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Pam Champagne

Hands On RESEARCH

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A SIREN PUBLISHING BOOK

IMPRINT: Ménage Amour

HANDS ON RESEARCH

Copyright © 2009 by Pam Champagne

E-book ISBN: 1-60601-483-8

First E-book Publication: July 2009

Cover design by Jinger Heaston

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HANDS ON RESEARCH

PAM CHAMPAGNE

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Chapter 1

Olivia pressed her forehead against the cold glass pane and shivered. Like huge cat eyes, the town plow's headlights pierced the swirling tsunami of snow as it moved down the road. Meteorologists predicted the blizzard to rage for ten more hours, possibly dumping over three feet of snow. The sixty mile-per-hour winds, together with the subzero temperature, worried her. She'd been a fool for not closing the library hours ago.

The heavy brocade drapes stirred as a cold draft seeped through the sills of the eight-foot windows. Tedmon's public library, built in the 1800's, lacked proper insulation. The floor shook as the rumbling ancient furnace struggled to warm the old building.

Restless, she returned to her desk. If she'd gone home earlier, she'd be sitting on the floor in front of her fireplace, sipping a glass of Pinot Grigio. Olivia slipped into a fantasy mode and conjured a hunky, naked stud lying beside her. The flickering flames cast shadows over his taut muscles. The man, along with a tart, fruity wine sliding down her throat, got her pulse racing.

Tick-tock, tick-tock. The antique grandfather clock's pendulum swung back and forth. Only five o'clock. She should have closed the library hours ago. To hell with the director's wrath. She imagined him at home enjoying a three course meal and her anger started to rise.

Brent Dresden needed some hands on experience operating a library. Once or twice a week, he'd show up, strut around with his nose in the air, speaking only if he found something to complain about. Dust on the floor, books not returned to the shelves, chairs not pushed close enough to the table. The library aides swooned whenever he stopped by. Olivia didn't blame them. She had her own fantasies about Brent. His silky black hair and baby blues turned her on, but she'd learned long ago not to dream about men like him. High mucky-mucks preferred a glamorous woman on their arm, not someone like her.

Enough procrastinating. She'd take advantage of the downtime and spend the evening working on her latest novel. Disappointing sales for her most recent book made her all the more determined to find a niche in the publishing world, and she had to get cracking to meet her deadline. Her editor expected the manuscript on her desk in two months. She gathered her notebooks and laptop and carried them to the antique fainting couch. The fire she'd lit in the ancient hearth burned merrily. Not only did it boost the gloomy atmosphere, it'd be a godsend if the electricity went out. Words flowed from her head, and her fingers flew over the keyboard. Before long, Olivia delved deep into the heroine's mind.

Today's fashion world considered her fat. Sarah stared at her reflection in the mirror and tried to think of herself as buxom and curvy. A nicely indented waist gave her body an hourglass appearance. Unfortunately, men didn't want buxom. They lusted for women with reed-thin bodies and big breasts, child-sized waists and long thin legs. She chuckled. At least she had big breasts.

She posed in different positions, searching her body for aging signs. Next month she'd turn twenty-four. If she didn't start living, life would pass her by and she'd be left a dried up old maid. Not by choice, though. She'd never been asked out on a date. For that matter, she couldn't recall a man giving her a second look. She'd been ridiculed in high school and ignored throughout college. Years of forced abstinence made her as hot as a Mexican tamale.

Fortunately, she had remedies for cooling off. Most nights she allowed her fantasies free rein. Her hands became those of a lover and she'd moan in ecstasy as she touched her breasts. With her legs splayed, her fingers found her clitoris hidden within the folds of her labial lips. The little nub never required much attention before moisture poured forth. With two fingers she'd rub the clit faster and faster. Often she'd stop right before climaxing, take it between her thumb and forefinger and squeeze it, enjoying the pleasurable pain until she climaxed.

Sarah sighed and slipped her nightgown over her head and tossed her panties, wet from her lustful ponderings, in the corner. She squeezed her legs together and looked forward to pleasuring herself tonight.

Embarrassment stopped her from renting adult videos. So she'd recently gone on-line to a well-known erotic book publisher and ordered some erotic novels. She hurried to her drawer where she'd tucked them away under a pile of clothes. She licked her full lips in anticipation of what she'd find within their pages. She grabbed the first book. Come With Me. Sarah giggled, sure the title wasn't an invitation to go out for a cup of coffee.

Olivia ceased typing to wipe her brow and frowned at the roaring fire. The flames snapped, spitting sparks onto the tiled hearth. The room grew hotter than Hades. She unbuttoned her blouse. The cool air on her chest felt like heaven. Kicking off her shoes, she shifted position to wiggle out of her panty hose. Did the fire or her writing bring the sheen of perspiration to her skin? Just as she repositioned her fingers on the keys, the room plunged into darkness.

"Damn it." It figured the power would go out just as her creative juices started to flow. She had about three hours of writing on the fully charged computer. Setting the laptop aside, she found her way to her desk by the fire's light to retrieve a flashlight in the bottom drawer. She went to the kitchen for emergency candles kept in the cupboard in anticipation of a blackout.

In no time at all, several strategically placed candles cast shadows on the walls, creating a Gothic ambiance in the room.

She settled back into the cushions determined to write one more chapter before the battery died. Two sentences later, her fingers froze at a loud bang from the front entrance. Oh. My. God. Had the wind blown open the door?

A deep male voice blew that theory.

“Hello? Anyone here?”

Cold sweat popped out on her forehead as she slipped off the couch and grabbed the only available weapon, a cast iron poker hanging next to the fireplace.

Flashlight in one hand, weapon in the other, she crept toward the main foyer. As she rounded the corner, the poker high in striking position, the flashlight’s beam danced over the intruder’s face. Dressed like a modern day cowboy, complete with faded jeans, boots and Stetson, he didn’t appear threatening. Something about him tugged at her memory.

He raised his hands to block the brightness. “Whoa! Gotta love those LED lights. Sorry to intrude, ma’am. My truck’s stuck in a snow bank—”

Despite her trembling knees, Olivia went on the offense. “Who are you? What are doing here?”

The wide smile on his sexy mouth heated her blood. Full lips made for kissing. “Looks like I arrived at the wrong time. This storm’s a killer. Like I said, my truck’s in a snow bank.”

“Rufus Jones owns the only garage in town. I’ll call him. He might be backed up, considering the weather and all.”

“Appreciate it.” He patted the pocket of his denim jacket. “My cell couldn’t pick up a signal. How long are you planning to hold that poker over my head?”

“What?” Olivia’s face burned and she lowered the lethal weapon she hadn’t realized she still carried. “Well, one can never be too careful these days.”

Snow scattered in all directions as he stomped his boots. When he bent to remove them, his ass in the tight, faded Levis demanded her attention. He shrugged out of his jacket and more wet snow cascaded to the polished hardwood floor. Brent would have a freaking heart attack. “A lot of crime in this neck of the woods?” Still ogling his body, Olivia didn’t take offense at the humor in his voice.

“Enough,” she murmured. “And you are...?” she asked for the second time.

He tossed his coat onto a hook on the rack and twisted to face her. “Reid Emery. You?”

Her jaw almost hit the floor along with the poker. Reid Emery! No way! It couldn’t be. Things like this didn’t happen in Tedmon. Excitement bubbled through her like a newly opened bottle of champagne. He looked familiar because she’d lusted after his image on the back cover of his bestselling novels. Butterflies flitted in her belly as she stared at his rugged face. She couldn’t see the color of his eyes in the bad lighting, but she remembered they were gray. “What are you doing here?”

He shifted from foot to foot and sighed. “My truck slid into a snow—”

“Not here in the library. In Tedmon.”

“Oh. I bought the old Henshaw house.”

Cold fear trickled down her back like it always did whenever someone mentioned the name Henshaw. “You’re kidding. It’s haunted, you know.”

Damn it. The hot man of her dreams shows up on her doorstep and memories of her experience in that house as a teenager rushed through her like it had happened yesterday. *Put it out of your head, Olivia.*

Chapter 2

Reid laughed at the shock on her face. “It’d better be. That’s why I bought it.” He knew why he’d come to Tedmon, but what strange twist of fate had brought him into this library where a gorgeous auburn-haired woman stood in front of him with her blouse open. The flashlight she waved around in excitement illuminated her tantalizing breasts swelling over a lacey bra. He envied the huge topaz stone dangling from a gold chain and nestled in her cleavage. His mouth watered, wanting a taste of the nipples poking against the silk.

She blinked several times and turned away. “Follow me. There’s a fire in the main room.” She glanced over her shoulder and smiled. “It’s your lucky night if you want to catch up on your reading. By the way, I’m Olivia Spencer.”

Olivia...he tasted the name on his tongue while he enjoyed the gentle sway of her well-rounded hips. Reading? He could think of better ways to pass the time—until she said, “I’m a writer, too.”

Reid stifled a groan. He wanted to bang his head on the wall. Being a successful author seriously damaged his love life. Almost every woman he met either professed to be a writer or aspired to write the next bestseller. All his fantasies involving the voluptuous Olivia nosedived. “Is that right? Let me guess. Poetry? Nonfiction?” What else would a librarian write?

She let loose a tinkling laugh. “Hardly. Erotica.”

Reid’s cock jumped to attention. “Really?”

The gloomy room they entered momentarily distracted him. He gawked at the high ceilings and huge windows, reminiscent of a scene from a Dracula movie. The crackling fire and shadows dancing on the

walls added an aura of mystery and danger. He hoped the Henshaw house had the same atmosphere. "Quite Gothic."

Olivia shrugged. "I suppose. I'm used to it."

She chewed her lush lower lip. His jeans grew tight in the crotch area. Quickly, he lowered his body into the chair beside an antique couch. The night promised to be long if his cock had anything to say about it.

Olivia brushed at her skirt, something Reid pegged as a nervous reaction. "Can I ask a favor?"

He sighed. Here it comes. "Fire away." No matter how hard he tried to look elsewhere, his gaze refused to budge from her breasts doing their best to pop out of the wispy bra.

"I'd love your opinion and perhaps a short critique of my last book. I have a copy right here." Eagerly, she bent over, giving him a bird's eye view of dusky nipples.

"Olivia?"

She peered up at him, a question in her green eyes.

"Your blouse. You might want to button it." *Before I flip your tits out and suck them silly.*

Her hands flew to the buttons. "Oh. I forgot I'd...I got hot...I mean the fire..."

Leaning into the cushions, Reid enjoyed her embarrassment. He didn't doubt its legitimacy. "You're beautiful when you blush."

"The bane of being a redhead. Here's the book." She practically threw it at him. "Would you like a glass of wine? There's a bottle left over from the last fundraising party."

"Sounds good."

She hurried away as if a herd of yappy dogs nipped at her heels. For an erotica writer, she sure flustered easily. Reid studied the book's cover. A naked woman sat atop a man with her head thrown back, her face in the throes of orgasmic bliss. *Carnal Pleasures*. Hmm...maybe this wouldn't be as bad as he'd thought.

* * * *

Reid sipped the Merlot Olivia handed him a good hour ago, grateful for the wine to wet his dry mouth. His erection pained him now. Before long he'd have to slip into the bathroom to take care of the situation. What a waste. He'd read better books, but Olivia certainly had promise. He caught her staring and grinned. She hastily lowered her gaze to her keyboard.

He closed the book and tossed it on the couch beside him. "Ready for that critique?"

Olivia raised her head, grimaced and nodded. "I think so. Will I need pain meds?"

"It's gonna cost you."

Reid smiled as her eyes widened and those gorgeous lips formed an O. "What do you mean?"

"In exchange for my advice, you tell me everything you know about the Henshaw family."

Either relief or regret flashed in her eyes.

"Deal."

"Your writing is strong, yet the sex scenes didn't put me in the bed with the characters. The sex seems mechanical, without emotion. What are the characters feeling? You do a great job of describing sex. Readers want to experience it."

She flew out of her chair in one bound. Anger turned her eyes a darker green. "I disagree. I know the difference between showing and telling." Standing in front of him, her chest heaved with agitation.

"Maybe so, but readers aren't looking for a 'how to' book on achieving an orgasm."

She smirked. "What makes you an expert on the genre?"

"Don't claim to be. I do know when a book grabs me by the balls and won't let go." Her brows puckered together in a frown. He knew a pissed off writer when he saw one. He considered whether or not to continue, and then decided getting thrown out into the storm wasn't

the worst thing that could happen to him, even though Rufus had told Olivia he wouldn't be pulling the truck out until morning. "Know why you can't write emotion when it comes to sex?"

Her eyes gave no hint of what went on in her head. "I imagine you're about to tell me."

"Cause you've never experienced it."

Without giving himself time to question his motives, he grabbed her arm and pulled her onto his lap. "Feel that?"

Even though her face flushed, Olivia's lips curved into a sly smile. "From where I'm sitting, I'd say that's a five star review for my book...unless you've got a large flashlight in your pocket."

Reid ignored her. "What does your heroine feel when the hero plays with her nipples? Does she ache for him? Pant in desperation to have his cock inside of her pussy?"

Olivia drew a deep breath. Initial shock gave way to a strong tingling in her loins. Her fingers itched to touch his dark blond hair curling slightly over the collar of his denim shirt.

Liquid heat seeped into her panties. Her nipples tightened. God, she wanted to kiss his full lips...thrust her tongue into his mouth, and she'd just met the man. She pushed against his chest, determined to put a safe distance between them.

Reid's grip tightened. With their faces mere inches apart, his eyes, the tawny color of a lion's, held her captive. A lock of hair fell onto his forehead. Here she had the chance of a lifetime—an evening to pick Reid Emery's brain. Instead of asking intelligent questions and listening to his constructive criticism, she wanted nothing more than to screw his brains out. Of course, the occasional pulse of his cock resting against her ass didn't help matters. She controlled the need to press her breasts against his chest and run her fingers through his hair.

"I think I get it now." She slid off his lap and this time he let her go. "About my writing, I mean," she said, reclining on the other end of the couch. She whisked her glass from the end table and swallowed a large mouthful. The wine brought a flash of heat to her skin.

She almost choked when he asked, “Do you have an active sex life?”

She itched to rub her pussy against his cock. *Concentrate, Olivia.* “Excuse me?” One glance at his taut face convinced her Reid wasn’t teasing.

“I’m curious. Why isn’t your sexual experience reflected on the page. You’re hot. The way your body responds to me proves it.” Sexual tension crackled in the air like a lightning strike.”

“I didn’t—” Olivia broke off. *Liar.* “You’re right.”

He cocked an eyebrow. “So?”

She shifted position, bringing her legs underneath her hips. “What exactly are you asking?”

“How come you don’t draw on your own sexual experiences for your writing?”

Olivia plucked imaginary lint off her skirt and cleared her throat. “I don’t find sex all that satisfying.” She lifted her chin, daring him to ridicule her. No way would she tell him she hadn’t had sex in almost five years.

Instead, his steamy gaze swept her body. “Maybe you’ve been practicing with the wrong men.”

“Perhaps,” she murmured. Surely, he must see the pulse beating frantically in her neck.

“Want to give it try? You and me? Right here? Right now?”

Oh, God. A chance to have sex with Reid Emery? Tonight? What a no brainer. Reid slid beside her and dropped to the floor on his knees. A shiver ran through her as he undid the blouse’s pearly buttons. Slipping it off her shoulders, he unclasped her bra, and her breasts tumbled out. Faster than she could register, her skirt joined her blouse and bra on the floor. He coaxed her backwards until she laid full length on the cushions, naked except for her skimpy bikini panties.

She longed for him to lie beside her, but he seemed content to graze his fingertips over her skin. His thumbs rolled her nipples,

raising goose bumps on her arms. “Your breasts are made for a man’s mouth.”

A fierce need surged through her lower abdomen. Cupping the weight of her breasts, she offered them to him. She groaned as his tongue laved the nipple, turning it into a hard bud. Her groans of pleasure grew louder. She tried to touch him, but he stayed her hands. “Not now. Let me drive you crazy.”

Light kisses and occasional flicks of his tongue rained on her neck and trailed down to her belly. He hooked his thumbs in her panties and tugged them to her ankles. She kicked and sent them flying.

“I’m already there.” Olivia clutched the couch fabric. “Please.”

“Please what?” he whispered and claimed her lips in a fierce primal kiss, his tongue swirling around hers. Olivia’s pussy clenched, silently screaming for attention. For long moments they drank each other’s essence.

Too soon, he ended the kiss. She jumped in response to the wet probe in her belly button. “Please what, Olivia? Tell me what you want.”

“I want you...your cock pounding deep into my pussy.” Never in her life had she talked this way to any man. Reid unleashed a hidden side of her, and she loved it.

His thumb flicked one nipple, then the other. “This is research, remember?”

Olivia almost screamed her frustration. Flipping to her side, she latched onto his belt buckle. With a speed and dexterity that surprised her, she yanked his pants to his knees.

“Whoa!” Reid grinned, and stood to rid himself of the denim. “You’re good at this.”

Olivia’s eyes feasted on his engorged cock. Her mouth watered and her pussy pulsed with desire. She wrapped her hand around his silken shaft and steered it to her lips. Reid’s moan gave her confidence, and she lapped the drops of precum glistening on the slippery knob, savoring the salty taste. “Better than a butter crunch ice

cream cone,” she whispered. Looking into his eyes, she lapped from his balls to the head.

Reid cupped the back of her head. “Take it, sweetheart. Take all of me.”

As much as she wanted to gobble him down, she forced herself to go slow, wanting to imprint every detail into her memory bank. Like how the ridges of his cock brushed over her lower lip as it slipped in and out of her mouth. How his muscles bulged. One, two, three inches. She needed more.

Reid pushed in deeper, and Olivia sucked as if her life depended on it. Soon she had his entire length, the head resting against the back of her throat. She picked up speed and sucked in earnest, anticipating swallowing his cum. With no warning, he pulled out, leaving her mouth empty, craving more.

“Let’s dance,” he rasped.

Chapter 3

Olivia bolted upright. Dance? The man wanted to dance? What happened to good old-fashioned fucking? “Are you insane?” she panted. “You were ready to explode.”

“I know. That’s why we’re going to dance. You need a lesson in sex. This is the build-up. You know, the sexual tension.”

The nagging ache in her pussy and the persistent throb in her nipples argued against his reasoning. “There’s a radio on my desk.” She forced her feet to make the trip.

“No electricity, remember? We’ll make our own music.”

“Ever hear of batteries? They’re good for things other than sex toys.” She flicked on a country western station. As luck would have it, Brad Paisley and Allison Kraus crooned “Whiskey Lullaby.” A nice slow song that didn’t require much moving.

Warm hands settled on her shoulders. Reid spun her around and pulled her close. For a few minutes, they swayed to the music until her needy body jolted her into action. She thrust her pelvis against him, the contact setting her on fire. Her pussy’s muscles quivered. “Now, Reid.” She’d meant to sound aggressive. Instead, the words squeaked out as a weak plea.

“Soon,” he whispered against her neck. “Enjoy the foreplay. Remember all the sensations zinging through your pussy the next time you write.

Screw research. “I don’t want to wait.” Damn. She sounded like a petulant child.

“Hey, I’m right there with you.” His mouth hovered an inch above hers. A mere brush across her lips drove her wild. “It’ll happen,” he whispered.

Kissing had never given her much excitement. Until Reid. Their mouths came together and meshed like two pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. Somehow, they anticipated each other’s moves. He changed the slant of his mouth and she matched him. No fumbling. He played her body like a mere instrument in the hands of a maestro.

His hand slid between their bodies to squeeze her breasts, and pleasurable pain shot to her womb. Leaving that conquest, his hands trailed boldly down her back to grasp her butt cheeks. He hoisted her and Olivia wrapped her legs around his waist while he walked to the desk. Plunking her on the hard wood, he leaned down to lap a nipple before sucking it into his wet, warm mouth. She wanted to weep, scream, and beg at the fiery sensation. Her thighs trembled like the earth’s crust during an earthquake.

She dug her nails into his shoulders to keep from raking them down his chest. Reid’s finger pushed deep into her pussy. If not for his hand on her hip, she would have shot off the table. He forced her onto her back and a second finger joined the first. “Fuck me, Reid. Give me more.”

“So wet and creamy. So hot. God, Olivia, your wet honey is like molten lava.”

She tossed her head from side to side, pumping her hips in a wanton rhythm, searching for the needed friction from his fingers fucking her channel. Reid lifted her feet onto the desk, knees bent and splayed, leaving her labial lips wide open. She pushed up on her elbows just as he lowered his head. With the gentlest of touches, he opened her wider and drew her clit into his mouth. A thumb ran down her slit and lingered on her anus.

She stiffened at this possible new invasion.

“Sshh.” He stroked her pussy. “I won’t hurt you.”

Olivia relaxed and drifted with the sensual flow. Fingers, thumbs, lips and tongue roamed her womanly territory, their mission to drive her to the peak of insanity. His tongue sliced her slit and thrust where his fingers had been. Then a tongue and one finger went into her pussy while his thumb pushed into her anus. At this new invasion, a climax rose.

“Oh my god. I’m going to come, Reid. Don’t stop.” A huge hum vibrated through her body. Then nothing. She sat up to see him roll on a condom. His cock soon found its target and her soaking pussy welcomed his length.

Reid rested his elbows on either side of her. “Is this what you want?”

“Yes. And more.”

“Your cunt muscles are milking me.”

“Your cock is getting bigger.”

He smiled and ran a finger down her cheek. “So it is.”

He slid his fingers under her ass and lifted her. Olivia floated in a fog of lust. She bucked her hips. “Oh yeah, baby. Keep moving like that. I love it, but I’m calling the shots, and you’ll come when I say so.”

Her desire rose at Reid’s command. The building crescendo carried her so high she feared she’d fall into a sea of lust and drown. “It’s time, baby.” His thumb circled the rim of her anus. He pushed in deep and Olivia detonated like TNT. Reid’s mouth smothered her cries.

Olivia rode the high wave of satisfaction. Now she could die happy. Every woman should be so lucky.

Reid pulled her off the desk, dragging her from her euphoria. He turned her around and pushed her face down onto the hard surface. He kneed her thighs apart, leaving her vulnerable and exposed. The cool air taunted her pussy and ass. “No!” she protested, hating the lack of control in her voice.

Reid laughed softly and kissed his way down her spine. He pulled her butt cheeks wide and tongued her clit. “Don’t worry, little prude. As much as I’d love to, I won’t fuck your ass. At least not until you beg me for it.”

Sucked back into the sensual maze, she widened her legs, allowing him full access. Her pussy tightened on his thrusting tongue. She discovered rubbing herself on the wood scratched her itchy clit. If she thrust backward, his tongue went deeper. The second orgasm rocked her world, her cries of pleasure filling the room. She went limp.

Reid finally pulled away, leaving her sore, tired...and wanting more.

* * * *

Reid glanced in the bathroom mirror and winced. Jesus, he looked like a wild man. His red angry cock waved in the air, almost as if it threatened harm to whoever got in its way. He quickly washed up and rolled on a new condom, doing his best to ignore his aching balls. Olivia Spencer had surprised him. He’d never expected her to be hotter than a Los Angeles street in July and more dangerous than a stick of dynamite. He wracked his brain to remember when he’d been so turned on by a woman, and came up empty. He wondered if he’d ever get enough of her. Underneath the demure persona dwelt one hell of a sensuous woman. A woman who matched his sexual hunger. Would she turn away in disgust if she knew the secret he’d done his best to hide for over a year? He pushed his demon away, splashed water on his face and left the room.

Olivia hadn’t moved. He scooped her off the table and steered her to the rug in front of the fireplace. “On your knees,” he growled against her neck. “I like my women to be sex slaves.”

“No more, Reid,” she groaned. “I’m used up.”

He chuckled and nuzzled her neck. “Think so? I’ll prove you wrong.”

She collapsed on the rug. Wrapping one arm around her waist, he dragged her upright. “On your knees, sweetheart. I promise you won’t regret it.” He widened her legs and scooted underneath her on his back. “Lower your pussy to my face. Good girl,” he murmured.

Her legs wobbled at his probing tongue. His mouth breathed new life into her. “Ohhhh...Reid. Yessss. My pussy’s burning up. God, don’t stop. Lick me. Harder,” she demanded, rotating her hips.

While his tongue and teeth worried her hard nub, Olivia became a sex machine. He eagerly swallowed her sweet juices. Her body stiffened, seeking climax. “Not yet, baby. He scooted out from under her, got on his knees behind her and rammed his cock into her wet cunt. Hands on her hips, he worked his rod in and out, side to side. Lifting her hips, he rotated them circled them around his throbbing hardness. “Are you hot, Olivia? Talk to me. Tell me how my cock feels in your pussy.”

“Damn you, Reid. You bastard. Stop tormenting me. Oh, God,” she gasped. “Please make me come.”

“Soon.”

A sob tore from Olivia’s throat at the same time her vaginal muscles squeezed his dick. One hard thrust carried them both over the edge where they rode a fireball of pleasure.

Chapter 4

“Why’d you buy the Henshaw mansion?”

Satiated for the moment, Reid lay beside Olivia on the floor and half-listened to her question while he absently stroked her curls, waiting for his heart rate to slow. Sex had never been better than with this spunky woman. Instead of his usual contentment after a good lay, worry nagged him like a toothache. An alarm sounded in his gut, warning him he might be in deep shit. His fear of emotional involvement rode him harder than usual. His feelings for Olivia went deeper than just getting his rocks off. Everything about her intrigued him. It also scared the hell out of him. Christ, he didn’t want to hurt her. How would she react to the truth about him?

“Well?” Olivia prompted.

“I plan to write a ghost story. What better research than living in a haunted house?”

She poked him in the ribs. “So we’re both looking for hands on research. Why did you pick Eben Henshaw’s ghost? How much do know about his history?”

“A friend sent me an e-mail with the tip. I only know what I’ve found on the web. I became interested in everything I’ve read about Eben. He built a sea captain’s homestead here in Tedmon. It even has a widow’s walk. One website mentioned it used to be a whorehouse.”

Olivia toyed with his chest hair and his cock stirred to life. “That’s the rumor. Are you aware of anything about the haunting?”

He stayed her hand. “Eben’s spirit still raises hell. He terrorizes anyone who lives there. Owners run like rabbits, and the house stays empty until it’s sold again.”

Olivia nodded, her tangled curls swinging forward. He clenched his hand to keep from grasping a handful to smell its essence.

“Everyone who purchases the house puts it back on the market in a few months. One couple spent only a night. The reference room here in the library has several excellent history books on the subject.”

“I’m more interested in your viewpoint than a historian’s.”

“I bet you fifty dollars you won’t stay there a week.” Olivia ran her tongue across her bottom lip, a habit he found intoxicating.

“Why do you think Eben’s soul is so tormented he won’t move on?”

Olivia curled into his side. “The official story is that he arrived home after almost a year at sea, and discovered his current lover and another woman murdered. Unable to accept his loss, he hung himself.”

Reid’s eyebrows shot up. “From the skeptical look on your face, I take it you don’t believe a word of it.”

She wound her arms around his neck, dragging his lips to hers. Mimicking her earlier actions, she ran her tongue over his lips. Quick as a ferret, he sucked it into his mouth. She leaned away. “Be good if you want the rest of the story.”

“I’m not a patient man—especially when I want something.”

She smiled and his heart stuttered. “Local lore has it that Captain Henshaw returned from an extended stint at sea and discovered his lady love in bed with another woman. He went berserk, killed them both and then hung himself on the first landing of the winding staircase.”

“Wow! Poor bastard.”

Her eyes widened. “You’re not serious? How can you feel sorry for a murderer?”

“I don’t, but can you imagine his shock? Finding his sweetheart in the throes of passion with another woman? Here in puritanical New England? May be common place now-a-days, but back in that era?”

“I suppose. Still, murder is murder.”

“So now the betrayed Captain haunts the old homestead, looking for what? Redemption?”

“Or guilt might hold him here. Now here’s something you won’t find in any history book. The ghosts of the two murdered women keep him company.”

Reid straightened, fully alert. “There are three spirits?”

Olivia sipped her wine, enjoying Reid’s excitement. “Yep. And I’ve seen them all.”

He scooped her into his arms for a big hug. “Oh, baby. Fate smiled down on me tonight. Meeting you is a dream come true. What do they look like? Do they fully materialize? Move the furniture? Moan in the night?”

Olivia laughed at his enthusiasm. “Whoa, cowboy! Not so fast. I’m thinking it’s time for my next lesson.” She stroked his semi-hard cock. “Looks like you might not be up for the ride, though.”

The silken length jerked beneath her fingers. “I’m sure I’ll rise to the occasion. Come here.”

Olivia straddled Reid’s waist. The position put her in the driver’s seat, somewhere she hadn’t been during the course of the evening.

His hands snaked up her ribs to cup her breasts. “I had no idea I’d wake a sleeping tigress when I suggested hands on research to improve your writing skills.”

“If you can’t deliver, you shouldn’t make offers.” The smooth cock nestled between her labial lips sent delicious tingles to nerve endings she never knew existed. Getting on her knees, Olivia brought the bulbous head to her slick opening and rubbed it back and forth over her clit. The now familiar pleasure-pain stirred below her navel. Reid had been right. She’d become insatiable. Without a doubt, tonight had changed her forever. What would tomorrow bring? No. She’d enjoy tonight and let tomorrow take care of itself.

Reid reached over and fumbled in his jeans pocket. “I need a condom.”

“Hurry.”

Olivia's plans of teasing Reid vanished the moment she sank onto his shaft. Her muscles stretched as she took him in inch by inch.

"Jesus, Olivia." Reid's hands dug into her waist. "Slow down or it'll be over before we start."

"Hard and fast," she panted. "That's the way I want it."

"Your call."

She wiggled her hips and could have sworn his cock grew a couple of inches. She thought she touched her womb. Could life get more perfect?

"Am I intruding?"

Reid's muscles tensed, and he knocked Olivia to floor as he jumped to his feet. "What the hell are you doing here, Brent?"

All thoughts of being caught in the buff by her boss fled. Reid and Brent knew each other?

Brent ignored Reid, his gaze centered on Olivia. "You're more beautiful than I'd imagined."

Olivia's cheeks grew warm. "Mr. Dresden, I—"

"I asked you a question, Brent," Reid interrupted.

Olivia gaped at the two men. "How do you know each other?"

Brent loosened his tie as he lowered his body into the arm chair. "Reid and I go way back. Don't we?" His eyes seemed to dare Reid to deny it.

Reid stood there in his naked glory, his anger apparent for all to see. "Your email about Eben Henshaw sent me here, but you neglected to mention you live in Tedmon."

Brent nodded. "I did. If I had, you wouldn't have come."

"Damn right, Reid mumbled, reaching for his jeans on the floor.

Olivia tried again. "I don't understand. You don't like each other?" Olivia's heart thumped as Brent's eyes went dark with desire as he watched Reid fumbling with his zipper.

"Reid and I met a few years ago. I worked for his literary agency. Still a fast worker, I see," Brent said.

"I guess I am," Reid said. "Not that it's any of your business. What's your angle?"

Hands gripping the arms of the chair, Brent leaned forward. "I've been attracted to Olivia for months. I wanted you to meet her, although I didn't expect you'd hit on her your first night in town."

Reid's eyes narrowed. "Why?"

"Figure it out, my friend."

Confusion swamped Olivia's thoughts. She had no clue what problem lay between these two men, but she shivered at the tension crackling in the room.

Like pulling down a shade, Reid's eyes become shuttered, and his body relaxed. He shook Brent's hand. "Hell, Brent, come join us." As if remembering his manners, he turned to Olivia. "You're up for aren't you baby? A ménage is an advanced lesson, but I think you're ready."

"Lesson?" A look of confusion accompanied Brent's question. "What are you teaching my librarian?"

Reid smiled. "Didn't you know? Olivia's an erotic author. I read one of her books tonight and decided she needed some hands on research to improve her writing skills. Who better to teach her than you and me?"

Olivia wrapped her arms across her breasts and squeezed her knees together, wishing the floor would open up and swallow her whole. The conflict between Reid and Brent went beyond her comprehension. She didn't imagine the lust in Brent's eyes as he gazed at Reid's nakedness. Perhaps he loved Reid and tricked him into coming to Maine. If so, no wonder Reid's temper flared.

"Come on," Reid gestured to Brent, and unzipped his jeans. "We're all friends here, aren't we?"

"Olivia? You don't have to do this."

She glanced at Brent. The strange turn of events puzzled her; yet, the thought of having sex with two men at the same time excited her beyond belief. "I'm looking forward to it," she whispered.

Doubt turned Brent's eyes a dark blue, but he slipped off his shirt and rose to remove his pants. "You should know better than to ever toss me a dare, Reid."

Reid pried Olivia's arms open. "No need to cover those beautiful breasts. You'll have Brent believing you're a frightened virgin."

Olivia trembled, anticipating the rapture coming her way. She found comfort in Reid's hand stroking her thigh and inhaled sharply when Brent pulled off his shorts and the hugest cock she'd ever seen sprang free. A shudder ran through her. Soon it'd be sliding into her pussy.

"Like what you see?" Olivia jerked her attention to Reid. He, too, stared at Brent, and didn't seem to expect an answer to his question. "I can't wait to see Brent fuck your pussy." His fingers squeezed the inside of her leg before pulling it toward him. "Open wide. Brent's got a hankering for you, and I'm sure he wants a peek." Reid pushed her forward and settled on the couch, pulling her against the insides of his thighs. His hard cock rested by her right shoulder and his hands claimed her breasts.

Brent hunkered on the rug in front of Olivia, and she held her breath. With the gentlest of touches he fingered her clit. "I've dreamed about this for so long, Olivia."

"You have?"

Reid pinched her nipples hard enough to make her squeal.

Her juices flooded Brent's hand. "Nice," he whispered. "So creamy. So ready." Flicking her clit in a fast rhythm, he claimed her mouth, plunging his tongue deep. They'd drive her crazy. She squirmed against his fingers. Reid tugged on her pebbled nipples.

"That's it, baby," Reid said in her ear. "Let yourself go. Tell Brent what you want most."

"Fuck me. Please put your cock deep inside my pussy. Make me come."

Reid chuckled. "You heard the lady, Brent. Make her happy." He tossed Brent a condom.

Breathing hard, Brent ripped open the packet and rolled on the rubber. He positioned Olivia onto her knees, pushing her face first into the cushion. "Your wish is my command."

Olivia vaguely realized that Reid had walked away. She didn't care, not when she lusted after her boss's fat cock.

"Spread your thighs, Olivia." Brent's voice spoke near her ear, his words more of a request than the commands Reid threw at her.

The head of his cock poked at her opening, testing, teasing. Olivia wiggled backwards. "More." She loved the way her pussy stretched with every inch of cock going in.

Reid's voice came from somewhere behind. "The lady likes it rough, Brent."

Brent grunted and grabbed her hips. Olivia moaned in pleasure as more cock filled her.

"You've still got a couple of inches," Reid rasped, his voice closer.

"Am I hurting you, Olivia?"

The kindness in Brent's voice touched her heart, but she didn't want nice. Not now. "No. Do it. I want to feel your balls slapping against my ass." His grip on her hips tightened and he thrust, slam dunking his cock home. "Yes! Fast and hard." Olivia worked her hips in a circle to increase the pressure on her clit. She turned her head to the side to see Reid next to Brent, pumping his own cock as he watched Brent fuck her. The sight raised her level of excitement. With Brent pounding in and out of her pussy and Reid masturbating, her climax built quickly. She reached for the stars, climbing, climbing...until she shattered into a million pieces and slowly drifted back to earth.

A pinch to her nipples brought her back to life. "Mmmmm...feels good," she moaned. "Don't stop."

"See, Brent? She's insatiable."

Olivia knew she should protest, but Reid was right. She wanted more. Spread-eagled, she lay on her back on the floor and enjoyed the

way Reid fingered her clit. “Think about it, Liv,” Reid continued. “Can you handle two men pleasuring you at the same time? Do you want to write ménages? The experience will bring new realms to your books.”

Olivia considered her options. She tried to speak, but couldn’t articulate her thoughts. Her breasts and pussy had the last say. They screamed for more. Not even in her wildest fantasies had she imagined the bliss zinging through her body. Having sex with two gorgeous men didn’t happen in Tedmon, Maine.

“Brent, I—”

“Hush, Olivia,” he said. “Let us bring you where you’ve never been.” He yanked off his condom.

Reid’s hand gathered her cream, and she stiffened when he slipped one, two, then three fingers into her anus. “It’s okay, sweetheart.” He spoke in a low voice as if calming a nervous filly. “Don’t tense up.” She forced her anal muscles to relax, and his intrusion sent a sharp thrill to her pussy.

“So beautiful. So hot.” Brent squeezed her breasts and tortured her hardened nipples with his thumb. Olivia touched Brent’s cock, tentative at first, then boldly when he gulped air. Rubbing the pearly cum leaking from the head into her palm, she spread it up and down his length. As she pumped his shaft, he threw back his head, the tendons bulging in his neck. The faster she went, the rougher he played with her nipples. Reid’s fingers pistoned in and out of her ass in perfect rhythm.

“Suck me.” Brent’s soft command turned up her thermostat. She squeezed the base of his cock and nibbled his ridges while taking him into her mouth. The orgasm snaking through her body hit her hard. Reid’s assault on her ass didn’t slow, and carried her to a second summit, stronger than the last. Olivia went limp.

Reid sat up, pulling Olivia in between his legs. “Watching Brent make you come turned me on. Thank you. You okay?”

“Tired.”

“Rest for a bit. I’ll be right back.”

* * * *

When Reid returned from the men’s room, Brent’s hungry gaze roamed Olivia’s body, his dick stiff. Reid knew exactly what Brent wanted, because he wanted it, too. Brent’s lust for Olivia excited him, but it also brought back memories of the one night he and Brent had spent together. Reid’s cock swelled as he thought about having sex with Brent. He knelt behind Olivia’s head. “Open your eyes, sweetheart.”

“Hmmm?” It sounded like a purr to him.

“Ready for another go around?”

Olivia blinked at him. His chest tightened at the lust shining in her glazed eyes. “Is that what you want, Reid?” she asked. “The three of us together?”

“Yeah, it is, but only if you’re willing.”

“I want it really bad.”

Reid laughed and dropped a kiss on her forehead. “I thought so.”

Brent scooted close and kissed her. Unable to resist the urge, Reid pressed his lips to her mouth as well. Three tongues tangled and danced. Just as he’d hoped, Brent’s mouth slanted over his. And God yes, it rocked his balls as much as the last and only time they’d kissed.

Olivia pulled her knees toward her chest and let them fall to the sides, opening herself completely.

Brent splayed her pussy’s folds and pushed her button. Olivia pumped her hips, seeking release. “Tongue her cunt, Brent. I need to watch you do it.”

Brent didn’t hesitate. His mouth closed over her channel opening and Olivia jerked, sweet moans escaping her mouth. Her wild abandon spurred Reid on. He straddled her head and rubbed his cock back and forth across her lips until her mouth latched onto it. She continued to make kitten-like sounds deep in her throat.

She sucked his cock with the force of a vacuum, better than any other woman ever had. Sperm roiled in his balls, anxious for release. He yanked out of her mouth as Brent brought Olivia to a screeching climax.

Even though Olivia's body still convulsed from her orgasm, Reid and Brent rolled on new condoms in record time. "How should we do this?" Brent asked, his breathing labored.

"Lay down." Reid coaxed Olivia upright. "Here, baby. Get on your knees and straddle Brent's waist."

Olivia wasted no time positioning her pussy over Brent.

"I'll help," Reid offered, knowing damn well it was an excuse to touch Brent's dick. He wrapped his fist around it. "Okay, Olivia, show me how quick you can make Brent's cock disappear in your cunt."

Olivia laughed and lowered her body. One, two, three inches sank in, and then she stopped.

"Push, Olivia," Reid commanded.

"I am. It seems bigger than the last time."

"It's a different position," Brent whispered. "That's all."

Reid moved his hand up to Olivia's labial lips, which stretched around Brent's dick. He worked his finger inside and wished both his and Brent's cocks would fit. What an experience that would be. With his other hand he reached around and pressed her clit. A few rubs and Olivia's cream coated his fingers. He spread it over Brent's hardness. Brent's groan gave him a sudden rush of lust.

Reid grasped Olivia's hips and he forced her down. Her one cry of pain morphed to purr. "Oh!" she gasped.

A twinge of guilt ran through Reid as he pushed Olivia forward until her breasts rested on Brent's chest. She might not be ready for anal sex, but his need outweighed his concern. He'd be gentle. He spread her butt cheeks and scooped more moisture from her slit.

“God, Reid.” Brent’s rasp when Reid’s fingers brushed his shaft enticed him to do it again. Instead, he lubricated Olivia’s sweet rosebud and worked in the head of his cock.

Olivia jerked and a shudder ran through her body. “Reid? I’m not sure—”

“Kiss me, Olivia.” Brent cupped her face and covered her mouth, swallowing her worries.

In the driver’s seat, Reid manipulated Olivia’s body until he’d worked out a cadence that had all three in ecstasy. The moans in the room told him it worked for everyone.

Their cries of release echoed off the walls of the old library.

Later, Reid woke to a tangle of arms and legs. Olivia’s leg lay across his chest. Her head rested on Brent’s stomach. The candles had burned out, as had the fire. He shivered in the cold.

Chapter 5

Olivia rolled to her feet, biting her tongue to keep from yelling at the soreness in her muscles. “It’s freezing in here.”

“The fire’s almost out,” Brent said.

“No shit.” Reid grinned. “I know how we can generate a lot of heat.”

Olivia lapped her dry lips. “I’m going home.” Fumbling with her clothes, she avoided looking at either man. Why did she have a sudden case of shyness?

Brent pushed her fingers away and buttoned her blouse. “Don’t be embarrassed. You have no reason to be. I’d like to see you again.” Brent pulled out a small leather date book from his suit jacket. Puzzled, Olivia looked on as he opened it and clicked a ball point pen. “I’m free any evening next week. What night is good for you?”

She swallowed hard and looked into his serious blue eyes. This man would be easy to love. “I’m not sure an encore to tonight’s performance is a good idea. For any of us.”

“It doesn’t have to be the three of us. How about you and me go out for an evening? We can drive to Portland. I know some fantastic restaurants there.”

“What Olivia is trying to say,” Reid interrupted, putting an arm around her shoulders, “is that we’ve awakened Sleeping Beauty and she’s a bit confused. We’ll give you a call in a few days, Brent. We’ve got a lot to attend to, including moving into the Henshaw house.”

Olivia jerked away. “Excuse me? I’m not living there.”

“You’ll be working with me now.” Olivia almost laughed at the confidence in Reid’s eyes. “The history you know about Eben will save me valuable time. I need you. I’ll pay you twice what you make here.”

Brent touched her arm. “Take Reid’s offer. After tonight it’d be best if you stopped working at the library.”

Quit her job? “And if I don’t? Are you going to fire me?”

“No. How about I lay you off? That way you can collect unemployment.”

Olivia’s mind spun with the implications. In a matter of hours her simple life in Tedmon had grown complicated. All because she’d given in to sexual hunger eating away at her insides. “I don’t understand.”

“I’m sorry, Olivia, but if someone got wind of our relationship...well, you get the picture.”

“You can’t do this to me!” Steam chugged its way to Olivia’s ears. She wouldn’t have been surprised to hear a train whistle. She’d tear him from limb to limb.

Brent backed away. “I’ll be in my office.”

“Coward,” she yelled at his retreating back.

Reid draped her oversized white blouse around her shoulders. “Never go into battle naked,” he whispered in her ear. “Get dressed.”

In the ensuing silence, Olivia fumbled with her clothes, her heart hammering against her ribs. Somehow she managed to swallow past the giant lump lodged in her esophagus. God, had she lost her mind? She’d spent the last several hours having sex with two men, one a stranger and the other her boss. Yep, no doubt about it. She’d flipped over the edge. Reid had sensed her latent sexuality and dragged it to the surface.

She yanked her pantyhose to her knees and wanted to cry at the sound of tearing nylon. She stomped to the fireplace and heaved them into the slumbering embers.

Olivia slumped when warm hands settled on her shoulders. Reid kissed her neck just below her ear. Despite her anger, his touch soothed her jittery nerves.

"It'll be all right," Reid whispered. "Don't worry so much. I can make you feel better."

She pulled her skirt over her hips and yanked on her boots. "Get sex off your brain and think about where you're going to sleep tonight. Rufus won't be pulling out your truck until sometime tomorrow."

"We could stay at my new place."

She shot him a look that should have frozen him to the floor. "Count me out. Besides, you can't get out there in four feet of snow. Owl's Point isn't high on the list of the town's plowing priorities."

"You can stay with me, Reid," Brent offered. Olivia hadn't noticed he'd re-entered the room.

Reid's expression turned glum. "I suppose there are no motels around?"

"None you can get to tonight. Crash at my place."

Olivia gave Brent an 'A' for persistence. On her way to the foyer, she heard Reid mutter something about having no choice. She buttoned her coat to her neck, prepared to face the elements.

"We'll move into Eben's place tomorrow."

She grabbed Reid's forearms. "Read my lips. I refuse to live in that house. I went there one night, and it almost killed me."

Reid went still. Brent asked, "Sweetheart, what happened?"

Olivia shivered. "The house is evil."

Reid tucked an errant strand of hair behind her ear. "We'll talk about it later. I'll pay you triple what the library paid you. You'll be my reader and do the first edits. We'll help each other with research." The spark of desire lighting Reid's eyes started the now familiar itch between her legs. Her body didn't care one iota about her anger.

Brent's voice saved her from caving to Reid. "My car's totally plowed in." He stood by the window near the door peering outside.

Olivia shook her head at his lack of common sense. “You left it on the street?”

“I couldn’t very well drive it through a five foot snow bank.”

Reid barked out a laugh. “Well, great. Looks like you and I spend the night here.”

Brent headed for the main room. “I’ll relight the fire.”

Guilt nagged at Olivia. Her place wouldn’t be much warmer, but at least she had a couple of beds. “Wait, Brent. You can both stay with me.”

“Are you sure you don’t mind?” Poor Brent, always the gentleman.

“Course she doesn’t, or she wouldn’t have asked.” And Reid, the over-confident warrior.

She smiled at both men. “Let’s go. I’ll get my laptop tomorrow. “Ready to brave the storm?”

Reid winked. “You bet. It’ll be the first of many adventures together.”

They fought the wind to push open the door. Olivia stepped outside and icy pellets stung her face. Zero visibility met them on the steps, but she put one foot in front of the other. She trudged along lost in the quagmire of her thoughts. She tuned out Reid and Brent joking about the blizzard. How odd that these two men who’d known each other in New York would end up disrupting her life. This morning she’d woken up Olivia Spencer, small town librarian/erotic writer trying to make a niche in the world. Tonight she’d go to bed Olivia Spencer, small town erotic writer sleeping with two men who had issues between them. She considered herself a modern woman. Why did she feel twinges of New England morals her parents had ingrained in her years ago?

She had a new job now, the right hand woman of best-selling author, Reid Emery—if she could muster the courage to enter the Henshaw house. *Buck up, Olivia*. She shivered inside her woolen

coat, and it had nothing to do with the subzero temperature. She'd do her best to stay afloat in her world of change.

She slipped on an icy patch beneath the snow, grabbing onto Reid on her way to the ground.

"Whoa!" With a laugh, Reid managed to catch her and keep on his feet. "You're the true Mainer. Brent and I should be the ones to end up on our asses."

Brent shored up her other side. Cocooned between the two, warmth seeped into her skin. She grasped their hands. "We're almost there."

* * * *

Two hours later while northeast winds continued to batter Olivia's farmhouse, she paced the floor. Life as she'd known it had ended. If not for Reid sprawled on the couch and the sweet ache between her legs, she'd write off tonight as an extraordinary dream.

Brent had gone to bed soon after they'd arrived. Not that she blamed him. Reid's attitude toward his so-called friend sucked. He lusted after Brent, but refused to admit to the attraction. At least that's the way Olivia saw it.

The blizzard of '09 would remain etched in her memory as the night she'd met two men who'd discovered her sexuality. Two men who couldn't be more different. Brent, quiet and compassionate. Reid, demanding and controlling.

The thrill of Reid's job offer had worn off during the grueling trek through the blizzard. They'd all been walking icicles when they'd arrived.

Reid glanced up from the book he read. "What's wrong, Liv?"

She rolled her eyes. "Call me Olivia. I don't like nicknames."

"I like Liv. It suits you."

She pushed away from the window and shut off the battery operated TV spouting weather information.

“Hey! I was watching that.”

Olivia sank onto the couch and straddled his hips. “You’re reading. We’ve got to talk. As generous as your offer is, I can’t live with you.”

“Tell me,” Reid coaxed, his fingers busy with the buttons on her blouse, “why you’re so frightened.”

“Stop distracting me.” She clamped onto his hand, pulled it away, and quickly brought it back to her breast. “I can’t get enough of you. I’m not sure I like what you and Brent have turned me into. I’m afraid I’ll get addicted.”

“Tell me about it. I’m in the same boat.”

The truth of his words nudged her pussy. She rolled away. “Later. Why can’t I work for you and live here?”

“No way. Your job description includes being my sounding board...to read my first drafts...to be my historian. Besides,” he added with a wink, “how can we continue with our hands on research if we don’t live together? Come here.” He grabbed her wrist and tugged her onto his lap. “Besides, I want to be with you.”

“And Brent?”

A scowl descended over Reid’s face. “What about him?”

“Yes, what about me?”

Olivia scrambled off Reid. “Brent! We thought you were sleeping.”

“How long have you been eavesdropping?” Reid demanded.

Brent ran his fingers through his hair. “Jesus, Reid. Does being rude come easy or do you have to work at it?”

Olivia glared at Reid and went to Brent, linking her arm through his. “Come join us. I’m about to tell Reid a story. You might as well hear it, too.”

Brent bent and kissed her throat. Quivers of anticipation drizzled to her most sensitive places. “Is it about Eben? Tell us your fears so we can put them to rest.”

At the mention of the sea captain, Olivia's libido slid south. She didn't relish rehashing her experience in the Henshaw house. Over the years, she'd stashed her memories of that night deep in the back of her mind. Tonight she'd relive the horrific episode.

She settled on the sofa between them. Reid stroked her arm. "Did you see his ghost?"

She nodded. "It's a long story."

"We've got all night. Take your time."

"I went there on a dare...a triple dog dare...you know...a kid's thing."

"Someone dared you to go inside the house?"

"Not exactly. My friends and I dared each other to spend the night there."

Reid pushed a stray curl away from her face. "What happened?"

Olivia hedged. "Nothing. At first."

"We're here for you," Brent murmured.

"That's right, Liv," Reid echoed.

Her lovers' concern pushed Olivia a step closer to falling in love. Now wouldn't loving two men be foolish?

Brent wiped her brow. "You're sweating. Let's do this another time."

As much as she'd like to grab Brent's offer, she needed to rid herself of this nightmare. Then Reid would understand why she couldn't stay with him.

"No." She gulped a steady breath and let the memories surface. "It was early fall. The house had been empty for months. Three of us arrived at dusk. I remember my skin crawled, and I didn't understand why the other girls weren't afraid. No one but me sensed the evil."

"How'd you get in?"

"Torrie's father was the realtor. She...uh...sort of borrowed the key. The electricity had been turned off so we'd brought a few Coleman lanterns. After we unrolled our sleeping bags on the living room floor, we ventured upstairs and poked around in one of the

bedrooms, and suddenly a malicious laugh filled the room. It ricocheted off the walls.” Olivia fisted her hands, wanting to cover her ears at the memory of the appalling noise. “Diane and Torrie took off as if the devil breathed down their necks. By the time I convinced my legs to move, it was too late.”

Reid squeezed her hand. “What do you mean?”

Olivia swallowed hard. “The two women dragged me to the floor...”

“Did you see them?”

She shook her head. “Not really...perhaps a vague apparition, but their hands roamed over my body, and I heard high-pitched giggles. They touched my breasts, my legs, m...m...my—”

Brent pressed a finger against her lips. “We get the picture. How old were you?”

She chanced a peek at Reid, surprised to see his mouth tightened in anger. “Fourteen.” She sat up straighter and cleared her throat, determined to spill her guts. “Then Eben materialized. The room shook with his anger. I feared the walls would collapse. Words rumbled from his mouth like thunder. He yelled ‘be gone’ and I was free.

“My legs threatened to collapse when I stood, but somehow I stayed upright. I’ll never forget it. His fury terrified me. I backed away until I bumped into the wall. Dressed in black, he looked like Satan as strode toward me with an odd twisted smile on his face. I closed my eyes, waiting for him to hurt me, but he touched my hair with a gentleness I didn’t expect. Then he reached into his pocket and brought out this necklace.” She touched the huge yellow stone around her neck. “He slipped it over my head and said, ‘May it bring you much happiness. Go now. Never come back.’”

Brent fingered the topaz nestled in the crevice of Olivia’s breasts. “This belonged to Eben Henshaw?”

She shrugged. “I guess so.”

“Eben showed you nothing but kindness. Why are you afraid of him?”

“Other than the fact he’s dead? He scared the bejesus out of me. I’ve never seen such a temper, even if it wasn’t directed at me.”

Reid squeezed her shoulder. “I understand your reluctance to live there, but I’ll take care of you.”

Olivia laughed. “There’s no protection from a ghost, Reid.”

Reid rose. “Enough talk tonight. You need a hot shower and sleep.”

Brent dropped a kiss on Olivia’s forehead. “I’ll hit the sack myself. See you two in the morning.”

She didn’t stop to analyze her abrupt need for both. “My bed’s large enough for three.”

The sadness in Brent’s smile convinced her she needed to discover the history between him and Reid. “Not tonight. Everyone needs to rest.”

“Brent’s right. We all need sleep.”

In the bathroom, Reid’s gentleness surprised her. She’d become accustomed to his take control, dominant manner and his tender ministrations threw her off base. Under the hot spray her body relaxed. He washed and rinsed her hair, and gently kneaded her stiff muscles before shutting off the water.

Soon they lay in bed, snuggled between the quilts, listening to the roar of the torrential storm that continued to rage in the darkness. Olivia’s mind refused to shut off. Random thoughts chased each other, giving her a headache.

“Can’t sleep?” Reid murmured beside her.

“No.”

“What’s on your mind?”

“Brent. You. Me. All of us.”

Reid’s hesitation made her wonder what churned inside his head. “Having regrets?” he asked.

She rolled to face him and played with the hair on his chest. “No. I need to know why there’s conflict between you and Brent.”

“What went on in the past doesn’t concern you, Olivia. Besides, it’s a long story and not only mine to tell. Roll over. I’ll give you a back rub.”

Ah ha! In her experience a back rub led to sex. Perhaps a strong orgasm might shut off her brain. As his hands manipulated the tenseness from her shoulders and neck, her body relaxed. The howling wind lulled her. Not even the occasional snap of a tree limb outside penetrated her calm state. Reid’s soft kiss on her cheek was her last waking memory.

* * * *

Sleep eluded Brent as he lay on his back with his hands clasped behind his head, listening to gusts of wind buffet the windows, rattling the glass. Had he made a mistake in luring Reid to Tedmon? If he’d been up front and told him he lived here, Reid would never have showed up. But resorting to trickery? Pretty damn low no matter how much he loved Reid.

Reid needed a woman in his life, and Olivia would be perfect. The missing piece to the puzzle, she’d bring Reid and him together and complement their union. Brent had once disagreed with that theory. Today he admitted Reid had been right. Tonight’s lovemaking had been fantastic and in the past year he’d slowly fallen in love with Olivia, who he’d come to think of as his prim and proper librarian. He chuckled at his misconception.

When the realtor had told him Reid would arrive today, he’d wracked his brain for a way to bring Olivia and Reid together. He’d walked into the library tonight and got the shock of his life, along with one hell of a hard on. Reid had always been fast with the ladies, but this must have been a record for him.

The situation had moved along faster than he'd planned. Now, if only Reid would accept his bisexual side, Brent's life would be complete.

During the brief times the wind subsided, he strained his ears, listening for Reid's moans of pleasure and Olivia's kitten-like noises. His cock swelled imagining them locked together, Reid stroking in and out of Olivia's slick pussy.

Thinking about the day Reid would ram his beautiful cock up his ass brought beads of cold sweat to Brent's forehead. To hell with this. He climbed out of bed and followed the ray of light from his flashlight to Olivia's bedroom. He swept the beam over the bed and shut it off. Face to face, Olivia and Reid lay in the middle of the mattress. Before he chickened out, Brent slid between the sheets and spooned his body around Olivia. She murmured something incoherent and nestled her ass against his crotch. He curled his arm around her waist, resisting the urge to stroke Reid's arm. Olivia's warmth soaked into his skin and he gave in to his drowsiness.

Chapter 6

Reid enjoyed the way his cock jumped to attention as he caressed the hair on Olivia's arm. Hair? He bolted upright. Brent lay on the other side of Olivia, snoring softly, his hand tucked securely around her waist.

Head throbbing, Reid flopped back on the mattress. Damn it. Brent presented a complication he didn't want to deal with. *I am not gay*. Reid repeated the mantra that had become a part of his daily routine. His cock argued the point. At this very moment, it wasn't Olivia who turned him on. Neither did images of Brent sliding in and out Olivia pussy. *Admit it*. He wanted to cover Brent's body with his own, thrust his tongue into Brent's mouth and savor the friction of their cocks rubbing together.

He rolled out of bed.

For almost a year, memories of the night they'd met had haunted him. They'd hit it off the moment Reid's editor, Beth, had introduced Brent as her assistant. His keen and perceptive mind had blown Reid away. He'd expected Brent to go far in the literary world. Why had he given up his career to serve as a Board Director at some rinky-dink town in Maine? Thanks to Brent's conniving, they'd fallen for the same woman.

The emotions Brent stirred surpassed any he'd experienced with a woman, until Olivia. That night they'd talked until dawn. Reid had confided his hopes and dreams and listened to Brent's with genuine interest. Then the kiss happened. The moment their mouths had touched, Reid's life had changed forever. Shocked at his body's reaction, Reid had run and never looked back. For the first and only time in his life, he'd wanted to fuck another man.

“Hey! Are you lost in space?” Olivia’s question jerked him back to the present. He must look the fool, standing at the end of the bed.

“Get back in bed before you freeze your dick,” Olivia rambled on.

Reid glanced at his cock pointing at them like an avenging angel. “Ah...be right back.” Like a coward he fled to the bathroom where he leaned his forehead against the medicine cabinet mirror and splashed cold on his face. The temperature had to be below fifty in the house, yet heat raced through his bloodstream. He could deny it all he wanted, but he lusted after Brent more than he had a year ago. And as odd as it seemed, his strong feelings for Brent blended with the ones he had for Olivia.

After a frigid sponge bath, he meandered back to the bedroom to find Olivia and Brent locked in a kiss destined to set the mattress ablaze. “Rise and shine. The storm’s over.”

Olivia groaned, but rolled away. “What’s the rush? It’ll take a while for the plows to clear the roads.”

“Reid’s right. It’s time to get up.” Brent’s agreement surprised him.

“We’ve got a lot to do.” Reid yanked on his jeans and turned away so he didn’t have to see at Brent getting out of bed. He no longer trusted his willpower.

Olivia wrapped a blanket around her nakedness and came to him. “I’ve made my decision.”

Reid’s fingers froze on his zipper. “About what?”

“Working for you.”

God she looked beautiful, her face flushed from her foreplay with Brent, her hair a tangle of auburn curls. He bent to pull on his boots. “Enlighten me.”

“I’ll work for you and live at the Henshaw house...if Brent moves in, too.”

“Excuse me?” Brent’s words echoed Reid’s.

“Those are my terms. Take it or leave it.”

Reid's blood boiled at being blackmailed, but the stubborn jut of Olivia's chin, along with her narrowed gaze left no room for argument. He had no doubt she had an agenda.

"Olivia, that's not possible." Brent's soft tone caressed Reid like a lover's touch.

"Then I guess that's it. Sorry, Reid. You're on your own." Tightening the blanket, Olivia walked out of the room, shutting the door behind her.

Reid forced a laugh to cover the awkward moment. "Stubborn woman." Sucking in air for courage he looked directly at Brent. And wished he hadn't. The adoration in Brent's eyes almost brought him to his knees. "Any reason you can't stay with us?"

"You know the answer to your question. Why bother asking?"

Reid cleared his throat and inched his way to the door. He had to get out of here. "I want Olivia at the house. I'd appreciate your moving in." He left before Brent answered.

Curled up on the couch, Olivia asked, "Did Brent agree?"

"No."

A frown puckered her brow. "Did you ask him?"

"Yes."

"He said no?"

"I didn't wait for his answer."

Olivia sat in silence. A knock on the door ended the cut the heavy tension in the air.

"It's probably Rufus," Olivia said. "He pulled your truck out of the snowbank. Remember?" she added at Reid's blank expression. "He'll want his money. One more thing. We all sleep together in the same bed every night." Regal as a queen, she rose and disappeared into the bathroom.

By the time Reid had paid Rufus, his anxiety level had skyrocketed. He returned to find Brent in the living room. "Please say yes." The words surprised him as much as they did Brent. "Let's put our differences aside. Writing Eben Henshaw's story is important to

me.” Reid hated himself for playing the guilt card, but knew he’d won when Brent’s eyes softened.

“If you’re sure you’re comfortable with it.”

Comfortable? Hell no. It would be nothing but torture. “The three of us hit it off right away. Thanks, Brent.”

“You can’t hide forever, Reid. Sooner or later you’ll have to face what’s between us.”

“There’s nothing—”

Olivia breezed in fully dressed. “So what’s the scoop? Should I pack or not?”

“Yes. We’ll be the three fucking musketeers.”

Reid opened his mouth to apologize for his sarcasm, but Olivia laughed. “Great.”

Reid made a snap decision. “Let’s move in today.”

Olivia obviously had other ideas. “Today we’re driving to Portland. Since we’re sticking together, it’s important we all get a clean bill of health. No more condoms.”

“Isn’t there a freaking hospital nearer than Portland?”

Brent smiled at Reid. “Always so impatient. It’s not a good idea to have an aids test in a small town hospital. Might as well put a notice in the local paper that we’re a threesome.”

“You really want to do this?” Reid asked, focusing solely on Brent.

“If it makes Olivia happy.”

Reid chanced a peek at Olivia who grinned like the Cheshire cat, giving him the impression that for some unknown reason he and Brent had been manipulated. “I suppose this is another stipulation to your living with me?”

“Yep. We also need to arrange for a king sized bed to be delivered. And mirrors.”

Reid’s cock hardened, and he noticed Brent’s eyes darken with passion. “There’s a mirror in your bedroom. Shall we try it out for size?”

Brent hooked an arm around Olivia's waist. "Good idea. I don't want to ride for three hours with a swollen cock."

Reid's libido went wild. How long could he live twenty-four hours a day with Brent without satisfying his lust?

* * * *

Happiness bubbled in Olivia's chest. She belonged to these two men, and they belonged to her as well as each other, although they wouldn't admit it. She planned to change that.

She gasped when Brent tossed her over his shoulder and carried her into the bedroom, setting her on the floor in front of her dresser mirror. He removed her t-shirt and moaned when he saw she wore no bra. "Your breasts are perfect, ripe and firm as two melons. Watch me play with them."

Still raw from last night's sex, her nipples ached with a stinging want as he pinched first one and then the other. She stared at the mirror and a shiver of lust wracked her body when Reid pressed against Brent and tugged her sweatpants down her hips.

"No underwear either," he growled. "Smart woman."

"No fair." Olivia pursed her lips in a pout. "I'm the only one naked. Reid, take off Brent's pants." She held her breath. After a slight hesitation, Reid slid his fingers to Brent's waist and lowered his zipper. The tic in Brent's cheek fascinated her. Juices trickled down the insides of her thighs imagining these two men making love to each other.

Brent's cock sprang free, and he kicked off his jeans. Reid's soon joined his on the rug. She coaxed them to stand beside her by taking their cocks, one in each hand. Tendons strained in their necks, giving her the confidence to take control. "Kiss me." She hooked an arm around their necks, kissing one and then the other. "Kiss me at the same time." Reid tensed, but didn't resist. Their tongues swirled and tangled with hers bringing her close to explosion.

She pulled back, pushing their heads together. “My pussy gets wet seeing your tongues play together.”

Their reluctance soon forgotten, they ate each other’s mouths like starving men. Reid groaned when Brent bit his bottom lip. “God. Kissing you is better than I remembered.”

Olivia’s heart hammered against her breastbone. So her suspicions were confirmed. They’d been lovers. She dropped to her knees and licked the two cocks now parrying with each other. Their shafts swelled, bobbed and rubbed together. She guided the head of Reid’s cock to her mouth for a few sucks before going down on Brent.

Intent on her mission, she squealed when they plunked her on the dresser, her back against the mirror. “What—oh, please harder. Yes!” Their mouths shared her pussy. She shuddered with need at the two tongues swirling in her hole.

Reid licked his way to her breasts, sucking her nipples into little spears. “Play with your nipples, Olivia, while we suck your pretty little cunt. You’re so wet, so pink and so damn tasty.”

“Amen to that,” Brent whispered. “Your juice is better than nectar.”

“Please. Fuck me before I lose my mind,” Olivia groaned, not caring if she begged.

“You heard the lady,” Reid growled. Olivia stumbled as he yanked her off the dresser, and she would have fallen if Brent hadn’t caught her. Reid’s dominance made her hotter. One lover sweet and considerate, the other rough and demanding. What a perfect combination.

Reid shoved her onto the end of the bed, face down, feet on the floor. “Spread your legs, beautiful. Brent’s cock is itching to fuck your hot pussy.”

“Your turn, Reid. I’ve a strong need to see your cock, covered with glistening dew, moving in and out of Olivia.”

Brent’s assertive words surprised Olivia, but she had other plans. “I’ve got a better idea.”

“Hmmm, what’s that?” Reid asked, before his tongue rimmed her anus.

“Suck each other’s cocks.”

Reid jerked upright.

Brent cleared his throat. “Ah, Olivia, that’s not such a good idea.”

“Why not?”

“Because I’m not gay.” Reid’s tone came out two decibels short of a holler.

Olivia laughed. “I know that. Gay men aren’t interested in women.”

“This is what we’re doing.” Reid plucked Olivia off the bed, lay where she’d been and yanked her toward him. “Straddle me and ride me hard. Brent, fuck her in the ass. I want to feel your cock sliding against mine.”

Instead of being angry at Reid’s crudeness, his words titillated Olivia, raising her excitement to an uncontrollable level. He’d admitted a desire for Brent, which pleased her. “Yes. Do it.” She sank onto Reid’s shaft and took it all.

Brent’s hands moving over her butt sent jolts of electricity to her pussy. With slow precision, he parted her cheeks. “Jesus,” he murmured. “You’re too small.”

Olivia gritted her teeth. “I’m not. Just do it, Brent.” She accepted that there’d be pain. She welcomed it. Pain and pleasure simultaneously turned her more wanton.

The bulbous head poked at her opening, and then a few inches slid in. Olivia wiggled her ass. “Feels good, Brent. Give me all of it.”

“I’ll hurt you.”

“No you won’t.”

“Hurry, Brent. I need your cock against mine.”

At Reid’s words, Brent grasped Olivia’s hips and thrust hard. His balls swung against her pussy. She swallowed a scream, grateful he’d not tried to inch his way in.

“Feels so damn good, Brent,” Reid moaned. “You’re driving. Move Olivia’s hips to find the rhythm that’ll bring us to Utopia.”

“Are you all right, Olivia?” Brent panted.

“I’m on fire. Need to come.”

Brent found the perfect tempo. Olivia’s lust fed on being manipulated by two men seeking their own pleasure while bringing joy and satisfaction to her.

When Reid’s body stiffened, Olivia’s pussy clenched hard. Their orgasms triggered Brent’s. No one spoke as they lay in a heap on the bed. Olivia wondered whether Reid regretted what had happened.

Chapter 7

Olivia did her best to look at moving into the old house as an adventure. At times it hit her as more of a nightmare. Brent and Reid laughed at her fears. They didn't experience the cold drafts and didn't sense a presence watching...waiting. For that reason, she made damn sure to be in the same room with one or both of them. Everyone had a room to call their own, complete with all the bedroom furnishings. Since they'd agreed she'd never sleep alone, she didn't plan to spend any nights there. Mr. Sandman would find her in the king size bed Reid had bought. He'd given in to her request for mirrors, and they covered the walls and ceilings.

"Let's go to town."

Hitting the save button, she glanced at Reid. "I'm in the middle of a chapter and—"

He tugged her out of the chair. "We're running out of food. Besides, we haven't left this house in ten days. We need outside stimulation, or at least I do."

Olivia snaked her arms around his neck. "You and Brent give me all the stimulation I can handle. Where is Brent? Her pussy tingled at the thought of an afternoon romp.

Reid cupped her ass and groaned low in his throat. "It drives me crazy to see Brent's hands on you, but he's busy and won't be home until late."

Olivia ignored the stab of disappointment. As much as she enjoyed sex with Reid, she missed the thrill of two men loving her at the same time. "Oh."

Reid slapped her ass cheek. “Get a move on, woman. I’ll wait in the truck.”

* * * *

Four hours later, Olivia slipped the key in the lock at her old farmhouse. She had an hour before meeting Brent back at the library. She’d considered putting the house up for sale, but Reid would be going back to Wyoming at some point, and she’d need a place to live. She should ask him about it, but didn’t want to know. She’d more than half fallen in love with Reid and Brent. When Reid left, he’d take a corner of her heart with him. At least she’d have Brent.

At five o’clock, darkness had fallen when she slipped inside and fumbled for the light switch on the wall. Someone grabbed her from behind and a firm hand clamped over her mouth.

“It’s me.” Reid’s husky voice didn’t calm her fears. Dizzy from fright, her heart galloped in her chest.

“What are you doing here? You scared me.” Her anger came out as a meek whisper.

“It’s time for another hands on research lesson, sweetheart. Relax,” he murmured when she stiffened.

A movement from the left caught her eye. Brent! “I thought you had plans.” Heat curled low in her belly.

“Tonight, you’re our love slave,” Brent announced.

“That’s right. You’re not to talk.” From behind, Reid shook her. “Understand?”

Excitement thrummed through Olivia. She nodded.

“Take off your clothes.”

At Reid’s command, she dropped her coat to floor and fumbled with the buttons on her blouse. Both men leaned against the wall, lust in their eyes. She yanked off the offending garment, ignoring the noise of tearing cloth.

Reid chuckled. “Our little slave is in a hurry.”

Pride insisted she slow down. She unclasped her bra with trembling fingers and let her breasts swing free. Kicking off her boots, she wiggled out of her jeans before hooking her thumbs under the elastic of her panties and sliding them down her legs. She stood naked, shoulders back.

“You’re too proud, slave, but that’ll change.” Brent bent and rummaged through a black duffle bag on the floor.

Olivia sucked in air when he dragged out a collar with a long leash attached. A tingle of trepidation carried her to a new level of sexual awareness.

“On your knees,” Reid commanded.

She balked. The game suddenly stirred a flicker of fear. Hands on her shoulders forced her to the floor. The familiarity of Brent’s touch eased her tension. She listened to the rustle of clothes and grew hotter, picturing the ripples in their abs.

Reid slipped the collar on her neck. The leather against her skin puckered her nipples. He drew the leash under her body between her breasts and along her stomach. Brent moved behind and picked it up. The leather pressed in the crack of her pussy, rubbing her clit.

“Listen up, slave. This works like reins on a horse. I’ll jerk in the direction I want you to move.”

The cord pulled tight against her slit, bringing her close to orgasm. “Oh, yes.”

A hard slap across her ass startled her. “Hey! That hurt.”

Another one. Her nipples tightened. She couldn’t stop her moan of pleasure. “Shut up, slave. No talking.” Two more slaps, harder than the first ones. Her ass burned. Fire consumed her loins.

“Spread your legs.” Reid pushed her thighs apart with his foot.

A sticky wetness trickled from her pussy. She wanted to scream. To tell them what she wanted. What she needed.

Reid moved to stand in front of her, holding his cock. The knob loomed larger and angrier than usual. She licked her lips in

anticipation. He stroked it gently before running the head across her lips. She opened her mouth to take it in. *Slap!*

“Did he say you could suck his cock, slave?” Brent asked. *Slap!* He yanked tight on the leash and the leather dug into her hardened nub.

“Look at me, slave,” Reid demanded. “Watch.” Olivia blinked back tears of frustration and concentrated on Reid. She craved his shaft in her mouth. He jostled his balls with one hand and gently pumped his cock with the other.

“Please,” she whispered. “I’m going to come.”

Slap! Slap! Slap! Olivia flinched. A sob escaped.

“Give her the head, Reid,” Brent said.

Reid fed her the swollen knob, his fingers preventing her from taking more than he willingly gave. His free hand milked her nipples.

With no warning, Reid pushed his cock toward her throat and she greedily swallowed. “Her eyes have gone dreamy. She’s going to orgasm, Brent.”

“Too soon,” Brent responded. Four quick hard slaps snatched Olivia away from her pending release.

Reid drew out of her mouth. “Want me to take the reins?”

“Sure. I’ve got something else in my bag.” Olivia heard his footsteps going down the hall. Brent returned with a warm, wet washcloth. He wiped her sore bottom, and then wiped the thick juices from her pussy. “Got to make room for the new,” he whispered into her ear.

Never in her life had Olivia imagined sexual torture would be so stimulating. Unable to focus on anything but her electrified body, she was hooked. Something pinched one nipple. “Ouch!” *Slap!* Reid slapped harder than Brent had.

“When will you learn, slave? No talking.”

Brent knelt in front of her, attaching something to her other nipple. The squeezing sent a dull ache to her core. “Nipple clamps in

case you're wondering. I'm going to tighten them. Nod your head when the pleasure ceases."

Each time Brent tightened the clamps, she grew hotter. A flood of embarrassment swept through her. How much pain could she endure and still find it pleasurable?

"Damn, Reid. She's hot!" Brent sounded proud. "I'll attach the bells."

Olivia gasped. The added weight dragged her nipples lower. She rotated her hips seeking a cock, knowing she'd never get so lucky.

Brent grabbed the leash and slowly pulled it. The friction against her clit as it slid forward drove her mad. He tugged. She had to crawl or be choked. "Heel, slave." She stayed by his legs.

Slap! "Legs spread," Reid ordered. Brent led her to the living room, stopping a few feet from an overstuffed arm chair. "You get a front seat to the show, slave."

Confused, Olivia stared in rapt amazement as Brent and Reid embraced, their hands caressing each other's bodies. Her days of trying to get them together had produced fruit. Her pussy vibrated with the need for release. Brent squatted and drew Reid's erection into his mouth. Brent tugged on his balls and the euphoric bliss on Reid's face cranked up her excitement. Brent yanked him to the floor and they curled into a sixty-nine position.

Olivia's hand went to her pussy and she squeezed her clit. Engrossed in sucking cock, neither man noticed.

"Enough," Reid gasped, rolling away. "Our little slave is misbehaving."

Olivia snatched her hand away.

"Are you feeling ignored? Does your little clit need attention? I can fix that." The intent in Brent's eyes belied his soft voice. He dragged out a sex toy, along with a tube of lubricant. Olivia recognized the double dildo with a long cord attached to a remote. She'd seen one on the internet. Her heart lurched at the size of the rubber cocks.

Reid slid under her body, his cock jutting in the air. If she lowered her head, she could lick it. Since her skin still stung from her spankings, she behaved. She shivered in anticipation when Brent pressed against her ass. Olivia's knees started to buckle at the touch of Reid's tongue, parting the wet folds of her pussy. With deliberate slowness, he slipped a dildo up her channel. Her muscles clenched as if trying to reject its fatness. "Come one, baby, relax. You can take this," Reid encouraged.

Brent's hands parted her ass cheeks. The cool lubricant he worked into her anal canal heightened her nervousness. Drawing a deep breath, she braced herself for penetration of the second fake cock. Reid forced it past the rim. Before she'd grown accustomed to the fullness in both holes, a vibration shook her lower body and rocked her world. Guttural noises came from her throat. Moisture gushed from her hole.

"She's so damn hot. Turn it up," Reid murmured to Brent.

Brent laughed. "Not yet. She'll come too soon."

Leaving her alone, kneeling on the floor, the two men returned to the chair within her vision. She stifled a gasp when their mouths parted and they kissed. Brent broke away to rain kisses on Reid's chest. "I've wanted this since the night I met you."

The vibrating dildos continued to churn as Brent and Reid cranked up the heat.

Reid touched Brent's cock. "You'll get it."

Brent held Olivia's satisfaction, the remote, in his hand. He lowered the vibrating level. It teased and tantalized, but paused frequently, leaving her on the brink of climax.

Reid pressed Brent over the back of the chair. Brent took a few steps backwards and spread his legs. Olivia salivated at the sight of Reid spreading cream up and down his cock. She'd given little thought to man love, but she'd never expected to be so turned on. She held her breath as Reid pulled apart Brent's cheeks and popped the head of his cock into the anal rim.

Brent's fingers dug into the upholstery. "Give me all of it."

Reid grasped Brent's hips and rammed forward. Olivia flinched, feeling Brent's pain. His loud groan of pleasure convinced her he loved it.

Brent bucked his hips, finding his own rhythm. Reid stretched his arms around Brent's waist, grasped his cock and pumped.

"Faster, Reid!"

Reid's roughness shocked Olivia. Is that what men wanted? Needed?

Engrossed in Reid's slick cock sliding in and out of Brent's ass, Olivia almost buckled when the dildos jolted to a higher speed. An electric current buzzed her pussy and anus. The bells on her nipples jingled wildly as her body jerked back and forth. Her breasts bounced and the added weight shot shards of pleasurable pain to her clit.

Suddenly, Reid jerked Brent away from the chair, and with his cock deeply embedded, walked him to Olivia, positioning Brent's shaft near her lips. She sucked him in. Reid fucked Brent hard and fast, each thrust forcing Brent's cock against the back of her throat.

"Turn it up, Brent," Reid gasped.

The dildos sped into overdrive. They jerked side to side, thrummed against her sensitive membranes until her ass and pussy burned with a fire she feared might kill her. She toppled over the edge, as one orgasm after another bombed through her. She swallowed Brent's cum, longing for more. Reid's cry of release filled the room.

When Brent pulled out of her mouth, she flopped forward. The two men collapsed beside her. Vaguely, she felt someone remove the pleasure toys. Brent kissed her forehead before sleep claimed her.

* * * *

Reid leaned on an elbow and gently stroked Olivia's cheek. She brushed at his hand as if batting away a pesky fly. So beautiful, so

passionate. What would he see in her eyes when she woke? Disgust? Disappointment? Happiness? She'd been pushing him and Brent together for days. His decision to succumb to his need for Brent had not been made lightly.

Beside him Brent stirred and curled an arm around Reid's waist. As if reading his thoughts, Olivia stretched. Her eyes opened and caught his gaze. Reid's heart stepped up its tempo when she smiled. "Hello."

"Hi."

"Where's Brent?"

"Asleep on my other side. We crashed for three hours."

Olivia scrambled to a sitting position. "Three hours?"

Getting off the floor, Reid grabbed the hand Olivia offered and pulled her to her feet. "Come here," he whispered. "Let's not wake Brent." He sat on the couch, tugging her close. Now, how to approach the subject? Words should come easy to an author.

"You and Brent never told me you had feelings for each other. I'd guessed, but it would have been nice if you'd confided in me. We're a team, right?"

Olivia's words knocked the wind out of him. "Does it bother you?" His nerves jumped at the intensity in her eyes.

"No. I love my new world of sexual pleasure. One I knew absolutely nothing about, and I have you two to thank." She dragged a throw off the back of the sofa and wrapped it around her shoulders. "I'm more surprised at Brent. For two years I'd dubbed him a stuffed shirt. I couldn't have been more wrong."

"Brent wanted to have sex with me the night we met. I ran."

"You enjoyed it just now?"

"I won't lie to you. Yes, I did."

She dropped her gaze and fiddled with the fringe on the blanket.

Reid took a deep breath. "I don't make a habit of fucking men. And neither does Brent."

"You don't have to tell me your secrets."

He lifted her chin, running his thumb over her bottom lip. “Yes, I do. You’re important to me. I love burying my cock inside your hot pussy.” Reid pressed a finger on Olivia’s mouth when she started to speak. “Hear me out. Brent is the only man I’ve had sex with. Neither of us is gay. We love women.”

“Are you speaking for me, too? Damn presumptuous of you.” Reid tensed. He hadn’t realized Brent had woken.

“Neither one of you need to explain anything to me. It’s obvious how much you care for one another. I’m happy.”

Reid curled his hands around her biceps and squeezed. “Same here.”

“Ditto,” Brent said in between yawns. “Are we sleeping here or going back to the haunted house?” He made a series of eerie noises.

“Home,” Olivia and Reid said at the same time.

They all laughed.

Chapter 8

Damn onions. Olivia swiped tears off her face as she chopped vegetables for a beef stew. An attack of the blues had grabbed her by the throat this morning. That, coupled with the lurking spirits, had put her on the edge. During the past month, she'd grown accustomed to Reid's and Brent's warm bodies curled around her at night. What would her life be like when she had to live without them? The realization that all of this could end at any time put her in a somber mood. As soon as he finished his book, Reid would return to his ranch in Wyoming. Brent might follow him, and she'd...what would she do? She'd probably move further down the coast nearer Portland where there'd be more job opportunities.

Olivia had shared everything she knew about Eben's history. None of it had inspired Reid to start his novel. Since they'd moved here, he'd filled several notebooks with his thoughts and her revelations. He tried to hide it, but she sensed his disappointment at the lack of ghostly appearances. A cold shiver scrambled up her back. Brent and Reid didn't feel any spirits roaming around, but she sure as hell did. So far, they'd not confronted her.

Lips brushed the back of her neck. She whirled, knife in hand.

"Whoa!" Reid said. "First a poker and now a knife. A little nervous, are we?"

Olivia's heart knocked against her breastbone. "Don't ever sneak up on me in this house. Especially if I'm holding a weapon."

"Hey, baby," he crooned, and removed the sharp blade from her hand. He wrapped her in his arms. "Why so jumpy?" He tipped her chin, a spark of hope in his eyes. "Did something happen?"

A spark of hope brightened his eyes. "Olivia?"

"Not really." She burrowed her face in the hollow of his shoulder. "It's been happening since we moved in. I wish you could feel it."

Under her fingers, his muscles tensed. "Feel what?"

"They're here. All three of them." she whispered.

He scanned the kitchen. "Where? I don't see anyone."

"You can't see them. Neither can I, but I sense their presence. They're watching us. All the time. I walk through more cold spots than I can count."

Reid laughed. "Honey, it's below zero outdoors and this is an old house. It's bound to be cold."

"Right in front of the woodstove? And what about the lights flickering at the same time every night? Even you have to admit that's odd."

"Bad wiring? I know what'll take your mind off ghosts," he murmured in her ear.

"Tempting, but I'm in the middle of making supper. Where's Brent?"

Olivia noticed his frown, even though he smiled. "I'm only hungry for you."

Heat pooled below her navel. "Let's wait for him."

He squeezed her ass cheeks, forcing her against his hardened cock. "He had a meeting in Portland today, so he'll be late. Besides, I haven't had you to myself for a long time."

"Let's go upstairs."

"How about doing it on the kitchen table? Isn't that where people *eat* their meals?"

Her pussy creamed at the hunger in his eyes. She slid her hands to his belt. "Yum. I know what I'm having for an appetizer."

Brushing her fingers aside, he shed his jeans. "You're always hot and ready."

Olivia plunged her tongue between his lips and eagerly stroked his cock. He easily disposed of her sweatpants and hoisted her onto the

table and dropped to his knees, spreading her thighs. Watching him finger her vaginal lips made her so hot she flooded his hand. His thumb gathered the moisture and rubbed her clit. “Lay down so I can lick you. I’m skipping ahead to the main course.”

Desire flooded her senses as she leaned back and propped herself on her elbows, her gaze glued on his tongue thrusting in and out of her greedy pussy. She strained against his hands holding her hips, but he continued his assault, keeping her immobile.

Three fingers replaced Reid’s tongue, dragging a near scream from her throat. “More. I need more.”

“You got it.” A fourth digit entered her channel. He rotated them in a circular motion. “Come for me, Liv. Let me hear you scream loud enough to wake the dead.”

His words barely registered, as she thrashed her head back and forth, undulating her pelvis against his fingers. “I’m coming...”

Reid pressed his free hand hard on her mound, and she shot off like a rocket. In a daze, she fluttered back to reality like a leaf in the wind while her inner muscles milked his fingers. “You’re going to kill me one of these days,” she panted.

“No one ever died from a good fucking.”

He pulled a chair away from the table and sat astride. Condoms were a thing of the past. All three had been given a clean bill of health. “Come ride, woman.”

Olivia slid off the table and straddled him, torturing herself by sinking ever so slowly onto his cock, taking in only the bulbous head. “Tease,” Reid muttered. He grabbed her hips and wrenched her down.

“Faster,” she moaned as he worked her hips back and forth. Reaching behind, she teased his balls, lightly scraping her fingernails over them and then jostling them in her hands.

Reid squeezed her breasts until her nipples jutted like twin mountain peaks. Olivia bit her bottom lip to keep from screaming. He sucked and laved the tips with his tongue and her pussy clenched on

his cock. "Sweet Jesus," he groaned. "I can't hold back much longer, baby. Make yourself come."

Olivia lifted off his cock and slammed her body down. And again. She teetered on the brink of climax. He pinched her nipples and sent them both into oblivion. "You're the best, Liv," he whispered against her throat.

At a loud crash they scrambled to their feet. The numerous pots hanging in the kitchen hovered in mid-air before crashing to the floor. Olivia and Reid stared in stupefied fascination.

Reid's face paled. "Do you believe me now? You're the one who wanted to wake the dead."

She had to bend close to hear his words.

"At least they didn't attack us. I meant what I said. I love you."

"Reid, don't—" She broke off as the door slammed and Brent strode into the kitchen with hardly a glance in their direction.

Reid called out. "Hey, Brent. You just missed—"

"I can see," Brent replied, his gaze brushing Reid's limp cock.

"Not sex." Olivia smiled at the little boy excitement in Reid's tone.

Brent scanned the kitchen. "Why are the pots all over the floor?"

"That's what I'm trying to tell you." Reid pulled on his jeans. "Eben knocked them down."

"Really?"

Although Brent projected enthusiasm into his voice, Olivia sensed something bothered him. "What's up, Brent?"

His kind eyes locked with hers. "I think I'm about to lose my job."

Olivia paused, her sweatpants half way up her thighs. "You're kidding?"

"I wish. One of the board members approached me after the meeting." Brent leaned against the counter and popped a slice of carrot in his mouth. "Everyone's in an uproar about you leaving. Evidently, Sally's been telling anyone willing to listen that I'm the reason you quit your job."

“How so?” Reid asked.

Olivia tugged her pants over her hips and ran to give Brent a hug. “That’s crazy.”

“She insists my interest in you bordered on sexual harassment and told them you’d confided to her that I frightened you. Said I’d been panting after you since day one.”

“The little twit. Wait until I get my hands on her.”

“She must have been damn convincing,” Brent said with a tired sigh.

Reid joined them, putting an arm around Brent. “This sucks.”

Olivia steamed inside. She’d always abhorred pettiness. “I’ll tell the assholes I left because Reid gave me a better job offer.”

Reid grabbed Olivia from behind and offered her to Brent. “How about some dessert? I guarantee it’s delicious.”

Brent grinned. “Sounds great, but not tonight. I’m not in the mood.”

A loud knocking on the front door grabbed their attention.

“Now what?” Olivia pulled away from Reid.

“I’m not expecting anyone.” He glanced over his shoulder on his way to living room. “I’ll get rid of whoever it is.”

The door creaked open and Olivia’s gaze flew to Brent at the surprise in Reid’s voice. “Beth? What the hell are you doing here?”

Brent sighed. “It’s his agent. He may need rescuing. She’s a piranha.”

As they entered the living room, Olivia’s first impression of Reid’s agent took her breath away. Her petite stature and Asian descent made her one sexy lady. That along with the long blood red fingernails clinging to Reid’s arm.

“Nice,” she murmured, running her fingertips over his pecs. “And sweaty. Been working out?” She removed her jacket and shook her long black hair. “I’ve come to save you from yourself.”

Reid shook off her fingers. “I don’t need saving. Besides, your timing sucks.”

"I'd say," Beth replied and her almond eyes narrowed as they settled on Brent and Olivia. "Brent! What are you doing here?"

"That's what I just asked you, Beth," Reid said. "If I'd known you'd show up at my door, I would never have told you where I lived."

Beth concentrated solely on Brent. "I didn't realize you two had hooked up again."

Brent stiffened at Olivia's side. "Didn't know I had to account to you, Beth. I know longer work for your agency. You made sure of that."

Beth laughed and glided across the floor to kiss Brent on the mouth. "How wonderful to see you again. I'm surprised to find you in the sticks, that's all. I'd pegged you as a city boy."

Olivia dared a glance at Reid, curious at his reaction to this turn of events. A slight smile curved his lips, and his eyes danced with amusement. "This is Olivia Spencer," he said, drawing her to his side in what could only be considered a possessive gesture.

"I'm Beth, Reid's editor. If you and Reid are as close as he's implying, I hope you can talk some sense into him. He needs to drop this ghost biography idea and get back to writing fiction. There's not a reader out there who wants to read about Eben Henshaw, a murderer who's been dead for over two hundred years. No one believes in ghosts."

"I do," Brent said, before untangling himself from Beth and moving toward Olivia and Reid.

"Then you're as crazy as he is," Beth said, fury in her dark eyes. "I mean it, Reid. Continue with this asinine idea, and I'll find a way to break your contract."

Reid's anger upped the tension in the room. Olivia squeezed his hand in warning.

"No need, Beth. As a matter of fact, I've made a decision. It's time for a change. I'm hiring Brent as my agent."

"What?" Brent and Beth spoke simultaneously.

Olivia expected steam come out of Beth's ears. The woman vibrated with ire. "You can't do that," Beth growled.

"Watch me," Reid said. "You're not the only one who can break a contract. My lawyer will be in touch tomorrow."

Olivia almost jumped into Reid's arms at a heavy thud from above, followed by maniacal laughter. The gruesome sound reverberated off the walls. "Be gone," a cavernous voice bellowed.

"Very funny." Beth edged toward the door.

Reid curled an arm around Olivia.

"I didn't do anything," Reid insisted. "It's Eben. I told you he haunts the place."

"You made it up," Beth said, casting a nervous look at the stairs. "You've probably got a rigged tape recorder up there."

"Get real, Beth. How would I have known you'd show up?"

"Would you like to spend the night?" Both Reid and Brent snapped to attention at Olivia's quiet question.

Beth shuddered. "Good God, no!" With a final glance at the stairway, she rushed out the door, stopping on the top porch step. "I've changed my mind, Reid. You might be onto a good story. I look forward to reading it."

"You're no longer my agent, Beth. Get it through your head."

Without another word, Beth fled to her car. Olivia laughed as she gunned the engine and fishtailed out of the driveway on the ice and snow.

Brent laughed. "Great move, Liv. Asking her to stay. Did you see the terror in her face? I swear I smelled her fear."

"That's not her fear you smell. It's mine. I almost fainted. Well, she wouldn't have lasted until morning. Eben would have made sure of it."

Brent cleared his throat. "Were you serious, Reid...about me being your agent?"

“You’d better believe it. Since you’ll more than likely be out of a job, why not jump back into the literary world? You’re top notch and I never did understand why you left.”

“The reason just walked out the door. She sensed something between you and me. The jealous bitch fired me.”

A frown marred Reid’s forehead. “Beth told me you quit.”

“Reid?” Olivia needed to know. “Were you and Beth lovers?”

“For a short time. A long time ago.”

Reid’s curtness told her the cursory answer would be all she got. “I’ll go finish supper. You two have a business arrangement to discuss.”

“Why don’t you stay?” Reid asked.

She brushed him off. “Not tonight. It’s late, and we haven’t eaten.”

* * * *

Olivia paced the floor for a long while before she closed the drapes and huddled further into the wool shawl draped over her shoulders. She stood at the window, although the ice fog that had enveloped the house since she’d come upstairs three hours ago blocked any view. Tonight, she’d broken her own rule to never sleep alone. Her shoulders slumped. Beth’s surprise visit had dampened her spirits, although she couldn’t put her finger on the reason.

Perhaps for the first time the implication of what lay between Brent and Reid had hit home. They had a history together. She was the new kid on the block. A subtle fear settled in her heart. How would Brent and Reid’s past affect her? Since when had she started thinking of Reid and Brent in terms of a future? She’d shied away from Reid’s declarations of love. She didn’t see where love and marriage fit into their relationship. She lived in Tedmon, Maine. He lived out west. She’d come to love Brent’s dry sense of humor and she’d enjoyed their threesomes. The possibility of being in love with

two men at the same time boggled her mind. Yeah, the good sex was a plus; yet her emotions went much deeper.

If Reid didn't get some inspiration from Captain Henshaw soon, she doubted he'd stay. Now that he'd hired Brent as his agent, the chances of him hanging around Maine seemed slim. Then her bubble would pop. She climbed into bed, and attempted to force the negative thoughts away.

Plenty of good things had happened since Reid had popped into her life. Her novel's end hovered near and a sequel sat on the edge of her mind, waiting its turn. Her agent had raved about her improved writing, asking about Olivia's breakthrough. She hadn't given away her secret. As long as her writing remained productive and her nights stayed filled with hot passion, all would be well.

* * * *

Control A, delete. If he typed on a manual typewriter, Reid would have ripped out the paper to ease his frustration. Since that wasn't possible, he had to resist the temptation to pull out his hair. For the past four hours, he'd deleted everything he'd written. Several times. Why couldn't he get a feel for Eben Henshaw? After all the books he'd read from the library and Olivia's first-hand information, he shouldn't be so stymied.

"Is it true?"

Reid's heart choked and then caught its regular beat. Hairs on the back of his neck stood on alert. The smell of wet wool wafted under his nose. He turned in the direction he'd heard the gruff voice to see a swirl of vapor appear. It morphed into the shape of a man and began to materialize. At first a mere shadow, within seconds, Eben Henshaw now leaned against the wall in his office.

Reid recognized him from pictures in the local history books. A handsome man with black hair, Eben stood over six feet, with firm

lips, and a proud Roman nose. The sea captain regarded Reid with equal intensity.

“Well?” Eben asked for the second time. “Is it true?”

Reid struggled to get his vocal chords to work. He cleared his throat. “Is what true?”

Eben moved to the fireplace and rested nonchalantly against the mantel. “The brazen lady who left in such a hurry said you were writing my story.”

“Those are my plans.”

“Will you distort the facts as everyone else has managed to do?”

Reid’s heart raced. He wanted to pinch himself to make sure Eben’s image wasn’t a figment of his imagination. He shook off his astonishment and grabbed a pen and notebook. “I want to write the truth. That is, if you’ll set the facts straight.”

Eben laughed. “What have I got to lose? I’m already dead.”

“First. Why have you remained in this house? And why are the ladies with you? Why haven’t you all gone to...wherever spirits go,” Reid finished lamely.

“You mean hell?” Eben finished what Reid had been reluctant to say. “Would you jump at the opportunity to end up in fiery brimstone?”

Eben had a point. “So you’re guilty of murder?”

Eben’s eyes clouded with pain. “Yes, but I didn’t kill the two women.” He paced the floor a few times before stopping in front of the desk to run his fingers over the oak surface. “Ah, I spent so many hours sitting in that very chair where you now recline. Every night I’d put my accounts in order and make plans for the morrow.” Fascinated, Reid watched Eben’s eyes cloud with memories as his lips tilted in a smile. “Louisa always tiptoed in around midnight to coax me into bed.” Eben straightened to full height. “But I digress. I, sir, am guilty of murdering my wife.”

The man's confession knocked the air from Reid's lungs. He'd neither heard nor read anything about Eben's wife being murdered. "It's my understanding she died in childbirth."

"This is true." Eben went to the window and stared into the fog with an intensity that made Reid believe he could see something mortals could not. "I had to leave on a merchant's mission. Louisa's time drew near, and she begged me not to take that voyage. I did not acquiesce. It would have been unseemly for a man to give in to a woman's whims. When I returned home, she and the child lay in the graveyard. If I had stayed with her—"

"You're wrong, Eben. The outcome would have been the same."

The ghost's eyebrows drew together in a frown and the lights flickered wildly. Pictures shook on the walls. Reid backpedaled and lowered his voice. "Were you a doctor? History books in the library's archives say your baby came breech...feet first. In your era, women often died if their child turned in the womb right before birth."

Eben heaved a sigh. "Mayhap you are right, but I should have been with her." Reid read dismissal of the topic in Eben's voice. "The truth of the matter is I have no desire to leave this house. 'Tis here I feel closest to my Louisa."

"What about the two ladies?"

Eben snickered. "What about them?"

"If you didn't murder them, then who did? And why are their spirits still here?"

"I have no idea who ended their sorry existences. Contrary to popular belief, I found them dead when I arrived home from another voyage. I suspect a jealous lover found them cavorting in bed and went berserk." Eben returned to stand near Reid. "As for your other question, they are still in this house because I won't let them leave."

"If you didn't kill them, why did you hang yourself?"

Eben glowered. "Why not? I had nothing to live for. I knew damn well I'd be accused and I'd be executed regardless of my innocent pleas. Lillian and Bella shamed this town, and I'm the one who

brought them here from down south. By doing so, I ruined my reputation in Tedmon. My only pleasure for the past years has been making them miserable.”

“You could have sailed away and started over in another place.”

Eben crossed his arms over his chest. The man’s eyes seemed to bore into Reid’s soul. “Have you ever been in love, Mr. Emery?”

Reid squirmed under Eben’s dark, penetrating gaze. “Not until recently. It’s quite new to me.”

“Then perhaps you won’t understand. I never recovered from losing Louisa, my one true love. I suppose it didn’t help that I blamed myself. My wife became my twin soul. I found no joy living without her.” Eben glanced around the room. “Happiness once abounded in this house, so I chose to stay where I had fond memories.”

Eben leaned toward Reid, his hands gripping the desk’s edge, his brows pulled together. “Tell me about the beautiful woman, Olivia. She reminds me of my Louisa. Women like her are rare, and should be treated as such.”

Sweat broke out on Reid’s back at the threat in Eben’s tone. Unsure of the ghost’s abilities, Reid controlled the urge to laugh. “I’m in love with her. I’m not sure if she reciprocates my love.”

Eben banged his fist on the oak. “It’s up to the man to convince the lady to return his love. Don’t be weak. If you want her, then take her.”

Again Reid bit the inside of his cheek. If Eben had been watching, he had to know about the threesomes enjoyed in the upstairs bedroom. “I’m working on it. What do you say we get to down to business? I’ve got a lot of questions. Have a seat...” God, had he just invited a ghost to sit down? “Or stand or float. Hell, do anything you want to make yourself comfortable.”

Eben’s eyes took on a dreamy, far away look. “My first memory was of the sea...”

Reid sighed. The night promised to be a long one.

Chapter 9

Olivia's heart jump-started, jerking her upright in bed to hear her own harsh breathing. She stifled the urge to scream. Her lungs worked like bellows. She dragged in air and pushed it out. If she didn't get herself under control, she'd hyperventilate. What had she heard? The ladies? She sensed no aura of evil in the room. Just the opposite. A presence of love and kindness surrounded her like a warm cocoon. A soft touch feathered across her chest, sending an icy awareness down her neck. Her pendant! She'd neglected to remove it last night and now someone, or something, fingered the topaz. To no avail she squinted, into the darkness. A strong scent of jasmine tantalized her nose.

She reached over to turn on the bedside lamp, noticing the digital clock blinked seven o'clock. In the light's golden glow, a wisp of fog hovered beside her bed. Olivia gaped in amazement as it transformed into a beautiful woman wearing a long, flowing white silk robe. Her hair, a tangle of golden curls, fell to her waist. The longing in her sad eyes as she held the pendant sparked Olivia's sympathy. How many damn ghosts haunted this place? "Who...a...are...you?"

"Louisa." The spirit sighed her name. "You are wearing my necklace."

Olivia's hand went to the pendant hanging in the crevice of her breasts. "Eben gave it to me when I was a young girl. You must have been his wife." Louisa nodded, her unhappiness tearing at Olivia's heart. "Why are you here?"

"I return now and again. To be with Eben. Either he can't feel me or he refuses to acknowledge my presence. For too many years, he

has punished himself for something not his fault. He needs leave this house to embrace the peace he deserves.”

Right. Good luck with that, lady. Olivia doubted the sea captain had intentions of going anywhere anytime soon.

She wondered if Reid was still working or had gone to bed with Brent. Or perhaps fallen asleep on the sofa in his office? Olivia swung her legs over the side of the bed and shoved her feet into her fuzzy, pink slippers. Perhaps Louisa would be willing to help Reid with his book. “Please come with me.”

The sound of voices from behind Reid’s closed door brought her to a halt at the bottom of the stairs. She recognized Reid’s calm steady tone, but not the other deep, powerful one. The man sounded a bit cranky.

“It’s Eben,” Louisa whispered.

Olivia’s heart ached for the beautiful ghost whose expression flashed joy and then grief. She knocked softly and turned the brass knob. Reid’s fingers flew across the keys of his laptop while Eben lounged in a chair in front of the desk. Reid barely gave her a glance. Eben scowled and began to fade.

“Louisa’s here.”

That gained Reid’s attention. “Where?”

Olivia padded across the rug with Louisa flanking the rear. Eben rose and stared at his love. For long moments the two lost souls gazed at each other.

“Louisa.” The name left Eben’s lips like a prayer.

“Do you trust me, Eben?” Louisa asked in a whisper.

Eben floated to her side. “Always, my love. You have no need to ask.”

“The time has come for you to leave here.” Louisa trailed a hand down his cheek. “You’ve shut me out and tortured yourself far too long. It’s time for us to enjoy our eternity.”

Grasping hands, the reunited couple glided across the floor. “Wait, just a minute!” Olivia cried.

Reid grasped her hand. "Stop it. What are you doing?"

She shook him off. "You're forgetting something. Two things."

Olivia removed her necklace and held it out for Louisa, who smiled and said, "I have no need of it. 'Tis yours now."

"Thank you." Olivia turned her attention to Eben. "Don't forget to take the ladies with you."

Eben's laughter filled the room. "Do not worry. They'll not bother you again. The time has come for them to face their Maker."

In an eye's blink, Eben and Louisa vanished.

Reid massaged his forehead. "This has been one hell of an interesting night. Eben gave me enough information for my book. And I never expected the ending to unfold before my eyes."

Olivia waited with bated breath until a rush of ice cold air blew through the room. Two high pitched giggles assured her Eben had kept his word. "They're all gone."

A sense of peace settled over the house, and the edgy fear of ghosts plaguing Olivia for the past month dissipated. She linked her arms around Reid's neck. "I guess it's just you, me, and Brent from now on."

"Did I hear my name?" Brent entered the room, his hair tousled and covering a yawn. "Why's everyone up at the crack of dawn?"

"Christ, Brent." Reid walked over and slapped him on the back. "You always miss the excitement. Last night you missed having Olivia on the table, and this morning you missed meeting Eben and Louisa Henshaw."

"You're kidding me, right?"

"Nope," Olivia said. "Reid spent last night talking with Eben. Louisa showed up in my room and they've both left."

Brent paced hardly able to control his excitement. Or so it looked to Olivia. He embraced Reid. "I'm so happy for you. This means you've got your story?"

"Sure do." Reid grinned. "A new agent and the story, all within less than a day. Come here, Olivia. Let's celebrate."

Part of her wanted to join the men. Wanted to be enfolded in their warm arms. An inner voice warned her to keep her distance or she'd wind up getting hurt. She grabbed the first excuse that came to her. "You must be starved since you worked all night. I'll make breakfast."

* * * *

"Later." Reid hoisted her over his shoulder and carried her toward the stairs. "How about breakfast in bed this morning? Good idea, Brent?"

"I'm right behind you."

He briefly pondered Olivia's silence and her tense muscles, but the high he rode overshadowed it. Lust pooled in his cock imagining their sexual release. "I didn't get my dessert last night," he whispered.

Olivia snorted. "Your own fault. You stayed in your office all night chatting with a ghost."

He tossed her on the bed and shed his clothes. Reid's balls tightened as he watched Brent kick off his pajama bottoms in record time and without hesitation strip Olivia. By the time he joined them, she lay naked and ready. "Move over, lover," he said and nudged Brent.

A sudden urge to satisfy his alpha side took command of Reid. This morning he had no interest in foreplay or teasing or playing games of any kind. He dipped his fingers inside Olivia's pussy. With his other hand, he pumped Brent's cock. Olivia raised her knees, spreading them wide. His eyes devoured her pink, glistening cunt.

"Straddle her head," he ordered Brent. The other man hesitated until he barked, "Now." Olivia moaned her need. He lifted her legs over his shoulders and drove deep in one thrust.

"Ohhhhhhhh," Olivia moaned, her head tossing side to side on the pillow.

"Suck Brent's cock, Olivia."

“No. I want more. Hard and fast.”

“You’ll get it when I see Brent’s cock sliding in and out of your mouth.”

Like a greedy baby she lapped and drew Brent’s length deep in her mouth. Brent pulled her nipples, rubbing the pink tips between his thumb and forefinger. Reid’s balls slapped a fast rhythm against Olivia’s ass. He clenched his teeth to keep from crying out as her pussy clenched his cock. A slight shiver shook her body and he went still so she wouldn’t climax.

Brent pulled out of her mouth. “God, Reid, don’t stop now. Please.” He ignored Olivia’s pleas.

Frantically, she tried to hump him, but her pretzel position rendered her helpless, exciting Reid even more. Total control. That’s what he needed right now.

With slow precision, Reid pulled out until only the head of his slippery cock remained buried. He caught Brent’s hot gaze and held it while he pushed Brent’s cock back in Olivia’s mouth.

The desire to kiss Brent came out of the blue. Before he dissected the idea, he claimed Brent’s mouth. His balls ached with the need to come. He pushed Brent away. Silent communication passed between them. Brent nodded and climbed off the bed.

“Turn over,” Reid growled. Olivia scrambled to do his bidding. Her eyes shone with lust, her breathing ragged. He dragged her to the end of the bed, forced her to her hands and knees before he slipped off the mattress. He eased his finger, lubricated with her juices, past the rim of her anus and slapped her when she attempted to take more than he wanted her to have. “I’ll decide how much and when. Do you understand?”

Guilt grazed him when she stifled a sob and nodded.

“Come on, Brent. The lady’s anxious.”

“Reid, are you sure about—”

Reid grabbed Brent and positioned him at the end of the bed. “I’m sure. Are you sure you’re ready to be fucked by someone as out of control as me?”

Brent captured Reid’s mouth. “Yes. I love you.”

Olivia’s swift intake of air as Brent rammed his cock up her ass gave Reid pause. “You okay, Liv?”

“Oh, yes. Feels so good.”

Brent settled into a teasing in-out motion. Reid gathered more cream from Olivia and spread it on his cock and Brent’s anus. Trembling with sexual and emotional needs, he sank his cock deep into the man he loved. What a hell of a fix. In love with a man and a woman at the same time.

Olivia’s scream of release sent a shudder through Brent who let go soon after and collapsed on Olivia who’d pitched forward on the bed. Reid pistoned in and out of Brent until his balls swelled and cum shot into Brent’s rectum.

Minutes—or had it been hours?—later, they lay in a jumbled heap. Reid gently pushed Brent’s hair aside and kissed his neck. “I love you.”

“Are you sure?” Brent asked, returning the kiss.

Somehow Reid had ended up in the middle. Olivia stirred on his other side. He flipped to face her. “I love you, Liv.” Although he hadn’t expected a response, a twinge of hurt touched his heart when she remained silent and refused to meet his eye. Reid lightly spanked her ass and rolled off the bed. “Going back to sleep or are you getting up?”

“I’ll be down in a bit,” she said, her words muffled.

“You okay?”

She kept her face in the pillow. “Yes.”

“I’m taking a shower. See you in a bit,” Brent managed to get out between yawns.

Reid pulled on his jeans and leaned over to kiss Olivia’s butt cheek. In the kitchen he put coffee on to brew and slumped in a chair

at the table with a heavy weight on his shoulders. Brent loved him and Olivia hadn't outright rejected him, so why did he feel as if life sucked? He had two choices. Attach himself to Olivia's hip like a needy toddler or keep trying to win her love. He'd enlist Brent's help. Olivia wouldn't be able to resist both of them.

"Coffee ready?"

Reid gauged Olivia's mood as she breezed into the kitchen. "Should be." Dressed in sweatpants and a heavy sweater with her hair tousled, she'd never looked more beautiful. Somehow he'd win her over and convince her to be a part of his and Brent's lives. She hadn't so much as looked in his direction. She poured two mugs of coffee and slid one toward him before sitting down.

"When do you think you'll finish Eben's story?"

An innocent enough question, but his gut told him she had an ulterior motive for asking. "If the words flow freely, best case scenario will be the beginning of summer."

Olivia appeared to mull over his answer. "Then will you sell the house?"

His antenna rose. "Why?"

She shrugged and toyed with her hair. "You never mentioned how long you planned to stay. I know you own a ranch in Wyoming."

Reid lifted his mug and watched her through the steam. "The ranch will always be my real home. It's a compound where my entire family lives. Family's important to me."

"Really?"

The surprise on her face made him laugh. "Did you think wolves raised me? My parents have their own house and three hundred acres, as do my brother and sister, so we're not in each other's pockets day and night, but we're a close bunch."

"You're lucky to have a family." She gave him a weak smile. "I've got a deadline so I'm going to buckle down and write. I suggest you do the same."

“Hi Brent,” Olivia said, passing Brent on her way out. “Coffee’s delicious.”

* * * *

“What’s up with Olivia?” Brent asked, resting against the counter edge, drinking his coffee. “For that matter, what’s wrong with you?”

“Nothing.”

“Right, Reid. And it’s 95 degrees and sunny outside.”

Reid sighed, wondering if he wore his mood on his sleeve or if Brent read his mind. “I don’t want to lose Olivia.” There. He’d said it. He waited for Brent’s reaction. His answer knocked him for a loop.

“Me either. I take it you’ve got no idea what’s nibbling her ass?”

Reid shook his head. “None whatsoever. You surprise me. I didn’t think you really cared about Olivia.”

A thundercloud descended over Brent’s face. “Excuse me?”

“I mean didn’t you use her as bait to keep me in Tedmon?”

Brent set his mug on the counter with a slam. “I used Eben Henshaw as bait, and I’d hoped once you met Olivia, you’d be tempted to hang around.”

Reid shrugged, not in the mood to argue over small details. “Sounds like a lure to me.”

“Spit it out, Reid. Get it off your chest.”

Reid raked his fingers through his hair and pounded his fist on the table. “Damn it, Brent. I’m confused. I don’t know which way to turn. I love you, and Olivia, too,” he added under his breath. I don’t want to hurt Olivia. Or you either.”

A sudden scraping sound in the hall put both men on alert. Closest to the doorway, Brent checked it out. “Nothing. I hope to hell Eben and Louisa didn’t have a fight, and he’s returned.”

In spite of his black frame of mind, Reid laughed. “I doubt it.”

Brent pulled out a chair beside Reid and lowered himself into it. “Let’s talk. Is there something I don’t know about? A reason why we

can't remain a threesome? I'm sure Olivia cares for both of us. You've admitted you love her. I love her. What's the problem?"

Reid stared at his male lover as if he had two heads. How could Brent not see the problem? Two people made a relationship, not three. It'd never work. There'd be jealousy, disagreements and god only knew what. "You're not serious."

"It's your puritanical side rearing up, Reid. When we first met, you refused to consider a relationship with a man. We fell in love from the beginning, and you ran like a scared jackrabbit. Now you're doing the same because instead of a couple, it's a threesome."

"Do you know how lucky we are to have met Olivia? She's never once tried to play either of us. She's loving, unselfish and faithful. What more could a man ask for?"

In his frustration, Reid struck out at Brent. "You fucking idiot. What would I tell my family? Meet my two lovers, Olivia and Brent. We've tied the knot so they'll be living with me."

Brent shook his head. Reid flinched at the pity in his eyes. "You surprise me. I never thought you'd care what other people think."

"They're not 'other' people. They're my family." Reid sounded like a petulant little boy and didn't care. "What about your family? Do they know about you?"

Brent smiled, totally unruffled. "My parents had a hunch as to my sexual inclinations long before I did. They don't judge. My happiness makes them happy. It's not like I'm doing drugs, robbing banks or selling arms to terrorists."

The mournful sound of a fog horn could be heard on the ocean and matched the melancholic atmosphere in the kitchen. Brent wrapped Reid into his arms. "I'm sorry. The decisions you make are none of my business. We're different people."

"No, you're right," Reid said, hugging Brent back. "I've done nothing to be ashamed of. I'll approach my parents and pray to God they accept me as I am."

“So we’re in agreement?” Brent asked. “We’ll ask Olivia if she’s interested in the three of us exploring each other with the intent of a happily ever after?”

Reid nodded. “It’s what I hope for. What if she wants babies?”

A burst of laughter doubled Brent over. “Geez, what a pessimist. So what if she does? You can be the daddy and I’ll be the uncle.”

A flash of pain in Brent’s eyes raised Reid’s radar. “You don’t want to be a father?”

“Not a question of want. I’m sterile. Happened when I was a kid. At least that takes away the worry about who’s the biological father. That is if Olivia even wants children.”

Reid bolted for the hallway. “What are we waiting for? Let’s go ask her. She’s in the study writing.”

“Oliv—” Reid stopped short and Brent plowed into him. They heard an engine outside and hurried to the window in time to see Olivia’s SUV turn out of the driveway.

Pushing Brent aside, Reid took the stairs two at a time. By the time Brent rushed in, Reid sat on the bed. “She took all her clothes.”

“I know, Reid. I found this note on your desk.”

As if he touched a rattlesnake, Reid took the paper from Brent’s hand.

Dear Reid and Brent,

Two’s company. Three’s a crowd. You two are head over heels in love with each other, and I’m happy for you. I wish you only the best.

Always,

Olivia

“Remember the noise we heard in the hall?”

Reid raised his eyes from the short message. “I wonder how much she heard?”

Brent rubbed his forehead as if he had a headache. “Too much, yet not enough.”

Reid pushed off the bed, determination vibrating every nerve in his body. “We’ll give her tonight. Tomorrow morning we’ll go get her.”

Chapter 10

Olivia tossed and turned, rearranging the blankets six times. She tried sleeping on her stomach, on her side and on her back. Finally, she gave up and got up to make a pot of coffee. No matter how much she'd like to deny it, her broken heart demanded her full attention. The two men she'd fallen in love with had decided they loved each other more than they did her. The fact Brent had used her to bring Reid here hurt the most. Not only that, she'd lost her job. Talk about a double whammy. When Brent and Reid moved to Wyoming, perhaps she'd be able to get the librarian position back.

Instead of making her happy, the idea depressed her. If she kept writing at the same caliber as she had with Reid's help, then perhaps she'd be able to eke out a living. Dread settled over her. Did it matter what she did or didn't do? She ached, both physically and emotionally for Reid and Brent and had no enthusiasm for the future.

A loud banging on the front door brought a rush of panic. Heart thudding, she ran to the bedroom and retrieved her .38 revolver from inside her lingerie drawer.

"Olivia? Are you in there?" Relief turned her knees weak at hearing Reid's voice.

And then from practical Brent, "Her car's here, so of course she's here."

Olivia put the weapon away and returned to the living room, flipping on the light switch. "It's two o'clock in the morning. What do you want?"

"Liv? Open the damn door." True to his nature, Reid's commanding tone dared her to defy his order.

On the other hand, Brent's soft persuasive tone brought a smile to her lips. "Reid wouldn't wait until morning. Liv, honey, please let us in. There's been a misunderstanding. The three of us need to talk."

Did Brent think to cure her heartbreak with a bit of sweet talk? "Go away. We have nothing to say."

She drew back when one of them, probably Reid, pounded the heavy oak. "You've got one minute to open up before I break it down."

"It's thick wood, Reid. You might hurt yourself." Olivia said with a calmness she didn't feel. She stepped back, knowing she'd get hurt if Reid followed through on his threat.

"Olivia." Again Brent's patient voice of reason took center stage. "You know Reid's temper. He'll cause a scene. That's the last thing you want. You know how people talk—"

Damn it! Olivia wrenched open the door and both men tumbled into the hall. "Say what's on your minds and get out."

Reid strode to her, took her by the arm and led her toward the bedroom. "Pack your clothes. You're coming home."

Olivia pulled away and rubbed her arm. "I am home."

She scurried backward when Reid came after her again. He stopped mid-stride. "You're afraid of me." His genuine stunned expression made her want to laugh.

Ever gentle Brent rushed to her side. "Of course she is. You came at her like a thundering bull." He cupped Olivia's chin. "Are you okay? Reid doesn't mean to be such a jerk. He can't help it."

Olivia couldn't resist smiling. Brent described Reid to a T. One of many qualities she loved about Reid included his domineering ways. "I'm not afraid. I'm pissed."

"Come into the living room where we can talk. We brought some brandy to whisk away the cobwebs and warm our souls."

Olivia settled on the couch, sitting between the two men. Brent handed her the bottle and the first sip of brandy slid down her throat and warmed her insides.

Brent broke the uncomfortable silence. “You heard us talking in the kitchen yesterday. That’s why you ran away.” He fondled her hand.

Olivia lifted her chin. “That’s why I left. I didn’t run away.”

“Why didn’t you join the conversation? You know what they say about eavesdroppers? We talked about our future, one for the three of us.”

She glared at Reid. “That’s not exactly what I heard. From what I gather, Brent used me as bait to get to you. Now you’re together and I’m no longer needed.”

“You didn’t hear my response.”

Brent had her there. She couldn’t deny it. Failing at the attempt to keep the hurt from her tone, she said, “You and Reid admitted you love each other, which makes me the third wheel.”

Reid picked up her other hand and kissed the palm. “You’re right and you’re wrong. Brent and I do love each other, but we also love you...with all our hearts. You’re the final piece of the puzzle. We wouldn’t be complete without you in our lives.”

Olivia’s dry mouth made it difficult to swallow. Her fast-beating heart caused a roaring in her ears. “You expect me to believe that?”

“Listen to me, Olivia.” She couldn’t ignore the plea in Brent’s voice. “I fell for you soon after I took the job at the library. I’m shy around women and never knew how to approach you. I feared rejection.”

“When I heard about Captain Henshaw’s ghost, I thought of Reid, who made no secret of wanting to write a ghost story.”

He paused for a deep breath.

“Go on,” Olivia encouraged.

“I fell in love with Reid in New York. I suspected he returned my feelings, but would never admit it, so I sent an e-mail telling him about Tedmon’s local ghost. I’d hoped when he arrived, he’d eventually find you and knowing Reid, you’d end up in his bed.”

Olivia gave no quarter. “You wanted Reid to sleep with me? Why?”

Reid jumped into the conversation. “Because during our brief time together, Brent realized no matter how much I wanted him, I’d never be complete without a woman in my life.” He sent Brent a long considering look. “He didn’t realize he’d be in the same pickle one day. He never expected to succumb to your charms. Once he did, he hoped we’d both find a soul mate in you, as well as each other.”

Olivia sat in silence at a loss for words.

Reid caressed her cheek. “It’s up to you, Liv. Can you spend your life with two very different men who love you?”

Since she couldn’t find her voice, she squeezed their hands as tight as she could.

“Is that a yes?” Reid asked, with a raised brow and a smile.

She nodded vigorously.

Reid looked at Brent. “Should we seal the bargain?”

“Sounds good to me,” Brent replied, as he hoisted Olivia in his arms and placed her in the recliner, yanking off her pajama bottoms.

Reid whisked off her top and pulled the recliner into a low position. He stood behind her head, and teased her lips open with his tongue.

She stiffened when Brent hooked each of her legs over the arms of the chair, opening the folds of her pussy, loving it with his mouth.

“God, we’ve missed you, Olivia.” His tongue thrust into her feminine core, and Reid swallowed Olivia’s squeal of pleasure as he plucked her nipples into turgid nubs.

“Tonight’s all about your pleasure, Olivia. By the time we’re done, you’ll never doubt how much we love you and want you in our lives,” Brent whispered.

“When we leave Maine, we leave as a team,” Reid growled. “We’ll have years to learn ways to love.”

“Can Brent be my agent?” Olivia gasped, fast losing her concentration on anything except the pleasure rushing through her body.

“You bet,” Reid murmured. “What a life we’ll have.”

At this moment in time, Olivia couldn’t imagine life getting any better. She’d never been happier.

THE END

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Pam lives on 50 acres in rural Maine with her husband, two Siamese cats, a black Lab and a new addition, Percy, a dog rescued from death row in Florida. By day she works in Bangor, Maine as a legal secretary. When not writing, Pam enjoys hunting, fishing or just being outdoors. God blessed her with two beautiful children and three wonderful granddaughters. Pam writes hot romantic suspense, contemporary and paranormal.



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