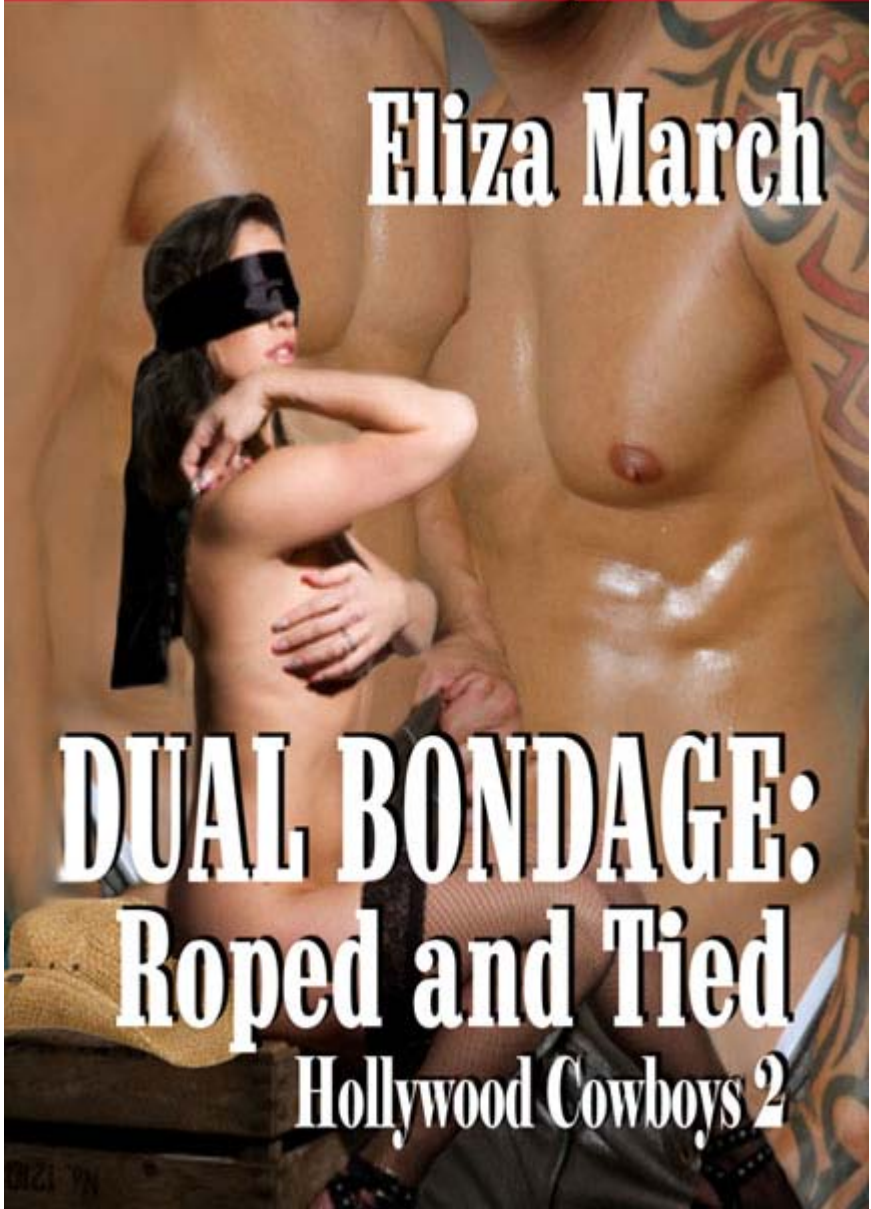


Siren Publishing

Ménage & More

Eliza March



**DUAL BONDAGE:
Roped and Tied**
Hollywood Cowboys 2

Hollywood Cowboys 2

Dual Bondage: Roped and Tied

Desperate to fulfill her fantasies, BDSM and a ménage with the Barnes twins tests Mariah O'Donnell's boundaries: Marc the master instructor with a dark past and secret baggage—Trey the charismatic charmer with a slow hand and a gentle touch.

Trey Barnes's production contract has a morality clause, and the one woman who turns him inside out is testing his mettle. His competent location manager is trying to seduce him. Forgetting Mariah means bedding every available woman. Only it's not working.

After unsuccessfully seducing her boss, Mariah is hot, horny, and furious. Until Trey's roped and tied beneath her, revenge sex with his twin may be a daunting diversion, but Marc wants Trey to see how much Mariah cares.

Trey wants Mariah too much to resist the ménage she offers. If he wants a shot at happiness, he'll have to find a way around the contract.

Genre: Contemporary, Ménage a Trois/Quatre, Western/Cowboys

Length: 33,445 words

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**Siren Publishing, Inc.
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A SIREN PUBLISHING BOOK
IMPRINT: Ménage and More

DUAL BONDAGE: ROPED AND TIED
Copyright © 2011 by Eliza March
E-book ISBN: 1-61034-776-5

First E-book Publication: September 2011

Cover design by Jinger Heaston
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PUBLISHER
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DEDICATION

To my support group, Romantic Hearts, and Sexy Tarts.

DUAL BONDAGE: ROPED AND TIED

Hollywood Cowboys 2

ELIZA MARCH
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Chapter 1

Triple K Ranch, New Mexico

Mariah O'Donnell heard the motorcycle long before she saw it. Marc Barnes, her boss's twin brother, had finally arrived. In all likelihood, within the month, he'd soon be Trey's partner and her employer, as well.

Then, how in the name of all that's holy will I be up to handlin' two Barnes men.

The Irish dealt well with horses, yet American cowboys remained a mystery to her, especially the Hollywood sort.

But then, did anyone truly understand stuntmen?

There wasn't a horse Trey couldn't ride or a stunt he couldn't handle. He'd been born and raised on a ranch in Wyoming and before he'd gone Hollywood, he'd been a guide in Yellowstone, hiking, riding, rafting, and climbing. There wasn't much the man couldn't handle, if Mariah didn't count her passes.

The Hollywood magic was what drew Mariah to California in the first place, but her interest in her boss is what kept her there. Her dual experience with her family's Irish horse ranch and a background in

project management landed her the job managing Trey's location and production company. That wasn't all she was expected to do. Trey often stunt doubled for Brian Kitt, one of Hollywood's most sought-after action heroes, and occasionally there were stunts she was called on to handle herself. Some, like when Trey was standing in for Brian during certain scenes, Mariah preferred more than others.

Frankly, she thought Trey was actually better-looking and more charming than Brian. Wouldn't the world love to know *that* tidy bit of information? Brian Kitt's image might be ruined if the world discovered there was actually someone who had more of the Brian Kitt mystique than Brian Kitt himself.

The man who really rode the horses, jumped the buildings, and did the sex scenes was the action hero/lover Brian portrayed. Trey Barnes was one of the most charming men alive. Well, except to her. To her, he stayed respectful, distant, professional, and all business. The only time he let her near him was if they were stand-ins. No matter how clearly she let Trey know she wouldn't deny him, he hadn't touched her off camera. The man apparently was not interested.

The roar of the motorcycle engine grew closer.

Marc? Disinterest was not the situation with Marc. He was a different story altogether. Just thinking about the brother scared the living *bejesus* out of her. Her ma had warned her about men like him before she'd left home.

She glanced at the clock and around the trailer office. Damn the man for showing up early. Oh, *shite!* Mariah was going to have to deal with him alone for almost an hour.

As horny as she'd been lately, she didn't think she'd be able to hold off Marc's advances. If he persisted in seducing her in spite of his brother's warnings, she wasn't sure she wanted to resist him. It was hard to keep her feelings for the men separate when Marc looked exactly like the man she'd desired with a desperate ache for months. Scary as Marc could be, Mariah couldn't help wondering what it

would feel like to really kiss those lips that looked so much like Trey's.

The sound of the motor roared to a stop out front and sent her heart pounding. She hurried to the window. Oh, Lordy, Marc looked better than ever. All she could think was, *here comes trouble riding in on a Harley saddle with more horsepower between his legs than any man has a right to*. She only hoped she was woman enough to handle him until Trey arrived.

* * * *

Marc screeched to a stop in front of the location's office trailer, checked his watch, and turned off the engine. Hell, he'd made better time than he expected. He'd chat up the little Irish hottie who actually ran things for Trey and his partner, Jake, while he waited.

Waiting. He'd learned how to do that well in Afghanistan and later in a dozen other places he wouldn't think about now. Those memories needed to be locked away with the demons fighting to break free. The tattoos may be hiding his physical scars, but only self-control hid the mental ones.

He dismounted and planted the kickstand. After wiping off his forehead with his kerchief, he shoved it in his back pocket with a curse. Hell, it wasn't even ten, and the heat was already rising in waves across the road. The thought of a cold drink sounded almost as perfect as balling the Irish chick. Inside the trailer with the AC turned to super freeze, maybe Mariah's titties would pucker up and poke through her top so he could admire them. Damn, she had one fine rack on that tiny, little frame.

The thought of Mariah sent Marc's blood pooling to his groin. His balls were already vibrating from hours on the bike. Now thoughts of filling his hands with her breasts and burying his cock into her sweet heat had him throbbing and hard.

Hell, it wasn't like he could walk in the door and say, "Hi, nice to see you again, want to fuck?" Much as he'd like to, his brother would kill him if he screwed up and sent her running. Trey already made it clear she was the one woman Marc couldn't mess with.

He decided, even if it killed him, he'd try to act like a civilized human being—if he remembered how. Hell, he'd been one once, a long time ago. Why couldn't he try it again? This time it might work.

He shook off his frustration, counted to ten, and walked slowly up the steps. How did it go again?

All right, no intimidation, no growling orders at her, or trying to frighten her. He imagined his brother—smiling, joking around, flirting. That's it. He'd charm her like Trey would.

Marc turned the knob on the trailer door before climbing the final step, and opened it just as Mariah did the same thing from the other side.

They fell into each other when he stumbled through the door and face-planted in her chest. He didn't have time to register that the cool air hitting him was the cause of her nipples peaking beneath her shirt. He stared at her breasts, thinking they were just as he imagined, and grinned.

Mistake number one. He grabbed her arms to keep from knocking her to the floor as she held onto him simultaneously for balance, and he backed her into the trailer.

Mistake number two. Although it couldn't be helped, touching her was an even bigger mistake than he thought it would be. In that split second, all reminders of acting civilized disappeared from any rational thought process Marc may have intended.

He muttered a curse. When had he ever listened to Trey, anyway? Never. And he wasn't about to start now.

He took full advantage of the opportunity, pulled her toward him, and pressed her soft breasts against his chest, focusing his gaze on her mouth. "It's nice to see you again, Mariah."

His attention drifted down to her cleavage, making his cock take notice and rise to the occasion. “Damn, you feel good,” he grated out through his tightened jaw.

She didn’t knee him, slap him, or outright scream for help. Not yet.

See, a little charm went a long way. It must be working because her lips made an “O” in interest, so he risked the next move. He moaned, pressed his cock at the juncture between her thighs, and ground hard. Her light, clean fragrance wafted around him. Her lips looked too damn tempting parted slightly as they were.

Hell, he’d only managed one civilized sentence before he lost it and went all caveman. “Hey, what do you say? Want to fuck?”

Her mouth clamped shut, and her eyes flew open.

Bending over, he touched his lips to the corner of her mouth, brushing over her natural pout with barely a whisper. He teased at her full upper lip before nipping it and running his tongue between the seam. The act was a request for entrance, not a demand. He was trying his best not to attack...

She opened her lips, closed her eyes, and inhaled.

Mistake number three. The opportunity he needed presented itself. He took full advantage of the break, plundering her mouth as he slowly and gently ran his hands down her arms, encasing her wrists securely between his fingers. The move was more one of prudence—a self-defense move, a precaution to keep her from punching him—more than a tender caress.

He’d heard she’d once coldcocked a guy twice his size. So he wasn’t going to take any chances today, not when he had her where he wanted her—inside his arms, against his raging erection, pulse pounding, and breathing hard.

As soon as he had her safely wrapped up against his body, where she wouldn’t have the leverage to haul off and belt him if she suddenly realized what she was doing, he released her hands, moving them behind her back. He manacled them in one hand as his other

cupped the base of her skull, fingers splayed through her thick black hair, tugging her head back for better access to her mouth.

Everything about her was supple, lush, succulent. He tongue-fucked her mouth, imitating how he wanted to thrust inside her as he slowly backed her up until he had her pressed against the wall.

She moaned and opened to take his tongue deeper.

What the hell was she doing?

Before he realized it, her mouth was as aggressively demanding as his. He'd been so lost in her scent and her softness he didn't notice that she wasn't fighting him.

She was responding.

Fuck, yes!

He lifted her shirt, first popping one breast above her low-cut bra and then the other. When they were both propped up above the material he stared at them.

"God, you're beautiful," he mumbled then lowered his head to feast on them. Between courses, he stared at those breasts he liked dreaming about, noticing how wet, tight, and erect her nipples were. When he tugged on one and suckled the other, he savored the way she closed her eyes, arched into him, and moaned.

He tugged again while he ran a hand up her thigh, and then cupped her mound. Oh, yes. She was swollen and wet, just the way he liked his women.

Leaning back, with her head against the wall, Mariah kept her eyes closed as he lifted her skirt and pulled down her panties. When they snagged at her knees, he said, "Step out of them." The tone in his voice brooked no argument. He made it an order and was pleased when she followed his instructions without comment.

This would be a departure for him. He wasn't going to be satisfied with just pleasuring himself with her, he wanted to watch Mariah come. For some reason, he thought he'd enjoy taking her to the edge, watching her peak, burst, and then shatter. "You're hot, wet. Are you very aroused?"

Mariah nodded but still didn't open her eyes. Either she was in denial or into the moment. Maybe he shouldn't force the issue, but he needed her to look at him—acknowledge him for who he was, what he was. He'd make her admit how much she wanted this.

“Mariah, you'll have to accept that it's me doing you, babe—that you're allowing my touch.” And by God, he was going to touch her all right, and eat her and fuck her, too. She'd have to open her eyes sooner or later and face him. Might as well be now. “Open your eyes.”

Then she did, and—*Oh God!* When he saw how the pale green irises had darkened to a raging sea-green filled with passion and lust, he wondered if he'd been wrong to start this. She was more than he'd bargained for—hunger, desire, and power reflected in her gaze. He recognized the instant when she voluntarily gave up the power to lust and turned control over to him.

All his blood shot to his groin, his balls tightened, and his cock hardened more than he thought possible. Suddenly, he felt the familiar turmoil inside his head start. The bickering between who he'd once been and who he'd become raged.

Fuck, this is a big mistake, his civilized side said. *No mistake. Fuck her once hard for me,* his dark side demanded.

Too often lately, the dark usually won. Today wasn't going to be the exception, not with Mariah's aroused scent in the air and her luscious body beneath his hands.

“Move to the desk, open your legs, and touch your pussy for me.”

Points for the dark side.

Her pretty pale skin belied the strength in her thighs. When she moved her muscled legs apart and ran her fingers through her folds, Marc saw how wet her pink, swollen pussy was for him. “Hold your lips apart so I can see your clit.” Pretty. Nice and engorged. “Is it throbbing for my touch?”

Mariah stared at him with lowered lids and slowly nodded.

“You smell hot and aroused. That’s sexy. Is your cunt burning to have my cock pumping inside you?”

She didn’t answer, but he didn’t miss how her pussy lips clenched, either. God, how he loved taking this kind of control from a powerful woman like Mariah—taking away her choices by seducing her, appealing to her desperate, hungry nature.

“Open wider. I want to taste you.” Marc dropped to his knees between her legs, gripped her hips, and buried his face between her pale ivory thighs, then paused and lifted his head to admire her wet, shiny opening. “Tight, delicious, hot.”

He blew across her mound and tongued her clit, watching her tremble with desire, and enjoyed the impact his touch had. When he nuzzled her damp black curls, inhaling her intoxicating scent, she drove herself against his mouth, thrashing, demanding, and held his head to her while he devoured her sweet juices. The way she bucked against his mouth made him want to stop and throw her to the floor and ride her. He would have chuckled if he’d had time to take a breath, but the way she took back control over her own sexual pleasure was so damn sexy, he couldn’t do anything other than devour her and enjoy it.

Maybe he’d punish her for that later. For now he pulled away and paused long enough to feel her tug on his hair and hear the whimper of need escape her lips.

Replacing his tongue with two long fingers, he said, “Fuck, you’re tight.” Suddenly a horrifying thought struck him. He pulled back and his eyes went wide. “Babe, tell me you’re not a virgin.”

“What? Oh my, no. I’ve been with a man or two.” She blushed.

Explaining must have been uncomfortable for her. A woman like her wouldn’t want to sound like a saint or a sinner.

Her cheeks grew a brighter pink. “I’m just not so very experienced...but I am surely curious. You know, about orgasms and sexual things and such.”

Marc let out a breath and relaxed, relieved that there must be another reason his brother said Mariah was *hands-off*. If she wasn't a virgin, no other reasonable explanation came to mind. Trey was just being selfish. If he wouldn't take what she had to offer, Marc, sure as hell, would.

"Well, then, that's okay." He pressed the small nub beneath the hood at the top of her cleft. As he rubbed, he reminded her, "If it's an orgasm you're curious about, I'm just the man for the job."

He resumed his assault on her senses and thrust his fingers inside her fiery heat, fucking her tight channel with a rapid, thorough rhythm. He sensed the tension in her body build as her internal spasms clenched his fingers. Her orgasm threatened, and he suckled her clit harder until she came screaming out his name.

"Maaarc."

He released the breath he'd been holding. "Thatta girl, say it again, babe. Give it up, all up to the master."

Marc gently pinched her nipple and watched her shudder beneath his skilled hands, enjoying a woman's pleasure for the first time in a long time. He switched from his fingers to his thumb, pushing carefully inside her until he found that special spot. Applying pressure, he waited. She arched beneath his hand and she did as she'd been told, coming and screaming his name a second time before she went limp.

"Uhhh, that was wonderful," she hissed. Collapsing against the desk, she drew him up for a kiss. She licked her juices from his lips and murmured, "Now it's your turn," against his mouth.

Marc couldn't have been more surprised. She pushed him off her and stood in front of him. Dropping to her knees, she said, "I want to taste you." Her voice sounded raw, still rough with arousal, so much so that her words sent a dangerous sizzle through Marc's balls. She reached for his cock, sliding her hands into the waistband of his pants.

"Uh, give me a minute." He needed to think or he was going to embarrass himself. Gathering control by taking a few deep breaths, he lifted her to her feet and held off her hands.

God, she was something. What the fuck was wrong with his brother?

Right. A trickle of guilt teased at him. Marc knew he wasn't supposed to be touching her—he just didn't know why. Trey made it clear he hadn't fucked her, but he'd sent the message out loud and clear that no one else was to mess with her, either.

Marc's moral high road told him he should've backed off, even if it seemed too little too late, now.

He released her hands, thinking to retreat, but releasing her was mistake number four. The damning one.

She wrapped her hand around his cock through his pants and rubbed him as soon as he freed her. And he'd be damned if he would stop once his inner rebel took over.

Damn, nothing. Mistake number four was the *fatal* mistake because he had a gut feeling his brother was going to kill him for this when he found out.

Mariah pulled his shirt out of his pants. Running one hand up his abs, his chest, and over his nipples, her touch sent a shot of fire straight to his cock.

Oh, shit. There was no going back now. His cock was already topping his waistband by the time she unbuckled his belt and undid the top button on his leathers.

His darker side refused to let his sensible side stop her—no way, not once her little fingers skimmed over the sensitive head. Her timid touch on his cock was worth dying for.

Fuck the rules. He couldn't hold back the groan he tried to choke off as she slid her hand up and over the crown of his shaft.

Damn, that felt good. *Shit.* He should stop.

Not on your life!

Hers was the firm grip but gentle slide of a curious novice, and it felt too fucking good to consider stopping her. Her fingers tentatively explored, building the pressure in his shaft. She was going to lead to his downfall.

Marc growled out his words. "Go, sit in your chair."

As soon as she was seated, he stepped in front her. She returned to the task of trying to undo his pants, but her fumbling aroused him too much to let her finish.

"Here, let me," he said through clenched teeth.

As soon as he freed himself, she cupped his balls and stroked his full length. He closed his eyes and let pleasure take him.

Wicked Marc laughed at his old charming self and taunted, *Asshole, you should thank me. You almost missed this.*

Chapter 2

Trey Barnes rode his favorite stock horse, Cavanaugh, across the corral to the fence where Roger Bailey, the movie's executive producer, stood. A low level of annoyance prickled beneath Trey's skin. On the surface, he forced his most pleasant expression to his face, dismounted, patted the horse on the rump, and sent him loose inside the fenced enclosure. The Palomino was not only beautiful, he was strong, smart, and more dependable than most humans.

"Hey there, Trey," Roger said, sticking out his hand. Under fifty, trim, fit, and usually Hollywood GQ, Roger took pains to fit in with the crew on location. But when Trey's horse walked over, sniffed at Roger, and nudged at him through the stockade fence, he pulled his hand away and backed up. The frown on his face showed he was definitely out of his element here on the ranch.

Trey hefted himself over the fence and moved Roger away from his curious mount. He tugged off his glove, wiped his hand on his chaps, and held it out.

Roger's grin returned. He took Trey's outstretched hand and shook with just the right amount of pressure and enthusiasm. "How's that little Irish minx who's running your show doing?" Roger asked.

Blood rushed to Trey's groin at the thought of Mariah. See, that was the crux of his dilemma. The agreement he'd made with Roger threatened to consume him alive, but now wasn't the time to show it. Despite his frustration, Trey didn't let the producer's comment eat through his smile.

"She's great, Roger."

“Good to hear. Sweet little thing. Just checking up on her. Her grandmother was a dear friend of my mother’s back in Kerry. Couldn’t believe it when I heard you’d hired her. But it was a sound choice. Bright girl.”

“Right,” Trey agreed. “Very bright.”

Roger’s pleasant act wasn’t fooling Trey. The phony smile Roger plastered on his face didn’t disguise his real intention. He was making sure Trey hadn’t gotten into Mariah’s pants and broken the agreement in their contract.

“She’s a wonder—all organization and business. Don’t know what I’d do without her.” It was all true except he *did* know what he wanted to do with her and it made him feel guilty as sin.

“I like hearing that.” A few inches shorter than Trey, Roger leaned back on his heels to look up and give him that Robert De Niro, I’ve-got-my-eye-on-you expression.

The look only added to the irritation Trey felt about the interrogation. He did everything he could to hide his annoyance, but Bailey knew he was getting under his skin. The very idea of having Roger monitor how Trey handled one of his own employees was the height of absurdity. If anyone knew when to keep it in his pants, it was Trey. No employer–employee issues in his company—not like Roger’s hypocritical situation.

The more he thought about Mariah, the more he realized that if he ever had any hope of touching her, he’d have to find her a job with another company, or marry her. And marriage wasn’t an option. To date, monogamy wasn’t his strong suit.

For now, as bad as he wanted her, he needed her riding herd over his own stuntmen too much to risk losing her for a quick tumble. And Trey didn’t think a quick tumble with her would satisfy him. Mariah was the type he’d need to fuck slowly, savoring every breath, every touch, every kiss. Once would never be enough with her.

Since Roger liked a smooth-running production, and Mariah kept things ironed out, Roger insisted Trey keep her happy.

No sense screwing everything up by screwing the help. Even if that was exactly what Trey thought about every minute of every day since the minute he'd laid eyes on her. For the last year, hers was the image in his mind when he was with any other woman and when he woke or fell asleep. But as long as he wanted this contract, he understood she'd never be the one in his bed.

"You and Jake lookin' after that girl, right? The ranch hands around here can get a little rambunctious."

Rambunctious? When had Roger ever used that word in LA? Trey almost laughed. Instead, he forced himself to keep a straight face when he said, "Sure, but tell your mother that Mariah can hold her own with anyone. Besides, all the stuntmen keep an eye out for her like she was their younger sister."

"Well, see that they do. Best location manager you've ever had and a great stunt double, too. She's worth more than her weight in gold, that one is."

No shit. In more ways than one. Every time Trey Barnes set eyes on Mariah O'Donnell his heart rate accelerated and his cock twitched behind his fly.

"Couldn't agree more." Trey slapped a hand on the older man's shoulder. "Well, Roger, you take care. I've gotta get going. Have a meeting this morning. I'm heading over to my office now."

Trey opened the corral gate to retrieve his horse, forcing Roger to take a few steps back. After he mounted Cavanaugh, he walked the stallion left as Roger turned right.

A moment later the older man shouted, "Will I see you later at dinner?"

"Probably," Trey said, unsure he'd make it. He nudged the quarter horse forward with his thighs. If he settled things with Marc, by dinner they might be headed for Vegas with Jake and Carly.

The location trailer Trey shared with Mariah and his partner, Jake, served as a makeshift office. It was directly across the set, but in this case, directly meant almost a mile.

Thinking about seeing Mariah sent a shiver of expectation up his spine. The one woman he'd sworn off turned out to be the only woman he couldn't keep out of his head. The Irish hellion looked like a cross between a pixie and a damned fallen angel. For all her delicate features, she was built like every man's concept of heaven and a priest's impression of hell. The instantaneous lust sparked between them and roared into a blaze every time they were near each other. The real agony was knowing she was as interested as he was and he couldn't act on it.

He'd never let on, never let her see how much he wanted her. That would be a big mistake with a woman like Mariah. If she found a crack, she'd find a way in, and he couldn't risk it.

His contract with Roger stipulated hands off. No fraternizing with his own employees. No lawsuits. Roger's last movie was riddled with them—not that Trey had anything to do with those issues.

Since the other women on the set were employed by various other companies, they were free game for Trey. And it wasn't as if he hadn't tried satisfying the ache between his legs whenever he could. Hell of it was that he'd tried most of those women a time or two trying to burn off his fantasy expectations of Mariah. Nothing worked.

Sometimes he thought his obsession with her was precisely because she was the *forbidden fruit*. Other times he recognized the truth. He admired her for her other assets. After the first interview, he saw she was organized and her mind was quick. Later, she captured more than his heart when he discovered there wasn't a stunt she couldn't work out or a horse she couldn't handle. Thinking of her in faded jeans astride a horse made him think about arching beneath her as she straddled his hips and rode his cock.

He was hopeless. The misery started all over again.

Trey wouldn't fuck up their working relationship just because his cock kept nudging him in her direction. He admired and respected her for more than what might be just a long hard ride between her thighs.

In any case, contract or no contract, while she was his employee he promised himself he wouldn't touch her, couldn't touch her. He looked at his watch. Damn, he was going to be late, and he had so much to do in the next few hours. He made a clicking sound with his mouth and kneed Cavanaugh out of his lazy stride into a trot. Since Jake decided to settle down with Carly here in New Mexico, Trey needed to stay focused on convincing his brother to buy out Jake's share of the company.

He had to hand it to Jake, he'd fallen hard and fast for Carly, the woman from his past. He and Jake had been staying at her B&B ranch while they scoped out a location for this film. Hot days and hotter nights, one thing led to another, and they ended up sharing her. But from the start, Trey understood he was only the catalyst in the threesome that forced the issue between Carly and Jake. They had a history to work out, and Trey pushed until Jake's possessive nature forced him to pop the question. When Carly accepted, Trey agreed to be their witness. Now it looked like this was the designated weekend the two planned to tie the knot in Vegas.

If he could talk his brother into staying on with him, Marc would be the solution to their business dilemma, and Trey believed the business could be the answer to Marc's other problems. Not only was he the one man they could trust with the business, he was one of the few men physically capable of handling the strenuous stunts. Trey hoped Marc's demons didn't defeat him this time.

Chapter 3

It'll be good to see Marc. Trey almost chuckled to himself thinking about his brother's past antics, until he remembered the experiences Marc endured these last few years. Then he couldn't stop the slow ache spreading through him like shattered glass.

Marc wasn't the same anymore.

Before Trey had time to push the anger from his mind the old familiar longing for the brother he lost settled somewhere near his heart. That man was gone. All it took were a few tours in Afghanistan with special ops, and later several mercenary assignments with the "nameless" black ops group, to replace his twin with this imposter.

The darkness took its toll on Marc, and his darkness took its toll on Trey. Sooner or later, one of them would pay the boatman. What Marc needed was a stabilizing factor in his life. God, Trey prayed this business would be the thing to settle him.

He wiped the dust off his forehead and gently spurred his horse. Coincidentally, he realized, his twin and his partner shared a like temperament. If he could work with Jake, Marc's attitude shouldn't be a problem. Hell, after he'd shared a few women over the years with both his brother and his partner, how hard would it be to share a business?

As he turned the corner and zeroed in on the trailer, he stopped in his tracks. Wiping the sweat from his brow again, he read the yellow and black company logo plastered across the side of the trailer. The sign on the door read *Location Set Manager/Stunt Coordinator*, but the only thing he or anyone else would notice, coming upon the scene, was the huge chopped-out Harley parked in front.

When he rode close enough, he knew he'd never seen anything like it. The Harley was a prototype. Powerful.

He dismounted in the cluster of trees beside the trailer and tied up his horse at the water trough, never taking his eyes off the machine. Trey ran his hands over the seat, up to the handle bars, and wrapped his fingers around the leather grips. He straddled the bike, and then lowered himself to the seat. One foot on the ground, the other on the kickstand, he blanketed the bike like a lover's descending embrace.

All black-matte paint, chrome trimmed, and soft leather. If Marc was going for inconspicuous, he'd missed his mark. Except for the chrome trim, Trey would have mistaken the chopper for some sort of experimental stealth device. It fit Marc's image.

He leaned forward tested the balance and moaned. Perfect. He liked the feel of the seat between his legs. He could imagine the hum of the engine, the horsepower, almost feel the vibration rumbling through his body.

The impression was just about as sensual as having a woman beneath him—just nearly. Then he thought of Mariah and the image of her beneath him made him unusually hard and that made him irritable. Getting a hard-on thinking about her wasn't all that unusual, just the intensity of it doubled the irritability.

Until lately Trey was usually the easygoing one. Even lately, he was never irritable unless he was thinking about her. He had to find another way to forget about her. There weren't enough sexual distractions. Nothing helped assuage his need for her anymore.

He stood, whipped his leg around behind the seat, and got off the Harley. He took a little time to step back and admire the lines. Then he stroked the leather seat one more time. Trey chuckled. Marc never did anything by half measures, not with anything in his life including women.

Suddenly the thought of Marc alone with Mariah made his stomach churn, and his smile vanished with his good mood. He gaited up the steps two at a time. He enforced his hands-off Mariah policy

with his employees, but there were always guys from either the ranch or the set sniffing around every time he went looking for her.

If Trey couldn't touch her, imagining her with someone, anyone else, including Marc, was even more maddening. His affable nature turned lethal at the notion of Mariah with another man. But Trey knew the real danger was his own brother.

* * * *

Trey tried turning the handle, but the door was locked. He slipped his key in the lock and the tumbler turned. When he opened the door, the blast of cool air from the AC hit him right before the breath blew out of his chest.

The sight before him hurt worse than he imagined it would.

Marc was behind the desk, his back to Trey, cock level with Mariah's mouth, and his hands were tangled in her hair as she sat in her chair.

"What the fuck is going on?" Trey snapped, keeping his voice cold and controlled under the circumstances.

When Marc turned his head to meet his eyes, the heated fury in Trey's glare must have blazed. The level of the anger resounding through Trey, clear enough for anyone to see, challenged Marc's.

Marc's eyes narrowed, and, for a split second, Trey saw the real danger behind his brother's defiant stare.

Mariah jumped, but Marc kept his hands steady and where they were, never flinching, firmly holding her in place.

Trey could see movement. Mariah fidgeted, moving her hands, but he couldn't make out what she was doing. He could damn well imagine, and imagining fueled his rage.

The blank look Marc gave him said more than words. The dark warrior reared behind Marc's eyes, reflecting Trey's deadly gaze. The brothers' visual standoff sent an undercurrent of danger whipping

through the air. Marc's body language said everything that needed to be said.

Trey realized he'd been forewarned, but he was too damn angry to care. In hindsight, he probably shouldn't have come up behind Marc like that, especially knowing the devils his brother fought.

Damn it, Marc knew the rules regarding Mariah. He just had to test Trey's boundaries to goad him. Only this time Marc miscalculated Trey's patience. Mariah was the one thing Trey wouldn't negotiate over.

"I asked a question," Trey growled out and didn't back down.

Finally, the light returned to Marc's eyes, and he gave Trey a half smile. "Hello to you, too, bro. I thought I locked that door behind me."

"Take your hands off my assistant," Trey snapped.

The old stubborn expression passed over Marc's face. He refused to relinquish his hold and didn't let her go until Mariah managed to pry his fingers out of her curls. Finally, he released his grip and grinned, holding his hands up as if Trey had a gun trained on him. It was a good thing he didn't.

"Just saying hello."

Mariah fumbled some more behind the desk before she straightened her mussed hair and stood up.

To Trey's horror, Marc bent to give her a slow, sensual kiss. She didn't budge until he was finished, and then she ran her hand across her lips, her face clearly heated and her lips damp.

The pulse at Trey's temple beat so hard his eyes twitched. He fisted his hands and forced himself to do an internal ten count. "If you're finished mauling Mariah..." He couldn't even finish his sentence.

Marc released a sarcastic laugh. "Not nearly finished." He wasn't grinning now. He had that old determined look that said I'll-do-what-I-damned-well-please-and-fuck-anyone-who-tries-to-stop-me.

Couldn't he see how pissed Trey was? Marc knew better than anyone that easygoing or not, Trey had his limits, and when he reached them, he was the more dangerous twin. Trey wondered if Marc had totally lost his mind back in Afghanistan, or maybe he'd developed a death wish, because he'd never been fatally stupid before.

Trey mentally tested his own limits. He wasn't there yet. Time to punch Marc's buttons. "Nice bike," he said, pushing back. "Smooth leather. Comfortable seat."

"You touched my bike?" Marc's narrowed-eyed stare shifted to the window.

"Hell, yes. You touched my assistant—"

"Psht!" An angry female voice interrupted them. Mariah's fury beamed in on Trey. "Well, mister, you just better be holding on right there. Trey Barnes, are you comparing me with a motor bike?"

Trey would have enjoyed the way Marc grimaced at the term "motor bike," if he wasn't the one Mariah had singled out for her Irish temper. But then, neither of them was going to correct her.

Mariah's brogue was rising and her cheeks flamed. Trey knew not to mess with her when that happened, but had his brother figured that much out without as much previous experience?

Marc's grin resurfaced as he pulled her into his arms and crooned. "No, babe. Not any 'motor bike.' He's comparing you with my custom Harley. Top of the line, best ride in the world, one of a kind, pure class."

Charming her, huh? Apparently, the man wasn't totally stupid after all.

Damn, if she didn't tilt her head to the side and smile at Marc's words, making Trey want to smash his fists into his brother's smug grin.

Trey let out the breath he'd been holding until she snapped her attention back to him. She pulled away from Marc and stood, two fists on her hips. "You'd better be rephrasing that *my* 'assistant' to

‘location manager’ because I don’t assist, I manage, and furthermore, I don’t belong to anyone—let alone *you*.”

She spit out the word “you” with such vehemence Trey wondered how he would ever get her to come around to his side again. Now, it was his turn to hold up his hands in surrender. “Yup, got it. Sorry. You’re entirely right.” He didn’t know why he phrased it that way because, he never thought of her as an employee or an assistant. She was an integral part of the business. It was all Marc’s fault that Trey was rattled.

Marc smirked at his apology then added fuel to Trey’s funeral pyre. “I just asked Mariah to dinner, and she accepted. When you walked in I was just helping her up so I could thank her properly.”

Trey didn’t believe a word, but it was better to accept his lie than be forced to kill his own brother. In the future, he’d have to be more careful about leaving Marc alone with Mariah, since she seemed attracted to his irresistible bad boy charms.

“Sorry to ruin your plans, but that won’t be necessary. We’ll all be having dinner with Jake and Carly.”

“Ehh-uh, no,” Mariah sputtered and shot a look at Trey. “I’m sorry, I’m not ready to have dinner with your old ménage partner.”

She pulled back from Marc, her brow furrowing into a deep frown, then shook her head. She waved her hands in front of her like any further thought was too distasteful to consider. “Besides, you all will be discussing the business, I’m guessing... Anyway, I forgot Andrea said she may come by tonight or early tomorrow.”

Marc’s eyes lit up, and he wiggled his eyebrows. His voice sounded damn interested when he asked, “‘The’ Andrea Anderson? Maybe I’ll come back—”

Mariah’s attention and narrowed eyes shifted to Marc, making Trey giddy inside. Her anger was now directed at his brother, and he’d been let off the hook for the moment.

“I said, may.”

He took pity on Marc and said, “Back off, lover boy. You’re having dinner with me, and we’ll be late. I have plans for you.”

Trey smiled for the first time since he’d walked through the door. He hadn’t told anyone about going to Vegas or about Carly and Jake’s wedding. He’d believe it when they were saying their vows.

He pointed at Mariah. “Don’t go anywhere without us,” Trey warned her.

“Humph. Where would *I* go? Go on with you, then.”

He noticed the flicker of anger cross her face when she brushed them both off like a mother shooing her kids out. Why the anger? He wanted to shove his brother out the door first, but he turned away, giving them a minute alone.

After today, he was going to keep Marc busy and away from her. The Hurley sisters and their friend from makeup seemed a likely group to distract him.

Thinking about Marc and Mariah “together” pissed him off. His cock was rock hard from wanting her, and he’d been denying it for too long. She belonged with him. He just didn’t quite understand how or why yet, and one thing was certain, she wouldn’t appreciate his possessive attitude if he showed it.

One thought scared the hell out of him, and he wasn’t ready to admit it. She was the only woman who made a long-term, monogamous relationship seem plausible, even agreeable.

He scrubbed a hand down his face. Hell, maybe he just needed to forget about the contract, fuck her, get her out of his system, and get over her, because fucking everyone else hadn’t worked so far.

He dropped his hand in his pocket, adjusting the nagging erection pressed against his zipper, and waited for Marc in the heat of the late afternoon sun. Movement across the lot drew his attention.

One of the Hurley girls waved from the trailer across the way. If her smile didn’t tell him she’d seen him reach down and handle his cock, when she ran her hand up and cupped her tit, that clinched it. She didn’t have the same effect on him that Mariah had, but his

already responsive cock swelled anyway, grinding into his jeans even harder, confirming he was all male and functioning properly.

Trey looked behind him and saw Marc watching. He looked interested, too. Fuck, maybe what they both needed was a good lay or two.

“You, crank up that bike while I take Cavanaugh back to the stables. I’ll meet you at Carly’s B&B in half an hour.”

Chapter 4

The three-room office she shared with Trey and Jake had suddenly seemed incredibly small with Marc and Trey in it together. Mariah's heart pounded in her ears, and she was still trying to control her wild breathing five minutes after both men left. She'd picked up the panties she'd kicked behind the file cabinet and sat down to put them on. While she chastised herself for what she'd done, she considered the situation she'd gotten herself into.

The fact that Trey had been ignoring her for months, sleeping with every woman in sight except her, and chose now to get jealous because his brother was interested in her, mightily pissed her off.

How dare he? The man should be taught a lesson.

There'd been a mutual interest between them from the first. He might make her pulse kick like a wild mustang, a metaphor she'd come up with to suit the locale, and she might put the bulge in his jeans, but if he never acted on his interest, what good were his feelings?

She dropped her head to her hands, disgusted with herself. There'd been no denying she was horny as hell when she'd fallen for Marc's seduction like a swooning virgin. What else was a woman to do when he walked into the office looking like the Hell's Angels version of the man she'd been fantasizing over for months? She wasn't going to turn away the spitting image of the one man she'd wanted in her bed for so long, even if he was only a substitute for the real thing.

She'd hardly need to apologize for using him, not since she was well aware his interest was purely physical. *Himself* being all hard

angles and dangerous made him all the more desirable. The fact that she appreciated Marc's dominant, take-charge demeanor did surprise her, though. Until he'd put his hands in her hair when she sucked his cock into her mouth, the allure of a man who took what he wanted had never appealed to her. She wasn't usually the kind of woman who wanted to be ordered around, but his alpha-male attitude and the scent of all that leather aroused a need in her she couldn't resist. Now she wasn't sure she wanted to live without it.

* * * *

After a night filled with dreams wrought with images of Trey and Marc fulfilling every waking fantasy and then some, Mariah escaped early to work alone in the trailer. The scent of the men's aftershave still lingered, taunting her.

Yesterday, the months of waiting for Trey to make a move changed her mind about resisting Marc. She'd finally decided to move on once she had the chance to touch the replica. That was the plan until Trey walked in. Then danger poured off both men, and she had to reevaluate the situation.

Maybe Marc, the motorcycle-riding, black-leather-wearing, tattooed hard-ass, would be her catharsis. He'd done more than just give her an orgasm. The fact that Marc acted interested bolstered her ego enough for her to consider aggressively pursuing Trey. Marc gave her the courage to fight for what she wanted. His brother.

Marc may have stopped in to discuss buying out Jake's shares in the company, but he'd been wholly focused on her until Trey got all holier-than-thou with him.

She wasn't sure the sale of Jake's shares was common knowledge, but if the deal went through, she'd have two Barnes men to deal with for the rest of this project at least. Her need for an orgasm or two was something either of them could handle individually. But if she set her mind to it, perhaps she would manage achieving what she secretly

wanted—they both. After yesterday, she figured convincing Marc would be easy—Trey might be a different matter.

In any case, Marc was as smoking hot as Trey in a whole different way. And not only was he interested, he was the kind of guy who would take what he wanted no matter the rules—or in spite of them.

No. Marc wouldn't have a problem breaking Trey's self-imposed rules at all. If she had to, she'd seduce him into helping her. But truth be told, she actually thought Marc might rather enjoy driving Trey crazy all of his own accord.

With a shudder, she wondered, what he would expect in return?

An explosion of heat flared through her, making her insides tingle. Thinking about the man and his capabilities took sexual tension to the next level. The promise in his eyes told her there were sensations he could arouse in her with his actions that she'd never imagined. Mariah trembled.

More than ever, she was certain, if anyone could, he'd convince Trey that she needed a threesome to completely satisfy her. Marc would fulfill the dominant male role, but she also yearned for the slow, gentle lover that she'd heard Trey could be. Oh, what she wouldn't do for the kind of orgasm she knew Trey and Marc were capable of giving her. The two of them were exactly what she needed.

Mariah's more sensual nature had been suppressed for too long—not out of choice but necessity. If she could garner the nerve, perhaps now she'd finally be able to achieve complete satisfaction.

She stood and walked into the kitchen area of the trailer. All this thinking about the men had her mouth dry, but a cool drink would have to suffice. Leave it to the Americans to come up with "iced" tea. Afternoon tea in New Mexico meant a whole different thing than it did in Kerry.

A knock at the door distracted her. She glanced up at the clock. Where had the morning gone?

“Are you daydreaming or busy?” Andrea Anderson opened the door and almost simultaneously asked the question as she stepped into the office.

Mariah smiled. “Actually, I was getting ready for tea, thinking about Trey, and doing a little sulking.”

“Really? He seems like an okay guy. Is he hard to work for or something?” The movie’s leading female slapped her hands on her knees and plopped down on the couch. “Give me the dirt.”

“No, the man’s a dream boss. A dream man—”

“Oh, I get it.” Andrea lowered her voice and whispered, “I’ve got some hot information that includes him. Want to hear it now or later?”

Mariah looked over at the work piled on her file cabinet. “I’m not sure. Later.” Sooner or later, she wouldn’t resist asking, but for now she wanted to vent. “I know he’s finished bedding last week’s interest and hasn’t moved on to anyone else that I’m aware of anyway. Under the circumstances my pride should be wounded. I’ve done everything except proposition him myself.”

“I didn’t know you were interested that way.” Andrea cocked her head to one side and added, “Perhaps he doesn’t either.”

“Oh, he knows.”

Andrea’s brows rose in question. “Are you sure there’s not a cultural barrier? Maybe the Irish flirt differently than Americans.”

Mariah lifted hands to her face. “Trust me, he knows.”

“Are you so sure? That could be your problem right there,” Andrea said. “You may be giving him too much credit for intelligence. Our men are pretty dense.”

Mariah giggled. “Even if I haven’t a clue how to flirt, I know when a man recognizes my interest and ignores it.”

“I don’t know. The ones you don’t want won’t take a hint to beat it, and the ones you do want need it spelled out for them. You’re practically forced to say, ‘Hey buddy, I want to sleep with you.’ No, let me correct that. You have to be even *more* specific. You have to

put your hand on their cock when you say that, or they may think you really want to sleep.”

Mariah laughed outright at that. Andrea brightened her up in spite of her rotten mood.

“Don’t laugh. Can I trouble you for a glass of your fabulous iced tea?”

“Oh, of course, I was just going to fix some.”

“Thanks.” Andrea sprawled out on the couch and relaxed while Mariah went back to get the tea. “Maybe you need to put it out there for him.”

“I don’t know if I can do that with Trey.” Mariah flipped her hair out of her face and groaned. “He may move from bed to bed, but I’ve heard he’s pretty upstanding when it comes to relationships and women. I believe I would have to be a bit more devious.”

Suddenly, Andrea clapped her hands together as if an idea hit her smack between the eyes. Mariah put her glass on the table beside her.

“Uh-oh, I think I know what the problem is. He respects you. I heard him tell Jake once how much he admires you, and Roger isn’t giving them half the grief he usually does on one of his productions since they hired you. You do a great job project managing their whole operation.”

“What? He won’t fuck me because he respects me? Great!”

“I love the way you say ‘fuck.’ You Irish pronounce *fuck* like *fook*. Rhyming it with *took* sounds too innocent to be a bad word.”

“Well, no matter the innocent pronunciation, ’tis wicked. I can’t believe the man flirts with everything female from six to sixty except me, and me he treats like the good Virgin.”

“Maybe it’s your position. Maybe the producer told him to keep his hands off you or he’d get another location company. I can see Roger doing that, especially if Trey ever showed an interest in you.”

“You may be right. Roger has been acting a bit fatherly toward me. I think there’s some connection between my grandmother and his

mother. Somethin' about them bein' friends back in Ireland years ago."

"Even though I've heard Trey never leaves behind a dissatisfied woman or a broken heart, he does draw women to him like moths to a flame. Roger may not want that kind of disruption on the set or risk you being the first exception to the rule. You being practically family and all."

"I'm a woman grown, on my own, going on twenty-eight, and far from being the innocent virgin Roger may take me to be. Don't get me wrong, no one would ever consider me promiscuous. I remain forever discreet. Since I've been working for Trey, I'm afraid he'd be all over any poor lad I tried to date in a heartbeat if I weren't."

"That is weird," Andrea muttered. "But if it's only a man you need, I wouldn't worry about Trey, not since every other male is hot for you," she said, smiling like she'd just come upon a revelation.

"Including his brother—Marc is no problem. But then, he came on to me first," Mariah said without thinking.

"His brother? Marc is interested in you?"

"Oh, he's interested something awful all right, but that one is way out of my league." Mariah confirmed. "Trey dragged him out of here yesterday, and I've not seen hide nor hair of them since."

"That's okay. I know why. It's what I was going to tell you." Andrea rubbed her hands together like a miser. Her smile lit up her whole face. "That's the answer, then. I'll bet Marc zeroed in on you like a wolf with a lamb to slaughter after his brother marked you off-limits."

"He does seem a bit defiant."

Andrea laughed out loud. "He is that all right, and do you want to know what I think?"

"You're going to be tellin' me anyway I suspect, so go right ahead."

"Jealousy. You have to play the 'jealousy' card."

“Aye,” Mariah agreed and nodded her head. Then she opened her eyes wide, realizing what Andrea meant. “Oh, no.” She shook her head vehemently. “Not jealousy. I was thinking of askin’ for his help with...” She couldn’t tell Andrea what she had in mind.

“Your brogue’s getting thicker, are you mad?”

“Aye, a bit. Frightened, some. Frustrated, mainly.”

“It could work. Marc’s interest might force Trey to make his move. I think he’s totally enthralled with you and just afraid to admit it.”

“Pfumph. He has a strange way of showin’ it—”

“I’ve seen the way he looks at you.”

“How’s he find time to look, what with him beddin’ anything in skirts except me—”

“Or me—”

Mariah took solace in that. “He truly looks at me?”

“Truly.” Andrea giggled like a schoolgirl, so different from her movie-star image that Mariah smiled.

“At some level, I understand he’d never want to take advantage of his position.” Mariah dropped into the chair and threw her hands in the air. “But to hell with respect. How will I get past his respect and into the man’s pants?”

Andrea’s expression looked devious. “You may have to try the backdoor approach.”

Mariah eyes popped open at the thought.

“Not *that*,” Andrea said. “If you can’t get in his pants to start, you may have to try his brother’s.”

“I—I think I’ve already done that...”

“Really?”

“Trey walked in before...”

“Oh, too bad for you.” Andrea eyed Mariah with what looked like envy or awe. “Was Trey really mad? Is Marc a good kisser? He looks like he’d be... Never mind don’t say another word.”

Mariah shook her head, remembering the orgasm and the edge of fear.

Andrea sucked in a breath and paused before she asked, “What’s wrong with having a relationship with Marc if Trey won’t cooperate?”

“I don’t think I can manage Marc. He’s a dangerous one, he is. I don’t think he’ll let me play with him to make his brother jealous. He’ll expect me to come through for him. He will expect something in return.”

“Would that be so bad?” Andrea fanned herself. “Do you have another glass of iced tea? Thinking about that man raises my temperature.”

“I’ll get you a refill.” Andrea’s comments about Marc didn’t make Mariah the least bit jealous. Curious. Her feelings about Marc weren’t possessive the way they were with Trey.

“Thanks, and now you must listen to my news. I think it may fit into your plan.”

“I have a plan?”

“Yeah. You know. Make Trey jealous.”

“Right. Right.”

“Jake and Carly, his old girlfriend, eloped. They all drove up to Vegas late last night. Trey went along as the best man, or as a witness, or some such thing, and dragged Marc with him. He called me to let me know where they’d be staying, and told me to be sure to let everyone know, including you.” Andrea paused, flipped out her hand palm up, and smirked. “Here’s your opportunity to ask Marc for help seducing Trey.”

“How?”

“I have a few ideas. Since Marc is interested, that won’t be difficult to manage. You’ll play them against each other. Once Trey realizes what’s going on between you and his brother, he’ll come around.”

Mariah's heart flipped. The idea was similar to the one she'd been envisioning. Hearing it aloud sounded iffy. "Marc's a hard man to read."

"Ugh, he's just plain hard, hot, and sexy as hell." Andrea fanned herself and said, "Where's that tea?"

"Here." Mariah handed Andrea the fresh glass. "Trey is all charm and smiles and hot, good looks."

Andrea rolled her eyes. "Yeah, and Marc is everything else and something else. You're a lucky woman."

"Yer tellin' me." She thought about his mouth on her yesterday and wanted to moan. "Whoo hoo! Problem is, I don't know if Trey is interested in me that way."

"Enough to make sure we're all coming to Vegas. Besides, he's a man, isn't he? They're not that complicated."

"Marc is."

"Marc wants what they all want. Pardon my blunt language. All you have to do is look at that one to know he wants a quick hard fuck with no strings attached."

"Aye, that's for certain. It's difficult to think straight around either man. My heart beats so loud in my ears I can't hear myself think." Mariah pulled her hair off her neck and tied it up with the band around her wrist. "Just imagining either one makes me all hot and bothered."

"Let's get back to our plan." Andrea laughed. "Go pack, and pack 'sexy.' I'll tell you about my idea on the way to the airfield."

"I've too much work. I can't go—"

"Yes, you can," she insisted. "Who do you think you are, Cinderella?"

"I have—"

"You *are* going. We all are. Roger's at the main house, drunk as a warlord. He told Brian to gather everyone and the plane. We're all off for the weekend, producer's orders. You can be a martyr later. I'll let

you take care of Roger on the way if it makes you feel better. Pretend you're working, but only until we get there."

"Andrea—"

"Thanks for the tea." Andrea shook a finger at Mariah, walked to the door, and paused with her hand on her hip. "Once we're there, you have to strategically carry out the plan."

"But, whaaa—?"

Andrea shoved the screen door open, stepping down the stairs left without giving Mariah a chance to finish. Calling out over her shoulder, she shouted, "See you in twenty minutes, and we'll head over to the hangar."

* * * *

Mariah turned off the lights in the office and locked up. She headed back to her room at the ranch house, wondering what to pack in her overnight bag. Andrea's plan, already too obvious for Mariah, was doomed to failure.

Mumbling, "Plan, shmam. This is never going to work," Mariah stomped through the house and climbed the stairs to her third-floor room. Good thing no one was around to hear her talk to herself.

While she went through the motion of packing, picking up items and then putting them aside, she considered Trey's recent behavior.

Was he or wasn't he interested in her? An incident earlier this week stuck in her mind, giving her an ounce of hope. Trey, the usual mellow, I'm-a-lover-not-a-fighter sort, almost called out a wrangler for asking her to a movie.

And then there was his behavior yesterday with Marc. Sure the man had just brought her to a screaming orgasm, but Trey hadn't known that. Sure he caught Marc behind her desk with his hands in her hair and his cock barely back in his pants. Still, he hadn't seen anything with his own eyes. The tempting bulge reduced to a more manageable size before Trey had tried the door, and Marc quickly

shoved his cock back in his pants. She'd finished licking her lips clean, distracted because Marc was still close enough to nuzzle. Thank goodness he heard Trey outside on the stairs.

Besides, what difference did it make? If Trey wasn't interested, why couldn't another man be?

The biggest surprise came when Marc backed off with merely a smart-ass grin to mark the moment. He didn't seem the type to concede so easily, what with him being the Harley sort—black-ops and leather—more dangerous, aggressive twin.

She dug back in the closet behind her work clothes, searching for a few things she had stashed away in case there was an occasion to go out someplace nice. A girl had to be prepared when the opportunity arose—although, maybe this wasn't exactly what she'd been expecting.

The dress in her hand looked benign instead of alluring. Who would have anticipated she'd find herself in a situation where she'd need the sort of clothing to seduce a man? Now she was expected to pit two potent brothers against each other.

The more she thought about the concept, the more the idea had merit. The boring dress hit the floor with the shoes that matched as she dug deeper. Five minutes later she glared at her selection and threw her hands in the air. Nothing. She couldn't imagine packing for a seduction, let alone planning a wardrobe around it?

"Hmm, sexy wardrobe?" She needed sexy with a capital S, and she was running out of time and options. Where in the middle of a ranch in New Mexico was she going to find what she needed?

"Wardrobe!" She grinned. This was a set after all.

Mariah envisioned exactly what she needed and enlisted the wardrobe mistress's help. When she left, she had an armful of potential. These costumes would satisfy Andrea's concept of sexy from the black lace demi bra, to the French lace panties and the six-inch stilettos. What in the name of God were these outfits doing in wardrobe? This movie didn't have any brothel scenes.

If she couldn't convince the men that she was the answer to their every desire with these outfits, they were made of stronger stuff than most males. A tremor of apprehension had the hair on the back of her neck rising. She shivered, more with excitement than fear.

Stop thinking. The black garter belt dropped into her bag with the stockings making a gentle rustle, a sexy sound of silk upon silk. "Oh, yes." The red bustier followed a black one and matching thong panties. She exhaled a low sigh and added the mask, the thigh-high boots, and the scarves. So much leather, so much satin, silk, and lace. The men were her choice of a well-thought-out fantasy, so she would work at being theirs. Having both of them servicing her was at the top of her fantasy wish list.

Mental "to do" list: a ménage with Trey and Marc.

She couldn't wait to put her check next to that item. And, wouldn't Andrea be surprised to know what Mariah really had in mind?

If it bloody-well damned her to hell, she believed it would be worth every second of eternity to spend one night with both of them, reaching unbelievable heights of fulfillment.

Chapter 5

The Little Wedding Chapel Around the Corner, Las Vegas

“Who gives this woman to this man?”

Trey Barnes stepped forward. “Damn, I’m not sure I should actually give Carly away.”

“As if there’s a choice.” Jake growled and slapped him on the back, hard.

“I do,” Trey choked out.

“Hey, isn’t that my line?” Jake held out his hand, reached around Trey, and took Carly by her arm. The perennial frown between his eyebrows furrowed deeper, and when Trey’s best friend let his low grumble roll quietly beneath his breath, Trey met his scowl with one of his own.

After spending several days sharing Carly with Jake, he wondered if he’d ever forget how good being inside her felt. Now she belonged to Jake.

Who was he kidding? The whole time he was with her all he did was imagine she was Mariah. He figured Carly had always had been Jake’s in spite of the great sex the three of them shared.

Before he completely released her, Trey shook his head, kissed her on the cheek, and whispered so only she and Jake could hear. “This is probably the biggest mistake I’ve ever made.”

“No, it isn’t.” Carly smiled and patted his cheek. “You aren’t cut out for the quiet life on the ranch, Hollywood. And I’ve already tried the big city and found it lacking. Thank you for doing this.”

He felt a big hand on his shoulder, and then Jake's low, deep voice vibrated through gritted teeth. "Now step over there and do what you're here to do, witness our marriage." Jake practically spit out the irritated words.

"I thought I was the best man," Trey said, then chuckled. The idea of getting under Jake's skin always made him laugh—the man riled too easily.

"If you were the best man, you'd be standing where I am," Jake snarled, before one of his rare smiles bloomed, and he chuckled at his own joke.

An ache spread through Trey's gut. Hell, he was going to miss the guy and his bad temper. After tonight, they wouldn't get many chances to aggravate each other.

"Good comeback." Trey grabbed Jake in a bear hug. "I'm gonna miss your smart-ass comments, buddy. Now, do you want to get on with this or not?"

Although Trey had shared women with several buddies and even with his brother once, it had been he and Jake who'd made a career out of it. Once Carly corralled Jake, she held the title of being their last. From the minute Trey saw them together, there'd been no doubt that Jake had never stopped loving her, and now after all these years, he was finally claiming her.

Thank goodness Trey had been there to force the stubborn jackass to see what he'd always wanted was Carly. And she'd been bundled up right in front of him in a sexy, compact package. All he had to do was admit it.

So if Trey planned on riling anyone in the future, Marc would have to do. On the way to Vegas last night, Marc agreed to take over Jake's percentage of their business so Jake could settle down and manage Carly's ranch.

Marc and Jake had many character traits in common. It would be good to have him as a wingman. Although there was a side of Marc

that could be almost magnetic, unlike Jake, who was downright surly, Marc wasn't as charming as Trey, but he could be damn seductive.

"I'm ready if you are." Jake turned to Carly. "You sure you want to do this? I can be pretty ornery. Ask Trey."

"Never wanted anything more. I know exactly what you are." She planted a kiss on his lips and stood tall. "We're ready."

As Trey listened to their vows, he couldn't help the satisfaction filling him about being part of all this—their ceremony, bringing them together, and pushing the two of them until they realized how special their feelings were for each other.

Those feelings were more than sex, more than the thrill of a moment. It was something he missed. Hell, what was he thinking? Their love had him wondering about his own love life, or rather the lack of one. Not much love to think about. Sex life, sure. But no love life. Not really. It was as if the infamous "love" gene was missing in him. Or, maybe he just hadn't found the right woman yet. Ha! It wasn't from lack of trying, considering the string of women he'd practiced with.

The Irish one you're avoiding. She's one you could... He put the thought out of his head.

The minister announced the couple "husband and wife," and the next thing Trey knew, Jake was kissing Carly like they needed to find a room. "Okay, okay, break it up and let the best man have a turn before the rest of the crowd shows up."

"What crowd?" Carly asked.

"If I hadn't had the foresight to call Andrea and let her know where we were headed, there's a good possibility I'd have been a pitiful third wheel on your honeymoon."

"Not if you wanted to live." Jake hadn't tolerated him in their bed once he realized he loved Carly and always had.

Trey held up his hands in mock defense. "Now I'll have plenty of company."

Carly giggled. "Yeah, you're one pitiful case, all right."

“Really, once Jake came to his senses, he threatened to kill me if I tried to touch you again. You were strictly hands-off.”

“Damn right,” Jake said.

“So, you told the movie crew about us eloping? Did you have an ulterior motive? Like getting your Irish project manager here to ease that broken heart of yours?” Carly asked.

Busted. “No, but she’s coming. Marc made Andrea agree to bring her.” *Damn Marc!*

“Why? Is he interested because Mariah won’t buy into all your crap?”

“That’s not it at all. As much as I’d like to do that little raven-haired, green-eyed siren with the Irish brogue, she’s off-limits. She works for me, and Roger said if I do anything to screw up his set, he’d hang me by my balls. Since I highly value my balls, I’ve turned my attention elsewhere. I’m working on the new makeup girl.”

“The makeup girl?”

“Hey, she’s hot for me.”

“Yeah, and I heard she has a sister and a friend.”

“That’s the idea. I need to keep Marc occupied, too. He hit on Mariah, and I gave him a hard time about it. She was pretty pissed at me. Told me to stop interfering. She could handle her own personal ‘bloody’ business, and to ‘butt out.’”

“Good for her. If you’re not interested, why not Marc?” Carly asked.

“Have you seen my brother?”

“You’re twins. I drove all night with the two of you.”

“Jake, tell her.”

“They look alike, but they are...well, just very different. Marc’s not Mariah’s type.”

“Apparently, Mariah doesn’t agree.”

“Look, forget all that.” Trey shrugged. “He’s buying Jake’s shares. He won’t be able to touch her either. If I know Andrea, she gathered everyone and they’ll be hot on our tails as soon the news leaked.”

“I’d love to stay around for the fireworks,” Carly said with a big smile, “but I’m going to be on my honeymoon.”

“Exactly my point. You should be thankful there’s someone who can help me get over you. Without the makeup girl and her sister to bridge me back from the land of the heartbroken, I’m doomed. My makeup girls should be arriving soon.”

“Good grief, Trey, I should be insulted. Using me like this,” Carly said.

“Insulted because it may take two women to replace you? Okay, even two of them may not be enough.”

“There was never any ‘getting over me’ necessary, and you know it.” Carly cuffed him and laughed.

“You are so full of shit, buddy,” Jake said. “Does anyone believe your lines?”

“Ah, you wound me. Of course they believe it. Women believe stuff coming from other women. I made Andrea swear to tell makeup about how Carly broke my heart, and I mentioned that Marc’s going to be here, too. They like the idea of doing twins.”

“What about Mariah? Sounds like trouble in the mix to me. And what makes you so sure they’ll come?”

“Andrea said she’d handle them. Mariah can organize the fun with the others.”

“Trey, you are too damn devious.”

“That group is always up for a party.”

Jake finished with the minister and walked up to them. He threw an arm casually around Carly, pulling her aside, and nuzzled her neck. “You’re right, Trey. I wonder how long it’ll take them.” His grin spread over his face as he gazed down at his wife. The old Jake looked like a new man—relaxed, happy, in love.

“They’ll show up later, and then we’ll all help you two celebrate. At least I’ll have company for the weekend.”

The minister cleared his throat to get their attention. “Excuse me, but I need the witness to sign here.” He waved around a sheaf of papers.

* * * *

Jake busied himself kissing his bride again while Trey signed the papers. Just as he handed the papers back to the minister, the doors burst open. The whole stunt crew, a couple of doubles, and the movie’s female lead tripped over themselves, spilling into the chapel through the double doors—flowers, champagne bottles, and rice in hand.

“Hell, how’d you get here so fast?” Trey said.

Andrea beamed. “When I told Roger what was going on, he offered his executive jet to fly us all here. Can you believe it?”

“No! No kidding? Roger’s usually wound so tight I expect his eyeballs to pop out his ass.” Jake growled. “Damn, you made impossibly great time.”

“He loves you guys. Says you’re like sons.”

“Was he drinking?” Trey asked. “Producers don’t usually think that much of their location companies.”

“Uh, well, maybe he had a little *something* to drink.” She held her fingers pinched out to him slightly apart then spread them wider. “A little. Okay, a lot. We got him juiced so he’d loosen up. We never expected that he’d fall apart.”

Andrea shrugged. “He’s back at the hotel. Passed out.”

Trey glanced around, but still hadn’t spotted Mariah. “Where’s the Irish lass?”

“Mariah’s taking care of Roger and waiting for Marc. He was down in the casino when I left. We plan to meet up with them later.”

Mariah was waiting for Marc. What for?

“What about the...you know...makeup crew?” His planned cure for his depression wasn’t among the faces in the crowd. “What about the sisters from the makeup department, and their friend?”

Andrea looked puzzled. “Oh, Barbie and Cherie, and what’s her name? Oh, Trish. They stayed back at the hotel with Brian until his stomach settles. He wasn’t feeling well from the flight. You know he doesn’t like flying.”

Trey met Carly’s gaze. She raised her brow then covered her mouth, hiding her smile. But Jake wasn’t as tactful. He threw his head back, roaring with laughter, and clapped Trey on the back. “Don’t worry, everything will work out. What are we waiting for? Let’s go pick up the others and get this party started.”

Trey did a double take. He’d never seen Jake so calm or happy. The studio guys shook his hand and pounded him on the back. The girls busied themselves “ooing” and “aahhing” over Carly’s ring while Jake proudly stood by. Trey had to admit love sure had mellowed the man.

Chapter 6

The Gold Ingot, Casino & Hotel, Las Vegas

Mariah's breath caught in her chest. The cowboy standing at the other end of the roulette table looked familiar, but she wasn't expecting to find Trey here yet. When the man glanced up to place his bet, he caught her staring at him and grinned. Marc. Her heartbeat picked up.

It was Marc dressed like Trey, staring her down, giving her that slow, thorough once-over she'd come to expect from him. Right up to the point when his lids lowered, he was the spitting image of his brother. Once that affectation crossed his expression, the similarity to Trey vanished. The serious piercing stare was his trademark, a bit off-putting until he gave her a cute half grin, a semblance of his brother's.

He jerked his head to his right in a come-on-over-here offer. Or that's what she figured he meant. With him the motion seemed more of a demand than a suggestion. If it had been Trey, she wouldn't have hesitated. With Marc, her courage faltered.

The brothers did really look that much alike, but they certainly didn't have the same temperament at all. That's what had her locked firmly in place. Marc scared her. It was the attraction. That fatal sort.

He aroused her in ways she couldn't put into thoughts, let alone words. He was domineering and superior. His arrogant, take-no-prisoners appeal mystified her.

The various tattoos, his sun-bleached, dirty-blond, overly long hair, and his fuck-you attitude spelled out all the reasons he was out of her league. Not exactly a take home to your church-going mamma

kind of guy. Not like Trey, the sun-kissed charmer. Marc was a minute or two older, and it showed in his manner, but they were identical except for the cosmetic changes. They had the same fair coloring and looked enough alike that unless someone knew them very well it would be impossible to tell them apart. Beyond the physical, the resemblance ended.

Trey always smiled, and Marc hardly ever did. Just the half smile he flashed at her a moment earlier was a huge concession, she'd come to realize.

Trey was a lighthearted, laughing clown most of the time. He was a prankster—not easy for a man with all kinds of responsibilities running a multimillion-dollar location company. He was amazing because he did everything well from managing to running stunts, the location evaluation, and acting.

Where Trey was emotionally carefree, Marc was deadly serious, evaluating people and situations under a microscope before opening up at all. Mariah heard he had worked for a black ops company after he left the military. Maybe that was good cause to make him so careful and calculating. She had to assume he did everything well, too, or he wouldn't have survived.

Tonight, dressed more like Trey, Marc looked different, more approachable. Unlike his brother, Marc didn't usually wear traditional Western garb, boots, or jeans.

The fringed, brown leather jacket he wore was only slightly darker than his tanned skin. The overall effect seemed formal compared to his usual standards—black leather pants, shitkickers, and a black muscle tee. Apparently, he was dressing for the occasion.

She suspected it was a matter of *when in Rome*, but she liked the new look on him. It softened his edges and made him less intimidating. What was just a façade would still allow him to pass for Trey in this new attire.

No sense being standoffish. Once the rest of the gang showed up, she'd have to mix anyway. It would have been easier facing Marc

with a crowd around her or a drink in her hands, but after Roger fell asleep, boredom set in. She decided to go looking for everyone herself, never expecting to find Marc first.

He stopped a server and whispered something in the woman's ear. Then he tilted his head in Mariah's direction and motioned her over with one long finger slowly beckoning.

She straightened up and pulled off as much height as the six-inch heels could add to her five-foot-two frame. On the downside, the outfit she chose made her feel like a slut, but on the upside, the men near the tables parted to let her by. Their exhalations gave her the confidence she needed to face Marc wearing the red studded bustier and the leather skirt that was little more than a napkin.

Sooner or later, Trey would arrive, and she'd have to deal with his comments about her clothes. That is, if he wasn't too occupied with a woman or two of his own. In any case, once Trey found her with Marc and looking like this, he was going to have a cow.

"Nice shoes."

"Thanks." Mariah couldn't look at Marc and breathe.

He gave her another once-over. "Geezuz, mick, where'd a little thing like you get those long legs?"

"Don't call me a 'mick.' It's derogatory."

"No, it's not. I meant it affectionately. You do know, we're Irish, too, babe. It takes one to know one. Now, back to those legs..."

Mariah rolled her eyes to the heavens. "It's not my legs. It's these shoes."

He wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her against him. "I ordered you a drink. You looked...thirsty."

"No. You mean I looked nervous," she said, and fidgeted a bit more.

"You were tugging on that piece of material that's trying to pass for a skirt. Uh, yeah, I'd say you looked a little uncomfortable."

There was no hope for her. She was too transparent. "Uncomfortable? You're just being kind. I'm terrified."

He actually laughed. It sounded rusty, but yes, she was sure that had been a laugh. It sounded so good, she inhaled sharply and sighed.

His eyes cut to her breasts. She gasped and slapped her hand over her abundant cleavage, knowing her small hand couldn't block his view. "Please!"

His grin looked absolutely predatory. "What's with the seduction getup. You had me at... No, wait, that's right. You actually did have me yesterday?"

Her face burned with embarrassment, but she had to stand up to him now or lose face. "What's with the Trey impersonation?"

"I asked first."

"I'm trying to get someone's attention." Heat crept up her neck as he raised an eyebrow, gave her a thorough once-over, and licked his lips.

"Well, let me make something perfectly clear." He cupped his crotch and adjusted himself. She couldn't help noticing he sported a sizable erection. "You grabbed every man in this place by the balls when you walked in wearing that getup, and now you have my boys' undivided attention. Do you want to go somewhere and do something about it or not?"

She did. God help her, she did want him. But she wanted Trey, too. She blinked, shifted her eyes, and barely shook her head.

His gaze narrowed, and his upper lip twitched. He let her off with her white lie, but she looked away, unable to continue to lie to his face if he pressed her. She knew he knew she was lying.

"What? I'm not who you had in mind after providing you with those mind-blowing orgasms yesterday?"

The disappointment in his voice surprised her enough to force her chin up. She did lift her gaze and risk a quick glance.

He slammed his hand over his heart, feigning heartbreak when he added, "I'm crushed."

He was actually teasing her. Marc, teasing? Had the world reversed direction?

He bent close so his breath brushed her ear as he promised, "I can guarantee more than the pleasure we already shared."

More? There was more than that mind-melting delight?

"It's your brother I had in mind when I picked out this outfit." Mariah was surprised at how husky her voice sounded when she answered.

"Ah, I see." He backed up.

"No, I don't think you do." Time to fess up. Mariah leaned into him, breathing heavily on his neck, doing her best imitation of a come-on. "You're not the one who needs seducing."

"Really? I think I already said that. What makes you so sure I haven't changed my mind?" Marc let her run her hands up his chest, but the expression on his face was blank, unreadable.

"It seems you're amenable to me already," she said. His muscles tensed beneath her fingers and his hard cock pressed into her hip.

He half grinned at her. "You want to a place a bet, pick a number?" he asked, all noncommittal.

"Yes."

"Call it then."

"Uh." She paused and waited for him to look down at her. Then she stared into his eyes and said, "Three."

His eyes narrowed on her. "Like a ménage?"

Oh yes, her secret fantasy. Thank God, the man was a mind reader.

He didn't breathe or flinch when he asked, "Am I included in that number?"

Mariah lifted her eyes wide open in surprise and then closed her mouth. "Of course," she whispered. "It's your damn brother who needs convincing that I'm hungry for you both."

"Good." The expression on his face changed instantly. For a moment he looked so much like Trey it hurt. "You're right about me. I'm here with a very hard cock ready and willing to succumb to your seduction."

She took his hand in hers and exhaled, clearly relieved that he got *it* and was okay with it. She glanced up, this time allowing him to read the obvious need in her expression.

“Don’t worry, I have something specific in mind to convince Trey to participate,” he said. His lopsided grin told her he understood her unspoken question.

While he placed some chips on the number three before the wheel spun, he kept her behind him, still holding her hand. She couldn’t see where the ball landed, but from the expression on his face when he turned to face her, she figured she’d hit the right number.

Marc studied her. “Nice pick. Are you always this lucky?”

Mariah stood a little straighter. “Actually, I have a sixth sense for the numbers. Sometimes, I can hear them calling me.”

“Maybe I should keep you around. Are you hearing anything now?”

“No, just that ‘three.’” She dared to smile.

He picked up his chips and backed her away from the table. “I’m glad you decided to include me in your plans. If you were coldhearted enough to turn me away, I’d be brokenhearted.”

“No you wouldn’t.” With any other man she would have laughed at his antics. She almost did until she performed a reality check. A man like Marc could pretend to be playful, but she shouldn’t forget that she was the lamb and he was the lion. Deep in the recesses of her mind, she had to reiterate that although he knew how to behave like a gentle house cat, he was really a dangerous predator. Even if he looked and acted like lighthearted Trey, she must remember Marc wasn’t remotely like his brother.

When he picked up her hand and ran his lips across her knuckles, she warned herself never to forget that. She warily allowed the seduction to warm her, and forced herself to relax, to be with him, and to enjoy his teasing seduction.

Mariah imagined his breath hovering over her breasts and trembled. “I’ll bet there’s never been a woman born who could turn you down.”

“Including you?”

“Including me, if I believed you were serious.”

“I was serious, Mariah.” His lowered voice went all gravelly, sending tingling sensations to her nipples. “Something about you... I don’t know. You make me want to be different. Gentler.” His next words were almost a rugged rasp of air when he grunted out, “I am fucking serious.”

She sensed he was genuinely aroused and frustrated. So was she. The moistness between her thighs felt almost slick when he moved behind her. He wrapped an arm around her waist, clasping her body against his, and his erection stabbed insistently into the cleft of her ass.

“If it’s my brother you really want...”

She stiffened in his embrace when he mentioned Trey, but he didn’t release her. “I don’t know.”

His grip tightened slightly. She liked his firm control.

“Is it wrong to want you both?” Was it? Should she react like this to Marc when she felt the way she did about Trey? Was it wrong to want both men, and what each could offer? Would Trey resent her for offering herself up to both of them?

“I can assure you, we’ve never had a problem sharing before. I like to dominate. He likes to soothe. It works out best for both of us and our partner.”

Her heart pounded in her ears, and she held her breath. She didn’t respond when he continued explaining, “He’s the sensitive one, slow hands and detail-oriented. I’m the one who’ll give you a hard, fast ride without missing a beat.”

He tightened his hold, turning her—body to body, breast to chest, groin to groin—so he could see her face and read her thoughts. As much as she tried to keep her expression passive, the idea of Trey’s

soft caresses and Marc's hard thrusts had more liquid seeping to her pussy.

When she pulled away and turned her back to him, he was pressed right back against her ass, dragging his hands down her arms to her wrists.

"It sounds good to you, doesn't it? I can see the idea rolling around in your head." He nuzzled her ear. "I can smell your arousal, almost see your thoughts. Trey's naked body and mine sandwiching yours between us..."

Marc's hot breath whispered down her décolleté, sending flames flickering through her. She turned aside and inhaled his spicy scent as his lips brushed her earlobe and his tongue dipped into her ear. She closed her eyes, wishing for someplace less conspicuous to pursue him, but enjoyed the wicked idea of having the other men's eyes on her too much to stop him or suggest they move elsewhere. Knowing the others were getting hard watching Marc touch her aroused her all the more.

He tilted her chin up and brought her face around to his with one finger. "In fact, a ménage might be exactly what Trey needs to make him forget..." Marc didn't finish his thought.

"Forget what?"

"Never mind."

Mariah wondered until his tongue swept an especially sensitive spot at her jawline. Then she lost all train of thought.

"Babe, we offer the best of both worlds, the alpha and the beta lover." Marc's hands held her in place like a vise, but she couldn't have moved it she wanted. His fingers gently massaged her wrists, while his body barely touched hers, like a whisper, a promise. Only his lips and tongue switching up at her ear pressured her, sending heat to her core and chills up her spine.

Her breath caught in her throat, her eyes rolled shut, and her useless voice managed to softly choke out, "Seems like y—you can be

slow and detail-oriented, too. Uhm, when you set your mind to the uh...task.”

“You’d be right, then.”

Then she opened her eyes and exhaled, trying to pull away.

“Don’t move.” Tightening his grip, he resisted her tug. A low chuckle vibrated through him as he turned her back into his arms, his chest to her back. He pressed his hard cock against her, forcefully this time. “I can be very persuasive when I’m trying to get my way.”

He was tall enough to lean over her shoulder. She saw the corner of his mouth twitch as he tried to hold back a smile.

“Are you laughing at me, Marc?”

“Not at all, darlin’. You amuse me with your insight, that’s all.”

Just then the cocktail waitress returned with their drinks. Marc paid, picked up the beer he ordered off the tray, and handed her a dirty martini. She loved a man who kept track of details even if he claimed he didn’t. He took her arm and said, “Do you want to sit?”

She glanced around. “Not yet.”

Without realizing it, he’d somehow maneuvered her into a darkened corner of the quiet bar. There was a loveseat behind a table and a couple of chairs.

“What’s wrong with Trey? Why hasn’t he taken advantage of your interest before now?”

“Please! I have no idea why I’m the one woman he won’t touch, but he treats me like I’m Saint Mariah.”

“Oh, babe, I’d never make that mistake,” he said, scrutinizing every inch of her as if she weren’t wearing a stitch of clothing. “I’m going to fuck you, Mariah. I need to bury my cock inside your hot, tight pussy. After that taste earlier I’ve spent the day thinking of nothing else but you.”

The man might be blunt, but he had a way with words. Maybe it was the tone of his voice or the need in his eyes. More white-hot liquid slicked her pussy, and her internal muscles clenched with desire. Yes, it’s what she wanted, too. Just his words and his intense

expression had her on the verge of orgasm. She already knew what his touch could do.

“Damn, I can smell your arousal.” His narrowed eyes and flared nostrils reminded her of a predatory beast. He was intensely serious, and meant every word.

He took her glass and his beer and put them on the table. “Stand over there.” He indicated a corner recessed within the wall and leaned toward her, placing his lips to hers with his hand between their bodies.

A man like him would require trust, and demand it in return. She thought she’d like to try giving up control to someone capable of handling her trust for a change. Even if Trey didn’t agree to a ménage, maybe she could handle Marc on her own.

She did as he directed. His big body moved in front of hers so she was hidden behind him. He whispered his demand against her mouth. “Open.”

She did. What did she have to lose? She’d never see these people again. Besides, the danger of someone rounding the corner and catching them made her that much more excited.

His lips coaxed and his tongue wrapped around hers as he pushed her legs apart with his knee and slid his hand discreetly under her skirt, fondling her curls.

When he pushed aside her panties and parted her pussy lips with his fingers, a smile cocked the corner of his mouth. “Nice, wet and hot.” A single finger nudged inside her slick folds.

“Oh, Marc.” The words were all that escaped before his mouth moved to her ear.

“I like how wet you get for me.”

The tingling heat whipped through her as his thumb stroked her clit, sending sizzling spasms into the deeper recesses of her pussy. He slipped another long, thick finger inside her. The sensation wasn’t painful, but the stretching caused a sharp twinge that almost bordered on pleasure. She felt full as he added a third finger and began scissoring her opening apart.

“If you want to eventually take both me and Trey inside you, I’d better start getting you prepared. You do realize the man’s uncut cock is over nine inches, don’t you?”

“Really, uh, and you? Are you truly identical twins?”

“We are. You’ve tasted mine. It’s not quite what his is in length, but I’ve got more girth.” He expertly rubbed her clit and massaged the inside of her pussy lips as if he made pleasing a woman his life’s ambition. He knew exactly how much pressure to apply, how long and how fast she liked it.

“Oh, that feels...amazing.” She pressed her forehead to his. “I need...” She closed her eyes. “...need...”

“You’re ready to come, Mariah. I can feel your spasms gripping my fingers. Let it go, babe.” His mouth covered hers, smothering her silent scream while his fingers encouraged her orgasm.

He kissed her, all tongue, fucking her mouth the way his fingers were fucking her pussy, deep and hard.

He lifted his head. “Open your eyes and look at me,” he demanded.

She did.

To her dismay, reflecting back from his pale Caribbean-blue eyes, all she saw was a cool, hard darkness behind the simmering passion at the surface.

“Let it go,” he whispered.

The cold, hard steel in his eyes softened when she obeyed and came in his hand.

“Good, that’s the way. Relax into it. Take it all. Niiice.”

He removed his fingers slowly as the aftershocks of her climax rippled through her and her breath hitched with each tremor. Marc casually replaced her panties over her pussy and removed his hand from beneath her skirt. He wisely supported her weight and steadied her just as her knees buckled. Limp noodles had more strength than her legs at the moment.

“Thank you, Marc.” God, bless him, she loved the man’s hands. Breathing hard, she admitted, “No one has ever satisfied me like this before.”

His head whipped up, his eyes crinkled at the corners, and his lips quirked slightly. “My pleasure, ma’am.” He picked up his beer, handed her drink to her, and clinked the glass together. He looked like a renegade cowboy, but the old manners surfaced, and the rigid GI training probably didn’t hurt either. Well-ingrained habits die hard.

“What will I do about Trey?”

“He can be stubborn.” Marc rubbed his chin. “I see only one possible way of getting that cowboy into your bed if he’s being honorable.”

Marc’s grin spread slowly across his face. The look was one of pure devious intent. “He’ll have to try to kick me out of it.”

“What?”

“Don’t worry.” The man had a way of taking control and running with it. He gripped her chin and held her gaze. “Darlin’, it won’t be easy to get me out once I’m in.” His voice dropped to a threat. “You just think about this, you have me so damn hard I could drive a spike with my cock. So make no mistake, after this experience, I’m going to be in your bed and inside your tight little cunt *very* soon. Trey or no Trey.”

“Ooh!” she gasped. The idea had her insides clenching and her juices flowing all over again. This man was nothing like Trey. Marc was hard, demanding. A part of her liked how he managed her. A part of her was scared spit-less.

His grip relaxed and so did she. A happy memory flashed behind Marc’s eyes. Mariah could tell from the way his face softened.

“Trey never could stand me taking away his toys. Never minded sharing, but he wouldn’t let me have them for myself altogether, either. Understand?”

The quick, light kiss he gave her astonished her. His actions kept her unbalanced. “We’ll agree to make Trey crazy jealous in the process,” he added.

Oh, he was a cunning, seductive wolf, claiming her first, twisting the knife until Trey had no choice. But she really liked the image of the three of them in bed. She laughed a little nervously with the anticipation of a ménage with this man and his brother.

Whoa, now that she’d suggested it, she hoped she had it in her. She wanted Trey. If Marc could help her fulfill every wish she’d had since she came to this country, she’d take what he offered.

“Okay.” Sitting up and straightening her shoulders, she answered, “I think three’s the charm.”

Marc lifted his bottle in toast. “*Slainte*,” he said, using the Irish toast.

Mariah lowered her eyes and held up her glass. “*Slainte*.”

Marc put down the bottle, reached around her shoulders, and drew her up against his chest. He lifted her chin, stared into her eyes with a satisfied smirk on his lips, and moved one hand up into her hair.

“Let’s seal the deal, then.” His gaze dropped to her lips as he held her head in place and bent in for a slow, wet kiss.

At first, he didn’t close his eyes and neither did she. Those pale, blue irises stared into her soul, radiating sparks and untold promises of desire, lust, and passion in their light. But then, his tongue tangled in hers, driving deeper into her mouth, forcing her to focus on the kiss and the man delivering it. Her eyes drifted shut, just as his closed. She melted into his heat, forgot where they were, and lost herself in his passion-filled kiss.

Had she succumbed too easily? Did she just seal her fate? With a man like him she knew there’d be no backing down. She couldn’t, and he wouldn’t.

Chapter 7

The Gold Ingot, Casino & Hotel, Las Vegas

Trey walked into the casino, and after a moment his vision adjusted to the low lighting. What he saw stopped him dead in his tracks. The breath blew out of his lungs and something inside him shattered. A sudden pain radiated through him straight from his groin to his chest. A fist constricted around his heart.

It felt like someone sucker punched him in the balls.

Mariah!

Near the bar, at the back, in a dark corner, he saw the one woman he'd ached for, for months—the one woman he'd promised to protect, the one he'd sworn he'd never touch—wrapped around his brother like a second skin.

Fuck the rules! He was going to rip her out of Marc's arms and carry her off. Once he fucked her he'd be over this insanity, this obsession with her.

He exhaled, trying to shift his gaze. His eyes darted from side to side, trying to focus on something, anything else, but they kept returning to the sight gutting him.

Mariah and Marc were locked together, lip to lip, body to body.

Trey pushed aside the ache, shook off his shock, and contained his anger before striding over to where they stood semiconcealed in the back of the bar. She'd better be giving him CPR, or when Trey got through with him, he was going to need it.

Ignoring everyone else who'd piled through the front doors with him, Trey remained focused on his brother's hand, low on Mariah's

hip. By the time he reached Marc and grabbed his shoulder, Trey was visibly shaking, too furious to speak.

Marc gave him a lopsided grin. “Bro?” He asked, “You okay?” If it wasn’t for the damn glint in his eye, Trey might have believed Marc honestly didn’t know.

Marc raised an insulting brow at Trey as if asking him what he wanted.

Instead of pounding his twin the way he’d intended, Trey thought about the unasked question in Marc’s eyes.

What did Trey want? Hell, he wished *he* knew. He ran his fingers through his hair and glared at Marc’s hand cupping Mariah’s cheek. If he wanted anything at the moment it would be that the hand on her face and the body pressed against hers was his. He wished he was the one holding her, not his brother.

He wished...

Mariah’s eyes shifted from Marc’s face and glanced up. She smiled at him with the sweetest expression in her glazed eyes, and Trey felt the lump in his throat choke him.

...he wished he’d been the man who put that look on her face.

Her expression was mellow, her eyelids lowered and sexy. Then her aroused scent wafted in the air around them, and Trey knew he wouldn’t walk away if he could.

His anger and disappointment turned into a desperate hunger for her, just that fast. She’d made it clear enough from the start that she wanted him and he’d rejected her every time. The hell with his promise. Roger be damned. Trey had kept his word to the producer as long as he could. All his lofty honorable intentions toward the contract and Mariah came crashing down around him, followed by the fear. They were in Vegas, now.

What if she really wanted his brother now and not him? Well, that was a moot point, considering his brother had her firmly in his arms. The question became, what if she didn’t want *him* at all?

“Hi, Trey,” she said, still smiling. Her voice was husky with desire, and she glowed from Marc’s attention.

What if he’d already lost his chance with her?

That was not going to happen. Trey wasn’t losing her to Marc, and he wasn’t going to let anything happen to her. No, not even if her soft, pink cheeks were flushed, not even though Marc’s kiss had her lips all red, swollen, and damp.

She belonged to Trey.

“How was the wedding, bro?” Marc didn’t take his eyes off Mariah as he asked. “Does Jake have Carly all nicely wrapped up in vows and legalese?”

Right, the wedding. Trey knew what Marc was getting at. He glanced at his watch. Not a half an hour ago he was wondering if he’d ever find a woman to satisfy him the way Carly had. The very idea was ludicrous knowing all along every woman he’d been with, including Carly, had been his way of avoiding his attraction to Mariah. Only, Marc didn’t know that.

What did Marc know? He looked like a cat with feathers stuck to his whiskers.

If Mariah wanted Marc, then she was going to get them both. Trey couldn’t let his brother destroy the woman he lov...

Trey cut the thought. He would keep her safe.

With circumstances changed, he had to protect Mariah from his brother’s darkness.

Now she might think Marc was what she needed, but Trey knew better. Marc would never be enough for her—

Marc couldn’t share the important part of himself with anyone, not anymore, not after his last tour of duty. The black ops mission had destroyed something inside him and left him incapable of fully appreciating any sort of emotional attachment.

Trey didn’t think his brother could be rehabilitated, not after all the death, all the torture and mutilations. No, Marc would hurt her

without even realizing what he'd done, and that sort of pain might destroy the kind of woman Mariah was.

Trey wasn't about to let that happen. She could have Marc if she wanted him, but not without him.

Marc asked, "You sure you're okay, bro? Carly? The wedding? Jake?"

"I'm fine. The wedding was great. Jake's all hitched up. Why don't you both join the rest of us for a drink?" It wasn't meant to be a suggestion.

"Sure, we'll be right over."

An idea struck Trey. He'd set up a way of keeping Marc busy and taking Mariah away from him, or at least arranging to be with her. He decided to throw out the bait and see who took it.

"Later, we're heading over to the Wicked Pleasures Dance Club next door." Trey knew Marc couldn't resist the call of the erotic hedonistic nightclub.

"Your Hollywood crowd must be a pretty wild crowd if they're partying there." Marc raised both brows at Trey, but Trey didn't miss the interest flash in his brother's eyes. "Anyone heading into the private club?"

"A few. Most of this group will stick with the dance club. What about you? Up for the private club?" Trey asked Mariah, moving closer, his front to her back. Sandwiching her between him and his brother, Trey watched Mariah's face as his intent became clear. He smelled that wonderful mixture of scents he'd come to recognize was uniquely her. Marc stared at her, watching her expression as Trey leaned in closer and whispered a warning in her ear. "It's more than drinking and dancing."

She glanced to Marc, but if she was looking for his opinion, he masked his expression, not revealing his interest one way or another. Only a small tick at the corner of his right eye told Trey all he needed to know. Marc needed what the club provided more than he'd admit.

He also needed Trey's participation if he wanted to find satisfaction with Mariah.

"You up for what Vegas offers to only the truly wicked?" Trey asked.

"Truly wicked?" she asked, the pulse at her neck fluttering liked a bird's.

Marc grinned and winked. He flicked a finger beneath Mariah's bodice and ran it across the top of her breasts. "Truly wicked," he whispered, nodded, and then folded his arms across his chest. Marc glanced at his brother, and they both waited for her answer.

She inhaled deeply, her breasts rising. "Exactly what do you mean when you say 'wicked?'"

She was titillated by the idea of "wicked." Trey noticed her nipples peaked, tight and pebbled, beneath the thin material of her shirt, and his cock expanded, pressing uncomfortably against his zipper.

He didn't answer her right away. He just turned and stared at Marc, keeping his face blank. His next words lacked expression. "Maybe Marc can describe his favorite hangout better than I can. Marc?"

The icy stare Marc returned didn't shake Trey. Marc assumed his matter-of-fact attitude and recited the club's attributes like a promotional flyer. "Public exhibitionism, some BDSM, shared partners, group sex, and orgies. It's different all the time, different rooms for various fetishes." He shrugged, letting Mariah know he was okay with the place and her decision. "Something for everyone's tastes."

When Trey glanced back at her, he warned, "Some of it's pretty extreme, but it's all consensual."

"Does everyone—" she started to ask, but Trey cut her off.

"Mariah, what is it? Yes, or no?" He knew she was carefully considering saying "no," and although his cock ached for her, the

place was out of her league. Hell, most of the activities there were out of *his* league.

But he knew Marc couldn't resist the lure of the club. Those perversions were what defined him, kept him returning to just this side of sanity.

So if she declined the invitation, Marc could go with the others, and he'd offer to take her somewhere else or stay here playing blackjack. They could even see a stage show if she wanted.

"Okay."

"Okay?" Trey asked incredulously. "You want to go—there?"

She nodded and put up a brave front.

"Okaaaay!" Marc clapped her on the shoulder and said, "Great. When we get there, we'll look it all over and you can tell us what interests you."

Trey said, "Mariah, don't feel like you have to do this. Not everyone is going."

"Who isn't going?"

"Carly and Jake."

She rolled her eyes at him. "Duh! Who else isn't going?"

"Well, Andrea is staying with Roger."

She waited patiently for him to add more people's names to his list. "And—?"

Trey shuffled his feet and weighed his words. "And... I think the rest are already on their way over there."

Before she made her decision and spoke, she asked one more question. "Are you willing to introduce me to the selection of vices?"

Trey swallowed hard. "I won't leave you if that's what you're asking."

"No. I'm asking if *you* will be with me? You know—*with* me?"

"I saw you with Marc when I came in." Trey glanced at Marc, who seemed amused with Trey's dilemma. "I thought, you'd want—"

“Oh, I do want Marc. I already know he’s willing.” She boldly ran a hand over his chest. “I just want to make sure you’ll be my willing partner, too.”

“Oh.” Trey’s stomach popped into his throat. “Of course,” he answered, unable to utter anything else.

Mariah turned into Trey’s arms, Marc at her back. She ran a finger down Trey’s chest and tugged on his belt buckle to tease him before she paused and said, “All this”—she cupped him through his pants—“is too tempting to ignore.”

He pushed into her hand and moaned before he bent down to taste her lips. The flavor was like nothing he expected. Her mouth was spicy, hot, and sweet. He probed her lips open, sinking his tongue inside her mouth, wanting more, needing more of her flavor.

He was relieved that the corner Marc chose was secluded because he had to touch her. Trey filled his hand with her soft, mounded breast, running his thumb across the pebbled tip. Her little whimper of need sent licks of fire through his balls. God, he wanted to take her right here.

“So,” she mumbled against his lips, “you seem ready to stop treating me like the good virgin and start treating me more like Mary Magdalene. It’s about time you realized I’m a flesh and blood mortal woman with carnal needs.”

“Carnal needs,” he repeated and chuckled. “I’m going to do all I can to satisfy those carnal needs of yours. What about you, Marc? You want to join us?”

“Hey, I started this. You’re not leaving me out just because she’s got her fingers wrapped around your nine-inch cock and not mine.”

She slipped one hand behind her back, fondled him too, and smiled as Marc groaned.

“Nice, thick, hard. Hmm, not sure if I can tell them apart.” Both men grunted.

Trey muttered, “Let’s get out of here and join the others.”

Mariah gave Marc a simmering glance over her shoulder. “I think I’ll have to get a closer look for comparison purposes.”

“There’s not a man breathing who would turn down that offer from you,” Marc said.

“I second that,” Trey agreed. For all that he wanted her, knowing she wasn’t afraid to sample his and his brother’s sexual diversions pleased him beyond measure.

That Irish lilt in her voice, her background, and her ethics never prepared him for the woman she was—a woman who’d risk taking on this kind of sexual adventure.

He’d unearthed a treasure when he’d hired her. She was the best damn location set manager in the business. Now he realized he was going to get the chance to explore her other hidden assets. Oh, and he shouldn’t forget how he promised to take care of all her carnal needs, too.

He dipped in to steal a kiss. “Just let me tell the others where we’re headed. Jake and Carly already took off.”

Marc said, “Go ahead, Trey. We’ll meet you out front.”

Chapter 8

When Mariah stepped outside the casino with Marc, she took a moment to take in her surroundings. According to him, Wicked Pleasures was on the next block. But, next door in Vegas could be over a mile away.

“Look at the way the sun is setting behind the western mountains. The amethyst sky looks like a location backdrop,” she said, focusing on the scenery and hoping the distraction would help calm her nerves.

Marc grunted. “Is this your version of a come-on? Foreplay? Because if it is, it’s no wonder my brother hasn’t touched you.”

He could be such a jerk.

“If this is your version of charm, then I’m surprised women don’t run screaming before they’d allow you near them.” Arguing made her mad, and mad was better than scared. The walk would give her time to build up her courage, especially since Marc kept her nerves in a state of anxious arousal. To be blunt, he rattled her.

“Ah, but you screamed. And then you propositioned me.”

“Aye, I must’ve lost my mind,” she snapped back. Agreeing to go to Wicked Pleasures had made her feel bold at the time, but Marc was right. Even as she suggested the ménage to him, she couldn’t believe she was actually propositioning him. “Besides, a gentleman wouldn’t flaunt that fact in my face.”

“You, more than anyone, know I’m no gentleman.” Marc snorted. “Some women prefer my candor. You never have to guess what I’m thinking.”

That made Mariah snort back. “No mystery. Your thoughts never rise above your belt buckle.”

“You seemed pretty interested—”

“Forget it. Don’t talk. I liked you better when you were...”
Mariah stopped, her thermostat soaring. What had she been about to say? That she preferred his tongue down her throat and his fingers inside her?

“What? Let me guess—”

“Don’t you dare!”

Marc did laugh then. He hauled her around by her shoulders. The pale blue of his eyes reflected the last of the sun’s rays when he looked at her softly with a rare smile still on his face. She could come to love this banter...maybe even him...

He stopped laughing and scowled at her. Had he read her feelings so easily?

His jaw tensed. The words he growled out sounded hard and rough. “Never forget I’m not a nice man. Don’t expect it or anything else. But know this—I’ll take care of you, keep you safe. Do you understand?”

No. How could she? These feelings and emotions were all new to her. Mariah didn’t respond. She just stared as the light faded from his eyes and then shook her head.

His expression softened. Marc’s grip relaxed on her upper arms when he pulled her against his chest. “Don’t worry, babe, I’ll explain everything. Show you the ropes. You do what you want, no more. Okay?”

“Yes,” she answered this time and let out the breath she’d been holding. “I’m sorry to be such a bitch. I’m nervous. Anger is better than fear.” Her heart still hadn’t stopped pounding like a kettledrum in her chest, but her stomach settled back into place.

“Understood.” His one word answer said everything.

Yes, he would understand, wouldn’t he? Trey had told her about how Marc had been captured and held prisoner in some godforsaken land, before escaping and saving several others. She’d felt the scars

beneath the tattoos, saw the ones behind his eyes. There was a subject best forgotten.

He turned her around by her shoulders so they could resume the quiet walk to the den of iniquity where she was going to explore all her hidden fantasies. “Need to fight some more?”

“It’s no fun when you know why I’m doing it.”

“I won’t let you get away with smarting off at me once we’re inside. Take advantage now or forget it.”

Oops, there went her stomach again. She had to find something else to think about besides Marc dominating her and all the things they would do.

Since the sun had set, everything in the distance was fixed in shadows. Slowly, remote smattering pinpoints of lights glimmered and converged, becoming more concentrated toward the center of the valley. It was beautiful, but she kept her mouth shut, unwilling to bear Marc’s sarcastic remarks about her musings.

Eventually the distant sky turned from deep purple to black, and the transformation inside the bowl of mountains seemed like a volcanic eruption of daylight.

“Okay, babe, I know you’re dying to say something. Spit it out.”

“It makes a very pretty picture, don’t you think?”

“What?”

“The contrast, between the darkening desert expanse and the brilliantly lit city, morphs dusk into radiant bright night.”

“Poetic,” Marc said, no sarcasm in his tone this time. “I like the strip.”

He surprised her by actually responding, civilly. Mariah kept quiet, watching as his eyes took in the flash of the artificially illuminated casinos and hotels along the Las Vegas strip. To her they glimmered with promise and magic.

“It’s never dark, day or night, and all the action is right where you expect to find it. No surprises.”

He sounded like there could be more meaning to what he'd said, but she wasn't going there. The way his jaw clenched warned her off.

She went back to annoying him instead. "The lights are magical. The town is magical. Something for everyone," she added, believing her words, too.

"No shit." He growled.

She sighed. Okay, so maybe she'd taken it too far.

"You're about to see it all." He grunted and asked, "Are you ready?" He stopped in front of the steps to what looked like an old-fashioned movie theatre.

Then she lifted her head to read the marquee. *Wicked Pleasures*. "This? Here? It doesn't look like what I expected."

"Don't let the outside fool you, babe." He snorted something that sounded like a cross between humor and disgust. "What the hell did you expect? Mannequins tied up in a showroom window? Someone dressed up like the Marquis de Sade standing on the sidewalk waving in passersby?"

"Sarcasm is unnecessary."

She tried to ignore his chuckle. If he was trying to put her off, it wasn't working. To her surprise, instead of getting nervous, she was actually getting more excited. All the sexual magic she could imagine, and some she couldn't, lay behind these doors. Straightening her shoulders, she took her first step. Planning to experience whatever suited her while she was here, she asked, "Is the saying true then? 'What happens in Vegas stays in Vegas.'"

"Only if you want it that way. Some things you can take away with you." His tone softened, and for a brief moment, Marc looked at her like he might want just that and more.

She found it difficult not to emotionally respond to the tough guy when he went all soft on her. A lump formed in her throat. She swallowed hard and shifted her eyes. "And what is it you'd be wanting to take with you, Marc?"

He chucked her under the chin and grinned. “Your brogue’s back.” The magical moment turned into something different.

“What Marc? What do you want?”

“Maybe a cool million.”

“Really? No duh?”

“Hey, really. Yes.”

“Marc, seriously?” Mariah put a hand on her hip.

“Seriously? Okay. I wouldn’t mind taking back a more casual attitude.”

“Thank you for that.”

“For what?”

“That trust. I don’t think this will work if I’m the only one doing all the trusting.”

Marc tweaked her nose like she was some sort of child. “You’re learning fast.”

Even though he scared the *bejesus* out of her, she loved looking at him, especially when he gave her that cockeyed grin that made her want to hug him. If he’d been his brother she would have, but Marc didn’t seem like the sort who’d appreciate an enthusiastic hug. Maybe later. If she enjoyed her newfound appetites, hopefully they’d all agree, this time, what happened in Vegas wouldn’t stay in Vegas.

“I smell smoke. What’re you thinking, babe?”

As if he needed to know. “Nothing, just...” she said and paused, giving him her favorite angelic grin. “Maybe we can work on that attitude of yours. Trey should be here any minute. Should we wait?”

“Nah, don’t worry, he’ll find us, eventually.” Marc winked.

The idea of being with two men, two outrageously hunky men, freaked her out and, at the same time, made her desperate. One man she wanted so much she ached for him and the other was almost an exact replica. The replica couldn’t replace the emotional void only his brother could fill, but he surely knew how to satisfy her physically, even when he acted like a scoundrel.

“Okay. Sure, I’ll just text him and tell him we’ll meet him inside.”

“Go ahead. Let me introduce you to some of the highlights before he gets here.”

Highlights? Oh, God, what had she been thinking when she agreed to this? Hell, she hadn't been thinking any more than she'd been when she let Marc bring her to a climax in the trailer or the dark corner of the bar. Arousal had beaten out good old common sense, and her body had responded all on its own.

After she sent the text, she turned her phone off. Trey was sure to give her hell about going in without him, and Marc seemed to enjoy pulling Trey's chain. Mariah believed, if there was anything Trey needed, it was a little chain-pulling, and Marc was just bad boy enough to do it.

He was also the perfect one to walk her through this door and introduce her to the subtleties of BDSM. Hanging out in a place like this seemed routine for him.

“Do you...frequent these sorts of clubs often?” she asked.

His grunt sounded like an affirmation. Good, because she liked the idea of learning about a pleasure club from someone who considered himself an authority.

Yes, Marc would make the perfect coach.

Coach? What was getting into her? Perhaps a coach wasn't exactly what they were called. Maybe instructor, don, tutor? Master?

When Trey challenged her to join them in Wicked Pleasures, believing she wouldn't, her stubborn streak flared, and she'd responded before she thought things all the way through. She'd never been one to box herself in without allowing room for an escape before. Now she was trapped into going through with this to save face. That alone was a downright stupid reason to do it unless going through with this was what she intended all along.

When he'd tested her nerve, she'd thrown his dare back in his face. Her head had bobbed in agreement, and her mouth accepted things her mind hadn't fully considered.

Look what her audacity had gotten her into. She was going to participate in God only knew what sort of deviant behavior involving sexual acts with at least two men—if not more—in front of who knew how many people.

Hmm, she wondered if they would blindfold her or if she'd be tied. Her inner slut loved the idea. A part of her sang with excitement.

Stop that. Another part, somewhere around her Jell-O-y knees, rioted in fear. *Run, Mariah.*

Mariah swallowed hard. *No.* Something was definitely wrong with her mental faculties because the very thought of public exhibitionism had her spine tingling in anticipation, and when she saw the bulge beneath Marc's belt buckle, a warm gush of liquid made her wet again.

Marc ran his knuckles down her cheek. "You're thinking too much, babe. Come on. You'll enjoy this. I can tell by your temperament and your physical response earlier, this is exactly what you've been craving for years. Just wait and see."

"Really?" She choked back her shock.

Oh no, he could tell she had strange desires. How did he know? Could other people tell? She'd never shared her secret fantasies with anyone. She even fought off thinking about them herself, and she'd certainly never acted on any of them. She straightened her back and spit out her next words. "No use stalling if you have me pegged for a deviant."

He gave her that slow, sexy half grin that made her want to lick it off his face. "This isn't deviant, babe. It's pure bliss."

He meant every word. She could tell when the pitch of his voice dropped an octave, sending shivers through her body.

"Mariah, every variety of sexual act, every style or inclination is meant to be satisfied here, no holds barred. Things available here will bring you more pleasure than you've ever imagined if they're things you need to bring you to completion."

“Do I seem the sort who needs more than traditional sex?” What was it about her that Marc recognized as a kindred soul? She was stalling but curious to know what he suspected about her, too.

Turning her to face him, he put both hands on her shoulders. His smile and his lowered lids said all she wanted to know. “Do you?” he asked.

“I don’t know.” Was she? Taking that first step would seal her fate just as she’d always believed. In her heart of hearts, she knew there’d be no going back once she stepped to the “dark side.”

He pushed her hair from one ear, bent down, and whispered, “I’ve been in your pants, babe. I’ve had my tongue down your throat and my fingers inside you, felt the gripping spasms take you over the edge while you held onto my cock like it was your last hold on life. We were in public—a busy, crowded bar—and you loved it. You came so fucking hard because of where we were and what I am. I’m a Dom. And, babe, you’re going to be my sub and love every fucking minute of it. For now.”

She gasped. He was right. His steel-blue gaze bored into hers, stripping away all her pretenses. There was no use arguing. He knew what she needed.

She’d always wanted more, and the first time she saw Trey and Marc together, she knew they’d be capable of giving her what she was afraid to admit to herself she desired. One the slow, detailed lovemaking, the other the hard, fast fuck.

“You ready to go in, Mariah?” Marc had his hand at her elbow as if she might bolt.

“I’m not sure I can be handling this.”

“Your brogue’s showing.” Marc laughed.

“It has a way of slippin’ out when I’m becomin’ nervous, ’tis all.”

“’Tis? Weel, my darlin’ gal, you must be nervous as hell, because ’tis gettin’ stronger with every word.”

His teasing made her choke out a giggle.

“That’s better.” He turned her toward the door and firmly led her up the steps. “A body like yours, so responsive in every way, is the kind that’s made to enjoy sex. All kinds of interesting aspects of sex.”

Mariah tried to stop, but Marc’s hold was firm and determined. “Don’t. I’m in charge.” He kept talking as if she hadn’t pulled back. “It would be a shame not to take advantage of everything available and bring you complete satisfaction, especially with your wicked... hmm, inclinations.”

The first sharp hit stung her shoulder, then the next her head. “What the—”

“Hail.” Marc finished her thought as he wrapped her up and dragged her with him, running for the shelter of the marquee. Once there, they shook off the icy pellets. “I guess that settles that.”

Mariah slammed her mouth shut. She’d been ready to argue, but he laughed and opened the door with a flourish. “Your pleasure awaits.” He bowed at the waist, teasing her playfully. For the moment he reminded her of Trey, and she found she couldn’t resist that element in him.

Once inside, his hands brushed up her bare arms, and white-hot heat seared through her, proving this was where she belonged. She trembled, the low hum of excitement elevating beneath her skin.

“Excited?” he asked. The man was a genius at reading people, probably from years in specials ops.

“Yes. Excited and nervous. I’ve no idea what to do.” Just the lobby took her breath away, and her insides twisted in anticipation. The fear heightened the thrill.

“Not a problem. You don’t have to do anything. There are different levels and various choices within those levels.” He touched her cheek, gently. “I think you’re a closet exhibitionist. You like to be watched.”

Mariah blushed. What was the point of lying? “I’m not sure, but the prospect of being caught intrigues me.”

“Good, that’s a start. We’ll be the voyeurs for now and watch for awhile—warm you up. Let me know if you like it. Now, do you want to watch in public or private?”

“Ooh! I don’t know. What do you like?”

“I prefer private, but I think you should start out watching in public so you know what you’re in for if you decide to perform.”

“Perform?”

“Yes, there are those who like to watch, and there are those who want to be watched. If you prefer to be watched, you’ll have to perform.”

“Oh, right.” Mariah swallowed hard, and her pussy clenched. All this talk was making her wet.

“Why don’t we start with watching? Trey can meet us there in the lounge.”

“Will he know where to find us?”

“He’ll probably start looking in there. It’s a good place to begin with novices.”

“Will you explain about, you know, submissives and Doms?”

“You like that idea, huh? Sure. You’ll get firsthand experience in that department with me.”

She figured that, and that’s what made her nervous. “Can women be Doms?”

He cocked a grin at her and raised an eyebrow. “So the kitty has teeth.” His eyes darkened and the frown furrowing his brows looked almost painful. “Trey may let you play that way, but I’m off-limits. I’m always in charge if I’m in the room. Understand?”

“No. I mean, yes I understand. I was just wondering.”

He grunted and tilted her chin so he could brush his lips over hers. He murmured in her ear, “You indicated you like the number three.”

“I’d really like to experience a ménage. With two men, not with another woman. Preferably... With you and Trey if he’ll cooperate.”

“Oh, I think that was in the bag once he saw you with me.”

“Why do you think that?”

“Because he’ll get all overprotective thinking I’m the big bad wolf in this scenario. Little will he know his sweet lamb is a she-wolf in sheep’s clothing.”

“Me?”

“Yes, you.” His sardonic laugh chilled her. “Won’t he be pleasantly surprised when it’s you handcuffing him to the bed instead of me?”

“Handcuffs?” Another rush of heat soared through Mariah thinking of restraining Trey and doing whatever she wanted to him. Touching and tasting...

“I’m fuckin’ hard as steel just thinking of all the things I’m going to do to your sweet little bottom.”

Her gaze shot to his. What could he be planning for her bottom? And why did the idea suddenly intrigue her so much?

His wicked grin coaxed her as he tugged her gently. “Come on, let’s go into the club.”

She inhaled, closed her eyes for a few seconds, trying to gather her nerve, and then she sighed.

“So, what’s it gonna be, babe? Yes or no?”

Hadn’t she stalled long enough? Mariah took a step and let Marc lead her inside. The time had come for her to accept who she was and what she wanted.

Chapter 9

When the door opened, lights and a blast of music hit her like the impact from an explosion. At first, all Mariah noticed were bodies gyrating on platforms scattered around the room. Upon closer inspection, the platforms were speakers. The band members on stage were mostly studded-leather clad—chaps, jock straps, and boots—everywhere the skin wasn't tattooed. She noted a few collars, piercings, chains, and gloves. If there was hair atop a head, it was day-glow blue or pink, or neon yellow. Hard to tell what she should attribute to the lights and what to creative license.

Delicious six-pack abs were as hard to miss as the nearly naked men's muscled asses, flaunted and accentuated with chaps and jock straps. Genitals were for the most part covered, but many unexposed members jutted out behind thin, stretchy material, leaving nothing to the imagination except the color.

Marc tugged her hand, and she tore her attention from the performers and the crowd.

"Follow me," Marc shouted. Seeing only his lips move, not hearing what he said, his words were a matter of interpretation. Maybe it was the way she'd focused on his lips that had Marc bending toward her, closing the distance between his mouth and her ear, but she couldn't prevent the goose bumps rising on her skin when his hot breath tickled against her skin.

"The Pleasure Palace is out back. This is Wicked Pleasures the dance club." His voice sounded whiskey-smooth.

Mariah nodded and mouthed the words, "Oh, I see" at him and let him lead her. There was no point trying to shout over the noise.

Her eyes were beginning to adjust to the darkness against the flashing lights. Nope, this was no ordinary dance club. To her left on the dance floor, two men sandwiched a young woman. One had his hands beneath her tiny top holding her from behind while the other, up front on his knees, had his face buried under her short skirt—all three swayed to the beat of the music in an erotic dance.

God, she'd never be able to hear this tune again without getting good and wet. Sex of every imaginable, and some unimaginable, sorts was taking place everywhere she looked.

On a chaise lounge to the right, a huge, bald, hairy-chested man held a chain leash in one hand and a strap in the other. He arched his hips up, burying his cock balls deep down the throat of a slight young man kneeling between his massive leather-clad thighs. The older man's grizzled face looked peaceful and content while the young man's blond curls bobbed up and down in his lap.

Mariah followed the movement on his right. His meaty hand absently fondled a female with pale curls, the blonde a good match to the boy's. In fact, from what she could see when the young man lifted his head up and licked his lips, the two looked so much alike they could have been twins.

The woman wore nothing but a diamond-studded leather collar with decorative chains across her bare chest. Nothing blocked the view of her perky little breasts because she was nude to the waist. Her hands were tied behind her back, and now that Mariah looked closer, so were the blond lad's.

The girl's areolas were large and puckered around her aroused, pierced nipples. As the hairy dude played with the chains, Mariah noticed the woman moaned and arched her back, lifting her small, rounded breasts high into air. The chain lead, clipped from the piercings through her nipples, ran down inside her black leather thong where it tightened when she arched, tensing in both directions.

The woman closed her eyes and arched again. Her master quietly played with the blond curls in his lap and firmly held onto the chains

at her breast while she controlled her pleasure without her hands and her twin sucked off their master.

“Interested?” Marc bent over her and shouted above the music.

Mariah shook her head. “Maybe another time. I’m not ready for that sort of thing, yet.”

“Yet? I like that.”

Mariah shuddered, and a heated thrill ran down her spine. She could only imagine...no, actually she couldn’t imagine. Perhaps she was a bit curious about the nipple and vaginal clamps, but the strop scared the crap out of her.

The big man was obviously pleased...for the moment. The crop rested casually across his chest. She hated to think what would happen to his subs if they displeased him.

Marc saw her watching and drew her aside, close enough so she could hear him. “It’s a matter of trust,” he explained. “Masters and slaves, Doms and subs if you prefer, take what they need from each other. The trick of taking or giving is trusting. There has to be complete trust within a bondage relationship.”

Marc placed his hand at the small of her back, guiding her through the morass of bodies and sinful pleasures taking place all around them. She shivered beneath his hand, contemplating his explanation.

Mariah stopped. Who did she trust? The answer was simple. *Trey*. “We have to wait for Trey.” Her voice wasn’t nearly loud enough for Marc to hear what she said and she knew it.

He pulled her aside, took her in his arms, and bent his ear to her mouth. “Say again?”

“Trey. I need Trey.”

Marc lifted his head and stared into her eyes with no expression then nodded before he said, “Of course, you do. We’ll wait for him.” He nudged her forward, and as he led from behind with his arms around her waist, his lips brushed her ear, sending chills up her spine. “We’ll wait for him in the voyeur room. It’s like a lounge, but you get

to see a little of what goes on inside the rooms. They will look for us there first, anyway. Turn right here.”

Mariah turned down a low lit hallway and heard the soft mood music before Marc opened the door for her. Immediately her eyes turned to the spotlight.

A naked, well-hung man in his thirties was strapped face forward with his cock stuck through the hole in the center of a wooden “X,” his arms bound to the upper part, legs spread-eagled to the lower. Head draped forward, he was blindfolded and ball gagged. His limp cock hung weakly through the hole. Mariah noticed his cock and balls were intricately bound as well.

The platform began to turn.

A leather-clad woman, with her hair tied back in a high ponytail, snapped a whip in one hand in time to the music, but she held something else in her other.

A big, hairy biker-looking dude, with scary tattoos inked over every visible place on his body, stepped out of the shadows. He had enormous genitals. His balls hung low between his massive thighs, and his thick, ruddy-colored cock with veins pulsing beneath the shiny surface bulged like a weapon from his groin.

The woman snapped the whip in front of the bound man and watched him shudder. The crowd cheered. She took the other stick and touched it to his penis, and Mariah flinched. She watched the man’s muscles twitch as he arched his back, his penis becoming more and more exposed through the hole than before.

The pain turns him on.

The biker dude stepped up on the platform behind the bound man, spread the guys ass cheeks, and finger-fucked his hole, stepping aside so the crowd had a good view.

The woman, dressed in a black catsuit, slinked around the stage like a predator. Snapping the whip up front where Mariah could see the effects, how the woman enjoyed her task, and the guy’s muffled groans grew louder.

Biker dude stepped back. His cock was higher against his gut than it had been before. The woman snapped the whip at the same time she shocked the bound guy again. This time the man's high-pitched scream and his trembling lasted longer.

Mariah knew what was coming next.

Biker dude separated the guy's ass cheeks and forcefully finger-fucked his hole until his whole fist fit inside the man's anus. Then he removed his fist from the wide-open gaping hole and replaced his hand with his cock. In one bold move, he penetrated his partner's ass, sinking his huge cock balls deep, high inside the other man's body.

As he thrust, the woman with the whip snapped it again. The tip barely touched the sub's skin, enough to redden, not enough to do damage. The sounds the bound guy made grew more high-pitched, louder despite the gag.

The big guy pumped hard, grunting with each thrust. The woman teased the bound guy with the tip of the whip, touching him almost tenderly—his shoulders, his nipples, his balls, and then the tip of his cock. The sounds he made were like pleasurable moans while the big guy pumped methodically. They both sounded like they were enjoying the ass pounding the big guy was giving the sub, but neither looked like they were ready to come any time soon.

Wrong.

Mariah wanted to close her eyes when she saw the woman lift the electric prod and precisely touch it between biker dude's thighs, tapping the sub right behind his tied-up balls.

The shock sent both men into violent convulsions. The bound guy's cock started shooting cum all over the stage like a fire hose.

Mariah had never seen so much ejaculate spew with such force before. She had to hand it to biker dude. He'd held his erection through the shock, pumping into the bound guy's ass through it all until he finally shouted with one last thrust, and then he pulled out, jerked off the condom, and tossed it aside.

After a few seconds of catching his breath, he began to gently stroke the bound guy while he untied him. The hard-ass kissed each of the man's limbs as he released them then paused halfway through untying his partner to orally take the man's spent cock in his mouth and lick it clean. The sub moaned with pleasure, and once he was completely unbound, he collapsed into the other man's arms, sank to his knees, and reciprocated.

When he was finished, the bigger man pulled him up into a sensual embrace, caressing and kissing the sub tenderly. The lights lowered and finally the stage went to black.

The crowd applauded. The female came out and took a bow. Soon, the two men came out on either side of the stage to join her and did likewise.

Mariah didn't clap. She felt like she'd just finished watching a train wreck and was trying to sort through her emotions. She was horrified and emotionally spent, but she'd been mesmerized by the performance as well. She didn't understand her fascination, but couldn't stop watching no matter how hard she tried.

She was captivated by the piercings and size of the biker dude's package. The fisting and whipping both revolted and aroused her. Through it all, the sub seemed to enjoy everything, including the electro stimulation that finally brought both men to orgasm. Their gentle, affectionate finish is what touched her the most. Marc was right. They took and received what they needed from each other to achieve complete satisfaction.

"Let's go to one of the private rooms and watch a ménage. I'll text Trey the room number when we get there."

He directed her out a door and down a short hallway. There were green lights on outside several doors. Most were red. He chose a green one, slid his credit card in, opened the door, and went in. Mariah stepped inside, and Marc pressed a few buttons above the lock. "That indicates the room's in use."

Mariah looked past him, inspecting the room. As he pulled out his phone and tapped in three numbers, he said, “When Trey arrives, he’ll find us, and then he can lock up.” Marc dropped his bag by the oversized king bed, pulled the cord for the heavy curtains covering one full wall of the room, reminding her why they were here. Her heart started to race when she saw what was on the other side of the glass. “Can they see us watching...?”

“No, they know they’re being watched when the green light by the button turns on. But they can’t see us. Each room has two two-way glass walls. One for watching and one for being watched. They can see what’s going on in the other room through the far wall in their room.” He indicated the wall on his left. “If you decide to perform, I can open the curtains here and this light will go on when someone opens theirs on the other side.”

Mariah’s face heated as she watched the threesome in the adjoining room.

“Why don’t you sit down over there,” Marc suggested, pointing to a chaise, “and get comfortable while I unpack?” He made the idea sound casual but the directive was a clear demand. She sat with her back to him, refusing to make eye contact or let her attention turn to the contents of his black bag, as much as she would have liked to know what he had in there. Instead, she watched the woman and two men, engaged with one another beyond the glass, in embarrassed silence.

This woman, dressed in an off-white, silken peasant top draped softly over her breasts and a short brown skirt hiked up around her hips, could have looked almost demure in any other setting. But one of her male partners had his hand between her thighs, and from the look on the woman’s face, he was stroking her in a way that left Mariah wanting.

Mariah squirmed to suppress the heat rising up through her body and tried to dismiss the ache between her own thighs making her anxious for a man’s touch.

The woman's soft blonde hair fell loosely in waves to her waist. The other man behind her back had his arms around her and his hands under her shirt, his face buried in her neck. Mariah could see the outline of the woman's fabulous tight nipples pressed through the thin material begging for his touch.

Mariah swallowed hard as he lifted the blouse up and over the woman's head, exposing her anxious breasts to his attentions just as the other man pulled her skirt down and threw it aside. The woman was naked while both men remained fully dressed. The sandy-haired male at her feet tossed a couple of red scarves to his darker-haired partner and then spread the woman's legs apart. While he tied each ankle to a post, and the other secured her wrists, Mariah focused on the way her large breasts jiggled with the movements.

Marc paused and glanced over at the group. "Nice tits." He ran a hand over his swollen groin.

"I want to touch you." Mariah started to stand. Her pussy was throbbing.

"Sit," Marc said.

God, she was aching, hot, and wet with need. She cupped her breasts in her hands and arched her back, trying to tempt him.

A growl rumbled through his chest. "Stop touching yourself. Do I have to restrain you?"

"No." Mariah put her hands in her lap. She remembered how hard he felt in her hands and wished she could touch him, now, but later would do.

"For, now"—Marc pointed at her—"you, watch."

Mariah turned her attention back to the performance. When the man situated between the woman's thighs moved aside to remove his clothes, Mariah had a full view of the woman's shaved pussy. She'd never seen one full-on like this before. Nothing obstructed her view of the multiple piercings along her wet lips, or the gold glittering beneath the hood surrounding her clit.

A gush of liquid heat seeped past her own folds, surprising her.

The woman's pussy was plump, swollen, and glistening with her juices. Her clit was unusually large, protruding from bright pink folds like a tiny pierced tongue. Small spasms clenched and unclenched her folds like the petals of a flower unfurling.

But more than anything, Mariah was fascinated with the plug in the woman's anus.

"Sweet pussy," Marc said, sounding more gruff than ever when he came up behind Mariah. With his hand on her shoulder, he added, "Fine ass, too."

She shuddered.

"Don't move. Keep watching." He cupped Mariah's breast with one hand. "She's going to take both of them at the same time. The plug is one way to prepare, but there are others."

Mariah blinked and squeaked out, "Oh." Her mouth felt hot and dry. There was a wet bar across the room. "Is there water?"

"I'll get it. You watch and learn."

Chapter 10

Trey opened the door and walked in dressed the way his brother usually did, in black, chains, and leather—the bad twin. He looked more like Marc than Marc.

He pressed a few buttons on the wall, and Mariah heard the door lock engage. She stood up, looking from Marc dressed like Trey, to Trey dressed like Marc, and asked, “What’s going on?”

Marc handed her a bottle of water and Trey suggested, “Have a seat. We need to talk.”

“You don’t mind if I leave the curtain open to help the mood along, do you?” Marc asked.

Trey shook his head.

Mariah glanced at the glass wall. The men in the other room were both naked now, each one suckling the woman’s breasts. Her pale, pink pussy, wetter than ever, glistened, and her clit protruded, engorged and enormously swollen, from beneath its protective hood.

A flash of heat shot through Mariah when one of the men tugged on the woman’s clit ring. The woman thrashed from side to side, desperate for more of her men’s touch.

Mariah could almost feel that same ache building inside her. She could only imagine what watching the scene was doing to the two men in the room with her.

Marc rubbed his hand across his groin, and Trey adjusted his pants before he sat down. All three of them still had a good view of the ménage taking place behind the glass wall.

“Before we do anything more, Mariah should understand the circumstances we discussed on the way here, Marc.” Trey sounded somewhat uncomfortable.

Marc nodded. “Go ahead.”

“When I signed the production contract with Roger, part of that contract contained a morality clause.” He stood and paced. “Trey Barnes can’t sexually interact with his employees.”

“What about all those women—”

“They work for other companies. You’re the only woman I employ.”

“Oh. So you haven’t touched me because of the contract?”

Trey nodded. “But as Marc, I can be with you all you want. From this point forward until the end of this production, Marc and I have agreed to switch positions as necessary. When you want him, he’ll be himself. If you want me, I’ll pretend to be him. And when the movie is completed, at the end of this contract, Marc has agreed to buy Jake out. After that, the decision is yours.”

Mariah’s gaze drifted back to the entwined bodies beyond the glass, knowing the desire that lay in her heart. Almost in a whisper, she asked, “What if I want you both?”

There, it was out in the open. She’d spoken the words aloud.

Trey stood up, his eyes riveted on her, and she sensed his surprise. Obviously, he hadn’t suspected that she might want both of them beyond this adventure.

He stared at her, not saying anything, so she shifted her attention to the threesome, insinuating her unspoken intention with her action. His eyes followed hers. As she watched, his interest moved between her and the ménage, then to Marc. Trey’s eyes darkened with arousal when his gaze met hers.

“Mariah, I hope you know what you’re asking for.” Trey turned to Marc. “Can she handle this?”

“Ask her.”

“You were the one in her pants earlier.” Trey uncharacteristically growled out his words. “I’m asking you.”

“Is that what’s bothering you?” Marc gave his brother that snide half smile Mariah knew pissed Trey off. “Fuck contracts. If you’d acted sooner, it would have been you there first. It’s you she wanted, bro. Now she wants this. Are you willing to share her to satisfy her?”

“Can you deal with this?” Trey lowered his eyes and spit the question past his clenched jaw.

“If you don’t mind,” Mariah said, growing increasingly annoyed. “I am in the room.”

Marc patted her leg and chuckled. “She’s going to surprise you, bro. She has a few naughty needs of her own.” He signaled at the remote on the chaise. “Babe, turn up the sound, will you? This isn’t any fun without the moans and groans.”

She did as he asked and shook her head. “It’s weird hearing Marc coming out of the guy who looks like Trey and vice versa.”

“It’s just clothes,” Trey said.

“Well, maybe we can fix that,” Marc said, shedding the jacket, and unsnapping his shirt. “There is that better?”

The tattoos covering his torso were beautiful, colorful, and they covered every inch of him from his neck to his elbows. And from what she remembered, they continued below his waistband.

“Almost,” she said. “How are you going to impersonate each other with this major difference?” She ran her nails over a tight nipple and watched it contract.

“Either of us can do the stunts, and Brian should be doing his own love scenes, for Christ’s sake. If a stunt calls for skin, no matter what, Trey gets the job.”

Mariah wasn’t sure she liked that idea. Marc unbuttoned the cuffs and removed the shirt, draping it over a chair. “Trey, your turn,” she said.

“Getting a little bossy, aren’t you?” He cocked an eyebrow at her. “Isn’t that Marc’s position?”

Marc snarled under his breath.

“Let me help you with your shirt.” Mariah knelt between Trey’s knees, ran her hands under the black shirt he wore. She couldn’t believe she was finally touching him. The muscles across his chest tensed and rippled, then shuddered beneath her fingers as she worked her way up. “I believe Marc and I may have a little surprise for you.”

She winked at Marc.

Marc made his way over to his bag and pulled out the handcuffs. “Is this what you had in mind?”

She smiled at him. “No, I thought I’d start with the rope for this cowboy.”

Trey tried to turn around, but she moved her hands to his belt and drew his attention back to what they were doing.

“How’s this?” Marc pulled out several lengths of rope.

Still looking straight into Trey’s eyes, she answered Marc, “I do believe those are exactly what I’ll be needing.”

Trey gripped her hands. “I’ve waited too long to have your hands on me. Don’t mess with me. Tell me this is really what you want.”

“Oh, it is very much what I want. And something we both need as well—if we are to move forward together.”

She kissed his collarbone and reached behind him. Taking one of the pieces of rope from Marc, as she brought it in front of Trey’s face, she dangled it. He smiled and started to take it, but Mariah shook her head. “No, I believe I can put this to good use.”

She stood and moved behind Trey’s chair, tying first one wrist with the rope and then the other, before tying him to the chair.

When she had him firmly tied up to her satisfaction, she smiled.

Trey tugged against the chair, testing his limits. His hands barely moved. “You have learned a thing or two from those ranch hands, haven’t you?”

She nodded, checked his bindings again, and tightened one. “There, now that’s better.”

He turned in her direction and raised a brow in question. “Really? You think this is better? What exactly do you have in mind?”

“You’ll see.” Mariah grinned. “Relax. I’m sure you’ll enjoy it. You know I don’t want you to feel slighted or think that Marc had a head start on you.”

She removed Trey’s belt and handed it to Marc as if he were her assistant. He chuckled when Trey gave him a dirty look.

“I can’t believe you’re letting her do this. Since when do you let someone else take the dominant position?”

“She’s my assistant.”

“Really? Looks like the other way around.”

“Just enjoy it while you can.” Marc laughed and tossed Trey’s belt against the chair. “Mariah, he’s all yours to do with what you please. Have fun, I’ll be right back.” The door closed and clicked behind him.

Mariah was determined not to lose her nerve. He was her captive even if something dangerous flashed behind his eyes in warning. Revenge? Is that what she sensed?

For the moment, he reminded her too much of Marc to be entirely comfortable in her aggressive dominatrix role. But when she leaned in to kiss Trey for the first time they both stared into each other’s eyes for a long moment, his filled with questions, her heart filled with longing. Would he see her need, sense her desire for him?

His eyes fluttered shut, and even though he was the one tied up, she felt like she was the one shackled. His lips parted, opened, and ravished hers. His tongue drove between her lips, tangling with her tongue, probing the recesses of her mouth, sucking the breath from her. The hands she’d used to hold his head in place slipped down his neck as he strained against the chair. She gripped his muscular shoulders, caressing and soothing him, and then straddled his lap.

His hips rose to grind against her body. “Release me,” he demanded.

Mariah shook her head once. “No.” She gave him a teasing glance. “I’ve watched you flirt, pander, and fuck so many women I can’t

count them, while you chased off every male who dared approach me.” The anger she’d held back all year reared inside her. “Do you have any idea how horny I am? Now, I will take what I’ve wanted since the first,” she said, choking back the hurt, the pain, and the tears, “what I’ve needed from you, what you gave away and shared with all those other women, leaving me alone and aching.”

He swallowed. The muscles in his throat convulsed. “I’m sorry I hurt you, Mariah. I never intended to. I used those others because I couldn’t touch you, and I wanted you so fucking bad I couldn’t see straight.”

She lowered her lids to hide the tears filling them. *So much wasted time. So much needless pain.* When she kissed his shoulder, she skimmed her hands across his chest. A single tear escaped, dripping down over his heart.

“Hell, Mariah, don’t cry. Whatever you do, don’t cry.” Struggling harder this time against his restraints, Trey cursed, “Damn it, let me go so I can hold you. This is killing me.”

Raising her face to his, she allowed him to see her tears, but she wouldn’t cry anymore. “Then today, Trey Barnes, once this is done, I’ll forgive you, and you can die a happy man.” Her hand dropped to his groin and rubbed his semi-hard cock through his jeans.

He threw his head back and groaned. “Don’t do this. I need to touch you.”

“This time is for me. Think of it as a demonstration or retribution if you like. In any case, I want you to enjoy every touch knowing I did exactly the same thing to your brother. Oh, but I imagined it was you. Right?”

Trey growled. Her anger kept it from intimidating her. “Now, wouldn’t that be just like what you’ve been doin’ with all those other women?”

He glared but didn’t answer.

“Yes, I believe I’m right? So it was okay for you, and I believe you owe me quite a bit more since I’ve tallied the balance sheet.”

He knew her well enough to realize that her brogue gave her anger away, despite her calm demeanor. But she'd stand firm and take back what he'd taken this past year—her self-esteem. She'd seize the opportunity to take what he'd withheld from her because of a measly contract.

"I'm sorry," he said.

"You have no idea how sorry you'll be when I'm finished here. Do you trust your brother?"

"Yes," Trey said, but Mariah hadn't missed the hesitancy in his reply.

Mariah pulled the band holding her hair back off her face and let the skeins of hair fall around his hips as she dropped to her knees.

"Mariah...?"

She dared to look into his eyes. His heavy-lidded expression was glazed over with deadly passion. She returned to her struggle with his fly, finally unzipping the black jeans carefully.

He was erect, straining behind the black jockeys. Was that sound her whimpering or him? She finished undoing his pants, allowing his large cock to spring free, and then she released him from the confines of his clothes.

Wasting no more time, she bent over and licked the sensitive tip.

"Fuck, Mariah..." He arched his hips off the chair. His abs flexed beneath the tanned flesh and shuddered.

Perfect. He smelled delicious. She rubbed her cheek back and forth over the velvet softness covering the rock-solid muscle, as he groaned. His cock grew under her touch, longer, thicker, harder. Heat rolled off his body, and flames licked at her core. She wanted him to touch her so damn much, but she had to take this control and even the score. He had to know she wasn't someone he could overwhelm. No contract should tell him who he wanted or needed, or who he could or couldn't be with.

She stood before him and removed the top she had on, leaving the bustier in place. Her breasts bulged high above the black lace, leaving half of her areolas visible.

Mariah recognized the effect she had on him as his cock twitched.

“Lift up, Trey, so I can get these pants off you.”

He just glared at her.

“Do you want to do this right and enjoy it, or do you want to leave? Either way, I’m staying here with Marc.”

He lifted his hips, so she could remove his pants. Sliding them slowly down his thighs, she couldn’t help noting every inch of skin was bronzed and covered with golden down. It was also impossible to ignore his impressive length. His ruddy shaft, longer and thicker than she’d imagined, jutted from a tuft of dark blond curls.

“Like what you see?”

Yes! Her mouth went dry just anticipating taking him in her mouth and tasting him. “I could ask the same of you.”

“You can see how much I like it.”

She did. Her tongue whipped out to lick her lips. His cock twitched, and pre-cum pearled at the head of his erection. The way the veins bulged along the outside of his cock told her that taunting her with his words had backfired, but she wanted to taste him not antagonize him.

“I love what I see.” Another drop of slick liquid seeped from the tip. She licked and discovered a taste so delicious, sensual, distinct, and so very Trey, exploding on her tongue. Before she realized what she was doing, she wrapped her lips around the swollen tip and engorged shaft, sliding the crown in and out between her lips. Then Mariah relaxed her throat and couldn’t resist moaning as she swallowed his length.

“You just wait ’til I get my hands on you.”

The idea made her tremble. She couldn’t wait.

* * * *

Trey's hips lifted off the chair. "Hell, woman."

He watched his cock disappear down her throat, admiring the sensual, delicate muscle of her neck as she swallowed.

The curve on her lips had his balls sweating when she pulled back. His dick pulsed eagerly for attention. Her pale green eyes met his and darkened, smoldering with fire. She licked her lips, and his jaw clenched in response when her lips returned to his cock.

Her mouth was a deadly weapon. He felt delirious with pleasure as she sucked his huge inflexible erection. Feasting on his fully erect cock as if he were her last meal, she took more of it down her throat than anyone ever had. It felt wonderful when she moaned in pleasure as she pumped his cock in and out of her mouth and down her throat. He couldn't prevent his hips from responding. The tingling sensation behind his balls started, anticipating his orgasm. *No, not yet.*

"Mariah, God, woman, your mouth is so hot. I'm going to come. If you don't want a mouthful, back off."

She released him, lifted her face, and the curve of her lips had his balls aching. "It's what I had in mind."

"Wait wait. Before I come, show me your pretty pussy, Mariah." He'd been dreaming about her for so long, and now if she wouldn't let him touch her, he at least wanted to see what he'd been suffering over. "How pink is it? How wet? Is it hot, throbbing?"

She was breathing harder, her face looked flushed, and her luscious lips were swollen from sucking his cock. He wanted her as crazy as he was right now. If he was going to come in her mouth, damn, he was going to make sure she was burning up for him, too.

"Is your clit inflamed and aching for my touch? I could ease your need, just release my hands."

She shook her head and said, "Stop talking!"

"One hand—"

"Shut up."

“Pull up your skirt and push your panties aside so I can see what I’m going to be eating in a few minutes.”

Mariah stood, walked to the closest chair, and pulled it in front of him. First she removed the bustier, and then she did as he asked.

She sat down, turning her head aside, and lifted her skirt, slid her panties out of the way, exposing her short dark curls.

“Look at me, Mariah.”

“No, you’re the one roped and tied. You look at me.”

Then she spread her thighs wider to give him a better view, parted her pussy lips, and slipped one finger inside the hot pink slit, pulling out her natural lubricant.

Watching her masturbate was one of the most sensual things Trey had ever seen. She separated her lips so he could see the little pearl protruding from beneath the hood. Her clit was shiny, wet, and engorged, swelling larger as she entered her opening with two fingers and strummed the nub with her thumb.

She moaned and arched, pinched one nipple with her other hand, and increased her pace. Her naked breasts, exposed pussy—erotic to the extreme—clearly portrayed her for what she was—a sex siren with an angel’s face. The bustier and lace panties helped the image, but naked wearing six inch heels and blushing was the clincher.

Now he was breathing harder, and his damn heart thundered in his ears. Fuck, this was a mistake. His balls already ached, and the sizzle behind them was a dangerous warning he was close to coming.

This woman could make him come just watching her, he realized to his horror. Without a touch she was enough to take him to the edge and push him over, leaving him to drown in a sea of desire with only this lusty image of her pleasuring herself. Just her, no one else.

Her fragrance filled the air with her sexy scent. God, he wanted to taste her, touch her. “Mariah, please.” His voice grated with need.

“What, Trey? I’m doing what you asked. What more do you want? Should I come for you?”

“Yes, come. I want to watch you. God, you’re so fucking sexy. Tell me how you feel.”

“I guess both you and your brother are into talking dirty.”

“Yeah. Talk dirty to me, darlin’.”

“Okay. I’m wet. And hot. Mmm. Soft and tight. And...oh so close. Ahhh. So. Close.”

Her pace quickened and the tips of her nipples puckered tightly. She angled her hips higher and screamed, driving her fingers deeper inside her opening. She collapsed back into the chair with her fingers still buried, and clenched her thighs tightly together.

“Move your hands.” Her fingers dripped with her cum. God he wished those were his fingers...better yet, his cock, the one standing at attention, high and tight against his abs. “Come here. Untie me. Let me go. I want to lick away your cum.”

Mariah shook her head from side to side. “No.” She stood up and walked back over to him. She licked her fingers then kissed him.

God, she smelled fucking wonderful. Her taste alone almost made him come, but he held back. “Mmm, more.”

She fed him her juices off her fingers, one finger at a time, and watched him intently. When her fingers were clean, she dropped to her knees between his thighs and returned to her intended task, first licking his balls and sucking them gently into her mouth, then sliding her tongue up and down the length of his cock before taking him back into her mouth, one hand at his base pumping him.

“Mariah, please...” He didn’t want to come in her mouth. He wanted to be buried between her thighs inside that tight pussy with her liquid honey dripping down his cock.

She looked up and released his cock. The air felt cool. He felt abandoned.

“Please what?” she asked.

“I want to sink my cock in your hot, tight cunt and drive into you until you scream out in pleasure.”

She shook her head. “I want to taste you, first.”

“I can’t hold out much longer.”

“So don’t.”

Sizzling sparks of energy danced over his skin when she wrapped her warm, wet mouth around his shaft. She continued to draw on his restraint, her tongue testing his limits. His ball sac rose tight against his body, his testicles contracted, and the tremor running up his spine signaled it was too late.

As soon as the first burst of cum exploded into her mouth, she licked, swallowed, and pumped, drawing out each powerful discharge. Trey didn’t usually ejaculate with this kind of volume or force. But then, he could attribute his good fortune to Mariah’s fervor. No one had ever sucked him off with so much enthusiasm before.

One thing was certain—Mariah’s mouth had ruined him for all future blow jobs.

It was as if she demanded he allow her this pleasure, this control, probably because she resented his past encounters. Denying her this victory might alienate her forever, and after this experience, Trey couldn’t risk that. It would be a crime to miss out on this.

He had to give points to Marc for stamina, though. Those years training with black ops must have been some kind of endurance builders. Although Marc denied it, Trey knew she’d given Marc a blow job in their office. Yet, Marc had been able to stand up and walk out.

Right now, Trey didn’t think he could stand if the fire alarm went off. *What a mouth.* She was right—he’d die a happy man.

Trey felt like he’d had his life force sucked from his body, but then he opened his eyes, looked into hers, and knew she’d just given him what they needed to move on.

Her revenge.

“God, you’re beautiful,” Trey said, with his head thrown back, staring at her beneath hooded eyes. He was well spent, but added, “Now can I fuck your pussy?”

She gave his limp cock a quick glance and raised a doubtful brow.

* * * *

Marc griped. “Could you at least untie my hands? They’re falling asleep.”

“Sorry.” Mariah stepped behind him and untied the ropes. She liked the idea that Trey couldn’t move, but it was time to give him his freedom. She wanted his hands on her.

“Don’t be.” He reached for her as soon as she released his right hand. He dragged her back in front of him. “There’s nothing to be sorry about. As long as my dick didn’t go to sleep, I’m okay. Where did you learn how to use your mouth that way? Never mind, don’t tell me. I don’t want to know.”

Mariah relished in the satisfaction that he did want her. He’d come like a cannon and was already semi-erect, again. Maybe he’d been telling the truth when he’d told her that he’d wanted her all along. It didn’t matter now, because after today she planned to be like a drug in the man’s system. If he wanted her mouth, she’d give him her mouth. If he wanted her pussy, he would have it. If he wanted her ass, it was his.

Anything. She’d be anything for him, do anything for him. She’d give or take control, join in an orgy, let him watch his brother fuck her, or anything else. When she was finished with him, he’d never think about another woman. No one would love him like she would.

His grip tightened on her. “Mariah, you know what a ménage with us means, don’t you? I’m not sure what Marc is capable of anymore, but I know there’s no turning back once we get started. I intend to be buried inside your warm, sweet pussy, fucking you hard while Marc fucks your ass. You get that, right?”

“I’ve used plugs with my vibrator before. Will it be like that?”

“You’ve used an ass plug?” Trey ran a hand down his face. “Wait, even if you won’t admit what you were doing with Marc in the office, you’ve seen our cocks, right? Are they the size of your plug?”

She shivered and shook her head. She'd already wondered about that.

"No?" He gripped her arms.

Marc walked in shirtless, the top buttons on his pants undone, with an ice bucket. "What's going on?"

She twisted out of Trey's grip. She tossed her head in Marc's direction, rubbed her wrists, and spit out her words. "I thought you're the one who does rough." She stared Trey down. "I thought I'd get slow and gentle with you."

Trey gently took her hand and walked her over to the chair. He pulled her down, forcing her to straddle his lap. "I've wanted this too long to do slow and gentle."

Mariah sighed, but didn't resist.

"Marc, would you mind setting up? I have something to settle here."

"No problem." Marc winked at Mariah, opened his bag and removed a dildo, a vibrator that looked similar her clit stimulator, and a few scarves. That didn't look too scary. "I'm going to close the curtains on the ménage. They're falling asleep. But Mariah, I'm going to open the viewing curtain. Whoever is on the other side will be able to observe us."

"Uh, I don't know."

"I do." Marc copped a Dom attitude. "I know what turns you on and makes your orgasms stronger." He pressed the button and the curtain swept back, revealing a ceiling-to-floor mirror. The light was green.

Mariah's heart skipped a beat.

Trey dragged her attention back to his cock when he moved her hand to his groin. He was fully hard again. "I'm hard like this just thinking about you all the time, and I haven't stopped thinking about you since the first time I saw you. Let us give you what you need."

She opened her mouth just a bit in surprise, and he took the opportunity to kiss her the way she'd wanted him to for so long. His

lips touched hers, their mouths merged, and their souls connected as their tongues tangled, uniting them physically the way they'd always been linked as associates, working partners.

"God, you taste good. Clean and hot, sweet and soft." Pulling away, he murmured, "I need to be in your pussy soon or die."

"I want you inside me, too, filling me. Now."

She unzipped her skirt and removed it. He nudged her mound, aligned his cock with her opening, and ground his erection against her wet panties, rocking, imitating the way he'd move inside her.

He lifted up, and his eyes devoured her from the top of her head to where their bodies met. "I don't care what you and Marc have planned for us as long as it includes me touching you like this." Trey growled out his words. "If it means including my brother in our lives, so be it."

He treated her panties as though they were nothing more than a tiny scrap of material, a nuisance blocking his way. He ripped them and threw them across the room.

Mariah sighed. "You really aren't as gentle as I expected."

"Fuck gentle. I'll buy you a dozen new ones. It may be awhile before I can get gentle back."

Chapter 11

God, she wanted Trey in every way possible. Taking his cock in her mouth and driving him crazy wasn't enough.

He handed her a condom. "Mariah, put this on. I can't wait."

"I've, uh, never put one on a man before..." But she was in just as big a hurry as he was, so without hesitating, she slid it over his massive erection and rose up to take him inside her.

"You have no idea how much I've wanted you, or how hard it's been not touching you all this time."

"Oh, yes I do, Trey Barnes. I've ached with a desperate need wanting you."

"Well, you've got me. We'll find a way to make this work. I'm not going anywhere."

She sank slowly over his cock, settling herself around him, taking him inside her, little by little, inch by slow inch, purposely driving him crazy.

"Truly? Since I have you right where I want you, maybe I'll just bind you up again." Mariah grinned and settled lower.

"God, you're so tight. Just a little more, sweetheart. Take all of me."

She paused. "I don't think I can."

Trey moaned. "Sure you can."

He angled her hips. And slipped all the way inside her. "There, that's it. Perfect."

Finally, when their bodies met flush against one another, Mariah stared deep into Trey's eyes. Seated fully, he paused to kiss her. The kiss was hard and full of meaning.

Before the kiss, all Mariah could think about was having this man buried to the hilt inside her. And then there he was, filling and fulfilling her—body and soul.

His whispered confession, murmured against her lips, sealed it. “God, I love you, Mariah.”

Should she tell him the truth, how much she cared, how much he meant to her? Did she dare risk her heart? Too late. Her heart had been his hostage since the day he hired her.

She flexed her internal muscles and lowered her eyes, arching against him. *Take the risk. What have you got to lose?* “I love you, too, Trey.”

“Good, because I can’t live without you.” His hand stroked down her belly, and his fingers touched her clit, pinching it. The sensation sent waves of pleasure through her. He never stopped watching while she responded, gasping and moaning.

No man had ever looked at her quite like this, with such desperate love mixed with desire. Everything about him unnerved her—his unique masculine beauty, his muscled physique, and now that he knew what she needed, his ability to turn control over to her. He allowed her to seduce him, to take him inside her, his huge cock filling her in a way she’d never been filled before—he permitted her to be the aggressor, something Marc could never do because of his past.

Trey didn’t move. He just stared into her eyes, then dropped his forehead to hers and released a sigh. She closed her eyes in ecstasy, too full of him to move.

She savored the moment, allowing her body to adjust. Wow! When Marc warned her about Trey’s length, he hadn’t been kidding. She took all of Trey this way, but wondered if she could take the additional length when he pumped inside her. With his hands gripping her hips, he angled up and thrust, answering her unspoken question.

“Do you mind if I’m not as gentle as you expected?”

Unable to answer, the pleasure took control and rode her hard. What more could she ask for?

“No?” he asked, and then smiled. “Don’t mind a little rough from me?” He moved inside her and watched as she opened her eyes in surprise with a groan. “Good, I guess not,” he said.

“Yes, yes, more.” She could take more—every beautiful inch of him. The sensation of having his body plunging inside hers felt lovely. She rode him, matched his strokes, and anticipated the building momentum. Her inner walls needed that friction, longed for it, in fact. Her internal heat rose, and she waited for that moment she couldn’t quite identify that would lift her from the world of the mundane into a world of sublime pleasure. It quickly approached. She felt herself balancing on the precipice.

Then, a second set of hands caressed her neck, sliding from behind, slipping around her waist, and moving up, cupping her breasts. She lifted her arms over her head, touched a rugged cheek, and wrapped her arm around Marc’s neck.

“Babe, you’re even prettier than I expected, almost naked.”

Almost? She wasn’t wearing a stitch.

“Love the shoes.”

She turned her head to accept his kiss with a smile on her lips. He’d seen almost every part of her that day in the office in broad daylight, but he was right about one thing. She hadn’t been naked.

Trey lifted his head and agreed with a dirty grin, “Me, too.” Then he took one nipple in his mouth and suckled.

Marc slid a hand up and cupped her other breast, massaging and tweaking the other nipple almost painfully as he nibbled her ear and down her neck. His other hand slowly slipped down her body until he found her swollen clit. “Oh, babe. You are so fuckin’ hot.”

Oh, God, oh God. That felt good—his fingers on her clit, his brother’s cock inside her, and God only knew who was watching.

He rubbed her sensitive nub and pinched it until her pussy clenched. The orgasmic spasms took over, leaving her panting,

sweating—finally screaming. And with that impetus, Trey drove inside her harder, higher, faster. He arched deeper with one final thrust, and she felt his orgasm take him over, pulsing inside her until she came again.

Marc picked her up off his brother and carried her to the edge of the bed and cuffed her hands in front of her.

“What? Why, Marc?” she asked, bewildered.

“That would be ‘master’ to you. Do I need to punish you to teach you who’s in charge when I’m in the room?”

“No.” She lowered her eyes.

“No, what?” Marc slipped a rope through the cuffs and tied her to the bed.

“No, master.”

“That’s better.” He bent her face down on her knees, ass up. “Pretty ass, babe.” He separated her ass cheeks, reached between her thighs and lightly pinched her clit.

She jumped.

“Don’t move. Remember who’s in charge now.”

Mariah stilled. The tone in his voice was almost unrecognizable.

“Trust, Mariah. Remember?”

She nodded.

“No.” He slapped her ass and she jumped. “What do you say to your master?”

“Yes, sir, master.”

“You’ll make a wonderful sub. You learn fast.”

Then she felt the cold of the gel lube seep down her crack and his fingers touch the tiny bud at her back entrance. This was really happening.

“I’m going to insert a plug so you’ll be ready for my cock. Relax.”

Marc inserted his finger first. When she tensed he finger-fucked her pussy and applied pressure to her clit until she forgot about the finger in her rear hole. As her arousal increased he managed to slip in a second finger and then the plug.

“There, now I’m going to fuck this beautiful pussy the way I’ve wanted to since I first saw you.”

Besides this announcement and the sound of the foil wrapper, Mariah knew there’d be no preliminaries with Marc. He dragged her beneath him, and slid his cock into her slick, wet opening. The heat was back, along with that trembling need for more.

Within a few seconds, with his cock sliding in and out of her swollen folds, he began to strum her clit to a frenzied pitch. With the butt plug firmly in place, and his ardent attention to her swollen clit, all she needed was his mouth sucking a tit and she was ready to go off like a bottle rocket.

She turned her head to the side and saw Trey watching from the chair, head thrown back, his long cock spent against his thigh, as his brother fucked her. This was the most erotic moment of her life.

What was it about these two that could turn up her thermostat with a mere glance? As Mariah stared into Trey’s eyes, she discovered she was back at the edge of another orgasm, and it was a big one. Something wicked and tantalizing made her lick her lips and grin at Trey as she lifted her ass to Marc in silent invitation, and began rocking back and forth, responding to the man fucking her. “Fuck me, Marc, fuck me good and hard,” she said.

“Begging for a good fucking or begging for that next climax, Mariah?” Marc asked.

“Yes, both, please...master.”

In unison, both men groaned.

“Good girl. You know your place.” Marc was relentless as he drove inside her, pounding until they were slick with sweat. Breathing heavily, he growled out, “Trey, are you hard again yet?”

Mariah glanced over at Trey. His bare cock in hand now rode navel high. He put on one of the cock rings from the assortment of paraphernalia on the table and a new condom. Her heart picked up a beat when she noticed his cock jut out enticingly at a right angle from his body, making it look even larger than before.

Then he walked over to the bed, untied the rope, unlocked the cuffs, and lay down beside them. He gruffly ordered Marc aside. "Move so she can straddle me."

Marc pulled out of her so she could maneuver herself above Trey's cock. Had she whimpered when Marc left her body? The emptiness was almost painful, and yet she chewed her lip, wondering if she could handle both cocks at once.

"Don't worry, babe. I'll be right behind you," Marc whispered.

She tensed, understanding what they had in mind. Mariah let out a nervous giggle. "*That* is what I'm worried about."

"Babe, you know you can trust us," Marc said. "Don't forget the safe word."

"We'd never do anything you don't want. You understand this is for you, right?" Trey tried to sound reassuring.

"R-Right." She assumed the straddle position above him.

"It'll be fine, darlin'. I promise you'll love this." Trey parted her opening with his fingers, spreading her lube over her pussy. The slippery massage shot fire to her core, setting her ablaze when he rubbed her sensitive clit.

She almost forgot her fear. But before she realized what was happening, he placed his swollen cock head at her entrance. Brushing the tip back and forth, he separated her pussy lips with the mushroomed head until she sank slowly on to him—the tight slide encouraging more fluid to leak from her opening. Flames licked inside her as Trey pressed deeper.

Once he was fully seated, Marc came up behind her, and spread her ass cheeks, and gently removed the plug from her anus. "Feel okay?" he asked. "No, don't tense up. Relax."

Relax? Her emotions vacillated between fear and excitement. Under those circumstances, *relaxing* wasn't an option, but now wasn't the time to lose her nerve.

The sensation was not unpleasant, but strange. Two fingers entered her, knuckle deep, and pressed deeper inside the tiny opening.

The wicked sensation of having Trey's cock filling her pussy and Marc's fingers in her ass felt titillating. A familiar hot tingle began to spread through her body again. That aching need drove her to press against Marc's fingers, wordlessly asking for more, as Trey's cock swelled even larger and harder inside her.

"Marc, for God's sake, I'm dying down here, bro. Not moving inside her tight, hot pussy is pure torture."

"You don't want me to hurt her, do you?"

"I'm fine, Marc," she grunted before Trey could chime in. She appreciated that Marc was taking time to acclimate her to the stretching necessary to take his cock, but she wanted this, both men. "Your fingers feel good, but I believe your cock will feel even better," she assured him, turning her head to meet Marc's gaze. "Please fuck me there, master. Now!"

"You haven't learned anything from our lessons, sub." Marc smacked her butt sharply when he said, "Remember what I told you about trust?"

She nodded.

"What?"

"Yes, master. I remember."

Not once, not twice, but several times he repeated his lesson with the palm of his hand. Trey groaned beneath her and winked as she bit her lip to stay quiet like a good little sub.

She wouldn't have taken it if it hadn't felt enticingly pleasant. Marc had told her their safe word was "red." All she had to do was say the word.

Once her ass was hot and stinging, Marc stopped and pressed three fingers wet with lube into her tiny rear hole. This time they slid in without any trouble. Once they were past the internal ring, the sensation felt even better.

"Man, these are pretty pink cheeks. Hot, too. Open wider, Mariah. Relax."

“Damn, Marc, shut up and fuck her. I need to move.” Trey’s patience was apparently at an end. Mariah could see the tension in him when his jaw clenched a few times. Holding back had his muscles vibrating beneath her, humming with restraint.

“Hold your horses. You already had your fun. You can hold off a minute more.” Marc’s lubed cock felt cold when he pressed it against her opening. “Ready, babe?”

The mushroomed crown he pressed into her entrance was thicker than those three fingers, making her grimace with the stretch. She tensed again.

“Relax, Mariah,” Trey said, “Remember you need this.” He kissed her, and the way he softly brushed his lips over hers, cupping her head, made her feel loved. He stroked her breast, playing with her nipples, and then shifted one hand down, where their bodies met, touching her clit, arousing her and driving her to distraction. That was exactly what she needed at the moment.

Tingling, electrical sparks zipped over her skin and seared through her body. Okay, so maybe she hadn’t completely forgotten about the man with the big gun at her back, but Trey had her so needy by the time Marc managed to push inside her tiny opening it felt delicious.

After that, he gradually inched the rest of the way inside her, filling her and making her feel better than she’d ever imagined she could feel.

“This is, oh... Ooh.”

“Too much?” Marc stopped.

“No. Just, so full.”

He started to back out.

“No, don’t go. More. I need to move.”

“Thank God,” Trey uttered beneath his breath.

Marc pushed back in.

Her pussy clenched around Trey’s cock, and he groaned as her sphincter gripped Marc’s dick.

“Oh, damn,” Marc said. He trembled to stay in control. “You’re so fucking tight,” he gritted through clenched teeth. “I’m not going to hold out for long.”

Mariah felt sexy and stimulated in every way possible, sandwiched between them like this. Having both men inside her, holding her, kissing her, and caressing her, was an erotic dream come true.

“Trey, can you take it from here if I bail?”

“Not a problem, bro. Mariah’s pussy’s feels so fuckin’ good gripping me like this, I think I’ll move in permanently.”

“Yeah, you think that’s good? Wait ’til you try this.”

With those words, Marc unleashed his fever. He stopped fighting the urge to stay in control and started pumping.

Mariah was aware of the way Trey picked up the rhythm and matched Marc’s tempo, trying to tone down his twin’s desperation. He thrust beneath his brother, separated by the thin membrane inside Mariah. As Marc went out of control, Trey paced himself as if they were running a marathon.

Trusting Trey to finish this, Marc didn’t wait for Mariah to climax. He stroked inside her, once, twice more, and then came, grunting as he climaxed. Trey continued stroking at a steady pace while Marc stayed buried inside her until her internal spasms started.

Marc rolled off her and slapped her butt twice. “Babe, your ass is really fine.” Her orgasm exploded inside her as his hand came down on her sensitive skin for the third time.

Trey angled up inside her and released, climaxing with her.

“So, you like a little spanking,” Trey huffed out between breaths, squeezing her hot cheeks in his hands. “I’ll have to remember that for future reference.”

Mariah collapsed spread-eagled over Trey’s body, exhausted, unable to move. But his words sank in. She liked how he said *future reference*. Perhaps he’d thought of a way around the contract. That

would be good, because she intended to give him plenty of opportunities to remember what she liked in the future.

“Can we come back here again?” she asked.

Marc pulled her off Trey, and drew her to his side. Leaning on one elbow, he cupped her chin in his hand and kissed her. When he released her lips, he said, “Babe, there are places like this everywhere...well almost everywhere. But if you’re attached to this place in particular, I’m sure we can arrange it.”

“Oh, well, good. Are there still people watching next door?”

“Probably.”

“Good. Do you have anything else in that magic bag of yours?”

Trey laughed, and Marc turned to his brother and said, “I told you she was full of surprises.”

Epilogue

One year later, Kodak Theatre, Hollywood, CA

“My family will never believe I’m attending the Academy Awards,” Mariah said to the woman in front of her.

“Now that the boys made you a partner, that award you’re up for tonight might just convince them.” Andrea said, “Just smile at that TV camera to our left. If they’re watching, wave.”

“Oh, they’re watching, all right.” Mariah waved.

The camera man waved back.

“There, they just saw you. Proof enough.”

“Everyone at our horse farm in Ireland loves you and Brian. They’d never miss this.”

Brian Kitt smiled and waved to the roaring crowd while Andrea stopped to show off her designer gown for the cameras.

When she stepped back beside Mariah, she whispered, “Tell them thanks. We’re not really an item. Brian prefers the makeup girls, and I prefer a harder man.”

“Speaking of a harder man...” She gave Marc the eye, but he wasn’t falling for her flighty flirtation.

“If you’re referring to me”—he held his ground behind Mariah—“there’s only one woman who makes me a hard man.”

Andrea chuckled. “Well, Mariah, aren’t you the lucky one with the twin eye-candy? Not interested in sharing, are you?”

The cameras’ lights and flashes almost blinded Mariah as she walked the red carpet, smiling. “It’s not my call. Both are free men.”

“They don’t look like they want to be free to me,” Andrea whispered in Mariah’s ear as they waited in line.

“So they’ve admitted.” Mariah laughed. “And, that’s exactly the way I want it.”

Marc stood beside her, as Trey lead the way, his sun-lightened hair glistening beneath the marquee lights. She couldn’t help thinking that Trey might stunt double for the number-one Hollywood heartthrob, but he and Marc were both physically more attractive.

And yes, in her opinion, they were both more sexually desirable than Brian, too. Each had an air about them that lighting, directors, and the cameras had to add to Brian’s performance.

No, she didn’t think she was prejudiced by her love for the brothers. Andrea hadn’t missed the difference, either.

Trey and Marc came by their attitudes and their good looks naturally—the outdoor tan, the rugged builds, the chiseled jaws. They were born cowboys, raised in the mountains, and trained in the wilderness.

And for now, hopefully forever, they were both hers.

Mariah hardly believed how things had worked out. The one person on earth besides his brother who Marc trusted was her. Last night, he finally admitted he needed her, and in her own way, she needed him, too.

He took her arm as they turned the corner. Maybe someday Marc would be capable of trusting again. For now, she and Trey would provide stability for him in the way of trust and love. Because she and Trey loved one another and his brother, between them, they had enough to share with Marc until he healed and learned how to love again.

Trey joined them and took her other hand. The three of them entered the theatre together, dually bound. Their movie was up for several awards and when, not if, they won theirs for set design, the three of them would accept the honor together.

THE END

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