them, baring her vagina. She tensed in anticipation, squeezing the bedspread tightly in her fist. She thought she'd died and gone to heaven when his long, wet tongue lapped the cream between her legs from her anus to clit. She took a deep breath when indescribably wicked sensations pulsed to every outpost of her body.

Gabe's talented tongue delved deep into her core. Crossing her legs behind his back opened her pussy even more to his ministrations. Primal need seemed to be taking over since her mind filled with salacious urges. Her libido had crossed the line of propriety and was now in the land of lust. She pushed her pussy lips deeper into Gabe's

mouth and she tugged on Ted's cock. "I want to suck your cock, Ted. And I want to see what it's like for you to come in my mouth."

Ted rose up beside her and lifted his leg over her shoulder. Shivering in appreciation, she viewed the large, intimidating, phallic object a foot above her. She reached up and pulled him downward, toward her mouth. She was delighted, noting the clear shiny substance, which had built up on the head of Ted's thick rod. *Not enough*, she thought when her tongue lapped the mildly saline tasting precum.

As his engorged rod pushed against the seam in her lips, Ted looked down. "Are you sure?" It being impolite to speak with a full mouth, she grunted. "Ah-huh," and his cock glided over her tongue into her wide-open mouth.

She gasped as Gabe thrust three large fingers into her sopping wet caldron and his mouth swallowed her super sensitive clitoris. Suddenly, he exclaimed, "God, you're incredible. Give me all of your sweet cream, Jaz, load my mouth with it. And then I want you to cum." She felt his clever fingers reaming her recess and his wondrous tongue work its magic on her ultra-sensitive clit.

While Gabe feasted on her pussy and Ted's prodigious cock slid piston like in and out of her mouth, she sensed an oncoming climax. Her body strained as a tickly curtain descended over her. The cock in her mouth muffled her scream, but she jerked around as wave upon wave of pleasure rippled over her, morphing into a euphoric, sensory explosion. Exercising care to not bite Ted, she sucked even harder, closing her eyes as fireworks played on display on the back of her eyelids.

She couldn't move her head, but her back crested and one of her arms slapped the bedspread while she pushed her greedy gash into Gabe's sensuous mouth.

Suddenly, she was spent. Ted kept shoving his cock in and out of her mouth and Gabe continued to fondle her clit, which kept her centered on what they were doing. Slowly, she came around and

began to stroke Ted's shaft with her hand on each inward stroke. Within seconds of squeezing his testicles with her other hand, Ted stiffened, then she felt it. A squirt hit the back of her mouth, then another, and another. Ted was quite virile, depositing a mouthful of gravy-textured sperm in her mouth.

Gathering the disparate portions of spunk on the back of her tongue, she was undecided whether to spit or swallow when the shock of a king-sized intrusion into her hungry pussy solved her dilemma. With a jerk, she involuntarily swallowed the thick milky substance.

When Ted crawled off her, she was able to see Gabe standing between her legs, stroking her. He flashed a wicked grin. "Mmmm, baby, I'm lovin' this."

She returned his smile. "Ooh, Gabe, you feel fantastic. Fuck me hard, baby," then she added, "I hope you're wearing a raincoat."

She watched the corners of his lips curve into a devious smile. "I am, my dear." He pulled out and held his cock up. "See?"

She nodded her approval.

"I had to use one of my condoms. Yours were regular size."

Jasmine crossed her legs around his backside and reeled him in tight. "Great, now go back to the business of fucking me. I want another mega-orgasm. Then if he can get up again, I want Ted to fuck me."

From the corner of the room, Ted spoke. "Don't worry about me. Watching you two fucking already has me close. You are a hot-looking couple."

Gabe chortled. "Don't make me laugh when I'm fucking a beautiful lady. Throw you in Teddy boy and we make a fine looking trio."

Gabe paused to adjust Jasmine's location. He turned her ninety degrees from her crossways position so her head was at the headboard, then climbed aboard the bed himself. She spread her legs wide to receive him and soon he was in position. She aligned his magic wand with her center and slowly he slid it forward, filling her

deep channel. She groaned, lifting her hips to take him even deeper. She wrapped her legs around him and he lowered himself onto his elbows, his weight partially on her, his large hands on her breasts.

Due to the pause, her libido had ebbed slightly from the earlier extremes. Nevertheless, Gabe's leisurely, easy technique rekindled the fire that had burned fiercely in her womb. "Yes, yes, yes! That's it!" Using slow, almost teasing strokes, he gradually ascended into a pounding sexual crescendo.

Her back arched and her fingers grasped around the spindles of the headboard so tightly, her nails bit into the soft flesh of her palm. With his fingers digging into her flesh, breath hot on her neck, he pumped her relentlessly.

She panted. "Ah, ah, oh, yes, fuck, fuck!" Harder and faster, he sent erogenous sensations throbbing through her pussy, causing her muscles to tighten around his intruding shaft. "Oh, ooh, that's it! That's what I want. Ooh, Gabe, it feels so-o-o good. I could do this forever."

"Ah," he groaned, moving in little circles inside her. "Such a hot, tight, little pussy you have, baby. It feels fantas-s-s-tic."

Ted moved over, reclining on the bed, snuggling in beside them. "Yes, and I want some of that hot, tight, little pussy next." On his side facing her, his left hand wandered down caressing her inner thigh.

Gabe's hot breath on her neck excited her to the right and when she turned toward Ted, his demanding mouth assaulted her lips. Sighing from concentrated pleasure, her mouth parted, and his tongue rushed in splitting her ivory defenses, commingling with its likeness.

In her wildest dreams, she had never even suspected such sensations were possible and yet they'd barely begun her sexy celebration.

Gabe's fingers dug into her breasts while he battered her in and out, harder and harder, faster and faster. Ted's fingers dug deep into the soft pliable flesh of her ass.

Spasms of pleasure rippled through her womb. Another climax

approached with the inertia of a slow moving freight train. Seeming to sense her pre-euphoric condition, Gabe straightened up with his knees separated widely and while continuing to stroke her pussy, he rested her legs over his extended thighs. Anchoring his hands around her hips, he pulled her in close and relentlessly drove his hot cock into her, trapping her ultra-sensitive bud between them on each brutal thrust. With her eyes closed and her lips forming the perfect letter 'O,' her mind said, "Oh, yeah," with each violent incursion of her pussy.

Every nerve seemed charged. Her hands grasped his thighs pulling him in even tighter. She knew an orgasm was close. When Ted took her nipple in his mouth and sucked voraciously, she exploded. Stars flew everywhere, ringing her bell. She snuggled her pussy in tight as possible against Gabe's pubic bone and screamed. Her movements were wild, uncontrolled. She writhed and bucked and arched her back. She pulled on Ted's hair as his beautiful lips sucked her tit. Suddenly, Gabe erratically thrust forward. He was coming, too, shooting his seed into the latex barrier. Grinding his cock into her pussy and clitoris, it felt so good, so natural. She loved it. She wanted more, much more.

While her libido regenerated, she remembered Ted waited in the wings to tag team her. *How convenient*.

She felt fantastic. Lying on the bed, she watched Gabe waltz into the bathroom. She licked her lips. "Ummm." His tight, taut buns and thin waist made her shiver. She loved these guys. Well, she loved being with them. Too bad she had to blow it with them by sleeping with both of them six hours after they'd met.

Oh, well. 'Plenty of fish in the sea' and 'another bus in ten minutes,' as they say. Finding men had never been a problem for her. Getting rid of them seemed to be another matter.

Ted rushed to get right to it, but she deferred.

"Let me get my breath back first, babe." She placed a pillow against the headboard and leaned against it. She reached for her half-

full snifter of amaretto and sipped it. Pulling her legs up, bending then at the knees for traction, she spread them apart, her wet pussy in full view.

Jasmine was on top of the world, having the time of her life. She'd had no sex during her one-year separation. Before that she had much too little and what she had wasn't great. She'd forgotten how much she loved sex. She did love it and she was never going to deny herself again. She handed the almost empty snifter to Ted. "Would you be a doll and set this on the nightstand?"

"What the h—" All of a sudden, she felt wetness between her legs. She looked down and saw Ted smiling up at her, holding her empty brandy snifter inches above her...pussy. "What the fuck are you doing?"

"Relax, I've been watching your smooth, sexy cunt winking at me all evening and I want a taste. Do you mind?"

Reflexively, she batted her eyelashes and ran her tongue over her top lip. "Baby, you can eat my pussy 'til the next solar eclipse if that's what you want."

He laughed and started to dip his tongue into her gash, but stopped when she asked, "But why pour amaretto over it?"

A wicked smile formed. "A little flavor enhancement. I've never tasted it before. It smells wonderful. I took a small sip and thought this would taste great on your saucy snatch."

Ooh. "You better get to it, it's burning a little."

"With pleasure." Like Gabe had done, his fingers parted her feminine lips and Ted's long, warm, wet tongue slipped in, running that delicious organ up and down between her womanly blossom, eventually moving up to find the little bud that craved his attention.

Out of nowhere, a hand pinched her nipple, shocking her, followed by sweet lips at her mouth's opening. Her lips parted and she sighed as Gabe slid his tongue into her oral chamber.

When Ted surrounded her clitoris with his lips, she nearly passed out. She yelped when he bit down lightly on her soft, sensitive nub

and when he sucked on it, she felt like she might die from all the wicked sensations battering her.

She groped for Gabe's hard, upright cock, began jerking on it, and broke their long kiss. "Come up here. I want to suck you off."

Gabe rose to his knees and lifted a leg over her torso. His rigid cock rested inches below her chin, so she scooted down into Ted's lustful mouth. With Gabe's prick jabbing her upper lip, she opened her mouth and made it disappear then reappear, moving her mouth along its length with a trailing hand.

All at once, she became aware of a demanding feeling invading her entire genital area, a tiny sensation that slowly but relentlessly built in strength, reaching a mild roar that presaged the imminent eruption. Unexpectedly, within her mind, stars exploded. When her third strong orgasm burst upon her, she squirmed and bucked spasmodically in every direction.

Her climax once again induced Gabe to come...in her mouth. When Gabe crawled off of her, a load of sperm rested in her mouth and she swallowed it. The thick, milky seminal discharge made her gag a little from the thick texture.

She wiped the tearing from her eyes as Ted impatiently stood on his knees, his proud skyscraper at attention. She knew he wanted her and she wanted him to fuck her, but she felt tired. Could it be possible she could receive *too much sex? Buck up, Jaz. You can take it.* "How would you like to do it, Ted?"

His pleading expression morphed into a bright smile. "Hollywood. I want to watch your fine body and beautiful face while you fuck me, and could you wear my cowboy hat?"

She couldn't help but smile. *All this great sex and compliments*, *too*. "All right, lie down while I put a rubber on you."

Ted lay down, she reached into the nightstand drawer and pulled out a condom.

He shook his head. "No, sorry. You might be able to get it on, but it'd be too tight and inhibit blood flow."

She turned to Gabe and flashed a 'please' smile. "Gabe, would you be a doll, get me a refill of amaretto and a condom?"

Ted reminded her, "Don't forget the cowboy hat."

She yelled after Gabe, "And bring Ted's cowboy hat would you?"

"Yeah, sure," she heard from the living room

He returned with Ted's hat on his head, a condom in one hand, and the snifter in the other. He looked cute as hell, naked as a jaybird with a cowboy hat on his head. She had to get a photo of him like that. She reached into the nightstand drawer where she kept her digital camera. "Hold that pose a minute."

His brow furrowed and nose scrunched in confusion, but when she jerked the camera into position, he held an open hand out toward the camera, blocking the viewfinder. "No way, miss."

"C'mon, Gabe, don't be such a spoilsport."

"I'd do anything for you, Jasmine, but it ain't gonna happen."

Hmmm. She held a fist to her chin. How could she get him to relent? *I know*. "How about if I let you take a picture of me?"

Ted yelled very emotionally, "Come on, Gabe, if you don't do it, I will."

Her fingers rubbed her chin. "As a matter of fact, I want both of you. You said this would be a night we'd remember for the rest of our lives, so I want a snapshot to revisit our sexy night whenever I feel like it."

She could see his jaw was tight. "All right, but only one."

She countered, "One of you, one of me, one of Ted and one of all three of us. I have a cowgirl hat in my closet." She sashayed to her walk-in closet and sauntered out wearing her fancy rodeo hat."

Ted clapped. "That's perfect."

She stood in front of Gabe and raised the camera to take his picture, but he had a sour look upon his puss. She put the camera down. "Please, Gabe. Do this for me. Pose and smile for the camera."

He nodded, then set the condom and snifter on the dresser. Facing her, he stood legs parted, arms folded across his chest, elevated a single brow, and gave her a sexy, knowing smirk.

She snapped the picture. "Thank you, Gabe. That was much better. One more of you sideways and then I'll take Ted."

Gabe flashed a disgusted 'I knew it' look, but turned sideways and posed.

Before they'd finished, she'd taken a dozen photos all with cowboy hats. After that, they got back down to business. Ted reclined on her bed and she retrieved the amaretto and the condom off the dresser. She dropped the condom on the bed, dipped a finger in the amaretto, and rubbed her finger around Ted's shaft.

"What're you doing?"

Her lips formed a fake, overdone smile. "Just doing what you did to me." She dipped her finger in the amaretto again and set it on the nightstand. She rubbed the remaining liqueur on his rigid manhood. "I want to see how your dick tastes with amaretto on it."

She leaned over and took him in her mouth. "Mmmm, you do taste good. Was I that good?"

With a comic grin on his face, he rubbed his tummy. "You tasted delicious."

"Good." She got on her knees and scooted beside Ted. Facing him, she lifted a leg over his thighs, reclining on them with his balls touching her mound. She picked up the condom, removed the foil packaging, and rolled it down his shaft. "We're ready to go."

She rose and, skirting his scrotum, moved forward until she was above his shaft. However, instead of inserting it, she lowered her pussy onto it and moved back and forth along its eight-inch length.

The compelling tingle that had started in the pit of her stomach, from running her clit along the length of his girth, grew steadily into a flame of desire. Then when she rose up, lifted his long staff upward in position, dropped down, and impaled her deep well on it, she yelped with lustful delight. With his substantial manhood filling her core, she

felt complete. Before she'd met Gabe and Ted, it'd been ages since she'd had an orgasm, so long since she'd been with anyone who could make her feel like this.

She snuggled her bottom down firmly against Ted's pubic bone and keeping her clit in constant contact with it, her hips undulated forward and backward as if she rode in a saddle. Her vagina muscles tensed and pulsed, sucking at his cock hungrily. She reached down and felt her sopping wet bottom. She leaked cream like an ice cream cone in July.

"God, you feel good." Ted's eyelids drooped with enjoyment along with a contented smile as he extended both hands to her ass. She shuddered, his fingers digging deep into the flesh of her shapely cheeks.

Then, unexpectedly, she felt something different from behind—a proud, arrogant prick. Gabe's bold erection aligned with the crack of her ass and dug into her lower back. Snuggling even closer, his naked chest against her back, she felt his heart beating against her shoulder blade. Her areolas pebbled when his smooth face nuzzled against her neck, moist lips kissing it just below her ears.

It seemed as if she swirled in whirlpool...a tornado of erotic carnality. Deep in her womb, she could sense another...a fourth climax coming. She'd never had more than one climax before, if she had one at all, and she was approaching a fourth. Then again, she'd never been in a position like this before.

Reaching behind her, feeling for Gabe's cock, he took her hand and led her to it, where she stroked him as best she could.

She let out a gasp when he slipped his hands between her arms and ribs and took one of her breasts in each hand, using his thumbs to tease her hardening nipples.

Suddenly, tensing stiffly, Ted's fingers squeezed her ass so hard, it hurt. His movements seemed jerky, uncontrolled. He was cumming and without warning, a tremendous orgasm overpowered her. She gasped when tendrils of felicity embraced her whole being. Charges

of electrical excitement spread through her while she seemed to lose control of her body, which moved randomly with a mind of its own. She screamed so loud, she was sure she woke her neighbor, Vickie.

Once the orgasm subsided, she tensed when a second wave hit her, bombarding her with a curtain of pure joy. Then a third and final wave hit, after which she felt sated. Shaking, she crumbled in a heap with her glorious lovers. Ted and she both shook and Gabe lovingly held them.

After about three minutes of revered silence, Ted said, "Wow. Wasn't that something? What next?"

"Doggie style, then who knows maybe even both of your fine cocks at once. But first, I'm ready for the seventh inning stretch."

Chapter Four

"Top of the morning to you, Jasmine."

Wiping the detritus from her eyelids, she managed to open a single eye. She was barely awake. At the foot of the bed, holding a breakfast tray, from which the tantalizing aroma of bacon and eggs wafted to her nostrils and a single red rose in a bud vase rested, stood a smiling man wearing one of her aprons—and *nothing* else! Even through her impeded vision, he was gorgeous.

She woke up a notch, but still had a long way to go. Yawning so wide it cracked her jaw, she forced her other eye open. To the gorgeous man's left, also smiling and wearing her favorite apron, was another handsome *naked* man. She started to say, 'Who are you?' but there was something weirdly familiar about them both. "What did you say?"

The blue-eyed one holding the tray, spoke, "I said, 'Top of the morning,' to you. Ted and I made breakfast for you."

Ted? The name sounded familiar.

Ted...the other one, said, "Yes, after the wonderful hospitality you provided last night, it seemed the least Gabe and I could do."

Hospitality, last night, Gabe?

She wasn't frightened because they didn't act threatening and deep inside she felt a comfort with these men. She knew they were good men, friends whom she just couldn't place.

The one holding the tray, Gabe, asked, "Are you feeling all right, sweetheart?"

She frowned. Sweetheart? Tired. She felt extremely tired and worn out. That's all that was wrong with her except for a minor

irritation...in...her vagina? Another wide mouthed yawn cracked her jaw. "Did I have much to drink last night?"

"I'll say," said Ted, "You had a couple drinks while we were bowling and two in the lounge even before we got here, where you drank most of a bottle of Amaretto."

Bowling, lounge...it was coming back to her. She got her divorce. Then she celebrated with Brenda at her bowling league and filled in. Oh yeah, she ogled Gabe and Ted, bowled great, danced at the lounge, snuggled in the lounge and brought Gabe and Ted home. Then...they stripped, *she* stripped and they had sex, lots and lots of great hot *sex*.

Oh...my...God! I had a threesome.

She sat up with a start and her head felt as if it had split open from the sudden change in position. Then she felt coolness upon her breasts. She looked down with her aching eyes, discovered she was naked, and swiftly slipped back down under the sheet, covering everything including her head.

Ted laughed. "You can hide 'em, but we've already seen 'em and a lot more."

She pulled the sheet off her head and stared at Ted. "We had sex last night. All *three* of us. Didn't we—lots of *sex*?"

Gabe answered, "Oh, yes, it was spectacular. Don't you remember?"

"I'm beginning to. Did I, ah...enjoy it?"

Now, Ted answered, "Did you ever. It was your celebration. You choreographed everything. You even took pictures."

Gabe added, "Humph. Did you enjoy it? You said we made you feel so good that in comparison, it seemed like you never had sex before—*real sex*."

I said that? I did that? God, I hope I can remember this better when my headache goes away.

Gabe edged up to the bed. "Why don't you sit up, so I can set this tray down? Your breakfast is getting cold. If you're embarrassed for us to see you naked now, I'll bring one of your robes."

She hadn't eaten anything, with the exception of cocks, since noon yesterday. Maybe real food would make her feel better.

She sat up and considering all that had happened the previous night, she didn't ask for her robe.

Gabe pulled the tray legs down and bent over to set the tray over her lap. She blanched when the reflection in the dressing mirror on the closet door displayed his very fine, taut ass—crack, dimples, and all. *Grrrrr*. She had a sudden irresistible urge to rip his apron off. She was beginning to remember all the dreamy things they did together.

Before she could act on her urge, Gabe stepped back. "That's better. Dig in."

Oh, *well*. She picked up the fork and lifted a forkful of scrambled eggs to her mouth. Then she took a sip of orange juice.

As she ate, Gabe and Ted sat on each side of her. Gabe's hands went to her upper back and neck. Ted worked the other side of her. She felt pampered. With breakfast in bed and massages by two great looking men, she felt pampered. Slowly, relief surged through her as they massaged her shoulders, neck, head, temple, and brow. "How does that feel?"

"Wonderful. I'm starting to feel like my old self. You know, Gabe, I could've handled waking up having had sex with either you or Ted. But both of you? I'm not embarrassed, I'm mortified."

"Ahh, but you should not be distressed, *ma cherie*, Ted and I had a night we will remember fondly for the rest of our lives and if you think about it, I'm sure you will come to the same conclusion."

"Oh, I'll enjoy the memory, no doubt. But what must you think of me, coming on to and having sex with both of you? You must think I'm a tramp, a slut."

Her eyes must have teared, because Gabe took a tissue from the nightstand and dried them. "What do we think of you? I can't speak

for Ted, but for me you are beautiful, sexy, adventurous, sensual, desirable, spontaneous and exciting, but never a slut. How about you Ted? Can you add to the list?"

"Sure. To Gabe's list, I would add plucky, articulate, elegant, personable, intelligent, but definitely not a tramp. A tramp's pussy would never taste as good as yours."

She was sure she'd blushed even as she giggled.

"Ted, did you have to bring up the sex? Jaz is already regretting last night."

"No, Gabe, I'm not regretting it. As you said, I'll cherish the memory. It's just that I don't want you thinking I pick up two or three guys and take them home all the time."

Ted made her feel better. "We never thought that. We knew you just got out of a crappy marriage and wanted to throw out your inhibitions for one glorious night with a wild, bawdy celebration. We did that, but it looks like your inhibitions returned this morning."

She lifted Ted's hand up to her lips and kissed it. "Thanks, Ted. And thanks to you, Gabe. I suppose I should also thank you for the wonderful experience you bestowed upon me last night."

"It was our pleasure," said Gabe.

A mischievous twinkle sparkled in Ted's eyes. "And how. You are one great *lay!*"

Gabe dipped his eyebrows and stared at him. "Ted what's wrong with you—"

She placed her hand over Gabe's. "It's all right. I'm getting used to the idea and it was a compliment, but let's change the subject, shall we?"

Ted sidled in closer. "Okay. Gabe and I have an idea. Judy on our team—you met her last night—is pregnant and will have to quit, so we'd like you to take her place."

Hmmm. Bowling with Ted and Gabe every Friday night. Sounded good at first, but these guys might want to reprise their fling every week and if she were there, she just might go for it—not a good idea

unless she did want to become a loose Lizzy. "How soon does she have to quit?"

"She has to quit in three months, but she agreed we could replace her as soon as we found someone."

"I'll think about it."

Apparently, they expected her to say yes because an uncomfortable silence ensued. Ted finally broke the ice. "I have a question. Your home is fixed up so beautifully, especially this bedroom. Was it like this when you bought it?

She could sense her brows dip. "I'm surprised you like it, since it's decorated for my feminine tastes."

"Yes, it's feminine all right, but it's so well done," countered Ted.

The room had been faux finished in aqua, powder blues, and peaches, and contained bleached Italian Provincial furniture. Inlaid patterns of wicker and applied filigree decorated the four-poster California king-sized bed and matching dresser and armoire. A half score of paintings ranging from Monet to Erte, to a suite of ballerina paintings, dotted the wall and dozens of clever accessories had been strategically placed. Yes, it was pretty. It had been her room to get away, relax. Apparently, she'd found a new use—a room to have hot, sexy, intimate threesomes. "Thank you, Ted. The home was brand new when I moved in. I'm sure the decorator will be pleased to hear you admire how she decorated the home."

Naturally, Ted asked, "Who was the decorator?"

"Someone I'm very close to. Me."

"Really?" exclaimed Gabe. "You are very good."

"I better be since it's what I do for a living."

Gabe's nostrils flared. He raised a single brow. "I seem to remember hearing about you being a model."

"Brenda said that. I had been a model. I quit after I got married, to try my hand at designing women's fashions. I seemed to have a flair for interior design also, so after we separated, I took it up professionally."

Ted flashed a wicked grin and winked. "A woman of *many* talents."

She knew she blushed at the double entendre, then the phone rang. *Saved by the bell*. Gabe picked up the cordless handset and handed it to her.

"Hello?"

"Jaz, it's Brenda. How'd it go last night?"

"A-okay, kiddo!"

"Did you pick?"

"Uh-huh."

She was startled in a pleasant way when Gabe gently pinched a nipple.

A glance at him told her he wanted to say something. "Hold on a second, would you?"

"Sure."

She covered the mouthpiece and shot an annoyed stare at Gabe "What do you need?"

"That's your friend Brenda, isn't it?"

"Ye-s-s-s," she answered, not knowing where this was going.

"Ted and I have to leave anyway. We'll go into the living room, collect our clothes, and be on our way. That way you and Brenda can talk in private." He leaned in, gave her a short, hot, sweet kiss and rose. "We'll get copies of the snapshots later. Thanks for the very special evening. Give my love to Brenda." He bent down and kissed her again lightly on the lips.

He looked at Ted. "You ready, Uncle?"

"If you insist." He pulled her face toward his and kissed her. "You are exquisite. I hope you'll join our bowling team, so I can see more of you. But if you don't, I will cherish the memory. Don't worry, we'll let ourselves out.

They both headed out of the room. A vision of their tight, firm naked derrieres burned into her corneas as Ted pulled the door shut. She felt so confused. She just got rid of one SOB and planned on

never letting a man get under her skin again and now she was drawn to *two* men. A tear formed in the well of her eye.

As her free hand wiped it away, she heard Brenda's scratchy voice coming from the phone. She lifted the phone to her mouth and ear. In a shaky voice, she spoke. "Sweetie, I can't talk right now. Can we meet for a late lunch?"

"Sure. Where and when?"

"One-thirty at Goodfellas."

Chapter Five

Ten minutes late, she rushed into Goodfellas, where Brenda waited in a booth. Sitting down, she opened the menu.

Brenda bounced up and down with energy. "Well, don't make me wait. What happened?"

While reading the menu, she answered Brenda. "First of all, Gabe sends his love."

"So you picked Gabe. He's such a hunk. How was he?"

Before she could reply, a waitress came up to the table. "Hi, my name is Pam and I'll be your server today. Can I start you off with something to drink?"

Brenda said, "I'd love an iced tea."

Pam looked at Jasmine. "I'll have the same and I'm ready to order." She handed the menu to Pam, "I'll have a B.L.T. with fruit instead of fries, dry the fat from the bacon and make sure they don't burn it."

"Yes, ma'am. And you, ma'am?"

"I'll have a Lucky Luciano burger with fries, no tomatoes." Brenda handed the menu to Pam and she left.

She glanced around to make sure no one was listening. Then she leaned toward Brenda and spoke softly. "I'm not preaching to you, but if you want to lose those ten pounds you're worried about, you should cut back on the fatty foods like hamburgers and fries."

Jaz could tell Brenda wasn't pleased, but she seemed too anxious to hear about her fantasy night to dwell on it. "You're right, after this meal, I'll tow the line. Now tell me about your fantastic night with Gabe."

She shook her head. "I never said I went with Gabe."

Brenda's eyes narrowed. She pursed her lips. "I don't understand. Did you pick Ted?"

A huge smile formed on her face. "No, Brenda, I took your advice and picked *both*."

Brenda's face lengthened as her jaw dropped and her eyes became round as silver dollars. "You celebrated with both of them. Ooh, you are a lucky girl."

She said that a little too loud for Jaz's taste, so she put her forefinger to Brenda's lips. "Keep it down, please."

"Sorry."

She peeked around to see if any customers were overly interested in her ménage before she continued. An elderly man seemed to be looking. He smiled. She smiled back. She laughed when the frisky old fart winked at her.

Saying nary a word, a young man delivered their iced teas and left.

She watched him leave and turned back to Brenda. Once more, she spoke softly. "Brenda. There are many people who, if they found out about last night's little party, would not be as opened minded about it as you are. Before I continue, swear to me on all you hold dear that you'll never tell a soul about my fling."

"I swear." She raised two fingers, as she bounced up and down. "Scout's honor. Now, hurry up and tell me, how was it? I'll bet it was sublime."

Remembering a couple of the highlights of her tryst, she grinned. "It was. I had so much to drink last night, I woke up with a headache. Because of that, I didn't remember much at first. However, after I ate the breakfast they'd fixed for me, they massaged my neck, shoulders, and head. That relieved my headache and I remembered everything."

Surreptitiously glancing around she leaned forward and spoke under her breath. "Brenda, I don't know how something as sinful as having sex with two men at the same time could feel so heavenly."

Brenda shuffled impatiently in her seat. "They made breakfast for you? Did you ask them to?"

"Nope. They stood there with a breakfast tray of bacon and eggs when I woke."

By the size of Brenda's eyes, Jasmine gathered she'd been impressed. "Wow, and they massaged your neck and shoulders. They acted very nice to you."

Jaz laid her hand on top of Brenda's. "Brenda, in every way you can think of, they were nice to me. Isn't Kerry solicitous to you?"

Brenda's eyes scanned the restaurant, before she answered, "Not as much as I would like." From the look on her face, Jaz could tell there was more. "Everything will work out when we're married. Tell me more about your wonderful evening. I want to hear everything."

"I will in due time, but the short version is they each performed oral sex on me, and I did the same for them. Overall, I had intercourse with each man three times, in four different positions. And here's the best part. I had," she raised her hand, fingers and thumb spread apart, then reduced to three fingers, "eight orgasms. Brenda, I was wired. I never had more than one before. I actually lost count, but Gabe told me."

"Oohwee, girly, you had yourself a time. It's too bad you couldn't store all those extra climaxes for rainy days."

Hmmm, interesting thought.

All of a sudden, Pam was there setting down their plates. Jaz could tell from the way she glanced at Brenda, she'd heard her exclamation about saving climaxes for a rainy day. She just hoped she hadn't heard her, as well.

When she looked at her with two all-knowing, raised eyebrows, Jaz knew she'd heard her, too. Pam's mouth formed a mischievous grin. "Can I get you anything else? Refill, mayo, ketchup, *climax?*"

Brenda and Jasmine were so shocked, they didn't respond at first, then their mouths fell open and finally they both cracked up. Pam joined in. The patron's around them all stared, so she said, "Great joke, Pam. I'll have to remember that one."

Pam winked. "I'll get your refills." And then she left.

Chewing on a French-fry, Brenda cut her humongous burger in half. Jaz removed the toothpick from one of her quartered sandwich and took a bite. After swallowing, she said, "I found out something new last night. Did you know condoms come in sizes? I didn't."

Brenda shook her head.

"It seems the regular-sized condoms I had in my nightstand were too small for our cowboys."

She swallowed a bite of her burger. "They were that big? I would love to have seen that?"

A Cheshire cat grin formed on Jaz's face. "Guess what? I have pictures."

Once again, her eyes rounded in surprise and she slid over closer to her. "You do? Let me see."

"I would, but I left them at home

Annoyed, she pouted. "Ooh, that's not fair. When can I see them?"

"Later, at my house. I have to be careful because Gabe didn't want to pose for them, so if he thought anyone saw...well you get the point."

"How many photos are there?"

"Twelve."

Brenda's eyes lit up. "I can't wait to see them."

They ate in silence, with an occasional question about her fling. Finally, Brenda asked the one question she wasn't sure how to answer. "So when are you going to see them again?"

She felt a gnawing in her gut. "I'm thinking maybe it's a bad idea to see them again."

A distressed countenance formed on Brenda's face. "Why? I thought you had such a wonderful time and liked them so much."

She got the feeling Brenda thought of herself as a matchmaker. "I did. I wouldn't trade last night for anything, but there are several reasons why a relationship would be bad."

"Name one."

Lacking resolve, Jaz replied, "For starters, I have been divorced," she glanced at her watch, "roughly twenty-one hours, and I swore I would never get romantically involved with another man when I was finally free."

"Hmmm. I don't blame you there. Your ex was a dickhead, but it's almost like you're punishing Gabe and Ted for the sins of your ex."

"I'm not punishing anyone. Maybe Gabe and Ted came along too soon. They are wonderful, but for now, I'd planned to be single and working. Sexual liaisons? Occasionally, yes, but no tugging at the heart strings and certainly no love."

"Why are you fighting this strong attraction you feel for these men? Are you afraid they aren't interested in anything more than hot sex, gangbanging the pretty lady?"

Jaz flushed at the descriptive term. "Oh, they would like to keep seeing me all right. They invited me to join their bowling team."

Brenda leaned forward. "That's perfect. You could get to be with them every week, get to know them with no commitment."

She was incredulous. "No commitment! It's not like I went to the movies with these guys." She looked around and continued in a loud whisper, "As you so indelicately pointed out, these guys gangbanged me last night. They fucked the hell out of me and I have a sore pussy to prove it. Do you honestly think if I bowled with them, they'd be satisfied with making small talk?"

Brenda used her hands as exclamation points. "Why not? They knew the score. They knew getting shit faced and laid was your way of flipping off your crappy four-year marriage. Christ, they made breakfast for you. They rubbed your neck and from what you told me, they consented to your every desire. All I can say is I wish I was in your position."

She was surprised. "What about your marriage? Isn't it in a little over two months?"

"Yes, if it even takes place." Brenda's eyes became watery and a single tear trekked downward from the corner of her left eye. She seemed distressed, so Jaz rose, put an arm around her, and sidled up beside her. "You can talk about it."

More tears trailed down her cheeks. "Oh, Jaz. Kerry seems to be backtracking, saying things like he's not sure if he's ready for marriage. He hasn't said it's off, but I get the feeling he's sorry he made the commitment."

"Don't worry, it's not unusual for people to second guess their decision as the wedding draws nearer. It's a huge step in one's life and sometimes, like mine, it doesn't work out. But Kerry would be crazy not to marry you."

She took a napkin and wiped Brenda's eyes.

Sniffling, she whimpered, "Thanks, Jaz, You're a good friend. I'm better now.

"What did you tell Ted and Gabe about bowling with them?"

"That I would think about it. One of their members is pregnant and has to leave within three months. They said if I wanted to, I could start any week."

Having finished their lunch and run out of relevant conversation, they left Goodfellas with the implicit promise that Jaz would describe her dreamy, wild night in detail in a more private venue.

* * * *

Driving home in her Mustang, it seemed like such a nice spring day. She retracted the top. Her sore vagina notwithstanding, she felt great. She was free, and last night she'd lived her central fantasy. Approaching her townhouse, she drove thirty on her street when her

cell phone played *Pour Some Sugar On Me* by Def Leppard. She groped through her purse for the elusive phone as she pulled in the driveway, until the garage door rose. *Ah, there it is.* She pushed the green button and announced, "Jasmine."

"Hi."

For a second, she didn't know who called, then she realized it was Ted. "Hi back, Teddy."

"Ha, you remembered."

"Oh, yeah, I remember. You leave a big impression in more ways than one."

He snickered.

She pulled into the garage, turned off the ignition, and got out.

"Let's see if I remember exactly how you put it. 'When you get to know me better, you can call me Teddy."

He snickered again. "Yep, that's the way I remember it. I see you picked up on my hidden meaning for getting to know me better."

"Yeah, I figured you meant something like kissing, but I know you even better than that now."

"That's right. The reason I called is I wanted to tell you, in case it wasn't obvious, I had an absolutely fantastic time, and I'd love to take you to dinner tonight. Before you say anything, I'm not looking for sex. I just want to have a nice, casual dinner and get to know the beautiful, exciting woman I had the privilege of celebrating her divorce with."

She closed the garage door and walked through the laundry into the kitchen.

Hmmm. He's certainly saying all the right things. Mighty tempting. "What about Gabe?"

"What about him? We're not joined at the hip. We bowl and do some other things together, but we have separate lives. How about it? Pick you up at seven? Dinner at eight?"

Chapter Six

Setting her handbag down, with a spring in her step, she waltzed into the living room. She threw herself onto the couch, kicked off her heels, and lounged back comfortably, a smile on her lips. *Hmm. I'm acting as if I'm talking to my boyfriend*

"I'd love to, but I have plans for tonight. Perhaps another time."

"All right, how about tomorrow night at Foxworth's?"

Damn, I love Foxworth's. "I'm sorry, I have plans tomorrow, too."

"And the next day, and the day after that. It sounds suspiciously like you're brushing me off. What's the matter, Jaz? I really like you. Do you prefer Gabe?"

Damn, this isn't what I wanted. "Teddy, a dream happened to me last night. I'll remember it fondly forever, but it wasn't me. I'm not a wanton little slut."

"I know that, baby."

An uncomfortable feeling developed as tears welled in her eyes. "Wait. This is hard for me. Let me finish. I adore you and Gabe both, but I didn't just jettison one man to take up with another, even if he *is* wonderful like you or Gabe. I need room. Time to find myself. To be me. I'd love if you could give me some time to get used to being single, to find myself. Stay in touch. I won't be going out with anyone else, I promise. Give me a month or two and we'll see. Maybe, we could start with lunch."

Did she detect a sniffle? "Okay, I'll give you some time, but I won't disappear. If last night had never happened, I'd still feel beguiled by you."

He hung up. *Beguiled. In one night?* Yes, but what a night. What had she gotten herself into? If she was honest, a little bit of her was enamored by him, too. It's just that her marriage with Max had been so hard, she couldn't conceive of getting involved with someone at this time.

Suddenly, she grew weary. So tired, the last thing she remembered was snuggling into the couch.

* * * *

She sat up with a start. What's that? The doorbell? It rang again. She rubbed the sleep from her eyes and wobbled her way to the front door. "Be right there," she said loud enough for someone to hear through the door. A glance into the peephole revealed an impatient man in a uniform. Making sure the security chain was attached, she opened the door four inches. She looked through the opening. The man held a huge bouquet of roses and a box of Godiva chocolates. "Jasmine Harper?"

"Yes."

"You must have quite an admirer. I have flowers for you."

"I see." She unchained and opened the door. "Do I need to sign?"

"No. Here. If you'll take these, I'll get the others."

Others?

He handed the flowers and chocolates over then left. She shouldered the door closed and headed into the kitchen where she set the items on the counter. The roses were gorgeous, reds, pinks, whites, and corals, a dozen of each, with greens and some curious little white flowers mixed in. She opened the attached card. It was from Gabe

Had to go out of town. Can't get you out of my mind. In the meantime, please accept this token of my esteem.

Respectfully and affectionately yours,

Gabriel Gregory

The doorbell rang again. "Come in."

"I can't. My arms are full," a voice said through the door. She rushed to the entry and swung the door open. To her shock, the deliveryman had his arms wrapped around three vases containing bouquets of exotic flowers. He stepped over the threshold. "Could you please take one of these, miss?"

She grabbed the center one—potted purple Orchids—and headed toward the coffee table.

"Where would you like these?" he asked through two more large bouquets.

They were stunning. One was white tulips mixed with pink lilies and the other...she didn't know what. She looked around and became confused. "I don't know. Set one on each end table for now." As he set the unknown explosions of blue flowers down, she asked, "What are those? They are breathtaking."

He waved his arms apologetically. "I just deliver them, ma'am. Sorry. Maybe it says on the delivery slip. If you wait a second—"

"Never mind, it's not important. I wonder if you know what the little white star-like flowers that are mixed with the roses are."

His eyes lit up. "That, I do know. Your admirer insisted on it. It's Jasmine. I imagine he wanted it because of your name. They smell wonderful."

She waved her hands around, almost speechless. "All this must have cost a fortune."

A nod accompanied his smile. "To you and me, maybe, but not to Mr. Gregory."

She was surprised. "You know him? Is he a regular customer?"

A nod accompanied his smile. "Uh-huh, he's had an account for years."

She felt her eyebrows dip in suspicion. "Have you delivered flowers for him to other women?"

His head tilted slightly as his grin widened. "I shouldn't be telling you this. Yes, occasionally, but never anything like this. You're a pretty lady. I can see why he's infatuated with you. I have to run. I have another delivery." He pulled the door open and waved goodbye.

A tip. "Oh, wait. Let me get you something."

He raised a hand. "None needed. Mr. Gregory has already taken care of it." He added, "Have a good evening," before pulling the door shut behind him.

Jasmine was always self-sufficient. No one had ever done anything like this for her. Her emotions were jumbled. She shook her head in disbelief. It was no secret she was drawn to these men, yet she resisted them? And why did she think in terms of them? She still couldn't pick. *That's not normal. Is it?*

Stepping into the kitchen, the fragrance of roses and jasmine were close to overpowering. What a sweet thought that was. The digital clock on the microwave read 6:20. She'd slept for three hours. Suddenly, she felt hungry. She decided to fix herself a salad and get ready for bed.

After the salad, she carried the roses into her bedroom. Setting them on the dresser, she slipped into the walk-in closet and undressed. Her mind visited the sexy striptease of the previous night which, among other things, caused her nipples to pucker. She donned her favorite, a teal nightgown, brushed her teeth and removed her makeup. As she did, she remembered how good it felt to have Gabe's wet tongue reaming her hungry opening. By the time she finished, she was shaking.

To regain control of her wandering mind, she got in bed and reached for a half-finished romance novel—a bad choice. After fifteen minutes, a vivid portrayal of a sexual intimacy had her wriggling and squirming with desire as concupiscent images of their three-way liaison corrupted her mind.

Mindlessly, almost instinctively, her right hand slid down to her loins, pulling the long gown upward as she continued to read the wild scene from the book. When the gown no longer covered her sex, long fingers went to work on her clitoris as the lewd images of their union bombarded her excited mind.

Nearly breathless after her exuberant release, she rolled onto her side and swiftly went to sleep.

Sleep was no respite for her burgeoning libido. She woke in the middle of a licentious dream of her divorce celebration. To say revisiting this monumental experience was less than exhilarating would be a lie. Even so, after taking a ten-minute, 2 am shower, she slept fitfully.

* * * *

Waking from a dead sleep, she heard the doorbell ring. She groaned when a glance to the clock revealed it was only 9:15 am. Being Sunday, she'd planned on sleeping until eleven or even noon. She threw the covers back, got out of bed, hurried to the closet to fetch a robe, and headed to the front door. After checking through the peephole, she opened the door.

"What are you doing here?" she asked on a yawn.

Brenda didn't answer. "Wow, look at all the flowers." She hurried over, closed her eyes, and sniffed at the orchids. "Ummm. Some orchids don't smell, but these do." Then she rushed to the blue mystery flowers. "Oh, and Lilies of the Nile. Beautiful, just beautiful."

She edged over beside her. "What did you say they were?"

"Lilies of the Nile, Agapanthus Africanus. This is the blue variety. There are white ones, too."

"You seem to know a lot about flowers."

She reached out touching a stem, bringing a single bloom to her nose. "Faint but nice. I should. My father is a horticulturist, owned a nursery for a while. Where did these come from?"

She started to answer, but Brenda waved her off. "No, no, don't tell me. Let me guess. Some of these are from Gabe and some from Ted, right?"

"You're half right."

Tight lipped, Brenda dipped her head once. "I knew it. All that great sex and flowers, too. Am I turning green? 'Cause I sure as hell am envious." Her brows lowered, and her eyes narrowed. "Hey, wait. What do you mean half right?

She extended an arm toward her bedroom. "Including the roses in the bedroom, they're all from Gabe."

"You mean there's more? I have to see this." She stomped into her bedroom and came to a halt at the dresser, raised her hands waist high and slapped her thighs. "Aw, jeez, Jaz, these are unbelievable. This is a wonderful arrangement. And isn't that clever. They used star jasmine for filler. Really? Nothing from Ted?"

She shook her head once and stopped. "No, but he asked me to dinner at Foxworth's."

Closed mouthed, she tilted her head slightly, eyes wide, and stared as if to indicate 'are you kidding me.' "Foxworth's? I hear the food is exquisite. Is it?"

"Brenda, I didn't go."

They both looked up and toward the doorway. "What's that?"

"The doorbell. Wait here."

She hurried to the entry and peeked in the peephole. It was the delivery man from the previous day. She unlocked and opened the door. He stood there with a smile and a flower box. "Yes."

"I have a feeling I'm going to be coming here a lot. Here you go, Miss Jasmine Harper."

After he left, she took the box into the kitchen, undid the bow, and pulled the top off as Brenda walked up. "What did you get now, Jaz?"

When the top was off, she said, "Looks like two dozen gladiolas. From Gabe?"

She opened the note.

Just letting you know I'm patiently waiting around for my dream girl.

Your not so secret admirer.

"These are from Ted." She handed the note to Brenda as she reached in an upper cabinet for a large vase.

"Cute. Oh, Godiva chocolates. They're not opened."

She filled the vase with water and started putting the gladiola stalks in the vase

"They're from Gabe. You can have them if you like."

Brenda picked them up. "I love Godiva chocolates."

She unwrapped the box and was about to eat one of the chocolates when Jaz reminded her, "There's at least a pound of weight gain in that box."

Her hand stopped four inches from her mouth. With her mouth still open to receive the tasty morsel, her gaze slid sideways toward Jaz. She returned the chocolate to its slot and replaced the cover. "But not nearly as much as my co-workers will love them. Thank you.

"You know, Jaz, I don't think you realize how lucky you are, having two of Texas' most eligible bachelors hot on your tail." Her hand went to her mouth and she blushed as she realized the faux pas of her double entendre.

She laughed. "Oh, I'm flattered all right, and if I hadn't just lost about a hundred-eighty pounds of coked up, womanizing, thieving, dead weight, I'd be receptive. I really like them." She sniggered. "And we've already gotten sex out of the way. The problem is I'm not available. As I told you at Goodfellas, I have no wish to get tied down. Besides, if I was interested in having a boyfriend, I honestly couldn't choose one over the other."

"Wow, such problems. Should I pick hunk number one or hunk number two? Anyway, that's not why I came over here. Let's make a pot of coffee and you can break out those photographs you told me

about and for a grand finale, you can tell me in vivid detail about your glorious, sinful night of ecstasy."

Chapter Seven

Last night, like the previous three nights, repeated the first night, masturbating herself to sleep and waking to wet dreams. She wasn't getting much sleep and getting even less work done.

Though she promoted out of an upscale furniture store, she did her actual work at home. She'd converted one of the bedrooms into an office and worked from the house. However, for the last four days, ever since her wild celebration, she couldn't seem to concentrate on her work. Whenever she tried, her mind would wander and she'd picture herself in Gabe's or Ted's, or both of their arms. It was useless. She would putter around the house watching TV, reading, unable to get anything productive accomplished.

That hot sex she'd enjoyed sure as hell seemed to have put a crimp in her life. Or was it the sense of unfinished business, that her life was open ended, unsettled?

At least, she managed to sleep in this day, rising at eleven-thirty. Nevertheless, she still piddled around, never really getting to the things that needed to be done.

Around four o'clock, the doorbell rang. She'd already received the days allotment of flowers—her one bright spot of the day—so she knew it wasn't Jeff, her new deliveryman friend. Paying no attention, she sauntered to the door. When she peeked through the peephole, her stomach lurched and her heart leaped at the sight of her unexpected visitor. She was paralyzed, unable to move or speak.

He knocked. "Jaz, it's me. Open up."

Her pulse raced and she thought she might faint.

The knock came again. "Jaz, I know you're in there. I'm not leaving until we talk, so open the door. Please. You at least owe me an explanation."

He was right. She did owe him an explanation. She closed her eyes, took a deep breath, and unlocked the door.

When she saw him in his coat, cowboy hat, and boots, wearing Levis and a dark blue and white, western cut, plaid shirt, she melted. Gabe embraced her. She never wanted to let go, but some inner determination forced her to back away.

"Jaz, what's going on? I've left six messages and you never returned them. When I got back today, Ted said you didn't want to see us again. If that's true, I'd like to know why. What did I do wrong?"

She felt so guilty. Why was she denying herself? *Because you just regained your self-respect. That's why.* "I didn't say that. This has nothing to do with you or Ted. It's me. I just went through an excruciating, messy divorce and swore if I ever got out of that marriage, I would never get involved again."

Gabe's brow dipped and he snarled. "What are you talking about? You're never going to go out with me anymore? Or anyone else? That will never work. I know and you know, *you* are a sexual person. You can't and shouldn't go without sex. Think about it. What's your option to dating? Hooking up with men in night clubs at closing time for gratuitous sex. You're too good for that! Are you planning a solitary life of cyber sex? Or worse, a lonely life of satisfying yourself with your fingers and your magic vibrator."

She felt like she might cry. She gave herself to these men. She didn't owe them anything. Why did she feel so guilty?

Gabe pulled her in and held her tight for a few seconds then backed away and stared. "I'm sorry, sugar, I need to understand. Can we go somewhere, dark and quiet, get a drink and talk about it?" He wiped a tear from her cheek.

She nodded. "Let me get my purse."

She rode in Gabe's Jaguar to a nearby, quiet, dark saloon called Speakeasy. The bald bartender sporting a handlebar mustache and red arm garters on the upper arm of his shirt smiled as they walked in. Two non-descript men, two stools apart, sat at the bar. She looked around. The rest of the bar was empty. After gaining Gabe's attention, she nodded at a booth in the remote corner of the saloon.

He nodded back. "You go ahead. I'll get our drinks. What would you like?"

She slapped back a vision in her mind of Gabe's prodigious prick. "Umm, I feel like something creamy. How about some Bailey's Irish Cream?"

"One Bailey's coming right up. I'll be right over."

Within a couple minutes, he returned. "Hi, here's your Bailey's." He slid in the booth beside her. She felt warm and cozy as his thigh pressed against hers. "Now tell me about this awful marriage that has you so spooked."

She took a big swig of her drink and then finished it. "I will, but first, can I have another drink?"

Gabe frowned, slid out, grabbed the glass, and headed to the bar.

She reached in her purse and fetched her mint mouth spray. She sprayed twice, then pulled her atomized Halston cologne and misted each side of her neck.

She felt a little silly primping for Gabe. She'd made a pledge not to get involved with any men and here she was, her knees knocking and her pussy lathering at the sight of *him*.

Her mind had created a dichotomy. She wanted him and she didn't want him. Which would win?

"Here's your drink." Gabe set the drink down on her cocktail napkin and slid in beside her.

She wrapped two arms around his right arm. "I missed you while you were on your trip."

Even in the dark setting, she could read confusion in his eyes. "I thought you didn't want to see us again?"

"Correction. I told Ted I needed a month or so to think about things. The night we spent together, I felt free as a bird. I needed to break out, have some fun, and there you were, two gorgeous men. So I went for it. Frankly, I figured you would think of me as a slut and never want to see me again, let alone start a relationship."

"And are you changing your mind now?"

"Confession. I'm very confused right now. When we're apart, I worry that you could be like my ex, jealous and possessive. Time and time again, he accused me of being unfaithful when he was the one who messed around. You have to realize when I first met him, he captivated me, the same way you...and Ted. The real Max didn't show himself until we married.

Being with you, I feel different. I fall to pieces and want you, in every way imaginable."

Gabe's eyes appeared glassy with liquid. "And I want you. My business trip became very difficult. I couldn't get anything done because you kept invading my thoughts. I wanted you to be thinking of me too, so I sent flowers and chocolates."

She sidled in closer and moved her right hand to his thigh. "I'll say, they were beautiful." She leaned in and kissed him on the cheek. "That was sweet of you. Thank you very much."

He smiled as he rubbed his cheek. "I'm glad you liked them, but they were temporary things. I wanted to give you something permanent. Something that every time you saw it would make you think of me and the glorious night we shared together."

He set before her a small gift-wrapped package, he'd apparently had in his coat. She looked at him. He smiled. "Go on, open it."

She slid the ribbon off one end, and removed the paper. It was a dark blue, leather-covered jewelry box with Tiffany's embossed on it. She lifted the lid and grew breathless. "Oh, my God. It's stunning." She removed the most beautiful bracelet she'd ever seen and slipped it

onto her right wrist. "I have to see it in the light." She winked. "I'll be right back."

She grabbed her purse, slid around to the other side of the booth, and headed to the ladies' room. Her legs wobbled from her nervousness. The ladies' room was located on the far end of the bar. In the bright light, she grew even more amazed by the intricate exquisiteness of the diamond pavé bracelet.

She went straight to the mirror and held her wrist up, moving her hand beside her cheek, admiring her graceful, glamorous gift. No one had ever given her anything so nice. Overwhelmed, she felt a warm tight feeling in her chest for the wonderful man who'd given her such a gorgeous gift.

Suddenly, she had to urinate and went into a stall. When she finished, without thinking, instead of pulling her panties up, she slid them down over her three-inch heels and put them in her purse. She went back to the mirror. Her hair looked good, but she played with it and made it better. She refreshed her lipstick, added a little more blush and smiled at herself. *Yuck!* She had lipstick on her teeth. She rubbed her forefinger across her teeth and smiled again. *Perfect*.

Her alter ego intruded. 'Jaz, you're acting more like a woman rushing into a relationship than one trying to avoid one.'

I know. I can't help it. I'm really drawn to him and did you see what he just gave me?

'Yes, it is very nice. Are you going to keep it?'

She blinked. Why wouldn't I keep it?

'Well, it does have an aura of payment for sex, plus if you really don't want a relationship, wouldn't you be leading him on by accepting his generous gift?'

You're cynical. He gave it to me knowing how I feel, plus I just can't shake my feelings for him. This man really knows how to push my buttons

'He is an eyeful. Just be careful. We couldn't stand another jealous, obsessive, womanizing bastard.'

She slipped in the booth and snuggled next to Gabe, leaning into him until their lips were inches from each other. "Thank you so much for your generous present. I adore it. You are a sneaky bastard, though."

He backed away, half laughing. "Whaaa...?"

"This bracelet will make me think of you, all right, and that's not all." She shot her right hand out, fingers around his neck and pulling his lips toward hers, met him halfway for a hot, fuck-me kiss.

Wrapping his arm around her, his hand slipped under her loose fitting blouse, kneading her breast and plucking her nub. She was ready. She opened her eyes and noticed they had spectators.

She broke the kiss long enough to say, "Let's slide further into the booth, so we're not so much on display." She nudged her thigh against him and in answer, he slid over about a foot. Again, she pushed against him and he slid again to the center of the booth. She'd resumed their hot kiss and the palm of her hand edged steadily down his chest to his magnificent shaft. It throbbed. It bulged. Her naughty fingers took over and pulled down his zipper.

He'd moved his hand down to her thigh, and then slowly slid down to the hem of her short skirt. Tugging the skirt up a few inches, he slipped his hand underneath and journeyed back up the thigh toward her nexus. Mission accomplished. He shoved two fingers in and broke their kiss. "You're not wearing panties."

She snickered. "Really? That's brilliant, Sherlock. What was your first clue?"

She shouldn't have said that for he pulled his fingers out and inserted them into her mouth. "This."

"I don't suppose you have a condom?"

"Is there a cowboy in Dallas?"

She nodded in the direction of the bar. "Would you feel uncomfortable doing it in front of them?"

He chuckled. "I can stand it if you can."

He pulled out his wallet and removed a foil packet. "Here ya go, sweetheart.

She threw the foil wrapper on the floor, a sign of their mischief, but his cock was stuck and she couldn't extract it. Undoing his belt and unbuttoning the top button, she freed him and rolled the large-sized condom down his long, thick prick. The room they had to maneuver in was tight, but being model thin, she managed to squeeze between the table and his broad chest. Depositing herself upon his sexy manhood, she began moving, not up and down but back and forth. "This is an appetizer. When we finish here, I want to take you home where, wearing nothing but my skin and my new bracelet, you will ravish me senseless."

"Does this mean you'd consider a relationship?"

She smiled wickedly. "Maybe. What it means for sure is I'd consider fucking without a relationship." She winked.

Chapter Eight

They finished quickly. Seven or eight minutes at the most. If their audience had any doubts about what they'd been up to, her somewhat muted cries of ecstasy should have erased their confusion.

As they left, Gabe waved to the bartender. "Thanks, Bert."

Bert's smile grew as wide as Gabe's dick was long. "Thank you. *Come* back and see us, anytime. And bring the lady." Sporting a knowing grin and a twinkle in his eye, he stared at her. "Have a good day, ma'am."

Gabe laughed and Jasmine blushed.

Shamelessly, she pictured Gabe, Ted, and her in the throes of passion in the same Speakeasy booth as the Mr. Clean look-alike watched.

* * * *

They wasted no time when they arrived at her townhouse. Holding hands like teenagers, they ran to the front door laughing all the way. Once she unlocked it, he swept her into his strong arms and carried her inside. He kicked the door closed with his heel, carried her into the bedroom, and deposited her gently on the bed.

"Don't move. Tonight, I want to undress you." Gabe lifted her left leg and slipped off a shoe, then the other shoe. After unbuttoning her blouse, he unhooked, then removed her bra and blouse. Barely missing a beat, he pulled her skirt down over her feet.

She projected a naughty smile. "How does my new bracelet look adorned by nothing more than flesh?"

His smoldering gaze worked its way over her curves, his intense stare searing her flesh.

She began to feel self-conscious when he didn't answer and moved a hand down to cover her sex.

His hand reached down and stayed her hand. "No, please don't. You're body is extraordinary. You are magnificent."

The lust contained in his deep, breathy voice hardened her nipples and pebbled the areolas.

"Stay there." He walked into her wardrobe and emerged with a handful of silk scarves.

She started to sit up and his hand restrained her. "Please. My only wish is to make you feel wonderful." He reached for her hand, lifted it to the post at the corner of the headboard, and using the scarf, fastened her wrist to the post. On the other side of the bed, he repeated the procedure.

She wondered if he would tie her feet as well, but he laid the unused scarves on the nightstand.

It should have been obvious from his impish smile what he was planning. He reached into her nightstand and retrieved her Nikon. He held the viewfinder to his eyes. "I just have to take your picture like that. Smile."

Considering the pictures she took the other night, she really couldn't complain. Nevertheless, in a playful mood, she crossed her eyes and stuck out her tongue just as the flash went off. Gabe smirked. "Oh, it seems you had something in your eye. Let me take another."

"Do I have a choice?"

He gritted his teeth and shook his head. "Not after Friday night." He started to take another and she raised her foot between the camera and herself. "Hmm, it looks like you'd rather have me take your pussy."

He squatted down as if to take a picture between her legs.

"No Gabe, I'll be good, I swear. But hurry up, will you? I need some loving."

She posed, smile and all. After he'd snapped the picture, she threw her head back in laughter and kicked at his arm. "You're naughty."

"That makes two of us. What we did in the bar was the first time I made love in a public place."

She thought about what'd he'd called it. *Making Love*. He didn't call it fucking or screwing or banging. He called what they'd done "making love." She loved it. She also knew she was dangerously close to falling in love.

'I hope you know what you're doing.'

So do I. But I have a good feeling. Can't you tell he's not like Max?

'It seems that way, but you never know and what about the other one?'

That is a problem. Not a big one, because I like him, too. If I decide to get involved, I'd take them both. Every woman's dream.

After he replaced her camera, she asked, "What are you going to do?"

He sat beside her on the bed and slowly and gently rubbed his fingers over her entire face. "You are so exquisite. I could drink in your beauty all day."

Wasn't he sweet? "Aren't you going to take your clothes off?"

"In good time, milady. He moved his hand to her mouth, the forefinger tracing her lips. Then pulling her lower lip down, his finger slipped between her lips. She sucked on that finger, picturing having his larger appendage in its place. His other hand found her breast, his thumb and forefinger plucking at her nipple. "And I love your breasts, too."

She removed his finger long enough to answer him. "And I love your cock. When are you going to do something?"

Gabe flashed one of his devilishly wicked smiles. "Patience. If I'm not mistaken, we have all evening."

She so wanted to hold him, but she couldn't. She wanted to grab hold of his masculinity, to squeeze it and pet it, but he had her at his mercy. He controlled her, and she had given him that control. *There is something sexy about Gabe being in charge*.

His finger slipped out of her mouth and his hand caressed the back of her head, his mouth and tongue replacing it. Then his mouth traced down to her neck, his tongue leaving a path of moisture. His hot breath on her neck sent tendrils of desire to her nipples and clit as he said, "I could just devour you."

"So you say. I'm waiting."

"Soon, my love." He paused a second, admiring her breasts. He massaged each nipple as he bent over kissing her shoulders and neck.

Gabe's moist tongue trekked south, leaving a cooling path of dampness upon her sweltering skin, and causing goose bumps to form on every accessible sensuous spot of her lean frame. Her neck, breasts, ribs, navel, hips, and mound all gleamed from moisture.

To her relief, he arrived at her sex, his hungry mouth dipping into the hollow between her warm, humid folds and his coarse tongue glided into her overheated pussy. She gasped from the erotic sensations spreading through her body as his tongue reamed her soft, wet, silky walls. She sucked a deep breath as his mouth and tongue edged up to her clit.

Shuddering, her back arched, she pressed her sensitive, swollen nub hard into his lips as he sucked on it. Heavenly sensations coursed through her. Unsuccessfully pulling on the restraints as his lips surrounded her clit and sucked on it, her head and body rocked back and forth as if saying no while her mouth yelled, "Yes, yes, yes. Yes!"

Encircling her thighs with each of his arms, his right hand returned to her bud, massaging it with his middle finger and his left hand slid across her slightly rounded abdomen and ribs to close in on a breast. Alternating between breasts, he caressed her nipples,

massaging, plunking, and pinching each. She sensed a compelling feeling between her thighs, an obscure sensation slowly building in intensity that preceded the impending eruption. To her utter joy, the mother of all orgasms came upon her.

Squirming spastically in multiple directions, she screamed her pleasure as a tsunami of blissful sensations swept through her body. Her legs wrapped tightly around Gabe's head pulling his mouth tighter and tighter into her juicy core as her hands sought traction on the headboard and wrapped around the posts that bound them.

* * * *

She woke up and glanced around her bright, morning-lit room. Her hand went to her mouth as she yawned. Something tickled her chest. She lifted her hand up and a scarf dangled from her wrist. A grin emerged on her face as divine memories of last night began to materialize. She turned to her left and there, like a baby, slept Gabe. A baby he wasn't. He seemed more like a flesh and blood sex god beguiling her. She'd become his complacent love slave and he had slowly killed her with pleasure upon pleasure.

Circling a hand above his head, she let the draping scarf move lightly about his dreamy face. His hand flitted the scarf away like an annoying flying insect. She snickered silently and continued dragging the soft material across his sensuous lips. His eyes opened, studying the object of his torment. Awareness fermented in his deep blue eyes.

Suddenly, quick as a cat, as if in one motion, his hand struck out, grabbing the scarf and twisting it around his hand. He gave it a mighty jerk to the side, tugging her over and atop of him.

"My, my. What have we here? A little vixen spreading faerie dust?" Letting go of the scarf, his hand ran through the long dark strands of her hair.

She nuzzled her cheek into his hand and purred. "Mmmm. Last night was wonderful."

"I know. And you're wonderful. Baby, I've gotta go. I have something important I have to do at the ranch today and I'm late, but I'll come back at six and take you to dinner. Someplace special. So dress up."

She raised a single eyebrow. "So you are a real cowboy? I thought you were a play cowboy. You know, walk the walk, talk the talk, wear the duds, but work in a downtown high-rise."

He jumped out of bed, stepped into his briefs, and dragged up his tight jeans. She wondered if she'd ever get over how appealing his muscular, lean physique was to her.

"No, I'm a bona fide cowboy, but I don't get my hands dirty as much as I used to." Sitting next to her on the bed, he pulled his socks and boots on, then stood and slipped his hands into his shirtsleeves. Buttoning his shirt, he bent down and kissed her. "'Cause I run the place now. Gotta go. See you at six. Go back to sleep, I'll let myself out."

Like that, her lover was gone. She fell backward into the messy bedding and stared at the ceiling. For a girl who didn't want to get involved, I'm doing a damned poor job of it.

* * * *

Jasmine did go back to sleep and slept 'til noon. Gabe must have worn her out more than she realized. After fixing herself brunch—a bacon burger with hash browns, it's a good thing Brenda isn't around, she took a cup of coffee into her office and dove into her work. Unlike the previous few days, she concentrated on her work and was pleased with the day's output. At five, she hung it up and went to her bathroom to ready herself for loverboy Gabe.

The night started as she'd imagined. At six sharp, she'd let Gabe in, and after handing her a fresh bouquet of roses, he took her in his arms and let her know what was on his mind, with a lengthy, mind numbing kiss. As she straightened herself out after the kiss, Gabe

brought out a six-inch by ten-inch jewelry case. "Here, this is for you. I bought it today."

Opening it, she was shocked by one of the most beautiful necklaces she could remember. A profusion of diamonds sat in gold surrounding seven of the largest opals she'd ever seen. *It does have an aura of payment for sex*. An irrational spark of anger flared in her mind. "What is this? Payment for last night? If we were to have sex tonight, what would you get me tomorrow? A mink coat? And after that a Mercedes Benz?" She closed the case, and handed it back to him. She said calmly, "I can't accept this." Then screamed, "I'm not a whore! I don't need payment! I'm not your whore!" She opened the door, tears streaming down her cheeks. "Please leave."

Gabe's eyes were teary. "This isn't payment. It's a gift to someone I care deeply about."

"Please leave."

Gabe tried to embrace her and she pushed his grubby hands away. She suddenly saw through his handsome countenance. A smug, vain man who was used to getting his way. "Leave!"

"What about the reservation, our date?"

"I'm not hungry. Go eat by yourself. Or if you need company, I'm sure you have the phone number of numerous loose women in your personal phone directory."

He stepped over the threshold and turned back. "Why is it wrong to give you presents? I don't understand."

"You wouldn't."

He extended his hands out, open palm to the side. "I only wanted to let you know how special you are to me."

"And I'll bet I'm not the first. Are you through?"

"I'll call you tomorrow."

"Please don't."

"I'm not going to let this slide, Jasmine. I love you!"

Chapter Nine

She fell on the couch sobbing. *Did I overreact? Was I wrong? He said he loves me. Do I love him?* Her sobbing increased, but the ring of her cell phone interrupted her anguish.

She snarled. "I asked you not to call me."

"Jeez, what'd I do? Are you crying?"

It was Brenda.

She sniffled. "Ah-huh. I just kicked Gabe out of my house."

"Why?"

"Because he gave me this fabulous necklace."

She heard her sigh. "Jaz, you're not making sense. He gives you a fabulous necklace and you kick him out of your house. Why?"

She was confused, being pulled in two directions at the same time. "Because after the first time we had sex, he gave me a beautiful bracelet and now after we had sex again, he gave me an even more extravagant gift, the necklace. It seemed like he rewarded me for giving him sex. Do you think I overreacted?"

"Baby, I see where you're coming from, but yeah, I'd say you overreacted. He could just as easily have given you those presents because he likes you or more likely loves you."

"He did say he loves me when he left."

"There you go. I'd get him back on the phone and say it was all a big mistake. Aunt Flo, Cousin Red, and all that stuff. I'll let you go. Call me tomorrow."

She hung up. Should she have given him the benefit of the doubt? Should she call him? She decided it would wait until morning.

The jangling of the phone jerked her out of her fitful sleep. She rolled on her side and noticed the time, 8:50 a.m., as she picked up the phone. "Hello?"

A woman with a distinguished manner spoke, "Hello. May I speak to Ms. Jasmine Harper?"

"This is she."

"Oh, good. My name is Camilla Dewhurst and I'm in need of a good interior designer. Could you come to my house today, so we can discuss the project and your retention?"

She rubbed her chin. She could certainly use the work, but why today. She wanted to sleep more. She could certainly use it, after the emotional spat she'd had last night, her mind had been in turmoil and she read until two a.m. "This is kind of sudden. Would tomorrow work?"

"If you must, but I'm on a short timeline and need to get started as soon as possible. Let me assure you, this is no small project and well worth your time."

She was persistent. "Where are you?"

"I'm near Lewisville. You would take US 77 about four miles north of Lewisville then turn west on Cow Trail Blvd. After a mile, you'll come to the entrance to Tawny Hills Ranch. Turn in and follow the road to a compound of buildings. I'm in the main house.

Cow Trail Boulevard? She snickered. Must be somebody's idea of a joke. She scrunched her mouth and looked back at the clock. "Very well, I could be there by eleven.

"Thank you so much. You won't regret it."

* * * *

About four miles north of Lewisville, she turned west off US 77 onto a poorly paved side road appropriately named Cow Trail Boulevard. After another mile, she turned into a gate with a portal that

read Tawny Hills Ranch. A sign on the fence read 'Please don't let the cattle out.'

This was it. She got out, opened the gate, drove the car past it, and shut the gate.

Driving a steady thirty-five, she studied the landscape. The land was flat, but rolling, with the occasional pond or small lake. As far as she could tell, the vegetation consisted of prairie grass, scattered Texas Honey Mesquite, and a few stately Cottonwood trees. Curiously, she saw no cattle.

It took two more minutes to get to the cluster of buildings comprising the ranch's center. She pulled in front and got out of the Mustang. She studied the home over the roof of her car. The home, at least the part she looked at, had been elevated and had a long, imposing façade. A covered porch about fifty feet wide jutted out approximately sixteen feet.

She ran up the steps to the porch and pushed the doorbell. Orchestra sounding chimes rang out and a diminutive, middle-aged Chinese man answered, "Yes?"

"I'm Jasmine Harper. I believe I'm expected."

"Yes, come in, please." She stepped into a large foyer. And all she could think of was 'early hunting lodge.' There were Moose heads, stuffed bears, Indian carpets and animal skins decking walls and wagonwheel chandeliers hanging from the open beam ceiling. The décor certainly wasn't cheap, but it grossed her out. She decided the home needed a complete makeover. The man led her right to a large room that had a working stone fireplace with a stuffed deer head on each side. The room was so big, it took a pool table, a game table, and several groupings of outdated furniture to keep it from looking empty.

She'd been cold on the way up, so she headed for the couch beside the fire.

Shortly thereafter, the dignified sounding, middle-aged woman who'd called walked up to her and held out her hand. "Hello. I'm

Camilla Dewhurst. And you must be Ms. Jasmine Harper, the talented interior decorator I've heard about."

Jasmine felt a little overwhelmed with the attractive, graceful, and classy Mrs. Dewhurst. She didn't know her age, but she believed she was older than her appearance of around forty. Jaz took her hand and started to stand, but she stopped her.

"Please don't rise on my account." She took a seat on the love seat on the other side of the coffee table. "I've apprised the chef to the fact that I was expecting someone so we'll have refreshments, but in the meantime, let me tell you about my project."

Jaz smiled at Camilla and looked around the room waiting for her to continue.

"I know. It's atrocious."

Shock had to be plastered all over her face.

"No, make that hideous. I know it and that's why I invited you here."

She tried to reassure her. "It's not that ba—"

Camilla held up a hand and cut her off. "Please, Ms. Harper, don't patronize me. You'll find my appearance belies my personality. Now, a little background. I have belonged to a charity called Daughters of the Alamo for twenty-five years. We have a revolving presidency and I have the honor of being this year's president. One of the duties of the newly elected president is to sponsor the annual charity ball."

She winked at her. "In case you're wondering, sponsor is a euphemism for the person that pays for as well as hosts it."

The Chinese man, apparently a servant named Chen, brought in a tray and set it down on the coffee table. The tray had two glasses with ice, two cups, three carafes, a bowl of tea bags, a creamer and sugar bowl and a plate with assorted pastries. "We have peach flavored iced tea, dark roast coffee, your choice of herbal teas, and assorted pastries."

"Might I start you with something to drink, Ms. Harper? May I call you Jasmine? Such a pretty name. So much prettier than Camilla, which, by the way, you should call me."

"Please do, Camilla."

"Thank you.

"Coffee would be nice, with half and half, please."

"Here you go. Would you like an éclair, fruit tart, cream puff, or a Napoleon?"

"A fruit tart, please."

"Good choice. Here you are, my favorite."

She took a glass of ice and filled it with peach tea. Then she slid a fruit tart onto her plate.

"Now, where were we? Yes, back to my charity ball. Past affairs have been held in hotel convention rooms, others have been thrown in country clubs, and still others have been given in the sponsor's home. I've attended many of these galas, and I've always enjoyed the ones given in the sponsor's home the most. Hence, I'm leaning toward having the ball here in Tawny Hills. As I said, the decorating is Cro-Magnon and I've intended to redo everything since my husband died two years ago. But I hadn't bothered 'til now. Jasmine, if it can be done on time and within budget, I want a total facelift of the main area of the home. Some of the bedrooms need not be included."

Camilla paused and Jaz started to answer her, but she wasn't finished. "Before we get into specifics, I should warn you. I am a tough taskmaster and am seldom wrong. I may drive you crazy, but when you are done and the ball is a huge success, as I think you will make it, you will have enough work from other Daughters to keep you busy for five, maybe ten years."

Phew. She's quite a lady. She set her coffee cup back in the saucer. "How much time would I have?"

"The furthest I could push the ball back would be eight weeks from this Saturday. And I expect you to include the party, as well.

Obviously, since you will be busy, you can sub-contract the ball to specialists."

"How many guests will be in attendance and will alcohol be served?"

"Yes, we'll serve alcohol, and the hors de oeuvres and buffet need to be top flight. I want a band, maybe two. Good ones. Figure two hundred and fifty people. If there's more or less, we can make the adjustment."

She finished the notes in her notebook and looked up. "At first glance, I think it's possible, but I'd have to take a detailed look at it. How much is your budget?"

Camilla looked her straight in the eye. "A million."

Jasmine blinked. A cold chill passed through her and she felt faint. She breathed deeply and forcing her voice to sound calm, spoke. "That sounds like enough, though again I'd have to get into specifics."

"Fine, I'd like to stay at a million, but if I have to, I could go to a million and a half. I think you understand that because of my time constraints, if you are unable do it, I must know immediately, so I can interview alternatives."

"Thank you. This sounds like a wonderful opportunity, and I hope I can do it. If I do, you will have a great ball."

"I'm sure you'll do a spectacular job. You come highly recommended. I will have Chen show you around the home."

Camilla rang for her servant and before she could quiz her about the recommendation, he arrived. She instructed him, "Chen, please show Ms. Harper around the house." She turned to her and held out her hand. "Jasmine, I'm sorry, but I have some pressing matters that demand my attention. It was a pleasure meeting you. Please let me know by tomorrow." She shook Camilla's hand, who then gave her a brief hug before taking her leave. She took out her sketchpad and laser measurer and after measuring and sketching the large room in which they stood, Chen took her, room by room, through the home.

Thankfully, as she toured and sketched the rooms, ideas began to form. She decided the home had enormous potential and under her direction, she would bring it out. Armed with dozens of before and after shots, Tawny Hills could be her crowning achievement.

After the tour, with newfound enthusiasm, she strutted out the door and down the stairs to her car.

Outside, she started the car and sped away as dozens of thoughts and ideas sifted through her mind.

How did she find out about me? How did she find me? Can it be done? Why me? The job required her to be there full time. She would need to be there day and night. It would be good for her to throw herself so fully into a project. And it would take her mind off Gabe...and Ted.

She could stay there. She wouldn't even have to go home, to the scene of her ill-advised, but oh so wonderful misadventure.

Halfway home, she decided to do it. Keeping her eyes on the road, she reached in her purse and dug her cell phone out.

"Hello, Camilla."

'Greetings, this is Camilla Dewhurst. I'm currently not available, however, if you wish, you can leave a message after the beep. Please state your name, purpose for calling, the time you called, and I'll return your call.'

Damn, voice mail. "Hello, Camilla, I decided to take your job and I thank you for the wonderful opportunity. I'll need to start immediately and stay there full time. I hope that won't be an inconvenience. One more thing, I will need a room I can turn into an office and two hundred fifty thousand dollars to get started. Unless I get a call from you saying don't come, I'll be there at seven-thirty in the morning, bags in hand. Goodnight. I look forward to working with you."

She got home at about eight-thirty. A florist's card protruded from the crack of the door saying that her daily dose of beautiful flowers resided next door. She smiled and went to see her neighbor.

She knocked on Vickie's door and she opened the door with a smile. "Hi, Jaz. What a pleasure. Oh, I'll bet you're here for your flowers."

"Yes, I am. I got a note saying my flowers were left with you."

"They're here. Two bouquets and they're beautiful." In a *sotto voce*, she added, "Makes me jealous. No one has given me flowers in years."

Vickie was far from unattractive. She had long brunette hair, but she usually wore it pinned up in a bun and she had contact lenses, but almost always wore old fashioned heavy rimmed glasses. She'd seen her once by the pool and she had a darling shape, but no one would know by the clothes she wore. The fact was she had the potential to be a lovely girl, however, she didn't seem to care. Consequently, she seldom had a date.

Vickie winked. "Let me get those flowers for you. I'll be right back."

A thought passed though her mind. "You know what, Vickie, I've got plenty. Why don't you keep one of the bouquets?"

"Are you sure."

She nodded.

She smiled and hugged her. "Thanks, Jaz. You're a good friend and neighbor. By the way, it sounded like you had quite a party Friday night." Though no one happened to be there, she peered behind her and returned to her understated voice. "Made me horny as hell."

Jasmine was certain she'd blushed as a surge of heat crossed her face. "Yes, I had a great time." She turned as if she were leaving and Vickie's hand went to the crook of her elbow.

"You had two men with you, didn't you?"

Now she just knew she'd turned as red as a glass of tomato juice when another stronger flush of heat danced across her face. "I guess I got carried away. I'd been celebrating my divorce."

Her eyebrows rose and jaw dropped as Victoria looked genuinely and pleasantly shocked. "Finally, you got it." She did a bunny hop and embraced her again. "I'm so happy for you." She pulled away. "And don't feel embarrassed. I got out my seven-inch companion and matched you, climax for climax, imaging I had two men, too. Let me get you one of the bouquets and the card from the other."

Fifteen minutes later, after her visit with Vickie, she returned with one of the two bouquets of roses and two cards. The one from Ted read: "Miss you, Love Ted." The one from Gabe read: "I love you, Please let me explain, Gabe." *Hmmm*, you do have some tall explaining...but so do I.

Her home looked like a florist shop. The new one made nine lovely oversized bouquets of beautiful, artfully arranged flowers, all still in fair condition. She placed this one in her bathroom and went back into the kitchen.

Excited about her new project, she thought about putting in a few hours on a preliminary outline, but she was hungry. Wanting something quick and easy, she warmed up some leftover pasta. As it heated, she noticed a message and hit the play button on her answering machine.

"Jasmine, please listen, baby. You have me all wrong. Buying things for you makes me feel good. Like an orgasm." She felt the corners of her lips curve upward. "Sweetheart, you've totally misunderstood my intentions. I like to make you happy. I would have bought that necklace for you even if we'd never had sex. Please, please, please call me. We need to talk about this."

Likely story. She pushed 'skip' and the next message played. "It's me again. I forgot to tell you, I love being with you, and I know you love being with me, so don't let this little incident come between us."

She pushed the 'skip' button again and Ted's strained voice came on. "It's Ted. I heard you had a fight with Gabe. I hope you're not mad at me. When will I get to see you again? I still want to wine and dine you at Foxworth's." She reached for the 'skip' button as he spoke, "By the way, I hope you don't mind. I recommended you—" She looked down to replay the message and saw her finger had

inadvertently hit the erase button. Dang, she wanted to hear that. She thought about calling him. Instead, she worked 'til midnight.

* * * *

Rising at four-thirty, she showered, shaved her legs, packed, and with a bagel and a cup of coffee in her hand, was on the road as the sun crept over the horizon.

By seven-fifteen, she pulled in front of her new home for the next sixty days. Taking the six stairs, three at a time, she was at the front door, ready to go in seconds. Chen opened the door and this time, stepping aside, smiled at her. "Missy wait for you in courtyard. Be berry glad to see you." She smiled and followed him into the courtyard, a large area in the back where, weather permitting, she planned to have a portion of the ball.

Camilla, who sat at a circular glass table, smiled broadly when she saw her and held out her hand. "I'm so happy you decided to take the job." She took her hand, tugged it and her down, kissed her cheek, and whispered, "I have a feeling our ball will be the best one ever."

When she let go of her hand, Jaz rose. "I think so, too."

Still smiling, she waved her hand toward the adjacent chair. "Sit down, please." She poured a cup of coffee and handed it and the creamer to her. "Half and half if I remember right"

She nodded.

"Have some breakfast. There's bacon, sausage, and scrambled eggs left, but Matilda can rustle up anything you want in a jiffy."

Jaz gazed at the plates of food. "Bacon and eggs will be fine."

"And sausage. It's homemade."

"Sure, why not."

"Chen, would you warm these for Ms. Harper?"

Chen, who'd been off to the side, stepped forward and bowed. "Yes, Missy." He picked up the plates and walked into the house.

Camilla inhaled deep and smiled warmly. "I so love eating out here. It makes it doubly glum when the weather is bad." Her long fingers picked a slip of pink paper off the smooth tabletop and flipping it over, she handed it to her. "Here's the money you requested. Give me a day's notice when you need more. I don't keep that kind of money lying around. I've set up two adjoining bedrooms as your working, sleeping suite. Your office has a desk, worktable, a computer, and a fax/copy machine. If you will make a list of your food preferences, I'll see that Matilda gets it. If you need anything else, let me know and I'll get it for you."

She accepted the check, folded, and inserted it into a pocket in her purse as Chen served her warmed bacon, sausage, and eggs.

Maintaining her bright smile, Camilla leaned forward and placed her forearms on the table. "One more thing, we never discussed your fee. Twenty percent is normal, is it not?"

Jasmine was swallowing a piece of bacon when she heard that and almost choked on it. "Whatever are you talking about? Isn't my fee included in the money we discussed?"

"I'd rather keep it separate. That way you have no incentive to scrimp on the project so you can make your twenty percent. I'm not saying you'd do that, but I want a first class job and this way you know you'll be getting yours."

Almost giddy internally, she responded businesslike, "As you wish."

Two to three hundred grand guaranteed. Yippee!

"It's settled then. I will write you a check today for fifty thousand and add twenty percent to your future draws.

"Now tell me, where did you meet my son, Ted?"

Chapter Ten

After clearing her throat from the sausage she'd almost choked upon and swallowing a full glass of water, she chirped a falsetto, "Teddy is your...son?"

Camilla raised a single eyebrow. "You call him Teddy? He usually reserves that honor for family members." She put a hand over hers. "I'm sorry to surprise you so. He's the one who referred you to me. I assumed he told you I'd be calling. He speaks very highly of you. He told me your home is gorgeous. You must be closer friends than I'd originally thought if he's been in your home and you call him Teddy."

If you only knew.

"Did you have a party?"

Did we ever. "Yes, I had a few friends over a week ago."

"Well, he seemed very impressed. Where does Teddy know you from?"

Jasmine had trouble catching her breath. "Ah...ah." *Think fast*. "Bowling. We bowl together."

"Are you on his team?"

"No, but we met when my team bowled against his."

Camilla lifted her head backward and opening her mouth, took a deep breath. "Ah, I see now. Teddy has an eye for beauty and you certainly are lovely. How fortunate for me Ted knew about my big project and my concerns. He strongly suggested I use you. He's a good boy, not very demanding, and because he was so insistent, I decided to call you. He runs our ranch, you know? So he'll be keeping an eye on your project."

She suddenly felt warm. She wanted to pick up a napkin to fan herself, but resisted. "Will I be working closely with him?"

"No, not too close. I have another in mind for that. My grand nephew."

She was afraid to ask. "Gabe?"

"Yes, Gabriel is like a second son to me. You know him, too? Ah, of course. He's on the same team."

"Uh, yeah, and he came to the party, too."

Camilla smiled broadly and for a second, Jaz thought she must know. "He takes care of the nuts and bolts, day to day running of the ranch. He's a hands-on type of individual."

If you only knew.

"He'll be invaluable. You'll want him near at all times."

That's what I'm afraid of.

"Do Ted and Gabe live here?"

"Gabe does. He has to be available twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week."

In reaction, her knees squeezed together. "Oh, my God!"

"What did you say?"

"Ah, I said, 'Oh, my God'. I was thinking about all the work ahead and that I'd better get going."

"Of course. Forgive a fifty-something woman for yammering on. I can see you are like a fine thoroughbred racehorse at the gate, raring to go.

With Gabe? I hope not.

Chen, would you bring Miss Harper's bags in?"

"Yes, Missy."

* * * *

She was busy at work in her new temporary studio, when she remembered she needed a caterer. Better yet, she needed a full service party organizer, so she rang Brenda at work.

"Good morning, Brenda Evans. May I help you?"

"I hope so. Can you talk?"

"Jaz, sure, I can always talk to you. How are things going with the dynamic duo? Did you get things back on an even keel?"

"Don't ask. Things are even more complicated now."

"Did he cheat on you?"

She frowned. How does one cheat on a participant of a three-way? Especially if no commitment was established. "No, I'll explain it to you later. The reason I called is I'm working on a huge remodeling project that includes throwing a charity ball. I know you researched caterers for your reception. Did you find any who threw parties, as well?"

"I'm sorry, Jaz, I was too worried about other things to really check any out. I settled on the first one I called. But let me do this for you. On my lunch hour and breaks, I'll research party throwers and since I'm off tomorrow, I'll bring you my findings."

"Oh no, Bren, I don't want you to skip your lunch for me."

"I'm not. I bring my lunch now, a salad and a pear for dessert. I've been good since our lunch last Saturday, and I lost four pounds. I'm so excited. Every time I think of having a piece of chocolate or a cookie, I think four pounds and, voila, the urge vaporizes."

"Good for you, but I couldn't—"

"C'mon, Jaz. I want to do this. In fact, I want to do more."

"Thanks, Bren, but for the time being, I'm not at my apartment. I moved in to the ranch where the party is and—"

"All the more reason for me to come. I'd love to see you at work. Kerry is out of town, and I have nothing going tomorrow. I insist. Tell me how to get there."

As she gave Brenda instructions, someone walked in carrying an envelope. Her stomach clenched when she realized it was *him*. "I have to go now. Someone is here to see me. I'll see you tomorrow. Goodbye, Bren. I love you."

"I love you, too."

She gazed at Gabe and forced a smile. His winsome return smile made her heart skip a beat. "What do you want?" She tried to say it nicely, but it came out angry, bitchy.

"My aunt asked me to drop this off." He handed the envelop to her and she peeked inside. It was the check, for fifty thousand smackeroos. *Yesss!* She wanted to take Gabe to her bedroom next door and celebrate, but of course she was mad and it wouldn't be proper. "Thanks."

"Jaz, are we going to talk?"

"We'll be working together for the next eight weeks. We'll have plenty of time to talk, but right now I'm working."

"Fine, I'll be looking forward to it."

She admired his broad shoulders and fine tush as he walked out. *This is going to be so tough.*

* * * *

The next day, as promised, the new, slightly slimmer Brenda arrived. She looked fantastic. "Let me look at you. You look splendid. I can tell you've lost weight."

Excitedly, she held up a hand with all fingers and thumb extended. "Five. I weighed myself when I got up and I weighed five pounds lighter and I owe it all to you." Brenda's eyes glowed with excitement when she hugged her. "I'm down to one thirty and now I'm going for one twenty.

"That's great, Bren. I'm so happy for you. What does Kerry think?"

She could tell from the look on her face, she'd touched on a sore spot. "He hasn't said anything. I don't think he noticed. He will when I get down to one twenty. How much do you weigh?"

"One fifteen"

Her fists went to her hips. "I should be able to do that. I'm shorter than you."

"Yes, but a little curvier. One twenty would look great on you. Have you had breakfast?

She shook her head. "I've been bypassing breakfast."

"I'm sure we can find something dietetic for you to nibble on."

"I have that information for you."

"I'll look at it when we get back." Jaz took her friend's hand. "C'mon, meet the grand ole lady of the house."

The weather behaved so, as she anticipated, Camilla enjoyed breakfast in the courtyard. To her surprise, so did Ted.

As they neared, Ted stood, the corners of his lips curving upward. "Ah, mother my two favorite women have just arrived. Next to you of course, Mother." He stepped out to greet them, saying their names as he kissed both their cheeks.

"What are you doing here?" Jaz whispered.

"I usually stay here on weekends. Hi, Brenda. So nice to see you, too. You've lost weight, haven't you?"

Brenda beamed. "Thank you. Yes, I've lost five pounds."

"Fantastic. Come." Taking one of each of their hands, he led them to chairs on either side of his. "Please be seated," he requested as he pulled the chairs out for them.

He placed the napkin back in his lap. "Mother, I couldn't be happier that you hired Jasmine. She will do a fantastic job for you."

"I know, Teddy. I have great confidence in her." Camilla smiled at Brenda. And who might you be?"

"I'm sorry, Mother. This is Jasmine's friend, Brenda...ah...don't tell me, Evans."

"Nice to meet you, Brenda. I'm Camilla Dewhurst. Please call me Camilla. Tell us, what brings you to Tawny Hills?"

"I'm going to help Jaz. Not with the design work, but with coordinating and organizing. I'm very good at getting things done."

"That's wonderful, dear. Where do you work?"

"I'm the Clerical Pool Administrator at Applied Sciences."

"Mother, aren't you in need of a personal assistant?"

"I will be in four weeks. Evelyn has given me four weeks' notice."

Jaz decided to speak up. "It's none of my business, and I don't even know if she'd be interested, but I happen to think Brenda would make an excellent personal assistant. She's the most organized person I know."

A single brow arched, wrinkling Camilla's forehead. "Really? And would you be interested in such a position, Brenda?"

She shrugged. "This is kind of a surprise. I might, but I'd have to compare things like salary, benefits, hours, working conditions, and so forth."

"I see. Well, it's rather tedious discussing this over breakfast. We can discuss a position later in private. In the meantime, what would you like for breakfast?"

* * * *

After they finished breakfast, Brenda and Jaz went back to her office. The first thing Brenda said after she'd shut the door was, "Ted is such an amazing looking man. It must have been heavenly sleeping with him."

"It was. Now what do you have for me?"

"Oh, I checked on nine event organizers and I narrowed it down to these three." She handed her a slip of paper with the specified information. "As far as I could tell, they were all excellent, qualified firms, so you just need to check out their fees and availability."

"This'll be a big help. Do you think you could select one based upon two-hundred fifty guests attending on Saturday, June 15^{th?}",

"Sure, I'll take care of it on Monday. Jaz?"

"Yes."

"Do you think Ted likes me?"

"I'm sure he does, because he's very courteous to you, but I'm not sure if he likes you the way you mean. What about Kerry and your wedding? Is something wrong?"

"Oh, no, I just wondered."

* * * *

That night, she changed into her nightgown, got in bed, but couldn't sleep. After tossing and turning with Ted and Gabe on her mind for at least twenty minutes, she got up to work on the project. She was grateful to Ted for recommending her to Camilla and felt sorry she'd put him off so coolly when he wanted to take her to dinner. He'd never treated her, even under their peculiar circumstances, with anything but respect. And when he said he was beguiled by her, she practically scoffed at the idea.

She began to think her behavior with Ted and Gabe had been irresponsible and condescending.

It approached midnight and she couldn't sleep. She didn't mind working at night, but there were limits to what she could accomplish at night. She needed to get to sleep and get a fresh start in the morning. Then she got the idea a glass of wine would relax her and let her fall asleep.

She remembered seeing several bottles of wine in the kitchen. It was late and everyone slept, so she padded down the hall, through the dining room, and into the kitchen. She didn't want to alert anyone to her whereabouts and that she paraded around in her nightgown. Fortunately, the outside lights filtered enough illumination through the windows that she didn't have to turn on the interior lights.

Spotting a half-full bottle of a delicious Chianti that Chen had served for dinner sitting on the counter, she quietly explored the cabinets until she found a wine goblet. Pouring herself a glass of Chianti, she grabbed the bottle and slipped over to the breakfast table where she sat down, propping her bare feet up on the adjacent chair. She finished the glass and poured another.

As she raised the glass to take a sip, she heard movement. An unknown person strolled nonchalantly into the kitchen. Seeing only the outline against the backlit windows, she couldn't tell if it was a man or woman. Then the refrigerator door opened, casting a bright light on the shadowy person. It was Ted, wearing nothing but pajama bottoms. The warmth from the Chianti in her stomach seemed to increase at the sight of him as she pictured herself dragging those pajamas to the floor and playing with his warm, silky toy.

On instinct, as he shuffled through the refrigerator, she crept toward him. Reaching the unlit side of the door, she reached around him and felt his soft manhood. Instantly, his hand grasped hers and jerked her beside him into the light. His 'open mouthed' shock, upon recognition of Jasmine, became joy, then longing. As hands wrapped tightly around her small frame, his lowered mouth covered hers in a passionate, tongue-filled kiss, sending desire-filled pulses to her core. A gasp as she squeezed his semi-hard member allowed her to break the kiss.

With palms flat on his sexy chest, she lowered herself until she stooped, knees bent, in front of him. His quivering hands settled on top of her head as she grasped the waistband of his PJs and tugged them to the ground. She lifted his leg out from the collapsed pajama leg and he stepped out of the other and kicked it toward her. She knelt upon the soft discarded pajamas bottom, her hand upon his now three-quarter erect cock. Sighing her approval as she inhaled its musky, manly aroma, her tongue languorously lapped the pleasant saline flavor from every inch of his expanding shaft. He groaned when she finally impaled his impressive cock into her mouth. She hoped no one could hear them in this expansive home. Settling into a rhythm, his large hands surrounded the back of her head as she sucked on him excitedly.

She thought he would shoot his hot cream into her waiting mouth, but he resisted. Instead, his hands slipped between her arms and chest and half lifted, half urged her upward. When she stood, he lifted her up and on to the center island counter and raised the hem of her gown so her wanton pussy was exposed to the air. The head of his staff, primed at the brim of her pussy, prepared to fuck her. Until then, they'd carried on in passionate silence, but at that moment, she blurted, "No!" then whispered, "we need protection."

Nodding, he whispered back, "We'll do that later. For now, instead of making love to you, I'm going to do the next best thing. Eat your sweet pussy." He dropped to his knees and set her feet upon his shoulders. Lying on the coolish counter, she elevated herself on her elbows. It may have been dark, but his eyes seemed to glow with desire as he studied her hot, humid cunny. Nudging one thigh sideways, until it was almost prone, his soft lips placed a damp kiss on the sensitive skin on the inside. His mouth teasingly moved inward at a leisurely pace, teeth nibbling the thigh as he crept ever closer to her hungry, aching pussy.

Jesus, why is he taking so long? She wanted his mouth, that lovable, handsome mouth, on her hot, humid pussy. She let her other leg fall to the side, thus opening her channel even wider to his sensual kisses. Approval murmured against her labia and she bucked in response, signaling she was ready for the main course. Finally, fingers separated her folds, pulling them apart.

"Mmmm. You're so juicy. I'm really going to enjoy this," Teddy whispered.

Not as much as I, big boy. His tongue bored into her sopping wet tunnel and fingers from arms circling her prone thighs mercilessly toyed with her super sensitive clitoris, delivering the erotic sensations she craved. Still raised on her elbows, she lowered herself and positioned her fingers on her hard, swollen nipples, teasing them. It felt good, but not as strong as when touched by others. She recalled

fondly how only eight days ago Ted sucked on her nipples as Gabe sucked on her clit.

Teddy's mouth and fingers suddenly traded places and as two fingers jammed her succulent cream-filled channel, his talented mouth sucked on her enlarged bud, sending an entirely fresh set of sensations through her body. Slowly but surely he was driving her bonkers.

Clever fingers slipped under her gown winding their way up to her breasts and alternated between them, flicking, teasing, and pinching her nipples, as the tip of his tongue circled her swollen clit.

Slapping the counter with her hands, she rocked her head and torso back and forth, shuddering and gasping for air. When a cloud descended upon her, she bucked and pushed her pussy into his mouth with everything she had. Everything slowed down and her sensitivity doubled. She was in a zone, as if nothing else existed except the amazing pleasure she felt. Then as wave upon wave of glorious, powerful, orgasmic sensations engulfed her, she arched her back and quietly screamed. A conflagration of hot-fulfilled lust seared her loins, shooting into her extremities, sending her careening out of control. She shouted, "Oh, my God, Teddy, I think I'm going to die."

But she didn't. As she shivered and shook from her exquisite experience, Teddy crawled up on the island and lay beside her.

He swept a wayward strand of hair from her face. His pussy-juiceladen lips kissed her gently and she tasted herself. "I love you," he revealed.

"I...ah...am very fond of you, too."

She tried to see his face but could only see his silhouette. Would just Gabe be enough? What am I to do? I can't have both. She didn't want any and now she wanted both.

Her thoughts cleared as they were blinded, suffused in the bright light of the suddenly activated overheard lights. She turned toward the kitchen entrance to see who'd caught them, but by the time her eyes had finally acclimated to the bright light, they were plunged back into darkness.

When they'd regained their night vision, Teddy hoisted her over his shoulder, slapped her on the rump a couple of times, and carried her, caveman style, into his boudoir—the land of condoms—to finish off the night in grand style.

Chapter Eleven

Jasmine's hot night of sex with Ted revitalized her, but the next morning she felt mortified because some unknown person or persons had caught them in the kitchen. Could it have been Camilla? God, she hoped not. Wouldn't that have made a poor impression on her new employer—fucking her son in the kitchen, no less? She snickered internally. That's right, they didn't fuck until the caveman carried her into the bedroom.

Could it have been Brenda who stayed overnight in the guestroom next to her office? She could live with that, though she preferred not being discovered at all.

It could also have been Chen or Matilda. As long as they remained discreet, that would be all right, too. She just wouldn't want Camilla to think she was a whore.

It could have even been Gabe, but she doubted it. Who could it have been?

She shook Ted awake. When his eyes had focused and he grinned, she asked, "Who do you think turned on the light on us in the kitchen last night?"

He flashed a sly grin. "I don't have a clue. How about a quickie before breakfast?"

As he reached for her, she scrambled out of bed. "Oh, no, you don't." She stood before him, naked, feet spread, hands on hips. "I have a huge project to work on thanks to you, and I won't be frolicking when I should be working."

Ted stared at her with hazy eyes, mouth agape. "You are so hot, it's almost painful to look at you."

"Well, get over it. I'm going to be around for awhile."

He reached out and pulled one of her hands from her hip. "Go to dinner with me. Tonight. We won't do anything but talk, I swear."

She was tempted. As she hesitated, he added, "Please?"

She pursed her lips as she thought about it, then she got an idea. "I will, on one condition."

He kissed her hand. "Name it."

"We take Brenda with us."

"Fine. You tell Brenda. Be ready at seven."

* * * *

Things didn't go well for her that morning. It seemed her computer had picked up a bug and she couldn't access any of her CAD design files no matter what she tried. She called her computer geek acquaintance, but he couldn't get to the ranch until late afternoon. She was so upset, she decided to go for a ride to calm down.

She arrived at the stables and found the groom, who saddled a light gray animal with a darker gray mane and tail and an elongated white star on its snout. The young Hispanic groom said, "Deese is Carletta. She be veri nice for lady like you."

Charmed by the boy, she thanked him, mounted Carletta, and rode off. She didn't know where she was headed, so she followed what appeared to be a seldom used road. Carletta and she loped along at a leisurely pace. The path seemed to be heading toward a pair of hills with a tree on top of one. With a paucity of hills in the area, she surmised these could be *the* Tawny Hills in the ranch's name.

Suddenly, she heard a commotion behind her. She halted Carletta and rotated in the saddle. A horse and rider galloped up the pathway she'd been following. As they neared, she saw the rider was Gabe.

He pulled up beside her, yanking the reins tight and stopping on a dime as they do in the movies. She hoped he hadn't seen her running her tongue over her upper lip as he approached.

He was getting ready to speak, but she spoke first. "You really are a cowboy. I'm impressed at the way you rode up here."

Not looking too pleased, he spoke. "Got a few trophies in my room, too. Jaz, I can't let you ride around the ranch unaccompanied. It's a big ranch with little in the way of identifiable landmarks. You could get lost and you don't even have a canteen of water with you. In addition, we've spotted a mountain lion nosing around. Why aren't you working, anyway?"

"My computer went down and my computer expert won't be here until later today. I'm on edge and need to calm down. I'm sorry about coming out here without permission. I didn't re—"

"Permission? No, no. You don't need permission. I just want someone along with you. Let me see if I can find somebody to take over while I show you around. I'll just be a second."

She had to admit her pulse rate increased and her temperature shot up a degree or two at the idea of Gabe showing her around.

Gabe reached for a radio attached to his belt. "Billy Joe? Gabe."

"Can you take over for me for a few hours? I'll be busy with our guest."

Gabe's nostrils flared. "Now let's not be talking about Miss Harper that way. She's a classy and talented lady."

Now his brows furrowed. "Billy Joe, I didn't mean talented in that way and you know it. I got to go."

He shoved the radio back in his belt. "Woo-wee. That boy has a dirty mind."

Suddenly, she wondered if Billy Joe, whoever he happened to be, was who flicked the light on in the kitchen last night. "Gabe. You didn't come into the main house late last night, did you?"

"No. Now, what would you like to see?" Before she could answer, he continued, "I know, Wild Horse Spring." He took her reins and

spun both their horses before handing her the reins and taking off toward a rock formation and some trees about a mile distant.

They rode side by side in no particular hurry. The sun was high, beating down, and she hadn't worn a hat. He reached in a saddlebag and retrieved a baseball style hat. "Here. You'd better put this on or you'll burn up. Wouldn't want to see you pretty little nose peeling now, would we?"

She smiled warmly and put the hat on her head. Luckily, she'd pulled her hair into a pony tail and it wasn't a problem. "Thank you. Tell me, what did Billy Joe say about me?"

He shook his head and smiled. "Trust me. You don't even want to know."

She did want to know, so she tried talking around it. "How many ranch hands do you have and do all your ranch hands talk like that?"

"I hope not. We're down to nine hands, and if Camilla heard what Billy Joe said, we'd probably be down to eight."

"Well, thanks for sticking up for me, anyway."

Gabe's gaze bored into her eyes. "I will always stick up for you."

It took about fifteen minutes to arrive at their destination. Gabe dismounted and led his horse, and she followed his example. He led his horse between two large boulders. The path was narrow, so she could only trail behind him.

As they cleared the rocks, Jaz became so engaged by the beauty of the spring, she tripped on a tree root and went sprawling. Gabe heard her fall and as she sat up, he came back to investigate. "Are you all right?"

"I think so."

Gabe reached down and took her hand. "Let me help you up." He pulled her up to her feet. "Wait here while I tie the horses up." As he led the horses off the path and tied them to a tree, she studied the oasis. In the center was an irregular-shaped lake, approximately the size of a tennis court, surrounded by sycamore and cottonwood trees. Trees and thick shrubs came right down to the water around half the

lake and boulders occupied about a quarter of the shoreline, but grass and other low growing perennials occupied the remaining quarter.

Her right knee burned as if skinned and when she put weight on her right ankle, it hurt. When Gabe came back to her, he wrapped an arm around her and they headed for the water. After walking about twenty of the fifty-foot distance, she had to stop. Gabe furrowed his eyebrows and scrutinized her, silently asking what was wrong through eye contact.

"I must have twisted or banged my ankle when I fell. It hurts to walk on it."

Not saying a word, he scooped her into his arms and carried her toward one of the grassy beaches. She smiled, recalling what'd happened after the first two times Gabe had carried her. She sighed.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

Ignoring her aching knee and ankle, she felt dreamy in the arms of her cowboy hero. "Oh, nothing. This place is beautiful. So romantic."

He set her down about three feet from the water and unbuttoned her jeans. She slapped his hand. "What are you doing?"

"I'm taking your jeans off. I want to check your injuries."

He unzipped her Calvin Klein's and tugged them down to her butt at which point she edged them under her butt and pushed them down to her knees. Pulling from the bottom, Gabe had her denims off and her leg in his hands in four seconds. Gabe cocked his head and bent her knee a couple of times.

"What do you think?" she asked.

He took a deep breath. "I think...you have...a great pair of legs."

After laughing, she grabbed a handful of grass and flicked it at him. Gabe jerked a hand up to block most of the grass and laughed. Then he set her foot on the ground. "You have a nice little scrape, but you'll live."

He reached in the water, scooped a handful, and poured it over her scraped knee. She jumped. "It's hot."

"I know. It stays at an even 90 degrees. Wild Horse Spring is a hot spring. Ted and I used to come here and go skinny dipping when we were kids."

"Mmmm. That sounds like such fun. Ever had a girl here?"

"I plead the Fifth Amendment."

"C'mon, tell me?"

"Not for years and none as beautiful as you. I have a medical kit in my saddlebag. I'll dress your knee when we get ready to leave. Now, let me take a look at that ankle." He lifted her foot up near his face. "Ooh, it's a little swollen, not bad. Does this hurt?"

He touched it with his forefinger and she flinched. "Yes, a little."

"Let's turn you around and soak the ankle. The spring has medicinal qualities, too."

Gabe swung her around on the grass and she dipped her foot into the spring.

"How does it feel?"

"Nice. How deep is the lake?"

"It's a foot or two around the edge and about five feet in the middle. What are you doing?"

She pulled her top over her head. "I'm going swimming." She pulled her bra off. "Care to join me?" She slid into the pond, which dropped off some two feet from the edge. She slipped her panties over her hips, down into the water, below her knees, and stepped out of them. Catching the panties on her right foot, she raised them to her waiting hand and raised the soaking wet undies above her head. She swung them around and threw them at Gabe. Hitting him in the face, she giggled. "I'm waiting, lover."

Gabe stripped down in record time and dove into the water, right past her. She turned and looked for him but couldn't spot him. She edged into the deeper water, up to her breasts, looking for him without locating him.

Without warning, she felt hands parting her thighs, a second before a large object, his head, slipped between them. Soon, her entire body rose out of the water on Gabe's broad shoulders, only to get submerged as he fell backward into the warm water.

After regaining her footing, she surged upward and as her head emerged, shook her head, her long black locks trailing, and inhaled deeply. When her eyes and ears cleared, she saw and heard Gabe laughing. He stood in the shallow water, wet and naked like a god, with rays of sun filtering onto him through the trees. His bold, wet, sunlit erection made her mouth water and pussy cream.

He smiled sensuously as she sashayed up to him, and he tried to kiss her, but she avoided his lips and shoved him backward. "Hey." With his legs backed up to the edge of the lake, he lost his balance when she pushed him. He fell back onto the grass and she was upon him. He started to rise, but gasped when she, still half in the water, took him in her mouth. He murmured with pleasure as her mouth, hand, and tongue overwhelmed him with pleasure. With open eyes she admired the length of his body. Sheen permeated his skin with beads of moisture and rivulet's of wetness sparkling from the filtered sunlight upon his muscular frame. The ripples of his abs and the rising and falling of his pecs as he took slow, deep breaths fascinated her as it excited her.

His shoulders were propped upon a single elbow as his opposite hand wrapped around the back of her head, cheering her oral ministrations on. His beautiful face blissfully looked skyward, though his eyes seemed closed.

Gabe's murmurs became moans and increased in intensity. She wanted him inside her, but they didn't have protection. She pulled away, continuing to stroke him. "Do you have protection?"

He revealed a confused look, then as cognizance surfaced, he nodded. Stretching an arm to reach his pants, he pulled them to him and searched the pockets. From his wallet, he removed the foil covered prophylactic, unwrapped it, and handed it to her. His eightinch wonder still throbbed as she rolled the condom down his shaft. When he was ready, she crawled out of the warm water onto the

shore. A cooling breeze blew by and she shivered from the change in temperature as she stood.

Standing, she realized her knee and ankle didn't hurt anymore. Gabe's intense yearning gaze scanned her, heating her flesh. As she straddled him, his gaze embraced her naked form as surely as if it had hands and fingers. She thrilled in this visual seduction as she lowered herself upon his upright shaft.

As his long, thick shaft penetrated her wet, needy pussy, he gasped, eyes closing in his head, and as tiny little pleasure pulses danced in her pussy, she yelled, "Oh, God! Gabe, it feels so good."

On her knees, cock inside her, she tilted forward, wrapping her arms around him, holding him tight. Wiggling to seat her hot juicy channel around his cock, her mouth sought out his. Reaching behind his head, she pulled his lips toward hers while running a hand through his thick hair. She rotated her pussy and nibbled on his lower lip simultaneously, causing him to moan long and loud with her. Her tongue split the seam between his lips and darting into his oral chamber, mingled with his tongue.

Though she had been cold when they started, she now burned with passionate lust. As she moved in and out on his warm, hard shaft, his strong hands seized her ass, gripping it in a tight vice-like grip. She began to move up and down, her hard, sensitive nipples glorying at the sensation of sliding back and forth across his slightly haired chest, adding to her burgeoning arousal.

Her lips moved lower, grazing along his cheek. His breathing grew short, shallow. He had to be as turned on as she was. She could smell it. She could feel it. She moved her pussy again forward and backward. His hands and fingers roamed her erogenous zones roughly, wringing a lustful scream from deep inside her chest.

Sometimes, he'd dig his fingers so deep into her flesh, she'd wince. Surely, it was bruised. Groaning in her ear, his hot breath sent shock waves to her sensitive areas.

She gasped as a hand suddenly slapped her ass, then again, the sting sending shards of pleasure/pain to her already screaming core. "You like that?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. I love everything."

"How about this?" He augered a persistent finger into the puckered rosebud of her ass and she felt the first wave. She increased her pace, fucking him in a pounding rhythm that sent her soaring out of control with wave upon wave of tingly pleasure shooting through her. She flinched as he slapped her ass again and again, harder and harder, while pushing his finger even deeper in her ass. Finally, every nerve ending in her body screamed with release and pleasure as her pussy gripped his cock, holding tight as she surfed the tsunami of her giant explosion.

As she fell sated upon Gabe, shaking from orgasmic aftershocks, he groaned and grunted, eyes half closed, his head thrown back as a strangled cry left his throat to mingle with her own murmurs of bliss.

As she lay there naked and shivering in the warm reassuring arms of her lover, she realized what her mind wanted and what her libido, *or was it my heart*, wanted seemed diametrically opposed. In less than sixteen hours, she'd had sex with two men. Despite her good intentions, she couldn't seem to keep her wanton hands off of them. In addition, in both cases, *she* seduced them.

She decided she needed to reassess her position regarding these darlings of her carnal cravings. However, that would wait, because she dragged Gabe back into the spring where they had hot sex in the hot water one more time before riding back to the ranch house.

The healing powers of the spring must be phenomenal since her knee and ankle felt no pain as they headed back to the ranch compound. "Gabe, I'm wondering. I assumed this was a cattle ranch, but I've yet to see a cow."

"It is or was. We still run about six hundred head, down from a high fifteen hundred. Right now, the cattle are grazing in the far west

pasture. We move them around. Allows the grass to grow back. We've kind of de-emphasized the cattle since the oil wells went in."

"Oil wells?"

"Yes, that's where we make most of our income. There're seven of 'em. Ted's and my dad drilled them in the sixties. You haven't seen them because they're grouped in the northwest quadrant. I could take you there if you'd like to see them."

"I'd like that if I can find the time."

"Just let me know."

They didn't get back to the stables until four in the afternoon. She prayed she hadn't missed her computer guru. She couldn't afford another down day without her computer. She rushed into the house in search of Chen. After finding him and being informed no one had come, the elaborate door chime went off. She accompanied Chen to the door and sure enough, it was Dave Thomas, her gregarious, chunky computer man.

"I'll take care of this, Chen." As he bowed and walked away, she led Dave to her office.

"I can't get into the CAD files on my laptop." He sat down and fiddled with the keyboard. After about ten minutes, the CAD file materialized on the screen. "Oh, thank you."

"I'm not finished. There's a reason your laptop isn't working properly. You have reached your storage limit, plus your files are fragmented. Until you weed out some of the unnecessary data, the computer will work slow and may not take any new information."

"What can we do?"

"I can start by defragmenting the hard drive." He looked at the desktop computer on her desk. "Whose computer is this?"

"Oh, the person I work for left it here for me, but I'm used to working with mine."

"Plus, I doubt your CAD program is on there. However, we can store the unnecessary files there that you want to keep to clear space for you. You can also store files online too, but I'm not sure what happens if the site goes defunct."

"I would like that, but I'm not sure which files I could put there until I get into my computer."

"All right. I'm sure you don't want to pay me to transfer your files while you point out which ones to transfer, so here's what we'll do. I'll connect the computers and you'll be able to drag the files you want from your computer to the spare computer."

"Perfect."

"It'll take awhile anyway, so I'll get started. You don't have to stay here. Come back in an hour and I'll explain what I've done and what you need to do."

She left Dave and went to find Brenda. She wasn't in the guestroom and it didn't even look like she'd even stayed there. She ran into Camilla in the hall as she left the room. "I'm looking for my friend Brenda. Have you—"

"Oh, didn't you know? She left shortly after lunch. She had a dinner engagement she couldn't miss."

Did she leave because she caught Ted and her together? She was pretty sure she had a thing for Ted. "Thank you, Camilla."

With Brenda gone, she obviously couldn't invite her to dinner with Ted and her. This gave her the perfect opportunity to implement the plan she'd worked out on the ride back from Wild Horse Spring.

She went out through the side door of the kitchen and to the bunkhouse to find Gabe.

Chapter Twelve

It was 5:25 p.m. and Ted asked her to be ready by seven, but there was a problem. She'd been planning to work her butt off with no socializing for the next two months, therefore, she hadn't brought anything dressy or sexy or classy. The fanciest outfit she brought was a pantsuit. This would never do for her first, real date since her divorce. She wanted to feel beautiful and sexy. It was 5:25 p.m. and Ted asked her to be ready by seven.

She grabbed her purse and ran out the front door. She had an hour to rush to her townhouse, pick out a couple of frilly, feminine, girly outfits and rush back in time to get ready for her men. After all, one of the enjoyable things about being a woman was her ability to put on sexy clothes and make men drool over her. She laughed internally at the corollary to that thought. You can make men drool even more by taking the sexy clothes off.

* * * *

She made it back by 6:04. She hurried into the house with her two outfits over her shoulder, ran to her bedroom, and jumped into the shower. She was short on time, but since her hair'd been doused in Wild Horse Spring, she needed to wash it. Out of the shower, she blow-dried her hair and though it still felt damp, she rolled the locks in large curlers. Next, she concentrated on her makeup.

When she'd finished everything but lipstick, she removed the curlers and blow dried her hair once more.

She glanced at her watch 6:43. Oh, shit!

Her hair wasn't combing out right, so she decided to wear it up. She tied it up with a blue hair tie, curly locks draping over, cascading, curling down. It wasn't as good as her hairdresser would've done, but she was satisfied. In a scurrilous effort to project an absurd illusion of innocence, she threaded a couple of light blue ribbons through her locks.

It looked good. Now she had to hurry and get dressed

At 7:02, a knock came on the door. She opened it and beheld Ted looking like a dream, formally dressed in a navy blue suit, a red tie, shiny black shoes, and holding a corsage.

She swore his eyes bulged. "Wow, you look smashing."

She wore a low cut, knee-length cocktail dress and silver, open toed high heels. The dress was cobalt blue fading to powder blue at the frilly hem.

He stepped close, pinned the corsage on her, and took one-step back. "Let me look at you." Ted pointed at the floor and moved his finger in a circle. "Spin around, please."

As she spun around, his eyes grew larger and his grin wider. "Jasmine, you are one of those rare women that can make a man feel like a gazillion bucks."

She stopped turning, stepped up to him, and pecked him on the cheek. "And you, sir, will have all the women at...where are we going?"

"Foxworth's. I promised you Foxworth's and Foxworth's is what it'll be. I have reservations for three at seven forty-five. We'd better get a moving. Where's Brenda?"

"She had other plans, so I invited someone else. You don't mind do you?"

"Nah, who would that be?"

"Gabe."

Ted suddenly started coughing as if something went down his windpipe. She was about to get him a glass of water when Gabe, all decked out in his cowboy finery, came to the still open door. She

fetched the water while Gabe pounded Ted on the back as if he had a fish bone stuck in his throat. Finally, after swallowing the whole glass of water, the cough subsided, replaced by hiccups.

Jasmine explained, "I wanted to talk to both of you at the same time and decided this would be a good opportunity to do that."

"If you don't want to pay for Gabe's dinner, I will."

"Absolutely not. Is what you want to talk to us about good news?" "Sort of."

"By all means, let's go then."

Outside her bedroom, she slipped her arms through both men's offered arms and off they went.

Gabe and Jasmine waited in the front of the house while Ted retrieved his large white SUV from the garage.

As Ted pulled around the circular drive, Gabe remarked for the first of a half dozen times that night, how lovely she looked.

* * * *

Foxworth's had the reputation as the best restaurant in north Dallas, if not all of Dallas and Fort Worth. Reputedly, it had a reservation list weeks long, but they were seated immediately in a raised, circular booth located in the Master's Room, a lovely room with crystal chandeliers and replica's of famous statues, artwork, and murals.

She'd eaten there once when her then husband had taken her there for their first anniversary, while their marriage still seemed reasonably good. The food tasted out of the world and she had an especially good time. The only thing that bothered her had been the noise. The restaurant was extremely popular, therefore, so busy, there'd been a rather loud undercurrent of background noise. The same way she found it that night.

They'd been seated, she in the middle. The wine Ted ordered had been served and each of them laid his/her menus down, when Ted asked, "Now tell us, gorgeous, what did you want to discuss with us?"

Keeping her eyes on him, she took a sip of wine before answering, "If you don't mind, I'd like to wait until we've finished eating. Maybe over coffee and dessert."

Gabe chipped in, "Aw, c'mon, how about a little hint?"

"No. All I'll tell you is, there's been a softening in my position."

Gabe took hold of her hand and kissed it. "I can't wait. Jaz, you really look amazing tonight. Moreover, that dress, it fits you to a tee. Is it a designer original?"

"Well, sort of."

Not to be outdone, Ted wrapped an arm around her shoulders. "What do you mean, sort of?"

She was reminded of the night they'd met in the lounge of the Family Bowling Center. Gabe to the left of her and Ted to the right, all hands trying to seduce her. She smiled. Only it had been *she* who seduced them and tonight she was going to do the opposite.

"The dress is an original." She reclaimed her hand from Gabe and pulled Ted's arm away from her shoulder. "C'mon, guys, no kissing, hugging, and especially no fondling tonight."

"I'm sorry. I can't speak for my uncle, but it's just that you look so beautiful, I'd like to take you in my arms and kiss you."

"Me too. But tell me, you said you tried designing woman's fashions. Is this beautiful dress one of your creations?"

She was pleased that he'd figured it out. "Yes, I designed and made it."

Gabe said, "Jaz, it truly is beautiful. It's really too bad you can't do fashion design and interior design."

"I agree."

The waiter arrived and recited the night's specials. Jaz changed her mind and ordered the rock crab special. Ted ordered a filet and Gabe, the prime rib.

After the waiter left, Ted raised his wine glass. "I'd like to make a toast." Gabe and Jasmine picked up their glasses and Ted continued, "To Jasmine. May your talent blossom on the charity ball project and your fame spread far and wide."

That was sweet. Smiling, she clinked glasses with them.

Gabe raised a single brow and his lips formed a mischievous lopsided smile. "My turn now."

"No, you don't. I can tell from the look on your face you were going to say something naughty."

Naturally, he feigned shock and hurt.

"Oh, you poor baby. Did I hurt your feelings? What were you going to say?"

That impish smile reappeared. "Merely that your townhouse is near and Ted and I so enjoyed serving you breakfast in bed that we'd like to do it again and again."

A hot flash coursed through her body to her core. "And I suppose you'd like to reprise everything that led up to breakfast in bed."

Gabe's eyes danced with mischief. "Of course. Maybe with a few modifications. I'd love to see your sexy dress come off of you."

Damn, her pussy was heating up and seeping cream at the idea of Ted and Gabe sharing her, again.

She turned to Ted, who, by the smug look on his face, went along with his nephew. "And what about you, Ted? You have no qualms about sharing me with Gabe?"

"Actually, I'd prefer to have you to myself, but like last time, it's your call and I'll take what I can get. Though, I have to admit there is something *very* sexy about you giving yourself to us both."

I'll say. "Yes, there is, but we're not going to do that, thank you." She raised her glass. "To good food, conversation, and companionship without sex." They reluctantly clinked their glasses to hers. "To really getting to know each other, whereupon, I have an announcement to make." They touched glasses once more and then their food arrived.

The food was delicious. So much so they ate with nothing more than, "Could you pass the bread," or, "Mmm, this is fantastic," uttered between them.

After clearing the dishes away, they ordered dessert and coffee and her dates looked upon her expectantly. The time for her announcement had arrived, yet she made small talk until their order was served.

After the waiter had served their dessert and filled their coffee cups, she tasted her crème brulée, added cream to her coffee, and took a sip before she spoke. "As you know, my divorce was granted nine days ago. And by now, I'm sure you also know as a result of that unhappy marriage, I'd decided to forgo future commitments. At least for the foreseeable future." She took hold of their hands. "Then I met two wonderful men, wonderful, helpful, and persistent men." Gazing at each of them, she continued, "Ted, Gabe, you both have indicated you would like to have a relationship with me. Is that right?"

Gabe nodded.

Ted blurted out, "Absolutely."

"You two have made an impression on me. I cannot imagine continuing my life without one of you. Both of you have caused me to re-access my position. She took a sip of coffee and leaned forward her elbows on the table. "Here's the deal. I want a relationship with one of you. Which one? I'm sorry, I still can't make up my mind."

Gabe interrupted her. "Then don't. Like Ted said, half of you is better than none of you. Don't break one of our hearts."

They looked dejected. Could she actually pick one of them? *I must*. "I'm afraid I must. Having sex is fleeting, but a relationship is long term and a commitment should be forever. I can't even conceive of a relationship with two men. Besides, I'm sure you would both start to tire of sharing me and might start to look for someone all for yourself. I have no illusions. You are both extremely good looking, and I'm sure you have women throwing themselves at you all the time. How long could you resist? You might justify being unfaithful

by rationalizing I've been unfaithful. No, life with both of you wouldn't work."

"Ted pulled his hand away and signaled for the waiter. When he came over, he ordered, "I'll have a crème de cacao, please." Gazing at Gabe and her, he asked, "Would either of you like something?"

"That sounds good. It'll go good with my dessert and coffee." "Jaz?"

"Sure, I'll have an amaretto."

Ted turned back to the waiter. "Two crème de cocoas and an amaretto."

After the waiter left, Ted ventured, "What do you have in mind?"

"Courtship," she stated bluntly. "I want to be courted by each of you. I'll be at Tawny Hills for eight more weeks. I want to date each of you during those eight weeks. I want you to treat me as if we never had sex and during those eight weeks, we won't have sex."

She laughed at the pitiful expressions on each of their faces. "Look, I've had sex with both of you within the last sixteen hours. You can go eight weeks without it if I can." She bit her lip to keep from laughing again as dirty looks passed between them.

The waiter brought their drinks and the back waiter refilled their coffee cups. Ted gulped his down and asked for another round.

She took a sip of her amaretto, then poured the rest in her coffee since she was getting another. After sipping her coffee, she continued where she'd left off. "And if you can't hold off for the eight weeks, go get laid. We don't have a relationship yet, so I wouldn't hold it against you."

A horrified look settled on Ted's animated face. "I couldn't do that. I wouldn't want to start a relationship with you, having slept with another. I'm a one at a time person."

I wish I could say that.

Gabe asked, "Me too. I'll wait for your decision. After the eight weeks, you'll pick one of us? For sure?"

"After the ball, I'll pick one of you. I promise."

Ted asked, "Tell me about our dates. How will they work?"

"Just like any date would, except you don't have to ask me out. Since you're only at the ranch on weekends, you can take me out Saturday or Sunday. Gabe can take me out any weekday. Each you will decide what we do and make any necessary arrangements."

The next round of drinks came and Ted, following her example, emptied his snifter into the coffee and took a sip. "Umm, that's good. I'll have to remember this." He turned to her. "Okay, let me get this straight. Each of us will take you out eight times, sans sex, and after the ball, you'll select one of us for a relationship. Is that right?"

She felt a silly grin form on her face as she nodded and concurred, "Right."

"What would happen if you lost control and had sex with one of us, hopefully me?" asked Gabe, as he winked.

Sex, sex, sex. That's all her guys think about. Isn't it wonderful? "I guess, to be fair, I'd have to have sex with the other, but that's not likely. I went the whole year before my divorce without sex."

"That may be true, but were you dating two men you admittedly find irresistible? We've seen your sex drive at work," Gabe reminded her.

He's right. "It's not in my plan, but if it happens, I'll be forthright and we'll deal with it."

With a smirk on his face, Ted asked, "Okay. After eight weeks, you pick me for your relationship. What kind of relationship will we have?"

"We would live together. That is, if I picked you, Mr. Cocky."

Ted leaned back and stuck his chest out. "That's me, Mr. Big Cocky."

"If you're talking about part of your anatomy, you have nothing on Gabe."

Gabe laughed. "You tell him, Jaz."

"Okay, guys." She put her hands over theirs on the tabletop. "Any more questions?"

Ted lifted a finger on his raised hand. "I have one. Have you ruled out marriage?"

She hadn't expected the questions to jump to matrimony. "Hmmm. If after choosing one of you and we have a satisfactory relationship for a year or two, yes, I would consider marriage."

She snapped up the check the waiter set in front of Ted. He reached for it, but she wouldn't let him have it back.

"Hey, what are you doing?"

"I'll take care of this. I wanted to meet with both of you and I invited Gabe." She cringed when she saw the amount, but kept quiet. After all, she'd received a check for fifty thousand dollars that day.

She pulled her wallet from her purse, selected a credit card, and inserted it into the sleeve of the leather binder.

After the waiter returned the binder with her credit card, she filled in the eighty-dollar tip and signed the merchant copy. "Thank you both for a truly splendid evening. I have a full day of work ahead of me tomorrow. Are we ready to go?"

Chapter Thirteen

The next morning, well rested and feeling great, she decided the hot sex she'd received for the last two days had calmed her out-of-control libido, letting her sleep for eight peaceful hours. She took a shower, got dressed, applied a modicum of makeup, then headed for the courtyard and breakfast with Camilla.

She tried to have breakfast with Camilla every morning throughout her stay at Tawny Hills, since she'd found that was the easiest time to consult with the very busy Mrs. Dewhurst. Each morning, she would go over her plans in detail and gain her input. Camilla had a keen intellect and made some key suggestions, but overall, she was pleased with what Jasmine did and constantly praised her efforts.

As usual, she greeted her effusively, "Good morning, Jasmine. My, but you look radiant this fine April morning. How did dinner go last night?"

She'd been taken aback a little from the question. "Oh, thank you Camilla. You look grand yourself as always. Dinner was wonderful. How did you know?" She picked up the carafe and poured coffee into the cup in front of her.

"Teddy, he was beside himself all day with excitement. Finally, he confided in me. I guess he'd been trying to get you to go to dinner with him ever since the party he'd attended." She raised both her brows and cheeks and spoke under her breath, "I think he has very strong feelings for you"

Taking a sip of coffee, she nearly dropped the cup as Jaz spoke, "Ah, Ted and I weren't exactly alone."

Camilla's lips formed a perfect 'O.' "Oh?"

"Gabe was along. I invited him after you told me Brenda had left."

"Hmmm. So I imagine love didn't blossom. Too bad, I can so picture you and Teddy together. Then again I can picture you and Gabe together, too."

She took a quick bite from a prune danish to keep from giggling. Looks like we see things the same way.

After breakfast, she gave Brenda a call. "Brenda Evans, may I help you?"

"Hi, Bren. Where'd you go yesterday? I was going to invite you to dinner with Ted and me."

"Really? Aw, I would've loved to go. Instead, I had to go to dinner at Kerry's parent's house."

"Everything go all right?"

"Yeah, sure. I would have rather gone with you, though. You know how it is with in-laws. No one's ever good enough for their son or daughter."

"Tell me about it. That's one of a thousand reasons my marriage went bust."

"So what's new with you? I looked for you before I left, but I couldn't find you."

"Oh, my computer goofed up and I couldn't work until my computer expert could get there, so I went horseback riding."

"By yourself?"

"At first, yeah. Then Gabe caught up to me and insisted he accompany me, so I wouldn't get lost."

"You were all right with that? Are things straight between you?"

She giggled. "They are now. Brenda, a lot has happened since you left. Let's have lunch this week, my treat. I'll tell you all about it."

"Sounds like fun. Give me a ring when you would like to do it." "Great, I'll do that."

* * * *

Since she'd committed to go on fourteen more dates while she was there, she decided her limited wardrobe needed reinforcements. So she arranged to meet Brenda for lunch on Wednesday, after which she'd go to her townhouse to pick up some more clothes.

Brenda seemed tickled that she'd softened her position and was in the process of choosing either Gabe or Teddy to live with.

The corners of Brenda's lip's curled up and her blue eyes sparkled. "Damn, girl, it's about time you woke up and realized how lucky you are. Tell me how you are going to do this? Point system? Negatives versus positives? Bank account?"

"Pleeeaze, I'm no gold digger. Plus, with the job I'm doing for Ted's mother, I'm in good shape financially."

"Yeah, I like Camilla. I can't wait to go to work for her. It seems like it'll be a whole lot more fun than working for a big corporation. If I were picking, Camilla would be a big plus in favor of Ted. What's Gabe's mother like?"

She was right Camilla would be a great mother-in-law. "You know, Camilla told me she thinks of Gabe like a son. It makes me wonder if Gabe's biological mother is no longer with us. Gabe has never mentioned his family."

Brenda moved her hands excitedly, as she spoke, "Well, when you're having breakfast with Camilla tomorrow, I'd discreetly ask about Gabe's parents. And if they're living reasonably close, ask to meet them. After all, what you're proposing is the first step toward marriage."

She knew what Brenda said was true and she had worked it out already in her mind, but the word marriage chilled her blood. "Good idea. I'll do that when I can work it in."

Brenda started bouncing up and down. "Guess what, Jaz?" She rotated her hands out sideways. "I give."

"I…lost two more pounds. I'm down to one-twenty-eight." Still bouncing, she squealed. "Isn't that exciting?"

"Very. I'm proud of you. I thought you gave me lip service when you told me you'd 'toe the line."

"You know, I may have been, but then the next morning when I stood in front of my bathroom mirror in my panties, I noticed a little bulge on each side just above the elastic and I thought, that's it! That morning instead of fixing my normal breakfast, I ate an apple and had enough time left over to check my emails before heading to work. Then for lunch, I had a salad with the dressing on the side. I've had mostly fruit or salads ever since. I do get hungry in the middle of the night, though. I usually go into the kitchen and eat a handful of berries or grapes and then I'm fine."

Brenda. "Brenda. Last Saturday, when you spent the night at the ranch, did you happen to venture into the kitchen and turn the light on?"

When Brenda turned as red as a strawberry Popsicle, she knew she had the culprit.

"I didn't see anything...really. I had no idea you and Ted were in there."

She leaned in and hugged her friend. "Don't worry about it. I'm glad it was you and not Camilla."

She chirped an anxious laugh. "Yes, that would have been hard to explain to his mother."

Brenda had to get back to work. As they parted, she said she'd help her over the weekend again.

Then it was off to the townhouse to pick up the rest of the clothes and things she would need for the next seven and a half weeks.

* * * *

Thursday night, Gabe took her out. First, he took her to dinner at the French Room at the Adolphus Hotel in downtown Dallas, then, bless his heart, he took her to a symphony, a tribute to Chopin. She liked having a reason to dress up again and wore the second outfit she'd originally brought from home, a short, low-cut, light sienna, beaded chemise and matching pumps. Gabe left his cowboy duds behind and looked fabulous in a black tuxedo, with a white shirt and blue bow tie.

The exquisitely decorated dining room seemed fit for nobility and food was sublime. They started with a bottle of expensive French Bordeaux and Gabe offered a toast.

"A toast." Gabe held his glass up as did Jasmine and taking her free hand in his other hand, toasted. "To you and I, mon amour."

Simply to me and him. She liked that.

As he'd been at Foxworth's, he was effusive with compliments. "You are especially beautiful tonight. I liked your hair up the other night, but I think I like it even more when you wear it down."

Then after buttering up her ego, he joked about how great her dress would look hanging in the closet of one of the hotel rooms. "You know, they have the most beautiful rooms in this hotel. They just want to make you...would you like me to get a suite?" That wicked smile of his formed and he continued, "Your beautiful dress would really look great hanging in the closet or draped across the bed."

She had to admit it sounded intriguing, but if he were going to get her to slip, it would have to be more imaginative than what he proposed. "Oh, and how do you know so much about the rooms here?"

His intense, seductive gaze vanished. In its place was one of glassy eyed confusion. "I, ah...

"Are we ready to order, yet?"

Saved by the waiter.

"Yes, thank you. We are."

The waiter looked at her. "Madam?"

"I'll start with the jumbo lump crab cake appetizer and then I'll have the rack of lamb."

"Very good. And you, sir?"

Seeming to have regained his confidence, he cleared his throat. "I'll have the Kobe Beef appetizer and for the entrée, the beef tenderloin. Also another bottle of Bordeaux when you have time."

"Very well, sir."

The dinner was excellent. Gabe kept throwing a lot of eye and body language at her, but she pretended not to notice. She began to wonder if his plan had been to get her into a hotel suite and if he even had symphony tickets, but alas, Gabe was a man of his word.

Gabe couldn't know, but highbrow music was not her thing. Still, she enjoyed the concert and during intermission, he introduced her to an important potential client.

A tall, good looking, late middle-aged man walked up to them and Gabe put out his hand. "Good evening, Ian. It's good to see you."

The man took Gabe's hand and shook it gregariously. "Yes, I don't believe I've seen you since Emma's funeral."

"Yes, that truly saddened me. Emma was a joy. How are you holding up?"

"I'm doing all right. I still miss her and I'll never forget her, but each day seems a little less painful."

Gabe finally noticed Ian's furtive glances Jaz's way. "I'm sorry, I seem to have forgotten my manners. Ian, I'd like you to meet my very special friend, Jasmine Harper. Jasmine, this is Ian McKeever."

Ian was dignified in an angular sort of way with graying hair and shocking blue eyes. She accepted his hand. "Very nice to meet you."

To which she replied, "Charmed, I'm sure."

Gabe informed her, "Ian runs several boutiques called "Madison's Avenue."

A bit of excitement stirred in her. "I know those stores." She looked from Gabe to Ian. "Very chic. Very trendy. I've bought several things there myself."

Ian grinned. "Ah, a customer. They've been far and few during these times."

"That shouldn't be. Your merchandise is first rate. The only fault I can see is your storefronts and interiors could use a shot of adrenalin."

Ian's brow furrowed as his countenance revealed his sudden interest.

"I should tell you, Ian, that Jaz—we call her Jaz—is a very talented interior designer. Miss Camilla has retained her to do a total makeover of the archaic ranch house in preparation for the Daughter's of the Alamo annual charity ball. You'll have to see it."

A dreamy look appeared on his face. "Ah, yes, Camilla. A fine looking woman. How is your aunt?"

"She's fine. She's finally getting her wish, remodeling the house and she loves working with Jaz."

Ian smiled at her. "Is that right?"

She nodded demurely.

"Tell me more about this adrenalin, Miss Harper."

"Please, call me Jasmine."

He nodded

"It's hard to explain. Your merchandise is first rate, but the stores themselves are a little dowdy. They don't generate the excitement that your clothing deserves."

"I would like to see some of your work."

Gabe laid a hand on Ian's shoulder. "Sure, I'll see that you get an invite to the ball in June."

Ian's eyes narrowed. "No, I'd enjoy attending the ball. I haven't seen your aunt in a year, but I'd like to see some of Jasmine's work sooner."

"Camilla's project is monopolizing my time, but I may be able to squeeze in a couple of preliminary sketches and email them to you."

Ian reached in his vest pocket, pulled out his wallet, and handed a business card to her. "I would like that."

"She also designs women's fashions. Her dress is one of her creations."

Ian's brows raised so high, his forehead wrinkled. He stepped back, his hand on his chin, and scanned her up and down. Unlike when some men do that, she felt comfortable he studied the garment, instead of imagining what lay under it. "I admired your dress and thought about asking where you got it. Do you suppose you could model it for me?"

Having been a fashion model, she sashayed away, swung around, put a hand on her hip, turned full circle, and strutted back.

"You've modeled haven't you?"

"Until four years ago. Yes."

The speaker system advised everyone to take his or her seat. Gabe put an arm around her. "If you think this dress is nice, you should see the blue one she wore last Sunday." Gabe kissed the ends of his fingers and thumb and flicked them open as he jerked his hand from his mouth. "Mmm-uh, just gorgeous."

"I believe you. Jasmine, I would be interested in seeing some of your fashion designs, too. I can assure you, they will be safe. Could you email them, as well?"

After she agreed, they said goodbye and returned to their seats.

For some reason, the second part of the program seemed more enjoyable than the first.

When they returned to the ranch, Gabe made it obvious he was waiting for an invitation into her room, but she thanked him at the kitchen door and gave him a chaste kiss. "I had a great time. Thanks."

* * * *

When she woke up Friday morning, instead of going to breakfast with Camilla, she whipped up a vignette of color sketches for the Madison's Avenue stores and attached them in an email to Ian McKeever. However, she didn't send them. She didn't think they

were good enough, so she removed them. Instead, she attached a dozen of the hundreds of women's fashion design sketches she'd drawn one to three years ago and composed a letter.

Dear Mr. McKeever,

It was such a pleasure meeting you at the symphony. I hope to see you again at the charity ball, if not sooner.

I made some sketches this morning for new facades for your stores and started to send them to you, however, I wasn't satisfied with them. I would like to take more time and do a proper job. In the meantime, I'm sending a few of my dress designs. Keep in mind that the newest of these is a year old.

Yours truly, Jasmine

About ninety minutes later, she noticed she had a return email from Ian.

Dear Miss Harper, Jasmine,

I appreciate your wanting to take your time to do the best you can on the store designs. I look forward to seeing your vision.

Regarding your dress designs, I am fascinated with your flair for design. You mentioned these were a few of your designs. I would like to work with you and see if we couldn't offer these designs in our stores. I would also like to see other designs you may have. Could you possibly come by on Monday for discussions? You may make an appointment through my personal assistant, Gloria, at 205-555-6263.

PS. Please bring your whole portfolio for me to peruse.

Warmest regards, Ian

She was excited beyond description. A dream of hers may be coming true. She had to share the news. She called Brenda.

"Good morning, Brenda Evans. May I help you?"

"Brenda, I'm so excited, I can barely talk. Madison's Avenue wants my dress designs."

"Oh, my God. That is so wonderful. Congratulations! I didn't even think you designed clothes anymore."

"I haven't been. I'm not. They want my old designs. I sent twelve sketches to the president this morning and he wants to talk with me on Monday. Brenda, he wants to see my whole portfolio. I must have four hundred designs in there."

"That is so fabulous. How did you know where to send your designs?"

"I met him last night at a symphony with Gabe."

"Boy, I can't believe how good everything is going for you since you met Gabe and Ted."

"I know. It's like they're my lucky charms."

"We should go to lunch and celebrate."

"I can't, sweetie. I have to work on some other sketches. I may be redesigning their stores, as well."

"My God, you're a one-woman dynamo."

"Thanks. I have to go. I just had to tell you my good news, but I need to get back to work."

"All right. Goodbye, Jaz."

"Bye, I'll call you Monday after my meeting. We'll go to lunch then."

After hanging up with Brenda, she started working on some new sketches for the store designs. She hadn't gotten very far when someone knocked. "Who is it?"

"Gabe."

"Come in."

He opened the door and came in. "Hi. My aunt sent me to make sure you were all right."

"Yes, I'm fine. I usually have breakfast with her, but today I wanted to work on those sketches for Mr. McKeever."

"I'll go tell her you're fine. She'll be glad to hear that."

He turned to go, then stopped and turned back. "Jaz, I know you're not sure if you want to bowl with us, but Tricia our other girl is out of town visiting her sick mother. Could you just bowl tonight? You owe it to us."

"I owe you all right, but not for that."

Gabe, wide-eyed and with mouth open, was obviously confused. "Yes."

She walked to him and hugged him. "Ian. I sent some dress designs to him, and he wants to offer them at Madison's."

"That's wonderful."

He kissed her forehead

And she kissed his lips.

When he started running his tongue along her lips, she decided it was time to beat a hasty retreat. "Now what do I owe you for?"

"Why, that's obvious. Since your bowling nudged us out of first into second place, you owe it to us to help knock the new first place team off."

"You're bowling the first place team?"

"Yes, and we need your help."

Did she dare go back...to the scene of the crime? She did owe Ted and Gabe. Not because she helped beat them in bowling, but for all the good things that have happened to her since. "All right. I'll bowl with you tonight, but if I don't bowl good, don't blame me. I bowled over my head that night."

Gabe's face brightened and edging up, he hugged her. "That's wonderful. Be ready at six."

* * * *

It seemed like old home week at the scene of her original sin, Family Bowling and Recreation Center. Looking back, it was nearly impossible to conceive, considering the mountain of fortune that had fallen on her that her divorce finalized only two weeks ago.

Gabe and she walked in and looked at the bulletin board to see on what lanes they bowled. They headed to thirty-three and thirty-four. Ted and Judy, the pregnant girl, had already arrived. Ted hugged her. "Hurry, you need to get shoes and a ball."

Hurriedly, she walked to the front desk and smiled when the same attendant handed her the same shoes. "Lucky sevens for the lucky lady."

He winked as she looked at him in wonderment. "Hard to forget you. We don't get very many ladies as pretty as you."

She grabbed the shoes, and winked back. "Just for you, I'll bowl two hundred."

As she hurried on her quest to find a ball, she heard him say, "You do that, dahlin."

Jasmine was glad Gabe implored her to bowl because she had a wonderful time. She did even better than when she bowled with Brenda. No, not two hundred, but she came close. Her new high game was now one-ninety-seven and she averaged one seventy-eight for the night. Their team, winning all three games, vaulted back into first place with a two game lead.

Gabe and Ted talked her into visiting the lounge for a drink, promising to behave themselves. With Judy joining them, she figured she'd be safe. As she did before, she ordered a frozen Margarita and as the waitress walked away, who should appear but Brenda. "Jaz, I thought it was you. Did you join Ted and Gabe's team?"

Seeing Brenda, Ted scrambled out of the booth and hugged her. "C'mon and join us. There's plenty of room."

She nodded saying, "Okay," and slid in.

She sat between Ted and Brenda, who posed her question again. "Did you join the bowling league?"

"No, not yet." She hadn't formerly agreed to join and her reason for being reluctant seemed to have evaporated when she agreed to go out with each of them. She enjoyed bowling, especially with her hunks, but she decided it muddled the courtship, having both of them around. "I just filled in for Tricia tonight. I might join after the ball is over."

Brenda's eyes widened. "I'd so love it if you joined. It would be so much fun."

Chapter Fourteen

Saturday was Ted's turn to woo Jasmine. To start with he took her to an ARCA stock car race. She had no idea what ARCA stood for and hadn't really expected to enjoy the race, but when Teddy told her a good friend of his, Jim Tibbets, raced in car number twenty-six, she found it more and more interesting. She had to admit, her adrenalin pumped a mile a minute as Jim tried to pass the lead car, double zero on the stretch, on a race to the finish line only to lose by an eyelash.

After the race was over, Ted and she headed down to the field, where they watched Ted's friend receive the second place trophy. She noticed he had an electric smile and when he removed his helmet, a shock of brown hair fell over his forehead. He had brown eyes, high cheekbones, and chiseled features. He seemed to be medium height and looked very dapper in his logo-filled racing outfit.

After receiving the trophy, he looked out over his fifty or so cheering, adoring fans and they locked gazes. At first, he looked confused, then he saw Ted and smiled. They were about thirty feet away and Jim waved, left the award platform, and weaved his way through the crowd.

He walked up to them. "Hey, Teddy boy, so glad you could make it." He stuck out a hand and when Ted grasped his hand, he pulled Ted in and hugged him. After that, he turned his attention to her. "What have we here?" He stuck his hand out and flashed bright white teeth. "Hi, I'm Jim Tibbets."

She smiled back. "Hi, I'm Jasmine. Jasmine Harper."

She took his hand and just as he did with Ted, he pulled her into an embrace. When she backed away, he sort of apologized. "Sorry, Jasmine, I'm just so excited about coming," he held his finger and thumb an inch apart, "this close to winning the race." He pounded Ted on the back. "Who is this gorgeous thing, Teddy boy? Have you been holding out on me?"

With a smirk, she leaned to Teddy boy and whispered, "Please tell me you haven't been intimate with Jimmy Boy."

He laughed. Turning and smiling, he wagged his forefinger at her, "I'm going to get you for that."

Jim's lips pursed and his brow furrowed. "Did I miss something?"

Ted shook his head. "No, Jim. Private joke. To answer your question, no, I haven't been holding out on you. This is only our second real date. Jasmine and I are about to go to Tee-Bones. Would you like to meet us there?"

"Hey, thanks. I think I'd like that. There was a groupie hanging around a few minutes ago. Can I bring her?"

"The more the merrier."

* * * *

Tee-Bones was a rustic, honky-tonk, cowboy steakhouse/saloon located in Carrollton. They arrived before Jim and his groupie, so they grabbed a booth. Since they got there early, the place was only halffull. Jaz pointed to a bandstand and Ted said, "Yeah, a rock-a-billy band called Olive Oil plays here on weekends. Gotta lady singer that looks just like the cartoon character, but, damn, does she belt out the songs. In a couple hours, the rafters will be shaking."

They ordered drinks. She ordered a pina colada and Teddy ordered a Heinekens.

After a few minutes, Jim came in and took a seat.

Ted looked Jim in the eye. "Where's your groupie?"

He shook his head, a disgusted scowl on his face. "Found out she came with her parents. What's more, she was only fifteen." He shook

his head. "Man, they sure grow up young these days. I knew she couldn't be twenty-one but *fifteen*.

"You know, Teddy, I really like your girlfriend."

"Yeah, so do I, so don't get any ideas."

Laughing, Jim snapped his head back and raised his arms in mock surrender. "No problem. I can see she's into you, anyway. Jasmine, tell me where did you two meet?"

"At Family Bowling and Recreation Center."

Jim's brows rose in tandem. "In the Friday night mixed doubles bowling league?"

She nodded. "Ah-huh."

"Huh! I bowl in that league. That's where I met your lug-head boyfriend. I've never seen you and I *certainly* would've remembered you."

She slipped her arm through Ted's. "Hey, I kind of like this guy. I just filled in bowling for another girl. My girlfriend, Brenda, asked me."

"Oh, yeah, I know Brenda. She's beautiful. I planned on asking her out until someone told me she was engaged. The good ones go fast."

"Yeah, Brenda's hot. Have you noticed how much weight she's lost lately?"

"I'll say. Yeah, she's so cute." Jim squeezed his eye's shut and gritted his teeth. "I could just take her and..."

Jaz laughed as Jim opened his eyes and looked around. "I guess I got carried away." He put his hand on hers. "Sorry, I could get just as excited about you, believe me."

Jim was cute. She so wished her best friend hadn't gotten engaged to Kerry.

Later at the ranch, Ted also tried to gain entrance to her boudoir, without success.

They tested her, but she knew if she could keep passion out of their dates, she could keep her libido in line. * * * *

When Monday arrived, because of her ten o'clock appointment with Ian McKeever, she was particularly jittery. Over her busy weekend, she'd managed to get one set of store designs finished and her portfolio of clothing designs was ready to go.

When Jaz joined her for breakfast, Camilla noticed her tension. "What's the matter, dear? You seem as nervous as a long tailed cat in a retirement home full of rocking chairs."

She laughed nervously at Camilla's colloquialism. "I have an appointment this morning with the president of Madison's Avenue."

Camilla's eyes narrowed, "Ian. What about?"

She rubbed her perspiring hands together. "About producing my dress designs."

"My dear, that's marvelous. I didn't know you designed clothes, too. You are an amazing woman. What other things are you good at?"

Sex? She's talking about sex. Buck up. It was a reasonable question. "Cooking. I'm a pretty good cook. I also dabble at watercolors."

"That's exciting. You'll have to show me your work sometime. "You know, before I married Ted's father, I used to go with Ian. I think the world of him. Tell me how did you happen to contact Ian?"

"I met him at a symphony Gabe and I attended Thursday night."

"Oh, you've gone out with Gabe?"

"Yes, that was our first date. I went out with Ted, too. I hope you don't mind."

She waved a hand as if brushing off her absurd question. "Heavens no. They're both grown men."

Jasmine grew serious. "May I ask you a question?"

"Of course dear, ask away."

"I know nothing of Gabe's family. Can you tell me about his mother?"

The china cup Camilla was lifting to her lips suddenly crashed to her plate, spraying the tepid tea in a hundred and eighty degree arc. She stood knocking her chair backward and over as she wiped the wetness on her dress with a napkin. Chen ran over, blotting the liquid off the ruined food and table.

"Matilda fix more. I bring." He picked up the plate and hurried off.

Camilla attempted to smile, but Jasmine could tell it was forced. "I'm sorry. You could not have known. We don't talk about Rebecca around here. I raised Gabriel from the age of two. In all ways except biologically, I am his mother."

Well, that's a fine way to start the day off. I hope the meeting goes better.

Shaken, Jasmine rose and kissed Camilla tentatively on the cheek. "I better run. I don't want to be late."

As she rushed away, she heard, "Good luck."

* * * *

When she arrived at Madison's Avenue headquarters, Gloria, who turned out to be a young, pretty, African American woman, asked her to be seated. "He's in another meeting right now. It'll probably be fifteen or twenty minutes. Can I bring you something? Coffee, water, tea, soda?"

"Coffee would be nice."

"How do you like it?"

"Half and half or creamer if you don't have half and half."

"Coming right up."

She began to thumb through a fashion trade magazine and had a startling thought. *Can you believe it?* Some of her work could show up in future issues of this magazine.

In the middle of her daydream, Gloria appeared with her coffee. "Here you go." She started to back away then paused. "Excuse me. I'm very curious. Are you a model? You're very pretty."

She smiled. "Thanks, I used to be. I'm here as a fashion designer. How about you? You're pretty, too. Have you done modeling?"

Her broad smile revealed beautifully placed, bright white teeth. "A little when I was fifteen and sixteen."

Just then, the intercom buzzed on Gloria's desk. She rushed back, picked up the handset, and said something Jaz didn't catch. Then she straightened and smiled at her. "Mr. McKeever will see you now."

"Thank you." She set the magazine down, rose, wiped her hands on her skirt, and walked into Ian's office, her coffee in one hand and her portfolio in the other.

Ian, sitting behind a large wood desk, stood as she walked in. She noticed a middle-aged woman sitting on a couch along the wall. There were two chairs in front of Ian's desk and she headed there. "Miss Harper, don't you look lovely this morning. Please take a seat." He indicated the chairs in front of his desk and held out his hand.

Smiling, she shook his hand and picked the chair that allowed her to see the woman. As she took a seat, she nodded at the woman and she nodded back.

"I hope you don't mind I invited my marketing director, Kit Samuelson to sit in. Kit, this is Jasmine Harper. The woman I told you about."

She nodded again.

"Kit and I have been reviewing the sketches you emailed us. Both of us like them very much." He nodded at her portfolio. "Are those your other sketches?"

She lifted the portfolio to him and he took it. "I think it would be easier to view these on the conference table." Ian took the handle and started around his desk. Ladies, let's go to the conference room."

As they followed Ian down the wide hallway, Kit offered her hand. "I'm so glad to meet you. Sorry for the awkward introduction, he asked me to stay at the last minute."

She took her hand. "Don't worry about it."

They walked into the conference room and took seats toward the end of the long table. Ian took the sketches out of the portfolio and handed them to Kit. "Go through these sketches and put the ones you like in a pile.

She did. It must have taken the better part of an hour, but she put the sketches into two piles. Most of the sketches went into the pile on the left.

"In addition to being our marketing director, Kit is our head buyer, so she knows clothes and design." Ian picked up the smaller pile. "Let's see what we have here."

Kit cleared her throat. "Eh-hum."

Ian looked at her.

"You picked the discards."

His mouth opened and then as he replaced the smaller pile with the larger, he smiled. "All the better." He looked at Kit.

She nodded.

Ian turned to her. "Jasmine. As I mentioned in my email, we would like to produce and offer some of your designs in our stores. Here's what we are prepared to do."

* * * *

She felt on top of the world as she drove home. She was so excited about the outcome of the meeting, she had to tell someone. She reached in her purse for her cell phone intending to call Brenda. No, it was Gabe, who introduced her to Ian.

Pulling into the ranch compound, instead of parking in front, as she usually did, she drove straight into the cluster of adjacent buildings. When she saw a shirtless ranch hand raking something at the opening of the barn, she slammed on the brakes. Stopping suddenly, the Mustang's tires skidded several feet across the dirt and the square-jawed man looked up, smiled, and leaned on the rake. Opening the door, she jumped out and strode up to him as he watched

her with his cool, steel blue eyes, shaded from the sunlight by a cowpoke style straw hat, hiding most of his golden brown tresses peeking through. She didn't find him particularly attractive, but she knew many women would. She could tell by his confident leer and well muscled frame, he did all right with the ladies. This had to be Billy Joe,

Starting to address him, he beat her to it. "Well, if it isn't the pretty decorator lady. I'll bet you're lookin' for Gabe."

Her hand rose to shield her eye's from the bright sunlight. "And you'd be right. Is he around?"

The man turned his head and spit beside him. "Sorry, ma'am. I wasn't expecting any visitors and just took a big chaw." He took his right hand away from the rake handle, wiped it on his dusty jeans, and extended it. "Billy Joe's the name."

She shook his hand, which was much more calloused than Gabe or Ted's. "I heard about you. Gabe told me you said some things about me that he didn't dare repeat."

His face and impressive physique turned a rosy red. "Dey was all compliments, ma'am." He raised his head as if to emphasize what he said. "As God is my witness."

"If they were compliments, why wouldn't he tell me?"

"You'd have to ask him that. I do believe the boss man's in his apartment in the bunkhouse. Said sometin' about catchin' up on paperwork."

She glanced around. "And where might that be?"

His gaze wandered across the road. "About where you screeched to a halt."

She said thank you and took her leave of Billy Joe.

Then she clacked the knocker on the door, three times. The rejoinder came in the form of Gabe's husky voice. "Come in. It's always open." When she swung the door open, he looked up and continued, "Especially for you." He rose from his table and came

around to greet her properly with a hug and a languid but tongue-less kiss.

"What brings you to my abode?"

She clasped her hands together between her breasts. "I'm just bursting at the seams to tell someone my fantastic news."

"Sit down. Can I get you anything?"

"Water, maybe. I'm parched." She looked at the table. It had his paperwork all over it.

Gabe understood her indecision and stacked the paperwork on one corner of the table. She sat as he went for her water. "I'm all ears."

"Gabe, I met with Ian this morning and he's giving me an unbelievable opportunity."

He set a glass of water in front of her and sat down.

She gulped down half the glass, reached over, and clasped his hand. "The details have to be worked out, but in essence they want to produce my designs and market them. They're strapped for money, so for the time being, they'll pay me in stock."

Gabe's features displayed a series of emotions from astonishment to joy and settled on love. "Oh, my God. I'm so happy for you."

He started to lean into her for a kiss, but she stalled it. "Wait, there's more. These clothes will be marketed in a converted Madison's Avenue store right here in Dallas called 'Jasmine's,' which I will have the honor of designing."

"I'm so happy for you." He looked at her expectantly. "Can I kiss you now?"

She raised his hand and bent down and kissed it. "Not yet. When I'm through. After the ball, I will be made Art and Fashion Director and if 'Jasmine's' is a success, we'll be converting half the Madison's Avenue stores to 'Jasmine's' and refurbishing the remaining M.A. stores."

She stared at Gabe.

He gazed at her. "Yes?"

"That's it. Isn't it fabulous? And I owe it all to you. Now you can kiss me."

And he did. A wonderful tongue-filled kiss that made her belly turn and heated her nether regions.

She pulled away and breathed deeply. "Phew."

Gabe stared past her ear. "This calls for a celebration."

She turned and glanced at what he'd been staring at. A half opened door. "What's in there?"

A tint of red colored his face. "My bedroom."

She wanted to celebrate that way, too, but she couldn't. She grasped his hand and kissed it a second time. "Sweetheart, I can't think of a way I'd rather celebrate than getting in bed with you, but that's against the rules I set up at Foxworth's. How about if I rustle up some lunch for you and tonight I take you to dinner?"

* * * *

Between working at both the ranch and with Kit at M.A., then dating her fabulous lovers, she stayed so busy, the next seven weeks zipped by. They completed the remodeling and interior design work by June 13th, two days before the ball, and Camilla seemed genuinely thrilled.

She had to admit, Gabe had been a tremendous help. He turned out to be a hands-on guy, just as Camilla had said and her admiration for him grew to match her attraction.

Ted was a big picture guy. He also helped a lot, though he got less involved in the little nagging things that Gabe seemed so proficient at making disappear.

Camilla interviewed Brenda and hired her. She was to start after she returned from her honeymoon, which would be July 13th, four weeks after the ball.

Meanwhile, Camilla filled the position with temporary help. She said Jasmine was the best interior designer ever and would sing her praises to anyone who would listen.

Camilla's bark was worse than her bite and she managed to slip ten thousand dollars cash in a sealed envelope to her. "Here's a little something for a job completed beyond even my demanding expectations. Take tomorrow off and go shopping. Take Brenda with you. Here's something for her, too." She handed her another, thinner envelop. I want both of you to buy something exquisite to wear at the ball." Camilla's eyes sparkled. "I want my girls to look *smashing*."

* * * *

Despite all the wonderful things that happened for Jasmine since her divorce became final, there was one thing that really bothered her. She'd promised to pick either Ted or Gabe to have a relationship with, yet with only two days left 'til the ball, she still hadn't decided. She supposed she could flip a coin like she had that first night and nearly started a fight, or she could go eenie meenie mynee mo. *Yeah right!* For a potential rest of her life decision she's going to say 'eenie meenie mynee mo' or 'heads or tails.'

That night in her room, she decided to list the pros and cons of each man. After five minutes, she crumpled up the paper and threw it against the wall. Neither one had any negatives. Was that possible? They were both handsome, considerate, generous, loving, sexy. *Oh, were they sexy*. They were attentive, thoughtful, smart, rich, not that it mattered but she wouldn't hold being rich against them. Most important of all, they were fantastic in bed. *Hmmm. If one is good, two is twice as good. Monogamy? Polyamory? Polyfidelity?* She needed to think outside the box.

The company Brenda selected, Gala's Galore, began setting up for the ball on the following day. Brenda continued her diet during the ensuing eight weeks and managed to lose another eleven pounds. Good for her. She weighed 119 pounds and looked fantastic. She wouldn't want to have to compete with her in a beauty contest. Even though she was engaged, Ted acted almost as interested in Brenda as he did in her. Strangely, it didn't bother her.

As instructed, Brenda and she took the day off and headed for a large mall in Plano with their newfound wealth—the bonus money. Brenda picked out a gorgeous coral and silver, spaghetti strap ball gown with a V-neckline and sparkling detailed bodice, gathered, pick-up skirt and a built in crinoline petticoat for fullness. It was stunning but too fluffy and full for Jasmine's tastes. It reminded her of something Scarlet O'Hara in *Gone with the Wind* might wear.

Jaz fell in love with a shimmering, sexy, low-cut, low-backed, slinky, silver, beaded gown, from their bold line, but with Brenda's input, chickened out. They decided she should be more conservative than siren and picked something from their classic line. It was an equally beautiful, gold-bronze, satin gown with spaghetti strap halter, beading on bodice, back and through the skirt. Brenda agreed the second gown evidenced the good design taste a top-flight decorator should display. However, while Brenda was checking out her purchase at the counter, still drawn to the original dress, she ran back and added the sexy dress to her purchases. She figured she could use it on a sexy double date—double the pleasure with a pair of studs she had in mind.

Walking out of the store, dresses in hand, Jasmine and Brenda stepped on the escalator to the lower floor. "That was fun, but now I'm hungry. Don't they have a food court around here?"

Jasmine shook her head. "Yes, there's a food court, but I wouldn't recommend eating there unless you want to start gaining back some of that hard earned weight loss. I'll tell you what. Since I've barely put a dent into my bonus money I'll buy you lunch at a new restaurant called Sweet Tomatoes, near here, which I've heard good things about."

Brenda's eyes rounded as a broad smile blossomed. "Oh yeah, I've been wanting to try that, too."

"Good, I have something to tell you anyway."

"What?"

"It has to do with my decision about Gabe and Ted."

Brenda scrunched her nose. "C'mon Jaz. Tell me."

"I will, when we get there."

* * * *

The day that'd seemed so far away when they'd started was upon them, and she acted as nervous as the groom at a shotgun wedding. Popping another Rolaids tablet, Jaz stared once more at herself in the mirror. She had to admit Camilla's beautician did a fabulous job on her hair, curling the ends, tying them back, and letting them hang over her shoulders with two innocent strands curling down her cheek.

She'd applied her makeup and it looked great, but something seemed to be missing. Her fingers went to her empty neck and she realized her neck and chest were too bare. She didn't own anything large and expressive enough to wear with the gown, so she'd decided to go without, but that didn't seem to work. Now, she became sorry she had refused that beautiful diamond and opal necklace Gabe tried to give her.

Someone knocked at the door. "Come in," she yelled while standing at the bathroom vanity.

"Ummm, don't you look scrumptious," came a familiar, sexy baritone voice.

She turned and faced Gabe, all decked out in a white tux with a burgundy cummerbund and bow tie. A warm, fuzzy feeling started below. God, he looked good. "So do you," she replied, hoping her desire wasn't too obvious.

He flashed an 'aw shucks' smile and then looked serious. He lifted and opened the case he'd been holding and raised the cover. It was the sparkling necklace she wished she had. "You don't have to

keep this, but I'd like to see it on you. I pictured it on you when I bought it and I'd like to see if reality is as good as my imagination."

She turned back to the mirror and smiled coyly. "Would you?"

He chuckled. Removing the necklace from the case, he held it up to her neck. "Do you like it?"

It was perfect, the missing link. "I love it."

He fastened it, and she turned and kissed his surprised face with passion. Seeing his lipstick covered face as she pulled away, she giggled. "Your face is a mess."

"So's yours."

She glanced in the mirror and sighed. "It's fixable." She grabbed a piece of Kleenex and wiped his beautiful puss. She spoke of the necklace. "Now this is the way it's supposed to work. You give me something and I reward you, not I give you something and you reward me."

He took her two hands and held them between them. "Point made and stored for future use. That is if there is a future use."

She gazed at his white, white smile and stared into his blue, blue eyes. The only thing lacking was two horns as a wickedly sinful smile formed on her face. "It's been a long time since I've had sex. I plan on getting laid tonight. Any takers?"

Gabe threw his head back and chortled. "I love it when you get nasty. Will I do?"

"It's a start."

"Ted?"

She nodded. "Uh-huh."

"I'll ask him. Is that enough?"

She was in a devilish mood. She put her fingers to her chin. "Hmmm. How about Chen?"

Gabe laughed so much, he fell against the wall. When he slowed down, he stuck out a hand and explained, "I'm sorry. The image of you and...," and started to laugh all over.

After he left, she recalled the rationale for the decision she'd made two nights previous.

That night, when Jaz decided to think outside of the box, she made a list, which compared benefits of living with both of her men versus the negatives. There were negatives, for sure. Mostly, social stigma, but if she could overlook that, the benefits became overwhelming.

Setting the major perk—sex—aside, there were small benefits like three salaries, consolidation of expenses, shared housework, cooking and childrearing. Then came the emotional benefits, increased companionship and romance, the ability to have children with two, albeit related, men and, of course, for her, double the love—something she realized, she craved.

The sexual benefits seemed obvious, but there was one she'd never thought about. Her men would constantly be seeking her favor. They, without realizing it, would be in competition, to keep the relationship on an even keel.

In so many marriages, years took a toll on the sexual relationship as interest faded. However, if in such a marriage, another partner were willing and able to pick up the slack, she doubted there would ever be any slack. Then there was appearance. It was doubtful in a three-way relationship, that either Gabe or Ted would let their appearance slide. They would stay young, sleek, virile and, as a result, would remain healthier longer. She nearly swooned in ecstasy at the extension of her thought. *It would be as if they were courting me... forever*.

Excited with her decision, while she reapplied her makeup, another knock came at the door. She went to the door expecting it to be Gabe. To her surprise, Chen stood there. She had to bite her lip to keep from giggling at the quiet little man who barely reached her shoulders and who she'd joked about being her lover. "Yes, Chen."

"Missy wants to see you before ball."

[&]quot;In her bedroom?"

[&]quot;No, study."

"Okay, tell her I'll be there shortly."

She shut the door and took one last look in the mirror. Satisfied, she picked up her wrist purse and went to see her patron lady.

Chapter Fifteen

What did Camilla want? Her door had been ajar, so Jaz slipped in. She sat at her desk going over some papers in a stunning one shoulder, silky white dress, a two-inch diamond choker, and her long platinum hair up in an elaborate French twist with a diamond tiara. "Camilla, you look spectacular."

She looked up, casting an effusive smile. "So do you. My, you are lovely."

A little embarrassed, she replied, "Chen mentioned you wanted to see me."

"Yes, of course. There's something I need to tell you and I wanted to ask you about something else. Please have a seat. Would you like anything to drink?"

She sat in one of the chairs in front of her desk, upright, with her hands on her lap and legs together, slightly slanted. "Thanks, but I better not. I'll probably get plenty before the evening is over."

"I'm sure you're right." She paused and stared at her chest. "What a beautiful necklace."

"Isn't it? Your nephew gave it to me. What did you wish to know?"

"First, I want to explain something to you. A guest named Geoffrey Harrison will be my escort tonight. I started seeing him ten months ago, almost a year after the passing of Mr. Dewhurst."

She beamed. "That's wonderful. I'm so happy for you."

"Thank you. He makes me very happy. You may be surprised to see that Geoff is several years younger than me."

"That happens a lot nowadays, but really you look young enough to be Teddy's older sister."

"Thank you, you're too kind. I know a number of older women are taking younger lovers, but usually not sixteen years younger. Sexual mores have been turned upside down from when I was growing up. Not counting that anomaly known as the hippies, one didn't even kiss on the first date. Now, some men and women, perfect strangers, hook up in clubs and go somewhere to have sex."

Like I did with Ted and Gabe. She wondered where Camilla was heading. "Jasmine, I want you to know I've grown very fond of you. You are bright, articulate, talented and," she swung her hand backward across her desk in her direction, "God knows, beautiful. You are just the kind of person I would have wished for had I been fortunate enough to have a daughter."

"Thank you. You are very kind."

She held up her hand. "Though it is true you would be my ideal daughter, I didn't tell you this to pay you a compliment. Your ego will be flying with compliments by the time this night ends. I told you about Geoff and me for two reasons. One, so you wouldn't be surprised and two, so you know I am open minded when it comes to sex."

She felt like scratching her head, wondering where Camilla was going. Instead, she leaned forward and sat even straighter.

"I can tell from your eyes you're wondering what I'm about to say."

She nodded.

"Working in close proximity with people for a period of time, things have a way of coming out."

She'd been holding some papers, studying them, but now her gaze bored into her. "Things like the fact that you slept with my son...and my nephew."

Jaz was stunned. Without thinking, she blurted out, "How did you know?" *The pictures?*

A satisfied smile formed on her devious lips. "Actually, I wasn't sure, but I am now."

Oh, Camilla, you sneaky lady.

"Tell me, do you live at 1745 W. Saddle Glen Drive?"

"Yes. What?"

She slid a small stack of invoices across the desk. "It seems you received some twenty-four hundred dollars worth of flowers from our florist."

Jaz didn't need to look at them. She just needed to know what her employer was after.

She leaned back in her chair, a gotcha grin on her lips, and cathedraled her long, elegant fingers in front of her chin. "My, all those flowers and that gorgeous necklace. You must be a real firecracker in bed."

She'd never heard that expression before, but she liked it and eased into the idea of being a firecracker. However, she didn't know how to respond, so she went with the flow. She held up her right wrist. "Not to mention my favorite bracelet. What do you want, Camilla?"

That got her. She fidgeted around in her seat. "I want to know your intentions. As I told you, I'm open minded about sex. Theodore and Gabriel are handsome, virile, fun loving boys, and I'm sure they found you extremely attractive. You wanted to have a little fun and they wanted to have fun. I have no problem with that, but," she held up the invoices and nodded in the direction of her necklace, "things appear to have progressed past the fun part. At least, it seems as far as my boys are concerned. Do you have marriage in mind with either of them?"

Jaz shook her head with emphasis. "No."

Camilla leaned forward, elbows on her desk. "Do you intend to continue your relationship with one of them?"

"Yes."

"Which one?"

She didn't respond.

Wide eyed and mouth agape, a look of incredulity formed on her face. "Both of them?" she screeched.

Jaz tilted her head and smiled with what she was sure seemed to be a smug look, shrugged, and with elbows in, held her hands out to the side. "Sorry, I just can't pick."

"Can you handle that? I mean more than sexually. From the size of your flower dowry, I'm sure you could handle a platoon of sailors after six months at sea. I mean emotionally."

Somehow, she didn't think the sailor comment was meant as a compliment. "Oh, yeah, there's nothing like being simultaneously pleased by two men."

Camilla's mouth was agape. "Together? You've been with them...together?"

She leaned back into her chair and moved her hands for emphasis. "Camilla, if you've never experienced a ménage a trois, you have no concept of how fantastic it feels."

Camilla leaned back, her fingers stroking her chin. "Hmmm, from what you say, I may have to find out for myself." A single brow rose and she turned her head slightly. "I have never had a stronger sexual drive than I now possess."

Jaz smiled broadly and raised her brows. For a woman in her early fifties, she seemed vivacious—extremely attractive, and in great shape. If she hadn't known Camilla was Ted's mother, it would be logical to assume her to be ten to fifteen years younger. "If that is the case, you may need reinforcements."

Reaching behind her to the credenza, Camilla poured a glass of Wild Turkey, neat. After drinking half, she turned back to her. "I do believe you like the present situation and have no intention of changing things. Am I right?"

She nodded. "A fair analysis."

"And they're content with sharing you? No jealousy?"

"So far, no, but I was only with both of them once. I'll find out tonight."

"Tonight?" Camilla raised a single eyebrow and sighed. "My main concern is that Ted or Gabe, or both, would get hurt, so much to my surprise, this actually works for me. I may want to discuss other options with you in the future, since I'd like grandchildren, but for now, you have my blessing."

She didn't know why she did it. She actually felt silly now, but she got up, hugged Camilla, and kissed her cheek. "Thank you, Camilla."

* * * *

The ball was a smashing success, which thrilled all of them, especially Camilla. In all, the Daughters of the Alamo raised four point two-five million dollars from the ball, a record amount. Jasmine got to meet Geoffrey Harrison, Camilla's love interest, and was quite impressed. He appeared almost as handsome as Gabe and Ted though darker, brown eyes and slightly graying black hair. He seemed genuinely attached to Camilla.

Camilla, when she wasn't kidding Jasmine about being as sexed up as she, did her darndest to line up future work for Jasmine by bringing her into the Daughters' circle. To anyone who'd listen, Camilla introduced her as the phenomenal artist who had used their house for a canvas to create a masterpiece. Before the ball ended, Jasmine had passed out thirty cards and made three appointments.

Guests wandered throughout the living areas, but the bulk stayed in the grand room off the foyer and outside in the courtyard where the dance floor had been located and a live band held forth. Their worries of bad weather proved needless, being a warm, calm, beautiful night.

While Jaz enjoyed watching the people dance and listening to the music, an unknown person walked up behind her and put his arms around her. "You look unbelievably ravishing tonight, my love."

She turned and smiled impishly, "Why thank you, Ted. You're not so bad yourself."

He bowed from the waist. "May I have this dance?"

A medium speed song, Dirty Laundry, was playing. "Of course."

On the dance floor, she expected to dance the swing, but Ted had other ideas and started leading her to the two-step. "This would be a great song to strip to. Wouldn't it?"

She sniggered and nodded agreement.

As they turned a corner, she saw Camilla dancing with Ian. Well, I'll be. She flashed back to the look on his face and remembered what he said, 'Ah, yes, Camilla. A fine looking woman.' She had a feeling about the two of them.

"Did you notice your mother and Ian are dancing?

"I did. I think Cupid may be in the air."

"You know, I've never thanked you for recommending me to your mother."

"Don't worry your pretty little head about it. Besides from what Gabe tells me, you may be giving me plenty of thanks later. I understand you're in the mood for some fun tonight."

"I am and you're invited."

"Here's my RSVP." Ted laid a hot one on her lips.

She broke the kiss, hoping no one had spotted them. "Save it for later, hon. We're on display as long as the party lasts. It's bad enough your mother knows about us, we don't have to let everyone know our secret."

Ted's hand's dug into her back and hand. In a panicked voice, he questioned her, "My mother knows about us? How? Did you tell her?"

"Heavens no. Apparently you and Gabe were charging all the flowers you gave me on the ranch's account."

Ted seemed to shrink an inch. "She knows about Gabe, too?"

"I'm afraid so. Smart lady, your mother."

He stopped dancing. "Damn. What'd she say?"

"She gave us her blessing. She was worried that I'd choose one of you, thereby hurting the other. She does seem to want us to tighten up our relationship, which is something I want to do, anyway. I plan to have a discussion before we get too far along tonight."

He was about to say something when her other man cut in. The band had started playing a faster song, *Kryptonite*, and they danced the swing. As she zipped past him, he said, "We have to talk."

On the return, she asked, "About what?"

When he answered, "Brenda." She stopped.

"What about her?"

He hustled her off the dance floor to a quiet place in the house.

"I like Brenda. She's good people."

"I know. We've been friends since I was seven. I love her like a sister."

"Then why are you letting her marry that...that misogynist pig? That orangutan."

She set her fists on her hips. "What the hell are you talking about?"

"I was mingling as we're supposed to, when I saw Brenda dash out of the grand room visibly upset. I excused myself and went to see what was wrong. I noticed she'd run down the hall and caught sight of her just as she ducked into your bedroom. I went to the door and heard her sobbing, so I went in and had a talk with her. She had a spat with her twit of a boyfriend—soon to be husband—Kerry. It seems, after Ted had visited their table to say hi, he thought she'd been a little too friendly to him. He accused her of fucking Ted and called her a cunt. What an asshole. Have you ever met the guy?"

"Once, when she first started going with him."

"And?"

"He seemed okay. Maybe he behaved himself for the occasion. He was nice looking enough, but he made me uncomfortable, like there was something hiding below the surface."

He spoke through gritted teeth, "Well, I met him tonight and took an instant dislike to the haughty little fuck."

She laid two hands flat upon his chest. "Did I ever tell you how attractive you are when you're angry? Sexy too. I can't wait for later."

Is that a smile? "Me either. I asked Ted and he's on board."

She waved her hand across her lips as if putting out a fire. "I know. He kissed me on the dance floor."

Gabe grew serious again. "Why'd you change the subject?"

"Because the mold is cast. I knew things weren't right. I tried on numerous occasions to get her to talk, but she would only clam up. Look, she's twenty-six and getting married in a month. Do you honestly think we could talk her out of it at this point?

"Probably not, but we can't just do nothing."

"Let me know if you think of anything."

* * * *

As the ball began to wind down Jasmine would get periodic glances and head nods from each of her men.

No place on the ranch seemed discreet enough, so they decided Jasmine's townhouse would be the most private, and if Vickie heard again, Jasmine didn't think she'd mind.

They were anxious and so was she, but she didn't want to be rude, so she sent Ted and Gabe ahead, but stayed a while longer.

At a little eleven, when approximately half the guests had left, she tapped Camilla on the shoulder.

Camilla turned, eyes and cheeks elevated by the broad, happy smile that formed for her girl. Taking Jaz's hands in hers, she expressed her joy. "Jasmine, I'm so happy. Several guests have told me this was the best ball yet. And they rave about the house. I owe it all to you."

"You owe me nothing. You paid me and paid me well."

"True, but you performed beyond expectations under trying conditions. Now what can I do for you?"

"Mother, do you think you and Brenda could handle everything from here."

She lifted a hand to her mouth. "Of course, you have other plans. Go. Go, go, go."

Chapter Sixteen

With Ted and Gabe having left thirty minutes before, she hoped no one would get suspicious. The valet retrieved her Mustang and after a nervous twenty-minute drive, Jasmine pulled up to her home. Having given Gabe her garage door remote, she parked in the street.

This was her wedding day. Night actually, and she was excited beyond reason, and anxious. What if they're not here? What if they changed their mind?

However, the minute she opened the door she knew she'd made the best decision she ever made.

The first thing she saw was Gabe and Ted's broad smiles. They were wearing pajama bottoms—matching red, silk bottoms. They reached out, took a hand and helped her across the threshold. Inside, Gabe kissed her fervently. Ted followed by handing her a flute of Dom Perignon and kissing her even more passionately.

When they parted to let her pass was when she saw the flowers. There were flowers everywhere. There must have been close to a thousand blooms with every nook and cranny holding a bouquet.

With tears streaming down her cheeks, she looked at each of them. "How?"

Gabe wiped her tears away, and Ted cupped her chin. "It doesn't matter. Just know that we love you as much as life itself."

Gabe continued, "And I for one am grateful that you didn't close one of us out of your life."

"Me too," Ted added, "I didn't like the odds."

"I just couldn't pick." She kept turning, surveying everything. "Amazing, this..." She choked up. "This...is...just beautiful. You

guys really are special. But how? You didn't even know about my decision until the ball started. And how did you even get in?"

Gabe laughed. "If I may paraphrase an old Beatle song title, we had a little help from our friends."

Jasmine's lips tightened. "Brenda!"

They both laughed. Ted put his arm around her waist. "Don't be angry. She even helped. She loves you, you know."

Still tight lipped, the ends of her lips now curled up and she nodded.

"Now, Gabe and I have taken pictures of all these beautiful flowers, but the most beautiful flower of all is missing. Would you pose for us before we take your gorgeous sexy dress off?"

She wrapped her hands behind the neck of both of men, bringing them down to her level, where she kissed one after the other. "I love you guys."

"Whoa. Did you hear that Gabe. Finally, she said she loves us."

"Yeah, I knew it all along. She just couldn't tell us. Isn't that right, babe?"

She nodded. "Not when I was supposed to be picking one of you. Where do you want me to pose?"

"How about right here."

She moved to the spot Ted designated, and he stepped back and snapped a picture. "A couple more poses, then we have something else to show you."

After Ted finished, Gabe walked up, carrying one of her scarves. "We want to surprise you, so I'm going to blindfold you." He wrapped the scarf across her eyes, tying it in back. "Can you see anything?"

"No."

"Good"

Gabe and Ted each took a hand and led her toward the bedroom. "Okay, we're in the bedroom now. Gabe is going to take the blindfold off now. All right?"

"Yes. I smell something."

"Does it smell good?"

"It smells wonderful."

"That's because, ta-da." The blindfold came off. At first, her eyes hurt from the brightness, then as they became accustomed, she saw a divine vision of light from what must have been hundreds of lights, tiny lights that burned and flickered. "You smell three hundred jasmine scented candles—Brenda's wedding present." The aura created by hundreds of tiny, burning, flickering, flames was awesome. Jasmine rotated around until she almost fell from dizziness.

Like the flowers, the candles seemed to be everywhere and so romantic. "Oh, Ted and Gabe this is...it's dazzling. Ted, are you going to take my picture with the candles, too?"

"Sure." She posed in front of the bed, which happened to be surrounded with a hundred candles. "But we were thinking this picture would be better sans clothes."

She wagged a reprimanding finger at Ted. "Oh, you naughty boys. I just love it. Since I'm here, take one this way. We'll get nude ones later, with hats."

After taking a half dozen candle shots, they asked her get on the bed so they could undress her. First went her golden Manolo open toe sandals, as Gabe and Ted each took a foot and carelessly flipped her seven hundred dollar heels across the room. Her core was heating up like a Franklin stove as their smoldering glare seared her soul with their need.

Her tight floor length gown had risen to mid-thigh as each of them set her foot against their chest and gently massaged her calves. She sensed they liked her toes teasing their nipples, since their breathing picked up. Her breathing also picked up when they lowered to their knees and with a leg draped over opposite shoulders, reached under the dress and dragged her panties part way down her thighs. They must have choreographed their movements because suddenly twenty clever fingers performed all kinds of wonderful exotic things to her

aroused erogenous zone. Oh, the feelings they were engendering in her were indescribable, as tendrils of pure pleasure shot through her, clear to her toes.

Suddenly, she wanted her dress and panties off.

There is something lusciously licentious about dressing to the nines in glamorous high fashion and then haphazardly discarding your attire to make wanton, lustful, urgent love. Ummm. It seems so naughty and so right.

She wanted to be naked and was game for anything. She lifted her legs straight into the air and they rose to the occasion in more ways than one. With her panties dispatched, Gabe and Ted tossed her around like a doll, searching for... "How do you get this effing thing off?" exclaimed Ted with frustrated urgency.

She tittered, then turned onto her left side and showed the long, camouflaged zipper on her right side. In seconds, she was deliciously and decadently naked, except for her necklace and bracelet. She reached into their pajama openings and felt their hardness a second before they tenderly pulled her hands away and gently pushed her backwards.

Lying on the bed, each of them sat beside her. Gabe stroked her hair. "We want warm you up first." Ted lay beside her. Her nipples hardened and her arms got goose bumps when he whispered in her ear, "This is hard to talk about, and it's alright if you don't want to." She shivered and squirmed as his fingers teased her hardened nipple, "but we'd like to know if you'd be willing to try ah...anal sex."

She had to admit she'd thought about it. It had felt good when Gabe fingered her anus. It may have even accelerated her climax, but a finger, even a thick one is a far cry from a throbbing, rigid, eightinch cock. "I don't know if I could take you guys there."

Gabe's finger and thumb squeezed and rolled her other nipple. "Understood, it wouldn't be easy, we'd have to work up to it. We could try it and if you can't do it...well, there's plenty of other things we *can* do."

With Gabe and Ted respectively plucking her sensitive nipples and asking her about anal sex, her excitement roared through her, coating her fast heating pussy with slick, wet juices. "What would you do?"

Gabe lay beside her. There was an intensity in his baby blues she hadn't remembered seeing. "We'd get between your beautiful legs again. One of us would eat your tasty pussy—"

"Me!" Ted interjected.

Gabe frowned. "Where was I? Oh, yes. While the other, using a generous amount of lubricant will insert a finger and move it in, out and around."

Ted grinned, "And the more my dining on your sweet pussy gets you wound up, the more fingers Gabe will be able to get in you."

She tensed as Gabe's long thick fingers splayed her nether-lips, and probed the edges of her needy vagina, lustfully anticipating his digital plunge. "When we get two or three fingers in you, we will insert an anal plug in you, and leave it there and go on to other things until you get used to it."

Ted laved his way to her breasts, where flickering light from the numerous candles colored his face in a warm sheen. He switched back and forth between her mounds licking, sucking, nibbling, and flicking the jutting nipples, until she thought she'd pass out from the sensations coursing through her body. She ran loving fingers through Ted's wavy hair. "How long would it take?"

As expected, Gabe dipped his finger into her warm wet well. She groaned, and lifted her hips to take his finger deeper. She wanted more and he obliged, adding a second finger and then a third. "Sometime tonight. Then we can see if you can take us, but more likely it would take a second or third time."

She remembered how she had trouble taking their plus sized cocks in her pussy that first night, but have since gotten used to them.

The thought of what they were about to do had her breathing heavily, but she managed to blurt, "All right...let's try it. What do you want me to do?"

Ted stopped suckling. "We could go several ways, but I think the most efficient would be for me to lie down, while you straddle my shoulders facing my cock with your legs spread wide. Let me start by lying down and Gabe can show you."

He sat up and turned so his head was near the foot of the bed. "Go ahead, raise one of your legs over me and lower your tasty cunt to my mouth. Mmmm, I can hardly wait. Gabe show her what to do."

She didn't know if she'd ever get used to that word, but had to admit in bed it turned her on. She lifted her leg over Ted so her 'cunt' was almost directly over his mouth. Gabe nudged her legs forward until her knees were even with Ted's chest and spread them wider. Gabe eased her back and down, bending her knees until her needy pussy was above Ted's waiting mouth. The tip of his tongue circled her clit, making her shudder and gasp for air. Gabe forced her bottom down a little more, but the hand he placed between her shoulder blades, forcing her down until her breast rested on Ted's abdomen, pushed her ass up in the air and opened her rectum more than it had ever been.

Jaz laughed at what Ted said next. "Feel free to suck on my cock while you're down there, if you choose." With a smile on her face, she took hold of his meaty member, which rested under her chin. As she opened her mouth for him, his lips closed over her pulsing clit, sucking on it sending every nerve ending in her body screaming for release. She gasped and held her breath as two of Ted's wayward fingers glided into her slick hot channel.

Almost simultaneously, Gabe's lubricated fingers moved to toy with the puckered little hole of her anus. Her muscles contracted involuntarily in anticipation of the dark pleasure yet to come. A groan emitted from her and Ted's throats as she finally managed to wrap quavering lips around his shaft. As expected, Gabe's finger edged

gently but firmly into virgin territory. As the finger moved inward, he moved it in a rotating manner, reaming and enlarging the opening. She lifted her hips to take his finger deeper and as she did, his finger came out and two slippery fingers slid back into her ass. Her pussy and ass filled her with a burning need that demanded quenching.

In what seemed like seconds, Jaz was aflame. Her whole body was boiling, but her pussy and her ass were the worst. He kept rotating the fingers in her ass as he moved them in and out. Then when he swapped three anal fingers for two, unexpectedly a gigantic orgasm hit Jasmine. As if struck by a cyclone, she couldn't move much other than push her rectum harder into his fingers. Instead, with Ted's cock buried in her mouth, a cross between a whimper and groan came out. Bright lights circled in her mind, as waves of delightful pleasure undulated through her entire body.

Jaz hadn't quite finished cumming herself when Ted, jerking and squirming, ejaculated wads of warm cream into her mouth. Quickly, she swallowed the thick liquid. She was getting used to the full feeling Gabe's fingers produced when out came the fingers and in went...? The plug?"

"Is it in?"

"Not yet, but it's going. Just a little bit more. Almost there."

The plug was stretching her as it went in. "Ah...ahh." *God it hurt*. "There."

"Thank God. Now while you're in position, scratch the itch in my pussy with your sweet cock. I need it bad. Don't forget it's been seven weeks."

"Whose idea was that darling?"

"Are you going to fuck me or am I going to give the job to...oooph."

"You might want to move, Uncle. I'm sure you don't want my balls clacking the top of your head."

She chuckled silently as Ted scampered out from under her. She eased up, assuming normal doggy position as Gabe's cock sank into

the wet recess of her channel, stretching her wide, stealing the very breath from her lungs, his thick girth enlarging her and filling her deep.

While Gabe drilled her from behind, Ted kissed her and kneaded her breasts. She was about to massage her own clit when Gabe, bending over her back, reached around and finger massaged it, as every inch of him stroked the inside of her deep well.

Her pussy seemed to have a life of it's own as it expanded around him on each inward stroke, and tightened and clenched around his shaft as Gabe pulled back. "Jesus, Baby. I love your sweet, tight, little cunt."

An erotic haze was beginning to settle over her. She seemed to be tuning out everything except the heavenly sensations that were battering her, concentrating on them, enhancing them. "Oh, my God! Gabe," she yelled, jerking her head, resisting the rapture that threatened to make her lose consciousness. Another orgasm was closing in as her every nerve seethed with energy. Pleasure pulled from her extremities, building as the jolt of desire burst through her nexus and a scream burst free. Her pussy rippled along his length, sucking at him, milking his seed while she erupted into a ball of screaming pleasure.

Gabe gathered her long black hair and wrapped a fist around it, pulling it and her head back. "Oh, fuck, Baby. I'm cumming." He didn't have to tell her though. She could tell as for the first time she felt his ejaculation in her vagina, not to mention his erratic movements and determination to ground himself deeper into her warm, welcoming cavern.

Chapter Seventeen

Firecracker. Jasmine wondered if she really was a firecracker, since she'd outlasted not one but two virile young studs, while collecting five sterling orgasms. It was 2 a.m. and since Gabe and Ted, bless their hearts, needed a break, she grabbed two more bottles of bubbly and hopped in the whirlpool tub.

There weren't any candles in the bathroom, so she asked them to bring a couple dozen candles in while she filled the large tub and added bubble bath. When the tub was full, they turned off the lights and got in the tub. Gabe and Ted sidled up to her and it was cozy and romantic.

Their plan was to commit themselves in a three-way relationship, a marriage if you will, by reciting marriage vows. Not from a book, but from their hearts. Feeling it was possible that saying her vows later she might get too emotional to continue, she decided to go first. They poured their champagne glasses full of Dom Perignon and held them for the toast after reciting her vows.

"To my husbands, whom I adore. Together you have changed my life. My heart had been damaged and I was cynical. Then I saw the two of you. I may have loved you at first sight, I don't know, but I know for sure, I lusted after you at first sight. That is why I did something I never did before—had sex on the first night. With both of you, no less. It was wonderful and you were wonderful. You had given my sex life back, but you hadn't eradicated my cynicism. Thank God for your perseverance or we may never have come together as we are now. You overcame my distrust and convinced me of your goodness. You not only became my husbands and lovers but my best friends. I

will stand by you and honor you both as long as I live. God bless you both."

Both Ted and Gabe congratulated her on her vow and kissed her. Then they picked the flutes off the tub deck and Jasmine held hers up and said, "To our love." They clinked the flutes together in a toast and downed the contents.

Gabe reached for the champagne and filled everyone's glass. Ted said, "I'd like to go next, if you don't mind."

Jasmine and Gabe nodded.

"Tonight, I want you to know how lucky I feel for having found the one perfect person for me, the one who suits me so comfortably and who gives me joy and boundless hope and anticipation for the future. Yes, I know we're a threesome and Gabe is a member, too. Though I love him like a brother, it is you, Jasmine, who is the glue in this relationship. Every day we're together, you do nothing but make me happy. The day we met was the day I truly started to live. Until then, although I didn't know it, I was going through the motions. Tonight—our wedding night—I declare my love and devotion for you before the entire world. I make a vow to stand by both of your sides through the best and worst of times, and to give you both the best of what I have from now until the end of our days."

"That was wonderful Ted. Give me a kiss." They kissed. Gabe agreed, "Nice job, Uncle."

"Thanks Gabe." He held his flute up. "A toast. May love endure." They repeated what Ted had said, raised the glasses, clinked them together and downed the contents.

Gabe took a new bottle and filled the flutes. "This is our last bottle. I guess it's my turn, now."

Jasmine smiled and batted her brown eyes. "It is."

"Well, like Teddy says, I too direct my vows to you, Jasmine, who is after all, the reason Ted and I are getting married."

They all laughed.

"Okay, here goes,

I promise to always give you the best of myself and to ask of you no more in return than you are capable of.

"I promise to accept you the way you are. Which is pretty damn good. I fell in love with you for the qualities, abilities, and outlook on life that you have, and won't try to reshape you in a different image. Because you can't improve perfection.

"I promise to respect you as a person with your own interests, desires, and needs, and to realize that those are sometimes different, but no less important, than my own.

"And finally, I promise to love you in good times and in bad, with all I have to give and all I feel inside in the only way I know how...completely and forever."

"That was beautiful." Jaz leaned in and kissed him. "Thank you."

"Yes, that really was."

Gabe took hold of his flute. "Shall we toast again?"

"You bet," answered Ted.

"To love and happiness." They raised the glasses once more, clinked them together and drank the champagne.

"You know. I really do feel married."

"So do we." Ted reached around and grabbed his pajama bottoms. He pulled out a small wrapped present and handed it to her. "From both of us."

"Open it."

She didn't know whether to laugh or cry. A wedding present for her mock marriage. *God*, *I'm lucky*. She ripped the small amount of wrapping paper off. As she surmised, it was a ring box. She opened it and beheld, not one but two, wedding bands, matching in every

respect, except one had the name Ted spelled out in tiny diamonds and the other Gabe. Tears welled in her eyes. She managed to say, "God, I love you guys" before her emotions caught up and she started sniveling with happiness.

The inscription inside read, "Love eternal," on Gabe's and reversed on Ted's, "Eternal love."

With tears running down her face, she wrapped her arms around Ted and tattooed his face with kisses, while rubbing her breasts up and down on his chest, then did the same with Gabe.

When she pulled away, they had devilish grins on their faces. "Wha-a-a?"

They each grabbed one of her hands and led them to their groins.

"You're getting hard. That's wonderful. Can you guys...?"

They nodded.

"I think so. With a little help."

"Same here," added Gabe.

"Good, we have some unfinished business.

"But first, I have something I want to discuss with you both. I want to have children and Camilla wants grandchildren. Do either of you have a problem with that?"

Ted fidgeted. "How would we tell who the father is?"

"Geeze, Ted, does it really matter? For me, personally, I don't care. If it matters to you or Camilla, we can have the baby tested."

"Well, I would be thrilled to have a baby, even Ted's."

Ted chuckled. "Hey, hey. I suppose I would too. Especially, if she looked like you, Jaz. But what about your beautiful body. You are too sexy for words."

"I agree. Dressed you're stunning. Undressed, you are...erotically captivating. I know you're a person, a wonderful person, but it would be a shame if the pregnancy changed you."

"That sounds a little selfish to me. After all, we would be creating a whole being."

"I don't think Gabe meant it that way. It's just that this is a little sudden. This is our wedding night. Becoming fathers is the last thing on our mind, right now."

"I know. Sex is. Let's go back in the bedroom and make a baby. At twenty-six, I'm still young and my body will bounce back fine. Besides, I want to get rid of this plug and feel both of you in me at the same time. Gabe, if my math is right you came in me twice and Teddy once, so I want you to take my tailpipe, while Teddy comes in me. Are you ready?"

"I'm ready," answered Gabe, "but are you sure your anus is? This is the first time and if we're not careful, it could really hurt."

She stood up, their eyes upon her, foam clinging to her sleek frame as water dripped from her extended fingertips. "C'mon, I have confidence in you, Gabe, and I'm determined to feel you both. And for the record, I want a boy first."

* * * *

For some reason, when she had more than a couple drinks, Jaz would wake up with the roosters and this morning was no exception. As she should be, she lay between her two men, both of whom slept.

Could she slip out of bed from between them without disturbing them?

She turned over and scooted to her knees. Then holding onto the headboard, she stood. Both men were so close to the edge, she gingerly walked down to the bottom and hopped off.

Smiling, she had a feeling she would be doing that a lot in the days and years to come. The digital clock read 5:14. She went to the window and pulled the curtains back enough to look out. She could see the sunrise and there wasn't a cloud in the sky. What a glorious day.

She turned and admired her sleeping beauties. What a splendid life. How things had changed for her—so much, so quick and all for

the better. She loved two men and they loved her. They all acknowledged the fact last night after they made beautiful, tender love. Again, she smiled remembering her six mind numbing orgasms.

Camilla. She must tell her what they'd decided. After all, part of her planning was for her new mother-in-law and benefactor and she wanted grandchildren.

She headed to the bathroom to take a long hot shower. Seven o'clock would roll around soon enough and she knew on as beautiful a day as this, she would find Camilla in the courtyard at her favorite morning spot.

* * * *

Parking in the driveway after the twenty-minute drive, she rushed up the stairs, used her key to open the front door and hurried to the courtyard.

She walked quietly up behind her, laid her hand on her shoulder, and kissed her cheek. "Isn't this morning grand, Camilla?"

She turned, a winsome smile on her face, and looked at her. "Jasmine, please sit, have some coffee cake. It's delicious."

She sat and Camilla poured a cup of coffee and cut a piece of cake for her. She looked pleased to see her. Her smile widened. "I was sure, knowing what you had planned, I wouldn't see you until lunch. Did you have a good time?" She winked.

"Marvelous. And you?"

"The same."

She thought she was going to say more, but when she didn't, Jasmine prompted her, "Yes?"

"I brought up adding a third bed partner with Geoff."

"And?"

She snickered. "He liked the idea of another woman."

"No surprise there."

"For sure. When I clarified what my idea of another bed partner was, he looked horrified. He said he didn't like the idea of a strange man's dick in my mouth and vagina." She laughed. "He'll come around. He turned green when I asked if he preferred *two* strange men's dicks in my mouth and vagina."

Jaz laughed. What a kick this woman was. "Camilla, can I ask you something?"

"Of course, anything you want. Well, anything but my age."

She laughed again. "What is it you'd like to know?"

"Yesterday, you told me you thought of me like the daughter you never had."

She nodded. "Go on."

"Well, since you feel that way and since I'm your son's and nephew's consort, would you be offended if I called you mother or mom, or something like that?"

"Heavens no. Please call me whatever you like."

"She teared up and blubbered, "Mother." She rose and hugged her. "Thank you. It means so much to me."

Camilla smiled warmly as Jaz sat back down and wiped her eyes. "I have something to tell you."

Camilla's head dipped and brows rose.

"The three of us didn't just make love last night. We talked and made plans. We planned our future, a future together as if we were married."

"I like what I'm hearing. Please continue."

"I want you to know I love them. Both of them. We consider ourselves married and as we enjoyed each other, we recited wedding vows. Last night's ball was our reception and after Brenda's wedding, we'll be going to Hawaii for a ten-day honeymoon."

Camilla clapped excitedly. "That's wonderful, dear. Are you going to move in here?"

"Eventually. Ted and Gabe are going to move into my townhouse while we build our own dream home at the back of this beautiful garden." She pointed at the opening at the back of the courtyard."

Jasmine could tell she was pleased. She clasped her hands together over her bosom. "You have made me happy beyond words. The only thing that would make me happier would be—"

"Children. Yes, we know and we have a plan."

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Having my book published is a dream come true. My first book, *Jasmine's Urban Cowboys* is the first of a series entitled Sensual Awakenings. I write about ménages because, although I've not been fortunate to participate in one (One can dream can't they?) nothing seems sexier or stimulates my imagination more than my lucky heroine enjoying two or more hunky partners of the opposite sex. Grirririr!



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Enjoy the fun excerpt from Sharing Brenda

Jaz took the elevator to the lobby and as she got off, Ted was waiting to get on. She took his hand. "Fancy meeting you here. I have something to discuss with you." She turned toward the coffee shop and dragged him along. "C'mon, I'll buy you a cup of coffee."

It was late morning and fairly empty, so they got right in and were seated in a booth. Ted, claimed to be hungry, so he ordered steak and eggs, while she ordered a Crenshaw melon, something she loved, but which seldom seemed available. They both ordered coffee.

The waitress brought their coffee first. After adding cream to the coffee, she took a sip and set the cup down.

Ted about to take a sip, asked, "So what do you want to talk about?"

She bit her tongue to keep from smiling. "Nothing much. I just wondered if you would like to *fuck* Brenda."

The name Brenda barely escaped her lips when a spray of coffee went flying out of Ted's mouth. Fortunately, she'd been out of the line of fire and only received a few drops. The perplexed look on his face was precious and she wished she'd brought her Nikon along.

Ted scanned the room. Probably to see if anyone had seen what he'd done, but she was sure he wondered if anyone had heard what his dainty, little wife said.

"What are you talking about?" He held up two hands. "Speak softly."

Under her breath, she answered, "Brenda is in the doldrums. She lies in her bed all day and stares apathetically at the ceiling. The only time she gets animated at all is when I mention your name."

"And because of that, you think I should fuck her?"

She took his hand in hers. "Let's call it make love, all right? Look, it's not like I'm asking you to do something unpleasant. I imagine you would get a great deal of enjoyment out of this."

"Yes, but why me?"

"Would you rather Gabe fucked her?"

She could hardly keep from laughing at the horrified look that appeared on Ted's face. "I didn't say that, and I thought we were going to say make love?"

She nodded. "Gabe likes Brenda, but I have a feeling your emotions run deeper. I think you would make love to her, which is what she needs, while Gabe would have sex with her.

"Look, I'm not obtuse. I know you care for her and I think it's fine. I don't subscribe to the pie theory where each person has a pie's worth of love to give and if you give too much to one person, there's less for others or maybe even run out of love. I love you and Gabe equally and I love Brenda. I already said you could occasionally take a different lover. What could be better than when you do, it's with someone I love?"

Ted ran his long fingers through his hair. "I don't know. Honestly, yes, I'm attracted to her and yes, I like her and next to you, there's probably no one I'd rather make love to, but we're on our honeymoon."

"And so is she. Only hers is miserable. She needs a pick-up. I haven't discussed this with her. She may not even go for it. But we have to do something." She slid over to him, put her arm around him, and kissed his neck. "Would you do it for me? I'll love you for it."

He nodded with pursed lips. "I don't believe it. My own bride is asking me to make love to another woman on our honeymoon."

"Not just any old woman, my best friend." She sidled even closer and whispered in his ear. "I do love you."

* * * *

She felt much better after taking the shower. Jaz had been so nice to her, taking her along on her honeymoon and she'd been acting like a scorned child. Her husband was a jerk. She'd known it and constantly made excuses for him. She was a fool. He wasn't going to

change, but she would. Her life wasn't over. She has a caring friend in Jaz and a new job when she got back home. Starting right now, her life was just beginning.

After drying off, she gazed into the mirror. She stood two inches shorter than Jasmine, but having lost twenty pounds in the last two months, she looked pretty darned good. Light blue eyes, platinum hair in a pixie cut and a pert little upturned nose. Now, her body matched her face, streamlined but shapely. She'd even paid sixty dollars for one of those fancy Brazilian wax jobs for her unrealized honeymoon and was smooth as a baby down there. She ran her fingers over her pubis. Still smooth, they said it would last at least a month. She liked it. If she had...no make that when she had a steady boyfriend again, she would get it done every month or two.

Her eyes could use a little makeup, so she darkened her almost invisible eyebrows then applied mascara, eyeliner and a hint of eye shadow.

Much better. She cupped her breasts. The coolness after getting out of the hot shower had made the light pink nipples jut out and pebbled the areolas. She stood on her toes and twisted until the mirror showed what, she thought, was her best feature, a well-rounded posterior.

"Ah-hem."

Surprised, she rotated on her toes to the sound. Jaz stood there with a subtle approving smile, holding hands with...oh my. Slightly behind and over her shoulder, Ted gawked at her.