

TASTY TREATS ANTHOLOGY

Volume 1

Jenny Penn

Eve Adams

Amber Carlton

Dee S. Knight

MENAGE AMOUR

RACHEL'S SEDUCTION by *Jenny Penn*

[*M/F/M Cowboy Ménage Romance*] In a reckless attempt to escape boredom, Rachel tumbles into a Cattleman's fantasy. Adam and Killian intend to keep her there.

RIDING LESSONS by *Eve Adams*

[*M/F/M Cowboy Ménage Romance*] When Cole brings Leah home for a night of passion, his brother Jesse joins and together they show Leah exactly how a country boy survives.

MACKENZIE'S MELTDOWN by *Amber Carlton*

[*M/F/M Ménage Romance*] Computer crash. Backstabbing co-worker. Meddling mom. Dead battery. No chocolate. In the hands of two gorgeous hunks, Mackenzie's meltdown just changed directions.

THE ELIXIR by *Dee S. Knight*

[*M/F/M Paranormal Ménage Romance*] Barb Morrison's stuck centuries in the future where an elixir and two sexy guys set her afire. Can she get home? Does she want to?

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RACHEL'S SEDUCTION

Cattleman's Club 2

JENNY PENN

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Chapter 1

The crystal pearl started as barely more than a trickle before it rolled into another plump droplet and slid down the uneven curve of the bag to splat into the laminated counter. Rachel's eyes shifted back up to the top of the frozen Italian dinner to track another rivulet of water as it grew into a drop before following its predecessor onto the counter. Beside the thawing bag sweated a log of garlic bread, fast losing its cool to the late summer night heat.

If my mother could see me now.

She'd have some choice words for her daughter. A ready-made, frozen meal, no matter how fancy the bag or sophisticated the actual dish, it would be considered a sin by her mother. She'd look on it as if Rachel were shaming her upbringing to eat such a thing.

Rachel herself wasn't particularly excited to eat it either. The trip into the grocery store had been merely a matter of ceremony. She'd needed a toothbrush. Then the bubble bath had caught her eye, which led to visions of a nice glass of wine, red wine and a proper meal to match the cheap bottle. The only thing that hadn't traced back from that bubble bath had been the chocolate syrup.

Look at me now.

She sat there watching her expensive, fancy frozen dinner going to mush, with the wine bottle unopened and a bowl of vanilla ice cream in front of her. Covered in chocolate, Rachel couldn't help but feel guilty for her lack of sophistication. She wanted something different. Chinese food that didn't come from a buffet, raw fished wrapped in seaweed, deserts that came in martini glasses and looked like little mini-sculptures, she wanted to eat real Italian food in Italy.

I watch too much Food TV.

Actually, too much TV in general. Rachel loved her television and her satellite even more. It opened a world of adventures she'd never go on. For an hour she could be a fireman being air lifted into the heart of a raging forest inferno or an archeologist braving the blazing heat of the unforgiving desert as she searched for some sign of a lost civilization. She could be so many more exciting things than Rachel Allen, feel good reporter for the Pittsview Press. She could have been Rachel Allen, investigative journalist for the New York Times, reporting from exotic locations like South America, as she did an exposé on climate change or maybe from some desolate, dangerous desert while she bedded down the troops.

As long as I don't actually have to live in New York.

Rachel had seen pictures of New York. Not the sanitized images that Hollywood like to recreate in set format, but true images of the congestion and chaos of the big city. She didn't know if she could live somewhere that crowded. Hell, she didn't even know if she could leave Pittsview.

Let's face it, I have a boring life, because I'm a boring person.

Boring and scared, those two words summed her up completely. She was boring because she was scared, not just of leaving Pittsview, but doing just about anything. She'd been too afraid to buy her own house because of the debt, too afraid to go scuba-diving or parasailing on vacation because she'd read all the things that could go wrong, too afraid to travel further than the Florida coast just a hundred miles away because she knew what could happen to a girl on her own, too afraid to even go out with Killian Kregor when he'd asked her out last month simply because she knew she couldn't hold a man that good looking's attention.

Too afraid, too afraid, too afraid of everything.

It disgusted her. She disgusted herself at some level. The mind of a dreamer, the heart of a wanderer and still she sat at home alone on a Friday night trapped in the web of her own mundane life. All because she was too afraid to go out there and do anything about it.

Three weeks from now she'd turn thirty and close the chapter on her twenties. The twenties were when a girl was supposed to be wild and free, to have adventures with men and travel to exotic locations. The thirties were for settling down, falling in love with the right man, getting married, having children and settling into the sweet rhythm of domestication. It felt like she'd been born thirty.

Well, damn it! I'm going to have my fun!

In three weeks she might not be able to travel or go on any great adventure, but she could do one thing that every woman should experience by the time they reached thirty. She could have an orgasm. Not one of those half-assed ones she gave herself sometimes while she fantasized about some overly idolized perfect man. No she wanted one of those dirty, sweaty, pelvis grinding, real-sex orgasms.

She knew just who could deliver such a birthday gift, and this time she wouldn't allow fear to rule. She'd step up and ask him out. Pushing out of her stool, she left her dinner to thaw into mush on the counter and went for her cordless phone. She didn't make it half way before the doubts started settling in. It was Friday night and Killian was probably busy. Even if he wasn't, he'd probably think she was weird just to call him out of the blue a whole month later.

Hell, he might think you are obsessed with him to call him after a whole month.

Really, it wasn't like she was friends with him. She'd been doing an article about the budget the city council had drafted up and gone to the police station to interview them on what they thought of their spending needs for the coming year.

Alexander Krane, the police chief, had been off handling something or another. That had left Killian manning the station. He'd been all too happy to show her around and then take her out for a long lunch. They'd sat at the diner for nearly two hours just talking. The interview had long been forgotten as their conversation had moved onto more personal interests and stories.

He'd been the interesting one. You were the...

Boring one. Yes, she knew it. Killian had spent nearly twelve years in the marines. He'd been stationed in exotic locations like Japan and Hawaii. He'd traveled almost everywhere, been in exciting, dangerous situations. He'd even been to war.

She'd lived her whole life in the same house. Even after her parents had retired to Florida, she still slept in the same bedroom. She'd been on a road trip, traveling the perilous path from Panama City to New Orleans. She'd even been as far north as Chattanooga to see Rock City.

Oh, yeah. I'm sure Killian would just be so excited to hear more about those rocks. Loser.

Okay, so she wouldn't call Killian, but that didn't mean she would abandon her plan. She wanted that orgasm and wouldn't find it here.

Knowing even as she punched in the numbers that she would most likely just end up at a bar with her friend, drink two pineapple and rum mixers, get sleepy, pass out and then wake-up tomorrow wondering what she had been thinking the night before. She still punched the numbers.

"Hey, Rachel." Hailey answered her cell on the third ring. She fairly shouted out the greeting to be heard over the chaos in the background.

"Where are you?"

"I'm at some stupid-ass bonfire playing an even more moronic and juvenile trick on some very large and likely to be pissed of men."

Oh, a bonfire.

"I swear to God, Rachel. You know I love Patton. I really do, like a sister, but I cannot wait until she either goes back to Atlanta or those Davis brothers...put a stop to all this insanity."

I wonder where this bonfire is.

"As if it isn't bad enough she seems determined to piss off Chase. Now she's run off with Cole Jackson. Cole Jackson! It just boggles the mind why of all the men she chose that—"

"How come you didn't invite me to this bonfire?"

"Huh?"

"I might have wanted to go."

"Why? I don't even want to be here. This place is a meat market. It's full of oversized, egomaniacal, wanna-be studs and a bunch of barely-dressed, half-witted bimbos. Nobody is looking for anything more than a goodtime."

"I like a goodtime."

There was a pause before Hailey spoke again. "Are you all right, Rachel?"

"I'm fine. Just a little insulted that you didn't invite me to the party."

"Ah, man. You're having one of those 'I'm boring' moments again, aren't you?"

"I am not. I'm just saying I like parties."

"You wouldn't like this one and even if I had invited you, you couldn't have gotten in. It was invitation only and Patton got me in."

"Invitation only? Pittsview has those kinds of parties?"

"It's a Cattlemen's Club event and, trust me, you'd be surprised at what kind of party this is."

Cattlemen's Club?

There were rumors, big, juicy rumors about that particular club. Hailey's voice faded out as Rachel began to envision all the possibilities.

A bonfire means they're outside.

Outside meant exposed. Exposed led to exposés on the front cover of Pittsview Press. Hell, it could even be picked up by some of the large newspapers in Alabama just because of the shock factor. From Alabama to the national news, she might even end up on one of the cable networks being interviewed for her story. Then hello New York Times!

"Rachel?"

"Huh?"

"I said, I got to go. We'll have to do your two-depression-drinks night-out tomorrow, okay?"

"Yeah, sure whatever. Hey, Hailey, just out of curiosity, are you at the Cattlemen's Club?"

"What?"

"I'm just asking."

"No, you're not. Don't even think about it, Rachel."

"About what?"

"About coming out here and trying to get into this party."

"I'm not going to."

"I know you're in the middle of one of your little pity-fests and you're probably at that point where you think having a man is going to solve your problems, but, trust me, none of these men will."

"Relax, Hailey. I was just curious."

"Yeah, right. Don't even try it, Rachel. They not only have guards at the gate, but according to Cole they have surveillance all around the party to assure nobody who isn't invited gets in."

They protect something that much and you know they have something good going on.

"I wouldn't dream of it."

"Don't."

"I'm going let you get back to whatever Patton has you doing now."

"Rachel—"

"I'll call you tomorrow."

"Damnit!"

Rachel smiled as she hung up on Hailey cursing. She could scent the story before her nose. It was big, juicy and guarded. It sounded like an adventure awaited her tonight after all.

* * * *

"I cannot believe we're stuck on patrol duty." Killian kicked a rock and sent it skipping across the uneven ground. "This just sucks."

"I told you Alex would find a way to make us suffer for luring Sweetness away from him." Adam lined up a rock and whacked it with the tip of his boot. It caught a little air and he smirked when his went a foot farther than Killian's.

"Yeah, well she was sweet." Killian chuckled and took aim at a slightly smaller stone. He lost his laugh when it came up short of Adam's rock. With a sigh, he shook his head. "Still, it isn't right. I mean we're supposed to share. That's sort of the motto of the club and Alex punishing us for having a little fun with his plaything goes against the grain."

Killian watched Adam kick another stone. It went farther than his first. Bastard cheated with those pointy cowboy boots. All Killian had on were his regular work boots with the thick, rounded toe. He couldn't get under the stones to give them the lift they needed to get that extra distance.

"Hey." Killian turned toward Adam. Even way out here on the outskirts of the bonfire, the collective glow of so many fires allowed him to see his best friend quite clearly. "You don't think Alex actually liked the girl."

"Liked?"

"Like *liked* the girl?"

"You mean as in loved her?" Adam gave a short, disbelieving laugh at that. "Alex? Are you insane?"

"Yeah." Killian turned back to the rocks. "Well, it's just, I mean this is a little extreme, being banned from the party to do patrol work is one thing, but he has us on real patrol tomorrow night and that's when the most fun is. Think about it, man, we're going to miss the auction."

"All that prime female flesh." Adam sighed.

"Fresh flesh."

"I don't know. Somebody's got to work. The whole station can't take the night off. Besides, the party will still be going when we get off."

Killian didn't bother to respond to that. He knew as well as Adam that by the time they got off, all the events would be done. The party might still be going, but everybody would have paired off. By the time they showed up all the women would be claimed and those that hadn't...well there never were any of those.

It sucked. Anyway Adam wanted to dress it up, the truth remained. Alex had screwed them. It seemed to Killian that Adam didn't really care. He'd felt that turning shift in Adam for a while now and it had begun to unnerve him. He had the sickening feeling that Adam might actually be maturing.

Three months ago Adam had turned thirty three, and it seemed almost to that day he had changed. Killian knew what had done it, too. Adam's damn brother. James had come in to town with his wife and three kids to celebrate Adam's birthday and it seemed as if the sight of his brother's, big, happy family had somehow triggered a strange craving in Adam.

Killian feared that craving. He for one didn't want to settle down. Maybe he'd have children one day, but hell he was a man. That day could be when he was forty. He could marry some twenty-something and have a whole, fricken brood if he wanted. There was no good reason to stop all the fun now.

Apparently Adam didn't agree. He'd started making comments, worrisome comments, after James had left. At first Killian had argued against them, attacking each point as best he could. That plan had backfired all over him.

Always up for a good argument, Adam had met him head on. The more they argued, the more assured Adam became of his point. That was just the opposite direction Killian wanted to go in. So he'd come up with his next plan, start dating a boring, little homebody.

Once Adam realized that he could have the lush, delectable salmon swimming upstream at the club or some average, every-day catfish from the local pond, he'd make the right decision. Only problem with that plan was none of the catfish were biting.

He'd laid the bait out for over a dozen women and not a single date. His best hope had been with Rachel Allen. They'd really hit it off and he'd actually liked the girl. As far as locals went, she was on the strong side of pretty, intelligent and fun to be around. In some alternate universe Killian could have seen them being friends or a little more. Still when he'd asked her out, she'd shot him down.

What the hell is with that?

Killian didn't consider himself vain, but he knew he was good looking. He'd had an interesting enough life to make for conversation. He certainly didn't have any failings between the sheets. He knew a woman's body so well he could make her come all night long, but damn if that didn't seem a sellable trait in the local market. It was like the women didn't really care about sex.

Well, he knew where a whole bunch of women were who did. That's what Adam really needed. He needed to get any asinine ideas he'd gotten about settling down sucked straight out of his cock by an expert.

"It's late enough to call off this patrol. Maybe we could still salvage something of the night."

"Give it another half hour."

"Oh, come on. All the teenagers that normally try have tried. They're probably three sheets to the wind right now having their own party."

"You think?"

"Yeah."

"Then what's that."

"What?" Killian looked around.

"Shh. Listen," Adam whispered.

Killian stilled, straining his ears to hear something other than the chaotic shifts of the party behind him. Music, voices, moans, he tried to block out the overwhelming static of the party and hear into the night beyond. The soft hum of insects and the deep throated croaks of the frogs and silence, he'd just about given up trying when he heard it. The engine had blended into the soft murmur of the night, but then it whined upward through the gears in a protest that told him the car was either stuck or trying to tow something way too heavy.

"Shit," Killian groaned. He really didn't feel like dealing with this.

"Come on." Adam started off for the vehicle. "Let's go scare some sense into some sixteen year olds."

Chapter 2

Rachel gave up the battle. The back tires were stuck. As in not coming out.

Everything. Everything up to this moment—perfect.

It figured though that her luck wouldn't hold out. As it was, she'd been amazed at how well everything had gone. Tim had let her borrow his camera, completely set up to take night pictures. He'd even bought her excuse about doing an article on the increase in cow-tipping among the teenagers and what it all meant.

Despite Hailey's assertions, she'd had no problem in getting to the edge of the party. With Tim's camera she'd been able to zoom in and get some amazing shots. Shots of high ranking local politicians with women dressed in nothing but underwear, some even with their breasts out, but all with collars on and some even leashed to a man.

There had been married men sucking shots out from between some silicone babe's breasts. Women getting spanked, whipped, fucked in almost every position Rachel knew and many she hadn't, but then again she'd never even dreamed of doing more than one man at once.

She'd have been shocked if it hadn't been for the adrenaline pumping through her at the idea of just what those pictures meant, to her story, to her career. This could definitely erupt into national news. A good thing, too, because she'd have to move after she released this story. After all it wasn't wise to live in a small southern town when you'd published pictures of the mayor riding some woman's ass or the president of the city council getting his dick sucked by the same woman and, worse, at the same time.

No, that tended to be a bad idea. What the hell am I doing?

Sobering reality fed doubts into her mind. The Pittsview Press wouldn't publish this. Rachel knew Carl. He'd have a heart attack in his editor's chair if she even showed him some of the more mild images. Even if he could get over it all, he'd never let that go to print. The Pittsview Press prided itself on being a local newspaper, full of boring, safe, often times happy events that constituted news in Pittsview.

If she wanted to see this through she'd have to go to a larger paper. Then she'd be opening her small town up to the devastating scrutiny of outsiders. She'd be wrecking not only individual lives, marriages, families, but the whole damn town.

That's my ticket out? Destroying the town I love?

Figures.

She'd have been better off with her frozen Italian dinner and watching TV. It had been stupid of her to even try. Even if she did get the car out of the ravine, what would she really do with the four rolls of film she snapped?

Nothing.

She should have listened to Hailey and waited for her two-depression-drinks night out tomorrow. Now that she knew what she knew, she couldn't stop thinking about it. As the thrill of the adventure waned off, the horror of what she'd witnessed began to creep back in.

Horror not because any of the women had looked like they had actually been getting hurt. Just the opposite, the woman at the party appeared to be experiencing the very thing that Rachel had wanted to find herself at the beginning of the night. A true, hot-blooded orgasm.

Perhaps that's why she felt the way she did right now, a little hot, a little itchy, and a whole bunch horny. That's where the horror came in. As the dirty, dark, erotic images repeated themselves in her mind she felt her body responding. Slowly her mind replaced the images of those women with her own.

"Hey."
"Ahhhh!"

Rachel screeched at the sudden sound of a deep masculine voice. She started so hard she fell right off the hood and went crashing into the uneven ground. With the momentum of her fall, she rolled twice down the small embankment she'd gotten her car stuck half-way out and came to a stop as a heap of limbs. Pain shot up her ankle and the screech turned into a scream of pain.

"Oh, damn."

That voice came from right over her head, but the hands that appeared to help try to get her back on her feet came straight from the right. They were disembodied and for a moment she didn't care. She didn't intend on going anywhere. It just hurt too damn much.

"Will you look what you did?"

"I didn't mean to scare her like that."

"What the hell did you think was going to happen?"

"Oh, yeah. I planned this whole thing, Adam." An oversized set of hands cupped her cheeks gently, brushing the hair out of her face so she could see as he tilted her head up to meet his. "Are you all right, sweetheart?"

Oh, crap. Killian.

How could it be that the man she'd thought of at the start of the night was now looming over her? He was just as devastating in the cloak of night's shadows as he had been illuminated under the diner's fluorescent lighting.

He had the kind of features that belonged on the cover of GQ, with that square cut jaw and hard chiseled features. In the bright glow of the full moon his eyes were amazing. She remembered the color, blue green. They were light,

multifaceted, like crystalline orbs designed to entrance and mesmerize any woman stupid enough to directly look into their mysterious depths.

"Did you hit your head?"

He might as well have been speaking French, because the only thing she understood was that he had the gentlest of touches. Big hands with slightly callused fingertips traced around the edge of her hair line in an almost ticklish caress. She definitely tingled from the sensation.

That tingle merged with the warmth of her previous musings. A flash spark over the volatile mix of hormones in her body, his touch ignited her brimming imagination and scenes, those dirty, dark, erotic images of woman as bitch and man as beast, snapped through her mind as still-life possibilities of Killian and her.

"She hurt her ankle, moron. Can't you see it's swelling already?"

"Doesn't mean she couldn't have hurt her head. If you hadn't noticed, she isn't speaking."

That's you.

That's me.

Say something before you look like a moron, or more of one.

Before she could get all the parts in her body to work together on that plan, another set of hands tilted her face in the opposite direction.

Oh. Double damn.

Here was the second man to round out the kinky little scenes playing out in her mind. This one had more rounded features, but they were just as hard. Instead of jet black hair with vibrant light eyes, he had a rich, chocolate brown hair with matching soulful eyes. Oh, God did she love chocolate.

"I don't think she hurt her head. Her eyes don't look dilated."

That statement followed his thumb and finger wrenching open her lids as he held her head straight up into the moonlight. Instinctively she jerked her head back and glared. Handsome or not, that had been rude.

"Maybe she's drunk." Killian offered.

"I am not drunk." Finally she said something, and it felt good to come out of her stupor.

"Oh, look. She speaks."

"Yes, I speak, and it is extremely rude of you talk about me as if I can't hear you, *Killian*."

Rachel turned her head back toward the guy with starlight in his eyes. To avoid being distracted by his mesmerizing gaze she kept her eyes planted on his chest, his wide, hard, muscular looking chest... Oh, man, his T-shirt looked so soft. It molded perfectly to the smooth planes and cut ridges of every single one of his mouthwatering muscles.

"Rachel?" She could hear the confusion in his tone. It irked her. He didn't have to sound so shocked. "Rachel Allen?"

I recognized him. You think he could recognize me. It's only been a month after all.

"Rachel Allen?" The other one repeated slowly. "Why does that name sound so familiar?"

"Because you see it in the paper every Sunday. She's a reporter for the Pittsview Press."

Uh-oh.

She could feel the tension thicken in the air as they all recognized the ramifications of that statement. She could only imagine that the two men were coming to a conclusion that she had been doing just what she'd been doing. As for her, she came to realize that they must be some of the surveillance Hailey had mentioned earlier.

"Ow! My ankle hurts. Are either one of you going to help me with this?"

"Not until you tell us what you are doing out here." Killian's friend made that tight statement. All traces of concern had blipped out.

"Oh, but it hurts. I don't think I can stand the pain." Rachel added just a hint of a whine as a threat of what would come if they didn't start caring about her ankle.

"Your ankle is fine."

"It is not!" She really didn't care for Killian's friend. Handsome or not, the man had a defunct sensitivity chip. "I twisted it. It's already swelling. It could be broken."

"It's not broken."

"Oh, you don't know anything."

"I know about broken bones."

"What? Are you a doctor?"

"I spent twelve years in the Marine Corps. I've seen enough broken bones to know one."

"You can't tell a broken bone by looking."

"Sometimes you can."

"Yeah, if it's sticking out!"

"You don't have any bones sticking out do you?"

"That doesn't mean my ankle isn't broken."

"It's not broken."

"It is broken if I say it is. It's my goddamn bone and I know when it's broken. Not you. I don't care how many years you spent in the Marines. I wasn't there. You haven't seen my ankle before. So you don't know anything about it!"

"Enough!"

The man twitched for a moment like he wanted to say something completely else. Rachel watched his jaw flex and anticipated the cursing to come. Instead, she got a low toned snarl that made chills run up her arms.

"If you are truly in pain then you can see the wisdom in answering my questions promptly. If you would rather waste time and delay medical treatment, please, continue on with your tantrum."

"I am not having a tantrum. Why do men always say that? I am annoyed and in pain and I am allowed to—"

"What are you doing here?"

"What are you doing here?" Rachel shot back, forgetting in the moment to go with the ankle pain as her escape plan.

"Answer my question." He could barely get his teeth to lift in order to get those words out.

"I'm not going to be bullied by you. I don't have to answer anything. I'm the one who has been wronged in all this. I'm the one who was out here minding her own business when you two assaulted me. I don't—"

"Assaulted you?" Killian choked on that one. "You fell off your own car all by yourself, sweetheart. That's not assault."

Rachel tossed her hair over her shoulder as she turned her head back toward Killian. The strand whipped around and she hoped smacked the other man in the face. She felt confident the move had worked when she heard the crunch of dirt beneath his shifting feet. She could feel him moving upward even as his shadow grew long over her.

Giving Killian a coy little smile, she shrugged. "Who is to say what happened?"

"I am. I'm a cop, unless you forgot."

"Cops go bad all the time."

"I can go bad."

Killian lowered not only his voice, but his face. When they were nose to nose and she could feel the warm brush of his breath, smell the intoxicating scent of man and soap, see all of her erotic fantasies promised in the wicked depths of his eyes, he growled again.

"You want to see how bad, Rachel?"

Not making the situation better. Do something. Think!

"Answer Alex's question. What are you doing here?"

"I was going down the road when a deer ran out. I lost control trying to avoid the poor thing and ended up in the ditch."

The lie came out of nowhere as some desperate attempt to say anything that would get him to back up. It worked. He released the hold he had on her focus by about a foot. Still crowding her space, he did look up at his friend.

"What do you think, Adam?"

"That must have been one hell of a spin out."

Go indignant. You're not lying. This really happened. Go with it.

"Are you doubting me?"

"I'm just saying." Adam rubbed his chin. "Given the way your car is in the ditch, it doesn't really look like it spun into it."

"And you would know that?"

"Considering the number of traffic accidents I've investigated, yeah. I would know that."

"Oh." Rachel felt her head lower as her shoulders crept up into a guilty slouch. "You're a cop, too."

"That's right, sweetheart," Killian gloated. "We both are. So why don't you try the truth this time?"

"Just because you're cops and don't believe what I say, doesn't mean I'm lying. What happened to innocent until proven guilty?"

"Guilty as in your car is pointing out of the ditch like it drove through it matching the tracks. As in not pointed into the ditch as it would be with the non-existent tracks you left in your imaginary spin out."

"Fine. I didn't spin out, but that doesn't mean you have to treat me like a criminal, you know? I was just out here to...look at the stars. Got to get away from the city lights and all that, you know?"

"City lights and all that?" Adam raised an eyebrow as he repeated her own lame words back to her. "I take it that's why you are dressed all in black, because you're afraid bright colored clothes would interfere with your viewing."

"Oh, shut up."

"Does that mean you're tapped out?" Killian almost sounded amused now. "We're not moving on to lie four?"

Chapter 3

Rachel turned back to Killian and narrowed her eyes on his smug smirk. He enjoyed this a little too much to her way of thinking. If he wanted a lie then she'd keep on dishing them out. Eventually she'd wear him through.

"I like wearing black."

"All black?"

"I'm grieving."

"Grieving?"

"Yes, that's why I came out here. I was hoping for some peace and solitude during my time of sadness."

"Uh-huh. You're not too good at lying, you know that?"

"I'm not lying."

"That's all right, sweetheart. I think I know what this is all about."

"Really?"

Oh, shit.

"I don't know if I mentioned this to you, Adam," Killian began as he looked up toward his partner. "Rachel came by the station a few weeks back to do an interview with the Chief. He wasn't there, so I did her a favor."

What?

"I showed her around and even took her out to lunch to answer her questions."

What does any of that have to do with now?

"It soon became obvious that she had...kind of a crush on me."

I do not.

"I tried to be as nice as I could when she asked me out."

He asked me out!

"I let her down as easy as possible, but I got to tell you she was quite upset. I'm afraid she really has it bad for me."

Of all the—

"Listen, honey." He turned to her looking as sincerely angelic as any angel. "You got to let it go. You can't continue to pursue me with this obsessive infatuation. I don't want to be rude, but you're leaving me no option here."

Obsessive infatuation, I should have clobbered you in that diner.

"I'm just not that in to you."

"I don't like you right now either."

"Oh, come on." How could he lie right at her, knowing that she knew the truth? "We both know you came out here tonight to try and find me."

"I didn't even know you were going to be out here."

"Please, Rachel, this is getting embarrassing."

"Oh, give it a rest. How could I even know you were here? This is the middle of nowhere."

"Obviously you followed me, which is just really pathetic."

"I'll tell you what is pathetic," Rachel snapped. "It's you, thinking any woman would take enough notice to even bother being aware that you were in the same room as her!"

"It's time to stop lying, Rachel. You need to confront your sickness."

"You're the sick one! Follow you, please." Rachel rolled her eyes. "Like I could get through the gates up there at the front of the club, much less know you were one of the jackasses working surveillance on that little kingdom of kink."

"No. You're the one who is sick. Obviously you belong to that stupid club. What's wrong, Killian? Can you only get it up by pretending that those women really think of you as their master? Don't you know all you are is a dick to them?"

"You're the pathetic and sick one to need to indulge in some fantasy that you are a sexual messiah that's come to grant orgasms on women with your masterful cock. I bet most of those women fake it with you just so you'll stop and leave them the hell alone, because you're not a real man. Real men don't need to play perverted little games to jack up their egos enough to screw!"

Rachel let that last one fly before she paused long enough to suck in a breath. With that lone lung full of air a little bit of reality seeped into her focus. Killian didn't look mad. Strangely, he appeared to be just the opposite. He appeared to be amused, even sounded it when he spoke.

"You are so going to eat those words."

Yeah, probably.

Why the hell did that excite her? Why did any of this? As annoyed and irritated as she felt, she could also feel the low hum of energy fueling her emotions. It snapped and sparked, driving her to be reckless in a time when caution would have been more appropriate.

Killian smirked at his friend. "I think we have a feminist on our hands."

"You know what that means."

"She ain't ever had a good fucking."

Rachel had never been so insulted in her life. No man, not even the sleazy drunk who hung outside the gas station, had talked to her in such a way. Every prim, uptight molecule of her being roared with the need for revenge over such treatment. Without thought her hand reared back and went swinging for the arrogant ass's face only to come up short when her wrist got caught by something hard and painfully tight.

She didn't have time to process what had just happened when things just kept on happening. The world spun, the rough surface of dirt and pebbles bit into her cheek, both her arms were wrenched behind her back, but the clear sensation of metal bands snapping around her wrists brought it all into focus.

"Uncuff me, you deviant little turds!" Rachel shrieked, fighting the unbreakable bonds of the handcuffs.

She twisted her wrists, pulled at her arms, did everything she could to free herself, but only ended up rolling onto her back in a heaving, panting tantrum. Neither man stopped her as she railed at them and everything in the world as she went on a long overdue tirade.

When the reality of just how screwed she was settled in on her, the oppressive weight stilled her motions and left her glaring at the sky. The stars were beautiful, thousands, millions of them giggling back down at her. At the edges of the musky smell of dirt she could detect the spicy tang of burning logs. She could almost believe in the peace and quiet of the night.

Almost, but then Killian ruined the fantasy she tried to create, with his too handsome mug.

"That would be assaulting an officer."

He doesn't have to sound so damn cheery about that fact.

Killian had taken to the safety of his feet when she'd gone into wildcat mode. Now he brazened the possibility of serious injury to lean down and latch on to her arm. With a careless jerk that spoke as testament to his greater strength, he yanked her right onto her feet.

Just because he was so damn arrogant, Rachel couldn't help but yank back on her arm. Not that she wanted to end up on her ass, but she knew she wouldn't. She couldn't break his hold. She could make a statement.

"It looks like that broken ankle had a miraculous recovery." That wise observation came from Adam, a smug son-of-a-bitch if ever there had been one.

So I'm caught. I did it. I trespassed, took pictures of some kinky party with most of the male citizens of Pittsview in attendance. I still have the power. Pictures or not, they can't make me un-know what I already know. That leaves a lot of room for negotiations.

"Will you look at that? The ankle held."

"Amazing isn't it?"

Rachel returned Adam's dry tone right along with matching obnoxiousness. She managed to keep her features just as tight, just as straight as his. They tried to stare each other down for long seconds, before Killian finally interrupted. Adam shifted his attention a second before hers, just enough for her eyes to catch the slight twitch of his lips.

What the hell was that?

It had been a smile. No doubt about it. Adam was actually enjoying this.

Ah, hell. So am I.

"Ready to admit to what you are doing out here, Rachel?"

She blinked at him for a moment, trying to clear out the thoughts of Adam and focus back on Killian. "No."

"Damn." Adam snickered. "That's the shortest answer we've gotten all night."

"The most honest, too."

It really began to irritate her the way they talked. She didn't get a chance to blast one arrogant ass before the other cut her off.

"You think she's finally starting to worry?"

"Worry?" Now that she would respond to even if she had to shout out Adam's partner in crime. "Ha! I'm worried about nothing. What should I be worried about? I didn't do anything wrong. You're the supposed protector of the citizens who apparently in his free time likes to scare and bully women. I tell you who should be worried—"

"You," Killian stated.

"Yes. You!"

"So you are not worried?"

She would have crossed her arms over her chest if she could have. Instead Rachel had to settle for lifting her chin in defiance at Killian. "No. Why would I be?"

"Because you are cuffed and charged with assaulting an officer of the law?"

"I didn't assault you, you big baby."

"You were going to smack me."

"You deserve a good smack."

"And you deserve a good spanking, but you don't see me bending you over."

Uh-oh. Images!

Rachel tried not to focus on them, but everywhere her mind turned it saw the same reflection. Her, naked, trapped between these two men. Their callused hands felt rough against her body, rough and controlling. Killian held her tight with his hold on her waist while Adam forced her head downward with a firm grip in her hair. They bent her over, Adam bringing her lips to brush against the hard denim covering his bulging erection. With dark intent, Killian's hands smoothed over her ass in a gentle imitation of what was about to come. The soft hiss of a zipper being lowered had her tensing as...

"Not yet."

He couldn't know.

"You are going to be punished, Rachel. Have no doubt of that, but first we're going to reveal all your sins."

Punished? Oh, no, he didn't.

"Excuse me? Do I look like an eight year old child to you? Let me tell you something, buddy, I ain't no little kid for you deliver a spanking too. Nor am I some cheap ass flossy who bends over for the right price. Don't even look at me like that. You don't think I don't know what *you're* doing out here?"

"Oh, I know what you're up to. You're one of those sick bastards that has to prove his manhood by paying some woman to play puppet to all his little commands. Let me tell you something. I ain't no puppet and you best watch your ass before it gets chewed by these fangs, baby."

"You know, you are awfully mouthy," Killian commented, apparently unimpressed by her passionate tirade.

"Yet another sign she is in need of a good fucking."

Rachel twirled on Adam. "Would you shut up about that?"

"So much negativity and tension." He circled a palm in her direction. "I really think if you just got laid you'd be a much happier, and nicer, person."

"I am a happy person," Rachel growled.

"Of course, with that disposition I imagine you frighten off most volunteers. I could—"

"Don't say it."

"Why not? You've already thought about it."

"Not once."

"You really are a bad liar." Adam's grin took a wicked turn and Rachel instinctively shifted away from the predatory intent she could feel tensing his muscles. "I could prove it to you."

Don't provoke the lion.

"Only if you are prepared to suffer a humiliating defeat."

Ah shit.

He came at her then, taking the step that closed the distance between them. She went back, desperate to regain her private space. Instead of freedom she found herself trapped with Killian at her back and Adam pushing in from the front.

They surrounded her with strength and warmth, a siren's call of security and comfort. It felt so good to be imprisoned in a cage of heated, male muscles. Like a symphony, the air filled with layers of scents, male musk, soap, earth, with subtle after tones of cinnamon and mint.

She melted beneath the liquid heat of the hot, humid night. Her muscles drugged into relaxing as the scent of lust thickened around her. Naturally her body shifted, molding into the hard press of male ridges.

It felt amazing to be pressed between them, molded into them. Almost as good as the lips on her neck. A firm, warm caress, it flirted across her skin in sweet, almost ticklish kisses until it rested against the very beat of her pulse. He toyed with the wild beat. Nibbling on the taut stretch of skin, licking, sucking, the provocative kiss revved her heart into a pounding race

"The taste of victory is so very sweet."

Chapter 4

Murmured like a lover, Adam's words floated through her empty mind. They echoed over each other, building layer over layer until the intent overwhelmed the delivery. Part of her very desperately wanted to forget, to go back to losing herself in the moment with these two men.

She couldn't. Couldn't let go of the meaning behind Adam's words. All of this was just a game to him. A game with her dignity and self-respect as the prize. If she let this happen, she'd be no better than those women back at the party.

Worse, she'd be nothing more than one of those women to these men. Just another plaything to amuse themselves with. She wouldn't be that. The mere idea rankled. They wouldn't play her. She'd play them. And she knew just how to do it.

Bending her arms, she brought her hands up enough to cup the large bulge of Killian's cock that had been pressing into the small of her back. The position forced her to arch away from him and she discovered another hard dick pressing into her stomach. Perfect, she'd really enjoy taking both men down.

Though she'd never done something so bold or forward as to make a move on a man, Rachel threw herself full force into the role of the seductress. She molded her fingers around Killian's hard length and squeezed. Instantly he stiffened behind her. She felt his muscles tighten all around her and when she added a sliding motion to her secure grip, he actually trembled.

With a muttered curse that she took as a victory he arched his hips and moved in rhythm with her stroking hands. The motion emboldened her, giving her the confidence to roll her hips and let her stomach begin to move over the solid width of Adam's erection.

Adam responded just as Killian had. He tensed, his hips flexed and then with a growled obscenity his hands locked on her waist and jerked her up. A thick thigh parted her legs and she found herself suddenly straddling Adam's hard muscled thigh.

She could feel herself fading, getting lost to the power of the moment and sheer, manic fear shafted through her. She was about to lose control. As much as her body clamored forward into the storm, her mind revolted. It simply couldn't let go.

Rachel jerked back from the kiss letting her fear carry her through the motion. She gasped for breath, for some relief to the lust drugging her senses. She couldn't lose it now. If she did, then all her options would disappear right along with her control. Then what would happen?

Looking up through her lashes, she met Adam's intense gaze. "I want you."

The truth, so easy to give, made Adam's features relax slightly. "You can have anything you want."

That promise, murmured between the little butterfly kisses he rained down her jaw and over the ridge to her neck, had her eyes fluttering closed again. She tried, really tried, to amass her resistance and keep her mind on her goal.

"Not here." It came out jagged. The words cut roughly from her panting breaths. "I want a bed."

"Something soft, comfortable, where we can spend hours enjoying that sweet little body," Killian whispered against the curve of her ear.

Hours?

Her heart jumped at the idea even as her mind rebelled. Hours of being trapped between these men, being totally at their mercy, letting them use her in way they wanted...she'd get lost. When they were done, they would return to their normal lives, and she'd end up a piece of broken wreckage in their wake.

"We could take you home, strip you bare and feast on your naked flesh." Alex murmured into the curve of her neck before scraping his teeth over her sensitive skin. She started slightly at the minor assault, but his words lured her, seduced her in ways that she had no defenses against.

"Would you like that?"

"Yes." Rachel breathed out the word with no thought left to the consequences. If they were beside a bed now there would be no more hesitation.

"First, you need to tell us what you were doing out here."

Alex's words, no matter how softly whispered, brought back the grim reality of her situation better than anything could.

Now who is being played?

She'd underestimated them, just as they had underestimated her. Perhaps though, it was time to do away with the pretenses, to reveal the truth that they were not the only people with power in this situation. Rachel smiled at thought. She knew what these men would do with their power, knew just how perfect of a side dish it would make to the banquet she would soon lay out on the front covers of the newspaper.

She opened her eyes and met Alex's dark gaze head on. "You already know the answer to that, don't you?"

"Say it."

"I'm out here investigating the rumors that the Cattleman's Club is more than just a place where men go to gamble and drink whiskey."

Alex smiled, his eyes glancing to Killian even as Killian breathed dark, forbidden thoughts into her ear. "Did you enjoy seeing just what we do in our free time, Rachel? Did you get all hot and wet as you watched all those women being used, punished and pleased? Did you imagine yourself as one of them? Wish that you were?"

She wanted to say no, because it had been the truth when she'd been peeking through the leaves. She hadn't wanted to be those women, because she hadn't wanted any of those men. These men though, she wanted them and her mind had already flashed images of what it would be like to play slave to their masters.

"You broke the law, Rachel." Adam didn't sound too distressed over that. "By rights we should take you down to the station and process you."

They wouldn't.

"Of course," Adam's hand boldly came up to palm her breast. Teasingly he rolled and pinched her nipple. Involuntarily, she groaned and arched into his touch. "We could see to your punishment ourselves."

Oh, crap. Oh, crap. He's suggesting...

Her pussy blossomed to life, flooding with the thick, rich cream of desire. Arousal blossomed through her body as her mind readily accepted his terms, began to yearn for them. She wanted to be that woman in the picture, naked, vulnerable, flushed and moaning with her desire. Trapped between two hard, unforgiving male bodies. Trapped between Adam and Killian while they unleashed their dirty imagination on her body.

"What do you say, Rachel? You want a firsthand experience at your story?" Killian teased.

"Don't you know that's how all the great journalist work? They go to war with the soldiers, undercover into gang land, as inmates into the prisons."

As lovers into bed with the perverts.

"Yes."

No. No! What the hell had she just said?

Rachel couldn't believe her own ears. She'd heard what she heard, her voice, soft and breathless, whispering out her acceptance to a fantasy she just couldn't indulge in. She couldn't do this. She could barely have sex with one man.

Truth of the matter, she'd only ever had sex with one man. The same man for seven years. It might have started out with some excitement, but it had quickly grown into monotony. The same man, the same positions, the same formula—kiss, lick, suck, fuck. Even in those comfortable confines she'd always been nervous. Nervous about her body, about her performance, about the positions, about every damn detail, that she'd never actually had the room to orgasm.

How embarrassing would it be to have to go through that with two men as witnesses?

She couldn't do it. She'd agreed to it though, and that had seemed to back down Adam's and Killian's aggression. Now she just needed to go more in that direction, soon they would give her the little bit of freedom to escape. All she had to do was hold onto her sanity long enough.

And play a very dangerous game with two men totally out of my league.

Rachel took a deep breath and then the plunge. "I accept the terms of your condition."

"I just want to make sure I got this right. You agree to spend the whole night allowing Adam and I to punish you in any way we see fit, up to and including sex."

"In exchange for all charges being dropped."

Rachel could just imagine what kind of headlines that story would get her. Cop's willing to exchange sexual favors for the law. If only she had the balls to write it. Rachel didn't know about that. Even if she did manage to escape tonight, launching an attack like that on Killian and Adam would no doubt earn her a response she would have no capability of controlling.

"What do you think, Killian?" Rachel could hear the sudden uncertainty in Adam's voice. At least one of them had some sense.

"I think we're going to have to take her to our place."

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah, I'm sure all the cabins at the club will be filled by now, but we have enough stuff at home to keep the night interesting."

"I didn't mean that, I meant this whole insane idea."

"You don't think it's insane, do you Rachel?"

"No." Rachel smiled at Killian, sensing his weakness. She might not be Venus, but he was obviously horny. Horny and stupid. "But I don't want to go to your place. If I'm going to do this I want to do it in the comfort of my own home."

He appeared to consider that for a moment. "Okay, but we're going to have to pick up some things from our house."

"And I want my car out of the ditch."

"We'll get it tomorrow."

"No. Tonight." Rachel insisted. "I don't want to wake up tomorrow and be dependent on you. I'm sure you don't want to wake up tomorrow and be stuck with me."

"Fine. We'll get it out now."

"How?" Adam asked. "My truck could probably tow it out, but its five miles back to the lodge. You going to sit here with her while I go get it?"

"And waste time on that? It's a little compact. We could lift it out and drive it back to the truck."

"I can't lift it on my own. Neither can you."

"So?"

"So if we're both lifting who is going to be driving?"

They both looked at her. Rachel fought to keep her expression bland. She sensed freedom looming on the horizon, but knew any false move could scare it out of reach.

"Rachel—"

"You can't put her in the driver's seat," Adam snapped. "We're blackmailing her for sex for Christ's sake, Killian."

"We're not blackmailing her."

He needs a dictionary.

"She wants to have sex with us, don't you, sweetheart?"

Oh, hell yeah. Dirty, sweaty, all-night long sex with both of you.

"I want it." She didn't lie even if she didn't plan to fulfill the unspoken promise those words made. Rachel knew some part of her would always regret what came next, but survival outweighed regret.

"You're not going to run off now, are you?"

Rachel tilted her head to meet Killian's gaze. She smiled at him, hoping that she didn't give any of her true intentions away. "I wouldn't want to miss out on my personal exposé, would I?"

"I don't know about this," Adam muttered, drawing her eyes to him.

"Don't you want me?"

That question, asked in her little girl lost voice, stilled him. She could see the answer so clearly in his eyes. He wanted her, but there was something else there. Something she didn't understand, an intensity that worried her.

His head bent, his lips whispered across hers. The kiss was so quick, no more than a slight brush of lips, but so intense it held Rachel captive. So did the intensity in his eyes as his head lifted.

"I'll take the cuffs off."

Chapter 5

"I knew she was going to do that."

Adam watched the taillights disappear into the night even as the high-pitched rev of Rachel's engine faded. A part of him couldn't believe he was just standing there watching her escape. A very primal instinct demanded action, demanded that he hunt, capture, bind her to him. He couldn't explain it. Sure she'd tasted good, felt even better, but Rachel Allen did not fall into the category of the women he normally chased after...well, who normally chased after him.

Truth be told, Adam didn't go in for the chase. He never had reason to before. There had always been so many options available to him that whoever decided to take their interest elsewhere had been fine with him.

Rachel might not have the spectacular looks the women at the club had, but she had soft, rounded curves that had rubbed him in all the right places. She'd made him hard and hungry in a way he had never been before. He wasn't thinking, though, about his own pleasure, but wanted to know what hers looked like, felt like. He wanted to make Rachel writhe beneath him, begging and pleading him for her release. He'd give it to her. That and all ten inches of his hard dick which begged right now to go skinny dipping in Rachel's little cunt.

Down boy. You'll get what you want. We both will.

"You were the one who said to put her in the driver's seat." Adam couldn't help but take a shot at Killian. Part of him thought this was all Killian's fault. He'd pushed and just as Adam had suspected, Rachel had fled.

"I just wanted to see if she'd actually do it." Killian shrugged before turning his back on Adam and starting the long trek back to his truck.

"Do it?" Adam jogged up to his side. "She did it. Now what are we supposed to do?"

"Go find her."

That's exactly what Adam wanted to do, but he doubted it was the right course of action. Rachel could be something special, something that could be ruined by Killian's rough treatment. For all her spunk, it had been obvious to Adam that Rachel was use to dealing with a different type of man.

A gentler, more traditional type of man. Her normal date was probably somebody who held open doors and kissed her politely on the cheek at the end of the first date. Killian had never been much for doors and chairs and Adam had never been one to end a first date with a platonic, little kiss. He could only imagine how Rachel would respond to the types of kisses he liked to give, particularly where he liked to give them.

It would be great, phenomenal, but in the morning she would wake up and regret it all. Adam knew that. Rachel was the type of woman that had to be lured and seduced into the kind of kinky, dirty things they liked to do to a woman. With the right approach and a little time, Adam knew he could get what he wanted from Rachel, get it and hold it.

With Killian in the mix that might not be at all possible. Killian did not waste time and saw no reason for taking it slowly with a woman. Then again all Killian ever wanted from a woman was sex. Once he got that he was out the door, which explained why most decent women thought Killian was a pig.

It had been almost comical to watch and listen as Killian actually tried to get a decent woman's attention. The sad part had been Killian's inability to understand why he kept getting rejected. Killian might have been smart in a lot of ways and certainly knew his way around a female orgasm, but that pretty much ended his knowledge of the other sex.

It just never dawned on him that a woman might actually regret something she'd enjoyed doing. Hell, Adam didn't truly understand it either, but it didn't matter because he could accept it. He could accept that Rachel would be one of those women. The only way to avoid the morning after guilt would be have an actual relationship with her.

She'd never take a one-night stand seriously. No more than he could actually hope to control Killian's response. The man was a like a pit bull and the prey had just run off. Dogs only had one response to something running from them, they chased it.

That left Adam only two options. He could go with Killian and hope for a different ending then his cynical mind assured him would come, or he could risk losing at least having one night with Rachel and stand down.

It doesn't matter if you go or not, she'll still blame you.

Guilt by association, that's what she'd condemn him with if he just left her in Killian's none too gentle hands.

"You coming?" Killian paused at the top of the ridge to look back at Adam.

* * * *

Rachel double checked all the doors and windows to make sure they were locked. Then she checked them again. She knew she was being silly, but she couldn't get over the feeling that she was being hunted.

As if.

Yeah, it had to be either supremely dumb or arrogant to think that either Killian or Adam would come chasing after her. They had a whole field full of better looking, more willing women to pick from.

More willing?

Well, at least easier. All those women were naked and primed by now. Any of them would be happy to accept either Killian or Adam as a lover. What woman wouldn't? What woman wouldn't be hurt, annoyed or jealous to have been the woman passed by?

Rachel sighed at that thought. So she was jealous at the idea of Killian and Adam with those women. So it made her want to pull out the little sluts' hair extensions and pop their over inflated boobs. So what? She'd been the dumbass who had run away.

She'd been regretting that decision ever since the high of actually escaping had worn off. All five minutes after she'd swerved back onto the road and hit the gas. It had occurred to her in that moment that she might have been too rash. Killian had a point, a good investigative journalist should be willing to live their story.

Earth to Rachel. A journalist might follow a hooker around, but she didn't sleep with the johns.

Valid point. She wasn't being rational. She was being horny. The best cure for her hormones would be to focus her attention on something else. Something like the story she intended to write about the Cattleman's Club. Even if at the end of the day she didn't actually go through with publishing it, she needed to write it, needed to know she had.

Who knew, she might, just might, decide to go ahead and sell the story. It would be worth a pretty penny. Worth a whole town, in fact.

Just write the damn thing down first, worry about the ethics of the whole thing later.

Thirty minutes later Rachel finally managed to drag her eyes from the pictures. Too late she realized that she had made a gross error of judgment. Focusing on work hadn't helped cool her desires. It had only inflamed it.

Unable to organize her thoughts to start writing at the outset, Rachel had decided to refresh her memory and look for direction by flipping through the pictures. Truth be told, she hadn't thought it to be the best idea, but hadn't been able to stop herself. When she'd taken the pictures she hadn't been thinking about anything more than capturing the image of depravity that would shock not only Pittsview, but the whole country. Her ambition had blinded her to actually feeling any response to the erotic acts playing out before her very eyes.

That, though, had been before she found herself pinned between two of the most delicious men she'd ever met. They'd turned on her switch and she'd revved her engine even higher. She'd stared at the pictures until her eyes went dry and tight with the need to blink. The images had mutated and shifted until her mind saw herself in them. Her with Killian and Adam. Damn but the need to touch herself, to find some release, couldn't be denied anymore.

She didn't have a man, but she had the need. That left only one option available.

It took her ten minutes to set everything up, but then she sank into the heated bubbles and smiled. Nothing like a few scented candles, a glass of wine and a warm bubble bath to set the scene for a little fantasy. Just what would she do if Killian and Adam were here?

The bathtub isn't big enough for both of them. One of them will just have to watch.

That idea gave her a thrill. Somehow the idea of being watched, of having one of their heated gazes trained on her every action, her every reaction, made her feel so dirty and so damn hot it amazed her that the bubbles didn't boil away.

Killian.

He'd be the one to watch, to watch and suffer because surely a man of action would feel punished when left to do nothing more than observe. It would be difficult for him. He'd have to battle every instinct, every urge to come forth and force his participation. That struggle would become a physical restraint that had his muscles flexing and bulging. Even as he fought for control, it would only feed his aggression, sharpening his need and making those brilliant eyes sparkle with the promise of revenge.

What a sweet revenge it would be.

She'd earn it. Making sure Adam went slow, starting with only his hands on her body, she'd drag out the moment, teasing Killian with every sensuous second even as she prolonged her own agony. Agony would be just what it was to endure Adam's big, callused hands massaging their way down her shoulders.

He'd be behind her, cushioning her with that hard body even as he kept her captured and displayed. She wouldn't care. She'd be putty in his hands, literally. With those warm palms pressing into her muscles, working out every kink and knot as they explored the counters of her back and the graceful crease of her spine.

Their steady progression wouldn't pause until he reached the sensitive skin of her lower back. A few fingers would splay out to tease the crease that divided her ass cheeks, a dark hint at things to come later. The very promise had her shivering with fear and excitement.

It would come, she knew it, but first would come the pleasure, the body numbing, mind shattering pleasure. She'd be so drenched in it that by the time it came to that, she'd be so drunk on ecstasy she'd be incapable of feeling any pain.

It wouldn't be a long road, not with Adam's hands warming up her body. They were sliding around her waist now, tickling her sides with their gentle touch and making her squirm enough to draw his notice back there. Big and callused, his hands lingered there, letting his thumbs twirl out ripples of pure electricity. Rachel's breath caught, her body stilling and tensing with anticipation. His touch was so soft, nothing more than a sensual promise of the pleasure to come.

Rachel's eyes, already at half mast, drifted the rest of the way closed. It felt so good to luxuriate in the glow of things to come. The anticipation built in her, weighing her down until her body relaxed and melted into the moment.

Only then did his hands shift, encircling her stomach. He liked it, soft and smooth, the roundness bespoke of a healthy body, one with curves to cushion all his hardness. Again his thumbs went exploring, traveling the bottom slope of her breasts even as the rest of his fingers followed along.

In one smooth, sensual motion Adam's hands glided up to fully cup her aching globes. His thumbs stretched out to pin her tender nipples beneath them. Slowly gaining speed, he used the rough, callused pad to roll them tighter and tighter, sending out electric ripples that had her back arching as she lifted her breast up into his touch.

More, she wanted more. Her body hummed with the need for it, slowly taking to motion as her hips rolled and flexed in a timeless rhythm of female in heat. She became more and more aware of her pussy, of how empty it was, how desperate to be filled. It begged for attention and she pleaded softly, whimpering out her need.

It fed Killian's dark desires and she could see him tensing, clamping down the need to respond to her siren's call. He was vulnerable to it, vulnerable to a woman's desire for her master's attention. He'd give her everything she begged for, give it to her hard and fast, but it was Adam who held her. Adam who tormented her.

Adam would not be rushed or pressured by begging. Instead of testing his strength, her sensual demands only fed his restraint. He wanted her to beg, to beg him for her pleasure, to know he was the only one who could give it to her and only when he decided.

Adam was all about the tease. Even as one hand dipped low to slide over her stomach and into the damp curls covering her mound, Rachel knew release was a far distance off. He intended to torment her in the worst possible way and she welcomed it. Lifting one leg right up over the edge of the tub, she let the other fall wide and opened herself up completely to his touch.

The vulnerability of the moment fueled her desires, making her rage with such lust that she moaned in welcome at the first soft glide of fingers over her fold. She couldn't bear his controlled restraint. Instead, gluttonous need ruled and she covered his hand with her own, forcing his fingers to find the sensitive little bud no longer hidden in her folds. Swollen and alight with pleasure, her clit blossomed under her touch.

With a sigh of contentment, Rachel relaxed back into the tub, letting the warm water and the slow swirl of her finger over her clit melt her body. Toying with her the ultra sensitive bud, she twirled it over and over again, going faster and faster until she could feel her sheath sucking in great gulps of water in a desperate cry to be filled.

One quick thrust of fingers, one tempting taste of pressure and her whole body quivered on the edge of oblivion. Just as she started to feel every nerve ending coming alive in celebration, Rachel backed off and let her hand fall down into the crease between her thighs. For several heart pounding seconds her body quivered on the edge of release before it tumbled back into a fit of disappointment and urgent demands.

This had to be the best part. Well, maybe not the best, but she couldn't bring herself to go there. Not just yet. If she did then it would be over. She'd be left tired and sleepy. That would be a great moment, but Rachel often preferred to prolong it and her pleasure.

Gluttonous, Rachel enjoyed drawing out her releases, bringing herself to the edge of climax several times before she finally gave in to temptation. It was rare that she got to enjoy a climax and so she savored them with greedy delight.

Tonight, though, was even more special because she finally had a face and a name to put to her mystery lover. Normally she fantasized about some generic hunk, undefined in feature, but fully known to her heart. Not this time. This time she had a very specific image of who she wanted and it wasn't just one man.

That made this occasion special, kinkier and hotter. It felt like it deserved more than just the normal bathtub routine. Rachel's mind went to the small box she had hidden in her closet. Maybe not so much as hidden, but ignored. When Hailey had given her the very skimpy set of lingerie it had been more of a joke than for practical use. A good thing because Rachel had never once had an occasion to put the outrageous garments to use.

They were the type of thing the women at the Cattleman's Club wore. The type of thing a woman wore for men like Killian and Adam. Rachel had never known such a type so personally before. Even if it was just in her fantasies, she wanted to wear them for her dream lovers. The mere idea of Killian and Adam tempted her to explore her own darker, more kinky desires.

Panties like that require things to be shaved that have never been shaved in that way.

It would itch coming back in. She'd regret doing it in the morning. Just knowing what she had done would embarrass her and make her feel more sexy and wanton. It would be a silent, private reminder to her that she wasn't such a good girl. She could have a wild side too.

Chapter 6

Thirty minutes later, freshly shaved, lotioned and wearing the ridiculous outfit Hailey had given her, Rachel stepped in front of the old, rounded full length mirror she'd salvaged from a yard sale. Her hands twitched at the belt of her robe, uncertain of whether to unleash the terry knot or pull the strings tighter.

She knew what lay beneath, but wasn't so sure she was ready to confront it with her own eyes. Her hormones had relented some over the past hour, relaxing back from the desperate need for release into the continuous hum of arousal. It still wanted its due, but for the moment her hormones were content to linger in the moment, waiting with anticipated excitement for the next fantasy to begin.

This time it would be Killian doing and Adam watching. It seemed appropriate given the outfit. A man like Killian would know just what to do to a woman dressed as she was. He wouldn't accept any hesitation, but would step up close behind her. Following the pass of her belt, his big hands would settle over the knot to slowly loosen the ties.

With his fingers curled under the edges of her robe, he'd follow the part up toward her shoulders letting the backs of his finger tease over her quivering stomach muscles and over the rise of her breasts. Her nipples, lifted and put on display by the cupless bra, would pucker and tingle under the pass of his fingers. Then they would be revealed to the cool night air and the exploding gaze of Killian's brilliant eyes.

He would look, not with the prowling aggression of desires suppressed. Not this time. This time his gaze would be full of feral hunger as he surveyed the prey caught within his grasp. She trembled under the impact of all the

promises in his eyes and when they lifted to finally meet hers in the reflection, the tension would snap around them.

Killian wouldn't be the slow, tender lover riling her body to the peak of ecstasy the way Adam had. No, Killian would plunge her into the deepest pits of rapture with a speed and force that overwhelmed any doubts or reservations she had.

His hands would be rough and unrelenting as he palmed her breasts, circling her tits with intense aggression. He would pull and pinch her tender tips bringing pain to the party. Just slight twinges and dark forewarnings that fed the excitement into a fever pitch. Then he'd cup one breast, lift it up and demand that she suck it for him. He wanted to watch her pink little tongue slip out to flick over her nipples, trace over the creases, and tease its very tip before her lips sucked it in.

Ah, shit.

The ripples of pleasure spreading out from her breasts felt more like tidal waves, flooding her pussy in a torrential downpour of heated cream. The strength of which couldn't be contained and her hips flexed, slowly rotating in a sensual humping dance that called out to and lured men in. The motion had her clit blossomed to life as it rubbed against the satiny material of her panties.

Even as she continued the assault against her own breast, his hand dropped down to the string edge over her underwear. A little pull and tug and the tiny triangle that barely covered her crotch disappeared into a line of fabric that slipped between the edges of her swollen lips to press harder, with more intent against her clit. Again and again the material sea sawed over her sensitive bud until she released her breast with a pop to moan out her pleasure.

He wanted her to touch herself, to watch her come by her very own hand and she didn't have the will power to deny him. She lifted a trembling hand to her breast, doing as he had done, tormenting her nipple with a roughness that had her aching for more, for his hands on her body.

That wouldn't happen, not until she gave him what she wanted, her pleasure on display for his. He wanted her vulnerable and weak so when he attacked she would be unable to offer any resistance to his darker, more perverse commands. The very idea excited her and spurred her to overcome the last of her reservations.

Rachel didn't hesitate nor tease herself with any preliminary strokes. Her need was too great for that now. Like a race horse chomping at the bit her body demanded satisfaction and her hand obeyed, slipping around the balled up material of her little g-string to hone in on the swollen bud of her desire.

One finger, that's all it took, one single finger swirling over her clit to make her eyes roll back in her head. Faster and tighter she rounded that sweet little bud. All the while he watched, those eyes flashing in the mirror with the promise of what would come, what he intended to do to her very shortly. First though he wanted to see her do it to herself. That's just what she did.

Rachel gave herself over to the excitement of her own touch, to the illusion of Killian watching her as her whole body tightened. Tremors quaked through her muscles as the first cracks in reality began to snap around her. Sharp shards of rapture cut through her, lacerating her body with such intense pleasure that she jerked and writhed under the impact.

Her body lost its ability to hold her weight and she slouched forward into the mirror, blindly banging her forehead into the cool surface even as her free hand abandoned her breast to clutch at the rounded top of its frame.

Oh, God, she needed to be filled, stretched.

Cock. I need a cock.

His cock, wouldn't that be wonderful, but all she had were her fingers. Her scrawny, little fingers that didn't go deep enough or stretch her wide enough, but they were all she had and she used them as well as she could. Years of training made her especially good and in minutes she had herself panting, pressing into the mirror as her orgasm hit her.

Even as she splintered apart from the impact of slamming into Utopia, he made his move. Oversized and warm his hand slid beneath the edge of her panties to cover hers like a glove. Molding itself to every finger he widened her sheath as he forced her to fuck herself even deeper, harder, faster.

"It's my turn now."

Rachel didn't have the energy or even the focus to object to her fantasy lover's sudden appearance. Rachel barely managed to open her eyes to meet the dark feral gaze staring back at her. Adam, not Killian. That was all the reason she had left. She recognized that single fact only seconds before a second more deadly explosion rocketed through her body.

Fireworks heralded her ascent into the heavens and she flew with the stars twinkling all around her. How long she stayed suspended in the warm cocoon of release, she didn't know. Too soon reality ordered itself around, fitting back in piece by piece to solidify an image around her that had her crashing back to Earth.

Rachel blinked and met her fantasy lover's gaze in the mirror. Not sparkling bright, but dark and hungry.

Adam.

Adam stood behind her and Killian leaned against the door frame. Her two dream lovers come to life to haunt her with the embarrassment and humiliation of having been caught doing something Rachel would never have admitted to anybody she did. The flush in her cheeks did not come wholly from the afterglow of release.

What now?

What did she say after what just happened? Was there anything really to say? They'd intruded on her most intimate and private of moments, but did it matter? From the look in their eyes and the pounding of her own heart, there could be no denying that things were about to get a lot more intimate between the three of them.

* * * *

Adam didn't know if he could hold on for another second. It had been a guess in his mind for the last five minutes, ever since he walked into the room and found Rachel wearing an outfit he'd never thought she'd even own. That shock had been minimal compared to what she had been doing.

He'd known the second her hands had slid her robe off her shoulders that she would be giving him a show that would test his control like it had never been tested before. It had been a fantasy come true, but for one detail. She hadn't watched. She'd kept her eyes closed when he knew she would enjoy it more with them open.

He'd rectify that. Next time, he would make sure she kept her eyes open and there would be a next time. Many times, because he would need it. Even now the memory of her lifting her own breast to her mouth, of watching those full, pink lips part over her furrowed tip, had his balls drawing up in painful demand.

God, but he wanted to watch it all again, even as he wanted to be the one tasting her luscious tits. It would only be the beginning. He'd taste every inch of her, spread her out on the bed and feast on her, but first he had to get the

burning distraction out of his cock. It would give him no rest until it had fucked itself to exhaustion in the sweet heat of the pussy he could already smell dripping with cream.

Oh, yeah. She'd be hot and tight around his fingers. Tight enough that the very idea of having that little cunt suck the length of his cock into the vise of her molten muscles made his dick threaten to explode before it even got a chance to feel Rachel from the inside out. He would have erupted over her then, taking what he needed with as much finesse as a caveman if she hadn't surprised him by moving.

Not away, but toward. She turned and pressed her flushed curves into him, surprising him with her boldness. He wouldn't have expected her to embrace the moment, but then again he wouldn't have expected her to start it with such a magnificent display either. Rachel might have come off as prim and proper, but within her lay the heart of a vixen.

The contradiction had him mesmerized, which was why he didn't respond at first when she stretched up to press a sweet kiss against his lips. Her quick little tongue licked at his before her sharp little teeth took a nibble at his lower lip. The sudden assault shot a violent bolt of lust through him, but she didn't give him a chance to unleash his aroused aggression.

Leaning back she caught his gaze. The dark orbs glinted with the dangerous combination of feminine mystery and mirth. Adam swallowed, paralyzed by the volatile mix of anticipation and excitement, as her eyes slowly drifted further away from him as she went to her knees. He knew, he could see the promise in her eyes. She intended to torment him and there was nothing he could do to stop her. Nothing he would do, but stand there tense, each muscle locked and loaded.

She could have this moment. Soon though, very soon he would have his. The little minx might think she had the upper hand, but once she drained every inch of his cock of its stiffness he would show her just who held the power.

Adam couldn't relax enough to smile, but he wanted to. His little temptress, Rachel had the spirit of vixen, but the sweet soul of an angel. The way she fumbled with his belt and tugged at the zipper of his jeans told him that this would be a first for her. Instead of diminishing her power as a seductress, the underlying innocence he could sense in her only made her more attractive to him.

Then he forgot to breath. She'd gotten his jeans undone. The moment the leash had loosened from around his hardened shaft it sprung forward to find a warm welcome in her cupped hands. So light, so gentle the first tentative strokes of her palm along his cock had him shuddering with the struggle to restrain himself from taking control.

He'd never been touched like this before. Slowly, with a reverence that made him feel like she was worshipping him, Rachel explored every crease, every wrinkle of his dick. Adam clenched his jaw and endured her curious little caresses. With each one she filled his mind with the static of his own rampaging lust until all he could hear was the hum of tension binding down on him.

With a crackle and pop, it snapped at the cool, silky feel of her tongue tracing up the seam of the vein running the length of his cock. She used just the tip of her tongue for that first electrifying lick. Right beneath the ridge of his swollen head, her tongue dipped and slid back downward.

At first her mouth didn't move and the rest of her tongue snaked out, curling around his thickness until the velvety heaven cupped him and pulled her lips down toward his balls. Adam flinched and gasped when her explorations continued lower. Her lips closed over his tender sacks. She sucked and he moaned.

Oh, shit!

He'd come right now if she did that again. Holding himself tense and ready for another devastating blow, he sucked in a huge breath when her tongue skipped back up his cock. The quick flirty motion gave him a second to regain some precious needed control, but only a second. Licking around the curved edge of his head, she delivered another sharp lash of rapture to his body when she tasted the very tip of his dick.

Flaring her lips just a little, she settled her mouth down around the head of his cock in a painfully unfulfilling move. So close to what he wanted, she didn't suck and it about killed him. She did go exploring, allowing her tongue to trace down the slit toward the unseeing eyes in the center of his head.

That soft, velvety toy was followed by the sharp scrape of teeth over his sensitive skin. Adam cursed and jerked under the assault. Almost instantly his objections turned to approval as she soothed the injury with a gentle suck. The teasing little motion had his hips jerking back toward her as a groan escaped from him.

The little tease.

She knew what she was doing to him. That truth glimmered in her eyes. Eyes that had not once wavered from his. That look alone would have hardened his dick. In combination with what her wicked mouth was doing to him, the effect was almost lethal. It might not have killed him, but it did rip away any veneer of domestication he normally wore.

The primitive male inside him demanded that the woman kneeling before him finish what she'd started. He would tolerate no more games or hesitation. Her time of power had just come to an end.

Adam regained control of the leash by wrapping a fist through her hair. Rachel didn't mutter a single protest or utter a word of complaint when he dragged her head back, forcing her face to tilt up.

"You want to play, Rachel, but you don't know the rules to this game."

Her lips twisted up ever so slightly in a barely-there, smug, little smile. Adam growled. She challenged him. Adam never backed down from a challenge and only very rarely lost. Pushing her head back down until her lips brushed over his cock once again, Adam snarled out an order.

"Suck it."

He didn't ask and he didn't leave her any room to deny him even if she had wanted to. With his hold in her hair, he forced her head lower and her lips broke wide over his length. She rebelled for a moment, refusing to suck even as she took his dick all the way into the warm, moist haven of her mouth. Only when his head bounced against the back of her throat and she'd settled over as much of his thick shaft as she could take, did she move.

With a quickness that he couldn't defend against, her hand shot up to palm his balls. At the exact same instant, she jerked back against his hold, clamping her lips down and pulling her mouth back up over his cock. Adam cursed again, jerking under the sudden onslaught of pleasure and it didn't stop.

She didn't stop. She sucked his cock with a speed and fierceness that had him teetering on the edge of the most explosive climax he'd ever approached. His hand kept her head bobbing up and down his length at an ever increasing speed until she swallowed and took his aching length that much deeper into paradise.

The damn broke and he couldn't contain his roar of satisfaction, any more than he could stop the burning seed from erupting out of his balls in a volcanic outpouring. Nothing ever compared to the pure pleasure of a release, but this time he soared to heights he didn't know men were capable of attaining. It was almost poetic, almost poetic but for the savagery of the rapture that held him in its grip.

It burned straight through his flesh to brand his soul with the permanence of Utopia known. He would need this again, need to feel like this often. That sobering reality ripped him from the ecstasy embracing him and tumbled him back to Earth, where Rachel still knelt before him and the promise of another trip to paradise still kept his dick hard.

Hard as if I was an eighteen year old with the ability to go many, many rounds in one night.

It had been awhile since that had happened. Years, in fact. He was normally good for two, maybe three rounds in one night. Now he suddenly had the stamina to go two or three rounds in the next hour, all thanks to the woman whose lips glistened with the proof of his last release.

Poor girl. She has no idea what is in store for her.

Adam couldn't wait to show her.

She'd done a good job of swallowing everything he'd blasted her with, but not all. His cock still felt sticky from his recent explosion. Tightening the hold that had gone slack when he'd come, he knotted her hair around his fist and forced her gaze back to his dick.

"Time to clean up your mess, honey. Lick it."

Lick it she did. Licked it, teased it, brought him back to the need to have her suck it. The little vixen, he'd probably played right into her hands, because she didn't need him to command her. Opening her mouth wide, she clamped her lips down over his cock and worked him back to the edge of ecstasy. This time she set the rhythm. She took control and he didn't have the strength to fight it.

Too. Damn. Good.

A part of him wanted to rally and fight for dominance of this moment, but she was just too damn good. The best blow job he'd ever had. He should have relaxed and sailed right over the horizon into another atomic explosion, but this time he fought it.

Damn me. I'm not going to waste this load down her throat.

He'd deliver it buried deep inside her right after he'd reamed her pussy hard and good. That's exactly what he wanted to do, would do once he put a stop to this insanity. That was the one thing he couldn't do. It just felt too damn good to call a stop to it. Besides, he consoled himself, being lured into acceptance of the moment. Besides, there would be time later to get his revenge.

Adam heard a rustle of movement, felt Rachel's moan vibrate down the length of his shaft. Barely cracking his eyes open he saw that Killian had moved. His friend had gone to the floor behind Rachel, his big, tanned hands held her thighs wide and Adam envied him the sight. He could only imagine how pretty Rachel's little pussy must look, all swollen and glistening with cream, naked in a way that lured a man in to take a little taste.

He watched as Killian's head dipped to do just that. Rachel jerked and skipped a beat. Another moan reverberated down his cock and Adam smiled. Things were about to get good.

Chapter 7

Too good.

It was as if a slice of heaven had just speared through her, straight up from her pussy to incinerate her spine in a shower of pure, white-hot rapture. Another bolt shot through her as the devilish tongue made another pass straight through her swollen lips. It pressed slightly over the opening of her cunt, a quick, shallow thrust that had her moaning and arching in a silent plea for more.

It obeyed with another thrust into her aching sheath before it slid free of her clinging muscles to dip up and discover the little bud that held the mystery of the female orgasm within its web of nerve endings.

Oh, God, yes!

Rachel didn't know if she said it or thought it. She didn't care. All she cared about was arching backward, pressing into the tongue swirling over her tender little clit and making her whole body tremble as the screws to her release tightened down all around her. She tried to rear and buck into the open mouth tormenting her pussy, but the firm, almost painful, grip of fingers dug into her hips and held her still.

Her head reared back, off the cock filling her mouth. She barely got out a squeak, not near the demand she intended, before the hand in her hair slammed her back down. Rachel didn't have the mind left to focus on any rhythm but the tongue that swirled over and over her clit.

Mindless of anything other than the orgasm building to a head inside her, she gave herself over completely to their control, to their authority. Being made vulnerable heightened the erotic experience, defining each second with a dark thrill that had her twisting as the bright light of ecstasy dawned over the horizon of her soul.

Three thick fingers, slick with her own cream, penetrated her ass, blasting her out into the ether as Killian's husky promise chased after her.

"So damn tight, I'm going to fuck this ass."

Her world broke apart at the seams. She screamed as Adam pulled his cock from her mouth. She'd have been lost if it hadn't been for the pressure filling her ass grounding her to reality. Killian fucked his fingers into her, widening her, stretching her, preparing her for something a great deal thicker and longer than his fingers. And all the while his words haunted her, a tender caress across the flaming folds of her pussy.

"I'm going to take you right here, so hard and deep with Adam filling out that tight little pussy of yours. You want that, don't you? You want to both of us fucking you at the same time. Filling you like you've never been filled and making you explode with pleasure like no other man ever has. Feel it, baby."

Suddenly he lifted, bringing his hips to mold around hers. Thick thighs pushed hers even wider, forcing her to rest her weight on his as his thick shaft parted her folds with the tempting promise of penetration. It didn't come. Instead he teased her with the feel of him, letting his actions and words work her into a frenzy of need.

"You like that, baby? You want it? You want to feel my dick stretching you wide? You gonna beg me for it?"

The deep, dark words floated through her mind, making her whimper with her own need. God, she wanted it, wanted the thick, hard cock sawing through her pussy lips to tease her clit with its non-stop stroking motion to plunge deep inside her, fill her and then pound her hard and fast into oblivion.

"I am going stretch this little cunt wide, fill it with more cock than it's ever had. I'm going to fuck you, harder, deeper than any man has ever given you and you're going to love it. Every sweaty, dirty second of it, you're going to be begging for more."

Oh, God, please. Now.

She needed it now, needed to feel just what

"Then I'm going to pull it out, slam it into this ass." He leaned back, forcing his cock even tighter against her cunt as his hands palmed her butt. "This tight, plush, virgin ass. It is a virgin, isn't it, baby? You ain't never taken a man here before, have you?"

She didn't have the ability to form words. Her voice had been stolen from her long minutes ago. The reasoning needed to form coherent thoughts had been eaten away by the primal instincts Killian called forth with his hands. Those primitive responses ruled now. They bowed her back lower, arching her hips up to rub back against his bold touch.

"Was that a yes?" He flexed his hips, dragging his dick back until it lodged against the edge of her opening. With expert precision he pressed so subtly forward that not even the full, rounded head of his cock pressed into her. Instead it hovered barely inside, more a promise than a fulfillment.

"Answer me, Rachel. Do you want me to fuck you?"

"Oh, God, *yes!*"

Her acceptance curled from a moaning pant into an outright scream as he embedded his full length deep into her. Just as she'd fantasized there was no hesitation in Killian, no persuasive subtly or teasing slowness. He slammed into her with the feral hunger of a primitive man focused on one single goal, mating his woman.

He pounded into her so hard and fast that she'd have flown forward if not for the fingers biting into her shoulder. With a hard grip, he held her prisoner for his fucking. Not that she'd have tried to escape. She'd already melted into the floor, going boneless and limp under the aggressive assault of pleasure overwhelming every facet of reality. Her entire world had narrowed down to the primitive beat of ecstatic drums sounding off with each spearing thrust of Killian's cock deep into her.

It took him only a matter of seconds to shred her world into tattered fragments. So thick and hot, his cock hammered in one explosion after another as rapture began to mushroom through her, racing toward one final, soul shattering detonation. Then he pulled free and, for a second, she wavered on the very edge of eternal bliss or total ruin.

A heart beat later he forged back into her with a speed and skill that had her eyes bulging. Killian didn't stop until he had embedded every rock hard inch of his cock in her ass. The unusual pressure cracked the whip over her release and sent her soul hurling out of her body.

She shot straight up under the impact of ecstasy's pure, raw ways and crashed back into Killian. The both tumbled back on to the floor, but Rachel didn't notice. The pain darkening the edges of her pleasure only served to deepen the depths of Utopia's borders.

Trapped within that magical, mystical place, Rachel writhed in Killian's embrace, completely unaware that her own instinctive motions kept the steady hum of pleasure coursing through her. Even as the brutal waves of her release began to subside, the frothy pleasure still lapped over her body, keeping her from truly crashing down.

She did, though, become aware of a few simple facts. The most unavoidable was that Killian's dick still felt like a piece of silk-covered, heated iron, burning her ass from the inside out. He still had her imprisoned in his arms. His thighs still forced her legs wide, but now she lay stretched across him, open and vulnerable to Adam's eyes.

Rachel's breath caught as her gazed locked with his. In some distant part of her mind a voice cried out that this couldn't be real. It had to be a dream, a wonderfully dirty dream that excited her to the point of madness.

Insanity.

That could be the only thing to explain the vision playing out before her very eyes. She'd lost her mind. She was not being held captive in Killian's embrace, impaled on his cock from behind, with Adam's head lowering down slowly over her open, weeping cunt.

This couldn't be real, but it was. The dark look of hunger in Adam's gaze grounded her as nothing else could. He kept his eyes locked on hers, keeping her aware of the details of the moment when all she wanted to do was to get lost in it.

Then she was lost, lost to the hot wash of breath over the oversensitive folds of her pussy. Already tormented by Killian's own feasting and harsh fucking, she didn't know if she could take another round. Even as Adam's tongue tickled its way up her split slit, she flinched.

Pleasure to the point of pain came at her from both sides. Every teasing lick Adam made over her cunt had her squirming to escape the piercing shards of rapture that cut through her. The edges melted as her motions jarred the dick impaling her ass and made it burn so brightly with its own form of pleasure that no other sensation survived the inferno.

A pause, a whispered breath, and then Adam repeated the cycle of torturous delight. With expert skill he wound her back up the mountain until she was moaning out "please" and begging him to put an end to the game and fuck her. That's what she wanted. They'd reduced her to a thing of wild need that had only one desire, to be filled, fucked, ridden hard...from both sides.

"Please, Adam."

She couldn't take any more, wanted to tell him that, but the rest of the words got choked off when he slid two fingers deep into her. He pressed down, back against the cock filling out her rear. She bucked up, unable to contain the bolt of wild pleasure that whirled through her. So delicious, she wanted, needed, another taste.

Arching her head over Killian's shoulder, she began to thrust in time with those amazing fingers fucking into her. The ecstasy sparkling through her body had a reverse echo, for every thrust down onto the fingers pulled her up the thick shaft buried behind her. Up became down and down became up, until the sensations blurred and she no longer had control of her motions.

She was barely aware of Killian's hands biting into her hips, exaggerating her motions. All she could do was twist and shudder as the mushroom cloud returned, billowing outward as it began to rush toward total annihilation.

"Oh, God," Rachel screamed. "I'm going to come!"

In an instant all motion stopped.

"No!"

She snarled and bucked, fighting to find some way to save the ethereal bubble of pleasure from collapsing down all around her. Beneath her Killian cursed and clamped his arms round her stomach. Like steel manacles, they tightened down until she could barely breathe let alone struggle.

"Don't worry, my wild one," Killian growled in her ear, making shivers run down her neck and race across her spine. "You're going to get everything you want, all the dick you can take. We're going to pack this tight little body so full of cock you won't be able to breathe without feeling us. We're going to screw you like you ain't never been screwed, right here on the floor, just like the wild thing you are."

"That's it baby. Go on and twist, you like the feel of that? You like teasing yourself on my cock? You like having your ass crammed full of meat, don't you? Now you want me to fuck this ass, hard and rough just like the wild thing you are."

"Killian." That was all she could manage to whimper. The dark, forbidden suggestions made her burn more hotly than ever.

"I think she's ready. Don't you, Adam?"

"Hmm, certainly is wet and squirmy enough for a good fucking."

"But..."

"But it's kind of fun to tease her."

Rachel shrieked and jerked under the sudden lick of Adam's tongue. He went straight up, only pausing long enough to tickle her clit and make her jerk again.

"Definitely fun."

"You should feel it from this end," Killian groaned.

Oh, God. They're talking about me again.

This time the arrogant presumption of their attitudes didn't irritate her. Instead it colored the lines around the waves of lust swamping her with a tingly, foamy sensation. She had no control in this moment, no ability to protect herself from these men and their lascivious designs. That very fact thrilled her.

"That good, huh?"

"Baby girl's got such a tight ass I feel like the top of my dick is going to pop off. You better hurry and mount up, because I can't hold on much longer."

Mount up?

Surely he hadn't been referring to Adam and her. The perverseness of the situation hit, for a shining second reason managed to infiltrate the splendor she'd been floating in. It lobbied her to object, to lash out in outrage and rebel against their domination.

Before the seed of those thoughts could bloom into any action her world altered around her. It was happening. Her breath caught in the back of her throat as she felt the thick, rounded length of a second cock pressing into her body.

Her eyes watered, the sight of Adam's chiseled features pulled tight with grim determination wavered. All she could focus on was the intensity in his dark eyes. Those deep, chocolate orbs became her anchor as the pain and pressure of being overfilled began to splinter the great waves of pleasure into sharp fragments that rained down over her. The fine little cuts sent prickles of pure, undiluted rapture trickling out.

For a second the ripples of pleasure froze as even her heart stopped. Adam had seated his full length inside her. Now came the question, would she explode? If one of them just breathed too harshly, Rachel feared she might.

Hot breath washed over her face and those amazing eyes were bare inches from hers. She was not only overstuffed, but being crushed between two impossibly hard and unforgiving bodies. It was too much. She was suffering from sensory overload and just needed a moment to get her bearings.

"How do you want it, baby girl?" Adam's whisper chased her eyes closed. "Slow and easy or hard and fast?"

"Fuck slow," Killian growled out as his hands bit into her hips.

Even as his hips flexed backward, he lifted her, forcing her to take that little bit more of Adam's cock. She moaned out under the impact of the mini-stroke. A second later and everything shifted in the opposite direction.

They began with slow, shallow strokes that quickly escalated out of control. Reality ceased to exist, thinned down to only the feel of the twin, steel-hard cocks fucking into her with increasing speed and ferocity. Killian's hands kept her hips swaying in perfect rhythm, matching both men stroke for stroke.

Rachel screamed as the volatile mixture of rapture and pain detonated, casting out a million tiny fireballs exploding across her body. Still Killian and Adam continued to fuck her with deep, hard, pounding strokes.

They grunted and sweated over her, racing her through the plumes of Utopia's dawning haze and straight into the horizon. The smoldering embers of her first release collapsed in on each other, growing into a raging inferno. Her body tensed, anticipating the second, more powerful explosion to come, as the edge of Utopia's end came rushing forward.

Killian and Adam fucked her right over it, tumbling her straight into the fiery abyss. Distantly she heard masculine shouts calling out triumphantly, felt the warm flood of her lovers' release filling her body. She didn't care. She floated in the glorious embrace of ecstasy's warmth, sighing even as the lights started to dim and oblivion began to creep in around her.

"Hey, baby girl, you all right?"

Killian's voice, warm with concern and tinged with sleep, floated through her mind. Now that had to be a dream. At least it was a pleasant one.

Chapter 8

Adam woke up naturally, feeling rested and satiated. The sheer white curtains softened the powerful waves of sunlight, letting it stream out in gentle bands over the bed. As usual he woke up aware and reenergized, but this morning he didn't leap out of bed and go rushing off for his normal sojourn into the bathroom. For the first time he found himself wanting to remain in bed, stay snuggled in the soft sheets and curled into the warm body molded along his front.

Rachel. He hadn't even known her for a whole day and already she had him feeling things that he had wanted to experience for a long time. Just now he felt a peace and contentment that he'd always dreamed being at home would feel like.

He'd never had that in his own home when he grew up. Things had been tense and difficult between his parents and then one day his dad simply hadn't been there anymore. His mother certainly hadn't been the stereotype of a warm, loving caregiver. She'd drank too much, cussed too much and on the day he'd turned eighteen, she'd kicked him out of the house.

He'd been glad to go. He'd been young and wild. He'd done the tattoo thing, the motorcycle thing, the drinking too much thing, the sleeping with every woman who agreed to spread her legs thing, but he'd never done the love thing. Love had been for ugly people and losers as far as he'd been concerned.

Of course, he hadn't been concerned about much. If it hadn't been Killian's family taking him in, pressing him to become a cop with him, keeping him from combining dumb with drunk; if he hadn't had Killian in his life, it probably wouldn't have been a life worth having by now. It was, though, and over the past few months he'd grown tired of all the excess, tired of being alone at the end of the day. The desire to feel what he'd seen so many other people had had grown into an undeniable urge. He wanted a real home with a woman who cared and children to spoil and train, to have dreams of a future and plans for retirement, to be stable and secure.

How could he have that without Killian? He knew Killian didn't want any of it. He'd made it perfectly clear he enjoyed the excess and had no desire to wake up next to anybody. Besides, he snored and Killian had argued the laughable viewpoint that no woman would have him in her bed full time with the racket he made.

Rachel didn't seem to mind. Her backside might have been curved into his hips, but her head was firmly planted on Killian's shoulder despite the noise that ruffled through the tresses at the top of her head. For all his talk, Killian didn't seem to mind. He actually had Rachel's hand clenched in his own, holding it up near his heart.

It gave Adam hope. Hope that Killian would feel just a little of what he felt. He'd felt it almost the moment Rachel had first opened her mouth and started lying to him. As a cardboard copy her looks might have been plain, but the spunky, sassy personality that sparkled in those eyes and energized every one of her features transformed her into an irritable beauty.

She aroused more than just his cock. His very soul felt alight with the need to get closer to her, to know her in every way possible, to possess her. He'd wondered if he would ever find love and now he'd found it in that mystical moment, at first sight. The only question left was whether he could hold onto it.

The buzz of a cell phone drew his attention to his discarded jeans. Clothes littered the whole room, an homage to the frenzied fucking that had taken place last night. It had started on the floor and went on into the bathroom before settling for one last round in the bed. The sun had started to peek out when they'd finally let Rachel escape into exhausted sleep.

Hell, they'd all taken that trip. It didn't surprise Adam as he got out to answer the phone that the bedside clock flashed one thirty at him. It had been a long time since he slept that late, even when he had gotten just as much activity the night before. Of course, he'd never slept so well either. Just proof that Rachel was good for him.

Good for me, but not lucky.

Adam thought dourly. He'd just gotten called in early. With a glance back he glared at Killian. Lucky bastard got to sleep in late with Rachel. His friend would definitely owe him.

* * * *

Killian gripped the wheel and glared at the road before him. He didn't know who he was madder at, Adam, Rachel or himself. Adam for stubbornly insisting that he needed something more from a relationship, Rachel for making him feel that something more or himself for not being able to stop thinking about having something more with Rachel.

It had been that very thing that had driven him from her bed that morning instead of waking her up to enjoy another, more leisurely round of deep-sea skin-diving. Instead he'd left her sleeping. A fact Adam hadn't been able to get over when he'd joined him at the station.

Adam hadn't been pleased to hear that Killian had skipped out on Rachel without waking her or at least leaving a note. He'd been completely convinced that the woman would have their head on a platter as soon as she got a hold of them. Not that Adam would have worried had she been just another girl, but he made it clear he liked Rachel and intended to see a whole lot more of her.

Killian had been honest enough with Adam to admit he liked the idea. Liked it a lot. So much in fact, it had driven him to flee. Adam hadn't been impressed by Killian's difficult admission, partly because he didn't believe Killian. He'd made that clear when he chewed Killian through to the bone before he rushed off to go right Killian's wrong.

Or he would have if it hadn't been for the emergency call from the Davis ranch about a fire. They had to assist the chief in calming down a very irate Chase Davis, not an easy task by far and certainly not one that had been handled quickly. It had been dark by the time they'd rolled on out of the ranch.

Adam had a few unfriendly parting words for Killian before he'd sped off in his cruiser. Something along the lines of he was going to Rachel's and Killian could go to hell. The words rang in Killian's head. Adam and him had been best friends since they were growing in their mothers' wombs

Killian didn't have any brothers and neither did Adam. What they had always had was each other. They'd been neighbors at birth and were roommates now. Not a day had passed that Killian hadn't spent with Adam, and the idea that suddenly now a woman might stand between them curdled Killian's blood.

This is just stupid.

He was being stupid, letting fear rule his mind. So he liked Rachel. He liked her a lot. She had that feel of being one of the guys. Maybe a shorter, weaker guy that they all picked on, but a friend nevertheless. A friend with a sweetly curved body and a natural sensuality that drove him wild. In an instant the image of Rachel in front of her mirror with her own hand down her panties flashed through his mind.

That is a show worth seeing twice.

Hell, a hundred times. Maybe with a little variation like spread eagle on a mattress feeding that hot little pussy of hers a dildo. Killian knew she had one hidden in her bedroom. He'd find it and then watch as she showed him how she used it. For all her spunk and sass, she'd do it to. She got hot when he got a little rough.

A stupid grin tugged on his lips.

"Ah, hell." He flipped his phone open and hit speed dial number three. That's exactly how many rings it took for Adam to answer.

"What?"

"I screwed up." Killian retorted just as bluntly. "I should fix it."

"Do you even know how?"

"Don't I at least deserve a chance?"

"When?"

"Now."

There was a long pause and Killian knew Adam debated the possibility that he might screw things up even worse. "You have a half hour. I'll bring dinner."

"Okay, I need that drink now," Hailey stated by way of introduction when Rachel answered her phone.

It was nearly seven and the sun had dipped low in the sky. Despite the time of day, Rachel still hadn't managed to put on clothes. Well, she had put something on. Waking up naked sort of forced her to at least shrug into her favorite night shirt.

Waking up naked had also forced her to confront the reality of the previous night. A reality made clear not only by the bright light of day, but also by her two lovers. They'd made their statement silently, with no words either spoken or in writing before they slipped out on her.

Jackasses.

What do you really expect?

"Rachel?"

"I don't feel up to it, Hailey." She'd gone beyond depression now, sunk too low for even a drink to lift her back up.

"You sound like you need it, at least a friend. You want me to come over?"

"No. I think I'm just going to go to bed."

"At seven?"

"I don't feel too good."

"Okay, what is going on, Rachel?"

"I don't want to talk about it." She didn't. She'd made an ass of herself last night. Total humiliation, that is what it all added up to. Not because of the sex. Well, because the sex had meant something to her. How stupid was that?

It had been dumb to think that two men like Killian and Adam would actually take any serious interest in her. Dumb, but so easy to do. In their own exasperating, antagonizing way both men had excited her. They'd made her feel alive and interesting, but she wasn't the latter by any stretch of the imagination.

She was a boring homebody. The total opposite of the type of women Killian and Adam went for. That wasn't just self-pity. She'd seen their type with her own eyes at the party last night. Young, trim, with bodies that had no doubt been helped out with the skill of an artful surgeon. So she hoped, because it just wouldn't be fair for those women to look like that naturally.

"You're scaring me here a little, Rachel. I really don't think you should be alone."

"Don't be silly. I'm not going to do anything stupid. I'm just not up to going out."

"You're sure?"

"Positive. How about we go out for dinner tomorrow?" Rachel offered, knowing that Hailey wouldn't let up until she gave her something.

"Okay."

"How about we meet at the diner tomorrow at six?"

"No!"

Hailey's response came too quick, with a little too much desperation in it.

"What is—"

"Why don't we go into Dothan and get some Chinese?" Hailey cut her off. "I haven't had Chinese in ages."

"Okay." Rachel would have pressed Hailey over her quick response, but she could do that tomorrow at dinner, and right now she just wanted to mope. "I'll be at your house at six."

"See you then."

Rachel flipped the cordless phone into the cushioned seat beside her and pulled her legs up even closer to her chest. It was a beautiful night out. Hot, but perfect. She'd wandered out onto the porch to watch the sunset and brood over all the indignities she'd had to bear in the past twenty-four hours.

If she ever saw those two again she'd...die of shame.

"Knock, knock."

Chapter 9

Rachel's head snapped up at the booming sound of Killian's voice. It had come not from outside, but in. With a leaping twirl she bounded out of the chair and went storming into the kitchen to intersect him.

He filled the kitchen door, large, heavily muscled and looking so damn dangerous in his cop uniform, especially with that heavy, black gun belt emphasizing the masculine cut of his hips. The polyester blend clung to every rippled ridge, highlighting every muscular bulge. The navy blue and silver colors made his tan look more golden, his chocolate hair richer and his eyes spark.

The man was lethal in that uniform and he knew it. Even as her eyes lit on the sight of his charming grin, her depression snapped straight into anger.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?"

"Coming by to see my favorite lady."

He swooped in to give her a hug and probably something more. Rachel didn't give him the chance to try. She smashed his booted foot under her bare one and would have kneed him in the groin, but he flinched early and she hit solid thigh instead. The blows might not have hurt, but they got the message across as clearly as her snarled words.

"Don't even try that. I should call the chief and have you arrested."

"For what?"

"Breaking and entering."

"The front door was unlocked."

"That doesn't mean you just walk into a person's house without knocking?"

"I did knock. Didn't you hear me? I said, knock, knock."

"That's not knocking, especially when you do it after you already entered!"

"Technicalities." Killian waved away her concern. "Now what is with the attitude? I'd think after last night you'd be a little more gracious and thankful."

"Gracious? Thankful? For what? For you breaking into my house last night and molesting me? Or for you running out on me this morning without so much as a 'how do you do'?"

"Don't worry about how you did, sweetheart. You did just fine as a beginner. With a little work and a lot of training, I'm sure you'll improve."

"What?"

"Of course, this attitude is not a positive start."

Rachel reeled, gasping at words that shot past her too fast for her lips to form. The man was insane. Certifiable. Ah, hell so was she for putting up with him. Yeah, she was just as responsible for this fiasco as him. If she had done any of the normal things last night, like get her gun out and shoot him, then he wouldn't be back to plague her today.

She hadn't done anything so extreme, because more than a little part of her had been excited that he had pursued her last night. That part trilled to life at having him here, in her kitchen, pushing her again. Damn if she would let him know it. She could only imagine the horror of things to come if he realized how firmly he'd sucked her into his warped little world.

"Maybe you're just grumpy because you're hungry."

"Don't worry about that. I have reserves."

It came out without thought. Her normal response to anybody who suggested she needed to eat when she didn't feel like, the response typically got smiles and some laughs. A self deprecating joke, it failed to meet the mark this time, probably because she failed to deliver it with her normal light hearted ease.

Killian read the insecurities and doubts that she had always tried to keep hidden beneath the surface. Instead of ignoring the comment as she hoped, he met it head-on. Cocking his head, he swept her body with a heated gaze.

"Yes, you do, and they are very sweet reserves, indeed. I would hate to see any of them waste away, which is exactly why Adam is bringing dinner."

"Adam? Adam is coming over here, too? Jesus, you guys really don't quit."

"Not when we want something as badly as we want you." He edged closer, deepening his voice until it felt like a sensual lick across her body. Rachel knew what that tone led to, knew she couldn't stop her body's response to it, but she could stop him.

"You stay away from me." Rachel matched his steady forward motion with a backward one.

"Thoughts of you have been a burn in my balls all night."

"That's disgusting."

"Disgusting, dirty, and so much damn fun, I've got plans for tonight."

"I got a plan for you, sitting in a jail cell while I press charges."

"Mmm, bondage. I see we're thinking along the same lines."

"I am being serious!"

"So am I. I've only got an hour lunch, which gives us very little time. I look at it as a competition. How many orgasms can I give you in a half hour?"

"None! You are not giving me anything. What the hell do you think this is? A one woman whore house, open at your convenience? Well, it isn't. I'm not here to fulfill every sick little craving that pops into your mind at a moment's notice. If that's what you want, then I suggest you take yourself off to your perverted little club where there are women without the self-respect or dignity to know better than to wait on some oversized jackass to come and fuck them!

"And another thing—"

Rachel had lost herself in her tirade and hadn't notice Killian closing in on her. He took her by surprise when he stole the words right from her lips with his kiss. Spearing his hands through her hair, he held her still as he took immediate advantage of her open mouth to slide his tongue right in.

Rachel's immediate response was to retaliate by clamping her teeth down around the velvety voyager. She should have bit him, but couldn't bring herself to harm him. Instead she closed her lips over his tongue and sucked, dragging the sensitive top over the scrape of her teeth.

A ragged, torn moan breathed into her mouth as he took control of the kiss. Hard, dominant, he took what he wanted, what she was only too glad to give him. She'd have given it all to him, didn't even need the hand pressing into her lower back to direct her to move in close. Her body sought his of its own volition, seeking the warmth and strength of his.

Her breasts flattened against the heated rocks of his pecs. A slight move, unconscious at first, had her nipples puckering, pining for more, just another teasing rub and she could stop. The little motions sent sparklers of pleasure down to her pussy, igniting it with a fire that had it weeping for the impressive erection burrowing into her stomach.

Air came in limited supply and she soon started to feel lightheaded, sagging into Killian with the need for his strength to hold her up. His head lifted, but his hands remained warm and firm along her cheeks. Rachel gazed up at him, trying to blink away the effect of his kisses. Slowly the world ordered itself back into reality and the remembered pain of waking up alone that morning cooled her overheated libido.

"You know what I like most about you?" Killian whispered another too soft, too quick kiss over her lips, assuring that she wouldn't have the coherency to actually answer his question. "I like the fact that you never shut up. It provides a man with ample reason to kiss you quiet."

Rachel's eyes narrowed and she stepped back, a safe distance away from him. "Don't think I'm going to forget how mad I am at you with a few kisses."

Killian's head tilted and he studied her for a moment. "Are you wearing anything under that nightshirt?"

"That's it! Get out!" Her finger pointed the way.

"But I haven't even got in yet."

"Ah! You are such a pervert." The arousal still sparking through her blood set her hands to life and she started to smack him. Pelting slaps against his arms and chest she began to corral him back toward the kitchen door. "Everything that comes out of your mouth is sick and disgusting. I don't know how your mother raised you, but can only imagine the disappointment and shame she'd feel if she heard the way you talk to a lady."

"Not so much a lady all the time though."

"What?"

"Ow! Hey. That hurt."

"What about this one?"

"Damnit! You're going to leave a bruise."

"Good!" She gave him a sharper, more stinging smack to the arm. "I hope you carry it with you for the rest of your life! I have never been so disrespected in my entire life. The way you talk to me, treat me—"

"Hey, now, I ain't done nothing but make you moan and groan with pleasure. There isn't any way you can complain about the way I treat you."

"Really? You think I was moaning and groaning with pleasure when I woke up to find you'd skipped out on me while I slept? You think I enjoy being used like some cheap floozy you picked up for a night? You think I like looking in the mirror in the morning and thinking I was a sucker to let myself be used so roundly by two arrogant jackasses? You think that didn't hurt me?"

The smug arrogance seemed to fade right from his face. "I never meant to hurt you."

"Well, you did."

"I'm sorry, Rachel."

"Sorry isn't good enough to convince me to let you crawl back in my bed."

"Then what is? Tell me what to do and I'll do it."

"Tell me why you left this morning. Explain to me why you wouldn't do that again."

"I..."

"What? You what?"

"I like you, okay?"

"That's it?" Rachel stared at him in amazement. It made no sense, but she couldn't doubt the sincerity of his words. For the first time since meeting Killian he looked miserable, a testament to just how much his simple admission had cost him.

"You don't understand, Rachel." Killian shifted and then shrugged past her, no longer looking in her direction. "I've never...liked a girl before."

"You're kidding me."

"No. I guess it plays into all the bad thoughts you have about me, but women tend to be..."

"Toys?"

"Momentary entertainments," Killian growled.

"What is the difference?"

"The difference is that I want to spend more time with you." That hadn't been what she had asked, but she didn't argue the point. "I like you and I'd like to see just where this all leads."

Rachel couldn't believe her ears. Not that anybody could blame her. Killian had bad-boy written all over him. He fairly choked on his own words, but she couldn't let him get away with being vague.

"You're talking about a relationship."

Killian took a deep breath and met her gaze head on. "Yeah. I guess that's what I'm saying."

"You've never had one before, right?"

"Nope."

"You realize that means you wake me up before you leave or at least leave me a note. You call me during the day and we make plans. We spend time together that's not either arguing or fucking."

"I know what a relationship is, Rachel."

"Well, forgive me for not being bowled over. You're like a kid who just found out he has to get a shot and certainly not a man who wants to start a relationship."

"I'm sorry, but this is very difficult for me. I don't like..."

"What? What don't you like?"

"Being vulnerable, okay? I don't like somebody else having power over how I feel. It kind of pisses me off, to tell the truth."

"I see, so you want a relationship with me, but that pisses you off?"

"No! Damnit!" Killian shoved a rough hand through his hair. "I'm just screwing this all up and that's exactly why I left this morning."

Rachel couldn't help it. She smiled. She had to. Finally Killian's unflappable exterior had been cracked. Knowing that beneath the hard shell lay a man who had insecurities and vulnerabilities made him even more attractive to her.

"You're enjoying this, aren't you?" Killian grouched.

"Just a little."

"You know I'm going to get my revenge later in that big bed of yours, don't you?"

"And who says you're going to be in that bed later?"

"Oh, honey." Killian's protective macho shield solidified back into a solid coat of armor. "Let's get one thing straight about this relationship. I don't ask and you don't deny."

"Is that a fact?"

"Yes, it is. Another thing you might as well know up front, I'm going to be taking what is mine every night."

"You are?"

"The only thing that is going to stop me is death itself. Otherwise you can guarantee that—"

"Anybody home?" Adam's cheery holler drowned out whatever Killian had intended to say.

"In the kitchen." Killian answered before she could.

"Hey, darling." Adam sauntered in holding a bag of groceries. He paused long enough to drop a quick kiss on her lips before unloading his burden onto the countertop. He gave a quick look between Killian and her before asking, "Everything good?"

"Just fine." Killian did it again, answered for her. It had already begun to irritate her. "Rachel and I were just—"

"Agreeing that Killian is a pompous ass."

"Is that so?" Adam smirked.

"Oh, you missed it, Adam. Killian is such a sweetheart underneath all that toughness. He came over here so very worried that his lack of manners and grace this morning might have somehow upset me. Even though I insisted that it hadn't, he just had to apologize."

"Did he?"

Rachel placed a dramatic hand over her heart. "Then he got down on one knee and begged my forgiveness. You can just imagine how shocked and touched I was, especially when he went on about what a wonderful woman I was and how his life wouldn't be complete without me in it. I was just so touched."

"Oh, you're going to be touched," Killian warned as he started to shove past Adam. "Just wait until I get my hands on you."

"I thought you only had an hour lunch?"

"I only need five minutes."

"Well, you'll just have to hope I'm still awake when you get off shift, because I need my food and part of a relationship is doing normal things like eating dinner."

"Relationship?" Adam repeated.

Rachel raised her chin and met him in the eye. Killian had said that was what he wanted. How selfish would it be to hope Adam felt the same? "Yes. Killian and I have decided to try to have one of those."

"You have?"

"Yeah," Killian answered with an ease Rachel found a little surprising. "With you playing the kinky sidekick."

"Oh, *I'm* the sidekick?"

"Did I stutter?"

"I think we should let Rachel decide that. Don't you?"

"Me?" Rachel glanced between the two men. "I can only have one of you?"

"Well, you can only marry one of us." Adam responded.

"Marry?"

"Whoever she doesn't choose is the sidekick."

"I'm so going to love screwing your wife when this is all over." Killian smirked.

"And who says I'm going to marry him?" That shocked both of them. "You never know, Killian, I just might decide that marrying you would be the perfect punishment. Then I'll name your first son Adam."

"You wouldn't dare."

"Try me."

THE END

RIDING LESSONS

Riding Series 2

EVE ADAMS

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Chapter 1

"Excuse me," Leah interrupted the kid in the red apron. He first gave her a slow once over and offered a crooked grin of approval before removing the ear buds from his ears. *In your dreams, Stock Boy*. Ignoring the horny teenager's wandering eyes, which now were resting on her breasts, she continued. "Can you point me to your wine section?"

He cocked his head and snapped his brow into a frown. "Huh?"

"Wine section," she repeated, a little more slowly. Maybe they were all wine-illiterate in Montana. This was the second store and third stock boy she'd approached. "Do you have one?"

"You're in it," he answered and nodded toward the single shelf in front of him housing extraordinarily large bottles of labels she'd never heard of. That and boxes of wine she'd heard of, and knew to stay away from if she wanted to remember anything about the night before.

After laboring over her decision, she decided the monster bottle over the box and grabbed the Cabernet by the neck. Carefully placing it in her basket next to the cheese bread so as not to crush it, she made her way to the front of the store and searched for the self-checkout line.

Big surprise. They didn't have one. Jumping in the only line open, she set her basket on the floor behind a man who smelled of stale cigarettes, and grabbed the latest National Inquisitor to peruse while she waited to check out. A guilty pleasure, but she always took great comfort in knowing someone else's life was in greater chaos than hers. It was an even greater comfort knowing another's hectic lifestyle ranked worthy of a headline, even if it was a gossip tabloid.

"You plan on moving up, ma'am? Or did you find something more interesting in that garbage?" A male voice sounded behind her. His rich baritone and sexy country drawl had her toes curling before she had a chance to whip around. When she did, the tabloid slipped from her fingers, onto the floor, and she let out a slow breath.

Oh, wow. A real, live cowboy.

He had hair the color of rich coffee and cinnamon eyes that bore straight into her soul. Plaid shirt, dirty jeans, and worn cowboy boots. It just didn't get any better. When she eyed the sweat stained cowboy hat on top of his perfect head, she let out an audible sigh. The tingle started deep in her toes and traveled to her nipples, settled there long enough for them to become erect and uncomfortably hard, and then rested deep in the center of her womb.

"Ma'am?"

Leah blinked out of her lust-induced trance. "Yes?"

"It's your turn."

"For what?" she purred. She wanted to jump into his arms and kiss him until they both gasped for air. She wanted to lick his cute little ear. Or maybe nip at that handsomely arrogant, square jaw covered in a dusting of whiskers. Anything to get him to wrap those enormous hands around her and crush her body to his.

"What did you have in mind?"

"What are you offering?" Did she really just say that out loud? And in front of the *dozens* of people that lived in this town?

That curl of his sensual lips had her licking hers in return. *Kiss me. I dare you.* His gaze finally left hers to study the groceries in her basket and she drew it a gulp of air. "Let's see. You have the makin's of garlic bread," he drawled in that sexy, slow country way that made a girl hot and crazy in all the right ways. "Wine, which don't get far 'round here. We prefer a good cold brew over any wine."

"Why's that?" she asked, breathless to hear his voice again. Leaning in, she stepped on the tabloid as she moved closer. Never had she been this sexually charged and drawn to another person as she was to Mr. Cowboy.

"Look around, darlin'. This here is wheat and barley country. Ain't no grapes." He licked his lower lip as he eyed hers, and then sucked his in between perfectly white teeth.

"I like wine," she stated, ignoring the way the sound of his voice sent shocks of erotic energy shooting through her system, centering in on her already quivering channel. Her want for this cowboy pooled in liquid desire as the lips of her pussy drenched with her own juices.

He grabbed her meal-in-a-bag and held it up for them both to see. He then cocked a dark brow as he teased her with a devastating look. "Italian? In a bag?"

She shrugged, the heat of her embarrassment warming her cheeks. Still, she refused to look away. The man was pure perfection, and Leah didn't know when she'd ever get to feast her eyes on any other part of her on something so mouthwatering again. "It's microwavable. Besides, I don't cook much."

He set the bag down, only to pick up the box of frozen waffles. Eyeing her again, he smiled and she couldn't help but smile in return. "Obviously."

The sudden need to busy herself overtook her other senses and she started scouring the tiny display next to the checkout stand. Spotting a toothbrush, she grabbed it and wrapped her fingers around it so tight her knuckles turned white.

"Have the sudden need to clean your teeth?"

Why did this man make her feel so uncomfortable, so frazzled and heated? She started to breathe in short, shallow gasps. He made her feel dizzy, like she was about three feet above the ground. She loved the feeling and hated it all at the same time. "I like a fresh mouth. And you shouldn't neglect your teeth."

"Your mouth looks downright edible to me." He flashed that damned crooked smile that already had her weak in the knees. That wicked glimmer in his eyes had her ready to agree to whatever else he wanted to eat.

What the hell?

She was only passing through this tiny, *podunk* town anyway. She could spend the night with a sexy, handsome cowboy who looked like every woman's fantasy and drive away in the morning with no regrets. It would save her a hotel bill. Granted they even had hotels in *Podunk*.

Why not?

Glancing down at what he had in his basket—chocolate syrup, milk, and of course beer—she brought her gaze back up to his face. "Have you ever—"

"Paper or plastic?"

Leah whipped around as the checker asked her a question. "Um," she answered, suddenly unable to form a complete word, let alone a coherent sentence. The flame from her mortification that someone else heard their verbal foreplay licked her cheeks. "I, uh..."

"What isle is the bubble bath on, Carla?" Her perfect cowboy spoke up, saving her from more embarrassment.

"Six. But you've never picked up no *Mr. Bubbles* before. And men don't take bubble baths. Just ask my husband."

"Thanks, darlin'." He ignored her comment and ran back to isle six, only to return with a small bottle of pink bubble bath. With a coy grin, he winked at Leah as he threw the bubble bath in his basket. "In case of company," he hummed in that rich voice that had her captivated and a bit weak in the knees. He winked again and she just about melted into a puddle right there.

Oh, dear God. Just the thought of taking a bath with the cowboy had her so ready to come right here, right now. She'd insist he still wear the cowboy hat.

And nothing else.



Cole studied the gorgeous brunette in front of him, wondering if she felt the crackling sexual pull between them as much as he did. He didn't recognize her, which said enough. Holsten, Montana housed just enough people to place them on the map, and not a soul more. Everyone knew everyone else around these parts. No doubt about it. She wasn't from around here.

Perfect.

They'd spend the night in each other's arms, in every position he could think of and even make up a few. He'd never been so drawn to a woman, so hard for her he had to constantly adjust his cock so it didn't bust out of his jeans.

Her beautiful silky waves of hair rested down to the middle of her sexy back. When she first turned to him, he sucked in a sharp breath. Her eyes were the exact color of the Montana sky right before dark, such a deep blue he had to give her a double take to see if they were real.

"That'll be 32.16," Carla stated in her monotone voice. She'd been a checker at Lloyd's Grocery since Cole was a kid. She never aged, and never changed her tone. The pretty woman handed Carla a credit card and Cole hid his smile. Obviously an out-of-towner. "We don't take plastic," Carla stated and tried to hand it back to her.

"What?" The way her deep eyes widened in shock had Cole ready to burst. *Damn*. His hard-on pressed painfully against his zipper and he blew out a slow breath to try and regain some sort of control over his libido. "Even if it's a debit card?"

Carla gave her a bored look. "It's still plastic."

"Oookay," she sang in an ever-growing agitated tone. Darting a look back at Cole, she colored beautifully. His mouth watered as he watched the redness creep up her neck. He wanted to take the same path with his tongue. "Can I write a check?"

"Is it local?"

The woman stopped rustling through her purse and looked at Carla. "It's a Seattle bank."

"Then no."

"Why not? It isn't like it's going to bounce because it's from an out of state bank."

Cole shook his head and decided to step in before they both drew their claws and went at it. "Ladies," he stated easily and put his hand between them. It forced him to stop a mere inch from the woman in order to stand close enough to break up the inevitable cat fight. He drew in a deep breath and held it, intoxicated by the scent of her desire.

He'd never met anyone who smelled like sunshine before. His gut tightened as sparks from her enticing scent rattled his nerves and shot a pulsing current straight to his groin. He couldn't stop himself from pulling his hand back and resting it on her shoulder.

Carla's knowing eyes watched the gesture before jumping up to Cole's. "Are you two...? Is she going to your ranch?"

"She insisted on doing everything tonight," he told Carla, whose look told him she clearly didn't believe him. Grabbing his wallet out of his back pocket, he pulled out a fifty and tossed it onto the counter. "This should cover our dinner. Don't forget to add the stuff in my basket."

"You don't—"

Cole brought his finger up and placed it against the woman's soft, sensual lips. Instead of her closing her mouth, her lips parted and she let out a heated sigh. The warmth from her breath tickled his finger and his heart rate spiked. She had to feel it, too. No way could attraction this powerful be one-sided. "Let me do this. You can make it up to me later."

Her blue eyes blazed, flashing from surprise to dark lust. The hunger shining in those brilliant orbs equaled his. As a teaser, she licked her lips, purposely flicking her tongue up against his finger.

Oh, Dear Jesus. He swallowed a groan and turned back to Carla. They needed to get these groceries checked out and paid for, and get back to the ranch ASAP. If they spent much longer in the depths of this mental foreplay, they wouldn't even make it out of the store. He was ready to bend her over the checkout stand and fuck her right here.

"Bag it together, Carla."

Carla sighed heavily and grabbed the contents out of his basket, one at a time. And, as usual, she had a comment to make about every single one. "Milk. Good for you. Every growing boy needs his milk."

"I'm twenty-seven. I think I'm grown up enough." He stole a glance at the woman and grinned.

The playful arch of her brow as she traced his frame, and then the coy little curl of her lips when she rested her gaze back on his face said she agreed with his comment.

"You sure like to play grown up games, don't you?"

He inwardly cringed, but kept his features rigid. The last thing he needed was Carla's mouth scaring this woman away before he had a chance to explain how things worked at the Flying H's Ranch.

"Chocolate syrup? Now, you know this stuff will rot your teeth right out of your handsome head."

He grinned and lowered his eyes. Why did it feel like Carla reprimanded him every time he went through her line? "I promise to go easy on it."

"I don't," the woman purred, her body pressed up against his as she whispered in his ear. The moisture from her breath washed chills up and down his already rigid spine. His gut tightened as he studied her. A sparkle of sinful promises shined in those beautiful blue eyes.

"And beer," Carla commented dryly. "You know this stuff makes a person mean. And fat. You should see the belly on my husband."

The woman stiffened suddenly and visibly swallowed. After several seconds, she recovered from whatever had her so tense and she smiled. The gesture didn't reach her eyes, which Cole had since committed to memory. "Are you all right?"

"I'm fine," she lied and he knew it. She fidgeted with her purse. Cole noticed how her hands shook and narrowed his eyes at her. One comment about beer had her in a fit.

Interesting. He made a mental note to join her with a glass of wine and leave the beer in his truck if it upset her that much. "Yes, you are."

Ah. There it was. That sensual smile reached her eyes, causing them to twinkle mischievously. *Holy hell.* If she made him this hard just from a look, a simple smile, he knew he'd be in trouble when he got her back to the ranch. He'd have to find some way to slow down their sexual tension or he'd lose it before he had a chance to bury his cock deep inside her.

"That'll be 50.02." When Cole didn't acknowledge Carla because he was too captivated by the beauty staring back at him, she repeated her request. "50.02. I need two more pennies."

"I've got it," the woman stated and pulled the change out of the bottom of her purse, her eyes never leaving his. "My two cents."

"Oh," he moaned. "I'm sure I'll get more than that tonight."

"Okay, you two." Carla handed Cole his receipt. "Take it to the Flying H's. We don't sell porn here."

He laughed at Carla's gruff tone. "Yes, ma'am."

"Flying H's?" The woman looked at him, her brow pulled into a crinkled frown of confusion.

"My family's ranch," he answered. "It isn't too far from here. Do you want to follow me?"

"Anywhere."

Chapter 2

Leah narrowed her eyes to focus on the taillights of the truck in front of her. The snow the radio predicted had started to fall and made it almost impossible to see. She may have been tailgating her sexy cowboy in order to see the red of his lights, but it was better than the alternative of getting lost in the middle of *Podunk*, or wherever the hell she was.

She hated the snow. They rarely had to deal with snow more than a few days out of the year on the coast. Ocean Shores, Washington was a coastal town west of Seattle, with more tourists than locals. Leah loved everything about it, especially the fact they never had to deal with the white shit falling out of the sky. Being stuck in the middle of a snow-infested Montana town wasn't exactly her idea of a vacation. But, she told herself, at least the cowboy in the truck ahead of her would make this night one she wouldn't soon forget.

God, she couldn't believe what she'd gotten herself into. What would her brother say if he saw her coming on to some stranger in a grocery store? Better yet, what would he say if he knew she was now following the man home under the promise of hot sex and no ties?

"Do you have any idea how old the woman I just pulled out of the dumpster was?" would be Wayde's response, always on the job with the State Bureau of Investigation. As a senior special agent with the SBI, it was her brother's job to worry about her and spouted the same canned response to any argument. Of course, her overpowering father would stand his ground right next to her brother, both of them belittling her for her choices in life.

Well, guess what? I'm a grown woman of twenty-five now. I don't need my big brother babysitting me anymore. Or my father. Leah sighed and blew her bangs out of her eyes.

The snow started to fall harder, if that were even possible. And still the cowboy in front of her kept his truck at a steady seventy miles an hour on the highway.

Was he suicidal?

Leah let off on the gas, and in no time his taillights disappeared behind the fog of snow hovering in the sub-zero air. Did these people not believe in streetlights? Plunged into complete darkness, Leah slowed further and started to breathe in shallow gasps when the darkness swallowed her and her tiny subcompact.

Wonderful. Another panic attack. *Just what I need as I navigate strange streets without the help of streetlights.* Leaning forward over the steering wheel, she thought she could just make out the faint red hue of her cowboy's taillights.

Not willing to lose out on her one chance of a night of meaningless, unforgettable sex with a complete stranger, she punched the gas and her little Subaru immediately responded.

The ice patch caught her by surprise. Once she hit the slippery surface, she lost control and started to spin. An involuntary scream escaped her lips as she grabbed the wheel and turned it in every direction, anything to stop herself from propelling out of control.

Who was she kidding? She was already out of control, and if she didn't get the car back under her power, she'd flip for sure. Recalling what her brother told her about skidding, she lifted her foot off the gas. Fighting every instinct to turn away from the direction the car spun, she turned her wheel into the skid.

The car fishtailed a few times, then skidded to a stop facing the wrong way on the highway. With a ginger foot, Leah took her car to the side of the road and then put it into park once she was no longer in the path of oncoming traffic.

Holy shit. That worked? She took a mental note to thank her brother the next time she saw him. Her entire body shuddered from her near death experience. She lay her head down on the steering wheel and swallowed several times to force the contents of her stomach back down, not to mention the enormous lump lodged in her throat.

She'd only sat there a few minutes when headlights approached from the opposite side. Recognizing the truck, she rolled down her window and smiled sheepishly when he stopped on the opposite side of the road and stepped out. Without losing his footing, he hurried over to her car and knelt down at her open window.

He cupped her face with a gloved hand. "You're shaking."

"Am I?" Not trusting her voice, she whispered her response. Her breath escaped in a fog and joined his. Closing her eyes, she forced her body to stop quivering. The heat from the man's hand on her cheek made that difficult. Even through the material of his glove she felt his warmth radiate into her.

That damn smile sent another shudder ripping through her. Her nipples were already hard from the wind and frigid temperature, but this man's crooked grin had her body responding in ways she'd never had it respond. The chills washing over her flesh were now attacking her nipples and pinching them like a lover.

"Maybe you should leave your car here," he suggested.

Her heart went into palpitations. She wanted nothing more than to spend an unforeseen amount of time with this man, but if she left her car here he would dictate the time. Maybe she wanted to find a hotel and stay there tonight? Maybe she didn't want to spend the entire night wrapped in his strong arms?

She wanted to be able to leave when she wanted to, not when he wanted her to. "I'm fine. If you could just slow down—"

"I better drive your car," he interrupted, and stood as he opened her door, offering his hand to help her out of the car.

How was that going to help? She obviously didn't know how to drive her tiny car in the snow. What made him think she'd be able to maneuver his giant truck? Still, she took his hand and stepped out of her car.

"My brother, Jesse, is with me. He'll drive my truck. You, uh," he paused as he glanced inside her car, at how she had everything she owned stuffed in the back seat, passenger seat and any other open space. He pulled his handsome brow into a confused frown. An instant later it disappeared. "You'd better ride in the truck with him."

His brother? But. But. *ButButBut*. Weren't they planning an endless night of passion? Of hot, uncensored sex? How could they do that with his brother with him?

"Maybe this wasn't such a good idea," she stated sadly. For the first time in her life, she actually listened to that little voice deep in the back of her head telling her to be careful. She'd never wanted to be careful. Her brother and father were careful enough for the entire Davis clan. It sucked growing up and having to start acting responsibly.

"You sure?" He pulled his hand back. The disappointment on his face told her he felt it, too. They were both excited for tonight, to have a reckless night of sex, sex, and more sex. And then reason had to take over and ruin everything.

But then a man stepped out of the truck and stopped Leah's heart. What the first cowboy had started bubbling inside her, this one sent straight to a boil. Her body responded just as violently to him as the one she met in the grocery store. *Oh, dear God.* There were two of them.

Twin cowboys?

No. As he approached them, her heart slammed in her chest with every step he took. She immediately spotted the differences in their features. Jesse had a slightly smaller build, a squarer jaw. His eyes were a darker brown, as was his hair. And he had a black cowboy hat, instead of brown like... like...

Ah, hell. She was about to go home with a man and she didn't even know his name.

"Cole, are you going to make this pretty little lady stand out in the cold all night? Where's your manners?"

Cole? Leah snapped her gaze to the handsome man from the store. The name fit perfectly, as with everything else she'd discovered about him so far. Bouncing her gaze to his groin, she wondered if that gorgeous bulge in his pants would fit between her thighs just as perfectly.

"I think she's having second thoughts," Cole explained. Leah blinked away from his bulge as Jesse stopped in front of her.

He offered the same crooked grin that had her weak in the knees when Cole flashed it. *Must be a family trait.* She wondered what other similarities they shared, but stopped herself from glancing at his crotch. "What's your name, darlin'?"

"Leah."

"Well, Leah." Jesse reached out and took her hand. Fire flashed up her arm and quickened her pulse, despite the wind whipping the snow around them. Before she could so much as mutter a protest, he led her over to the truck and had her sitting in the passenger seat before she realized what happened. He leaned into the truck so his lips almost brushed her ear. Chills tickled her spine and raced across her flesh. Just the nearness of him had her heart in palpitations. "Come home with us. I promise you won't be disappointed."

"Us?" She turned to look at him and instead felt his lips cover hers. She wanted to object, to push him away, but the way he caressed her mouth with his own had tension coiling in her stomach and her pussy tingling for attention.

Their kiss ended abruptly as Cole pushed Jesse back. She sucked in a breath and readied herself for the inevitable fistfight. She couldn't pull her gaze away as she waited for Cole's reaction.

To her shock, he flashed a crooked grin and leaned into the truck. His tongue darted out just as his lips feathered across hers. His kiss tickled, teased, and had her ready to submit to whatever he wanted. Just like that, Cole stole her attention. Nibbling on her lower lip before pulling back, his cinnamon eyes glimmered wickedly as he rested them on her.

"I locked up your car," he said and slid in next to her in the truck. "It'll be fine here overnight."

"Overnight?" Oh crap. That had her heart in palpitations, but for an entirely different reason.

Cole grinned again as he looked at her. His gaze slid over her body, stroking her wherever it landed. As it rested on her breasts, he gave her an appreciative nod. "Do you already have a room somewhere?"

She shook her head. "I planned to find something after I picked up my things from the store."

"Half the hotels in this town close down in the winter," Cole told her.

"And the other half are full," Jesse added as he stepped up into the truck and put it into gear. Before she knew it, they were driving off, leaving her car on the side of the road, and her heart firmly planted in her throat.

* * * *

Jesse Henry stole glances at the beauty sitting next to him whenever he could and still keep his attention on the road. He had to hand it to Cole. He wasn't over exaggerating when he'd told him this one had something special about her.

He wondered if Cole told her the whole story. Did she know what she'd agreed to when she started following them back to the ranch? Or when she accepted his hand and followed him back to the truck? He knew by the way she responded to his kiss that she wanted more than lip loving.

No time like the present to find out exactly what she wanted.

"Leah?" He waited until she glanced over at him with those beautiful blue eyes. "You aren't from around here, are you?"

"What gave it away?" she retorted playfully. The way she batted her eyes at him had his cock hard in an instant. "The fact I can't drive in the snow? Or that I needed to find a hotel?"

"You don't need a hotel." He gripped the steering wheel and pondered how to ask her the next question.

"That much I've gathered." She looked at him first and then over at Cole.

Cole exchanged a look with Jesse and gave him a flash of his crooked grin that made women fall at his feet. His little brother always had a way with the ladies. He'd never picked one up from the local grocery store before. It shocked the shit out of him when he watched the two of them walk out of the store together, flirting and carrying on as if they'd known each other for longer than it took to buy milk and beer.

"Leah, you know why I invited you back to the ranch, right?" Cole approached the subject carefully. Jesse strained his ears to hear her reply.

She remained silent for several seconds as she tightly wrung her hands in her lap. Second thoughts? Or third or fourth? "I hope so."

The brothers exchanged looks again. Cole leaned in and wrapped his arm behind her, pulling her to him. She didn't tense or push back. Instead, she melted into him and lifted her chin so her lips were poised and ready for the taking. He pulled her closer and covered her lips with his. Right away he invaded her mouth with his tongue. Leah let out a soft whimper and wrapped her arms around his neck.

Jesse's cock jumped and spasmed in protest to the attention his brother was getting and not him. He reached out and tested her by softly running his finger up and down her spine. No sharp inhales of surprise.

So far, so good.

Continuing to test her, he reached under her shirt and brushed the flat of his hand across the soft flesh of her back. Dear Jesus, her skin felt just like silk. Instead of her protesting, she moaned and wiggled her ass against his thigh, inviting him to take it a step further.

"Cole, unfasten her jeans." Jesse ordered as he took the turn off the highway and onto the gravel road that led to the Flying H's Ranch.

"Allow me," Leah purred, surprising the hell out of both of them. They grinned at each other as she pulled back from Cole and unbuttoned her jeans. The distinct sound of a zipper ripped through the otherwise silent cab. "I hope you don't think I'm—"

"I like a woman who knows what she wants," Cole interrupted, always the diplomat. Leah smiled, first at Cole, then turned and offered her killer grin to him.

"You don't mind sharing?" Jesse asked, making sure she knew just exactly what the Henry brothers had in mind.

"Not if you don't," she quipped in return. "I take it this isn't your first time sharing a woman?"

"No," Cole answered quietly. *Too quietly.* Jesse eyed him. His little brother had never given any indication of regrets. Until now.

Chapter 3

"Get up on your knees, Leah. Put that pretty ass of yours right up in the air toward me." Jesse turned the truck and passed through a large wrought iron gate. Leah's heart flipped around in her chest. Nerves and excitement swirled together with a hint of apprehension. Pushing her jeans around her knees, she hopped up on the seat and almost crashed into Cole.

"Maybe I can give you something to hold onto," Cole growled hungrily and pulled his cock out of his pants. Leah's mouth watered at the sight. She'd never had sex with a real cowboy, let alone two. The walls of her quivering cunt flooded with her own juices, anxious for attention.

Leah leaned down and slowly sank his rigid dick into her mouth. Cole let out a long groan that she felt even through his penis. It vibrated his flesh and tickled her lips. *Wow.* If he could do that buried deep inside her, she was in for the night of her life.

Jesse's hand brushed across her ass, caressing it. "Seriously fine ass, darlin'." His country drawl shined through in his words, melting her. Her clit surged and throbbed, begging for his touch. When he reached around and stroked her lips, parting them and dipping his fingers into her slick hole, she shuddered. "God, your cunt is so wet. Would you like a little finger fucking while you suck on Cole's cock?"

"Oh, yes," she whispered against Cole's penis buried deep in her mouth. She moved her lips down his hard shaft, licking up the side before returning to the tip and swirling her tongue around the top. The salty taste of his pre-cum enveloped her.

Jesse slowly eased a finger inside her pussy and Leah moaned from the ripple of erotic pleasure as it washed through her, tightening the coil squeezing her womb. She rocked against his finger, fucking his hand as she continued to suck on Cole's cock.

The truck stopped. Leah looked up to see them sitting in front of an enormous house. "Is this your ranch?"

Cole fisted her hair and pulled her attention back to his engorged cock. "I'll give you a personal tour later. Right now I need you to finish what you started."

She liked the sound of that. Mouthing his dick, she sank her lips down around him, sucking the pre-cum as it escaped the tip, loving the taste of him. Jesse pulled his finger out of her cunt and she whimpered a protest. When she felt the seat shift behind her, she almost brought her head up to see what he was doing.

And then his tongue attacked her swollen pussy, lapping up her juices and flicking her throbbing clit relentlessly. He speared his thick finger inside the soaked channel. "Oh, God!" she cried out, her back arching from the fiery invasion.

"You like that, Leah? Just wait until I fuck you with my cock. I'm so hard for you, I hurt." Jesse stabbed her vagina with his tongue, and nipped her tender lips with his teeth. Licks of erotic flames seared her flesh wherever he touched.

"Goddamn, Leah," Cole moaned, his voice thick with heated lust. "Your mouth is so tight. Is your sweet little pussy that tight, darlin'? Will you strangle my cock as I fuck that wet hole of yours?"

Oh dear Jesus, all this trashy talk had her beyond excited. It made her feel so bad, and yet so good. She'd always wanted to be *that* woman who knew what she wanted and wasn't afraid to go after it. She wanted to order these devilishly handsome and wicked cowboys to fuck her hard, make her come over and over, and not stop until none of them were physically able to move. Just once, she wanted to be *that* woman.

Pulling her mouth off his dick with an audible pop, she turned around on the seat to face Jesse and licked her lips as she flashed him a sultry grin. "Pull that gorgeous cock out of your jeans," she ordered in a raspy whisper. "Let me taste you."

Jesse smiled as his brown eyes darkened. He didn't waste any time pulling out his cock. Leah sighed happily. His penis was every bit as thick and long as Cole's. Such wonderful family similarities.

She lowered her mouth to his dick and flicked her tongue across the tip, lapping up the glistening drops of pre-cum, loving the salty taste. Behind her, Cole knelt up on the bench seat and tucked his engorged dick between her ass cheeks. He rolled his hips, slowly stroking against her. When she felt the smooth tip push up against her pussy, she shuddered and rocked back.

Her cunt, coated with her own cream, had completely lubricated her entry for his taking. He slowly sank his cock into her quivering channel, not stopping until his hips met hers. "Ah, Jesus. You really are tight." He grabbed her hips and pulled out until only the very tip remained inside her. He then plunged in deeper and ground his hips. He let out a guttural groan and repeated the motion.

Leah sucked on Jesse's cock, matching Cole's rhythm with her mouth. She licked his rigid flesh, increasing her suction when Cole reached around and started to circle her stimulated clit with his talented cowboy fingers. Little white lights sparked in her vision, blinding her as her orgasm tightened and grew inside her, coiling around her womb like a boa constrictor.

"So fucking sweet," Jesse moaned and rocked his hips, fucking her mouth. "Take it all, darlin'. Swallow my cock. Let me feel the back of your throat." Even though she'd never done anything like that and was unsure what having a dick halfway down her throat would do, she did as instructed. When the head hit the back of her throat, she instinctively swallowed. "Ah, Jesus! That's it. Swallow me, babe." She swallowed again and Jesse's entire body convulsed. "I'm going to come. Cole, fuck her hard. I want her to come at the same time."

"Not a problem," Cole answered and slammed his hips against her, drilling his cock deep inside her trembling cunt. "You want to come for us, don't you?" He gave her pussy a light tap. The slight sting was intoxicating, exhilarating. Her orgasm swelled inside her, so close to breaking free she whimpered at the sweet torment.

"Ah, Jesus!" Jesse hollered and thrust his hips as hot semen jetted into her mouth. She swallowed every drop, licking and sucking his cock with everything she had as Cole rooted his dick inside her, fucking her pussy with such force he had her panting with each plunge.

The little sparks of light in her vision grew to a fury of fireworks as her orgasm slammed into her, robbing her of any control. She cried and clawed at the seat as Cole slammed into her one last time before pulling out and resting his cock between her ass cheeks. He rubbed up against her and dug his fingers into her hips as blistering hot streams of thick cum jetted onto her back.

The waves of her orgasm started to ebb and she took a breath to try and steady the world around her. Cole dropped down and thrust his tongue inside her pussy, lapping up the cream he'd drawn from her cunt as he whispered his appreciation for the taste. Her body jerked and spasmed with every flick. When he sucked her sensitive clit into his mouth and twirled his tongue around it, she arched her back and threw her head back.

Jesse took advantage of the position and crashed his lips into hers, plunging his tongue in her mouth as Cole took the same path in her pussy. It felt so wicked having men on either side of her, fucking her with their mouths. She was insane in her lust for them.

She wanted more, so much more. The confines of the truck kept them all from what they really wanted. Jesse's heated kiss had her pussy vibrating in pulsing need, aching to feel his cock buried inside her. Cole pulled his mouth back and covered her vagina with his hand. "You have the sweetest tasting pussy I've ever eaten, Leah. And you are so tight, even after I had my cock inside you." He dipped a thick finger inside her, slowly fucking her hole as he pulled it in and out. Slowly. Excruciatingly slow. It was maddening, driving her to buck her hips in her need for more. Her blood boiled, the blazing heat centering in her cunt as it gushed. "Look at all this sweet juice dripping from your pussy."

He continued to push his finger in and out of her, spreading her juices around. Jesse broke their smoldering kiss and pushed Leah up against Cole. The hardness of his chest, coupled with the coarse feel of the calluses on his large hands, had her shivering in anticipation for round two. Cole ran his hands up and down her arms, across her neck, through her hair.

When he leaned into her neck and hair, and inhaled sharply, she drew in a sharp breath as well. "You are so delicious, sweet Leah." He murmured against her neck, gently kissing and licking her, washing her skin in tormenting goose bumps. "You have a sensual mouth, so hot and sweet." He darted his tongue out and tasted her lower lip. She turned her head to submerge herself in his kiss. His tongue traced the inside of her mouth as one hand held her head in place, the other slowly descending down her front. It cupped a breast and toyed with her nipple, pinching and teasing it to full attention.

His mouth left hers and trailed down her neck, behind her ear. He inhaled again, and again her skin peppered in goose bumps. Her pussy clenched and ached for attention. His hand left her breast and took a lazy descent down to the exposed crux between her legs.

Jesse's hand beat Cole's to the prize, his finger exploring the inner folds of her pussy. "You weren't kidding, Cole. She is completely drenched. Do you like having two men concentrate on your pleasure?"

Cole's finger joined Jesse's and they both teased her clit, plunged into her pussy, taking turns fucking her, both in perfect sync with the other. No doubt they'd done this before.

"Have you ever been on a saddle, Leah?" Cole asked, still nibbling on her ear and neck as he tormented her with his finger.

She shook her head, barely able to think with the both of them fingering her cunt. The tightness of her orgasm started deep inside her soul, swirling and building with every flick of her clit. "I've never even been on a horse."

"Let's get her inside, little brother. I think we need to give her a little riding lesson." Jesse grabbed the front of his jeans and buttoned them closed, covering his semi-hard dick. "We can't do what we want in here. Besides, all the toys are inside."

Toys?

Cole held her close, almost possessive as he helped her with her jeans before taking care of his own. When he opened the door of the truck, he took her hand and led her out his side. The cold air bit into her, nipped at her skin. She shivered and leaned closer to him for warmth. He effortlessly wrapped his arm around her and pulled her closer.

"Cold?" Oh God, his sweet baritone voice had her shivering, but not because of the cold. That rich voice blanketed her, warming her. When he removed his fleece-lined jean jacket and draped it over her shoulders, leaving him exposed to the cold in nothing but a long-sleeved shirt, emotions swelled inside her.

This is a one-night stand, Leah. Do not get emotionally involved. Even as she chanted those words to herself, over and over, her heart pounded painfully in her chest. Cole led her up to a side door as Jesse opened it for them to enter. It opened to a room full of boots, coats, gloves, and a bench obviously used to either put everything on or take everything off.

Cole took the coat from her and hung it behind them on an empty hook. After adjusting his hat, he kicked off his boots and took her hand to lead her into the next room. She pulled off her shoes and followed him, doing everything she could to ignore the pinch in her heart at his eagerness to keep her close to him.

She blinked up at him when he brought those amazing cinnamon eyes to hers. The blazing shock of heat ripped through her and hitched her breath. He smiled then, flashing that sinful crooked grin at her, and she was helpless to do anything but weave her fingers in his and follow him wherever he led her.

"I'll get us each a beer," Jesse offered after kicking off his own boots and hanging his coat. He, too, kept his hat on.

"Make mine wine," Cole stated, causing Jesse to turn to him with a puzzled look.

"Since when do you drink wine?"

"I bought some Cab," Leah pointed out, still lost in the depth of Cole's endless eyes.

"Actually," Cole stopped her and gave her a wink that had her pussy convulsing and her heart painfully skipping a few beats. "*I* bought the wine. And the dinner."

Jesse's wicked chuckle pulled her attention from Cole over to him. His darker eyes glittered as they ate her up. "And you brought dessert."

Not wanting to remain silent in this verbal foreplay leading into the next round of whatever the night had in store, she chimed in. "If I'm dessert, then shame on you for eating me before dinner." She smiled coyly. "Hopefully that didn't ruin your appetite?"

Jesse's smile widened as he nodded in approval. "I like a woman who isn't afraid to speak her mind. Too many remain silent and leave all the talking to us."

"You did say this wasn't the first time you brought a woman home and shared her." Even though they were all adults and clearly had lives, it still bruised her to know she was just one of many walking through the door. Still, if she wanted to enjoy the rest of the night and whatever they wanted of her weekend, she couldn't think of it that way. She was just as guilty at having a life as they were.

"We're very close," Jesse explained and gave his brother a nod. "Cole here is the charmer of the pair. He can charm a snake right out of its skin."

Leah spiked her brow at Cole. "I'll bet."

Cole grinned and lowered his eyes sheepishly. Dear Lord, could he be any more adorable? "And Jesse is the bullshitter."

"And you two run this ranch together?"

They both nodded. *Wow*. She was on a real ranch, with real live cowboys. Cowboys, she reminded herself, that definitely knew how to use their hands. And tongues.

Among other things.

"Come on," Cole squeezed her hand and pulled her into the next room. It opened into an enormous living room with hardwood floors and gorgeous wood walls. Sparse leather furniture sat strategically in the room, with a small TV in one corner, a wood stove in the opposite corner, and a bookcase full of books in another corner. She turned behind her to see a saddle sitting on a stand in the remaining corner and swallowed tightly. Cole asked her something about being on a saddle. Just the thought of what the three of them could do on that had her cunt boiling in heat. She swallowed again.

"This is the living room," Cole said and pointed out a few various pictures on the wall, explaining when they were taken. He then turned to the right and stepped up a stair leading into another room, this one with a single futon couch and a small table, and another saddle on a stand. "This is just a small sitting area. I don't think we've ever used this room, come to think of it."

The way he led her around his home, pointing out this and that, awakened all her senses with lust and anticipation. He was, no doubt, stalling before the next course. He tried to pull her into the kitchen to their left, but she halted him with a yank on his hand. He stopped and turned back to her. When he spotted her hungry grin, he gave her a suspicious look.

"This room has never been used, you say?" She sucked in her lower lip and bit down.

He turned and fully faced her, his hands on his hips. The way he grinned told her he already knew what she had in mind and was thinking the same thing. "Never."

She nodded at the saddle. "What about that saddle? Is it just for show?"

"This saddle," Jesse added as he walked back into the room with three glasses of red wine, "has never been ridden on."

Looking at Jesse, then back to Cole, she asked, "Care to give me a riding lesson, boys?"

Chapter 4

Cole almost swallowed his tongue. Leah was full of surprises at every turn. Women weren't usually this forward. They weren't this open about what they wanted. They didn't clearly vocalize their wishes. Instead, they expected the Henry boys to be some sort of mind readers. When they failed to hit the mark, they were then ridiculed for being insensitive pricks.

Leah was different. She was bold. Daring. She didn't wait for them to guess what she wanted. She saw what she wanted and took it. He liked that. Hell yeah. He really liked that. Glancing over at his brother, he saw the same big, shit-eating grin on his face. Apparently he wasn't the only one who approved of Leah's request.

With a wicked smile that men no doubt gave in to, she looked back and forth between them, waiting for their answer. The Henry boys exchanged looks and then brought their gaze back to the woman who took a seat on the couch and patted the open seats on either side of her. "Care to join me?"

Jesse set the drinks down on the table and nodded at Cole to have a seat. "I'll be right back," he said and took the stairs leading up to all the bedrooms.

She watched Jesse disappear upstairs, a puzzled look on her pretty face. She stood and stared up the stairs. "Where's he going?"

"Don't worry," Cole assured her in a hungry voice. He knew exactly what Jesse had gone up there to get. Toys, toys, and more toys. "You'll like what he's bringing to the party."

Her blazing blue eyes sparked as she licked her lips, her gaze dropping to his groin. His cock swelled and he groaned at how tight his jeans had suddenly become. "You haven't heard me complain yet, have you?"

God help him, he nearly came right in his pants. If Jesse didn't hurry up with the bag of sexual goodies they kept in one of the spare rooms, Cole didn't know if he'd last. "Have you ever had two men fuck you at the same time, Leah?"

Her smile wilted. "Didn't we just do that? In the truck?"

"No. That was one man fucking you while you sucked the other one's cock. I'm talking about two men, two cocks, at the same time."

She widened her brilliant eyes, which had lost some of their glimmer. "In the same hole?"

Ah, so this was the *real* Leah. *An innocent*. She'd never had a true ménage a trios before. She'd never had one man bury his dick inside her ass while the other rooted inside her cunt. She'd never experienced the heightened sensations being so filled with the flesh of others could bring her, how the intensity of her orgasm would rob her of her sanity.

They'd need to start with a butt plug, stretch her anus so she'd be able to take them both at the same time without causing her any pain. His dick twitched, eager to be inside her again. Instead of inserting a butt plug into her to tighten that sweet pussy of hers, he wanted to use his own steely flesh, bury it so deep inside her ass she'd growl in her dark pleasure.

He reached for her, cupped her cheek with his hand. *Damn*, she was trembling. His heart pulled, the confusion and concern of her reaction to his touch replacing his arousal. "Why are you shaking?"

Fear and excitement flashed in her expression. She breathed out roughly and swallowed as she lowered her eyes. "I've never done anything like this before."

"Are you scared?"

"Yes," she whispered, offering him a nod to reiterate her answer.

His cock deflated. No way did he want to scare her, to make her do anything she didn't want to do. He thought by the way she'd been so assertive in her actions that she had either done this before or at least had an idea of what they wanted to do.

He brushed the pad of his thumb across her cheek. "We won't do anything you don't want to do, Leah. If you want to back out of this-

She literally jumped in his arms and covered his mouth with hers, spearing her tongue out to meet his. He staggered back to catch her and wrapped his arms around her to hold her to him as she hugged him with her legs, digging her heels into his ass for purchase.

This kiss had his cock hard in an instant. Wet, hot, and unbridled in its hunger. She moaned into his mouth and rocked her hips up against him as their kiss deepened. He tasted the desperation and lust on her lips.

"I said I'd never done anything like this before," she repeated in a husky voice. He nipped at her chin before burying his lips at her neck, nibbling and licking until she moaned again. "I never said I didn't want to."

He weaved his hand in the silky length of her hair and brought her lips back to his. This time he kissed her hard, demanding, taking control of their connection. Their tongues twisted and danced, fighting for control of the kiss. He fisted his hand and tightened her hair between his fingers, pulling her head to the side so he could feast on her neck.

"I love the way you grab my hair," she breathed in a strangled whimper. "Take control of me, Cole. Tell me what you're going to do to me."

Dear Jesus, he loved the way she laid it all out for him. It was so refreshing to have a woman like that. His engorged erection throbbed, aching to be released from the confines of his jeans. Reaching around, he cupped one of her breasts with his hand and flicked her nipple with his thumb. She hissed in a quick breath.

Their tongues wrestled as he kissed her and grabbed hair, pulling it tight against her scalp. He fought for control of their kiss, but she gave just as much as she took. Instead of her giving in to his dominance, she displayed her own by sucking on his tongue and drawing a groan from him. He wanted to sink his dick between her lips, have her suck on his painful hard-on the way she now sucked on his tongue.

He pinched her nipple, pulling it tight under the fabric of her shirt. To his surprise and arousal, she reached down and did the same to him, peaking his nipple to a hard little pebble.

Cole chuckled into her mouth as he relished in the chills prickling his skin and tickling his scalp. Breaking their kiss, he panted harshly as he looked into her eyes. They were so dark in her hunger and need, her face so flush in her lust for him. Dear God, he almost took her up to his room and locked the door right there. He didn't want to share this one. No, he wanted her all to himself. Jesse could go back into his room with all the toys. He wanted to make Leah scream out his name in the throes of her orgasm without the assistance of any batteries.

He grimaced when he heard Jesse descending the stairs. Leah blinked up at him, her eyes still unfocused as her body trembled. But then her gaze landed on something and her lips parted. "Is that for me?"

Cole felt her relax in his arms and loosened his grip as she slid down his frame to stand on her own. He turned to see what held her attention.

Jesse had one of the glass dildos in his hand. As he approached them, Cole noticed how his eyes never left Leah. He turned the dildo in his hand and finally pulled his hungry gaze from her to study the toy. "This is called the Juicer. Because you have such sweet tasting cream, we can use this to pull more out of you."

Cole turned back to see Leah smiling and even licking her lips. Damn, she was beautiful when she did that. He wanted to lick her lips, too. "I've never seen anything like that before. How does it work?"

Jesse flashed his wicked grin. "It's time for that riding lesson, Leah."

* * * *

"Take off your clothes," Jesse ordered. Just the sound of the thick lust in his voice had her shivering as she hurried to carry out the order. She stood before them, unembarrassed as they both hungrily raked their gaze over her body. Cole licked his lips as Jesse took a step toward her, the Juicer pointing the way.

Leah took in the odd shape of the dildo. Clear and a perfectly shaped penis, but at the end it flared out with little knobs. On the side that would face away from her vagina, it had a single small inverted knob.

Cole stepped behind her and stood so his hard chest rested up against her back. He removed his hat and threw his shirt up over his head before pulling her to him. His coarse curls brushed up against her skin, tickling her and washing delicious chills up and down her spine.

Skillfully moving his hands down the front of her, she rested her head against his shoulder, instinctively spreading her legs when his hand reached her throbbing pussy. Dipping his finger between her soaked lips, he swirled it around her swollen clit, teasing her, pleasing her.

"Holy shit, darlin'. Your pussy is drenched." Cole licked at her ear as he fingered her cunt, driving her insane and setting her pussy on fire.

"It's your fault," she defended, breathless and so aroused she could barely breathe. When Cole reached behind her with his free hand and thrust it deep inside her quivering cunt, she let out a strangled moan.

"Hey. What about me?" Jesse stepped forward, while at the same time removing his shirt. *Oh wow*. His chest was just as impressive as Cole's. She really liked the delicious similarities between the brothers.

"Come over here," she urged in the sexiest voice she knew. Smiling flirtatiously, she brought her finger up and motioned for him to join their duo.

He tossed the Juicer onto the futon behind them and sandwiched her between him and Cole. His mouth found hers and he immediately parted her lips with his tongue, exploring the recesses of her mouth. Cole's finger continued to fuck her pussy, pushing deep inside her. Still, it wasn't enough.

She needed more. She needed a cock inside her, filling her with rigid flesh. Pushing Jesse away, she strolled over to the futon and grabbed the Juicer as she eased down on the seat. Holding it up, she looked up at her men. They were frozen in place, both captivated and eager to see what she was about to do with the toy.

This felt so wanton, so brazen and bold. She'd never do this back home, but seeing the way these two brothers were panting and waiting to see what her next move would be, she couldn't stop herself.

Taking the glass dildo, she brought it to her mouth and slowly sank her lips around the toy, her eyes never leaving the brothers as they stared at her. Jesse unbuttoned his jeans and pulled out his bulging cock, stroking it as he continued to watch her. Cole simply stood there and stared.

She sucked the toy until it was slippery with her saliva. Licking the tip before pulling it away from her lips, she smiled coyly and held it so the tip rested against her neck. Slowly, erotically, she trailed the toy down her chest and tummy, until it rested right at the top of her mound.

"Oh, Jesus," Cole groaned and took a step toward her.

"Stop!" Jesse put his hand up to halt his brother. "Let's see what she does."

"We've never had a woman do this," Cole pointed out, now breathless as he licked his lips and continued to watch her.

"I know," Jesse added, stroking his engorged cock slowly. "Have you ever seen anything so fucking hot in your life, Cole?"

Cole snapped his gaze to her, locking her in place and holding her captive. "Never." He then flashed that crooked smile, and Leah almost came right there. She loved that cowboy grin, and was slowly losing herself to it. "Leah, sweetheart. Stick the Juicer in your pussy. Push it in slowly and tell us how it feels."

She nodded once and lowered the tip of the glass dildo to the opening of her pussy. Never taking her eyes from Cole, she pushed the head of the dildo passed her opening and eased the toy inside her. It felt cold, but with the heat of her dripping vagina swallowing it, it heated to a blinding fury.

She knew what they wanted and was more than eager to give it to them. "It's thick. Hard." She started to fuck herself with it, driving it in and out of her slick hole. "But it isn't enough."

The brothers exchanged looks and Jesse nodded as if they'd just made some sort of silent pact. Cole moved to her, kneeling in front of her open legs. "Let me show you how it works." He leaned in and lowered his face down to her pussy. "Pull your hand back, darlin'. Let me take over."

She did and arched her back when Cole's mouth covered her agonizing clit. His tongue flicked playfully and she sucked in a breath. When he took over the movement of the Juicer, moving it in and out of her, she sucked in another breath.

And then he did something she'd never felt. He started to twirl the Juicer. The little knobs slapped against her pussy, against her clit. It stimulated her lips. It made her cunt clench and spasm as a gush of cream flooded down her shaft.

"Look at that," Jesse said in a strained voice. "It works."

Cole's tongue eagerly lapped up her juices. "Holy Jesus," he groaned. "You taste amazing, Leah. I love the taste of your pussy, babe. I can't get enough of it."

"It's all yours," she whispered. When he heard that, he spun the Juicer faster and faster until she thrashed around on the futon, the coiling fist of her orgasm growing inside her so fast she couldn't control it.

Her climax exploded inside her and she screamed as she writhed against the futon, her orgasm so intense she couldn't make sense of it. Cole sucked her clit in between his lips and flicked at it, peaking her climax until she screamed once again. She came so hard, so blinding that it robbed her of breath.

"Oh, my God." Leah panted as her body and soul became one again. Cole kissed the inside of her thigh and eased the dildo out of her now spasming vagina.

"It's a good toy," Cole stated.

"I second that," she responded.

"You are so beautiful when you come, Leah." Cole kissed her tummy and slowly made his way up to her breast, kissing and licking his way up. When he found a hardened nipple, he feasted by pulling it into his mouth and swirling his tongue around.

She let out a slow breath as her orgasm ebbed. Jesse joined them and knelt down on the futon. His cock stared at her and bobbed right at lip level. Unable to resist, she leaned to the side and slid his cock between her lips. The taste of his salty pre-cum arrested her senses and took over any inhibition she may have had.

He fervently pushed his cock between her lips and back out. "Dear Jesus. Your mouth is... ah..."

Leah hungrily slurped at his dick, audibly suckling at his flesh, moaning in exquisite passion as he drove his penis in and out of her, fucking her mouth with his thick cock.

"Oh," Jesse growled as he sank his flesh deep between her lips. The blunt tip of his cock tapped the back of her throat and she swallowed. Jesse jerked and backed out of her. "I think she needs to take the saddle. What do you think, Cole?"

"I think we do whatever sweet Leah wants us to do." Cole winked at her and sent her insides spinning.

At that moment, if he asked her to rob a bank while naked, she would. He had complete control over her, and she was just fine with that. "Do you want me on the saddle, Cole?"

His cinnamon eyes twinkled mirthfully. "I want you any way I can get you."

Her cunt gushed at his words. Rising up, she walked on wobbly legs over to the saddle on the stand. Turning back to the men, she gave them each a look. "Do I just sit on it? Or is there some sort of technique?"

"Let me show you," Cole offered. He removed his clothes and for the first time, Leah saw him naked from head to toe. Dear God, he was magnificent. Montana cowboys definitely knew how to stay in shape. His raging hard-on nodded at her as his well-defined legs chopped up the distance between them. He stepped into the stirrup and swung his muscled leg up and over the saddle. As he sat down, his rigid penis stood at attention, pointing straight into the air as if in salute. "Come here," he said to her in a low, husky voice.

She took the same path as him, stepping her bare foot into the stirrup and swinging over the saddle. As she sank down, her back to his hard chest, he grabbed her hips and guided her down until the head of his engorged cock pushed against her entrance. Throwing her head back, she moaned as the head broke through the barrier and bore into her pussy. Her entire body tensed as his flesh fused with hers, making them one with each other.

"Oh, Cole," she purred and rose up on his rigid dick, then sank back down. Her hips bucked and the sharp movement drove him deeper inside her. His heavily veined organ buried inside her to the hilt, and her muscles stretched to accept all of him.

She bucked on top of him, her tight cunt squeezing him and heightening her pleasure. He lifted her and thrust his dick back inside, driving her down on his steely shaft and setting her pussy on fire. She grabbed at the little handle on the front of the saddle and held tight as he slammed his dick into her cunt.

She couldn't stand it. The sweet torture was too much. Reaching down, she touched her ever-swelling clit and started to play with it. Her orgasm grew deep inside her womb, circling it and squeezing as it fought for release.

"Oh hell no," Jesse grunted and appeared at her side. His dark eyes sparked a wicked look. "No way do you need to play with yourself as we love you." He then reached down and replaced her finger with his own. Circling her clit, he flicked and teased as her orgasm grew.

Cole rocked his hips, pitching his hard flesh deep inside her and almost knocking her off the saddle. She grabbed the holder with all that she had and held on for the riding lesson of her life.

Jesse stroked his cock with one hand and fingered her with the other. His thick middle finger found her sensitive clit and flicked ruthlessly as she rode Cole's cock. He hit the ultimate G-spot just as Cole slammed into her.

She screamed then, and her entire world crumbled. Cole pumped his cock into her with a fury, and Jesse fucked her clit relentlessly. Her climax twisted and pulled, threatening to rob her of consciousness as it crashed down on her.

Leah threw her head back and groaned from her soul, her orgasm so amazing she was no longer under her own power. She rode her climax, fucking Cole's cock until he burst inside her, his seed draining deep in her womb and driving her vagina into a violent spasm and threw her forward.

"Oh! Ah! Yes!" she cried out, helpless against the way he drove his penis deep into her cunt and emptied his life inside her. Jesse devoured her lips, sucked her cries into his mouth, groaned as he stroked himself into release and jetted blistering semen all over her front.

"Dear Jesus," Jesse grunted and pumped his penis until it fell semi-hard in his hands. "Now *that* was a riding lesson."

Leah couldn't agree more.

Chapter 5

Leah let out a deep, content sigh and curled into the hard body next to her. It felt so good, so natural to curl up next to him. Blinking her eyes open, she saw Cole's face relaxed in peaceful slumber and smiled.

Dear God, he looked even more handsome when he slept. How was that even possible?

Careful not to wake him, she slid out of his embrace and grabbed her clothes. Glancing around, she had to laugh inwardly. They didn't even make it out of the sitting room. She and Cole were sharing the futon as Jesse... Just where was he?

She heard a distinct cough from the kitchen and poked her head around the corner. There, sitting at the table, looking freshly showered and handsome as ever, sat Jesse Henry reading the morning headlines.

He looked up from the paper and smiled as she walked into the kitchen. "Well, good morning, beautiful." He lifted his coffee cup at her and winked.

Her knees wobbled at the gesture. Nodding at his cup, she asked, "Is there any more of that?"

"Fresh pot," he said and pointed at the coffee pot on the counter behind him. Unsure and awkward, feeling much like the third wheel, Leah made her way to the counter and searched the cupboards until she found a mug. Pulling one down, she filled her cup to the rim and brought it up to her lips. She drew in a deep breath, losing herself in the aroma if only for a moment. No doubt reality would come crashing down soon enough.

Forcing herself to steady her breath, she kept her back to him, but brought her gaze up over her shoulder so she could just make him out in her peripheral vision. "I need someone to take me back to my car."

He took a long sip of his coffee, his eyes never leaving the paper. After a painful silence, he folded the paper and set it on the table in front of him. He then brought those powerful dark eyes up to her. "Are you in that big of a hurry to leave?"

Smiling to hide her embarrassment, she shook her head. "I just figured—"

"Stay."

She jerked her head up and landed her startled gaze on him. "Excuse me?"

"At least for the weekend. Cole really wants you to."

Her heart skipped in her chest at the thought, but that was only half of it. Half of *them*. She kept her eyes on Jesse as he kept his eyes on her. "And you?"

"This isn't about me," he answered and picked the paper back up.

Okay. Now she didn't have a clue what was going on.

"Then who is this about?"

Jesse set the paper back down and took a sip of his coffee. "This is about Cole and how much he wants you. Dare I say, he even needs you."

"That's insane," she whispered against his words, looking away and fighting back the flutter in her entire being at the thought Cole wanted her for more than a one-night stand. Did Jesse feel the same? "We don't even know each other."

He laughed then. He actually *laughed*. It irritated her. Instead of lashing out, which she had a tenancy to do, she bit her lip and took a long sip of her coffee. "Leah, Cole has been waiting for someone like you to come along his entire life. Trust me, I'm his brother. I know."

She shook her head against his words. "No. It was just a—"

"One-night stand?" he finished for her. Those dark eyes assessed her, made her feel uncomfortable. "To *me*, maybe. But for Cole? And for you? It was more than that."

"Then why did you kiss me first? Why did you join in?"

"Because that's what we do," he explained matter-of-factly, as if she should have already known the answer. "He picked you up. I closed the deal."

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. He made it sound like she was nothing more than a car and they were the dynamic sales duo. Her temper started to stir as her temple throbbed. "So I was just another piece of ass to you two?"

"Now don't go gettin' all worked up about this, Leah." Jesse took a long, casual sip off his steaming cup of coffee. "You knew what you agreed to when you followed Cole out of the store, and when you got in the truck." He paused, no doubt for effect, before he nailed the final words into her heart. "I'm sure we weren't the first two men you came home with, or the first two men you've ever—"

"Bull shit!" He ate his last words and blinked at the sound of her outburst. Her temper boiled over and she charged him, her coffee spilling all over her hand, but she didn't care. Jesse watched the coffee fall from her cup as she marched over to him. She slammed the cup down on the table, spilling coffee all over his jean-covered leg. He winced, but didn't pull back when he met her eyes. When she moved in to confront him, her temper in full flair, he held her gaze.

To really drive her point home, she started nailing him in the chest with her index finger. "I don't know what kind of women you usually bring home to this Flying Fuck Ranch."

"Flying H's Ranch," he corrected quietly.

"Whatever!" She practically screamed into his face, she felt angry as hell at him for assuming she was nothing more than some two-bit slut who followed men home for a good fuck and then went on her way. "Just who the hell are you to judge me after one night of nothing but sex, huh? What makes you so holier than thou?"

To her shock and surprise, he leaned forward and covered her lips with his. Before she could pull back and slap him across the face for his arrogance, he closed off their kiss and even smiled up at her. "I'm not, Leah. I don't even pretend to be. The only way we are going to get to know you is if you stay."

Okay, she hadn't expected their conversation to take such a drastic turn. Taking a step back to regroup, she finally found her voice. "Wh—What kind of game are you playing?"

"No games. I call them as I see them. You and Cole have a connection. I want you to stay so you two stand a fighting chance."

"For how long?"

He shrugged. "As long as it takes for you to either embrace what you have with Cole, or walk away."

She stared at him for a very long time, watching those dark eyes, waiting for him to crack a smile or show some flaw in his story. He never so much as flinched.

After several awkward seconds, she swallowed and took another step back. "What part do you play in all this?"

"I love my brother. I'll be there for him, no matter the cost."

"I don't get what you mean."

"Cole and I engage in, what you call, an alternative lifestyle."

Shock hit her square in the chest and she suddenly found it hard to breathe. "You're gay?"

Jesse chuckled easily. "No. Far from it, actually. We love women, the *same* women, to be exact."

Her heart pinched against the news. That much she'd gathered from how perfect their timing seemed to be whenever they had their very gifted hands on her. She knew, deep down, they'd been sharing their women long enough to make a habit of it, but it still burned to hear. "That still doesn't answer my question."

"I'll love the same woman with my brother. I'll even give up *falling* in love with the same woman—you, Leah—for as long as it takes for Cole to find his soulmate. I've done it before, and I'll continue doing it until my brother finds happiness."

Her heart pinched as she let out a gasp. "You're sacrificing your own happiness for your brother's?"

"What's family for?" Even as he said it, she heard the forced complacency in his voice. It was right there and then she saw an entirely different side to Jesse Henry.

"Then what? What about your happiness, Jesse?"

"This isn't about me. I've been raising my little brother since we were in grade school. My parents were always out working the ranch. It's been him and me forever."

Pain and apprehension flickered in his dark eyes before he lowered his gaze and studied his coffee cup and visibly swallowed. She swallowed in return, this time a hard and painful lump protested as it slowly fought its way back down to the pit of her stomach. "Let me get this straight. You'd sacrifice falling in love with someone in case your brother loves her? Where does that leave you?"

"Lonely," he whispered, but Leah still caught it. Her entire chest compressed at that single word, and she realized then and there that Jesse's sacrifices and love for his brother far outweighed anything she'd ever seen. She suddenly felt very guilty for the way she'd treated her brother growing up, and wanted to call and apologize for being such a pain in the ass all those years.

She approached Jesse and knelt down in front of him. "So you're saying the only way to make you happy is to make your brother happy?"

"That about sums it up."

Running her fingers up and down his leg, she gave him a smile meant as a peace offering. "What if I made you both happy?"

Jesse's lip twitched, but he looked like he fought the actual smile. "What did you have in mind?"

"Exactly what I just said. What if I made you both happy?"

He actually smiled then, and it lit up his eyes. "The three of us? Like happily ever after?"

"I was thinking more along the lines of both of you enjoy the weekend and let me go at the end," she countered, not willing to go down that rabbit hole. She didn't want to fall in love with anyone right now. Her last relationship just may be listed as one of the top ten worst disasters of all time. She'd had too much fun so far with the Henry brothers to go down that path.

Jesse chuckled and shook his head. "You make a compelling argument, Leah." He shrugged. "It's worth a shot. You're different to him. To me, too. You have something the other women didn't have. I like it, and I know Cole does, too."

She sighed, wishing she didn't give a shit about the other women in Cole's life. Or Jesse's. It churned and burned inside her stomach. "What's that?"

"You've got me," Jesse answered with another shrug and picked up the paper. His eyes rested on it, but she knew he wasn't reading. She stepped back and let out another sigh, knowing their conversation had ended. "Ask Cole."

"Ask me what?" Her heart jumped a mile when Cole strolled into the kitchen, looking disheveled and completely mouth-watering as he shuffled his way to the coffee pot. Her heart, already warm from finally finding a breakthrough with Jesse, wanted to burst having both her cowboys in the same room.

After grabbing a mug and pouring a full cup, Cole turned and leaned up against the counter. Glancing over at Leah as she approached, he offered her a crooked grin that nearly brought her to her knees.

Licking her lips, she pulled her bottom lip between her teeth and almost gave in to her want to jump into his arms. Still, she couldn't *not* touch him, just as much as she couldn't *not* touch Jesse. Leaning up against him, she stood on her tiptoes and gave him a firm plant of her lips to his. "Good morning," she offered.

His cinnamon eyes twinkled in delight. "Good morning, back." He sipped at his coffee as he continued to study her, his eyes churning with a dark hunger she felt more than she saw. Setting his cup down on the counter behind him, he turned back to her. With a wicked curl of his sensual lips, he pulled her to him and really kissed her.

Their tongues danced in beat with the thumping of her heart. He ground his hips up against hers and she felt his heated erection through his jeans. Her breath ripped from her lungs when he plunged his tongue deep into her mouth.

Dear Lord, did these cowboys know how to kiss. She arched up against the hardness of his bare chest, her nipples tight and sensitive as she pressed them to him. Wrapping her arms around his neck, she let out a soft whimper when he weaved his fingers into her hair. It tickled her scalp and sent a shock of all consuming chills down her spine.

Cole lifted her into his arms, and they assumed the same position they were in last night with her legs firmly wrapped around him. She locked her ankles behind him and rocked her hips to grant some sort of friction against her throbbing pussy.

"I take it you're a morning person," Jesse's sexy voice sounded in her ear, the wetness from his breath sending another wash of chills peppering across her skin. She didn't even know he'd gotten up from the table. His hands rested on her shoulders as he offered a heated nip at her lobe. He then cooled the sharp bite with a slow lick of his tongue. Leah moaned into Cole's mouth.

He set her down on the cold counter and nudged the bulge of his cock between her legs. Digging her heels in his ass, she urged him closer to her drenched cunt, desperate to feel his hard flesh inside her again. He unfastened her jeans and a flaming desire took over when he wiggled her out of her jeans and tossed them aside, then did the same with her panties.

He slowly sank his finger into her damp pussy. Her vaginal muscles clamped down, spasming as he pulled his finger out and replaced it with two. A flood of juices gushed down her channel, drenching her cunt. If he didn't take his jeans off and thrust the engorged member between his legs deep between hers, she'd scream.

Lust, hot and thick, powered her next move. Reaching down, she grabbed his groin and squeezed. With her other hand, she reached over and grabbed Jesse's groin. Rubbing in sync, she soon had them both rocking and grinding their hips up against her hand.

Jesse pushed Cole out of the way and buried his face between her thighs, his tongue darting out and submerging in her pussy. Leah threw her head back and let out a throaty moan.

Cole fisted her hair and slanted his lips over hers, stabbing her mouth with his tongue. She shuddered in his grip. The sheer dominance of his action launched a fireball of arousal tearing through her, heating her, setting her entire body on fire.

Jesse murmured his pleasure at the taste of her as he swirled his tongue around her swollen clit. She was so close, and the way he teased her pussy had her right on the cusp of a blinding orgasm.

He jumped up and before Leah could whimper a protest, drove his cock inside her cunt with a slamming force that pushed her back on the counter. Grabbing her hips, he pulled her back to the edge and thrust again, this time holding her in place. He buried his cock to the hilt, grinding his hips and growling deep in the back of his throat.

Cole's kiss hardened possessively. He captured her soul in the kiss, fed her enough to keep her alive and nothing more. Jesse slammed into her cunt again and she cried out, so close to coming her entire body quivered in anticipation.

When Cole brought his hand down and fingered her clit, flicking it as his brother fucked her pussy, driving to his own climax as he drove Leah to hers, she started to pant.

A final pump of his cock and Jesse threw Leah into a violent orgasm that had her screaming into Cole's mouth. She sucked his tongue as the waves crashed into her and shattered her senses. Jesse groaned and shot his seed deep inside her, slowly rocking his hips to ride his orgasm out.

Cole broke their kiss and looked down at her. His eyes were almost as dark as Jesse's in his lust and hunger for her. Knocking Jesse out of the way, he picked her up and carried her over to the kitchen table. With a single sweep of his arm, he cleared the top and lowered her down on it.

"Won't we break it?"

He bit at her neck. "I don't care," he growled and threw his jeans off. When she felt the smooth head of his cock pass through her opening, she shuddered.

"All the way," she purred, and dug her nails into his shoulders. He did as asked and buried his penis inside her. "Yes!"

"Leah," he groaned and started to pump his dick in and out of her cunt in a steady tempo. The table creaked and protested under both their weight. "Oh, baby. Your pussy is so hot and wet as it tightens around me. Can you feel it?"

Oh dear God could she ever. The walls of her pussy fisted his flesh, milked it as he drove in and out. In and out. Another orgasm sizzled and bubbled inside her, building hard and fast. "Faster, Cole. Fuck me faster!"

He followed her order and increased his rhythm, thrusting his swollen cock over and over. Her climax drove higher and higher until she couldn't make sense of the feelings coursing through her veins.

"Leah!" Cole hollered and spilled his life into her, exploding like a fountain. His climax triggered hers and she screamed as she clawed at his back. He fucked her hard, pulling her ebbing orgasm back to the surface with an angry vengeance.

"Cole!" She cried and grabbed a hold of him, digging her nails into his shoulders and riding the waves of her climax. The table gave a final creak before a loud pop echoed into the kitchen. Cole and Leah locked gazes just as the table legs gave out and sent them both crashing down to the floor.

They slammed down, Cole's full weight landing on top of her and knocking the wind out of her. *Ouch. That's going to leave a bruise.*

"Shit," he muttered and jumped up, pulling her with him. "Are you all right? Did I hurt you?" As he asked he searched her body for marks, concern replacing the arousal she saw in his eyes only moments before.

"I'm fine," she lied. *Hell yeah, that hurt.* But she'd live. They looked at each other and both broke into a fit of giggles. Jesse joined in and they all laughed until tears filled their eyes.

"Now where are we going to eat?" Jesse mused as he motioned to the shards that used to be their kitchen table.

Leah glanced down at the table and shook her head. "They just don't make them like they used to."

Chapter 6

Cole paced inside the den, every so often stopping and glancing up at the ceiling. Jesse hid his grin, knowing full and well what had his little brother so agitated. She was upstairs taking a shower.

"You could always go join her," Jesse offered and took a pull off his beer. He'd never seen his brother this taken with someone before. It was both a blessing and a curse. A blessing as it would bring his brother happiness as he spent the rest of his days building a life and family with her. A curse as it would be the end of their ménages.

His heart pinched at the thought. The Henry boys were faithful. They may share their women, but they never cheated on them, and never attempted to bring another woman into the relationship. He'd have to find someone else to share his women with if Cole and Leah ended up as more than a weekend fling.

She may think they'd be happy as a threesome, but Jesse knew better. Leah had already captured Cole's heart, and his soul. It didn't matter how Jesse felt about her. Deep down he wanted to believe the three of them could live in harmony, but he also knew the real world.

People didn't take kindly to threesomes, especially in a tiny town like Holsten. Sure, he'd heard rumors of Skye Taylor and the two ranch hands out at her parents' ranch. He'd talked to Caleb a few times in town and, even though the rumors didn't bother him much, they tore the shit out of Trent.

Why the hell couldn't people mind their own goddamn business? If Caleb and Trent wanted to share their love on a woman like Skye, who was anyone else to judge?

Jesse muttered his favorite cuss word. Maybe if Cole and he were able to make a threesome work with Leah, convince her to stay here in Holsten, then all the town gossips would leave Sky, Caleb, and Trent the hell alone.

Trouble with that was they'd attack Leah and the Henry Brothers. Would he be willing to endure endless ridicule for his choice in his personal life? Hell, yes. For Leah, he'd give up breathing if it meant keeping her happy. He couldn't explain how she'd found a way to burrow under the Henry Brothers' skin in less than twenty-four hours, but she'd done it. For the first time in his twenty-nine years, he felt himself starting to actually fall in love.

After they spent the morning cleaning up what used to be the kitchen table and throwing it out on the burn pile, Leah insisted on making breakfast and toasted frozen waffles. Both Cole and Jesse hid their amusement and stomachached the little Styrofoam discs. He couldn't remember the last time they'd had frozen waffles, if ever. Preprocessed food was just not something they ate on the ranch. Give them fresh meat, and a hell of a lot of it.

But still. The fact that Leah, who didn't have a cooking bone in her sexy little body, wanted to cook them breakfast, had both Cole and Jesse eager to play house with her. She looked so damn cute and proud as she plopped those toasted discs on their plates that neither one of them had the heart to turn her down.

"I know I hurt her," Cole muttered for the seventh time. Jesse ignored him and tried to finish reading the paper, which he hadn't been able to do yet. Their little sex episode in the kitchen, and then another back in the sitting room, saddle and all, distracted him away from the headlines. Now that Leah was safely upstairs taking a shower, he finally settled in to read the paper.

And then Cole stormed into the living room after feeding the animals, pacing like a madman, ranting and raving about how he hurt her and should have known better than to fuck her on the kitchen table.

"She's fine. She said so herself."

"I know I hurt her," he repeated for the *eighth* time and pulled his hat off to run his fingers through his hair.

"Then go kiss it and make it better," Jesse stated and took another pull off his beer. "You smell like shit, literally. A shower is just what you need."

He stilled and glared at Jesse. "How can you be so calm?"

Glancing up at his brother, he snapped his brow to a frown when he noticed how upset Cole was. The poor sap had no idea how fast he'd fallen for the pretty brunette with bottomless blue eyes, how they both had. At least Jesse had more control over showing it. Cole would figure it out soon enough.

"Because I'm not the one falling in love with her," Jesse lied.

"What?" Cole threw his hands up and went back to pacing. "That's insane," he muttered.

Jesse laughed. "Those were her words, too."

He stopped again and gave him an incredulous look. "When did you talk to her about this?"

"This morning, before you got up."

Cole stiffened. "Did she, you know, greet you the same way she greeted me?"

"Do you mean did she stick her tongue down my throat the minute she saw me? No. That, little brother, she reserved for you." He folded the paper and gave up on trying to read it. With all the chaos going on at the Flying H's Ranch, he'd be lucky to get through the first section.

Cole seemed relieved and even smiled, if ever so slightly. He took a breath to say something when they both stopped and brought their gaze up to the ceiling.

Leah was singing a really bad rendition of a country song about a cheating boyfriend. She didn't hit a single note, but that didn't seem to faze her. She still sang at the top of her lungs and seemed to be having a hell of a good time at it.

"Obviously not the next *American Idol*," Jesse pointed out.

Cole threw him a cool glare. "I think it's cute."

"Of course you do." He finished his beer and stood up off the couch, ignoring the flutter in his chest. She really did sound cute. "I'm going to make sure the cattle are settled before it gets dark. Did you fix the hole in the back fence?"

"What hole?"

Jesse chuckled. *Inwardly*. Cole looked ready for a fight and he really wasn't in the mood to go there. "The one I told you about three days ago." He sighed. "Never mind. I'll take care of it. You just take care of," he paused and brought his gaze up to the ceiling, "other holes."

"You're an asshole," Cole snapped.

Jesse grinned. "Yes, I am."

"Take Rocky," Cole said. "Timber is off. I don't like the way she's been nursing her hind quarter."

"Again?"

"The vet is coming out on Monday."

Jesse rolled his eyes. The old coot they called the local vet barely had the brains God gave a goat. He didn't want the old man touching his mare. Besides, he hated riding Rocky. His brother's gelding had as bad a temper, as his owner. "Fine." He moved to the side door and threw on a coat and gloves. After placing his hat on his head, he turned back to Cole. "You'd best figure out what's got you so riled up, little brother." To test the waters, he took it to the next level. "I'm sure our woman isn't ready to see this side of you."

"*Our* woman?" Cole's eyes were none too friendly as he narrowed them on Jesse. "What the hell does that mean?"

"I mean she just may be the one woman who has the power to finally give us both what we want."

Cole stopped pacing and glared at him. "And what the hell is that?"

"Figure it out, little brother."

"Goddamn it, Jesse, what the hell are you—"

He smiled as he slammed the door behind him, cutting off Cole's bitching.



Cole spit out his favorite cuss word and turned away from the door. Goddamn his brother for being so arrogant. He didn't know what the hell he was talking about. He wasn't falling for Leah. Neither of them were. They didn't even know her last name. Men didn't fall for women without at least knowing their last name.

Her silky dark hair, or her pretty blue eyes didn't captivate him. He didn't ache to touch her. Her killer smile didn't make him instantly, and painfully, hard. Sweeping his gaze over to where Jesse just sat, the sight of the empty beer bottle activated his saliva glands. He could use a beer.

Marching over to the fridge, he threw open the door and reached for a bottle, only to stop. Leah didn't like beer, or at least didn't like men who drank beer. Cussing, he closed the door and leaned back on the counter.

The water shut off and he glanced back up at the ceiling. His dick twitched, anxious to feel Leah's blistering heat swallow it. He ran the heel of his hand over his hard-on, pissed he didn't have any better control over his body. He was twenty-seven years old for Christ's sake. He should have some dick control by now.

That was another reason why he wasn't falling for Leah. He didn't even know her age. It didn't matter. He could reason with his body all day long. His cock refused to back down, and before he knew it, he found himself walking up the stairs.

Rounding the top, he turned and made his way down the skinny hall to the bathroom door. Pulling in a deep breath, he held it and knocked. "Leah?"

"Cole?"

He ignored the way his heart skipped at the way his name rolled off her tongue. Her voice seemed to swirl around it like a dark smoke. His dick jerked. "Do, uh, you need anything?"

"Actually," she started, then paused. "I'm a little sore from the fall."

Goddamn it. He knew he hurt her. Clenching his teeth, he leaned toward the door, resting his hand on the knob. "What can I do?"

"Come in."

He slowly opened the door and nearly came right there in his jeans. Leah sat on the chair next to the tub, her legs spread wide, shaving cream covering her sweet little pussy. "What—" He had to stop and swallow so not to drool all over himself.

"I wanted to surprise you," she explained and held the razor between her fingers. Her dark, wet hair sticking to her face and neck, and the way those blazing blue eyes stared up at him innocently. He'd never seen a more beautiful creature in all his life. "But I'm too stiff to reach."

"I'm not," he mused and closed the door behind him. He was stiff all right, but never too stiff to reach her. Kneeling down between her legs, his self-control shattered. What was it about this woman that had him as horny as a teenager? Every time he saw her he wanted to bury his cock deep inside her hot cunt and drive them both to a crushing orgasm. "What do you want me to do?"

She handed him the razor. "Shave me."

Holy shit. He'd never shaved a woman's pussy before. Steadying his hand, he let out a slow breath and rested the razor against her lips. Each swipe of the razor revealed perfectly pink, beautiful flesh, swollen and glistening. He made the final swipe and took the warm washcloth out of the tub, wrung it out and wiped the rest of the shaving cream off her. "Did you get it all?"

His entire body tensed as his cocked spasmed to be released. Licking his lips, he stared at her bare pussy, hungry to taste it. "Maybe I should take a closer lick—uh—look."

Leah giggled. God, he needed her. Being this close to her destroyed him, while at the same time giving him a fresh breath of life. He arched his tongue and flicked at her swollen clit. She arched her back and weaved her fingers in his hair. When she fisted her hands and held him tight, he groaned. He'd never had a woman fist his hair and display such dominance. He hated the way it destroyed his resolve, loved the way it shot goose bumps down his spine and across his shoulders.

He ran his tongue along the outside of her freshly shaved lips, loving the way her cunt felt like soft silk. Her sweet cream had no hair to cling to. He lapped up the thick juice, fucking her entry with his tongue. She cried out and pulled his face in tighter against her pussy.

Her clit swelled between his lips. Pushing a finger inside her, her body pulled him in, drenching his finger with blistering juices. He added another finger inside her pussy and started working in time with the way his tongue swirled and flicked her clit.

She writhed her hips as he feasted on her, fucking his tongue and fingers. He felt her muscles tighten around him and increased his pace. Sucking her peaked clit between his lips, he flicked and suckled her swollen pea until she thrashed in the chair.

"Oh, God! Cole!" She arched her back and screamed. A flood of cream washed down her channel. He drank her fluid, completely intoxicated from the taste. She screamed again when he gave her clit another flick. Another gush of thick cream flooded her cunt and again, Cole drank up every last drop.

When she finally wilted back in the chair, he gave her a final kiss and pulled back. "I think I got it all."

Leah nodded. "And then some."

Chapter 7

Leah washed the final plate and set it on the drying rack. After wiping off her hands on a towel, she set it on the counter and grabbed her wine. Cole and Jesse disappeared right after dinner to fetch her car and promised they'd be back within the hour. That was two hours ago.

She took another sip of her wine. Where were they? And why was she so concerned? They were big boys and obviously knew how to navigate in the snow, which had started to fall again. If enough of the white shit fell, she wouldn't be able to leave tomorrow.

That thought had her insides in turmoil. She didn't want to leave, but knew she had to. This weekend had been great so far, and she had a sneaking suspicion the best was yet to come. But it wouldn't last, and that just about broke her heart. She felt her heart warming to both Henry Brothers. They were both so devilishly handsome, and really knew how to cater to and please a woman.

But, she reasoned, all good things must come to an end.

A flash of headlights shined into the window and her heart flipped. They were back, and with her car. She could change her clothes, brush her hair. Running into the mudroom, she threw open the door and sucked in a breath at the frigid nip in the air. Snow swirled around, never seeming to land on the ground. Still, she fought against the want to chatter her teeth and waited there for her men to come inside.

Cole stepped out from behind the wheel of her little car, the black duffel bag in his large hand. Jesse jumped out of the truck and hurried up to the house behind Cole. They both entered the house and stomped off their boots. Cole turned to her and grinned. "Miss me?"

Leah smiled in return and stood on her tiptoes, brushing her mouth across his. His tongue darted out and tickled her lower lip. She darted hers out in response and tasted his right back. He wrapped his arm around the small of her

back and pulled her closer, parting her lips with his tongue and kissing her deep. She kissed him right back with equal amounts of hunger and anxious need.

"Hey. What about me?" Jesse piped up. Cole and Leah broke their kiss. She gave Jesse a coy curl of her lips and walked over to him. Leaning up against him, she gave him a kiss, parting his lips with her tongue. She twisted her tongue with his, tasting him, teasing him.

Finally breaking their kiss and pulling back, she looked up at him. "Feel better?"

"Now there's something else that needs your attention." Jesse rocked his hips up against hers and she felt the heated bulge of his erection. Cole removed his coat and gloves, but of course kept his hat. Jesse did the same.

"Did you check the chemicals in the hot tub?" Cole asked Jesse as the three of them made their way to the kitchen.

Hot tub? Leah almost audibly sighed right there. She didn't know they had a hot tub. Relaxing in a giant tub with lots of jets and bubbles was exactly what she needed to loosen these stiff muscles. That fall really did hurt.

"Yep, right after dinner. I gave it a shock treatment, so we should be good to go."

"I don't have a suit," Leah pointed out, mostly in jest. She had a feeling suits weren't really going to be an issue.

Cole turned back to her and flashed her that crooked grin. "Neither do I."

"I'll make us some drinks. Cole, you and Leah go test the water. Make sure it's warm enough." Jesse went over to the cupboard and pulled down a bottle of Ketel One Vodka. Cowboys drink vodka? And Ketel One? Impressive.

Cole took her hand and led her over to a door on the opposite side of the kitchen. They stopped and he turned, resting his hands on her shoulders. "Wait right here. I'm going to go get us some robes and towels."

"Grab the Juicer," Leah called to him as he started to walk away. He froze in his tracks and whipped back around, his eyes wide. As he watched her, curling his sexy lips into a grin, he gave her a quick nod.

"Anything else?"

"Surprise me."

His grin widened and he hurried out of the room. Her pussy tingled in anticipation at just what he'd end up surprising her with.

"Still think the three of us have a chance?" Jesse made them all drinks and handed hers to her.

It hurt to think about anything after tonight. She knew she'd be leaving in the morning. "Not now, Jesse. Please. Let's just enjoy the here and now."

"Okay," he sang and backed off. "But you are going to have to face it sooner or later." She looked at him and nodded in understanding, unable to say anything. An awkward silence fell between them. "I'm still willing to back off if you want me to."

"I don't," she protested. "I want you. And Cole. I want you both."

"That's my girl," he said with a wicked grin.

She wanted to smile, she really did, but knowing she'd be leaving in the morning had her in a melancholy mood. Before she knew it, she had tears in her eyes.

"We have one Juicer," Cole stated loudly as he walked back in the room. He took one look at Leah, then narrowed his gaze on his brother and lowered his voice. It rumbled with anger as he asked, "What did you do?"

"Me?" Jesse pointed at his chest, feigning innocence.

"He didn't do anything." Leah stepped between the men and faced Cole. "Cole, look at me," she ordered when his eyes never left his brother. Finally, he pulled his gaze away from Jesse and rested it on her. Immediately his features softened. She reached up and cupped his rough cheek with her hand. He leaned against it and sighed.

"Sorry, Jess." He grabbed her hand and kissed the palm. Her stomach flipped at the gesture.

"There's no need to be jealous," Leah pointed out. "You both drive me crazy, and I want you." She moved her gaze from Cole to Jesse. "Both of you. At the same time. Cole, I need both of you."

Jesse grinned as he looked over to his brother. "What do you say, bro? Ready to do some serious hot tubbing?"

Cole nodded and dropped the bag of toys on the table. "We won't be needing these."

Leah stared at the bag, excited and disappointed at the same time. "Why not?"

He pulled her to him, slamming her body against his. She lost her ability to breathe as she buried herself in those cinnamon eyes. "Tonight we go all natural, darlin'. No toys. Only boys."

She liked the sound of that. Her cunt clenched and flooded with juices as she thought about having a threesome—a *true* threesome. She'd never done anything like this before, and probably wouldn't ever again. But just for tonight, she wanted it all, and wouldn't take any less.

Stripping down, she grabbed the robe from the table and wrapped it around her. It was way too big, but she didn't plan on having it on for long. "Last one in has to let the other one choose top or bottom." She laughed as she ran outside.

The Henry brothers stripped down and fought to make it to the hot tub first. They pushed and pulled against each other as they both made their way through the door. Hanging the robe on a hook right outside the door, Leah padded over to the hot tub and shivered. It was damn cold out here, and the snow melted to her flesh wherever it landed on her. She hurried into the steaming water and let out a long moan as she sank into tub. *Oh yeah. This was exactly what she needed.*

Cole was the first to make it to the hot tub. He threw the robe back at Jesse, who caught it. Splashing as he jumped in next to her, he smiled triumphantly as his brother took the time to hang first Cole's robe, then his own. Leah watched his hard-on bob and weave as he walked over to the hot tub.

"Cheater," Jesse growled at his brother and sank into the water. He sat close to Leah's right, while Cole fused his skin with hers on her left.

"You just have to want it more," Cole threw back.

"Our drinks." Leah looked up toward the wide open door.

Cole shook his head and motioned for Jesse to fetch them. With a muttered curse, Jesse rose out of the water and stepped out of the tub to retrieve the drinks.

"Come here." Cole grabbed Leah and spun her around so she sat on his lap, his hard cock wedging between her thighs. He cupped her face with his hands and brought her lips to his, plunging his tongue into her mouth and tasting her. She rocked her hips up against his hard-on, eager to have his steely flesh buried inside her wet pussy.

With the help of her knees on the seat, she lifted herself up and moved until she felt the tip of his penis nudge between her cunt lips. Slowly, she lowered back down and bored his dick inside her. They both let out audible moans. Unable to breathe, she broke their kiss and sucked in a deep lungful of crisp air.

Jesse appeared next to her and tapped her lips with the swollen head of his dick. "Take it, darlin'. Fuck me with that hot mouth of yours."

She closed her lips over his cock and sucked his flesh into her mouth, swirling and licking the head to steal the pre-cum from the tip. Cole pumped into her and drove her lips further down Jesse's shaft.

"Jesus. Fuck, Leah. You look so damn sexy fucking my brother's cock with your mouth as I fuck your cunt." Cole rasped harshly and thrust again, grinding his hips against hers. She loved his raunchy words. They were sending gushes of cream down her channel and onto his cock, slicking up her already lubricated cunt.

Grabbing his hair, she pulled Cole to her breast and urged an aching nipple into his mouth. He sucked and teased it, devouring her breast with his very talented mouth. It shot bolts of stimulating energy straight to the folds of her pussy, drenching her further.

Leah suckled on Jesse's cock while holding Cole to her breast. He fucked her pussy, slamming his dick deep inside her and pulling a moan from her.

"Ah, Jesus." Jesse shuddered. "Fuck me, darlin'."

Cole moved to the other nipple, warming it against the bite in the air. Another surge of erotic pulses invaded her pussy and tightened her muscles around him. When Jesse groaned deep, the sound shot clear to her womb, coiling her orgasm around her entire body.

Jesse pulled out and wrapped his hand around where her lips just left. Panting, licking her lips, she looked up at him. She wanted that delicious cock back in her mouth.

"Prep her ass, Jess." Cole stilled inside her, ebbing her growing orgasm. *No! She was so close!* Wiggling to gain some sort of friction, she froze when she felt fingers probe her virginal back hole.

Whipping her head around, she could just see Jesse as he knelt down in the water, his hand beneath the surface. She already knew where his fingers were. Instead of fighting them, she welcome the two fingers into her anus, slick and warm, slide in and out, scissoring her to prepare and relax her muscles.

"How does that feel?" Jesse's thick voice grunted behind her. He leaned in and ran his tongue along her back while he fucked her ass with his fingers. "Do you like that?"

"I'm ready," she whimpered, desperate to feel Jesse's cock bury inside her backside while Cole remained inside her cunt. "I want you!"

Cole lifted her off him and she let out a strangled cry. This was pure torture. When he brought her back down, she felt the head of his cock nudge up against her tiny virginal hole. "Relax, baby."

How could she relax? He was slowly killing her by barely pressing into her. When he pushed beyond the barrier, she let out a howl of pure and agonizing pleasure. It burned, the spike of pain confusing her, exciting her. Her muscles stretched to take him, the feeling of the invasion of his cock in her ass so dark and wicked. She cried out against the carnal reaction her body had to him fucking her forbidden hole.

"Just another minute," he instructed, his voice low and solid as he continued to sink into her. This sinful passion had her writhing on him, struggling to get away from it, eager and hungry for more. "Ah, there. I'm in all the way. You are so fucking tight, darlin'. Just as I imagined you'd be."

"Ready?" Jesse stood up on his knees and moved between hers. Cole lifted her legs by the knees, opening her pussy to him. Jesse glanced down and groaned. "You shaved."

"Take her now, Jess. I won't last long." Cole slowly moved in and out of her anus, probing her, and touching virginal nerves. She shuddered and fell back against him, confused and consumed by the pleasure ripping through her body.

The feel of Jesse's thick cock forcing its way into the depths of her cunt had her panting and moaning in desperation for release from this sweet torment. "It'll be unlike anything you've ever felt," Jesse groaned and sank into her, not making any allowances for the fact Cole's cock was already deep inside her. He pushed and worked his dick inside, slowly easing in until he, too, was all the way in.

Her ass throbbed around Cole as her cunt clenched around Jesse. She felt every inch of flesh inside her, filling her completely, sending her into a fit of convulsions when they started to move.

She screamed, hard and loud, as Jesse stayed in while Cole pulled out. When Cole pushed his cock back inside her anus, Jesse pulled out. The sway of their movement had her on the cusp of an orgasm so extreme she wasn't sure if she'd recover once it crashed down.

It did, the grip of her climax so strong she cried out from the intensity. Everything disappeared as she threw her head back, barely feeling the tiny flakes of snow against her face. They both moved in perfect rhythm to keep her orgasm peaked, keeping her screaming and bucking between them.

"Leah!" Cole stiffened and surged, his cock releasing his semen like a blistering fountain inside her ass. Jesse met Cole's thrusts with his own. They pushed inside her body at the same time, fucking her fast and hard. Jesse hollered and pumped her cunt relentlessly as he came. One of them reached down and flicked her overly sensitive clit and she lost it.

The next orgasm that wracked her body was unlike anything she'd ever experienced. Her cunt exploded, the climax so insane in its power that she screamed again. Their cocks continued to fuck her at the same time, both pumping into her as they all rode their orgasms until no one could move.

Jesse collapsed against her as she rested up against Cole's hard chest, fighting to pull air into her lungs. Cole wrapped his arms around her and kissed her neck. "Leah, sweetheart."

"I can't move," she stated in a hoarse voice. All the screaming left her throat sore. Jesse's mouth eased its way over to a sensitive nipple. He sucked it between his lips and circled it with his tongue. Even after being thoroughly loved by these two men, she felt her pussy clenching and tingling around Jesse's cock as he made sweet lip love to her breast.

"Are you sure about that?" Cole moved inside her backside, awakening her senses for another round.

"Is it time to switch positions?" Jesse asked after pulling back from her nipple, his dick still firmly rooted inside her cunt. "I have to fuck that sweet ass of yours, Leah."

She was overheating. The water was too hot. These men were too hot. She had to get out of the water, had to try and make sense of the emotions bubbling inside her. Cole's cock swelled inside her ass as he slowly moved in and out. Jesse's cock grew rigid once again and he started to move inside her. "If you two keep moving like that, we won't last for Jesse to take me."

"The hell you say," Jesse said and withdrew. He pulled Leah to her feet, slowly easing her off Cole's cock. Instead of Jesse taking Cole's place in the tub, he turned Leah around so she faced Cole. His eyes were darker than she'd ever seen them as he watched her. "Cole, sit on the edge of the tub."

Cole stepped out of the water and grabbed a small towel. After cleaning himself up, he returned and sat on the edge of the tub, and when Jesse urged her to bend over, her mouth perfectly positioned over Cole's throbbing hard-on, she knew exactly what he had in mind. Cole weaved his fingers in her hair and directed her to his cock.

She lowered her lips around Cole's hard flesh and spread her legs for Jesse's invasion. She tasted his salty pre-cum and a hint of tub water on his flesh. When Jesse's dick sank into her ass, she wanted to scream. Instead she suckled hard on Cole's cock. A strangled moan slipped past her lips when Jesse started to move inside her.

"My God, Leah. I can't believe how tight your ass is," Jesse groaned with dark lust. "I'm not going to last long."

"You and me both." Cole lifted his hips and fucked her mouth, his cock swelling with his imminent orgasm. Jesse slammed into her ass, pumping hard as he fucked her. She needed her own release, but without any friction where she needed it most, she was left aching, starving for attention on her clit.

Cole must have sensed her dilemma. Out of nowhere he pulled the Juicer up and smiled wickedly as he handed the little glass toy to Jesse. She shuddered when he inserted it into her slick cunt. When he started to spin it, she arched her back and hummed onto Cole's pulsing cock.

Her orgasm climbed through her body, sneaking and building with each spin of the Juicer. He twirled it faster and faster as his tempo picked up. She suckled Cole's cock and it suddenly burst in her mouth, his semen thick and sweet as it filled her. She took it all, ready to scream from the agony of her orgasm, which was just out of reach.

Jesse slammed into her backside with rapid thrusts as Cole took over the work of the Juicer. She held onto the edge of the tub as the start of her orgasm slammed into her. Crying from the pleasure and pain, her knees gave out as her body convulsed in her climax. Jesse groaned deep and low as he came, jetting his life into her. He continued to pump her anus, having her muscles milk him of his seed.

Cole pulled the Juicer out of her seeping cunt while Jesse eased out of her ass. She collapsed into the water and scooted into the corner to take a seat before she sank to the bottom and drowned.

Jesse sat in another corner while Cole sat in the seat next to her, running his hands over her hair, down her shoulders and arms. Glancing over, she grabbed her drink and took a long pull. It was cold, and tasted amazing. Very fruity. Another shock. She didn't think real cowboys drank fruity drinks.

But, then again, she'd never experienced the life and love of a real cowboy, the pleasure and pain, until she met the Henry brothers. And she knew her life would never again be the same.

Chapter 8

"Are you really going to let her leave?" Jesse sipped at his coffee and stood next to his brother as they watched Leah pack the last of her things in her little car.

"How many times are you going to ask me that?" Cole turned from the window and tried to ignore the pinch in his gut at watching Leah get ready to drive away. This shouldn't be that hard. They'd had women stay the weekend at the ranch, and not once had it ever hurt this much to watch them leave. Not once.

Until now.

"As many times as it takes for you to pull your stubborn head out of your ass. If you don't admit you love her, I will."

Cole threw Jesse a glare, but didn't respond. He couldn't deny his want for Leah to stay, but he also knew how these types of things worked. She knew exactly what she'd agreed to when she followed him home Friday night. They all did. A weekend of passion and mind-blowing sex, and a goodbye on Sunday. People did not base their entire future on one weekend, no matter how intense.

"She's really leaving, Cole."

"I know," he answered sadly and wished things were different. She wasn't from around here and he couldn't ask her to stay. What he'd learned about her stemmed from half a dozen conversations, and not much else. Her last name was Davis. She had a brother living in Seattle. She loved red wine and hated black olives.

He tensed when he heard the door open and turned just as Leah stepped into the room. She shoved her hands in her back pockets and offered him a shy smile. "I'm all packed."

"Do you know where you're heading?" Cole swallowed down the enormous lump closing his throat and weighing like a bloated elephant on his chest.

She shook her head. "I won't know until I get there."

Jesse set his cup down and walked around the counter, pulled Leah to him. Cole turned away. "Will you call us when you get there?"

"I don't think so," she stated quietly. Cole squeezed his eyes closed. "I think it's best if we just cut this clean. You know, no strings. No ties."

There it was. Exactly what they all knew needed to happen, but no one was willing to admit it. Leave it to Leah to be the one with enough balls to say it.

"You know if you ever get lonely, you are always welcome at the Flying H's Ranch." The room fell silent and Cole turned back to see Jesse kissing her. His gut pinched again. Goddamn his smooth brother.

"Thank you." She stepped out of Jesse's arms and rested those beautiful eyes on Cole. They were moist, her lashes spiked from crying. "Will you see me out?"

He nodded, but didn't speak. He couldn't speak, not one fucking word. If he did, he'd beg her not to leave. It wasn't what she wanted, and he had to respect that. He followed her out to her car and held her door for her as she sat

down behind the wheel. The snow stopped sometime in the middle of the night and left a nice dusting on the ground. Judging from her spin out Friday night, he was already worried about her driving in the snow.

They waited there in a deafening silence between them, the only sounds the cows as they complained and protested against the cold. He stared off into the distance, unsure what to say, fearing whatever he said would be the wrong thing to say in this situation.

"Well, I guess I should go." She started up the car and put it in gear.

He held onto her car tight as if with sheer will he'd be able to get her to stay. A dark bitterness enveloped him. She was really leaving.

"Drive safe." He stepped away from the car, fighting the urge to run in the opposite direction to escape the wrenching in his chest.

"Cole?" He glanced down at her and wanted to pull her into his arms. "I had a great time this weekend."

"Me, too." And he did. Dear God, he'd had more fun with her than he ever remembered having, and it wasn't all based on sex.

"Thanks for everything."

He leaned into the car and kissed her gently, nipping at her bottom lip and tenderly licking wherever he took a bite. "You're welcome."

"If I'm ever in this neck of the woods again, maybe I'll give you a call."

Just the thought of her calling him someday gave him hope. "Goodbye, Leah." He stepped back and shoved his hands in his pockets as she backed her car out of their driveway. Turning around, she brought her hand out the window and waved as she drove off.

Cole stood there, numb. She actually left. And he just let her go.

He didn't know how long he stood there, but he was shivering by the time his brother came out to get him. Jesse put his arm around him and led him back inside. "She'll be back."

"You don't know that," he stated without emotion. He had no emotions left.

Jesse smiled that knowing smile that immediately had Cole's guard up. Grabbing them each a beer, Jesse handed the bottle to Cole and knocked the neck of his up against Cole's. "My dear brother, when will you learn to stop doubting me?"

Cole took a long pull from his beer, wondering just what exactly his brother had done this time, and knowing whatever it was would end up backfiring on them as usual. "Do I even want to know?"

"In time," Jesse answered. With that mischievous grin firmly planted on his face, he even chuckled. *Oh yeah.* He was definitely up to something. "All in good time."

Epilogue

Leah searched the want ads, looking for her dream job, expecting the font to flash out at her as it always did in the movies when the person came upon the one job that would save them from living in their car. She had until checkout tomorrow to find a job and convince the clerk to not lock her out of her room. Finding work in Montana was a hell of a lot harder than she thought it would be.

With a deep sigh, she pushed the paper away and lay back on the bed to stare up at the ceiling. She missed him. She missed both of them, actually. Damn Cole and his stubborn pride for not asking her to stay. Damn Jesse for not running out there to stop her before she left. And damn her for running from what could possibly be the best thing she'd ever come across.

Maybe Jesse was wrong. Maybe Cole didn't think of her the way his brother thought he did. Maybe neither one of them did.

She really needed to move on. It had been almost a month now, after all. If she didn't find a paying job by Friday, she was out on her ear. She'd have to call her overbearing big brother and ask for money, just to pay for the gas to get back home.

No, damn it. She didn't want to live under the thumb of her brother or her father. She wanted to live her own life. Swinging around, she grabbed the paper and opened to the next page of want ads.

And froze. No way did that font just flash at her. Reading the ad, her heart rate picked up. "*Wanted: Bookkeeper for a small ranch in southwest Montana. Experience not necessary. Room and board provided. Please respond to...*" She stared at the ad, wondering if she should pinch herself. No experience? Room and board provided? Grabbing her cell, she punched in the numbers and waited as it rang.

"What!" An irritated voice barked on the line. Leah swallowed and had her thumb over the end button when the voice sounded again. "Is anyone there?"

"Yes," she answered quickly. "I'm calling about the ad in the paper."

"What about it?"

Okay, so this guy wasn't exactly Mr. Congeniality. Still, there was something about his voice, something familiar. "Is it still open?"

"If we'd found the right person, would the ad still be in the paper?"

Unbelievable. If he was this rude to her over the phone and to someone he barely knew, how would he treat her when he got to know her? Still, she desperately needed a job. She could deal with a little rudeness for a few months while she saved enough to move on. "I'm interested in the job."

"Got any experience?"

Her heart flipped. "The ad said no experience necessary."

"Yeah, well." He chuckled without a drip of humor in the sound. "It may not be necessary, but it sure as hell doesn't hurt. My brother thought an ad in the paper was a goddamn brilliant idea."

Brother? "And you?"

"I think it's a waste of time. Who puts an ad in three separate papers, none of them local? At least I know you aren't too close."

Her heart pinched at how he practically spit the words at her. Still, this could be her only chance at gainful employment. "I'm willing to relocate."

"No kidding."

Her heart started to palpitate in her chest at the tone of this man's voice. Not only was he being a complete ass to her, he sounded way too familiar. She had to find out more. "Can I schedule an interview?"

"That's what we're doing darlin', so make it count." The way he drawled on *darlin'* had her insides twisting. Cole said it the same way, slow country drawl and all. "Ever been on a ranch?"

She swallowed tightly. "Once."

"What'd you do on it?"

Oh, if he only knew. If she told him half of what she did at the Flying H's Ranch, he'd hang up on her. "I was a guest."

He grunted. "Are you normal?"

"Excuse me?"

"You don't have an armed ex-boyfriend you are trying to hide from or anything like that?"

"No."

"Good. When can you start?"

Was he offering her the job, just like that? "Immediately."

"Where are you?"

"I'm in Butte."

He grunted again. "That's a two hour drive from here. How soon can you be here?"

Two hours? If she headed back north on Highway 1, in two hours she'd be smack dab in Holston. Just the thought of being within miles of the Henry boys had her body responding, her bare pussy pulsing and throbbing against the fabric of her panties.

"I can leave within the hour." She ignored the thumping of her heart.

"Do that. You can get set up in the guest room tonight, and be ready to work in the morning. Got it?"

"Yes." She bit her lower lip and took down the address, excitement coursing through her veins. Thanking him, she ended the call and smiled. She found a job *and* a place to live all with a single phone call.

Hurrying around the room, she packed everything in her bags and carried them out to her car. Driving up to the front office, she dropped off her key and followed the directions the man gave her, heading north on Highway 1.

She started to recognize the landmarks and felt a flutter in her tummy. Would she be working on a nearby ranch? Would she see Cole or Jesse, or both, around town? Chewing on her lower lip, she pressed on the gas and watched for the turn-off the man told her about over the phone.

Fall Creek Road

. She spotted the sign and tried to steady her breath, her nerves jumping around inside her. The road turned to gravel and she slowed. Something seemed familiar about this road.

When she saw the wrought iron gate with the Flying H's Ranch brand on it, she muttered a cuss. Stopping in front of the gate, she lowered her eyes to the directions she'd written, and then up to the gate to confirm the address.

Holy hell. She had hoped to work on a ranch *near* them, but not *for* them. Half tempted to turn around, she kept her foot on the brake and pondered what her next move should be.

A horn behind her scared her into moving. She pulled through the gate and then stopped again. The truck on the gravel road blazed passed the gate and disappeared over a rolling hill, two men and a woman waving at them with wide smiles on their faces as they passed her.

She smiled, secretly wishing she were the woman, and the Henry Brothers were the men. They were all happy, and she wasn't sitting at their front gate wondering whether to turn around and run away.

Well, now what? She could always turn around and go back to... what? What did she have to go back to? It was either work on the Flying H's Ranch with two of the hottest cowboys in existence, or drive back to Washington and listen to her brother say *I told you so*.

Decision made. With a deep breath, she drove up the driveway. When she spotted the house, she felt an aching swell in her chest. Putting her car in park, she turned off the engine and rested her arms on the steering wheel.

The side door opened and her heart painfully stopped in her chest. When she spotted Jesse walking out toward her, she couldn't pull her eyes away. He looked as handsome as ever in his tight blue jeans, fleece-lined jean jacket, and cowboy hat.

He offered her a smile and a wave as he approached the car. "Hey, beautiful!" She opened the door and stepped out, and nearly lost her footing when Jesse pulled her into his arms. "It's about damn time you answered that ad. Do you realize how many qualified people we had to turn away?"

"Was that you on the phone?" Anger and irritation sparked her tone. When she called, he could have just told her who he was. He didn't have to lure her back here with the promise of a job. A job, she now realized, that probably didn't exist.

Well, damn. That realization robbed her of the excitement coursing through her. Did they want another wild weekend with her before sending her on her way once more?

"No," he told her. "That would be Cole. Ever since you left, he's been a complete ass. Please, do something with him."

"It didn't sound like him."

Jesse lost his smile and regarded her somberly. "I'm thrilled to have you here. Just seeing your car drive up had my heart pounding."

"Really?" A man who spoke his mind, let alone his feelings? Go figure.

"I'm all kinds of good, darlin'. It's Cole. He hasn't been himself ever since you left."

It wasn't like either one put up a fight, or even said a single word to stop her. Following Jesse inside the house, she kicked off her shoes and turned to enter the living room.

A paralysis washed through her when she saw Cole. He blinked his cinnamon eyes at her, no doubt not believing what he saw. His jeans were dirty, as was his shirt. He didn't have on his boots, but that wasn't what had her concerned. His hat. He wasn't wearing his beloved cowboy hat.

This was serious. At least Jesse still had on his hat.

"Where's your hat?"

He ran his fingers through his hair, disheveling it more. It looked like he hadn't shaved since she left. A shallow but thick beard covered his chin. "Are you here for the job?"

Ouch. It hurt to even look at him, he was so beautiful. He didn't need to treat her like a stranger. They'd shared too much for him to talk to her like this. "Among other things."

He spiked his brow. "Like what?" His uncaring tone bit into her, stabbing her heart.

"Like this," she bit back and marched up to him. Bringing her hand back, she slapped him across the face.

"What the—"

"How dare you make me feel unwelcome, Cole Henry!" She was pissed, damn it. Pissed and also frantic to feel his hands on her again. Grabbing his collar, she pulled his head down and kissed him hard, unyielding in her desperation for him. He kissed her back with equal frenzy.

Jesse broke into a fit of laughter. They both turned and glared at him. "At least she didn't slap *me*, little brother."

"The hell you say," Cole rasped. He glanced down at Leah's lips. "What does it mean, you being back?"

"What do you want it to mean?"

"Ah, Jesus Christ," Jesse muttered. They both turned to him. "Are you both so goddamn pigheaded that you can't see what's in front of you?"

"Do tell," Leah purred as she buried her face in Cole's chest. Just the smell of him had her entire body on edge, where just a whisper would be enough to trigger an orgasm.

Jesse nuzzled up behind Leah so she now stood sandwiched between the Henry Brothers. She couldn't think of a more fitting place to be. Wiggling up against Jesse's hard-on behind her, and Cole's hard body in front of her, she felt perfectly at home.

"Damn you, Leah." Cole rasped and nipped at her lip, shooting bolts of pulsing energy through her womb and shocking her pussy. "Damn you for leaving. Damn you for coming back."

She jumped up in his arms and wrapped her legs around him. Jesse held her in place. "I'm sorry if I hurt you when I left."

"What hurt," Jesse countered, "was that it took you so long to find your way back."

"I agree," Cole stated. "I've missed you, Leah."

"And I've missed you. Both of you."

"Just promise not to leave us again," Cole said. "I don't think I could go through this again."

"That makes two of us," Jesse added. Cole threw his brother a loving, yet stern glare. "What? You've been a complete asshole, Cole."

"I'll take care of that." Leah pushed her tongue deep inside Cole's mouth and kissed him hard. After flicking the end of her tongue across his lower lip, she pulled back. "I'm not going anywhere."

"You hurt me when you left." Cole looked deep into her eyes, shattering her resolve.

Tears filled her eyes. "You hurt me when you didn't stop me."

"And you are both hurting me taking too goddamn long making up," Jesse murmured against her neck as he rocked his hard cock up against her ass.

"Fine." Cole stepped back and looked at Leah in Jesse's arms. He waited so long to speak that when he finally said something, Leah could barely breathe.

"I think it's time for us to show *our* woman how a country boy survives, Jess."

"Oh, I agree." Jesse dove at her neck and nipped at her flesh.

Our woman? Leah definitely liked the sound of that. She couldn't help but smile when Cole stepped back up and sandwiched her between the Henry Brothers--her cowboys--once again.

"We have a hell of a lot of making up to do," Cole pointed out.

"Absolutely." Leah swallowed and pulled both her cowboys tight against her body. "I think the first thing we should do is go--"

Cole shook his head and flashed her that crooked grin. "No. No more going. I want you to *come*."

"Come?" Leah smiled. She definitely liked the direction this was going.

"Oh yeah," Cole agreed with his crooked grin. "Jess, get the toys."

"Don't forget the Juicer," Leah added.

They all laughed as they made their way up the stairs.

THE END

MACKENZIE'S MELTDOWN

AMBER CARLTON

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Chapter 1

The warm hand on her back signaled that Tim might be ready for round two. Round one had been fabulous, but Mackenzie Dawson wanted to sleep now. She hoped to forget the miserable day she'd just had.

"I'm tired, Tim." She pushed her hands under the pillow and buried her face.

"I'm not."

One thing about Tim irked her to no end. For all his laid-back serenity, an over-achiever rested behind his calm demeanor. Tim wouldn't give up when he wanted something. She admired that, but not tonight. To Mackenzie's way of thinking, one over-achiever in a bed seemed like plenty, and she'd had enough for the day.

His long hair brushed across her shoulder as he moved closer. His breath on her skin tickled almost to the point of annoyance as he began to gently massage her back. She'd never turn down a massage, and it certainly wasn't Tim's fault she felt antsy and wired, despite coming three times. She could chalk that up to her own hyper-drive.

She wiggled. "Harder, Tim. You know I like it harder."

He chuckled. "I can give it to you harder."

Still grumpy, Mackenzie grunted. "I'm talking about the back rub."

His big fingers kneaded the muscles of her neck. It felt so wonderful she thought she might purr. That wouldn't be good. Tim had a big enough ego already.

"The sex wasn't good?" he asked. "That's kind of surprising. It's usually good. You came, what? Three times?"

She peeked at him through some unruly curls. "It was good, Tim. It's always good. But I had the worst day ever, and I just need—" He pressed his knuckles along her spine. She practically melted into the mattress. "Ohmygod that feels incredible. Do it again."

He had magical hands. She'd accused him before of taking shiatsu classes behind her back. That's definitely something Tim would do. His perfectionist nature practically demanded it. No half-assed anything for Tim Murphy. Well, almost no half-assed anything. He had a few minor flaws, which she tried desperately to overlook.

His hand pressed its way down her back, finding hard knots and releasing the tension, then moved to her ass. He rolled his knuckle into her soft flesh, causing her to groan in pleasure and a small bit of pain. How did someone get tension in their ass?

"It's those high heels you wear constantly," Tim said.

Tim had obviously been taking courses in psychic readings, too.

"I like my heels. They make me taller, and I like the clicky noise they make. Besides, I feel more grown-up in heels."

"They look great on you, but they fuck up your back. And your ass."

Mackenzie lifted her head and stuck out her lip. She frowned. "Are you saying I have a fucked up ass?" He pushed her head back to the pillow.

"You have an incredible ass, and you know it. But the heels aren't good for your spine, and your spine affects your ass. Otherwise this wouldn't hurt." He pressed into a spot on her butt that sent a shiver of pain through her legs. "Feeling better yet?"

She rolled her shoulders. "A little. But I'm still tired."

"You're trying to hide. That doesn't sound like the Mackenzie Dawson I know and love."

Leave it to Tim to know the truth.

She lifted her head again and gave him a smile. "Maybe that fabulous dinner you bought me is putting me to sleep."

Tim's hand swept down to her thigh, rubbing, caressing. The massage had changed into seduction. She didn't mind. Her pussy had begun to throb again and even though she was still wet from coming three times, she felt more moisture pool between her lips.

Tim pressed against her. "It's not every lucky lady that gets two whoppers in one night." His cock—hard, warm and pulsing—prodded her thigh.

Mackenzie groaned. "Please, Tim. I don't think I can handle your humor tonight. My day was less than stellar."

His finger dipped between her legs and she opened her thighs wider. If he wanted to give, she'd be more than happy to take.

"Every day is filled with stress in your world, Mac. What happened today?"

His hand dipped under her body. His finger found her clit and circled lazily. He wouldn't push. He'd wait until he had her complete attention, and he'd just about gotten it. Tiny shivers ran beneath her skin and her clit ached. She wanted to come again, but first she had some things to get off her chest.

She rose up to her elbows. "Fucking Gary Marks is what happened. That promotion is mine, Tim. I've worked my ass off the last year, sucking up to every toady in the company, being an indentured servant to every client we have. I've brought more money in the last quarter than the three previous ones put together, not to mention increasing the client list. They should have handed that promotion to me on a silver platter along with the keys to a Mercedes. Plus a substantial bonus."

Tim kissed the top of her head, like a parent whose child is having a tantrum. "I take it Gary wants it, too."

"Fuck that. He had the balls to go behind my back and undermine my efforts with a client I'd been courting for the last six months. Now The Powers That Be want us to prepare a presentation for the client. Like a PowerPoint duel or something. It's fucking ridiculous."

"So? Did you do it?"

"Of course I did it! Well, mostly. I'm almost done. I hate doing PowerPoint. It's like fucking show and tell for adults."

"Good. Speaking of fucking, maybe—"

Mackenzie flounced onto her back with a huff and stared at the ceiling. "I can't let this promotion slip through my fingers, and I'm sure as hell not handing it to Marks. I'd like to cut off his dick and feed it to something...some kind of animal." She turned her head, her lips pressed together as she thought. "What animal do you think likes to eat dick?"

"Probably any of them." He ran his hand soothingly through her curls. "Relax, Mac. Gary isn't here right now. It's just you and me."

"A shark maybe. Or an alligator. Fuck the dick. They can have his whole chubby carcass."

Tim dropped back to the bed, lay on his side and stared into her face. He looked amused, and she didn't like that one bit.

"Don't you dare laugh at me, Tim."

"Wouldn't dream of it. Not when you're like this. I have big plans for my dick tonight, and feeding it to a hungry animal isn't on the agenda. Come here, Mac."

He lay quietly, waiting. The thing she liked most about Tim was his ability to read her, but that's what best friends did, right? They knew even at your worst, with enough time and patience, you could be cajoled into your best. Tim had been her best friend since third grade and her lover since high school graduation. He knew her better than anyone in the world.

She lowered her eyes and chewed on her lip. Maybe she did need to forget about Gary Marks and Latham Pharmaceuticals for another hour or so. Tim's hand kneaded her breast, squeezing gently, trying to tug her out of work mode and back into bed. He rolled her nipple between his fingers and she breathed deeply, trying to relax. Her pussy pulsed, reminding her that, despite the Gary Marks of the world, not everything was fucked up.

"That feels nice," she whispered.

"That's my girl."

He dipped down and ran his tongue over her nipple, the wet warmth tickling her in a not-annoying sort of way. When his lips closed around it and began to suck, Mac took another deep breath and let herself be swept away. She trusted Tim to take her anywhere he wanted to go. He reached between her legs, and this time when he touched her clit, his over-achieving finger went into action. He knew exactly how to touch her—hard, tight circles that would send her soaring. It never took long. Her legs tensed and her back arched as the orgasm swept through her. Her body convulsed under his talented hands and mouth. Her groan filled his mouth as he covered hers in a kiss.

When the last flickers of pleasure had passed, Mackenzie turned, pushing Tim down to the mattress. She straddled his hips, letting her gaze wander over his long, lean body. She took his rigid cock into her hand, stroking it, rubbing her finger slowly over the swollen head, just the way he liked it.

"You're so patient with me, Tim. I really appreciate that."

"I know you do, Mac." He nodded toward his cock. "My dick's not quite as patient as I am."

She laughed. "I noticed that. Let's see if we can make him happy."

She snatched a condom off her nightstand and rolled it over Tim's cock. She lifted up, settling his cock between her pussy lips, and pushed down. The hard length slid into her soaked pussy up to the hilt. Tim groaned, a sound of such pleasure Mackenzie reveled for a moment in the power their bodies had over each other.

"You're so wet," he said. "Wow. That feels great. So tight."

He grabbed her hips, yanking her closer. She ground her pussy against him and he took the hint. His hand pushed between her thighs, his palm tight against her clit. He rubbed for a few moments, pushing her close to the edge.

Putting her hands on his chest, she let her fingers slide through the hair that sprinkled his flesh, enjoying the coarse texture and the tightening of his muscles beneath her fingers. She leaned toward him and pumped her hips slowly, beginning a nice, slow ride to ecstasy. The muscles of his thighs bunched as her ass hit them on her downstroke. With each upstroke, his palm slid against her clit, creating wonderful sparks of flickering pleasure.

Tim's free hand grabbed her ass, his fingers prodding her skin, encouraging her to go faster. She gave him what he wanted, increasing her rhythm, ramming his cock deep into her body with each stroke. As she withdrew, her pussy clenched around his cock, refusing to let go and drawing more moans from Tim. He closed his eyes as his breathing increased with her pace. When his fingers squeezed her ass in an almost painful grip she knew he was close.

She pushed off his chest, arching her back, using her thigh muscles to lift up and down on his cock. She reached behind her to cup his balls, massaging, rolling them lightly in her hand. They tightened into a hard sac. Tim grabbed her breast, squeezing hard then pinched her nipple between his fingers. It was enough to send her over the edge. Her head dropped back and her eyes closed. Her pussy spasmed around the pulsing cock buried inside her. She felt the warmth of his cum as it shot into the condom. Tim's body tightened and then he shuddered beneath her. Her entire body shook, trembling with the force of the pleasure rippling through her pussy, her clit, and her muscles.

Tim's hands dropped back to the bed as she fell against his sweaty chest. Listening to the erratic beat of his heart, she cuddled into his shoulder.

"Now do you think you can sleep?" she asked.

"Not a doubt in my mind. Just let me get up for one minute..."

He disappeared into the bathroom to take care of his business then settled back into the bed, pulling up the comforter and drawing her close. She lifted her face up for a goodnight kiss. His mouth touched hers softly. After a few moments, his sleepy voice drifted around her.

"Don't worry about Gary Marks, Mac. He's got nothing on you."

"Thanks, Tim."

She kissed the side of his neck then rolled over on her side, his arm still wrapped tightly around her and his hand cupping her breast.

* * * *

"Shit, shit, shit!"

Mackenzie threw off the covers and stomped across the room. She tugged on the shade and the room flooded with light. Tim muttered something about being blinded and pushed his head into the pillow. She yanked the comforter off his big body and slapped his ass.

"I didn't set the fucking alarm. I'm late. I have a meeting in forty-five minutes. Half-way across town."

She peeked in the mirror and grimaced. Her hair stuck out in all directions, wild and unruly, a mop of red surrounding a pale face. Her perfectly messy style now looked like a mental patient's in need of meds. She raked it back off her face and it flopped down with an attitude. She didn't have time to do anything with it this morning. Oh, who the hell cared? She'd be stuck in PowerPoint hell most of the day anyway. How could she have forgotten to set the fucking alarm?

"You're making too much noise. How can you stomp so loud with bare feet?" Tim rolled over and threw his arm over his eyes.

"Get your ass up and make the bed. I've got to get in the shower. Move it!"

She tore into the bathroom, twisted the shower on and jumped in. She screeched when the cold water touched her skin, but she didn't have time to wait for it to heat up. She soaped up, scrubbing her pussy to get rid of that oh-so-too-much-sex scent. She didn't need to smell like a bitch in heat. Her male coworkers would follow her around all day, sniffing at her. They'd done it plenty of times before.

She stepped out, grabbed a towel and dried off as she stumbled back into the bedroom. Tim was dressed in his ratty jeans and tight green t-shirt that said *Murphy's Miracles*. She took one second to admire the way his muscles stretched the fabric. Hmm hmm, good.

She noticed he'd made the bed in the usual Tim Murphy way. For some reason, his over-achievement never extended into domestic territory, but beggars couldn't be choosy and Mac liked her bed made.

She hopped into a pair of nylons, trying to slide them over her damp legs. She swung her face toward him.

"Did you make the coffee?"

"Of course." Tim fluffed a pillow and settled it on the bed, trying to get it the way she liked it, but not coming quite close enough. When he saw the look on her face, he tried again. He glanced up for approval and she rolled her eyes.

She screeched as her foot ripped through the bottom of the stocking. "Fuck!"

She yanked open her lingerie drawer and ripped open another package.

"Pop-Tart," she barked.

Tim fluffed another pillow.

"Now!"

"Yes, your highness."

He dropped the pillow onto the bed, not so perfect this time, and sauntered out of the room. She quickly rearranged the pillows, finished dressing and followed a few minutes later. She snatched the Pop-Tart out of his hand, stuffing half of it into her mouth.

Tim rooted in the refrigerator, apparently looking for something more substantial. "Why don't you ever buy groceries?" He opened the freezer. "They make really good frozen breakfast foods you know. All kinds of things—burritos, biscuits, waffles..." His voice echoed amid the ice trays and cartons of ice cream. "Waffles are great."

She tried to talk around a mouthful of doughy crust. There might have been a bit of strawberry in it, but it tasted kind of vague and could have been anything. "No time to shop."

"Speaking of time..." Tim glanced at the clock.

"Shit!"

She scrubbed her mouth with her hand. Tim reached for a cloth to wipe the crumbs from the counter. She ran into her home office, slammed her laptop into the case and careened back into the living room. Tim was waiting at the front door. She struggled into her red heels, trying to balance her laptop case, purse and coat. He tapped at his mouth. She looked at him and shook her head, her brow furrowed.

"You're naked," he said.

"Fuck!" She stuffed everything into his arms and hunted in the bag-o-crap known as her purse for her lipstick. She seriously needed to get a smaller purse. This one collected things like a magnet. Her lipstick tube emerged with a movie stub stuck to it. She couldn't remember the last time they'd gone to a movie. She plucked it off, dropped it back inside and then turned to the foyer mirror. She smoothed the red lipstick over her lips. She turned to Tim, her head cocked.

"Ready to take on the world," Tim said with a wink.

She took a deep breath, dropped the tube back into her purse and smiled. "What would I do without you, Tim?"

Tim shook his head sadly as he handed her the coat. "I have no idea, Mac."

"My hero." She stood on tiptoe and pressed a light kiss on his lips then wiped his mouth with the tip of her finger.

She shrugged into her coat, hung the purse over her shoulder and he dropped the laptop case into her open arms. He kissed her on the forehead like a dad sending his precocious daughter off to school, then yanked open the front door. Mackenzie squared her shoulders and ran to her car, already dreading the cross town traffic and damning the cold weather. Tim gave her a wave as his rusty old sedan pulled out of the driveway and headed for home.

Chapter 2

"You're fucking kidding me, right?"

"No, Mac, I'm not."

Mackenzie pulled the phone away from her ear, threw back her head and stared at the dingy drop ceiling. She breathed deeply, trying to hold the scream inside. She did not need everyone in the grocery store to know her day had just gone from bad to worse. She pulled in a huge gulp of air, peeled the coat from her suddenly-sweaty body

and tossed it into the cart on top of her purse. She rolled her shoulders, preparing to do battle, and put the phone back to her ear.

"Tim, it can't possibly be that dire. I mean, it worked fine this afternoon. Well, until that screeching noise."

She closed her eyes and listened to Tim drone his usual technical nonsense in her ear. "Well, Mac, that screeching noise meant you should have shut it down right away." He paused, and she envisioned him shaking his head at her stupidity. "And did you do that?"

She sighed. "Do what? Shut it down? No, Tim, I didn't shut it down."

Another shake of his head, plus a huge sigh to punctuate the weary way his eyes closed when he talked with her about computers. "Well, I can tell that, Mac, which is why—"

"I needed to finish my show and tell project. I just stuck my headphones on to tune-out the noise. I didn't think another few minutes would matter. This presentation is important."

"Yes, I know. You told me, but..." Tim continued to drone on and on about hard drives and motherboards, circuits and processors. She adored Tim, but when they weren't fucking or being best friends, he spoke a foreign language. She just wanted him to fix the fucking computer. She'd actually offered to *pay* him. In *cash*.

She shoved the cart down the aisle, nearly colliding with a toddler playing hide and seek with a box. The child's mother appeared to be invisible. She watched while the little girl climbed a shelf, grabbed a box of fruit snacks and careened out of the aisle. Didn't they make leashes for kids like that?

Tim paused for a moment, knowing he'd lost her attention. "Okay, Mac, tomorrow morning I can—"

"Can't you do it tonight?"

He sighed. "I have a date tonight, Mac. The concert with Joanna. Remember?"

She rubbed her forehead. How had she forgotten that? He'd been planning his date with Joanna for weeks. "I'm sorry. Sure I remember. I'm a little distracted."

"It's okay and understandable. Just bring me the flash drive in the morning. I'll copy what you need and you'll—"

"The flash drive?"

His heavy sigh filled her ear. He sounded a little disappointed and very annoyed. "The shiny thing I gave you for your birthday."

"Oh that, well." Mac steered into the frozen foods aisle. "I couldn't get the package open. You know how hard those plastic things are. And then I shoved it into a drawer and kind of forgot about it. What's it do anyway?"

The string of loud, angry curses coming out of the phone got the attention of a heavyset woman staring into the frozen pizzas. Mac ducked her head and held the phone tighter to her ear. She listened to Tim while she inspected the frosted cases. She really wanted a pizza, but that woman's cart blocked her access. Some people thought they owned the world. Mac was tempted to crash her cart into the woman's and send it flying down the aisle.

Tim would be pacing his office, running a hand through his too-long hair, probably clutching at it as he fought for control. She could ruffle Tim's calm faster than anyone, but only where technology was concerned. He'd been patient with her, trying to bring her into this century, but she'd managed to thwart him at every turn. Tim took his

business seriously. If you needed a computer miracle, you took it to Murphy's Miracles, and that's exactly what she'd done. He didn't sound too pleased she'd chosen to patronize his business.

Tim finally wound down. His chair squeaked as he fell into it. No one could wear Tim out like she could. It seemed to be a talent.

"...not sure I can retrieve it."

Mac froze. She brushed a strand of hair away from her forehead then shook her head. She could *not* have heard him right.

"What?" she whispered.

"Sorry, Mac, but I'm not sure I can retrieve it. That sound you heard, the one that sounded like a dying animal, signaled a serious failure, and sometimes these..."

Her brain shut down and refused to listen. No, no, no. This could not be happening. If she didn't have that presentation for tomorrow afternoon's meeting she'd lose her chance at that promotion. She would not, repeat *not*, simply allow Gary Marks to get it. Not ahead of her or *ever*. She'd earned it, and she intended to climb right over Gary's tubby little deceitful body for what was rightfully hers.

Her reflection in the freezer door looked confused, terrified and unnerved. Great. Exactly how she felt. She yanked open the door and wallowed for a moment in the cool, icy mist swamping out of the case. Even as her body shivered, her face welcomed it, because she felt flushed and jittery. Tim wanted to scare her straight. That was it. He was a world-class computer genius, a true miracle worker. He'd fix it. He always did.

She grabbed a red package, some kind of Italian meal in a bag, and dropped it into the cart. What the hell was it? The picture looked good. Hopefully it held something with a creamy, fattening sauce though she really didn't care. It appeared to be microwaveable, and that's what mattered. She slammed the door and moved down the aisle, scanning the insides of the freezers.

She grabbed a loaf of frozen garlic bread, put it back and then chose one with cheese on top. If this was her last meal as a semi-sane, possibly promotable woman, she'd make it good. She tossed the bag, and it landed in the cart with a thunk.

"Oh, no. Tim, buddy, come on. Help me out here." She lowered her voice, trying for her best seductive tone. "There might be some sex in it for you." It came out sounding like a drag queen.

No laugh from Tim. Not a good sign. "Appreciate it, sweetie, but no amount of bargaining is going to work. Either I can do it or I can't. And I'm betting—"

"Please, Tim. Do what you can. My meeting is at 2:00 tomorrow. You will forever be my hero."

"I'm already you're hero, Mac. You tell me that every day. But I'll take you up on a drink tomorrow night if I can do it. If I can't, then I'll buy. Sound fair?"

"Yes, Tim, more than fair. Please."

"I'll do my best, Mac."

The phone went dead. She stared at her lifeline for a moment then snapped it closed. It rang again. She recognized the "Mrs. Robinson" ringtone. She rolled her eyes.

Oh, God, Mother. What do you want now? I can't deal with you again today.

She shoved the ringing phone in her jacket pocket. Her blood pressure spiked.

Mac steered down the frozen breakfast foods. Burritos, sausage sandwiches, waffles. Yes, waffles. Tim said he liked them, and he deserved waffles for what she hoped he could do for her computer. She grabbed a box of eight. The ringing phone mercifully went quiet, then immediately launched into another rendition of "Mrs. Robinson." Since the divorce, her mother had developed a fascination for younger men. That seemed to be one of the many things not right with Mac's world right now. Half of the men her mother dated had been in Mac's high school class. She flipped open her phone.

"Hello, Mom."

Her mother's cheery voice threatened Mac's already seriously damaged control. "How's it going, honey?"

"Did you sense a disturbance in the Force, Mom?" Sometimes she swore her mother had a tail on her twenty-four-seven.

Mac entered the beer and wine aisle. Her mother didn't laugh. "Something like that. So what's wrong?"

"I'm fine. Really. Just another little glitch at work."

Her mother's voice took on a nearly frantic tone. "It won't interfere with your promotion, will it?"

Mac hung her arms over the cart and dropped her head down. "No, Mom. I'm sure everything will be fine. Look, I'm in the store and I really—"

"You've worked too hard for that promotion to let it slip through your fingers."

Mac's hand tightened around the phone. "Mother, you know me better than that. I'm not letting anything slip through my fingers."

"Does this have anything to do with Gary Marks?"

"You know how he's always been."

"Gary Marks is a parasite. He's been riding your coattails since high school. He can go fuck himself. He doesn't have half the talent or drive you do, and that company needs to know it."

"I appreciate that, Mom. Thank you." Her head dropped deeper into the cart. The floor of the store really needed a good scrubbing. Was that ketchup? In the beer aisle? "I'm just having a little problem with my computer. Tim said—"

"Tim is not good enough for you," her mother decreed. "You know I've always liked Tim, honey, but you need to find a man with a real career."

She pressed her hand against her forehead. *Please, Mother, not this again.* "Tim *has* a real career. He owns his own business. A very successful business. Besides, Tim and I are friends, not—"

"Lovers?" Mac heard the triumph in her mother's tone. "You're fucking him, aren't you?"

"Yes, Mother, you know I am, but Tim and I are just friends."

"Really? Just friends?"

"Fine, Mother. You win. Yes, we're more than friends, but we're not really dating."

Oh, that opened the can of worms. Jackie Dawson could never resist pulling out the list of candidates she'd already chosen to inflict on Mac. Mac nodded in the appropriate places, wondering who the hell Dylan was. She'd never mentioned a Dylan before. *If he's as self-absorbed as that last idiot she set me up with, this should be fun.* When Jackie finished that litany, she moved on to her perfect son-in-law, expressing her deepest regret that David did not have a twin brother, or at least a cousin, for Mackenzie. Apparently Mac would never find a man as suitable as David. It would never happen in her mother's wildest dreams, because Mac always *settled* in her choice of men as far as Jackie was concerned. Tim Murphy was just the latest in a long list of inappropriate men because he refused to wear a suit.

Mac tried several times to change the topic, but her mother smashed through her attempts with steamroller precision. Mac heard a groan come from her mouth. Someone cleared their throat.

She lifted her face to find a young man staring at her with concern. Dark hair. Bright hazel eyes. Her gaze fluttered over the rest of him—nice lean legs encased in jeans, but it was almost impossible to tell what kind of body he had under his bulky winter coat. Damn the weather for interfering with her ogling. Cute kid. And the one behind him looked even cuter. Cute Kid Number One with the short, dark hair offered a tentative smile. She started to smile back, but then he said the worst possible thing.

"You okay, ma'am?"

Did you just call me ma'am? I'll show you, you little punk.

She straightened up to show off her reasonably youthful figure. Okay, so she'd passed thirty a while ago, but she worked hard to stay trim. She'd had lots of compliments and the men who followed on her heels at work seemed to think she looked sexy, or at least smelled sexy. Her breasts might be a tiny bit saggy, but a good push-up bra fixed that. She didn't have stretch marks. Jackie had deemed it impossible, because at this rate Mackenzie would never give her grandchildren. She knew she had nice legs. The construction workers downtown, who could be considered experts, had told her more than once.

That look on his face had to go. She smoothed her jacket, trying to show that even a *ma'am* could be in decent shape. As she straightened and fussed with the jacket, her hand plunged into the pocket too hard, and she heard a rip.

"Fuck!"

Her mother's hysterical voice poured through the phone. "Mackenzie, what's wrong? What happened?"

"Jesus H. Christ," Mac muttered.

She stared at the torn pocket in disbelief, muttering a string of her favorite curse words. The young man in front of her cart chuckled. She glared at him for a moment, and the corner of his mouth lifted. He turned to his auburn-haired friend, Cute Kid Number Two, who shrugged and said, "She sounds okay to me." He laughed as he reached for a case of Bud. Frat boys, definitely. They always went for the cheap domestics.

"Mackenzie Dawson." Her mother's stern voice broke through her tirade. "I don't know what is wrong with you, but you sound positively unhinged."

"I am, Mom. Definitely unhinged. And you're removing the last pin. I've got to go. Talk to you tomorrow."

She snapped the phone shut and shoved it into her pocket. It promptly fell through the hole and landed on the linoleum floor with a crack. Her audience of two glanced over as she squatted down, but it was too late. She realized her skirt had hiked up to the tops of her thighs, and she'd probably given them a clear view of her black thong. Dark-Haired Kid whispered something to Auburn-Haired Kid, who said "you're telling me."

Great. Just great.

She retrieved her phone, inspected it for damage and put it into the intact pocket. The cute kids had gone back to inspecting the beer supply. Mac concentrated on the wine. What kind of wine would be appropriate for a total nervous breakdown? It hardly mattered how it tasted. She needed to get drunk, and the liquor stores had closed an hour ago. She yanked a half-gallon bottle of something white from the shelf, because she might as well have enough to get totally smashed, and settled it on top of her coat.

"Going for the cheap domestic, huh?"

She whirled around to find Cute Kid Number Two perusing her cart to critique her choice of alcohol for the evening.

She tilted her face and stared into a pair of brilliant emerald eyes that gazed back with confidence and a trace of humor. Wow. Cute Kid Number Two had it all going on. "This commentary coming from a Budweiser man?"

He shrugged, his winter coat bunching around his neck. "Broke college student. What's your excuse?"

"You don't buy Dom Perignon to celebrate the crashing of your hard drive." She offered him a tiny smile.

He nodded. "Ouch. That bites. Hey, if I can help, I—"

She pressed her finger against a suddenly-aching temple. "No, thanks, it's okay. I've got my own personal geek."

An endearing smile settled on his face. He had a set of amazing dimples. A wave of heat poured through her, and Mac wished they were still in the frozen foods section. She needed an icy blast of cold air.

"People interested in technology aren't all geeks, you know," he said. He had such an incredible smile. Mac, suddenly worried about her blood pressure, felt dizzy. "Some of us actually know how to talk to real girls."

Cute Kid Number One lifted another case of beer, this time Miller, no surprise there, into their cart and hooked a thumb in his friend's direction. "He does anyway. Micky's quite the ladies man."

"Shut up, Sean." Cute Kid Number Two, Micky, with his smiling Irish eyes and spiky auburn hair, dipped his gaze down her body then unzipped and removed the bulk that hid his body. He tossed his coat over the beer. "It's getting a little warm in here."

Mac couldn't have agreed more. Sweat seemed to be dripping in places where it had no business dripping. Her thong dampened, which was a totally inappropriate response in a grocery store, particularly when in the midst of a nervous breakdown.

Micky wore that fraternity t-shirt well. It held more muscles than Mac would have thought possible. She watched, mesmerized, as he lifted another case of beer. This time he chose Sam Adams.

Nice choice. Cute, hotter than hell and good taste.

"Sam Adams?" Sean said. "Are you freaking kidding me? I'm not paying for them to drink Sam Adams."

"It's for me, dumbass. I'm not drinking that swill." Micky's arms fairly bulged with ripples as he settled the beer of champions into the cart.

"Are you a football player?" Mac asked. She continued to stare at his arms.

His smooth brow wrinkled for a second, and then he flashed that amazing smile again. "Oh, no, ma'am. This is just the way I'm built."

She'd never seen a techno geek built like this one before. Tim was great looking and had a mighty fine body, but this kid had him beat by a mile. Mac fingered the edge of her silk blouse. Yikes. She couldn't take her eyes off the auburn stubble that peppered his jaw. His friend's voice tugged for Micky's attention.

"Mick, what else do we need?"

Micky glanced over his hunky shoulder, and Mac took full advantage of his preoccupation to inspect the merchandise. She sighed, toying with her necklace.

"You promised a couple subs, remember? And Scott wants some beef jerky." He turned back, gave Mac a twisted little smile and nodded toward his friend. "Sean lost a bet today. The dumbass said he'd ace his chem final. Hard to do when you sleep through it. So he's paying up a bit early."

Mac laughed. "From the looks of that cart, none of you will be in shape for any finals tomorrow."

He gestured toward her cart. "Could say the same about you. That's an awful lot of wine for a woman your size." His gaze ran up and down her body again, from the top of her messy hair to the tips of her peep-toe pumps. Heat flickered over every inch of her flesh, and a hot blush rose in her face. Finally he met her stare head-on, and his eyes held a hint of a question as one brow rose. "And civilized people rarely drink wine from a jug."

Mac's shoulders drooped. "I had a really bad day."

Micky took a step toward her. "Well, maybe we can—"

Her cell phone had the audacity to interrupt. As "Material Girl" blasted through the aisle, Mac felt a slight relief that at least the phone still worked. She'd had her doubts about it when she heard that crack, and she doubted after dealing with her hard drive, Tim would want to tackle her cell phone as well. A working phone was great, but she really wanted to hear what Micky had to say.

She heaved a sigh and held up a finger. The screech of a woman shattered her eardrum. She flinched and held the phone out. Her sister's voice echoed around her, "Ohmygod, ohmygod."

Mac lowered her arm and pressed the phone to her hip. "Apparently I have to take this."

Micky nodded, and she whirled around in the other direction, preparing herself for the agony of dealing with Miss Perfect, make that Mrs. Perfect.

Chapter 3

"What's up, Cathleen? Win the lottery again?"

"Ohmygod, Mac, no! So much better." Cathleen took a huge gasping breath, and Mac prepared herself for the excited squeal. Dear lord, could Cathleen's life possibly get any better with her perfect saltbox house, her adoring husband, that beautiful pool, her glamorous job and—

"I'm pregnant! Oh my god, Mac, I'm pregnant!"

Apparently Cathleen's life could get a *whole* lot better.

As Cathleen gushed and Mac struggled to find a suitable response, *congratulations, how exciting for you, you'll be a great mother, I wish I were dead*, Mac felt the bottom drop out of her miserable world. Could one more thing go wrong in this horrible day?

She whirled around, mouthing "one more second," to find Micky, Cute Kid Number Two, had vanished with Sean of Number One fame into the wilds of the grocery store to find the elusive submarine sandwich. Well, so much for the small tidbits of greatness in her day. They certainly had better stuff to do than hang around a *ma'am*.

She let Cathleen have her moment in the sun, though Mac wrapped herself in a dark cloud trying to hide from the brilliance of Cathleen's life. It seemed so much easier just to let her sister talk. She nodded in all the appropriate places, though she knew Cathleen couldn't see her and wouldn't care. She'd been blinded by hormones and another checkmark on her list of perfect things.

"Well, that's wonderful, Cathleen. Just wonderful. You and David will be so happy. Yes, I can make it on Sunday. I'll see you then. Congratulations." She nearly choked on that last word as she hung up and shoved the phone into her pocket.

She'd made it to the bakery section. The teen behind the counter tilted her head. "What can I get ya today, ma'am?"

How fucking old do I look today anyway?

She ran a finger under her eye. She knew she looked tired and haggard, but maybe her mascara had smeared, creating hideous dark circles that made her look like a banshee. She peered into the case, which looked pretty empty. "I want something really decadent. Maybe a chocolate cake, something like that."

"Sorry, ma'am. About the only chocolate things I have left are some sugar cookies and a couple donuts, but they're from this morning."

What good are you? For some stupid reason she wanted to cry. All she wanted was some God-damned cake.

"Never mind. Thanks anyway."

She pushed her cart back to the frozen foods and decided if she couldn't have a three layer chocolate cake she'd kill herself with ice cream. She had plenty of that at home because she *never* ran out of ice cream. She grabbed a bottle of chocolate syrup and flung into the cart. On her way to the checkout, her mind on Cathleen, she found she'd wandered through the toiletries aisle. Well, why let this little side trip go to waste? She picked up a bottle of strawberry-scented bubble bath. She glanced at the label which read *scented with artificial strawberry*.

"They probably put it in Pop-Tarts too," Mac mumbled. "I'm going to have to start eating better."

She snagged up a package of buy-one-get-one-free toothbrushes. She had no idea why. She didn't need them, but she liked a bargain.

Pushing a cart that felt like it had been loaded with concrete, Mac trudged to the express checkout. She mentally counted her purchases and realized she had trouble counting past four.

Man, I really need that wine. Wonder if I could drink some of it here.

She fumbled in her purse for her wallet, yanked on it too hard and an avalanche of stuff swamped over the edge and tumbled to the floor. She dropped down then her skirt hiked up her thighs again. As she struggled to pull it down, an incredible pair of jean-clad legs dropped down next to her. She whipped her face up to stare into the gorgeous green eyes of Cute Kid Number Two.

Stop thinking of him as a kid. He's a young man, Mrs. Robinson, Jr., and his name is Micky.

She frantically pawed at everything, trying to scoop it all back into the purse. When her hand touched Micky's fingers, heat flared through her entire body, and her pussy clenched against her will. What was wrong with her? She wasn't some sex-starved old maid. She got plenty of sex. She'd had plenty of really good sex just last night. She yanked her hand back like he had leprosy. He was such a good-looking guy, young, smooth, and hard muscled. Her gaze dropped to his crotch, skimmed the bulge there, and a flood of moisture filled her thong. Then she saw it.

Oh dear God.

He chuckled softly, and lifted a small foil package. He held it out, and she wanted the floor to open up and swallow her, dragging her into a deep dark pit.

"Got a date tonight?" he asked.

She stared at the condom package. He held it casually, flipping it back and forth in his strong fingers. He probably used a dozen a day. With a face and body like that, it seemed inevitable he had coeds, cheerleaders and female techno geeks drooling all over him. For one horrible moment Mac could think of nothing to say. Her fingers continued to blindly scour the floor until she felt another foiled edge. She held it up.

"Two dates actually." She offered her best smile, trying very hard to appear less than manic.

He burst out laughing, helped her shove the rest of the stuff into her bag-o-crap then put a hand on her elbow. She had a little trouble getting up with her skirt bunched so tightly around her hips. She teetered in her high heels and fell against his chest, his big, hard, powerful, t-shirt-clad chest. It felt perfect and he smelled like heaven. She breathed deeply, and her heart fluttered. God. Youth was sheer perfection. No wonder her mother had been robbing the cradle lately.

He leaned closer and whispered in her ear. "Been sipping from the jug while you shopped?"

"Wanted to," she said. "But didn't."

His warm breath stirred her hair and swept against her ear, stealing what little reason she had left. Her eyes closed, her head tilted and her hair swept across her neck, baring her throat. She waited for the press of lips.

"Are you okay?" he asked.

Her eyes snapped open.

Jesus, Mac. Don't be an ass. Get a grip.

She tugged on her skirt. "Yes, Micky. I'm fine. Thanks." She flipped open her wallet, spilling another condom onto the conveyer belt. Face on fire, she watched it travel slowly and vanish beneath the metal lip of the counter.

"So much for tomorrow's date," Sean said.

Mac put her hand on her hip. "You two are quite the comedy team. Always travel together for backup?"

Sean nodded. "Absolutely. He can't remember his routine without me. Gets him into trouble."

Mac ran her gaze slowly down Sean's body. He'd gotten hot somewhere along the line, too, because he'd taken off his coat. He was leaner than Micky, but an entirely suitable specimen of young hunkeness. "You look like quite a bit of trouble yourself, Sean."

"Had my share," Sean said, dropping a case of Miller onto the conveyor. "But the trouble is far more interesting with Micky along."

Mac's glance darted to Micky. "I'll bet."

She ran her card down the scanner and punched in her pin while the Cute Boys team finished loading their bet-payment supplies. Sean wiggled between her and the next counter, the front of his body sliding across her ass and giving her the incredible sensation of a potentially large, and probably fabulous, dick. She shivered slightly and almost melted into the floor.

He loaded the groceries into her cart and gave her a little salute. "Thank you for shopping with us, ma'am." He held out a little card. She plucked it from his fingers. *Sean Anderson*. With a phone number beneath it. When she glanced back up, he winked at her.

"It's a lot easier than trying to remember my cell number. I'm not a techno geek like some people." He nodded to Micky and smirked. "If you're ever in the mood for a little trouble, give me a call."

She slipped the card into her unripped pocket, and Sean leaned over to whisper into her ear.

"I love a woman who wears black panties under a red suit. It's a thong, right? Very hot."

Mac's knees buckled. She fanned her face for a moment. She started to shrug into her coat and felt a tug. Micky slid the coat over her shoulders and looped her purse over her arm. Then he pressed against her back and his breath brushed the side of her face.

"What's your name?" he whispered.

"Mackenzie Dawson." Her voice sounded like a mechanical version of a woman that could have been Mackenzie Dawson. "Most people call me Mac."

He held a card in front of her face. *Micky Dunham*. Also with a phone number beneath it. "Well, Mackenzie..." Oh, his voice sounded positively seductive, not mechanical in the least. "If your date falls through, give me a call, okay?"

His lips touched her cheek and that wonderful scent washed over her again. She nodded dumbly, dropping the card into her purse. Enveloped in the hazy aroma of pure young male, she pushed her cart toward the automatic door. She stood stupidly for a few moments until she realized she stood at the entrance. Blushing furiously and shaking her head, she backed up and tried again. This time she made it outside, and an icy blast of winter air hit her in the face and snapped her out of her trance.

Had she just been hit on by two kids who might be twenty-two at the most? She shot a quick glance back through the window. The Cute Boys team flashed their IDs at the cashier. Yeah, definitely too young. The cashier had stolen her last hope. She sighed. She shook her head at her own ridiculous behavior. She'd been flirting. With kids.

She might as well change her name to Jacqueline Mackenzie Dawson. Man, what she wouldn't give for a night with them.

"Okay, Mac, get out of dream world and start thinking about your real life. And for God's sake open that flash drive and learn how to use it."

She stopped and tugged her gloves out of her coat pocket. As she did, her cart rolled down a little incline and headed straight for a parked car. She lurched forward and dove for the cart. Her heel slid. The pavement came up and crashed into her back. For an excruciating moment dizziness poured through her and the evening got even darker, then she heard the pounding of boots.

"Mac!"

A hand slid under her head and lifted it just slightly. Her eyes fluttered open. She tried to smile, but it felt kind of goofy like she'd been drinking. She knew darn well she hadn't been. Not yet anyway.

"Hi, Micky."

"Hi, yourself. Don't move."

"I think I'm okay. Really. Must have hit some ice."

Sean's face popped into view. "No ice yet, Mac. The pavement is just wet. Your shoe is worn down." He smiled. "Must be all that angry walking."

"Not angry really," she murmured. "I'm just very busy. Got a lot of places to be, you know?"

She struggled to sit up, and Micky wrapped his arm around her back.

She stared at her legs where her coat separated. A huge gaping hole in her stocking snagged her attention.

"Fuck. I've ruined another pair."

"I'm sure you have dozens," Micky said. "You seem like a power dresser to me."

"What would you know about power dressing, frat boy?"

"I've got a power-dressing mother," he said.

"Way to kill the mood, Mick," she mumbled.

He helped her stand, and she leaned against him for a moment. She snuggled into his bulky coat, still feeling the warmth of his body.

Sean retrieved her wayward cart and consolidated their purchases into one. Micky led her across the parking lot in the direction she waved her hand.

"I'm not sure we should let you drive," he said. "Why don't I drive your car and Sean can follow us? We'll get you home. Promise."

"Oh, no, I couldn't."

"Seriously, Mac, you could have a concussion."

She glanced up. Serial killer? No, probably not. Hunky frat boy with a seductive agenda? Very possible. She could only hope for luck like that. For some reason he seemed sweet and sincere, and she'd been alone with men a lot iffier than these two. Her last blind date came to mind.

"Okay," she said. "If you two want to be knights in shining armor, I accept. I think the car's over here, no, wait, that was last week."

Micky meandered with her through the lot while she struggled to remember where she'd parked her car. Finally he settled her into the passenger seat then got behind the wheel. Sean, not dealing with a dizzy, disoriented woman, had loaded his car and idled nearby. Micky turned the key and nothing happened.

"Um, Mac, have any trouble with the battery lately?"

"Hmm, well, my neighbor gave me a jumpstart the other day. Tim told me I should probably think about getting a new one. But I got a little busy. There's a project—"

Micky opened his door and magically appeared at the passenger side. He once again helped her, a thirty-something woman who apparently couldn't get in and out of a car by herself.

"Anything valuable in your car?" Micky asked.

Mac gazed through the window, thinking of her laptop lying in pieces in Tim's office. She pursed her lips then shook her head sadly. "Not anymore."

Sean came toward them with a cell phone to his ear.

"Battery," Micky said.

"Hey, Uncle Jimmy. Great, thanks. The chem final? Oh, piece of cake. No sweat." Sean rolled his eyes at Micky as he took hold of Mac's other arm and helped her into the front seat of his car. "Yep. That's why I called. A friend of mine. At the grocery store on High and Jenkins. A Sebring convertible, silver. Plate number TLE 865. Appears to be the battery. We'll leave the key," he paused and glanced at Micky, who nodded. "It's under the mat. We're taking her home now. Where do you live, Mac?"

"437 Middlebrook."

"Mackenzie Dawson. 437 Middlebrook. Thanks, Uncle Jimmy. I'll owe ya."

Mac snuggled into the seat, enjoying the heat spilling from the vent. Micky and Sean slid in beside her on opposite sides.

"Now this is my kind of sandwich," she said.

You naughty girl. Where did that come from?

She laughed while Sean maneuvered out of the parking lot, leaving her latest disaster behind. She put her hand on Micky's warm thigh and settled against him.

Chapter 4

Sean unloaded the groceries and spread them across the table. In that instant Mac wondered where her head had been. She'd possibly left it back in Tim's office with the scattered remains of her career.

Sean held up the pack of two toothbrushes. "I thought you were kidding about having two dates tonight."

She stared at the frozen dinner, the garlic bread, the chocolate syrup, the waffles, the bubble bath and the industrial size jug of fermented grapes. She lifted the red bag of pasta off the table and tossed it down in disgust.

"Chicken Alfredo. It looks delicious, but it's not microwaveable. I can't cook this."

She plopped into a chair. Micky popped the top on a bottle of Sam Adams. He took a long swallow and Mac watched his throat ripple. His pulse point flickered under his skin, and she wanted to press her lips against it. Once again she questioned her sanity. How had these two young men talked themselves into her home? It had probably been settled when she blurted out, "After the day I've had, who knew I'd get so lucky tonight? Two for one!" and shoved them through the door.

Sean turned a chair backwards and straddled it, while he pulled another beer from the carton. He ran his hand through his hair, which lifted slightly and settled back with a dignified, yet sporty, grace. Her own mess of hair hung in front of her eyes. She had none of Sean's casual elegance tonight.

"I'm kind of intrigued about the bubble bath," he said. "Is that always part of your dating ritual?"

"I'd actually planned to drown myself tonight. Just wanted to go out in style, and strawberry scented, of course." Both guys laughed as Mac yanked open a drawer. She rattled through her meager collection of cooking utensils. "Where did I put that corkscrew?"

Sean reached over and pulled the wino's wet dream toward him. She watched as he unscrewed the cap, the cords in his arm flexing and tightening. He smiled. "There's something to be said for screw tops. Saves time when you can't find the corkscrew in your cardboard condo."

"I'm designing mine as we speak." Mac grabbed a wine glass and dropped into a chair. "Seen any appliance boxes around?"

Micky suddenly cupped the back of her head. His fingers moved up gently, caressing her hair. Her heart thumped erratically, and warmth rushed straight through her body to settle near her pussy, where it set her clit on fire. She closed her eyes and relaxed back against the pressure. She heard the sigh, but barely recognized it as her own. Micky's quiet voice brushed against her ear.

"How's the head? Hurt at all? I don't feel a lump."

Mac bolted upright as heat flooded through her in an embarrassed burst of flame. She really had to get her mind off seduction and sex. These were just two nice, sweet guys helping a damsel in distress. So what if the damsel was old, used and probably of no interest to them?

"Mick's pre-med," Sean said. "He can't keep his hands to himself. Great bedside manner, don't you think?"

"Very calming," Mac muttered. "Mostly anyway."

"It works on everyone," Micky said with a wink.

"I'll bet," Mac said. "What are you, Sean? What's your major?"

Micky's hand moved down to her neck and massaged gently. She rolled her head against his hands. Micky laughed. "Obviously it won't be chemistry."

Sean took a drink of beer then pulled on his lip. "No, chemistry's out. Too bad I missed that final, though, because I know I would have aced it." He shrugged. "Don't really know yet, Mac. I've got enough credits to go in a couple directions. Haven't decided what I want to be when I grow up."

"Join the club," Mac said. "After today I might be in the market for a new career. Let me know if you find something interesting."

Micky stood up and pulled her to her feet. She smacked directly into his chest, her entire body pressed against his length. His bedside manner seemed to extend to places other than his hands. His dick pressed hard and rigid against her. He tugged on the sleeves of her jacket and magically it dropped into his hands. His gaze dipped into the low-cut blouse and lingered on her cleavage. "Definitely a power dresser. Very sexy chic, Mac." He picked up the bottle of bubble bath and pressed it into her hands. "Go take a nice, relaxing bath. Try to forget about today. Sean and I will figure out to cook your non-microwaveable dinner. We'll try not to burn down your house."

He gripped her waist and spun her around. When a resounding smack landed on her bottom, she whirled around, both sets of cheeks on fire.

"Go," he said. "Soak. Relax. We'll take care of you."

* * * *

Mac settled into the tub and the bubbles enveloped her in a blissful cocoon of airy delight. The hot water bathed her skin in moist droplets of imitation strawberry mist. She closed her eyes with a peaceful sigh. No headache. No concussion. As the stress lifted, she felt amazingly fine. She forgot about her mother, Cathleen, Gary Marks and that hideous project. If the board wouldn't give her an extension, then fuck 'em. She'd market herself to another company for more money. Their loss.

She'd buy a new laptop, and she'd have Tim give her instructions on how to use the shiny little flash drive. She'd find out where Sean's uncle worked and retrieve her car. But all of that would be handled tomorrow.

Tonight she'd relax in her tub, enjoy the fruity scent, drink the wine-in-a-drum and enjoy the company of two of the cutest, sweetest men she'd ever met. The aroma of garlic bread drifted into the bathroom, and she opened her eyes as a cool breeze floated over her face.

"Thought you might like this."

Micky held a wine glass. Mac scooted down a little farther in the tub. She didn't want Micky to see that her cleavage all but disappeared without a little help from her Victoria Secret bra collection.

He laughed. "You're covered, but I'm not sure why you're worried. You look great, Mac."

"Looking great under power clothes and looking great in a tub are two very different things."

Micky sat on the edge of the tub. "Possibly. But in your case..." He dipped a hand into the bubbles and moved a little froth away from her skin. When the tip of his finger brushed against her nipple, it perked up at contact, pebbling toward him and causing an ache to vibrate through her entire body. "In your case, Mac, I'd say it's a WYSIWYG."

"What's a wizzy wig?"

Micky smiled. "Computer term, Miss Technophobe. It means 'what you see is what you get'."

"I like it. And it's my first real computer term. I plan to learn lots about computers in the next few weeks. I'm making it my mission. I'm not having another day like this one."

She grabbed the wine glass from his hand and gulped half of it. Her gaze darted from the bubbles, to his chest, to his hand that still seemed entranced with the shape of her nipple.

He winked at her. "The day's not over yet. We might be able to improve it for you."

Her body burst into flame, and she nearly slipped under the water.

He stood up and walked toward the door. That spiky auburn hair looked adorable from the back, and his ass looked great. He started to close the door, then peeked back inside just as she rose a little higher to take another sip of wine. He glanced at her bubble-tipped breasts and smiled lazily. "Sean's got dinner under control. I'd say about twenty minutes."

"Okay," she squeaked.

* * * *

When Micky knocked on the bathroom door, Mac quickly dried and threw on a fluffy bathrobe. The three of them devoured dinner. Sean had done an admirable job of stirring the chicken Alfredo in a pan. Who knew it would be that easy? The creamy, fattening sauce hit the spot. The garlic bread, loaded with gooey cheese, seemed the perfect complement. They chatted about the university and Mac's hideous project. When they all pushed away their plates and had finished their wine, Micky grabbed the toothbrushes and stood.

"Mind if we use these?"

He didn't wait for an answer. He hauled Sean to his feet and they disappeared into the hallway.

Mac took full advantage of their absence. She flew to her bedroom and closed the door, leaning against it with a shuddering sigh. Now what? She had no idea what to expect, what to do and what the men had on their minds. She decided she couldn't take any chances. If they were thinking what she hoped they might be thinking, she had no intention of saying no.

She stood in front of her full-length mirror and opened her robe. Not bad at all for a thirty-something woman, or at least one who might be naked in front of a thirty-something man. But these men were more than ten years younger. Their hands had touched smooth, perfect skin. Their lips had kissed full rosy lips. And their cocks had been in pussies with a lot less use and experience than hers.

Luckily she'd just had a wax. So she felt far better about that.

"What is wrong with you, Mac? What makes you assume they're even thinking of fucking you? You're an idiot."

She made a grumpy face at her reflection. Having an imagination was one thing. Being demented and delusional was quite another.

"They've taken care of you, gotten you home safe and lifted your spirits out of hell. Get out there and be a good hostess."

She pulled the robe closed, tied the belt and then went into the bathroom to brush her teeth. She might not be kissing anyone, but she didn't want to kill someone with her garlic breath either.

After brushing, she rinsed with some cinnamon mouthwash. She ran a brush through her mop and counted herself finished. Impressing those two studs didn't seem a viable option. She couldn't possibly impress anyone without at least an hour, a great outfit and a pair of pumps. She'd accept human-looking. She wanted now to indulge in death-by-ice cream, mainly because the mood for chocolate had hit and she wanted that syrup.

Much more relaxed now that she'd given herself a reality-check and a good talking-to, she re-entered the kitchen to find her adorable hunks with their heads together, whispering. They glanced up when she walked in. Micky spun the chocolate syrup bottle in his strong fingers. They both wore smiles that looked more than a little secretive.

She laughed. "You two look like you've done something bad and are about to get caught."

"We haven't done anything," Sean said. "Yet."

Mac glanced toward the cookie jar. Her brow rose.

Micky spun the syrup bottle again. "The cookies are safe enough. Don't have my mind on cookies at all."

Mac leaned back against the counter and studied their faces. "You've definitely got something fluttering around in those minds of yours. Care to share?"

Micky glanced up at her. "Come over here a minute."

She pushed away from the counter and walked across the floor on bare feet, glad she'd cleaned that weekend. How embarrassing to be caught with dirty feet. When she got within reach, he caught her wrist and tugged her down into his lap. He ran his finger from her throat into the open neck of her robe, a feathery touch that immediately sent a shiver racing down her spine. The light touch tickled, but it felt far too nice to giggle and ruin the moment.

"Sean and I were trying to come up with something to make your day better," Micky said.

Mac laughed. "You've already made my day better."

"We kind of know that," Sean said. "You're smiling now."

She swung her gaze between them, her knights in shining armor. King Arthur couldn't have asked for better champions to sit at his table. "I can't thank either of you enough. Really. You saved my sanity."

"Appreciate that," Micky said. "But we think the night can be even better."

He studied her face for a minute, and Mac sat as still as possible wondering what he thought. He looked far too serious for a frat boy. His gaze traveled from her eyes, to her lips then darted to her cloud of hair. She had a sudden desire to pull it into a pony tail because the hot bath water had made it curl, but when she'd decided to go for messy chic, she'd had it cut far too short to hold a pony tail. Tim really liked it, but she and Tim were the same age. Most college girls had that sleek blond look like so many of the current actresses. To Micky and Sean's eyes, she must look like an antique trying to look new with a fresh coat of paint.

Micky's quiet voice pulled her thoughts away from her hair. "You're open-minded, aren't you, Mac?"

"Extremely. Well, except when it comes to a few of the people at work. Gary, for instance, drives—"

"And you're a risk-taker," Sean said.

"Well, you have to be in my business. I—"

"And you're innovative," Micky said. "You like to try new ways of doing old things."

"Always." She smiled and glanced between them. "What's all this about? Did you want to put the chocolate syrup on the waffles or something? It's an unusual dessert, but I imagine it might be pretty tasty."

"Not on the waffles," Sean said.

She laughed. "Well, it sure as hell isn't going to be good on the garlic bread."

Micky hooked his finger into her belt loop and gave a little tug. He pulled gently on the edge of her robe, baring a little bit of skin. His hand dipped inside and touched the tip of her breast. Her nipple hardened. No surprise there, and no surprise that he'd touched her. She should have slapped him, or at the very least, stood up. She couldn't move, and wouldn't have moved even for a working laptop.

Micky's gaze rose back to hers. "We were thinking we'd like to put the chocolate syrup on you."

Mac could barely find her voice. "On me? For real?" She knew she sounded shocked, maybe even a little apprehensive. Little did they know she'd never had any man offer such an exciting proposition. Her heart beat sped up. Part of her wanted to jump up and dance around the kitchen.

"You like us okay, right?" Sean asked. "You're comfortable with us?"

She nodded dumbly, still trying to recover. She blinked like an idiot, but she danced and whirled in her head. Had she knocked herself out hitting the pavement in the parking lot? Maybe she lay unconscious in a hospital room. They'd hooked her up to an IV that dripped the best cocktail of drugs into her system, and created the best hallucination anyone could have.

"So you trust us?" Micky asked.

"Yes, actually, I do trust you," Mac said. "I know it's probably stupid, and entirely too naïve, but it's there just the same. And believe me, I trust very few people."

Micky nodded. "That's why we wanted to ask. We didn't want to ruin the moment, but we didn't want to freak you out."

"Why me?" she whispered.

"Because we think you're amazing," Micky said. "We don't know anyone like you."

Sean nodded then flipped the top on the bottle of chocolate syrup. His smile melted something inside of her. That leaking between her legs had started again. "So, want to try something new? If nothing else, Micky and I get a great dessert. We'll even let you have a little taste if you're interested."

Mac licked her lips and murmured, "I'm counting on it."

Chapter 5

They each took one of her hands and led her into the living room. She had a stupid moment where she pictured chocolate syrup all over her off-white carpet. She shrugged that off quickly, and refused to think about things like that. That was the old Mackenzie. For an evening with these two, she'd mud wrestle them in the living room if they asked. A little chocolate stain could be solved by installing new carpet. Not a problem. This adventure warranted any price.

But the worry was unnecessary. These two had already been knighted, and knights didn't destroy. They planned and conquered. There would be nothing spilled on her carpet.

Sean disappeared and came back with an old quilt she'd stored in her linen closet. After he spread it down on the floor, he disappeared into the foyer and came back with a silk scarf she wore under her other winter coat. Micky ran his hand under her robe to wrap around her shoulders. As he slid his hands down her arms, the robe fell to the quilt. He leaned down and nuzzled his face into her neck.

"You smell amazing. I'll never have another strawberry without thinking of you."

"It's imitation scent," she whispered, "but you're quite the charmer, Micky."

"I've got inspiration."

It might be a big game, but she fell for all of it, and she didn't care. What good was an adventure unless you embraced it wholeheartedly?

But she wasn't remotely prepared for how she would feel. The touch of Micky's lips against the skin of her neck unnerved her. It felt too intense, too innocent and too real. She solved that problem by tilting her head to give him better access, and wrapping her arms around his neck to show him just how much she liked it.

He dropped soft kisses along the column of her throat, nibbled at her ear lobe then angled toward her jaw, causing her stomach to flutter when he nipped at her. Her skin got hot, her heart began to race and she thought for a moment she'd drop to the quilt. At least if she hit her head it would be softer than concrete.

Sean appeared behind her and ran his fingertips down the length of her spine. When she trembled, he brushed the hair away from the back of her neck, kissed her gently and quietly said, "God, you're hot."

Micky's mouth pressed harder kisses across her jaw, and she tightened her arms around his neck, hoping he'd take the signal. Micky was nothing if not perceptive. His mouth closed over hers fast, swooping down hard. Her lips opened without thought and his tongue pushed inside. She sucked on it greedily, tasting the cinnamon mouthwash and young male.

Sean put his hands on her hips, sliding them down and across her ass, sweeping a finger between her cheeks, then down lower. He cupped her pussy in his palm, rubbing gently. He dipped a finger inside, pressing deep into her and making her hot and antsy.

Let the games begin.

Torn between the two, Mac lost her concentration, but decided she'd turn off her brain for the night and just feel.

And it felt incredible. With one lover, particularly Tim, she could anticipate where a movement might lead. She knew what his sounds meant, what he wanted and could give him signals back. With two lovers it seemed nearly impossible to anticipate, so each movement against her, each touch of a hand, each press of a mouth brought a tingle of excitement with the element of surprise.

Sean pressed his body against hers and she felt exactly what kind of surprise he might have for her. When Micky pressed closer, she knew this might be a double surprise. She wasn't sure how she'd handle that, but she wanted to try.

Micky took her shoulders, lifted his mouth from hers and, after kissing her mouth softly one more time, twisted her toward Sean. Sean seized her waist and pulled her toward him fast, his mouth enveloping hers before she could say a word. His tongue dueled with hers until she'd lost her breath, and a wave of heat coursed down her body to the tips of her toes.

When he released her, she took a step back and bumped into a very naked Micky. The heat of him seared her back. His arms wrapped around her waist and pulled her back against him. The hairs on his chest felt silky on her skin. His cock lunged eagerly toward her. She relaxed and let him hold her, enjoying the feel of the hard cock pressed against her ass. She wiggled a little, and Micky groaned a little. His cock pulsed.

"Your turn, Sean," she said. "Lose the clothes."

Sean wasted no time. He ripped his t-shirt over his head, and managed to unbutton and unzip his jeans while toeing off his boots. She'd have fallen on her ass three times trying the same maneuver. His jeans slid off his hips and left him standing in a pair of black boxer-briefs, very sexy on a pair of great looking legs. He kicked away his jeans and briefs, and managed to strip off his socks without falling over.

Mac laughed. "You've done this before."

He smiled, but had the grace to blush a very adorable shade of pink. "A couple of times."

"I made a mistake earlier. *You're* the athlete."

"Quarterback. Just made the playoffs." He ducked his head for a second. "That chem disaster is gonna be a big problem. No one's going to be very happy with me. But let's not think about that right now. Let's think about you."

He retrieved the scarf from the floor and gently slid it over her eyes, tying it loosely behind her head. He cupped her shoulders in his hands and lowered her to the floor, then helped her lie down.

She heard the sound of her lighter click several times and the room filled with the scents of vanilla and cinnamon.

Two sets of hands roamed over her and she couldn't tell who did what, so she concentrated on the sensations that poured through her.

This is really happening.

One of them cupped her breasts, their fingers kneading and the thumbs stroking her nipples in light, teasing flutters. She arched higher, wanting more pressure. The hand responded, cupping her breast harder, while lips touched her nipple and drew it into a warm mouth. She reached out blindly and encountered a head of straight, spiky hair.

"Oh, Micky, that feels great."

His mouth continued to suckle her, tugging her flesh with lips and tongue that felt like silk. Sean planted wet kisses from her shoulder, down her arm then twirled his tongue in her belly button. She burst with a fit of giggles as he kissed his way down her abdomen. She felt him shift, and then his warm palms settled on the creases of her thighs. He pushed gently and she opened her legs. Sean's breath whispered across her folds.

"Beautiful pussy, Mac. Pink, plump, swollen lips." Micky groaned as Sean talked. Sean's hand skimmed across her mound. "Smooth, silky skin." Micky groaned again and suddenly two hands swept over her mound.

Micky lifted his head. "Fuck. Your pussy feels nice." His hand dipped lower and his finger pressed inside. Her muscles grasped it and held it tight. "And so fucking tight."

"I'm working here, Mick," Sean muttered. "You're in the way."

Micky ignored him for another moment, pumping his finger in and out. Mac couldn't help it. Her hips lifted into his finger and she rode the movement. His finger skimmed her g-spot and she shuddered.

"She likes that," Sean said.

"Yes, I do," Mac whispered.

Micky withdrew his finger, slid down on the quilt to get a better angle, and pushed two fingers into her. Mackenzie's hips lunged upwards, meeting each thrust. Micky's cock, hard and throbbing, pressed against her. She lowered her arm and wrapped her hand around the thickness, squeezing softly. Micky jumped. Her thumb flicked along the soft, satiny flesh.

"Christ, that's sweet," Micky said.

Mackenzie smiled and suddenly Sean's mouth covered hers. He kissed her deeply and then his tongue outlined her lips, tracing lightly, darting away, tracing again. She lifted her head, trying desperately to find his mouth blindfolded. She found herself laughing as he tried to stay out of her reach yet within touch. Sean laughed with her.

Micky thrust his fingers into her and Mac nearly bolted upright as a shot of pleasure stabbed into her pussy. "Don't distract her, asshole. My dick is rock-hard and enjoying every minute."

"How about you, Sean?" Mackenzie said. "Why don't you bring your dick a little closer?"

"No problem."

His lower body slammed against her and she wrapped her other hand around him. Not as thick as Micky's, but definitely longer. She had two perfectly-shaped, pulsing, hard cocks in her hands. Could life getting any better than this? She doubted it.

Sean kissed the side of her neck, sending tingling pulses firing down her chest. Her nipples tightened, wanting a touch, a lick, or a nibble. Sean didn't let her down. He pinched one between his fingers, rolling it, squeezing and tugging. The touch shot straight to her pussy, causing it to clench around Micky's fingers and building an incredible pressure inside.

"You're so wet, Mac. My fingers are sliding in and out like grease."

"Nice image, Mick," Sean said. His fingers continued to roll and tug, then moved to her other breast. "Take a poetry class."

"She knows what I mean," Micky said. "I want to taste her."

His cock slid out of her hand. His shoulders tried to squeeze between her thighs and she opened wider then slid her legs over his shoulders. His tongue pressed against the bottom of her pussy. It slowly slid upward, dipping between

her lips, caressing her lightly and then flicking across her clit. Her body shivered and she reached down to rake her hands into his hair.

"Very tasty," Micky said. "Hmm... a hint of strawberry I think."

"Very funny," Mac said.

Micky laughed then locked his mouth over her clit, sucking gently as his tongue teased her with gentle flickers. When he pushed two fingers into her, her pussy clenched violently and a spasm tore through her body. As her back bowed, Sean's arm slid beneath her and pulled her up for a hard kiss. She moaned as waves of pleasure ripped through every inch of her body, and her pussy pulsed with tiny aftershocks that made her shiver.

She'd give anything to see their eyes. She wanted to watch their faces and discover if they liked this as much as she did, but the blindfold made that impossible. She hoped they did. She concentrated on the warmth of their fingers, their lips and the enthusiasm they had in bringing her pleasure. She breathed in their musky scent, the wonderful fragrance of youth, vitality and pure male desire. They might be young, but they were definitely men. Her body responded to their undivided and thoroughly arousing attention. She reveled in the tangible evidence of their need, of the hard, swollen cocks that bumped, lunged, prodded and pressed against her body at regular intervals.

Micky stopped his suction and licked her pussy several times until her body stopped trembling. Suddenly both men left her and she missed the heat of their bodies. She heard the sound of a top being popped on a bottle.

"Time for dessert," Sean said.

She felt a trickle of liquid across her breasts, and suddenly each nipple was enveloped by a warm mouth. One of the mouths sucked hard, and the other licked in sure steady strokes. She reached up and caressed their heads, feeling the soft wave of Sean's hair and the coarser spikes of Micky's. Every so often a mouth disappeared, and another trickle of liquid spread across the skin of her breasts, her belly and her hips. They licked, nibbled and sucked at every inch of her body, saving her clit for last. Though she couldn't see them, she suspected they each had a turn. By the time they'd finished, she trembled all over.

"Now it's your turn," Micky said.

She felt a warm cock skim her mouth. She rooted toward it, and with the tip of her tongue, licked to find the taste of chocolate. She lapped it off the head, nibbling her way downward, stroking her tongue through the decadent taste and over the silky, hard skin. Micky grew harder under her mouth. When she finished with the chocolate, she reached up, took him in her hand and guided his cock deep into her mouth, lifting up and down to slide him in and out. Micky's groans told her how much he enjoyed it.

Micky finally pulled out of her mouth. "I don't want to come in your mouth. I want to come in your pussy. The sooner the better. But taste Sean first."

Another cock bumped against her lips. This time she pulled him directly in her mouth, savoring both the taste of the chocolate and the warm musky taste of his flesh. She sucked hard, pulled him deeper and allowed her throat muscles to milk him. Sean's hands wrapped around her face, tugging her closer and pushing his cock farther into her throat.

She heard the tiny sound of foil being torn, and then a warm pair of thighs nestled between her legs. Sean pulled his cock from her mouth. She licked her lips and Sean groaned. After he moved away, his hands settled on either side of her head and he gave her an upside down kiss, his teeth tugging gently on her lip. She tasted herself and chocolate.

Micky's hands slid under her ass and lifted. His thick, hard cock pushed between her pussy lips and drove inside. She couldn't stop the moan of pleasure that passed her lips. He pulled her toward him and she slid up his thighs. His cock pushed deeper, stretching her, filling her. It felt like heaven. Each time he yanked her toward him, his cock rubbed her inner walls, rubbing against her g-spot and grinding the pleasure through her unmercifully. Micky tugged faster and faster, his fingers digging her into ass. The friction against her legs was almost unbearable. She came faster than she'd ever come during fucking.

Her leg muscles tightened as she arched upward under his hands. As her pussy convulsed around him, he gave her a final tug and held her tight against his groin, rubbing her clit against him and sending her spiraling even higher. Micky groaned as she felt the hot pulse of his orgasm against her own spasming muscles. After a moment he leaned forward, his hair brushing her abdomen.

"Fucking fantastic," he whispered.

He gathered her up and tugged her against his chest. When she lifted her face, he kissed her passionately, deeply, with his tongue exploring her mouth and his lips nipping at hers. He pressed soft kisses on her face before he lowered her back to the quilt. Slowly he pulled his cock from her body. As she heard him leave the room, another foil packet ripped open, and within a moment, Sean tugged her up to a sitting position.

"Get on your hands and knees, Mac."

She turned over and did as he requested. He reached around her to finger her clit, his other hand trailing soft caresses across her back. He pushed a finger inside her. His hard cock prodded against her, eager to be inside.

"You're so wet."

One hand swept over her hip, and with the other he positioned his cock at her pussy. He shoved in hard, then gripped her other hip. He sat back on his heels and yanked her toward his lap. She gasped when his cock drove deeper than she leaned back against him. The warmth of his body enveloped her as he began to pump her up and down on his cock, lifting her high then slamming her down. Within moments the pressure built inside of her, and she clutched his forearms, digging her nails into his skin.

"It feels incredible," she said.

"Rub yourself, Mac. Make it even better."

She slid her hand between her legs and touched her clit. The small piece of flesh was hot, burning, swollen, wet, aching and so tender. She circled the nub, pressing tight, trying to match Sean's rhythm. Her leg muscles clenched and her pussy throbbed against the length of Sean's cock. She circled faster and suddenly her inner muscles clamped down on Sean, pulsing rapidly as she came with a low moan. He pumped harder, making her orgasm an excruciating wave of pleasure that ground through her entire body. Finally, he rammed her down against him and held her tight. His cock throbbed hard within her, and then pulsed as he released.

His head dropped to her shoulder and she reached up to run her fingers through his hair.

Micky's voice came out of the darkness. "That was a fucking beautiful sight."

"She's beautiful," Sean said.

"Yes, she is."

Sean unwrapped the blindfold from her eyes, and Mac blinked against the soft glow of the dozen candles lit throughout the room. Sean set her on the quilt, then stood and left the room.

When he returned she reached out and picked up the scarf. She gave them a seductive smile then wiggled her eyebrows. "Who wants to be next?"

Both men raised their hands and she laughed.

"First one with a hard-on gets a turn."

Chapter 6

The shrill ring of the phone jolted her out of a fabulous dream. She lurched upright and reached out blindly, feeling the warmth of the body next to her. She leaned across Micky, pressing a kiss to his shoulder and snagged the phone. Before she could get her mouth working, she heard, "Did you forget to recharge your phone again, Mac?"

She plopped back to the mattress and raked the hair out of her eyes. "Morning, Tim. No. I think it's still in my purse. Or my pocket. Not really sure." She rubbed her eyes, squinting at the dim light coming through the window. "What time is it?"

"It's 7:30. Aren't you usually up by now?"

She rose to her elbow, peered at the clock and realized she hadn't remembered to set her alarm. Again. "Yeah, I guess so."

"You *guess* so? Are you okay, Mac? You sound kind of dazed."

She shook her head. She couldn't seem to focus. Wow. It amazed her what a night of fucking great sex could do to her. She closed her eyes and lay back down. "I am, a little. Sorry about that."

Micky snuggled against her, sporting a hard-on.

"I retrieved it all, Mac."

She bolted upright. "Are you kidding me? You're a God-damned genius!"

She scrambled out of the covers, leapt to her feet and jumped up and down on the bed. Mickey muttered, "What the fuck?" and Sean tumbled to the floor with a loud thud.

She bounced to her knees. "I knew you could do it. You're my hero, Tim." Tim continued to talk. Micky tackled her and rolled her around on the bed, kissing her into a fit of giggles. Sean clutched the side of the bed and pulled himself back up. He grabbed her ankles and tugged her to the edge of the bed.

"You're going to pay for that, Mac," he growled.

She could barely hear Tim. "What's going on there, Mac? Do you have a houseful of kids?"

"Tim, I gotta go. Can I come by in about an hour?"

"It's going to be more than an hour," Micky said.

Mac could envision Tim shaking his head on the other end. "That was no kid I just heard. Sounds as though you got lucky last night, Mac. Good for you. See you whenever you get here. I'll loan you one of my laptops for the day."

Before the goodbye had left her lips, Micky plucked the phone from her hand. Before he could toss it aside, she grabbed it back.

"One second. I have a call I have to make."

She jumped from the bed and punched in Cathleen's number. She raised the shade to see the weather for the day, and there in the driveway sat her car. She turned with her brightest smile. She couldn't keep the wonder out of her voice.

"My car's here."

"My uncle owns a dealership," Sean said. "He's a great guy."

"He's a fabulous guy. Just like his nephew." She winked. "Morning, David. It's me. Sorry to call so early. Yes, Cathleen called last night. I'm so excited for you both. You'll be wonderful parents. Of course I'll be there Sunday. I wouldn't miss it for anything. I wanted to ask you a favor. I have a friend who missed a chem final yesterday, and it's going to play havoc with just about everything. His name is Sean Anderson. Yes, the quarterback." She laughed. "Oh, I get around, David. Not everyone has a guy like you in their life. Would that be possible? Awesome, David, thank you. Yes. That sounds great. I'll tell him. Absolutely. See you Sunday. And I'll be bringing the most fabulous gift an aunt can buy."

She clicked off. Sean shuffled across the quilt on his knees, his brow furrowed.

"What's going on? You said my name. Who did you call?"

"Just my brother-in-law." She tossed the phone onto the bed. "I needed to congratulate him on—"

"Mac," Sean groaned.

She shrugged. "It's no big deal. David happens to be the dean. He's going to set up another final with your professor."

Sean's mouth dropped open. Micky clapped him on the back.

"Call David's office later this morning. I'll give you his private number. Then—"

Sean jumped off the bed and swept her up. He spun her around, kissing her everywhere he could reach. When they dropped back to the bed, Micky dove into the fray. Mac decided she'd be a little late for work. Fuck 'em.

* * * *

Mac toasted up all the waffles, spread them on a plate and poured on a ton of syrup. They ate their breakfast, hacking off bites from the same plate. Except for Tim, she'd never felt more comfortable with one man, let alone two. She waved her fork between them.

"Are you going to be in the dog house for not supplying the beer last night?"

Sean nodded. "Yep. I've had four voice mails reminding me what a douche I am."

"Sweet," Micky said. "Can't wait to turn on my phone."

Sean speared half a waffle. "They'll forgive us when they see the Sam Adams. Let's just hope the beer didn't freeze in the trunk." He shoved the food into his mouth and reached for more.

Mac laughed. "Don't you two ever eat?"

Sean winked at her. "Not as good as we've eaten the last twelve hours. Can't beat chicken Alfredo with chocolate pussy for dessert."

"Maybe next time we can make it something more original," Mac said.

Micky forked another big bite of waffle. "How many flavors are there?"

Mac stuffed a bite of waffle in her mouth. "You're thinking of Baskin-Robbins ice cream. There used to be thirty-one, but there are far more now. Believe me, I know. I have half of them in my freezer. Syrups, though, I'm not sure about. We might run out of options pretty quick."

"Someone's going to have to use their imagination," Sean said. "I say it should be the innovative girl. You up to the challenge, Mac?"

She smiled. "Always."

Epilogue

Mac stood off to the side and waited impatiently while Micky and Sean shook hands, got kisses from every woman within distance and posed for pictures. They looked as sweet and adorable as they had eighteen months ago, but maybe a little more adult. Just a little. Her guys had grown up a bit.

When they finished their familial duties, they yanked off their caps and gowns, shoved them into their mothers' arms and rushed toward her. They took turns spinning her around, making her dizzy and otherwise embarrassing the three of them, but she didn't care. She clutched each of them in turn and gave them kisses sure to make their mothers blush. She should have behaved herself, but she had more fun being bad.

"So, how much time do we have before the big celebration dinner?"

"We've got till 6:00," Micky said. "I couldn't hold my mother off any longer than that."

"They want to spend some time with you. They deserve it."

"You deserve some too, Mac," Sean said with a wink. "Private time. So what's the plan?"

"I had a devil of a time deciding what to get you two for a graduation gift." Mac reached into her bag-o-crap and pulled out two bottles of syrup, one chocolate and one strawberry. "So I'm letting you choose."

"Chocolate," they said simultaneously.

"Good choice."

"Nothing like a little dessert before dinner," Sean said.

Mac smiled, shoved the bottles back into her bag, and then looped her arms through theirs. "My thoughts exactly. And wait till you see the surprise I have under my suit."

Micky's brows rose. "Imitation strawberry flavor?"

"Only the best for you, Mick," Mac said.

Micky paused and called over his shoulder. "Hey, Mom! Order three chicken Alfredos at the restaurant. We might be a little late."

Mac laughed. "I'm parked..." She glanced around then waved her hand vaguely to the right. "Over there, I think. Let's get out of here before my panties melt."

THE END

THE ELIXIR

DEE S. KNIGHT

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Chapter 1

Barb Morrison barely had time to assimilate the idea that a lime green Cadillac bore down on her. Frozen to the spot, her first thought was that the car was something her eighty-five year old grandmother would drive. In the next split second she bemoaned that she'd never be able to submerge her tired body in a hot tub filled with aromatic bubbles. She'd just purchased her favorite bubble bath from the Piggly-Wiggly with that in mind. There was six bucks shot to hell.

All of her twenty-nine years flashed before her eyes. She saw herself as a baby, a toddler, a teen going to the prom, a nursing school graduate. The last thing pictured in her mind was the last double shift she'd pulled, which explained why she'd been looking forward to that hot bath.

But there'd be no more bubble baths, no more

Rocky Road

ice cream smothered in the dark syrup lying at the bottom of the brown grocery sack. No more—

Darkness crashed over her.

* * * *

"Wake up!" The command came through a fog. "Wake *up*! We have to get you out of here."

The fog cleared as pain, sharp and unforgiving, radiated through her head. God, what pain. She struggled to open her eyes.

"Good, she's waking up at last."

The voice was familiar now. The rich baritone belonged to Tommy Conrad, her neighbor and best friend.

"Tommy?" It felt as though she screamed his name down a long tunnel, but she must have whispered because his answer was, "I think she said my name."

"How can that be?" a man whispered in a heavily accented voice. He sounded shocked, but why? She and Tommy had been good buddies for more than six years.

"I don't know, but we can't wait any longer. We know she's awake. Pick up that bag she was carrying, and I'll get her. Hurry, before anyone sees we have a woman."

What in the world did he—"Ow, ow, *ow*!" He'd gathered her up, causing a cascade of pain that began in her head and ended in...damn, it didn't end.

"Shh! You mustn't make any noise." To emphasize, he folded her to his chest so that any further protest would be muffled against his shoulder.

Hard, rippling muscles met her face as Tommy ducked and ran, zig-zagging like a car jockeying through traffic. Suddenly, keeping quiet wasn't an issue. White light enveloped her and Barb sank into unconsciousness.

* * * *

Barb took a soft, testing breath. Blessedly, she lay on something soft and warm. With a sigh of contentment, she started to turn into the comfort, when a now familiar agony stopped her. With effort, she opened her eyes.

Two men sat in straight-back chairs, regarding her anxiously. Matching drab, mustard-yellow shirts and slacks were all they wore.

She moved her head as much as she dared. Was she in a hospital? If so, it wasn't any kind of hospital she'd ever seen. She lay on a sofa. The room was large. A worn but exquisite carpet covered a large portion of the floor. An easy chair with a book opened over the arm sat in her line of vision. Bookshelves covered the opposite wall. Shades covered the windows, leaving lamps on three tables to illuminate the room.

She studied the men and found she was wrong. Neither of them was Tommy, though one did resemble him. He seemed to be around thirty-five, tall and well-built. His hair was the same light brown, his lips full and rich, and his eyes dark. Right now his eyes held worry, and were focused on her.

"Where's Tommy?" It took all her effort and concentration to get out the words. Her tongue filled her dry mouth.

As if he knew her thoughts, the Tommy look-alike picked up a glass and leaned forward. "Sip this. You'll feel better."

She took a bit of the liquid, and lo and behold, a few seconds later she did feel better. Her head ached dully instead of with sharp spears of pain.

"Have another." This time she tried to gulp but he tipped the glass for measured amounts. "Slowly."

Amazingly, more pain disappeared. Was she dead after all, and in some kind of heaven infirmary? The liquid was magical. Warmth spread throughout her body, even to her nipples and between her legs where her clit began to tingle. What was that about? She pressed her thighs together, and hoped the men didn't notice the flush she felt heating her cheeks.

"I'm Thomas, and this is Roland." He gestured to the man sitting beside him.

Roland's hair was golden. He looked to be about the same age as Thomas, and though in decent shape, no one would describe him as buff. Sharp angles formed his rough, square face, and beneath glasses, his eyes were two different colors, one blue, one green.

"Ah, I see you notice my eyes," he said with a thick Scandinavian tone. "I am academic."

She must have appeared confused because Thomas spoke up. "Maybe in your time professors have blue eyes only? That used to be the way here, too, until the government wanted to determine which branch of study each academic filled. Roland teaches genetics—"

"The green," Roland supplied.

"—and mathematics."

"The blue." Roland smiled as though that explained everything.

"What do you mean 'in your time?' Where am I?"

"Our home," Thomas said. "I'm sorry for the pain I caused carrying you, but we had to get you out of the courtyard before a guard wandered by. If they'd found you, you'd have been taken away before we ever had the chance to...talk." He ran the back of his finger along her arm and his breath seemed to hitch. So did hers while a new wave of heat splashed through her.

A part of her mind commanded she jump out of reach, scream, and hope the guard he'd mentioned would hear. Another more primal side of her brain wished this Thomas guy would trail his tongue over the very path his fingers skimmed. Which possibility frightened her more, that the stranger touched her, or that she inexplicably wanted him to?

Who were these men? Her heart raced as the possibilities, all bad, flashed through her mind.

"It's so soft," he murmured, turning to Roland. "Touch it."

"No!" *Yes.* She wanted to purr her acquiescence. What was wrong with her? The drink. It had to be the drink impairing her judgment.

Roland eagerly extended his hand.

"I said no!" Common sense finally set in and Barb scooted into the corner of the sofa, her legs drawn up to her chest. To her surprise, she felt very little other than a floating sensation and a few tingles. No pain greeted her rapid movement. Good, she'd be able to run when the chance presented itself.

"You won't touch me if you know what's good for you," she ground out. She looked down and saw the crisp, yellow blouse she'd worn to work that morning was dirty and torn. The buttons, as well as her bra, were undone. A tear in her skirt rendered it useless. One shoe was missing. Panic filled her.

Hastening to cover herself, she found her fingers shook, making the buttons hard to fit through their holes. "What's happened here? Have you..." She couldn't get out the word *raped*. "Have you already done something to me?"

Roland looked affronted. "Certainly not. We do not engage with unconscious women."

She gestured to her clothing. "Then what...?"

"We don't know. This is how we found you," Thomas said.

"How you—" She clamped her lips shut and tried to think. No easy matter, considering. "But how did I get here?"

Roland huffed a breath. "Thomas already explained. He carried you."

"I mean *here*," she said, frustration and the odd heat from the drink fraying the ends of the rope tethering her to sanity.

"Oh." He waved his hands dismissively. "We do not know. We just know you are here, and we are here, and you are woman, so..." He glanced pointedly at another room. A bedroom?

Despite her predicament—which she still didn't understand—she gave a harsh laugh. "No way we're going to have sex."

Roland wrinkled his forehead. "But we must. You are woman. Your purpose is to be touched, to be held and then to be had. Surely you know this?"

"I don't know any such thing, bud, and if you don't want me screaming my head off, you'll keep your distance."

"No, we don't want you to scream." Thomas stared at her, and then spoke to Roland in a foreign language. Understanding lit Roland's face and he sat back, his hands in his lap. Not before Barb spotted a hard-on tenting his slacks. A quick glance showed an erection tenting Thomas' pants, also.

Lord, how would she ever escape from these two? The FBI must have them on the 10 Most Wanted Looneys list, and here she'd just fallen into their laps. Or, more accurately, she'd been... How *had* she arrived here? She'd been on her way home from the grocery store, hadn't she? She looked up, saw something, and then...darkness.

"Just let me go, okay? I promise not to tell anyone where you are."

Roland said something in that same foreign tongue and Thomas nodded. "We can't let you go. I hope you understand," he said.

Panic bubbled up inside. Barb couldn't get the words out fast enough. "I don't. I don't understand. Why can't you?"

"Because," Roland said slowly, as though speaking to an imbecile, "you are *woman*." He threw out his hands in a gesture of surrender, though his expression said he expected her to be the one giving in.

"I know I'm a *woman*, ass—" *Steady. Keep your cool. Nothing like insulting the men who hold you hostage.* "What do you intend to do with me?"

The men stood and released the buttons on their trouser plackets. In seconds, two cocks pointed toward her. Thomas' was long and veined with a large, bulbous head. Roland's was thick and shorter, with a purple, mushroom-shaped head. Roland took a step forward, stroking himself, a gleam lighting his eyes. Thomas held back and studied her.

Barb held up an unsteady hand. "I'm going to scream." She'd never screamed in her life, but she took a deep breath and prepared to give it everything she had. Thomas threw out his arm to stop Roland. The men conferred in low tones, casting her glances every few sentences.

"We found your papers," Thomas finally said. "You had an identification card and letters. Is it possible the mores of your time are so different from ours?"

"What in the *world* are you talking about?" *My time?* She'd heard of cases where people fell unconscious and then woke up years later, but that couldn't have happened to her. "What's the date?"

"Dix 10, 2836."

A nervous laugh bubbled up. "You're crazy." She cast a surreptitious glance at Thomas' groin. She wished he'd cover up. Roland, too. He continued to rub himself absently, though the look filled with longing that he kept sending let her know he hadn't forgotten she was there. "You're positively off your rocker," she said. "Even if I'd been in a coma, I couldn't have lived 827 years."

"I assure you," Thomas said calmly, "we are not crazy. And you have not been in a coma. We found you lying in the courtyard of our housing barracks with a bag beside you. How you arrived is a mystery. Do you remember anything?"

She frowned. "No."

"About the bag." Roland spoke now, moving to a table where the brown bag printed with the red pig wearing a ridiculous cap sat. "What are these things?"

She stood and cautiously walked toward them, testing her body as she went, checking to see if she'd be able to run if an escape path opened for her. There was no pain. How could that be, when minutes ago she'd suffered?

Thomas had grabbed the head of garlic and tried rolling it across the table. Roland removed her frozen lasagna dinner and banged it on the table edge. "The image on the front indicates this is to be eaten, but it is hard. How can this be?"

Was he acting? "You nuke it, of course." The men exchanged looks. "In a microwave? Hellooo."

"And this?" Thomas held aloft her baguette.

"Come on. This stupid act is wearing thin. It's a loaf of cheese bread, for Pete's sake." She held up the bottle of Chardonnay. "And you're going to tell me you don't recognize this? I think you've had too much to drink of it yourself. 2836 indeed."

Roland took the bottle from her. "Is this...is this *wine*?" With wide, gleaming eyes he stared at it and then at Thomas. "I've read of this," he said in a hushed tone. "It's supposed to taste like sunshine."

"Sunshine?" Thomas' voice held as much wonder as Roland's expression. "How wonderful."

"You two are giving me a headache." Barb pulled out a chair and sat. In fact, once more an ache radiated from her neck to her shoulders. She rubbed her neck, fearing the return of the sharper, incapacitating pain.

"Give her more elixir," Roland urged in a low voice.

With a quick glance at Barb, Thomas leaned toward Roland and spoke in their language. Barb watched, wishing they'd tuck their penises out of sight. They seemed totally unconcerned with the state of their organs, still erect and leaking droplets of cum every now and then. The men might be crazy as ticks but they had fantastic cocks. Even in her current state she couldn't stem her appreciation for perfection.

Finally, the discussion ended. Thomas retrieved the glass from where she'd left it, removed a corked brown bottle from a cabinet and poured a small amount. "Here you are," he said. "But take small sips. We don't know yet how our remedies will react with your body."

She barely let a drop past her lips and waited. Almost immediately heat trailed down her throat; a quickening blossomed and then closed in her belly. She blinked and took a longer sip. The spreading warmth wasn't unpleasant, not unpleasant at all. Her neck suddenly felt better but other parts of her body tingled, begging for attention.

"Tell me why you think this is 2836," she said, and giggled. She slapped her hand over her mouth. What had caused that?

"That is an unexpected side effect," Roland murmured.

"Are you all right, Barbara?" Thomas asked.

Barb giggled again. "Barbara is what my mother calls me when she's mad. Everyone calls me Barb."

"But it said Barbara on your papers. Barbara Lynn Morrison," Roland insisted.

She wrinkled her nose, thinking. "You must mean my driver's license. You know the government. Sticklers for official full names."

The men looked at each other in understanding. "The government, yes, we see now. We shall call you Barb." Thomas smiled. A very cute smile, full of warmth tinged with lust.

"Not I." Roland stood as straight as his cock. "If Barbara is her official name then I shall honor it."

"Whatever." She held up the glass. "Hey, where can I buy some of this stuff?"

"Nowhere, I'm afraid." Thomas frowned at Roland, who simply shrugged.

Barb sipped again and walked to the window. "I don't even know if it's day or night," she said, and reached for the shade.

"Stop!" Roland grabbed her arm, and Thomas rushed to press the covering against the window frame.

"I knew you were lying," she said. "You've kidnapped me and shown me your cocks." She pointed at Roland's penis with one hand while drinking more of the liquid. Somehow she forgot to be afraid of what the men might do to her. Instead she was curious. The tip of her finger traced the rim of Roland's mushroom-shaped cock head. "It's 2009. There's no way it could be anything else. If it weren't, you'd let me see outside."

Thomas's somber expression cooled her more than words.

"I agree. There's no way it could not be 2009, and yet here you are in 2836." He turned to look at the covered windows. "I can let you look out, but only if you promise to be careful. If anyone sees you, you'll be taken to the government center where no date on your papers will be believed. Then Roland and I will be arrested."

"As you should be, for kidnapping me." She ended with another sip. The drink was almost gone. Warmth swirled through her. Her heart rate increased, all hint of pain was banished. Somehow, her whole hand had wrapped around Roland's cock and she stroked his length with a slow rhythm. He stood close enough for her to see his eyes had dilated and darkened to midnight and emerald.

Oh, he felt good straining and pulsing in her palm. A droplet of cum moistened her hand. She had the urge to swipe her tongue across it to see how he tasted. She sneaked a peek at Thomas. He was so big, so inviting. How would it be to sink to her knees and...

What was *wrong* with her? How could she think of monkey sex with a strange man—correction, *two* strange men, she thought with sinful glee—when moments ago she feared she'd been kidnapped by perverts? Who was the pervert now? Only in her wildest fantasies had she made it with two guys, and even then she hadn't put faces or names with the phantom lovers.

Confusion clouded her mind, whether from the drink or whatever had placed her here. If she was going to figure a way out, she first had to know what "out" meant.

"Show me," she demanded.

With a deep breath, Thomas pulled back the edge of the window covering. Barb finished off her drink, handed him the glass and peeked outside.

She released Roland to take hold of the sill. Blinking and then focusing, she stared out onto unfamiliar territory. Her heart pounded. The landscape was completely alien. There were mountains but they were familiar only by rough shape. They'd lost their comforting green protectiveness. Her neighborhood had disappeared. Instead of the Piggly Wiggly, a windowless concrete building filled the corner. The intersection between the store's parking lot and her apartment building was now park-like, covered in grass and bushes.

Through murky light she saw that her building, rustic and shingled, was gone, replaced with a low-level concrete structure. Four or five antennae on the roof faced not skyward, but toward the surrounding buildings. They turned slowly, seeming to scan the area.

A bullet-shaped vehicle, about the height telephone wires would have hung, had there been any wires, cruised by. A man was inside the vehicle, swiveling his head left and right as though looking for something. This—she felt herself begin to shake—this was not her world.

"Is it evening?" she asked quietly.

"No. This is the way," Roland replied, "the sun dies."

Barb whipped around. "What do you mean?"

Thomas pushed the covering back into place, and then took her elbow to guide her away from the window. "In ten years or less, our sun will be dead."

"But that can't be. Plants need sunlight. How will you grow food?"

"As we do now, or at least as long as power lasts. Special lamps provide light to grow our nutrients. We take them in the form of pills, not food." Thomas cast a look back at the table where the loaf of bread and thawing dinner lay.

"We know some of the history of your time," Roland murmured. "There were women, many women." He pushed his cock back into her hand.

"And disease, and war," Thomas added.

Roland's eyes turned wistful. "But also freedom to decide for oneself what one did with life."

Barb was so caught up in their story, she almost forgot to be afraid that they were so obviously out of their minds. "You two are insane."

"Not insane, Barb. Just in wonder at this opportunity we've been given." Thomas's cock nudged her other hand. Without thought, she stroked him. The vein that ran his length jumped in her hand and he sighed, swelling under her fingertips.

Barb was confused. She wanted to scream out her frustration, her fears, her inability to comprehend what had happened to her. At the same time, she wanted nothing more than to touch these men, hold them, take them to her. How could the thought of sex seem so right at a time like this?

"Why do you keep commenting on women?" she asked Roland.

"Because we have few."

"Those we do have are kept under guard. They are used for procreation by the members of the high council," Thomas added. "They will be among those to leave the planet when the time comes, along with their female progeny."

"And those not chosen to leave the planet?"

"They will be abandoned here."

The horror of it dizzied her. She toppled forward. Words flew at her from a distance. "Give her something! Give her something to help!" It was Tommy's voice. Or was it Thomas's?

Chapter 2

When she awoke, it was to find two sets of eyes trained on her. "Barb, are you all right?" Thomas, as usual, spoke first.

"I think so." Propped up in bed, she stretched gingerly.

"Do you experience pain, Barbara?"

"No, though I am a little thirsty."

"I'll get you something," Thomas said. He was fully covered again, and Barb felt an irrational stab of disappointment.

"Elixir," Roland commanded softly.

"But it seems to affect her differ—"

"Elixir," Roland repeated firmly. "You know we must."

Was that a look of apology Thomas sent her as he left the room?

"Why do you have so few women?" Barb asked.

"No one knows for certain. Perhaps there was a disease of some sort. Our history chronicles tell that wars increased as the number of women declined, until all women were captured and kept under control of the high council. Now we have peace and productivity."

"But how do you have sex?" Barb blurted out.

"Once a year, each man is provided access to a House of Women where those females who cannot reproduce are kept. We are allowed a few hours."

That was it? Once a year for a few hours? "How can you live like that?"

Thomas returned and handed her a glass with more of the clear liquid. "The air we breathe, the water we drink, everything around us is free of pheromones."

Roland continued. "Even our genetic make-up is free. Men have been bred to react sexually only to the scent of a female." He stared at her and his nostrils flared. One glance at the front of his trousers showed how he was reacting to her scent.

Thomas cleared his throat. "I made this for you." He held out the container of steaming lasagna. "I thought you might feel better if you ate some of your own food."

"Oh, thank you!" He'd fashioned a spoon-like scoop from the package cardboard. She took a small bite. The familiar flavor brought tears to her eyes. This couldn't be real, couldn't be happening to her. The thought of "not being in Kansas any more" sent bubbles of terror to the surface of her mind. It couldn't be possible, yet what she'd seen out the window couldn't be explained either.

"Drink a little something." Roland picked up the glass and held it out. She nodded and did as he bid.

"So, you two live here together, and have no sexual urges until you visit that, uh, house?" She took another bite and then another sip. Heat infused her, and not just from the hot food. She recognized the sensation from earlier—the liquid turned her on. An aphrodisiac like this would be worth its weight in platinum if she could produce it.

"That's it," Roland encouraged. "Drink."

"Stop it, Roland," Thomas said.

"We need it," Roland insisted. "We need her."

Thomas shook his head and frowned. "To answer your question, we feel nothing but companionship for other men. It's in the interest of the state to have us working peaceably."

She held up the glass and gazed at the liquid. "So why don't you drink a little of this and..."

"The elixir is only a mild pain reliever for us." Thomas smiled. "Even in this age people have headaches now and then. We are allowed a small allotment each month. Do you enjoy it? It affects you in unfamiliar ways. Your scent intensifies after drinking."

"That is why we need you to drink, Barbara," Roland explained. "It relaxes you, yet you see your effect on us. We will be unable to leave the house without relief. Only you can give us that."

"I understand." And she did. The food was good. She tore off small hunks of bread and held it out to the men, then tore one for herself. "Try some of my food." She fed them bites of lasagna and chuckled at their reactions to chewing and tasting. "We'll try the wine later," she said. "And maybe the bubble bath."

Thomas wrinkled his brow in question, while Roland handed her the glass. "Have you eaten enough, Barbara?"

She held his gaze as she drank down the rest of the liquid.

Immediately she had the sensation of a thousand bees flying around her belly. Wings fluttered against her insides, stingers pricked her nerves. Heat struck her pussy. She trembled as her clit swelled and grew tender. Her breath caught. She'd never needed a man so much in her life. Wanted one, had to have one or she'd die. Through heavy lids she stared at the two perfect specimens before her. If one would keep her alive, two would keep her alive and *happy*.

"Take off those pants," she ordered them. Removing her blouse, she tossed it aside.

"Maybe I gave her too much," Thomas muttered.

"Not for my needs," Roland replied.

By the time she'd wrestled out of her skirt, stockings and panties, Thomas and Roland stood naked, cocks at full mast.

"Closer," she said, dropping to her knees. They obeyed. Wrapping one hand around Thomas' long spear, she nuzzled Roland with her lips before sucking his crown into her mouth.

He burst out with a spate of their foreign tongue. Whatever he said made Thomas laugh, until she twisted her fist around his base and squeezed. Then he sucked in a quick breath.

Her tongue circled Roland's head, once, twice, three times before she leaned forward and took him in. He gasped and held her hair, poking her mouth with short, desperate jabs. She wasn't about to let him come that easily.

Pulling back, she trailed her tongue along his length and then performed a few quick jabs herself, sucking his crown while probing the slit on top with the tip of her tongue. His groan of pleasure satisfied her, and she shifted attention to Thomas.

His balls hung low beneath his penis. She slipped the heavy sack into her mouth, laving it with her tongue. Then she gave all her attention to his shaft, licking along the vein, the head and slit. He rewarded her with a drop of cum.

"Now *this* is like sunshine," she whispered. She sensed his pleasure at her words when she smoothed her lips over his velvety shaft.

He was longer than Roland but not as thick. The vein pulsed in her mouth and she hummed with approval.

"Ahhh."

Barb felt the vibrations of his moan through their connection.

His faster breathing told her he was close. In a flash, she switched back to Roland, savoring the salty, rich flavor of his pre-cum and the way he filled her mouth. She wanted more than anything to taste the rest. This time, when he took short stabs into the recesses of her mouth, she let him.

A gentle touch pulled back her hair. "Easy," Thomas whispered. "Easy, Love. I won't let you go through this alone. Never alone again, for either of us."

She barely registered Tommy's voice—words that had to be in her head—before Roland came, full and hard.

She'd rarely swallowed before. In fact, she only gave head once in awhile because the act always seemed distasteful. But tonight she was a woman on fire, burning from the inside. Tonight she wanted to experience everything. She needed to.

Roland didn't disappoint. She worked him with her lips. With strong pulses he emptied, filling more than her mouth, filling her longings.

Too soon he finished. She pulled away to take Thomas again, but he grasped her up and lay her on the bed.

"I want your body. Is that all right?" His dark eyes studied her.

Barb spread her legs and welcomed him. He touched her with shaky, hesitant fingers, testing her readiness. "Sweet Tommy. Come to me."

Without finesse, he groaned and sank into her. She took a deep, hard breath. He pulled out. Instinctively her muscles contracted, trying to hold him. When the head of his shaft tipped her folds, he thrust, strong and sure, pushing the air from her lungs.

Breathing heavily, Thomas pushed himself up onto his hands. She widened her knees and snugged her heels farther up his waist. Sweat glistened on his torso. He threw back his head, clenched his teeth and closed his eyes. She threw her arms over her head and enjoyed the twisting heat building in her belly.

The bed dipped. Barb lifted her eyelids long enough to see Roland bend over her. Then all she could manage was to *feel*—Roland's hungry mouth on her breasts, Thomas's balls rubbing against her butt and his cock abrading her clit. Roland bit her nipple hard enough to send a shard of pain from her breast to her core, setting her off from intense pleasure.

She bit her lip to keep from screaming. Arching her back, she rode the sensations, unknowing who, or when, she was.

A vague awareness of cool air over her stomach told her that Thomas had rolled off. Lethargy such as she had never known took hold and she gave in to it, not moving or speaking. She barely had energy to breathe. On either side, the two naked men moved closer.

Two men. *Two naked men!* She had to be dreaming. Or else the world had turned upside down and she really was in another time. She'd just finished having great sex with a couple of guys and amazingly, she felt a stirring deep inside once more.

One of her partners smoothed his hand over her breast, the other skimmed her hip. She cocked her leg and he obligingly moved his hand from her hip to the inside of her thigh.

What's wrong with me? I should be searching for a way to get back home. Trouble was, she had no idea where to start. What she'd seen through the window would be science fiction in 2009, but the very notion that she'd gone forward in time was as inconceivable as a coma lasting over 800 years. What was true? Nothing made sense.

Adding to the surreal dichotomies of time travel or coma, was the pain that returned whenever she refrained from drinking Thomas' "elixir"—pain that made her head spin and kept her from thinking clearly.

On the other hand, she thought with a sigh of pure pleasure, the drink brought its own complications. She yearned for someone's touch, for their lips, for a man's cock seated deep inside her. Nothing but satisfaction mattered. Yes, it was irresponsible, but the heat that spread through her body left no choice but to quench her desire.

Two fingers dipped into her passage. "She is wet and hot," Roland whispered.

"Is she?" Thomas responded. His hand settled on her breast for a soft massage at the same time his cock nudged her leg.

Barb let her lids drift shut, enjoying the sensations of being stroked and probed. Roland tantalized with short jabs of his fingers, hitting her G-spot, then sliding up and bathing her clit with her juices. Thomas teased with his hot breath and mouth, suckling and laving her nipple with his tongue.

Her own breathing shortened, each inhalation becoming a gasp, every movement producing friction on some new part of her body. She plowed her fingers through their hair, Thomas' short and soft, Roland's longer and coarse. Even that added to her passion.

"God, oh God," she moaned. She arched her back, thrusting her breast against Thomas's mouth and her pussy onto Roland's questing fingers. The orgasm ripped through her, spears of pleasure exploding from her core to her extremities and back, coalescing into a giant convulsion.

Breathing was difficult, speaking or moving out of the question. The world stopped right there in that bed with those two men, Roland and Tommy. No, not Tommy, *Thomas*. Yet it seemed to be Tommy's voice saying, "She's so hot. She's so fucking hot."

She half-opened her eyes. Roland's head was buried between her thighs, his tongue deep inside, lapping at her. His soft hair caressed her thighs and his thumb circled her clit. God, she was going to come again. She pumped her hips, and he answered with his tongue.

He lifted his head, eyes glazed and chin wet with juice. He swiped a finger inside her passage and held it out. "Taste," he said, making the offer to Thomas.

Thomas took Roland's finger into his mouth and sucked. Roland withdrew and pushed in, withdrew and pushed in. Thomas swirled his tongue around the tip and licked the pad. Barb's excitement mounted until once more she could hardly breathe.

"Turn her on her side," Thomas said. Limp as a rag doll, she let Roland pull her toward him. He adjusted her leg over his hip and rubbed her labia with his penis, moistening her with pre-cum.

Take me, take me, take me. She kissed him, forcing her tongue into his mouth, raking his back with her nails. Her own flavor bathed her taste buds. Pushing her hips forward taunted her with the tip of his cock, but didn't satisfy because she couldn't force him inside.

Then she felt Thomas behind, smoothing something cold over her ass. He was going to take her from behind, going where no man had gone before. The old *Star Trek* words might have made her laugh if not for her apprehension.

She'd often fantasized about being fucked from behind, but the fear of pain kept her from suggesting it to any of her lovers. Now, with the elixir, she was ready to explore any passion, navigate any avenue to pleasure.

"Are you all right?" Thomas asked.

Roland released her lips to lick a path from her mouth to her earlobe, where he nibbled.

"I-I think so."

"I won't hurt you," Thomas whispered.

Roland slipped his hand between them and flicked her clit. She felt the strum along every nerve ending. "I want you," she said on a moan. "Both of you."

Thomas lifted her hips, moved her to the left and suddenly Roland's cock filled her pussy. Thomas probed her anus and then slid in.

He was right. It didn't hurt, but it didn't seem quite right either. Then the men moved, slowly at first and then faster, finding a rhythm. In tandem they pulled out, thrust in.

In.
Out.
In.

Out, pressing her like a flower between the leaves of a book. And like that flower, which releases oil that enhances its already vibrant color, Barb felt herself blossom. Roland's shorter penis hit her G-spot with each thrust. Thomas's length explored virgin territory, infusing her with wantonness that was its own turn-on.

Her breasts pressed into Roland's chest with the rhythm of their sexual dance. She sucked his tongue. Sweat-slicked, their bodies glided over each other. Thomas's pants sounded in her ear, and she came as she never had before.

Splintering into a million pieces, she was held in place by the two men. Convulsions wracked her core, and after a major orgasm, the after-shocks seemed to go on forever. It felt... The term *glorious* came damn close. She never wanted it to end.

Thomas rubbed her thigh, stroked her hip and reached over her to pull Roland into a clutch around her. His grunt told her he was coming. Roland released her mouth to throw back his head. The men shot into her, pulsing and throbbing as they let go.

Yes, as far as Barb was concerned, this could go on forever.

Far too soon, Thomas broke off and rolled away. Then Roland gently pushed her onto her back and the three of them lay there to recover.

"I've never, ever had an experience like that," Barb managed to say.

"It was good. Very good," Roland agreed. Thomas rose and she heard water running. When he returned, beads of water glistened on his skin. Droplets on the wiry hair around his cock shone in the soft light.

"If you only get the chance for sex with a woman once a year, how do you know how to please one so well?"

Thomas lay beside her and propped his head on one hand. With his other he lightly rubbed her nipple into a tight, hard peak. Remarkably, she felt the now familiar stirring in her belly. How could she be ready to go again so soon?

"Do we please you, Barb?" he asked.

"Very much."

"We go to the House of Women together. Our needs are similar," Roland added.

Thomas blew on her nipple, stiffening it even more. "It is to society's benefit that we have the House of Women. We're trained in ways to help them enjoy sex. No one wants to lie with a woman who is cranky." He grinned. "I never believed I'd be using my knowledge like this."

"What will happen to me?" Barb reached for Thomas' shaft, even then rising against her leg. The odor of sex hung heavy in the air. Her plight should have occupied her mind, but she felt the sensual pull of the elixir once more.

"You need to sleep, Barbara," Roland chided her, even while cupping her mound and teasing her clit with his middle finger.

"Soon," she muttered. Rising to her knees, she grasped Thomas' penis and guided it to her lips.

He flipped onto his back, leaving his cock jutting upright from the shag of wet hair at his groin. Barb ran her tongue up one side and down the other, licking at the moisture remaining from his shower before sucking him in. She wiggled her butt in the air as a wordless invitation to Roland, and he RSVP'd by mounting her from behind.

A rough hum of approval came from deep in her throat, and she sank her head onto Thomas's shaft. His fingers tangled in her hair, holding her steady while he thrust hard, hitting the back of her throat. She stroked her tongue on his underside and he jerked, shooting his load down her throat.

Roland, too, let go. One of the men found her swollen clit and brought her off in a crashing release that left her shaking.

At last Barb was spent. It was all she could do to find her place under the covers between the men.

"I'm afraid I'll do something to get you into trouble," she said sleepily. "What if I'm discovered and you go to prison?"

"It will be worth it," Thomas whispered, and Roland's "Mmm-hmm," showed he agreed.

Barb fell into a deep sleep, during which she dreamed of Tommy. Peace settled over her as she heard him whisper that he missed her. She missed him, too. Why, oh why, hadn't she told him how important he was to her while she had the chance?

Chapter 3

The next morning the men woke randy and ready, while Barb swam up from a deep sleep with a blinding headache.

When he discovered her condition, Thomas disappeared, returning a few moments later. He eased his index finger past her lips and to her tongue. He'd dipped his finger in elixir. Moments after, her pain magically subsided.

"All right?" Thomas asked, brushing her hair back from her face and gazing at her with concern.

Gently she moved her head. Nothing but the slow burn in her belly answered back. "Better than all right."

He helped her up and to the foot of the bed. Roland stretched out with his legs over the low footboard. His pungent musk already filled her nostrils, rousing her passions. She bent to take him in her mouth, savoring his taste as much as his scent.

Barb rubbed the rim of his penis's mushroom-shaped head along the cleft of her mouth, and stroked the thick girth with her tongue. His sharp, slightly salty pre-cum hit her taste buds and she teased more from the tiny slit on his crown with her tongue. Roland thrust upward, tickling her nose with his pubic hair.

She lifted her head until he popped out from between her lips. Swirling her tongue over the head of his purple tipped club, she cast a glance to his face. His eyes were shut, his mouth pulled back. High color touched his cheeks. His breathing was becoming labored, much like hers, since Thomas had begun stroking her labia from his position behind her.

He spread her legs wide and teased her pussy with his fingers before filling her with one hard thrust. One drive after another forced her head onto Roland's shaft. Thomas's balls swung between her legs, skimming the skin on her inner thighs.

Once more the men found their pace. Roland flexed up as Thomas pressed her forward and down. The smell of sex permeated the air. Sweat cooled her skin, and the only sounds were of the three of them grunting, groaning, and breathing. The bed was a silent partner in their sexual dance. If there were springs they were noiseless, yet the mattress gave with every move.

Barb was beginning to recognize the signs of incipient climax in the men—or she was so close herself she fell into their pattern of thrust, withdraw. Either way, Roland moaned and came, filling her mouth and her senses.

Thomas reached around and tweaked her clit, setting her off. Her pussy contracted, trapping his cock and squeezing.

"Yes," he muttered, giving a final thrust.

For a moment, none of them moved. Then, like a film slowed to quarter speed, they pulled apart. Barb collapsed on the bed to catch her breath while the men separated to clean up.

Barb had seen the bathroom the night before. Spartan in nature, it held only the barest of necessities, meaning no bathtub. Also meaning no way to use her special bubble bath.

Still, I can't wait to get in and wash.

She stopped, examining her arms. She wasn't dirty, not at all. She sniffed. Despite not showering since her arrival and the strenuous exercise she'd just enjoyed, she didn't detect a personal odor. How unusual. She felt and smelled as though she'd just bathed.

The wonderment left her mind when Thomas strode into the bedroom already dressed.

"I must have fallen asleep," she said, rubbing her eyes.

"Maybe you didn't get as much sleep last night as you needed." Smiling, he sat beside her on the bed. "How do you feel? Any more pain?"

She thought for a moment and shook her head. "I'm okay."

"Good." As earlier, he brushed her hair away from her face. The intimate gesture comforted her. He continued, "I've never known anyone to need so much elixir. While we're gone today, do as I did this morning. Dip in the tip of your finger and use just enough to dull your pain." He grinned. "And look," he said, pointing to his nose, "Roland and I have plugged our noses with gel, so as to be protected from your pheromones. Isn't that genius? No one outside the apartment will know you are here by examining us."

Barb jerked to a sitting position. "What do you mean, 'while you're gone today'? Where are you going?"

He stared with an amused expression. "Work. We must attend work or there will be questions."

"I don't give a damn about questions. You can't leave me here alone."

"Why, of course we can. Curl up here in my bed and sleep. Just remember that there are procedures. You must follow procedures." He walked out.

"But what if someone comes to the door?" Heart in her throat, Barb followed him. She tried to keep panic from overriding logic, but it was damn hard. "Can't you stay home?"

"If we don't go to work, people will wonder why. There will be questions," Thomas explained yet again.

"We must follow procedures." Roland came into the room, echoing Thomas. He popped a capsule about an inch in length into his mouth, then broke open another about six inches long. The long capsule held liquid of some sort. He swallowed the liquid and, presumably, the first capsule.

"That's your food?"

He nodded. "All daily nourishment is in the morning. With water during the day, there is no need for more."

"But don't you get hungry?"

"Hunger has been eradicated. The government sees to our every need." Thomas said the words as though reciting a dictum. Neither he nor Roland seemed all that happy about the sentiment.

Maybe later she'd be able to appreciate that. Right now she was petrified of being on her own in this world so different from anything she knew and understood.

"Look," Thomas said, placing his hands on her shoulders. "We'll have to raise the shades, so stay away from the windows, and don't turn on any lights—not even behind closed doors. The guards can detect daytime lighting. Movement also. But here." He opened her fist, which she'd unconsciously formed while he spoke, and folded her fingers around a glass vial with a screw top. "Here is some elixir. Try to use it sparingly." He studied her, worry clouding his eyes. "Once it's gone we can have no more until the next allotment. I don't know how we'll relieve your pain when it's depleted."

"I'll be careful."

"Good," Roland said. He waved and exited the apartment. Thomas held back, watching Barb. Then he nodded, kissed her forehead and also left. Suddenly he charged back in, shooed her back against the wall, and rushed to raise the window shades before dashing out again.

"Great." Despondent, she sank to the floor thinking longingly of the full bottle of wine stashed somewhere. She could have downed the whole thing by herself if it wasn't early morning and her stomach wasn't empty. And if not for Roland's wistful expression and awed voice telling Thomas that he'd read wine tasted like sunshine. There was no way she could deprive him of the Chardonnay. She'd have to forget a wine-enhanced pity party.

Glancing out the window from her place on the floor, she saw an overcast day. Was this as bright as their world ever became?

At the edge of her vision, she spied another hovercraft. Ducking low, she reached for the Piggly Wiggly bag on the table corner. With it in tow, she crawled backwards into the bedroom.

Sitting on Thomas' bed, she picked through the contents. In the bottom she found a package of frozen waffles, now thawed. Having no idea how Thomas had heated the lasagna from the previous night, she removed a waffle and ate it raw. Chocolate syrup, which she dug from the grocery bag, made it even tastier.

"Not bad," she mumbled, searching the bag for what else it held. She'd eaten the lasagna, and they'd shared the cheese bread. The wine remained untouched. The garlic Thomas rolled around the table would be virtually useless without something to cook it with or spread it on. *Note to self: garlic is a bad food purchase. Plan better the next time you're thrown hundreds of years into the future.*

"Damn," she said aloud. "Why couldn't I have gone *back* ten years or so? I'd know the answers to the algebra exam, and how to handle Adrian Martinez after the prom." She took a deep breath and continued her investigation of the bag, pushing aside the useless bubble bath. Nothing was left. *Nothing?*

She took a closer look, and with a cry of relief, dug out a new toothbrush. She squirted a bit of chocolate syrup on the last of her waffle and swallowed it before taking her treasure into the bathroom. At last! A remnant of home. Barb clutched the plastic-wrapped toothbrush to her chest, broke down, and cried.

Chapter 4

How can I get back where I belong? The question plagued her, mostly because she had no clue of where to begin.

She hadn't seen where Thomas and Roland found her. Neither did she know what happened in her own time to send her here. If only she could remember the time immediately before Thomas lifted her and made a mad dash to the apartment.

If some event triggered the time jump, did she need to be in the same spot for a reversal to take effect? According to Thomas and Roland, there was no way she could return to the place they'd found her because guards would discover her. Considering the climate in which women were viewed in this world, that was something to be avoided at all costs.

So where did that leave her, trapped in the back of an apartment away from doors and windows? No way could that last. She was bound to be discovered, if she didn't go crazy first. The futility of it all gave her a blinding headache.

She did as Thomas instructed, dipping the tip of her finger in the elixir he'd left for her, and sucking off the moisture. She lay back on Thomas's bed, her arm slung over her eyes. After brushing her teeth, and cleaning up as best she could, she'd found one of his plain, mustard-colored tops and pants to replace the damaged blouse and skirt she'd been wearing. Taking deep breaths, she tried to get past the agony and slip into oblivion.

The expected relief came almost immediately. She sighed as the pain-lessening heat spread through her body.

Heat brought its own stimulus, however. Squirming with the tingle springing to life in her pussy, she wished the men were there to care for her needs. Then again, what was it Tommy always said? Don't ask someone else to do what you're not willing to do yourself.

She sat up and stripped off the clothing she'd donned a short while ago. With one hand she rubbed her nipples to stiff peaks. Her other hand snaked down her torso, her fingers questing for the slick passage hidden between her legs.

She'd never felt such need at home, never such a rush when she came. Of course, she'd never been with two men at one time, but even here and now, with her middle finger sliding between the lips of her labia and into the slick, warm wetness of her sex, the twisting, tight sense of anticipation had never been as great.

Pinching her nipple, she also raised her hips to accept her middle finger. Then two fingers, and finally three. They glided in easily on her juices. With ease, she swiped the moisture over her clit, already sensitive and swollen. Her gasp of pleasure hung in the air.

Down her hand traveled, pushing hard, pressing faster. Then up, to caress the nub, ratcheting up the tension in her already tightly strung nerves. Again to her pussy, this time focusing on her G-spot, which she could just touch if she strained her reach and brought her hips up all the way.

She imagined Roland and Thomas. One suckled her breast, his teeth lightly skimming her nipple, causing slivers of pain as well as wild pleasure. The other ate at her, his mouth covering her clit and his fingers deep inside, stroking her special spot.

Two men at her. Two men on her, pleasing her in every way possible.

Then the two coalesced into one. His head bobbed between her thighs. Shaggy, brown hair tickled her thighs, rough fingers abraded her nipples, broadcasting shivers of delight and making her feel alive. His tongue dipped into her cleft, lapping and licking, and his callused fingers rubbed her clit. Emotion overtook her, and she burst into tears at the same time a giant orgasm ripped through her.

Tommy. Tommy did this to her, making her see stars and moons and feel endless universes of sensation. Her breath caught in her throat. Her body went rigid and still her fingers kept at their work.

"Tommy!"

From a distant part of her mind she heard, "I have you!"

Only then did she let the climax run its course. Panting, gasping, slick with sweat, she lay spread eagle trying to find the strands at the end of the rope of normalcy.

As soon as the final remnants of the orgasm ended, a niggling ache began at the back of her neck.

"I won't take any more of that elixir," she swore. "Not until I want to die from pain." *Maybe then I'll be able to think through my problem.*

Dorothy found her way home from Oz by clicking the heels of her ruby slippers. This place was every bit as strange as Oz, but Barb didn't have red shoes or the magic words to send her back to 2009. One thing was certain. The elixir helped the pain, but not her ability to concentrate.

She did like the sex, though. And for all the faults of this time period, she loved having the attentions of Roland and Thomas. Too bad she didn't have a lover—or lovers!—like them at home.

Then something about the tone of the voice she'd heard earlier came back to her. *"I have you!"* Tommy's voice? If so, it held tenderness like she'd never known. He'd always been her friend, but that voice—his voice?—had held something much deeper than mere friendship. Or was she wishing it so? If so, she'd wished too late to do anything about it.

With the depressing thought that she would never see Tommy again, she cried herself to sleep.

* * * *

"She sleeps." Roland's voice came at her from very far away, as in a dream.

"I want to see her." That was sweet Tommy. Her sweetheart. Her lost sweetheart now. Why hadn't she realized how deeply she felt for him until it was too late?

"Are you all right?" The bed dipped. She rolled over and found Thomas peering at her, much as on her first day. Lord! Had that only been yesterday? It felt as though she'd been with Thomas and Roland for a month already.

"Yes. I think so." She rubbed her eyes. "Have I been asleep all day?"

"I suppose you have. I'm sure it's done you good." He gently stroked her hair. "Are you in pain?"

She thought for a moment. "Just a little. Not enough to need the elixir."

A flash of disappointment lit his eyes, but then they showed only concern. "That's good. It means you're improving."

She liked Thomas. Roland, too, but he seemed more formal, a little colder, more distant. Leaning on her elbow, she kissed Thomas, a tender touch of her lips on his. His eyes darkened. He took a breath and kissed her back, tentative at first, and then with firmness. His arm cradled her shoulders.

Tracing her lips and then pressing his point, his tongue slid between her teeth to make a leisurely investigation of her mouth. Caressing her neck, he held her mouth at the right angle for deep penetration. Barb wanted penetration of a different kind by the time he skimmed his hand down to her breast for a short massage and then continued to the folds of her sex.

"You're so wet," he murmured. "But you haven't had the elixir. I don't understand."

"I can want you without being stimulated. And I do want you." Surprisingly, she found it to be true. With all the depressing thoughts of the morning, and no idea of how to leave this time, she wanted comforting. She wanted to be held and possessed and cherished. She wanted Tommy. Barring all that, she wanted something over which she had control.

"Lie on your back," she told him. He stripped in seconds and climbed into bed. His cock rose stiff and hard.

Barb crouched low, straddling his legs. She licked the crown of his penis first, and then ran her tongue along the vein that extended his length. He jerked when she took him into her mouth. She closed her eyes and slowly sheathed him. Her breasts brushed his balls. Moisture from her pussy streaked his legs.

When his thrusts increased in speed, she let him pop from her mouth. Scooting up, she positioned his crown at the slick entrance to her passage and sank onto him.

"Yes," he muttered. His eyes half-closed, he reached for her breasts. Unlike Tommy's hands in her fantasy, Thomas's hands were smooth. Still, he made her tingle with his touch. When he pinched her nipples, she jumped with feeling.

On top, she controlled the action. She pressed down, grinding her clit against the root of his cock. Fire shot through her. Flames roared along her nerves when Thomas fondled her breasts. She reached behind and played with his balls, tickling and massaging. The throb of his shaft melted her insides and she floated on waves of pure sensation.

On the bedside table, the chocolate syrup she'd used earlier on her waffle caught her eye. Impulsively, she squirted some on Thomas' nipple and licked it off. With her knees spread wide, each thrust of his hips pressed her clit. Barb thought she'd die. She tried a little more chocolate on the other nipple.

"What is that?"

"Heaven in a bottle." Sitting up, she put a little bit on her finger and fed it to him. His eyes lit up. She gave him more.

He took the bottle from her and squirted it on her breast. The scent, mixed with the smell of sex, filled her nostrils. She almost came on that alone.

Thomas spread the chocolate around, and then let her lick the chocolate from his fingers.

"What are you going to do now?" she asked.

"Eat," he said in a deep, hoarse voice. Half-sitting, he nuzzled her breast, licking with his tongue. Pressure on her hips brought her hard against him and sent a pulsing message from his cock to her core.

When Thomas fell back, Barb leaned low over him, taking his lips, taking possession. She thrust hard and fast. Her clit rubbed his base; his balls drew up against her butt. With a moan that Thomas swallowed, she came, gripping him hard, milking his length, urging him to come with her.

Suddenly he did. His hands became vises on her hips, holding her tightly in place while he shot his cum deep inside.

A few moments later, Thomas wrapped his arms around her, keeping her on top of him. He drew the sheet over them. Barb closed her eyes and cuddled, imagining they were a real couple in a real world, not two strangers in a nightmare.

"That was my very first time," he whispered.

"You've been with other women. Hell, you've been with me how many times?"

"No. I mean that was my first time with a woman who was willing. Who made the decision of her own free will. Before, I was one of hundreds, or thousands, to a nameless body in the House of Women. Servicing men is their job and they have no choice." He stroked her hair. "Even with you, I know the elixir caused your need. It wasn't that you wanted me."

He sounded so wistful, tears stung her eyes. "You know this can't end well, don't you? Our situation is bound to be discovered. What will happen then? I want to go home and can't. I don't want you to go to prison, but I think that's where you're headed. And I can't even begin to imagine where I'll be going when we're found out."

His arms tightened. "I'll protect you with my life."

"From what you and Roland have said, both of our lives are up for grabs." She sighed. "I want to go home."

"I know. I wish I knew how to help you, even though..." He kissed the top of her head. "I'm beginning to feel things I've never known. I want to touch you, taste you. I want to be inside you every minute. I can't get you off my mind. Because I was remembering what we did this morning, I made a simple mistake at work, bringing the scrutiny of my supervisor. Much more of that and they will have me see the firm's doctor. His examination would be sure to gain the truth." He shuddered beneath her. "For me, a death sentence would only hasten my end, but I worry so for you, Barb."

"What do you mean 'would only hasten your end'? Are you sick?"

"In the next few years, the colonization of other planets will be complete. The last of those being transported will leave, and the rest of us will remain. With no women and a dying star, life will be very difficult. An early death might be preferable."

She raised up so she could see his face. "Why can't you go?"

"I'm a computer designer. There are many of us. My position isn't as desirable as Roland's."

"You mean *Roland* is going to be saved and you will be left here?" Indignation leached into her voice.

"It is best for society," Thomas said.

"And not of my choice," Roland added from the doorway. "Of course I would have Thomas come with us. But it is not my decision."

Barb pulled away from Thomas and sat up, facing Roland. "Have you tried to get Thomas on a transport?"

"No. It is not my place."

"You're a shit, Roland."

Considering for a moment, he said, "I am not sure what you mean by that." He sighed and held out his hands.

"Barbara, can we not simply enjoy our time together?"

"Yes, Barb, that's best." Thomas brushed her hair back from her face in that now endearing gesture. "Try not to think about things we can't change."

She fought the urge to continue arguing. The tension of the last few minutes had brought back her headache. She was so tired of pain. Being held by Thomas had been nice. Now all of the peace was gone. "I suppose that would be best," she said.

"Very good." Thomas moved to get out of bed. He kissed her shoulder. "Thank you," he whispered.

She captured his face and kissed him. Roland heaved a sigh and they broke apart.

"Look," Thomas said with a smile directed at Barb. "I have chocolate to clean off me."

"What is *chocolate*?" Roland demanded.

"This." Barb held out the plastic bottle as the pain moved from the back of her neck to a place directly behind her eyes.

Thomas disappeared into the bathroom. Roland examined the bottle.

"Twist the tip," Barb told him. "And then squeeze a little onto your finger."

His expression when he tasted the syrup reminded her of a boy instead of the priggish, unbending professor he'd been a minute ago. How could he stand being saved when his friend would be left behind on a dying planet? Of course, maybe she had it wrong. Maybe there were no "friends" in this age.

Barb stood to follow Thomas into the bathroom. Stabs of pain assaulted her and she stumbled.

"Here," Roland cried, rushing to steady her. He set her on the bed and moved away. A moment later he returned. "Take this," he said, pressing his finger between her lips. It must have been the same he used to sample the chocolate because the elixir was sweetened.

He stood before her, massaging her neck and rubbing her nape with his fingertips. She dropped her forehead against his stomach.

"Better?"

She nodded. "Thanks."

She felt his sigh. "You think I am cold. That I do not care enough for Thomas to save him from his designated fate."

"If your position is so vital surely there's someone you can talk to, some rule you could break." She raised her head and looked into his face. No amusement brightened his two-colored eyes. There was only a deep sadness.

He didn't stroke her hair as Thomas did. Instead, one hand rested on her shoulder and the other formed a fist at his side. "Thomas and I have known each other since we were children. We have very different temperaments. I am serious while he sometimes lets emotion rule him. That is not acceptable in our society, but I always found it comforting, an aspect of life that I lacked. In school we used to hide from our instructors, managing worlds spun from his imagination." He stared into space and smiled, and Barb felt a twist of the heart for the little boy he must have been.

Sighing, he added, "But childhood does not last forever. Our aptitude tests directed we go into different disciplines. I gave up dreaming of what could not be and determined to excel in reality. Thomas is good at what he does, but I fear he never gave up wanting the impossible. We lost touch and then accidentally met years ago."

"And that's when you moved in together?"

"He moved here with me. His apartment was much smaller and not in a desirable part of town. The arrangement has been very satisfactory. I enjoy having someone to talk to in the evenings."

"Someone to share with." She studied him. "Maybe someone to imagine with, now and then?" He stiffened, but didn't deny her assertion. "So this apartment was larger because of your position?" He nodded. "And there's still no way you can get him on a transport?"

He hesitated. "If there was a way, I would. This is not something we talk about, Barbara. Thomas understands. Why make him feel worse by discussing something that will not happen?" Roland looked toward the closed bathroom door and then back at her. "Thomas does not know, but already I have passed up three transports."

"What?"

"Once I go, Thomas will lose this apartment, and he will have no one. Without him I will also be quite alone, but at least I will live, I will have a purpose. Therefore, I will remain as long as possible."

Her heart broke, not only for the dying planet but for two friends who would both lose something important in life.

"I care for your welfare, also, Barbara. I am not unfeeling."

She stroked his cheek. "I'm sorry, Roland. I didn't understand the situation. I misjudged you." His thick penis, stiff before he approached her, now stood like a club.

"I would like to have sex with you, Barbara."

By way of apology and also to work off the sensual tension of the pain killer, she nodded.

Wordlessly, he led her to the foot of the bed and bent her over the footboard. She remembered last night when Thomas stood behind and she'd sucked Roland to climax. She could almost taste his cum in her mouth. Her juices flowed. She was so ready for Roland's cock.

Instead of entering her, however, he smacked her butt with the flat of his hand. Hard.

"Ouch!"

"Hold still, Barbara, I am not finished." His hand came down again. The sting on her ass merged with the aching need in her pussy, creating unexpected pleasure.

Something cold hit where her cheeks stung, and she detected a familiar scent. Chocolate! Roland licked the sweet syrup off her bottom. Then he spanked her again, this time combining the strikes with forays between her legs. In moments she squirmed to be entered.

"Roland, I want you inside me."

"It is what I want, also." Even his accent set her on fire.

He stroked her pussy with his cock, dipping inside where Thomas had just come. Then he rubbed her rosebud with the wet head of his penis and eased his girth into her ass. She felt no pain, just a stretching of her body with each gentle thrust.

He reached around to squeeze her nipple and rub her clit. It took next to no time for her to come, but Roland didn't relent. He spread her legs farther apart, bending one knee and lifting her foot to the edge of the footboard. He pinched her butt cheek and fondled her clit from behind, a whole different sensation. Different, but equally mind-blowing.

She came a second time and then a third before Roland pulled her tightly against him and came hard and long. Barb collapsed over the footboard, her breathing labored. Roland pulled out, but his hand rested on her back.

"Look. Look at this." He must have been talking to Thomas, because he held her so that she couldn't move. "This is you dripping from her pussy." Roland skimmed his fingertips along the inside of her thigh. "And this is me, running from her ass."

Cum dribbled down the crease of her butt. One of the two planted a kiss on her cheek.

"This is our woman," Roland whispered, and there was awe in his voice.

Strangely, his words brought her a sense of comfort. If she was their woman, then for as long as it lasted, they were her men.

Chapter 5

"What kind of wine is this again?" Thomas took another gulp, and then sat back with an appreciative look at the nearly empty glass.

"Chardonnay." Barb took her own look, at a nearly empty bottle. "If I never get back home, I'm going to miss wine."

"It is miraculous," pronounced Roland, holding his glass up to allow light from the overhead fixture to shine through the liquid. "Just as I'd read."

"It's good all right," Barb agreed, "But nothing comes close to that elixir of yours for its sheer, mind-altering capability."

"That still amazes me," Thomas said. "It has only minor effects on us. I wonder why it changes you so much."

"I wonder also, but not as much as I enjoy the changes." Roland raised his brow and smiled.

Barb divided the rest of the wine among their glasses. "Truth be told, I've never done this kind of thing before. Have sex with two men, I mean. It's an experience I could never imagine. You two are incredible."

Roland regarded her quizzically. "Do you not have a man in your time, Barbara?"

"No. I have a very good friend, but we've never taken our relationship further." She thought of Tommy and wondered what he had made of her disappearance. Did he miss her? Like her, did he now wish they'd carried their feelings beyond mere friendship?

Thomas finished off his wine and set the glass in the steamer, a machine that sterilized glasses after use. Since they didn't eat in the usual sense, there was no need for any other type of cleaner. There was still a small sink, because in this brave, new world they hadn't found a way to deprive the body of water.

Thomas regarded her. "Is Tommy your friend?"

Surprised, Barb cocked her head and studied him. "How did you know?"

"You called me Tommy when we first found you. And, Barb, you talk sometimes in your sleep."

Heat flushed her cheeks. "I didn't know."

"Do many of your people go without sex?" Roland wanted to know.

"Not so many. But most people get married and have sex with the same partner. It's not that common for people to be with two lovers at once."

"But why not? Is it not more pleasurable?"

"Much more pleasurable." She shrugged. "But it's just not accepted. Do you two always visit the House of Women together?"

"Yes. For the hours we are there we share everything. It heightens everyone's enjoyment."

"I would find sharing you enjoyable right now," Thomas said, sounding a little shy. His cheeks held color that hadn't been there before they'd drunk the alcohol.

"Are you free from pain, Barbara? Can I give you some elixir?" Even Roland's eyes held a spark she hadn't seen before. She kept her smile private. *All from two small glasses of wine.*

"I don't feel bad." With boldness she hadn't shown before, she leaned across the table corner and kissed Roland, teasing his lips with her tongue.

He welcomed her gentle invasion, pulling her from her chair and onto his lap. Thomas moved beside Roland's chair and in front of her. Roland separated himself long enough to undress her, then he leaned her back and took immediate control, tongue fucking her while rubbing her nipples in tight circles.

Thomas positioned one of her feet on the table. Dropping to his knees, he quickly spread her pussy lips and explored her wet folds with his tongue. Barb whimpered. The men should have been given Academy Awards for Best Use of Tongues. Her sanity teetered on the edge.

Thomas changed his focus to her clit, sucking the sensitive nub into his mouth and laving it. She came in a burst of light, her senses in overload.

Thomas flicked his tongue back inside her pussy, mining her cream while his thumb continued caressing her clit. Roland abandoned her mouth in favor of her breast. He lightly scraped her nipple with his teeth and then held the peak in his hot mouth, bringing pain and a pleasure so exquisite she'd previously had no reference for the feeling.

Without even a grunt of effort, Roland lifted her to the table. He yanked her butt to the edge and probed her pussy with his rigid staff.

Her head reached the opposite side of the table. Without opening her eyes, she knew Thomas stood there. She turned her head and opened her mouth. His sigh told her she'd made the right gesture. His hand found her breast at the same time he slid his cock between her lips.

Even though the men worked at different ends of her body, they found their synchronicity. Roland pressed forward as Thomas surged to the back of her throat. Tension coiled deep in her belly. Her hands fisted and then opened, fingers fluttering, straining for something unknown.

Roland pulled out, letting the crown of his penis tease her clit. Thomas palmed her nipple and painted her lips with a drop of pre-cum before sliding back into her mouth. Her heart skipped. Breath hitched, she gasped and reached over her head, brushing Thomas's hip with her fingers.

His skin was hot and smooth, except for a tiny ridge. Nuzzling his rod with her lips, she rubbed the half-inch length of puckered skin on his hip. Tommy had the same kind of scar on his upper thigh. Missing Tommy, she groaned. Thomas answered with a groan of his own, increasing the pace and pressure of his thrusts.

Roland placed one hand on her hip and the other beneath, where his middle finger teased her rim. *Yes!* Pressure built within. She squirmed against his finger. He pushed, stroking her rosebud, rocking her body across the surface of the tabletop. A tiny squeak punctuated each thrust. Roland wiggled his finger; Thomas squeezed her nipple. Warmth washed over her. She wanted more, faster, deeper, harder.

Thomas came, sending spurts of cum down her throat. She drank greedily, ready to find her own release. It wasn't long before Roland's breath rasped. Thomas withdrew his penis and bent over her to suckle her breast.

Too much, too much. She came, with no thought, no fear, no awareness of time, only pure, unrelenting sensation. She reveled in the moment and only reluctantly came back to the world.

"Shall we go to bed?" Roland asked, pulling up his plain-colored pants.

"Go ahead," Thomas replied. "We'll be right there." When Roland left them, Thomas leaned close. "I don't want you to leave me, Barb," he whispered against her lips.

Later, an instant before dropping into oblivion, spooned to Roland's back and with Thomas spooned to hers, she heard a whisper close to her ear. "Please don't leave me, Barbie doll."

How could that be? *Barbie doll* was Tommy's way of making fun when she made a fuss over how she looked. No one else dared use the nickname because it irritated her so. She'd respond with a punch to the shoulder, in sisterly fashion. The thought that he'd never tease her again now brought tears to her eyes.

Three days later, Barb sat on Thomas's bed, munching slowly on her final waffle drizzled with chocolate syrup. The guys had left for work about an hour before, Roland with his usual reserved, "Goodbye, Barbara," and Thomas with *his* normal goodbye—he smoothed back her hair and smiled before brushing her lips with a tender kiss. The men were so different, she wondered how they managed to live together with seemingly no conflict. Even more, she marveled at how they shared her without a single shred of jealousy or possessiveness.

Not that she thought she was the world's greatest prize, but she'd always imagined men wanted ownership of their women. "Of course, men in 2836 are far different than anyone I know at home," she said to the empty room, while lounging on stacked pillows.

The thought of home stirred only a general longing on her part now. Whenever she tried to reason how she could return to the time she knew, her head began pounding and she needed the elixir just to make it through the rest of the day. Not that she objected to using the fantastic concoction, but lately she'd become more aware of how regimented life was for Thomas and Roland. If she used all they had of the liquid, nothing would be available until the government issued the next ration, more than a week away. Besides, it seemed to please her guys when she welcomed them without benefit of the liquid.

Fortunately, she was mostly free from pain these days, and God knew, she didn't need it to ready her for sex. The two men might be different in personality, but each knew the right place to touch or the right thing to say to turn her on in no time. Had she been that easy before? She hadn't considered herself loose or so in love with sex, but since she'd lived with Thomas and Roland, all of those evaluations had been proven false. Wonderfully so.

She stretched and grinned, remembering being that morning's sex sandwich between the two men. Shortly after waking, Roland had pulled her on top. She rode him for only a few moments before the mattress dipped and Thomas, straddling Roland's legs, entered her from behind. She positioned her knees high on Roland's sides and tucked her head on his wide chest, letting the men find their uncanny rhythm that catapulted all of them from the plain bedroom into a distant universe of feeling.

As usual, they left Barb breathless and satisfied, yet shortly able and willing to lay with either of them again. Since waking in the year 2836, she'd become a wanton sex machine. And she loved it.

She rose from the bed to clean up. She'd no sooner entered the bathroom when the front door flew open.

"Barb!" Thomas cleared the doorway at a run.

Her palms turned clammy. "What's wrong?"

"They came for Roland." Thomas bent over, hands on his knees and breathing deeply. The tips of his hair and his shirt were damp with sweat. "For someone in his position to be arrested is highly unusual. They must know about you."

"But how?" Barb managed and then dropped to her knees, gasping. Pain stabbed her skull.

"Oh, Barb." Thomas's arms encircled her and she nestled against his chest, her hands pressed to her temples. "Where is the elixir?" he asked in a muted voice.

"Table beside the bed," she managed. "But there's no time. If the police know about me, they'll be here soon. Run, Thomas."

"I won't leave your side." He promptly did just that in order to retrieve the vial that held potential relief.

Tears streamed down her cheeks. The pain was unrelenting. Through blurred vision she reached for the vial.

The bedroom door slammed against the wall. "You will remove yourself from the woman."

"She needs help!" Thomas all but shouted. "Please!"

Barb's fingers barely curled around the vial when it was snatched from her hand.

"Can't you see she's in pain? Help her!"

Several more booted feet entered the room. Men shouted things Barb couldn't understand. She curled into a ball, hiding her head from the light and noise. Strong hands picked her up and carried her away. Thomas's voice faded, but in her mind she still heard his plaintive cry for someone to help her.

And then all went black.

Chapter 6

Her head ached, but at least the blinding pain had disappeared. If only the dryness in her mouth would go away. She tried to swallow, but managed to do so only with difficulty. After a slow, even breath she opened her eyes. The room was dimly lit. Curtains partially covered the window through which the world was shrouded in its continual twilight.

Oh, God. Where was she, the House of Women or some detention center? And where were Roland and Thomas? Were they all right? She attempted to sit up, but fell back with a groan.

Someone moved to the side of the bed. "You're awake."

"Only barely."

"Oh, God, babe, I've been so worried."

"Tommy?" She turned her head and there he was, a hank of brown hair hanging over his forehead. "Tommy, is it really you?" She couldn't help the tears coursing down her face. *How could this be?* Then she didn't care. She'd never been so happy to see anyone in her life.

"It's me, sweetheart." Tommy's eyes looked suspiciously moist. He couldn't be crying. He was the strongest person she'd ever known.

"Where am I?"

"Mercy General. You've been here for the last six days, since the accident." He gently brushed her hair back from her face and then leaned forward to kiss her cheek.

"And he has been stationed beside your bed the entire time," said a heavily accented voice from the doorway. *Roland!*

"Where else *could* I be?" Tommy said, sounding strange. He gripped her hand, transferring warmth that spread through her body.

"Indeed," said the man, coming forward.

It wasn't Roland after all. He was taller and a bit younger. A white lab coat covered his mustard-colored scrubs and a stethoscope curled around his neck.

"I'm Doctor Roland," he said.

She started to laugh, but stopped when her head reminded her she was hospitalized for a reason. "You're kidding."

"No," he said dryly, "I never kid about my name." He listened to her heart and then gently prodded her head. Tommy still held her hand, providing comfort she needed.

"So, is it 2009?"

The doctor plucked her chart from the bottom of her bed and wrote, then came back to her side. "Do you not remember the year?"

She'd asked the wrong question. "Uh, well, I guess I do if it's 2009."

Tommy started to speak, but the doctor shook his head. "What year should it be?"

"What happened to me?" She couldn't say she half believed she'd been thrown over 800 years into the future. They'd take her to the psych ward.

Dr. Roland considered a moment before answering. "You were struck down by a vehicle. After being examined in the emergency room, you came here, room 2836. Tommy has practically camped out in that chair the whole time, complaining that your bed was too soft, our service too hard, and nothing was just right. I don't know how you put up with him as a neighbor."

Tommy squeezed her hand. "John and I are old friends. We were fraternity brothers."

Barb's heart rate kicked up a notch. The doctor, who'd been taking her pulse, must have noticed because he glanced at her. "You've heard about our fraternity?"

"Sexy Sexy Kappa?" she said, using the name bestowed on the frat house by her sorority. "Oh, yeah, I've heard about it, though I can't believe half of the stories are true."

"Trust me, they are," said Dr. Roland at the same time Tommy said, "Trust me, they aren't."

The doctor snorted a laugh as he noted more stats in her chart.

"I guess we did share a few good times." Tommy avoided meeting her eyes and his cheeks held a tinge of blush.

"But, back to you," the doctor said. "You have exhibited symptoms of pain, which we have alleviated with a new drug. Your side effects have been very interesting. I might consider writing an article, in fact." He cleared his throat before continuing. "High fevers we controlled with alcohol baths, but you stubbornly refused to wake up.

"Yesterday morning you suffered an aneurysm. We rushed you into surgery and eliminated the danger. And so," He stood back, hands folded, "Here you are, awake for the first time in almost a week, and looking quite better. *Now* can you tell me the year?"

"Is the sun okay?" She stared at the window.

"The sun? Yes. It is about to set. Is there some reason the sun should *not* be okay?"

"No." She breathed deeply. "It's 2009."

"Good." A brief smile lightened his angular features.

She stared. "Doctor, your eyes are different colors."

"Yes, a trait some men in my family carry."

"And don't think he didn't use that to reel in the women," Tommy interjected.

"I imagine it worked," Barb murmured and was rewarded with a brilliant smile from the doctor.

He made another note in her chart. "Do you feel able to eat?"

"Oh, yes!"

"The nurse will notify the kitchen." Tucking his pen in his pocket he said to Tommy, "Think you can leave her to sleep for awhile? I'm off in about an hour. Let's catch dinner and a beer."

Tommy looked at Barb, brows raised. "Of course," she said. "I'm not ready for an all night marathon yet."

"Well, when you are, I'd be interested," Dr. Roland said, and then looked surprised at his own words.

"She means Scrabble, fool." Tommy picked up an unused straw from the bedside table and threw it at his retreating friend. "I'll meet you downstairs at six."

Laughing, the doctor looked back at her. "Sorry, Barbara. I was out of line."

"Maybe not," she said softly.

"Well," he said.

"Well," Tommy agreed, amusement sparking his eyes. "We need to talk."

"And now I'll leave you to...*talk*." The doctor spun on his heel and left, pulling the door to behind him.

"Tommy, I've had the most remarkable dream."

"God have mercy, Barb, no shit. You, uh, moved a lot in bed." He gave a laugh. "About killed me. John said you exhibited all the signs of orgasm."

She smiled. "You needed John to tell you when a woman is having an orgasm? We need to see more of each other."

Smiling, he said, "I'm beginning to understand that, Barbie doll." He stroked her hair again and kissed the hand he held. "Seriously, it's been hell, Barb. Obviously you were in horrible pain. They kept telling me the hospital had procedures about when to give medication. I kept saying 'to hell with procedures.' I could hardly stand it, knowing you were hurting." He stared, suspicious moisture again making his eyes glimmer.

"I didn't know what to do. I stroked your hair, held your hand, even kissed you." Color touched his cheeks. "I had to touch you. And I talked to you, begging you not to let go, not to leave me. It almost seemed as if you wouldn't die if I stayed nearby, letting you know how important you are."

"I knew, Tommy. I really did."

He heaved a sigh. "I'm glad. Damn, Barb. If you'd died, I don't know. You mean so much to me."

"I do?" Did she sound as amazed as she felt?

"It took your accident for me to realize how lost I'd be without you. You're much more than a friend."

When she was lost in her coma-like dreams, Tommy was the person she thought about, he was who she wished for. Now she knew the times she'd thought she heard his voice, she really had. She'd missed him. She wanted him.

"I missed you, too. You can't believe how much," she said.

His smile lit his whole face. He leaned closer. For the first time, their lips touched. Heat flowed all the way to her toes.

She smiled. "Very nice."

He kissed her again, this time slipping his tongue into her mouth for a slow dance with her own. Her nerves tingled and her nipples peaked. Her juices pooled between her thighs.

"Just how much did you and Doctor John Roland share when you were frat brothers?"

Tommy sat up. Laughing eyes stared at her. "We were buds. You know how buds are."

She stroked his thumb with hers. "Did you ever share a woman?"

"Share in the same bed or just during the same time period?" His brow furrowed and then enlightenment reached his eyes. "That's what your dream was about."

"Maybe."

"A lot makes sense, now." He smiled. "Is that what you want? John and me together?"

"Please tell me there's good reason they called it Sexy Sexy Kappa." His laughter sounded so good to her ears.

"Oh, babe, I can't begin to tell you. But I'll ask John over dinner if he'd be interested in showing you. *When* you're better."

"Did someone pick up my grocery bag?"

"I have it at home, why?"

"There's some chocolate syrup in there. I have a few ideas I'd like to try. And while you and the good doctor tell me about frat living, I'll tell you about a time far in the future."

"Hurry and get better," he said. "I can't wait to share all of our knowledge."

He rested his forehead against hers. She sighed and thought about her coma dream. She had to have been aware of her surroundings. The soft lighting and pulled drapes matched the atmosphere of Thomas' and Roland's time. She felt clean because they'd kept her bathed. The pain relief from the elixir had to be when they gave her the new drug. If dreams of having delicious sex were a side effect, people would be fighting for it. Or maybe her dream revealed an inner slut she didn't know existed. She smiled, thinking Tommy and Dr. Roland would enjoy getting to know her other persona.

Tommy lifted his head, frowning. "You're hot again. Feeling feverish?"

"Fevered is more like it."

He laughed. "We'll have to seek the John's advice about that," he said, and took her mouth again, showing he could be fevered himself. The kiss made her toes curl.

If she could have brought one thing with her back from the future, it would have been the elixir. Now she didn't think she'd have need of it after all.

THE END

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